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JULY, 1915

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The
**INTERNATIONAL
SOCIALIST REVIEW**

VOL. XVI

JULY, 1915

No. 1

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A GROUP OF CHICAGO STREET CAR WORKERS WHO ENJOYED THEIR VACATION.

WHEN CHICAGO WALKED

ON THE morning of June 14 nobody among all the two and one-half million people who live in the city of Chicago could get a surface street car or an elevated railroad train down town or cross town. The car men were on strike. The 14,000 members of Division 241 of the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway Employees of America failed to come around and work for their wages that morning.

In a polite note to the street railway presidents they said it was necessary to have "a cessation of work," they were "sick and disgusted" of the kind of arbitration offered them, and they would keep on with the "cessation of work" until the street railway companies would agree to a real arbitration instead of a "hide-and-seek" arbitration.

Four hours after the strike order was issued Charles C. Healey, superintendent of

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police, told newspaper men he would go before the city council finance committee that morning and ask for money to pay 1,000 extra policemen. Not a newspaper report or a town rumor had whispered of violence. Nonetheless Chief Healey went before the finance committee and laid out these figures on what he wanted: 1,000 revolvers, 50,000 cartridges, 1,000 clubs and belts, salaries for 1,000 special policemen, money for two meals per day for 6,000 men. Total, \$450,000.

Never in any American city has there been a clearer exhibition of police desire for violence, and police willingness to meet violence. All the squads of newspaper men and corporation spotters searching the city of Chicago that day were not able to cite one instance of violence. The 4,000 regular policemen and detectives were under strict orders from Chief Healey to arrest and hurry to the lock-up any union man who was apparently violating the law, but were unable to find one union man worth even trumping a charge against him. A few cars run by policemen and elevated

railway officials were not touched by the strikers. And on the basis of this showing, Chicago's police chief asked for 1,000 clubs, 1,000 revolvers and 50,000 cartridges.

Do you wonder why the police are accused of blood-thirsty manhandling and a joy in mauling heads, laying open scalps and plugging innocent citizens with bullets during strike times? Is there some reason for the theory that the average police chief in an American city has an itch to knock heads and order cops to shoot into crowds?

One item in Chief Healey's budget called for "Meals, two per day for 60 days, \$252,000." There has been no public or private explanation of what this was to be for. The only way the street car men could guess was that the city of Chicago out of public moneys was to pay for the meals of 6,000 imported gunmen and sluggers.

What did the finance committee do with this amazing request of the police chief? On a viva voce vote, they passed it. Then Alderman Charles E. Merriam demanded roll call. And it was beaten by 11 to 3,

which means that in the present era of politics and American democracy, some so-called ward aldermen favor secretly slugging and shooting the working class, but hold back, if they must go on record about it before the voters.

Alderman William E. Rodriguez brought an ordinance into the city council that night. It said that no person could run as motorman on an elevated railway train unless he had twenty-one days of training under a competent instructor; nor act as motorman on a surface street car unless he had fourteen days training. Alderman De Priest, colored, protested: "I come from a peculiar people who have difficulty in obtaining employment. This ordinance is unfair to them." Rodriguez replied: "It is intended to do just that. We want to make it impossible if we can, by city ordinance, for any person to get a job running a street car in this town while the strike is on." The ordinance passed 57 to 10, which shows that aldermen listen to the labor vote during strike times.

Alderman John C. Kennedy discussed the ordinance and referred to Chief Healey's call for 1,000 revolvers and 50,000 cartridges. One Henry D. Capitain, known as a street railway alderman, said Kennedy was not "sane," and worse yet was "hysterical." Kennedy replied in even and positive voice: "I tell you we don't want to see workingmen shot down in the streets of Chicago." When Capitain started to defend himself of the implied charge that he was accessory to the intended shooting of workers, he was hissed by the galleries so that he could not be heard.

Another ordinance of Rodriguez was framed to give the mayor power to seize and operate the street railways, pay the car men their demands on wages and working hours, and so operate till the companies should make an agreement with the striking car men.

"You may call this confiscation or anything else you like," said Rodriguez, "This is a time when public convenience and necessity demand seizure and operation of these properties. If the Commonwealth Edison Company, our local lighting trust, should have a strike of its employes, what would we do? Would we go along with dark streets and no lights in our homes? No, we would take the plant and run it and light the city until the company made terms

with its employes. When an ice plant in Cincinnati was tied up by a strike in the hot weather of summer and the people were suffering for want of ice, Mayor Hunt seized the ice plant and operated it with the strikers until the company made terms with the strikers." The ordinance was beaten 62 to 4, which shows that confiscation isn't strong with the politicians. From the galleries, however, came a straight three minutes of tumultuous applause and cheers. The "mob" was almost a unit for a forcible seizure of the street railways.

Now notice how street railway presidents "respect the law." Though the city council went on record by 57 to 10 against importation of strikebreakers, the next day Leonard A. Busby, the \$65,000-a-year president of the Chicago City Railways Company, and Henry A. Blair, the \$50,000-a-year president of the Chicago Railways Co., went personally to Passenger Agent Hartigan of the Lake Shore Railway and paid \$15,000 in cash for 500 tickets at \$30 each for transportation of strikebreakers from New York and Philadelphia. Two trains of loads of strikebreakers were reported on the way to Chicago. At least \$60,000 merely for transportation of strikebreakers was paid—even though the assembled aldermen of Chicago had voted 57 to 10 against such action. Which shows that representative government is a piece of monkey-work so far as street railway presidents are concerned.

When the strike had been on about forty-eight hours, it was called off. The companies agreed that in arbitration they would produce their inside office account books, which were withheld in the arbitration of three years ago.

This left 2,000 stranded and hungry strikebreakers in Chicago without any strike to break. What happened to them? Well, for one thing, the newspapers didn't welcome them. The *Daily News* front page called them plug uglies, thieves, and thugs, and applauded the police for running them down to the Indiana state line. On an inside page, however, the *Daily News* had an editorial. It said the two Socialist aldermen in the council meeting two days before had played to the galleries, were "demagogues," and were "preposterous" in their behavior. Yet the cold fact is that the main action of the two Socialists was aimed at keeping strikebreakers, plug uglies

and thugs from coming to Chicago. Which shows that a strikebreaker is a good clean fellow until the strike is over and then he's a plug ugly and a thug and a thief in the eyes of a capitalist newspaper playing for circulation with a public standing by the strikers.

Two points about the Chicago car strike are worth notice. Every street car motor-man and conductor in Chicago was in on it. The solidarity of it amazed the city and the tie-up was complete. The elevated men's union joined hands with the surface car men's union. Their journal pointed to the joined capitalists who own both elevated and surface lines and said: "They are one; so are we."

Then, too, it showed the pass to which arbitration has come. Labor now must strike in order to get a real arbitration. Corporations hide their account books, insist on dictating who shall be the umpire, the "neutral," on arbitration boards, and by other acts make arbitration a game of bunk instead of actual judicial decision. So far have they developed the art of winning through arbitration that the Illinois Manufacturers' Association and other business organizations are calling for a compulsory arbitration law. The street car men say they know a trick about "cessation of work" that will give them the kind of arbitration they want, even if it's compulsory.

May First in Time of War

By FRANZ DIEDERICH. in *Mayday* Number of VORWAERTS

NO rest from work! No sounds of May!
 Who thinks of festal joys today?
 But as we march with faces set
 The thought of May is with us yet.
 Sharply he knocks at each heart's door:
 "Open! Open!" He marches before
 Our column clad in garb of spring
 Waving a branch all blossoming:
 "I am Peace!" his voice rings clear,
 And not one asks, "What seeks he here?"
 And each one answers Mayday's call,
 "We have kept our faith in spite of all."
 There is no shame, but tearfilled eyes
 Gazing thru smoke to sunny skies.
 There is no fear, no wavering:
 "He shall lead us yet to the land of spring."

No rest from work! No glad May dance!
 The world in blood, a bitter chance.
 Peace is banished from our strand—
 "To arms! To arms! O, Fatherland!"
 Hammers ring from morn to night
 Fashioning weapons for the fight.
 Every village, every street,
 Sounds to the tread of marching feet.
 And you at whom I shoot—say,
 Were we not comrades once in May?
 And you, my friend, dead at my side,
 Was't by an enemy's hand you died?
 Shoulder to shoulder on May morn—
 Friend, enemy, bruised and torn,

Faces pale, meeting fate;
 Murder, murder, without hate!
 Without our voice the die was cast
 This one time more, and this the last.
 And if today as foes we are meeting
 Tomorrow shall see us in friendly greeting.
 Then on this field drenched in blood
 Shall we seal our brotherhood.
 And May shall conquer land and sea;
 Our dream shall be reality.

No rest from work! No springtime song!
 But the spirit of May grows eager and strong
 He calls no host o'er hill and dale,
 Yet in men's hearts he will prevail.
 He speaks in every rustling breeze;
 He walks beneath the budding trees.
 And to all who weary of anguish and fear
 His voice comes swelling loud and clear:
 "The time has come to plan and build;
 The thought of May must be fulfilled."
 And the word rolls on o'er plain and hill,
 "The thought of May is the people's will."
 Stones are yearning for the hammer's sound,
 Towers of peace would rise from the ground!
 The hands of the workers are ready for toil;
 The plow stands waiting in fruitful soil!
 Steeled to his work by fiery blast
 The spirit of peace shall win at last.
 Lead on along the upward way,
 Our leader still, eternal May.

Translated by William E. Bohn.

The Rebuilding of the International

By ROSA LUXEMBURG

(Note.—In April Rosa Luxemburg and Franz Mehring published the first number of a magazine called "The International." It proved to be also the last number, for the censor forbade its further publication. But many a journal has run on for years without printing as much interesting matter as was crowded between the covers of this one issue. Rosa Luxemburg's article was left unfinished, for she was hustled into jail before "The International" went to press. Karl Liebknecht was prevented from making his contribution; the recruiting officer laid his hands on him and sent him to a military labor camp. But the two editors, Clara Zetkin, and other brilliant and earnest comrades managed to set into this single number of their journal a fairly complete statement of the position of Germany's anti-war Socialists and a thorough-going criticism of the actions and theories of the war "Socialists." The following article is reprinted here because it shows what the real Socialists of Germany are thinking at the present time. There could be no better proof of the fundamental soundness of the international movement. Rosa Luxemburg and her fellow-workers are the very best of evidence to show that she is not entirely right when she says, "The International has broken down."—W. E. B.)

ON August 4, 1914, the German Social Democracy handed in its political resignation, and on the same date the Socialist International went to pieces. All attempts to deny this fact or to conceal it merely serve to perpetuate the conditions which brought it about.

This breakdown is without a parallel in history. Socialism or imperialism—this is the alternative which summed up the political life of the various labor parties of the world during the past decade. In Germany especially it has formed the basis of countless programs, discussions and publications. One of the chief purposes of the Social Democracy has been the correct formulation of thought and sentiment with regard to this alternative.

With the outbreak of the war the word became flesh; the alternative changed from a historical tendency to a political situation. Face to face with this alternative as a fact the Social Democracy, which had been the first to recognize it and bring it to the consciousness of the working class, struck its sails and without a struggle conceded the victory to imperialism. Never before, since there has been a class-struggle, since there have been political parties, has there existed a party which, after fifty years of uninterrupted growth, after the attainment of a preeminent position of power, has thus by its own act within twenty-four hours wiped itself off the map.

The apologists for this act, Kautsky among them, maintain that the whole duty of Socialists in time of war is to remain

silent. Socialism, they say in effect, is a power for peace, not against war. But there is a logic of events which none can elude. The moment Socialists ceased to oppose war they became, by the stern logic of events, its supporters. The labor unionists who have discontinued their struggles for improved conditions, the women who have withdrawn from Socialist agitation in order to help minimize the horrors of war, and the Socialist party leaders who spend their time in the press and on the platform securing support for the government and suppressing every effort at criticism—all of these are not merely maintaining silence. They are supporting the war as heartily as any Conservative or Centrist. When and where was there ever a war which could exhibit a similar spectacle?

Where and when was the disregard of all constitutional rights accepted with such submissiveness? Where was there ever such glorification by an opposition party of the strictest censorship of the press? Never before did a political party sacrifice its all to a cause against which it had sworn again and again to sacrifice its last drop of blood. The mighty organization of the Social Democracy, its much praised discipline, gave the best proof of themselves in the fact that four millions of human beings allowed themselves to be hitched to the war chariot at the command of a handful of parliamentarians. The half-century of preparation on the part of the Socialist party comes to fruition now in this war. All our education of the masses makes them now the obedient and effective servants of

the imperialist state. Marx, Engels and Lassalle, Liebknecht, Bebel and Singer trained the German proletariat in order that Hindenburg may lead it.

II.

Our official theorists are not without an explanation of this phenomenon. They are perfectly willing to explain the slight disagreement between their actions of today and their words of yesterday. Their apology is that "although the Social Democracy has concerned itself much with the question as to what should be done to prevent war it has never concerned itself with the problem as to what should be done after the beginning of hostilities. Ready to do everybody's bidding, this theory assures us that the present practice of our party is in the most beautiful harmony with our past theories. The delightfully adaptable theory is likewise ready and willing to justify the present position of international Socialism in reference to its past. The International treated only the question of the prevention of war. But now, "war is a fact," and, as it turns out, after the outbreak of war Socialists are to be guided by entirely new principles. After war has actually begun the great question for each proletariat is: Victory or defeat? Or, as an "Austro-Marxist" explains, a nation, like any other organism, must preserve its existence. In plain language this means: The proletariat has not one fundamental principle as scientific Socialism heretofore maintained, but two, one for peace and another for war. In time of peace, we are to suppose, the workers are to take cognizance of the class-struggle within the nation and of international solidarity in relation to other countries; in time of war, on the other hand, class-solidarity becomes the dominant feature of internal affairs and the struggle against the workers of other countries dominates the proletarian view of foreign relations. To the great historic appeal of the Communist manifesto is added an important amendment and it reads now, according to Kautsky's revision: "Workers of all lands unite in peace and cut one another's throats in war!" Today, "Down with the Russians and French!" tomorrow, "We are brothers all!" For, as Kautsky says in *Die Neue Zeit*, the International is "essentially an instrument of peace," but "no effective agent in war."

This convenient theory introduces an

entirely novel revision of the economic interpretation of history. Proletarian tactics before the outbreak of war and after must be based on exactly opposite principles. This presupposes that social conditions, the bases of our tactics, are fundamentally different in war from what they are in peace. According to the economic interpretation of history as Marx established it, all history is the history of class-struggles. According to Kautsky's revision, we must add: except in times of war. Now human development has been periodically marked by wars. Therefore, according to this new theory, social development has gone on according to the following formula: a period of class-struggles, marked by class solidarity and conflicts within the nations; then a period of national solidarity and international conflicts—and so on indefinitely. Periodically the foundations of social life as they exist in time of peace are reversed by the outbreak of war. And again, at the moment of the signing of a treaty of peace, they are restored. This is not, evidently, progress by means of successive "catastrophes;" it is rather progress by means of a series of somersaults. Society develops, we are to suppose, like an iceberg floating down a warm current; its lower portion is melted away, it turns over, and continues this process indefinitely.

Now all the known facts of human history run straight counter to this new theory. They show that there is a necessary and dialectic relation between class-struggle and war. The class-struggle develops into war and war develops into the class-struggle; and thus their essential unity is proved. It was so in the medieval cities, in the wars of the Reformation, in Flemish wars of liberation, in the French Revolution, in the American Rebellion, in the Paris Commune, and in the Russian uprising in 1905.

Moreover, theoretically Kautsky's idea leaves not one stone of the Marxian doctrine on another. If, as Marx supposes, neither war nor the class-struggle falls from heaven, but both arise from deep social-economic causes, then they cannot disappear periodically unless their causes also go up in vapor. Now the proletarian class-struggle is a necessary aspect of the wage system. But during war the wage system does not tend to disappear. On the contrary, the aspects of it which give rise

to the struggle of the classes become especially prominent. Speculation, the founding of new companies to carry on war industries, military dictatorship—all these and other influences tend to increase the class differences during time of war. And likewise the class rule of the bourgeoisie is not suspended; on the contrary, with the suspension of constitutional rights it becomes sheer class dictatorship. If, then, the causes of the class-struggle are multiplied, strengthened, during war how can their inevitable result be supposed to go out of existence? Conversely, wars are at the present time a result of the competition of various capitalist groups and of the necessity for capitalist expansion. Now, these two forces are not operative only while the cannon are booming; they are active in peace as well, and it is precisely in time of peace that they influence our life in such a way as to make the outbreak of war inevitable. For war is, as Kautsky loves to quote from Clausewitz, "the continuation of politics with other means." And the imperialist phase of capitalist rule, through competition in building of armaments, has made peace illusory, for it has placed us regularly under military dictatorship and has thereby made war permanent.

Therefore our revised economic interpretation of history leads to a dilemma. Our new revisionists are between the devil and the sea. Either the class-struggle persists in war as the chief life condition of the proletariat and the declaration of class harmony by Socialist leaders is a crime against the working class; or carrying on the class-struggle in time of peace is a crime against the "interests of the nation" and the "security of the fatherland." Either class-struggle or class-harmony is the fundamental factor in our social life both in peace and war.

Either the International must remain a heap of ruins after the war or its resurrection will take place on the basis of the class-struggle from which it took its rise in the first place. It will not reappear by magic at the playing over of the old tunes which hypnotized the world before August 4. Only by definitely recognizing and disowning our own weaknesses and failures since August 4, by giving up the tactics introduced since that time, can we begin the rebuilding of the International. And the first step in this direction is agitation for the ending of the war and the securing of peace on the basis of the common interests of the international proletariat.

SCENE ON A WESTERN SHEEP RANCH IN WYOMING. A BAND USUALLY NUMBERS 3,000 HEAD.

THE SHEEP-HERDER

The Worker Who Makes Your Mutton Chops

By HARRISON GEORGE

AMONG the ancients the tending of the flocks was considered an important and elevated pursuit. The menial drudgery of the fields and the household was delegated to man's supposed inferior—woman. She was the "hewer of wood and the drawer of water" while the patriarch assumed the lofty duty of care-taker of the herds.

Holy Writ is full of sheep and goats as well as of miracles and murder, all important and profitable pastimes of that period. Even through feudalism the shepherd was held in esteem above the plow-man while the poets of the middle ages and later have

bequeathed our libraries thousands of verses of nonsense anent the happy, romantic life of the shepherd.

So much so that the modern sheep-herder, no longer the romantic shepherd, in perusing a borrowed book in the shade of a clump of sage brush on the American range today, spits viciously at a tiny sand lizard and mutters much profanity into his tangled whiskers. Lost like the flower's fragrance "on the desert air."

Developing capitalism has enlarged the position of the manufacturer and trader above that of the formerly important sheep grower, etc., he losing in social estimation

in direct proportion to his lessening economic importance. Also on this continent the ever narrowing area of free range land and the increasing amount of capital necessary to enter the field have, altogether, divorced the herder from the ownership of the sheep he herds and from the romance of his calling.

He is now a common wage slave with a dirty, lonesome job, and all the poems ever written cannot prevail against his discontent that ebbs and flows with the distracting, incessant "baa-baa-baa" chorus of three thousand dusty, stinking "woolies."

Not many years back the sheep men and the cattle men fought desperate battles for range rights all over the west. Many a sheep-herder in those days bedded down his band at sunset and rolled up in his blankets not knowing but that during the night a volley of lead would finish him while the band would be slaughtered and stampeded over a cliff with yells and shots from the cattle raiders. Strenuous times for the sheep-herder, resulting in a commensurate wage scale, as not all men were willing to take the risk. But today it is more peaceable, as the conflicting forces have established separate ranges with dead-lines over which no sheep must pass.

In recent years broken-down professors of algebra and Greek, consumptive clerks and fugitives from factory life, all having in mind the beautiful verses of the poets, have come west to compete with illiterate Europeans and Mexicans in herding sheep. This is, of course, readily reflected in the pay check. Where in past years the scale ran from sixty to seventy-five dollars per month, it is now from thirty to fifty dollars. Both with "grub" furnished.

As a result of low pay the herder slackens care of the band. In charge of approximately fifteen thousand dollars' worth of property, many herders will lose from eight to twelve per cent where during years of higher pay herders lost only from two to six per cent of the sheep. Now if a couple of "woolies" get into quick-sand or mire the herder complacently walks on; if a coyote wants mutton some night he will not leave his blankets to interfere nor quit his camp-fire to round up the band in a blizzard. Why should he trouble himself and risk freezing for his boss's profits?

The herder is always on duty. With care of the band constantly in mind he must

turn out at daybreak and cook his own flap-jacks, sow-belly and coffee over the sage brush camp-fire. Often he has no noon meal, sometimes munching a bacon sandwich carried in his pocket since the dawn, as he wearily follows the band through the desolate hills. At sun-down after watering and bedding down the band, he must prepare supper. A monotonous diet of canned goods, salt meat and prunes garnished with dirt and flies and devoured in silence. At night his dogs keep watch as he courts Morpheus and fights mosquitoes under his dusty tarpaulin, jumping up at call of the dogs to fight off the sheep-killing coyotes with an ever-handly Winchester.

Alternately subject to the extremes of heat and cold of the high deserts, he ranges in summer far into the mountain fastnesses, coming down with the snow which covers the shorter grasses; while in the winter he herds near the home ranch, to which he drives the band with all speed should a blizzard set in, hay being kept at the ranch to save the sheep from starvation when deep snow covers the range land.

Living a miserable, lonely existence, visited only by the camp-tender bringing supplies, under-paid, ill-fed, un-housed, unkempt of beard and clothing, this de-socialized being is enviously gazed at from car window and tourist auto by many an eastern "dude" seeking romance and adventure in the great west.

Perhaps the reader may have seen from a car window as the train rushed swiftly through the Rocky Mountain region peculiar piles of flat rocks standing sentinel-like atop of butte and canyon rim watching over the solitudes. These are "sheep-monuments," piled up by the herder to guide him in the vasty deserts where fogs and blizzards confuse and distance to water must be kept in mind.

An exile from social life for months on end the sheep-herder is prone to excessive dissipation when he hits the western towns where smug-faced merchants compete with saloon and brothel to fleece him. This same merchant coolly sends him to jail when his wad is gone and he asks "two bits" for a meal.

Insanity and a peculiar mental stupor afflict many herders while the "spotted fever" carried by the bites of sage-ticks means almost certain death. Mental troubles result perhaps from loneliness and sexual pervers-

plays an important part. This does not appear humorous to them either.

As a social unit he is anathematized and he and his job sneeringly referred to as being as low as a man can get. All told his social and economic treatment is resulting in a nascently rebellious frame of mind. What he may do, this dusty proletarian of the west, is an open question. His position precludes initiative action in the war of the classes. But without a doubt he will stand by his class if put to trial.

There is an ancient legend of some shepherds' gladness on the hills of Palestine when they saw a brilliant star that was said to token the arrival of a Messiah, and I can truthfully say it is no myth that thousands of sheep herding workers in the west today will eagerly welcome the star that rises out of the east, the star that hails the coming of a real and material Messiah—SCIENTIFIC SOCIALISM—THE HOPE OF THE WORLD.

A TRAPPED COYOTE.

sion with minor causes, although herders stoutly contend that factory made blankets so scantily measured that they compel the sleeper to get up fifty times a night to turn them about trying to find the long way,

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Conferring THE DOUBLE CROSS on Rail Engineers and Firemen

THE Double Cross has at last been conferred upon the engineers and firemen of ninety-eight western railroads of the United States by the arbitration board which has been in session for six months at the Federal Building in Chicago, the final act of a controversy between the railroads and the men, that started in October, 1913. The only thing needed to make this farce comedy complete would have been to add a few strains of music from a funeral march. But after all, nothing could have happened that would better serve the interests and further the cause of the railroad workers of the United States. For my part personally, if I met Charles Nagle on the street I would feel like going up, taking him by the hand, and saying, "You have conferred the greatest favor on railroad men, and also you have accomplished for us something that we have failed to accomplish for ourselves by hard work in the past twenty years, that is, you have solidified all of the railroad men in spirit and this has been our great failing in the past."

This act of the arbitration board has been the final blow to all methods that have been used in the past by the capitalist class to defeat the railroad workers of this country. The capitalists in this case have made the fatal mistake that the ruling class have always made in the past, that is, they have become so arrogant that they have even refused to grant the men a few crumbs, and that is about all the engineers and firemen really ask for. This controversy has settled one thing forever, as far as the railroad men are concerned—never again will they be silenced by injunctions, mediation boards, arbitration boards or legislation or even by the "friendly aid" (?) of a President of the United States.

Every possible means has been exhausted

by us except one and that is the use of our economic strength in the industrial field, and that means for us to tie up the railroads by leaving the field until a settlement is made and that, too, without a compromise, for we have nothing more to compromise. We have been doing nothing but compromising and losing for twenty years. Our wages have been gradually reduced since 1896. Now let us see how this has been accomplished:

The railroads make their charges on freight by the weight, per cwt. or per ton; we handled trains in 1896 that averaged about five hundred tons, car and contents, for each day of ten hours or one hundred miles. The engineer received \$3.85 per day, conductors received \$3.00, firemen \$2.50 and brakemen \$2.00. From then on the greed of the railroad corporations began to assert itself. They began to add to the burden by adding to each train 100 tons at a time. They raised the tonnage to 800 tons and no extra pay; then they raised the tonnage to 1,000 tons with extra pay; then they raised the tonnage to 1,200 tons without extra pay. With this added tonnage there was an increase of responsibility, added work, longer hours and more dangerous conditions, and at this time a few cents was added to the pay of the men. Then we were increased to 1,500 tons, but even this did not satisfy the greed of the railroads, and we were increased to 2,000 tons, and that is about the average train tonnage in the United States today, although there are some divisions on some of the railroads that are handling 3,000 tons.

Many other divisions are handling 5,000 tons, and with one engine on the Erie railroad they hauled a test train of 17,500, or thirty-seven crews being displaced by one.

Now then, if the railroads had played fair with the men, let us see what they

could have done: While they were hauling 500 tons per train they were making money, paying dividends and wages. They had already their right-of-way, rails, ties, depots, freight houses, terminals, business tracks, etc., with all of this added work to the men, they required no new operators or agents or section men, or any added expense whatever. It is true they were required to buy more and larger engines, and this is about the only extra expense they were put to, but why should the men be penalized for the prosperity of the railroads?

For example: A drayman was doing a good business with a team of horses and a wagon, and as his business increased he tied an extra dray behind dray number one, without hiring any new help or buying another team of horses, and when business further increased he tied dray number three behind dray number one and number two without buying another team of horses or hiring any new help, and when business picked up sufficiently to warrant the buying of the fourth dray without an added purchase of a team of horses or extra men, collected the same freight as though he had had four teams. Then suppose he would plead poverty and use his prosperity as his excuse for his poverty. That is exactly what the railroads are now doing in the United States, with not only the men but the public as well.

Now then, if the railroads had granted an increase of wages to their men in proportion to their increased earning capacity they now could be paying engineers \$17.40 per day and \$12.00 to conductors, \$10.00 to firemen, \$8.00 to brakemen, \$10.00 to the yardmen, \$5.00 to section men, \$240.00 per month to agents, \$200.00 to operators, and so on through all the list of railroad employes. Now where has all this money gone? The railroads were valued at about nine billion dollars in 1896; today they are carrying stock and bonds to the amount of twenty billion dollars, and this addition of eleven billion dollars has been put on the railroads to absorb this added increased earning of the men in the past twenty years.

Now we employes must take back that which has been stolen from us, and the only way we can get it back is to organize one BIG UNION for one BIG STRIKE. And how must we proceed with a strike? There is only one way and that is we must all get together and do away with the present

scale of wages which is more or less BUNK, such as preparatory time, terminal time, short runs and all the various branches of service into which we are divided and which keep us split up and keep us trimmed.

Our demands must be as follows:

DEMAND No. 1. Shorter hours.

DEMAND No. 2. Double time for overtime.

DEMAND No. 3. A minimum guarantee of thirty days per month.

DEMAND No. 4. In the event of a strike, all men who remain in service during that time must be displaced after the strike is over.

DEMAND No. 5. All disputes arising between the men and the company must be referred to a committee of three, two selected by the men and one by the company.

The necessity for Demand No. 5 is one of the most essential to our protection and is the only just way of settling disputes for so-called delinquencies for the men, for who knows better than the men themselves how to handle such cases? The men who are now handling these cases have not the training or experience that would enable them to justly treat with the men.

This will suspend all rules made by the companies that do not treat the men fairly but are merely used as agencies to get an individual who, not through any inability or inefficiency on his part, has incurred the displeasure of the officials.

That is what the present system of discipline is used for. I have seen but a very small percentage of discipline used against the men but what there was hatred and vengeance behind the act. Also it is used for the purpose of keeping the men in servility and subjection and picking the pockets of the money that should rightfully go to the families of the men. The real burden of the present system of discipline is carried by innocent and defenseless women and children. They are those who have never harmed a railroad corporation or whom the petty officials have never seen or come in contact with.

Now what will be the best method to carry on a strike? First, we must collectively decide upon the terms and then next we must vote to strike. We must then select a time, different from any we have selected in the past, a time when the tem-

perature is about zero and the snow is about to the waist line, and then strike. After we strike we will then make our demands and go in and lay them on the general manager's desk and then go home and take the old lady's "Fireside Companion" and start to read and forget that there ever was such a thing as work in the world. Before leaving the general manager's office, tell him that we have nothing to arbitrate, that we won't compromise and after they have complied with all of our demands, they may send for us, and this, when we use our power, will be the simplest thing in the world.

Why simple? Let us analyze what it means to tie up the railroads of the United States. Today the railroads are the heart and life-blood of our nation. Every industry, mine, mill, factory have adjusted their lives to the railroads until now the people are literally eating out of box cars. Take previous to twenty years ago, the railroads didn't play a very important part in the daily lives of the people. Twenty years ago there was a slaughter-house backed up to every city and hamlet in the United States. The people were supplied with their meat directly from the field to the table of the customer. The railroads played no part in supplying the meat to this nation. But now this is all changed. All of the cattle, hogs and sheep are loaded daily and are sent into the packing-house district, are slaughtered and they in turn are then distributed all over the country.

Also the merchandise twenty years ago was supplied to the local merchants every sixty days. If anything then happened to the railroads the people paid but very little attention to their inactivities or the silencing of them. Wholesale traveling men that used to visit their customers every sixty days changed to thirty days and then to fifteen days, and now the wholesaler is visiting the local merchant every week. The supply that used to be kept on hand is now diminished from sixty days to seven days. This is also true of fuel and all other commodities that people use in their daily lives. Now what do you imagine would happen

to this nation if all of us railroad workers would suddenly paralyze the means of transportation? I can give you a good example of what would happen.

A year ago in February, Denver, Colorado, was visited with a snow storm, tying up all traffic, and what happened there? It was necessary in four days to declare martial law to keep people from killing one another for the want of food. Now, then, a general strike of all the railroads would mean nothing more than a big snow storm to the country. Our brothers on the D. & H. gave us a good example of what solidarity can accomplish when they carried on a strike of twenty-four hours and won a complete victory.

Let me call your attention to President Underwood of the Erie Railroad who says in part: "The government ownership of railroads would be a most dangerous thing for the country on account of solidifying the men and then they would demand and would have the power to get their demands. The engineer would demand \$5,000.00 per year the same as the lawyer who rides in the coach behind."

We railroad workers hold the most strategic position of any group of workers in the world. Everything that is being used in the way of food stuffs, shelter and clothing and all articles that are manufactured, are handled by the railroads from one to six times, from the producer to the consumer. Now it does not require much of a vision or wide stretch of imagination to see what power we have if we wish to use it and if we do not use it we should immediately stop talking about our poor working conditions and low wages. And our working conditions are the worst of any class of workers in America. We work nights, Sundays, holidays, at the most dangerous work and at the least compensation, considering our service to society. On account of these conditions we are barred from any social or home life, therefore we have more to struggle for and have also the right to resort to any method that will restore us to a condition that will be something near human.

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FRANK P. WALSH, CHAIRMAN OF THE UNITED STATES INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS COMMISSION.

THE TWO MR. ROCKEFELLERS—AND MR. WALSH

By CARL SANDBURG

THE Rockefeller family stays year after year in a fierce white light of publicity. Year after year one thing or another happens and again the finger of accusation is pointed at the Rockefellers and they are driven to defense.

In 1894, Henry Demarest Lloyd pointed to John D. Rockefeller as a thief and the Standard Oil crowd as thieves, pirates and liars. And Lloyd gave out a big thick book packed with a mass of evidence to back up the charge that John D. Rockefeller got his start and held his power by methods of thief and liar.

In 1901, Ida Tarbell's History of the Standard Oil Company was begun. And when her facts were collected and conclusions drawn and the indictment stated, everybody who read the history knew again that John D. Rockefeller is a thief and a liar, that he played a merciless business game, hit below the belt, slugged in the dark, and stole his millions by operating through crews of clever lieutenants, and yet was himself the man guilty as the head conspirator.

In 1907, Judge Kenesaw M. Landis levied a fine of \$29,000,000 on the Rocke-

feller Standard Oil Company because that company by and through methods approved by John D. Rockefeller was a law breaker, and in gum-shoe style, after the manner of a cowardly back-alley robber, was stabbing rivals in the back.

In 1908, the yellow journalist who has now entered the service of Rockefeller then rendered a large publicity service. William Randolph Hearst in a campaign to put his Independent party on the political map, read a series of letters copied by photography from the letters stolen by a negro watchman from the vaults of the Standard Oil Company. And in these, John Archbold, the first lieutenant of John D. Rockefeller, is shown as a political corruptionist peddling thousands on thousands of dollars among hungry United States senators and congressmen and lobbyists in order to get the will of the Standard Oil Company done in the United States capitol at Washington.

In 1911, the Supreme Court of the United States formally "dissolved" the Standard Oil Company as a trust and ordered it to exist as a series of separate companies instead of one large company. And the event was used by John D. Rockefeller and a few close associates to hammer almost to nothing the shares of stock held by small stockholders. It resulted in what Albert Atwood, one of the best known accurate financial writers of New York, describes as "the greatest killing in Wall street." The lambs were slaughtered and their fleeces hung in the sun to dry. It was a clean-up of millions and is told in detail with all the evidence history asks, in an article by Albert Atwood in McClure's magazine about the time Standard Oil put its finishing stroke on the business of pitching Sam McClure out of the magazine game for keeps.

In 1914-1915, to jump several small chapters, a two-fisted Irishman from Kansas City, Mo., a lawyer of courage, intestines and democratic ideals, drew the two members of the Rockefeller family into the daylight and pointed a finger at them and asked questions. When he was through every citizen of these United States who listened to the questions and answers knew that the guilt of manslaughter rests on the Rockefeller family and their hands are red with the blood of murderers with responsibility as direct and certain as can be asked of



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

facts and logic supplied to reasoning human creatures.

This one man, this lawyer from Kansas City, Mo., is hated more by the Rockefeller family than any other man in this country. They hate him because he broke through, battered down their guard, knocked away their cunning Standard Oil evasions, and got results. The name of this Kansas City lawyer is Frank P. Walsh. He is chairman of the United States Commission on Industrial Relations.

To the charge and the argument of Henry Demarest Lloyd that the name of Rockefeller is that of a thief, Walsh added an arraignment for murder.

To the Ida Tarbell incriminations of Rockefeller as thief and liar, Walsh added an arraignment for the killing of women and children.

To the pile of proof which shows the Rockefellers double-crossing stockholders in Standard Oil and crushing all rivals by cunning and ruthless tactics, Walsh added the new charge that this Baptist family, for all its millions, handed out to churches and

the cross and Jesus, works in secrecy to beat down the organizations of labor unions even to the extent of using thugs and drunken soldiers to burn women and children to death.

In the two examinations of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., as a witness before the commission in 1914, Walsh kept a fairly calm behavior and the young heir to America's billionaire felt fairly easy. But in the final examination held in Washington in May Walsh turned loose. He grappled and clinched. He threw to the winds all judicial poise, ethics of profession, and courtesies of gentlemen. He roughed it. He stood up to the solemn-faced, crafty young billionaire-to-be in just the same style that Frank P. Walsh cross-examines, jams and mauls a witness in a Kansas City murder trial. The words and manner of Walsh toward the son of America's richest multi-millionaire practically said:

"You helped in the murder of the women and children at Ludlow. You could have stopped the drunken gunmen and thugs. You knew what sort of a crew of red, bloody-handed sluggers, robbers,

and desperadoes there were in the employ of Sheriff Jeff Farr. Your letters to Welborn and Bowers and your Colorado Fuel & Iron Company officers show you knew what was going on all the time and there wasn't a day went by but you had full reports on everything doing. You knew about the hire of murderers. Come across. This is where you don't get away with soft talk or a bum memory or a slack wit. Try to come clean for once. This is the way I work when I'm trying to unscrew the lips of a coniving, conspiring participant in a dirty job of killing decent people."

The commission of which Walsh is chairman was appointed "to investigate the causes of industrial unrest." Walsh says after two years of traveling from coast to coast and examining 1,000 witnesses in public hearings and 10,000 through a staff of investigators, that the most powerful control of jobs and money in this country centers in the hands of the Rockefeller family--and nobody is going to find immediate and personal causes of industrial unrest except by searching the Rockefeller family.

This is the big fact that lay at the bottom of the clash between the Kansas City lawyer and the Sunday school teacher from Tarrytown, N. Y., those days they clashed in May, and the formal, precise officials of governmental Washington sat up and blinked their eyes and wondered why a man should behave like a human being instead of an oyster.

What Frank P. Walsh did was to smash the Rockefeller, Jr., myth. The young man Rockefeller was coming along nicely, boosted by press agent stories and by the kindness of newspapers and magazines that want the advertising of business interests close to the Rockefellers. The foxiness, duplicity and treachery that attached to old man Rockefeller, Sr., was not at all definitely connected with the young man Rockefeller, Jr. He was different, modern, and not a chip of the old block.

The old man stood for spies, secrecy, double-dealing and double-crossing. To his enemies, he never blinked an eye if it was necessary to drive them to bankruptcy and business death or suicide and physical death.

Now the young man, the full blooded son of the old man, the junior who will carry the senior's name when the senior is

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laid away in a mausoleum,—the young man for all his college education and his roles as sociologist and philanthropist stands branded and known as the same ruthless, cruel type of the American business man as his father, John D. Rockefeller, Sr.

If anything the hatred and bitterness against John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in this country today is a fiercer and deeper feeling than any toward the old man. The senior made his worst enemies among the small capitalists and the middle class people whom he broke and drove out of the oil game. But the junior Rockefeller has earned the living scorn of every last fraction of that part of the working class of America which is in some form organized and alive.

Besides an established record for cunning, ruthless, cruel handling of men who refuse to obey him, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is a living likeness of his father, a sure chip of the old block, in the secrecy of his operating methods.

The old man always worked through agents, high-priced gum-shoe men with which he surrounded himself. He had John D. Archbold to sling out the slush money among United States senators and congressmen, and to plant spies and pussyfoot tattle-tales among bookkeepers and salesmen of rival oil companies and in railroad and bank offices. So young Rockefeller had Starr J. Murphy and Jerome D. Lee around him to run errands to Colorado at the time Sheriff Jeff Farr swore in 300 deputy sheriffs, picked chiefly from slums, jails and tenderloin districts.

And as John D., Sr., had one Prof. George Gunton go into magazines and newspapers with attacks on Henry Demarest Lloyd's book, "Wealth Against Commonwealth," so John D., Jr., has a modern press agent, Ivy L. Lee (now nicknamed Poison Ivy Lee), to go out to Colorado and prepare and circulate a pamphlet filled with figures so clearly faked that Lee, when questioned before the commission, could not clear himself of the charge of faking.

That John D. Rockefeller is the same sort of surreptitious squirrel as his father is nowhere more clearly shown than in his use of Poison Ivy Lee for a press agent. Lee wrote a pamphlet sent to all newspapers, colleges, libraries and important public officials in the United States. It was titled "The Truth About Colorado." It

stated that Mother Jones and Frank J. Hayes had received certain moneys from the United Mine Workers for service during nine weeks. Questioned by Walsh, Poison Ivy Lee admitted the pay was for one year instead of nine weeks and shoved the responsibility, passed the buck, on to President Welborn of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company. Young Rockefeller has his errand boys pass the buck along just as old man Rockefeller did.

In the gift of silence and a bum memory, Father Oil-Czar has nothing on his natural born kid. The kid can keep secrets and clamp a lid on his mouth.

In the days when the old man was the terrible Headless Horseman of the Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia oil fields, he was known for the way he could say the words, "I decline to answer." The Egyptian sphinx is a garrulous old gossip compared with John D., Sr. A picture of his face laid alongside a photograph of an Assyrian mummy shows two of a kind. And now the young fellow comes along. He has, of course, talked a lot more than his father. He has talked about white slavery, about Jesus and the New Testament, about the Rockefeller foundation and the good to come of Rockefeller charities,—but he has said nothing. He has told the great waiting world, wondering about his head and heart and soul, no more than the old man. Frank P. Walsh put some straight questions to him and he had a chance to go on record as a real guy, a living, red-blooded human entity. Instead, he crawfished, stuck his head into one hole and out of another and sometimes crept and sometimes jumped but always moved in zigzags.

"Would you remove from his official position a man in the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company who was deliberately cheating the workmen in the weighing of coal those workmen had mined?" Walsh asks Rockefeller.

"I would do what I thought right. I would consider it carefully and then act as I thought best."

"When you knew that Ivy Lee sent out a published bulletin containing false statements to the injury of labor union officials, why did you retain him in service?"

"I believe in the integrity of Mr. Lee and I have no doubt he can give a proper explanation for any acts which he may have

performed in the pursuit of his official duty."

Never a straight answer, never the forthright reply of an honest man living in daylight with no fear of his chief official deeds being questioned. Always the roundabout, tentative reply of a rat nosing around a hunk of cheese on a wire.

And sometimes in that Washington hearing, the scene shifted from a light vaudeville sketch into a graveyard masque. This one piece from the official record of the hearing might stand as a good example of the smeary, wandering answers of young Rockefeller to pointed and honest questions:

Chairman Walsh—You made one public statement in which you said, as I recollect it, that the persons that lost their lives at Ludlow were not shot. They were smothered?

Mr. Rockefeller—The persons that lost their lives underneath the floor of the tent.

Chairman Walsh—Well, you made no mention in that statement, or reference, to those that lost their lives by bullets and the like?

Mr. Rockefeller—I don't recall whether I did or not.

Chairman Walsh—Don't you recall what you wrote?

Mr. Rockefeller—I do not.

Chairman Walsh—Why, you just wrote that about two weeks ago and sent it out publicly, saying that those who lost their lives at Ludlow—

Mr. Rockefeller (interrupting)—In the pit.

Chairman Walsh—In the pit, you say now, were smothered. You remember saying that?

Mr. Rockefeller—Yes, sir.

Chairman Walsh—Did you make reference to those who lost their lives by bullets?

Mr. Rockefeller—I don't recall that I did.

Chairman Walsh—Did you intend not to make that public in connection with your statement to the public in regard to the loss of life there?

Mr. Rockefeller—I did not, no. The emphasis has always been put upon the women and children killed in the ground, and the point was to state that the report to us by people who should know was that they were smothered, and not struck.

Chairman Walsh—Did the reports that you got show that they were burned? That the arm of one of the women fell off—that the flesh fell off the bodies in taking them out?

Mr. Rockefeller—I don't recall that. It might have been true.

Chairman Walsh—Did you read the coroner's inquest?

Mr. Rockefeller—No.

Chairman Walsh—You did not read the account of the testimony any place?

Mr. Rockefeller—No.

Chairman Walsh—And you have not yet?

Mr. Rockefeller—No.

Chairman Walsh—Well, don't you think that you ought to read that to determine—you say hereafter you are going to try to have things better. Shouldn't you read that to determine what the facts are and what part your executive officers

took in bringing on the train of incidents, we will say, that culminated in Ludlow? Don't you think you ought to know that, Mr. Rockefeller?

Mr. Rockefeller—Well, I think so long as I am undertaking to do the things that I think should be done I shall have to reserve the right to do them in the ways that seem to be best.

This is the young man who hired Abraham Flexner to write from first-hand study in American and European cities the most thorough work that has yet been written on white slavery and the working class girls that go from department stores and factories to the redlight districts for money and clothes.

This is the young man who directed a study of the hookworm disease in the southern states, whose charities and benefactions were told in tall type in many newspapers.

And this is the young man surrounded by soft-handed, long-headed, high-salaried lawyers, preachers and newspaper men and they are staging the young man and throwing a white spotlight on him and fixing him out for the public eye to be something he is not.

Ida Tarbell once wrote of the Rockefellers under the caption of "Commercial Machiavellianism" and she traced how Standard Oil follows today the method of the ancient Italian prince who believed in poison and the stiletto for your enemies—but always with a smile, with hands raised ready to bless.

"The velvet glove over a steel fist"—that's the Rockefeller family. That's the old man. And that's the young one. The compressed bitterness of it has not been told better than by John R. Lawson, now convicted of a murder he was twelve miles distant from at the time it happened. At the New York hearing Lawson analyzed this personal economic power which embodies today as nothing else does all the covert, left-handed stealings and killings of the capitalist system of industry. Lawson said:

"Health for China, a refuge for birds, food for the Belgians, pensions for New York widows, university training for the elect—and never a thought or a dollar for thousands of men, women and children who starved in Colorado, for the widows robbed of husbands, for the children robbed of fathers. There are thousands of Mr. Rockefeller's employes in Colorado who wish to God they were in Belgium to be fed, or birds in Louisiana to be tenderly cared for.

"For more than ten years John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has been a director in the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company, vested with what is virtually the

power of life and death over 12,000 men and their families. This power, let it be pointed out, came to him by no healthful process of struggle or achievement, but entirely through the fact that he was the son of his father.

"In those first days, when he might have been expected to possess a certain enthusiasm in his vast responsibilities, Colorado was shaken by the coal strike of 1903-04. It is a matter of undisputed record that a mercenary militia, paid openly by the mine owners, crushed this strike by the bold violation of every known constitutional right that the citizen was thought to possess.

"Men were herded in bull pens like cattle; homes were shattered. The writ of habeas corpus was suspended; hundreds were loaded on cars and dumped in the desert without food or water; others were driven over the snow of the mountain ranges.

"A governor elected by 15,000 majority was unseated. A man never voted for on that office was made governor, and when there came a thing called peace the blacklist gave 6,000 miners the choice of starvation or exile.

"The Colorado Fuel & Iron Company organized and led that attack on the liberties of freemen and yet you have heard from Mr. Rockefeller's own lips at this hearing that he never inquired into the causes of the strike, the conduct of his executives or the fate of those who were lost.

"Ten years passed and in 1913 Colorado is once more pushed to the verge of bankruptcy by another strike. Many strike-breakers of 1903, reaching the limit of human endurance, followed the example of those whose places they had taken, choosing hunger and cold in tents on the mountain side and plains in preference to a continuation of unbearable conditions in the mines.

"By actual count the union was supporting 21,508 men, women and children in the various colonies in January, 1914.

Asks What Rockefeller Did

"What course did Mr. Rockefeller pursue in connection with this upheaval of employes? His duty was clear, for he is on record with the admission:

"I think it is the duty of every director to ascertain the conditions as far as he can, and if there are abuses to right them."

"Putting the injustice to one side, the fact remains that we claimed many abuses and cited them specifically.

"The statute law of Colorado ordered a semi-monthly pay day, check weighmen so that we might not be cheated, the right to form unions, the eight-hour day and payment in cash, not script.

"We charged that the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company had violated these and other laws, and in addition we told of evil housing conditions, high rents, company store extortions, saloon environment, armed guards, and the denial of freedom in speech, education, religion and politics.

Didn't Know Even Grievances

"When 12,000 men back up such claims by taking their wives and children into wind-swept tents, surely they would seem to be deserving of consideration.

Yet upon the stand, throughout three whole days this week, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., insisted

that he was absolutely ignorant of every detail of the strike. He stated that he had not received reports on labor conditions; he could not tell within several thousands how many men worked for him in Colorado.

"He did not know what wages they received or what rent they paid.

"He had never considered what the proper length of a working day should be. He did not know what constituted a living wage.

"Most amazing of all, he had never even read the list of grievances that the strikers filed with the governor of Colorado and gave to the world through the press.

Ignorant of Other "Abuses"

"He did not know whether or not 50 per cent of his employes worked twelve hours a day. When asked whether he considered twelve hours a day to be a hardship he answered that he was not familiar enough with the work to judge.

"He did not know how many of his employes worked seven days a week the year round, but judged that it would be a hardship.

"He knew that there was a system by which injured men or their families were compensated, yet he did not know what the system was.

"Fourteen months thousands of men, women and children suffered on the mountain sides and prairies and two more months have gone since we called off the strike as a result of President Wilson's proposal, and yet he has not had the opportunity for a personal investigation.

"His excuse for his lack of knowledge and his failures is that he is too busy.

"What is his business?"

"He explained it by stating, 'I spend a large part of my time in directing with others the various foundations which my father has established and in giving time to questions of investment.'"

"It was only under questioning that he confessed that his father had received \$8,889,000 from his bonds," Mr. Lawson continued, "and that the assets from the company were \$23,000,000 in excess of liabilities, and that this item did not take in an appreciation in property values of \$19,000,000.

"Keep Vast Property Idle"

"Nor did he mention the vast holdings that the company refuses to develop, keeping them idle while the population increase adds to their value.

"Whatever appearance of poverty clings to the company is not due to anything but its own stupid and corrupt policy. Had it taken the money it has spent in controlling officials and the electorate, in purchasing machine guns, the employment of gunmen and in crushing the aspirations of human beings, and spent it in wages and the improvement of working conditions, they would have had rich returns in increased productivity.

"These—this record of indifference respecting human life and human happiness—are vital causes of industrial discontent.

"An employer who is never seen and whose power is handed down from man to man, until there is a chain that no individual can climb.

"Our lives and our liberties passed over as a birthday gift or by will

"Our energies and futures capitalized by financiers in distant cities.

"Our masters too often men who have never seen us, who care nothing for us and who will not or cannot hear the cry of our despair."

And this young man, whose portrait is thus drawn in sharp lines, is sitting today master of the coal fields of Colorado, dictating to the miners who give blood and life to dig out each year ten million tons of coal for Rockefeller profits. There are ten square miles of this Rockefeller coal land, and the federal government geological survey says there are three hundred seventeen billion tons of coal ready for the diggers in the years to come there.

Before these billions of tons of coals are taken out from under the top of the earth, there will come closer and closer organization of the workers. There will come a more accurate and complete history of the Rockefellers and a surer massing of that evidence which points to this father and this son as thieves and murderers.

Henry Demarest Lloyd Calls the Rockefellers Thieves—The real truth about the Standard Oil people is that they are thieves; the trouble is that neither they nor the people generally realize this. The task of today is to lay bare the realities of the Standard Oil methods, and the evils of the results so clearly that the public will be driven to see that modern business is piracy and theft and lying. . . There was a time when it was not murder to kill an enemy; when it was not theft to steal that which belonged to another tribe; when it was not lying to tell an untruth to strangers. The men who first declared that all these were simply, clearly and sharply murder, theft and lying were burned or hanged in their day, but have become prophets and are now revered. As troublesome no doubt will be the pathway of those who declare and prove that the methods of modern business, as exemplified in the careers of its most eminently successful practitioners, are still those of lying, theft, murder.—Henry Demarest Lloyd, page 184, *Life of Henry Demarest Lloyd*, by Caro Lloyd, Vol. I.

I have had word from several friends in the East about an invitation issued by the Oil Trust people to a number of eminent divines to investigate the truth of charges against them, especially those contained in my book (*Wealth Against Commonwealth*). It has been suggested I attend. I am ready to do so. I have been thinking of ways by which the Oil Trust could be made to break its silence. I will meet Mr. Rockefeller anywhere and at any time before these ministers to consider these "charges," stipulating only that the unreversed findings of the courts, state and federal, civil and criminal, and of the Interstate Commerce Commission, as given in my book, be accepted in the investigation as conclusive as to the facts covered by them unless the Oil Trust can show that they, the findings, are incorrectly reported by me. The investigating

committee, as I understand it, is to sit in the building of the Trust, where it is promised all the facilities of the office shall be put at the service of the inquiry. Leading members of the Trust have testified under oath that it kept no books and that the records of the proceedings of the managing directors are destroyed after their meetings. See the testimony before the New York Senate Committee, 1888, pp. 455, 576, 577, 589, and before Congress, 1888, pp. 391-2. The proper place to investigate is among the public records of the very numerous judicial and legislative investigations; but if the ministers are willing to go to the headquarters of the Trust, I am.—Page 213, *Ibid.*

The company was unwilling that Lloyd be present and the conference never took place. Page 214, *Ibid.*

Ida Tarbell Shows the Rockefellers as Crooks—Mr. Rockefeller secured an alliance with railroads to drive out rivals. For fifteen years he received rebates of varying amounts on at least the greater part of his shipments and for at least a portion of that time he collected drawbacks on the oil other people shipped; at the same time he worked with the railroads to prevent other people getting oil to manufacture, or if they got it he worked with the railroads to prevent the shipment of the product. If it reached a dealer, he did his utmost to bully or wheedle him, to countermand his order. If he failed in that he undersold until the dealer, losing on his purchase, was glad enough thereafter to buy of Mr. Rockefeller.

There is no gaming table in the world where loaded dice are tolerated; no athletic field where men must not start fair. Yet Mr. Rockefeller has systematically played with loaded dice, and it is doubtful if there has ever been a time since 1872 when he has run a race with a competitor and started fair. Business played in this way loses all its sportsmanlike qualities. It is fit only for tricksters.

The bitterness against the Standard Oil Company in many parts of Pennsylvania and Ohio is such that a verdict from a jury on the merits of the evidence is almost impossible. A case in point occurred a few years ago in the Bradford field. An oil producer was discovered stealing oil from the National Transit Company. He had tapped the main line and for at least two years had run a small but steady stream of Standard oil into his private tank. Finally the thieving pipe was discovered, and the owner of it, after acknowledging his guilt, was brought to trial. The jury gave a verdict of not guilty! They seemed to feel that though the guilt was acknowledged, there probably was a Standard trick concealed somewhere. Anyway it was the Standard Oil Company and it deserved to be stolen from! The writer has frequently heard men, whose own business was conducted with scrupulous fairness, say in cases of similar stealing that they would never condemn a man who stole from the Standard! Of course, such a state of feeling undermines the whole moral nature of a community.

The moral effect of directly practicing many Standard Oil methods is obvious. For example, take the whole system devised by Mr. Rockefeller for keeping track of independent business.

There are practices which corrupt every man who has a hand in them. One of the most deplorable things about it is that most of the work is done by youngsters. The freight clerk who reports the independent oil shipments for a fee of five or ten dollars a month is probably a young man, learning his first lessons in corporate morality. If he happens to sit in

Mr. Rockefeller's church on Sundays, through what sort of a haze will he receive the teachings? There is something alarming to those who believe that commerce should be a peaceful pursuit, and who believe that the moral law holds good throughout the entire range of human relations, in knowing that so large a body of young men in this country are consciously or unconsciously growing up with the idea that business is war and that morals have nothing to do with its practice.—History of the Standard Oil Company.

"High Grading" At Rawhide

(As told by Bill Haywood)

DONE INTO VERSE BY CY TOBIAS

Reprinted by permission from the *Popular Magazine*.

WAY down in the mines at Rawhide,
With powder and pick we bent,
For the gold that men fight and men die for,
And none of us knew content.
Though wages were high,
They were not high enough,
And it's senseless to dig
And turn over the stuff,
To a white-collared dude,
Metallurgical bluff.

So we started "high grading" at Rawhide,
Or privately entered claim,
For a part of the loot of the bosses,
Stacked cards in the old brace game.
Of course we said nothing
To spineless galoots,
But padded our pockets
And filled up our boots,
And clumped past the tenders
Who handled the chutes.

When we started "high grading" at Rawhide,
We managed to swell our pay,
By sending the ore down the cañon,
And getting a fair assay.
We packed it in boxes
And labeled it "Soap,"
And sent it by stage
Firmly tied with a rope,
And trusted to Collins,
The driver, a Dope.

When we were "high grading" at Rawhide,
Old Tom he would wink and would cough,
And take a big jolt in the arm with a grin,
Climb aboard and go driving off;
And when he returned

With the stuff that will buy,
We dressed up the Missus
And set up the rye,
And Tom took a slug in the arm,
On the sly.

When we were "high grading" at Rawhide,
Old Tommy was caught with the goods,
"No chance with a Dope under pressure," we
said,

And some of us took to the woods.
They locked up poor Tom,
Took away all his "snow,"
But promised the drug
If he freely would show
Who had taken the ore;
And they said he could go.

There was no "high grading" at Rawhide.
With Tom going mad in jail,
For the stuff that would cure him of anguish,
The stuff that could never fail;
Tom raved in his cell,
Like a madman at bay,
The drug was their bribe
Every night—every day;
Tom shrieked as he moaned:
"I have *nothing to say!*"

They took Tom away from Rawhide,
For he never told, you bet.
Eight years is a long, hard sentence,
But, God! We will not forget.
How *could* we forget,
Through the night, through the day,
He fought all the demons
And held them at bay,
Held out to the end—
He had *nothing to say!*

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The Story of Hawaiian Sugar

By MARION WRIGHT

HAD it not been for her sugar Hawaii might have still been free, ruled by her own Queen and people. But sugar is money, and sugar forced the island Empire into the arms of Uncle Sam and turned her over to the tender mercies of the missionary and sugar planter.

The story of the growth of the sugar industry in Hawaii is akin to an Arabian Night's tale. A kingdom has been overthrown; difficulties have been met; obstacles overcome; methods changed, and results achieved that would have been unthinkable fifty years ago.

The sugar planters of Hawaii managed to make sugar enough for home consumption and to export 277 tons in 1856, approximately the daily output of a few mills

in 1906. In 1910 the sugar output was 517,000 tons, nearly two thousand times as much as that of only fifty years ago.

The sugar mills of 1856 consisted of little wooden rollers standing on end, operated by bullocks and fed by hand, one stick at a time. Their exact duplicates are still in use in the Philippines. Iron, three-roller mills had just begun to be introduced and they weighed less than a ton apiece. The best mills of the islands in 1914 use twelve-roll mills with a cutter and crusher to first reduce the cane to shape.

Sixteen and a half tons is the weight of the large mill rollers, in addition to which 430 tons of hydraulic pressure is applied to the rollers to assist in pressing the juice from the cane. The mills of 1856 ex-

tracted less than half of the sugar from the cane. All the mills of the present give an extraction of over 90 per cent and some run as high as 95.

The sugar planter of 1856 plowed but little, used no fertilizer, knew practically nothing of irrigation, boiled his sugar in a scrap iron pot bought from a whale ship and was even then "short of labor."

Over two hundred thousand immigrant laborers have been brought to Hawaii by sugar. The supply is still short and the problem is becoming not only vexing to the Hawaiian exploiters but to the government at Washington. Sugar will release no less than 60,000 Japanese of voting age in Honolulu in a few months and there is talk of placing the islands under the government of a military committee to bar these yellow votes.

To prepare the sugar land, twenty-ton steam plows break up the soil; five to fifteen hundred pounds of fertilizer, costing \$40 a ton, are applied annually to each acre of cane under cultivation. Water to the

amount of six hundred million gallons a day is pumped to an average elevation of 200 feet with which to irrigate sugar cane. Besides which nearly as much more is brought through ditches extending through miles of tunnels, crossing valleys hundreds of feet deep, through inverted syphons, and extending to forty miles in length, while the whaler's scrap tub for making sugar has been exchanged for apparatus costing from half a million to a million to each mill.

The average yield per acre in 1856 was one ton of sugar. The average yield ten years ago was four and one-half tons, while individual irrigation plantations averaged ten tons per acre.

In 1856 the sugar planter received ten cents per pound for his sugar and lost money. The planter of today gets five cents and makes money. The story of the Hawaiian sugar industry interweaves with the political, social and religious history of the islands. It touches kings and revolutions, fabulous fortunes forced from the soil and the workers and total losses of immense

wealth in a few short years. Plantations have paid sixty dollars dividends a ton one year and lost twenty dollars a ton the next. As late as 1905 a plantation which figured very conservatively to produce 20,000 tons made but 1,600. The cause was "leaf hopper" and drought, and to many others disaster has come along with success.

When cane first came to Hawaii or how it was brought is unknown. Captain Cook found it upon discovery of the islands and in later voyages spoke of it as being a common article of food and supply to shipping. In 1823 an Italian made sugar in Honolulu by pounding the sugar cane with stone beaters, on poi boards, and boiling the juice in small copper kettles. In 1841 the governor of Hawaii planted about 100 acres of cane, having it farmed by Chinamen.

The Civil War in the United States gave the first great impetus to the Hawaiian sugar industry. The war immediately cut off the supply of sugar from the southern states and raised prices generally, resulting in a rapid increase in the output from Hawaii, the exports being 1,283 tons in 1861 and 8,869 tons in 1868. A sugar refinery was established in Honolulu in 1861. It confined its operations to boiling over and refining molasses from the mills.

The rapid extension of the business created such a demand for labor that the wages of field laborers rose to a dollar a day, an unprecedented thing at that time, including free rent, wood, and medical attendance. The earth was scoured in all directions for laborers, resulting in Hawaii securing the greatest mixture of races the world has even seen.

From five to fifteen hundred pounds of fertilizer are now used per acre on practically all the cane land of Hawaii, on virgin soil as well as old lands. The fertilizers used are chiefly compounded in Honolulu, where there are two large factories, and in San Francisco.

The methods of cultivation vary greatly in the different districts. Wherever there is deep soil, free of rock and not too hilly, steam plows are used, which break up the soil to the depth of thirty inches. Where irrigation is practiced the cane is planted in deep furrows. In unirrigated fields the cane is planted in shallow furrows running straight across the field regardless of grade.

On irrigated fields there is no cultivating with small plows or cultivators as these

would break up the ditches. All weeding is done by hand. On unirrigated plantations the first weeding is done by hand and as soon as the cane is well started cultivators operated by one mule are used. Much greater care is given to thoroughness of plowing and to keeping the field clear of weeds than was formerly done.

The revolution in sugar machinery in fifty years is complete. Even the past ten years has worked most radical changes. The best mill buildings are now of skeleton steel structural iron, with corrugated galvanized roof and sides, and mostly iron or concrete floors. In front of the mills is a cutter and crusher for the purpose of flattening and preparing the cane so that it will be properly taken by the rollers. By reason of the high percentage of juice extraction the stalk is left so dry that it is carried direct from the rolls on an endless chain and automatically fed to the furnaces, which are specially constructed to burn this fuel. On the plantations which grind day and night these crushed stalks, or "bagasse," furnish practically all the fuel.

On nearly all the plantations waste molasses is now fed to stock and used as a fuel, being sprayed on the "bagasse" in the furnace. It will probably be utilized in the near future to make alcohol. Labor-saving devices are the constant study of the Hawaiian planter. On some plantations machines load the cane onto the cars and unload it onto the cane carrier. Mechanical carriers take the cane to the mill, the bagasse to the furnace, and collect sugar from the centrifugals. Mechanical stokers feed the furnaces; elevators and hoppers bag the sugar and machines are being introduced which top and sew the filled bags. The one great labor devourer is harvesting the crop. From 500 to 800 men are required daily to harvest cane for one first class mill.

There is one point which baffles the growers of sugar cane and that is to increase the percentage of sugar. There has been practically no increase in the sucrose content of sugar cane since the plant was first known. This is due to the fact that it is propagated by cuttings and therefore offers no opportunity of improving the stock. Experiment stations are now working to produce fertile cane seeds so that the best varieties may be interbred and de-

veloped. Twenty years ago it was generally conceded that sugar cane would not produce a fertile seed. That great wizard of the fields, Luther Burbank, has stated that in his opinion the continuous and intelligent cross-fertilization and selection of sugar cane seed would double the percentage of sugar in cane within twelve to fifteen years.

The present average output of sugar per acre in Hawaii is four and one-half tons.

If the same land could be made to produce nine tons the possibilities and profits of the sugar industry are almost beyond the limits of the imagination.

The one cloud upon the horizon of the sugar planter is the labor situation. The demand has never been supplied though higher wages are paid than in any other tropical country. This runs \$20 to \$30 a month for 26 days, ten hours a day.

A VOICE FROM PORTO RICO

By NINA LANE McBRIDE

A PARADE OF UNION CIGAR MAKERS IN PORTO RICO.

IN the living, pulsing drama, which was unfolded at the hearings of the Industrial Relations Commission, nothing, — aside from the Ludlow Horror, seemed to touch the heart cords of the public as did the testimony of the two Porto Rican workers, Prudencio Rivera Martinez and Santiago Iglesias.

Prudencio Martinez, a Porto Rican by birth, is the President of the Cigar Makers' Union. He is a serious-faced, sad-eyed boy, who feels the sorrows of his people. He has hope that the American Government will do something for his fellow workers. He read a paper to the Commis-

sioners, prefaced with an apology for his English, which was not needed, as his English, as well as his language, was beautiful, and his slight Spanish accent but made his appeal the more pathetic. He detailed the misery of the workers of Porto Rico. The old, old story of long hours and poor pay; of the machine displacing the man, and the little children taking the places of their mothers. He laid the bruised and bleeding heart of the Porto Rican workers at the feet of the American people with the cry, "Help us to be like you."

Santiago Iglesias is of a different type, and if the Government officials are to be

believed, a very bad sort. He is a trouble maker and where he goes trouble is soon to follow. He is a Spaniard by birth and a carpenter by trade. He was forced to leave Spain for political reasons and took refuge in Cuba, where he remained for some time. He was driven from Cuba and fled to Porto Rico, where he was imprisoned, and at the time of the American invasion, when all political prisoners were freed, had served four years.

Seeing the misery and the helplessness of the Porto Rican workers, he decided to remain in Porto Rico and organize them. This he has been doing. He is now President of the Free Federation of Labor, and editor of "Justicia," a revolutionary labor paper published at San Juan. The story he told the Commissioners of the police system of the Island was very much the same as that told by the Pennsylvania workers of the Pennsylvania State Police. The Island of Porto Rico is just now, since the new movement of the general strike of the country workers, undergoing a very critical period; a period of persecution of the laborers generally. The police are quartered on the property of the Sugar Manufacturers. They eat and drink at the expense of the Corporations, ride the com-

panies' horses and automobiles, and women are supplied them.

The pay of the agricultural worker averages about 45 cents per day of ten to twelve hours. The cost of living is higher than it is in the states, so necessarily the standard of living is very low. Coffee, without sugar or milk, and a piece of banana often suffices for breakfast, with sometimes rice or beans. Children are put at coffee picking at the age of six and seven years. Where whole families are employed, the pickings are thrown in with that of the man, and he receives the wages. There are plantation stores where the usual two-price system prevails—one price for the workers and one for those not employed. Hundreds of acres of land are granted to the corporations, while the poor people have no access to the lands. Parades of striking workers are forbidden, as is freedom of speech and free assembly. In fact, gatherings of more than five persons are forbidden, and imprisonment on any or no charge is a common thing. Both Mr. Iglesias and Mr. Martinez are out on bail, awaiting trial for carrying deadly weapons, said weapons consisting of small flag-sticks to which flags were attached.

DOWN WITH AMERICAN MILITARISM

By S. J. RUTGERS

(Comrade S. J. Rutgers is one of the foremost civil engineers in Holland. He is also a member of the revolutionary Dutch S. D. P. and one of the group comprising Drs. Pannekoek and Gorter, whose book on war we hope soon to publish. Comrade Rutgers has spent several years in the Orient and perhaps no Socialist whom we have met in a long time is so capable of telling our readers the meaning of Imperialism or Colonial Expansion in the far East.)

IT MAY be of interest to American laborers just now when there is so much talk of army and navy matters in this country, to know something on far eastern colonial matters. For, although the general interest in colonial problems seems to be negligible at the present moment, it is probable that America will become imperialistic before the masses are aware of what is happening.

Already there is a general demand in the press for an increased army and a stronger fleet and there is little going on among the working class to oppose this general feeling.

A Socialistic reform paper like the Milwaukee *Leader* even joins in the cry for armaments and Mr. Hillquit states that if there should be any danger of America getting into a war, he would admit the necessity of having a strong army, which statement means the yielding of every possible resistance against one of the most acute dangers that threatens labor.

Military power, once acquired, will surely be used as a strong argument in future diplomatic discussions on imperialistic problems. We must not forget that America just now is becoming more and more a nation of industrial export and that financial capital is rapidly increasing its foreign investments. The result will be imperialism in spite of all so-called democratic institutions.

There will be financial interests in Mexico, in South America and in Canada and, in no less degree, there will be financial interests in the far east, especially in China, where Rockefeller already possesses a monopoly of oil fields, which from a financial point of view, is worth a military con-

flict. I have only to mention the aggressive policy of Japan, combined with England and the probable future combination of Germany and Russia to regain their lost influence in the far east, to show that there will be some problems of vital capitalist interest in which America will mix if it has the power to do so.

Whether this will lead to spheres of influence or colonies or even to the more hypocritical form of "protection" of some foreign governmental system, in order to secure the profits, makes no difference. The purpose and the result will be large investments and no robbery nor murder will be too barbarous to secure profits to those investments. Even the most direct slavery may be re-introduced.

To gain some idea about your own future politics, you have only to look to those who have preceded you and it is in this sense that you should be especially interested in colonial problems.

I doubt if it is necessary to call to your minds the crimes and cruelties perpetrated on men, women and children due to the more primitive methods of colonial exploitation. If we recall the exploits of Gordon of England, Peters of Germany, Leopold of Belgium, J. P. Coen of Holland and the Foreigners' Legion of France, we must frankly admit that colonial barbarism is not a national but an international feature. Indeed America has had its share in this kind of civilization by robbing and murdering the American Indians.

But that was some time ago and although the same methods are practiced today in some parts of the world that are newly opened, it is not likely that America will go in for this sort of colonial development.

These methods indeed are not modern and less profitable. When it becomes necessary to force the natives to work for you, you may starve them instead of killing them at once.

Every nation has its own ways in the modern modes of colonial exploitation and much attention is used to give things the semblance of good-will, especially by so-called democratic countries.

When I arrived at the Dutch Colony, east coast of Sumatra, some four years ago, there had previously been published a book containing revelations of cruelties committed by the whites against the colored laborers. At that time the "planters" were practically their own masters and flogged and often eventually killed their "coolies," without inviting trouble upon their own heads. After the publication of the book above mentioned and much parliamentary debating, the Dutch Government decided to put things on a more modern basis. New regulations were made and more officers appointed, first to form new tribunals and some of them to act as inspectors on the treatment of the native laborers.

All parties interested in this big and profitable colony made a formal propaganda to convince people that everything was now a paradise to the colored workers. If you happened to ask a planter about the state of labor, he generally admitted that things had been rather rotten before, but would declare that all had been changed.

Indeed it had changed but only to become a more perfect form of slavery. The whole force of the police and "justice" is now behind the planters and there would be no longer any necessity for them to execute their own "justice" were it not for the time lost in sending the natives before the magistrates and to prison. Those living far from the place where there is a tribunal, generally continue in the old way of judgment with corporal chastising and many others continue out of habit. The more clever capitalists, however, take advantage of the new system by leaving punishment to government officials.

The colored laborers are bound by contract to work for their masters and are therefore not only sent to prison if they try to run away, but also if they do not work with sufficient intensity or if they have

presumed to act against the orders of their masters or there is something offensive in their attitude toward the whites.

Magistrates often have to deal with from twenty to fifty cases an hour and as most white as well as colored people are willing to swear to everything that is in their own interests, it is absolutely impossible to get any sort of justice, even if the judge should wish to do so. So it is within the power of the planter to send every contract laborer to prison whom he wishes to send there and to maintain a system of terror much more effective than it would be were he obliged to risk his own skin by flogging personally.

The appointment of inspectors may have brought some improvement in dwellings and sanitary conditions. The state of slavery is not affected in any way.

The inspector always announces his visits in advance to the estates and he cannot even understand most of the laborers who speak in a foreign tongue (Chinese and Javanese). So the inspectors are accompanied by interpreters who go about to allow the workers to bring in complaints against their masters. In the beginning there really were some complaints and the planters accused the interpreters of instigating the laborers to bring in accusations. The government, of course, took the part of the planters, simply telling the interpreters to put down the complaints in form as they were brought in.

The interpreter gives the complaints to the inspectors and the inquiry is held in the offices of the accused company. The result has been that in the course of a whole year, there has not been one serious complaint laid before the officer of justice through the mediation of the inspectors, notwithstanding that during this time several of such cases were dealt with. Indeed slavery regulated by the state is the worst of all and a warning to the admirers of so-called state Socialism.

Now I wish to impress upon you that this kind of slavery is not accidental, but the result of conditions that would, no doubt, force other states to adopt similar measures.

This part of Sumatra being thinly populated, it is absolutely necessary to import workers if the capitalists would gain the big profits to be had from the conditions of

climate and soil. The statement that one of the tobacco companies made a profit of more than ten million dollars in one year will sufficiently show the capitalist necessity of procuring laborers even though they have to draw them out of hell itself.

In fact the laborers are brought from China and Java and the transport of these people costs so much money that there must be some form of slavery to secure the desired results. The more so because in these rich countries the natives could find a living with much less energy than the capitalists expect them to spend in their behalf.

To a greater or less extent you will find conditions the same in other parts of the world where capitalism develops and where there is not a sufficiently large population that can be expropriated and turned into "free" laborers. Even in the greater part of South America—in Chile, which has already attracted the attention of American capitalists, there are no laborers to develop in the modern capitalistic way. And the importation of Italians has proved insufficient. Probably there will be an import of Chinese labor in a way similar to that used in the Dutch colonies with sooner or later

a revolt or intervention and American militarism defending the capitalist interests.

The United States workers, who openly or secretly approve a stronger army and navy and those who do not oppose them with all their strength, will have to realize that this militarism is to be used to secure big profits out of foreign labor and to impair their own position through the involuntary assistance of those yellow laborers whom they do not yet acknowledge as fellow soldiers in the class struggle.

Yet it is not too late if labor here will spend its whole energy in opposing imperialism and militarism together with the workers the whole world over—black, white and yellow.

This does not mean philanthropy. It means self-preservation. It is the only way to win your own cause.

There is an opportunity before you American workers, because you are only at the beginning of militarism and imperialism in this country. The workers of Europe are being crushed by these forces which they did not recognize in time. Do not wait until war is acute, but oppose at once and by all means in your power.

ANTI-ENLISTMENT PLEDGE

I, being over eighteen years of age, hereby pledge myself against enlistment as a volunteer for any military or naval service in international war, and against giving my approval to such enlistment on the part of others.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

Please forward pledge to **Anti-Enlistment League**, 61 Quincy street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Committee: John Haynes Holmes, Tracy D. Mygatt, Jessie Wallace Hughan, Secretary.

Get your friends to sign this pledge, and sign it yourself and forward it to the address given above. Pledge blanks may be secured from the Anti-Enlistment League, 61 Quincy street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MODERN SCIENCE AND PREHISTORIC SAVAGERY

The Professor: "Together, my dear Herr Caveman, we should be irresistible."

SAVAGE SURVIVALS IN HIGHER PEOPLES

By PROF. J. HOWARD MOORE

IV. THE ORIGIN OF HIGHER PEOPLES.

1. Purpose of the Lesson.

All civilized peoples have come from savage peoples. They have *grown* from savages, just as you and I as individuals have grown from babies. It is important to know this. For we cannot understand the things civilized men and women do and think and feel—many of them are so barbarous and strange—unless we recognize the fact that civilized men and women are merely leaved-out savages.

It is also important to know something of the nature and ideas of savages, so that we can compare them with our own nature and ideas, and see how much of us has survived from savage times and how much has been produced since then.

The purpose of this lesson, therefore, is (1) to teach you that all higher peoples go back in their ancestry to savages, and (2) to teach you something about what sort of beings savages are.

2. Where the English Came From.

Go back into the past two or three thousand years, and you do not find any English in the world, nor any French, nor Spanish, nor Germans, nor Russians. But what you do find is that each of these peoples is represented at that time by one or more savage tribes, from which it has grown. The English go back to the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes, three savage or semi-savage tribes that lived originally in the region of Denmark and southward, and who came over and settled the island of Great Britain fourteen or fifteen hundred years ago. The first settlement was made about 449 A. D. These people were very rude. They dressed in skins, loved adventure, and were fond of water. They lived a good deal by pillage. They would enter their skin boats and cruise along the coast of the Baltic till they came to a town of some other tribe. They would drive the people out or kill them,

plunder the town, and then burn it. They thought this was a perfectly proper thing to do; for they acted on the principle that "Might makes right," that is, on the principle that it is right to do whatever one has the power to do.

The English people sometimes boast that "Britannia rules the waves." *Britannia* is the Latin name for Britain. And the expression "Britannia rules the waves" means that, while the land surfaces are divided among different peoples, the sea is England's. The English people more than any other people have been the explorers and settlers and developers of the world. Nearly everywhere you go you find the English—in North and South America (*we* are English), in South Africa, Australia, India, and in many of the islands of the sea. The English-speaking peoples are so enterprising and already have possession of such a large part of the surface of the earth, including practically two whole continents, that it looks as though 200 years from now the planet would be largely English.

I suppose that one reason why the English have been so restless as a race is because their ancestors were that kind of a people. Suppose the English had come from land animals—beings who lived in the interior of Europe, a quiet, home-loving and peaceful people. Don't you suppose the history of England would have been a very different thing from what it is today? The adult English people merely reflect the character of the infant peoples from whom they have grown, just as a grown man is in a general way much like what he was when he was a child.

3. Other Modern Peoples.

The French came from the Gauls, scattered tribes that lived in the region of

what is now France, at the time of the Roman Empire.

The Germans came from the Goths, Vandals, and Cimbri, three barbarous tribes that lived in central Europe and assisted in overrunning the Roman Empire.

The Italians came from the Romans, a people who spoke the Latin language and lived in the peninsula of Italy and other Mediterranean lands, about the time of Christ and later.

The modern Greeks are from the ancient Greeks.

And all of the modern white peoples—Russians, Swedes, Germans, French, English, and Americans—can trace their ancestry back, by means of common languages and common legends, to a people who came long ago out of the East, out of the land beyond the Caspian. These people came into what is now Europe and settled there long before we have any history. And from them all of the modern European peoples have come.

4. The Cradle of Mankind.

But where did these original white people come from? And where did the dark peoples come from? And the Chinese? And the Indians? Where was the cradle of the human species? In what part of the world, and at what time did man originate as a new and distinct species of animal? This must have occurred at some certain place on the earth and at some definite period in time.

It is pretty certain that the human species did not originate in what is called the western half of the earth and spread from there as a center over the world. For reasons, the most of which I cannot give to you, because it would take too long to make them plain, it is believed by scientists that the cradle of mankind was somewhere in the eastern hemisphere. One reason for this belief is that it is here that we find the oldest tracks of man, the earliest evidence of his existence in the world.

We can go back into the civilizations of the Nile and of the Euphrates and of some of the rivers of India for thousands of years, in some places 8 or 10 thousand years. Here we find one civilization on top of another. Here are found the things

men have fought with and worked with and played with and lived in—objects which have defied the teeth of time, and which endure long after their creators have vanished. It is believed that man originated somewhere in southern Asia. Or, possibly, still further south than the present boundary of Asia, in lands now drowned by the Indian Ocean. This supposed land, which, if it ever existed, is now under the sea, has been called *Lemuria*.

5. Changes in Geography.

You know from your study of physiography that a large part of what is now the land surface of the earth was once the floor of the sea. Sandstone and limestone, which are so common over the land surfaces, we know are made under water, and no place else. And we find the fossils of fishes and other water animals scattered all over the land, even to the mountain tops. The remains of a whale were found in northern Mississippi the other day. This animal, when it died, was swimming in the Mississippi Sea, a great body of water which once extended from the Gulf of Mexico over what is now the Great Central Plains of the United States.

The City of Louisville is built where it is because the Ohio river has a fall there. This fall is caused by a coral reef running across the river at that point. Corals are sea animals. And the corals that located the city of Louisville by forming a reef at that particular place and compelling the Ohio river to stumble over it, lived and died in that far off time when Indiana and Kentucky formed a part of the floor of the Mississippi Sea.

Now, it is not so well known, but it is a fair inference, that much of what is now water surface was once land surface. We mine coal under the sea in some places. And I suppose that if we could only get at them we would find many things in the lands under sea that would be useful to us land animals. Maybe, sometime, when we have impoverished the stores of the land, we shall get so hard up or so skilled that we shall be able to get at these drowned treasures beneath the oceans.

We *know* that there have been many changes in the geography of the earth in

the past—that the geography of the earth a million or ten million years ago was not what it is today. We know that Africa was joined to Europe at Gibraltar until rather recent times in the history of the earth, and that Asia and North America were united at Behring Strait.

At one time Alaska was joined to Asia by a rather wide isthmus. It was over this isthmus of Behring that many of the North American animals first came into America from Asia. Animals like the buffalo and the mountain sheep did not originate in America. They came from Asia. And they came over the Behring bridge when the world was young. No bones of these animals are found in America previous to this time. The Indians also no doubt came into America from Asia by the same route, although the Indians came much later than the buffalo. Until comparatively recent times in geological history, the island of Great Britain was joined to and formed a part of the continent of Europe. The earliest inhabitants of Great Britain were Celts. They were called Britons by the Anglo-Saxons. Great Britain may not have become an island until some time after it was settled by human beings. The Celts may have walked dry-shod over what is now the North Sea into what was then a western peninsula of continental Europe.

6. How Old Is Man?

How long it has been since man originated as a new species of animal no one knows. But it is known that it was a long time ago. Until 50 or 100 years ago, it was generally supposed that human beings had not existed on the earth more than 5 or 6 thousand years. But the more man is studied and the more the earth is rummaged, the further back into the past is the beginning of things known to be. It is known positively that there have been *living beings* on the earth for a good many *millions* of years. It is estimated that life has existed on the earth for fifty or one hundred million years. But during the most of this time there were no *human* beings in the world. Man is a recent species. But it is believed that man has existed on the earth for as much as two or three hundred thousand years.

7. The Spread of Mankind.

The human species probably originated somewhere in the Indian region of southern Asia. And from this as a center it has spread pretty thoroughly over the land surfaces of the globe, not only over the large land masses, but to most of the islands. One branch moved westward and formed the dark peoples of Africa. Another moved north and northwest and became the white or Caucasian race. Another moved north and east and developed into the yellow or orange race, that is, the Chinese, Japanese, etc. And a branch of the orange race probably moved on over from Asia, past the Behring Strait region, into what is now called America, forming a modification of the orange race, the copper or red race, the so-called American Indians. And another branch of the species moved eastward to the Malay peninsula, the East India islands, Borneo, New Guinea, the islands of the South Pacific, on as far as the Hawaiian islands, forming the brown or Malay race. This gives you a little idea of the scattering out of the different races of men from the original human nest.

The Malays are an island race. They love the water, and are at home in the water. They have been developed in connection with the water, and are largely water animals.

The Hawaiian islands were not settled from North America nor Asia, but by those brown sea-rovers from the southwest. The nearest land to the Hawaiian islands is over 2,000 miles away. How the first human inhabitants of these remote dots ever found their way over the vast wave-wastes they had to traverse before getting there, no one will ever know. But probably they were refugees, carried out to sea by a storm, and, losing their way on the trackless plains, wandered on and on, until they happened to stumble upon these hitherto unknown volcanotops. We know such things can happen, for a junk with survivors on board drifted ashore from the west at the Hawaiian Islands in December, 1832.

8. The First Men

Original men, that is, the first men who ever existed, probably lived in small,

loose bands, each band being composed of from twenty to fifty or more individuals. These bands, in their organization and modes of life, were probably very much like the bands of other animals that are met with today in the forests and on the prairies. They were without fixed places of abode. They subsisted on the fruits, nuts, roots, young shoots and birds' eggs which they came upon during their wanderings through the forest. These bands of early men must have had only the bare beginnings of law and government. Each band was led by an old

male as chief, who had won his position as leader by his exceptional strength and intelligence. There was no family life, the sexes mingling much as among lower animals generally. Early men lived in a tropical climate, and were without either clothes or fire. They had long arms, and short, weak legs. Their weapons were sticks and stones. They were able to overcome all except the larger animals by cooperation and the force of numbers. They probably used the trees a great deal as a refuge in time of danger. They may have had the beginnings of superstition.

AFTER THE WAR—WHAT?

III. Collectivism

By HENRY L. SLOBODIN

As an incident to the war, yet far more important than the war itself, a new social-economic form rises amidst the crumbling forms of capitalism. Collectivism is rapidly forcing itself to the fore and there is nothing to stop it. Both the competitive form of capitalism and the monopolistic form of capitalism have failed the nations of Europe in this emergency. This war is a conflict of efficiency with tenacious archaism. Capitalism is archaic. Collectivism is modern.

A less efficient social-economic form must yield to a more efficient.

Neither justice, nor morality, nor idealism will decide. It is efficiency, terrible, implacable, that will not be denied or silenced, pronouncing the doom of our present world.

Collectivism in its crudest, the most corrupt form is more efficient than capitalism in its most advanced form.

It will march on in the face of capitalist hostility and futile Socialist opposition to it, as state capitalism or state Socialism. If state capitalism is more efficient than private capitalism, then state capitalism will win the day. Efficiency is just now writing the latest chapter of the history of our day.

The Germans began it. Efficiency was

not forced upon the Germans as it is now being forced on the Frenchmen and the Englishmen. The German historical processes are difficult to follow. So well do the Germans succeed in beclouding their very practical aims with metaphysical concepts and their successful methods with romantic phrases, that their efficiency appears to us as a "thought out" concept instead of an evolutionary process.

Be that as it may, they got hold of collectivism as a factor for efficiency long since, while England trailed behind in the hobble skirt of Manchesterism and the United States was hampered by the leg chains of a state without sovereignty.

The Germans are more collectivist than any other people and nothing can wrest from them this advantage.

Germany may lose the war, but the Germans are unconquerable.

For collectivism is on the march and it can no more be defeated than the French revolution could be defeated.

The Allies may overthrow the present German government, but this will only make collectivism, liberated from obsolete governmental forms, forge ahead all the faster.

The strength of German collectivism lies in the fact that when economic necessity demanded, it was adopted deliberately, consciously, voluntarily. Whereas France and England adopt it now reluctantly, with a fond belief that, the war once over, they will go back to old ways.

Note in connection with that, the attempt of our own government to have government shipping during the war with the idea of turning the ships over back to private owners after the war. Incidentally it may be remarked that the United States far from outstripping its commercial rivals owing to its free hand during the war, will find itself outstripped after the war by nations organized collectivistically.

While individually and politically an advanced country, the United States will find itself terribly handicapped by the reactionary economic concepts that still hold sway in its industrial life.

And our courts, presided over by medicine-men in economics, evolution and all science except the science of dry precedent, will fetter down our industrial life to a progress that will leave us far behind in the race. There is a rude awakening in store for the United States.

It is the misfortune of the United States to be governed by lawyers, the most ignorant and obscurant of all so-called liberal professions. Not before the physician, engineer, architect and scientific administrator will occupy the seats in Congress and legislatures now filled by blatant, vacuous and mostly corrupt lawyers, will the era of efficiency, of reciprocal social service come.

What is this collectivism?

Government ownership or control of industries alone will not make collectivism. This would be its economic expression or, speaking economic-deterministically, its economic basis. As a concomitant to the movement for public ownership, a transformation ensues in the social mind and conscience reflecting itself eventually in the mind and conscience of the individual. This transformation brings about a change in the view of the reciprocal relation of society and individual. Society's obligations towards the individual receive a sudden expansion. The individual introduces a conception of social service into his daily work.

Without this nothing is collectivism, no matter how much it is government ownership or control.

You may look to Europe and even Germany and wonder where I could see the presence of these elements of collectivism.

To be sure, it is a beginning, but a beginning that "shall never sound retreat."

Collectivism has entered into the blood or soul of the German people and the old ideas of a government being merely a policeman, not interfering, etc., are crumbling into dust.

Junked are also the old rules of life like "God helps him who helps himself," or "take care of yourself and the devil take the hindmost," the Hobbesian war of one against all.

Instead a spirit of social service is spreading its impelling spell broadcast. Capitalism is still dominant. Yet, somehow, it does not dictate just now. Whether this war is being fought by the Germans in the interests of the capitalists, or whether it is of their making, I will discuss at some other time.

The economic foundations of collectivism are well known. Spiritually, collectivism becomes manifest by adding to one's daily work the sense of social service.

And social service at present is the dominant note in German life. The capitalist and the junker, Ballin, the rich Jew and the Kaiser, and the Kaiser's wife and the Kaiser's sons, all seek justification for their social status in social service. Abandoned are the juridics, theological or moral justification for social institutions, capitalist, academic or political. They all begin to seek an excuse for their being in social service.

Again, we see only the beginning. But the iron of collectivism, even in a small dose, is a far more powerful incentive than the iron cross.

That social service dominates German life should be obvious to him who rubs his eyes yet full of sleep. But that it is due to collectivism may be disputed.

I will ask, my disputatious friend, to what is the success of German arms due? And the answer is: To the fact that in Germany every industry, every institution are subordinated to social service. Can you for one moment imagine a Ger-

man Baer delivering himself of some such sentiment: "The German people have nothing to do with the control of the coal industry. God, in his infinite wisdom, placed that control in the hands of a few Christian gentlemen?" Even the German Baers are educated beyond such archaism.

The Germans began to subordinate their industries and institutions to social service and extended their social service to the weak and disabled. They have made a good start. And other nations hasten now to imitate them. They do it not to flatter the Germans, but because they recognize that in social service, reciprocally related, lies the cause of German efficiency, power and prowess. For Germany, notwithstanding its misty philosophies and creeds, is a country governed by reason more than any other country on the globe. And although whatever a German does, he always intends for Germans and Germany only, a German's deed is aye better than his intention. A German serves the world by the example of his more efficient method. He vibrates reason, crystallizing the economic and spiritual atmosphere for collectivism.

"Collectivism! Advance! Progress!" some readers will exclaim. "If what the Germans now show us is a sample of collectivism, then God save us from it!"

What the Germans show now is viewed by the world with mixed emotion of terror and admiration.

Analyze the elements which inspire admiration and you will find that they are fundamentally collectivist.

The terror inspiring element must receive some consideration.

It may be true that the German character presents nothing lovable to a non-German. It is true that the Germans view the rest of mankind to be of any use or good or worth preserving only in proportion as they can be made into good Germans. But is the attitude of the Englishmen different towards the Hindoos, or of the Russians toward the Finns, Jews, Poles and other non-Russian nationalities, or of the Belgians towards the Congoese?

It is an essential part of the present day nationalism that each nation considers itself superior to other nationalities. Talk to a Finn, Jew or Hindoo and you may be surprised to learn that each claims

his nationality to be the best on earth.

The terror inspiring element lies not in this characteristic of the German. It lies in the terrible efficiency of the German.

And the German came by it collectively.

The Germans have discovered before any of the other nations how to apply, consciously and intelligently, the *true law of life* to social relation.

This true law of life dictates that *struggle* for existence among the members of a given group should be eliminated and *co-operation for existence* substituted in its place. This law holds good not only for social relations, but is the law of organic evolution. Turn to the lower species and you will find that a species survived in proportion as it obeyed that law of life.

The island and coasts of the ocean, forests and fields are teeming with birds that live in groups and co-operate for existence, while the birds that live individualistically—the eagles and the vultures—are few. They are a dying race, for they have disobeyed the law of life. This law governs the entire animal kingdom, man not excluded.

In the infancy of mankind, those tribes survived which had most co-operation and least struggle among its own members. This was strikingly exemplified by the condition of the Indian communities on the American continent at the time of its discovery.

In ancient and medieval age, this law of life suffered grave interference owing to the great migration of nations. In modern society, its course was obscured by the discoveries of science and art. It was carried into production by division of labor, by commerce, etc.

Nations advanced industrially possessed an immense advantage over backward nations. So great was this advantage that it could not be neutralized by the internal class struggle.

In our own day, the resources of science and art, having become accessible to all nations, the advantage shifted to the nations which carried this law into other social relations besides production.

This the Germans did to a greater extent than any other nationality. The *laissez-faire* philosophy never had a hold on the German mind. Germany never

had "twilight zones" wherein the inhuman exploiters could find refuge from government's supervision. Laws regulating production, workingmen's dwellings, protecting the lives of workingmen, social insurance, etc., are older in Germany than in any other country.

And this is the modern expression of the great law of survival—co-operation for existence—social service for the benefit of the individual and the sense of social service in the individual.

If I am asked whether I am speaking of Germany, which is now carrying on a ruthless, cruel war that has caused the greatest modern calamity to mankind, my answer is—German collectivism has not caused the war. What caused the Germans to wage this war is a question which I will discuss at some other time.

Moreover, we may all join in denouncing Germany for this war; we may all join in crushing Germany, which is carrying on this war. This should be no reason for us to deny Germany's superior social organization; no reason why we should refuse to learn from Germany the lesson of collectivism. For learn we must and if we fail to profit voluntarily by the

lesson, it will be driven into us by the blood and iron of necessity.

As an incident of far more reaching importance than the war itself, I repeat, this war is the sponsor of collectivism. A collectivism that forces its way often disguised, with stealthy steps, facing hostility among capitalists and diffidence among workingmen.

Even while the war is being fought, the world is being transformed with a rapidity unequalled in the past. And when, after the war, Europe will go back to work, it will go back to a world strangely different from its world before the war.

Yet it will go back to a world of capitalism—the dominion of bondlords. How could the new idea of social service, of advancing collectivism, be reconciled with the dominion of bondlords?

The answer is: There can be no reconciliation between the two. One of them will be crushed out of existence by the other. And collectivism will not, could not, be crushed.

The conflict will be sharp and decisive.

And this is another Why for the Social Revolution after the war.

YOUR GREAT ADVENTURE

By MARY E. MARCY

SUPPOSE you had steamed away from New York harbor on a great adventure and the ship had gone down a few days later with all on board and you had managed to escape in one of the lifeboats with just enough food and water to last you until you landed some time after at an unknown island.

You would probably rush up the shore without a cent in your pockets to tell the natives of your disaster and subsequent escape, expecting them to fall all over themselves offering to relieve your distress and to share with you.

But suppose, as you labored into the harbor, you were met by a half dozen native policemen who wanted to know what you were doing there, where you worked or where you were going. And you related your experiences and they told you the

harbor was the private property of a certain group of native capitalists and that loitering there was not permitted. What followed was something like this.

You directed your weary feet toward the city that loomed not far off, after receiving the "move along" signal from the cops. Arrived there, you sought a sympathetic ear into which you might pour the marvelous story of your adventures. But nobody seemed in the least interested. They all told you it was "too bad" and asked how much money you had in your pockets, while the police listened and repeated the "move on" sign that forced you to keep going if you did not wish to land in the island calaboose.

Finally it dawned upon you that loitering on the streets was not permitted to anybody who possessed neither money nor property and you asked if there was no

place where you might secure a free night's lodging and a free meal. And the native of whom you inquired informed you that in Kennekuk men were tried and imprisoned for begging and that if you were unable to produce a little cash or did not get a job you would be sure to come into collision with the LAW.

And then you discovered that exactly fifty years prior to your landing, another band of men had been washed ashore at Kennekuk and had taken possession of the island, which was become one of the richest lands in the whole world.

You found out that you had arrived too late. Every inch of Kennekuk was now the private property of some one of the natives or groups of natives and no human being was permitted to SET FOOT upon the land without paying RENT unless he was "going" to work or "coming" from work. Of course, exceptions were made of those who possessed money to buy a place to stay in.

But nobody was permitted to sleep upon the land, or to sit upon the land, or rest upon the land who did not first pay RENT to one of the island landlords. At nightfall the police descended upon you with fixed bayonets to drive you back into the sea or to force you to produce the wherewithal that would pay for a night's lodging or rent. This reminded you of home and the dear old land of Liberty and the police force in Los Angeles who, in the winter of 1915, had charged upon the unemployed and driven them from the city at the point of guns because they could not pay for rent and food. You began to breathe easier and to realize that these poor natives were on the high road to "civilization" themselves and to feel that things were not going to be so bad after all.

You saw that all you had to do was to get somebody to allow you to work for him in order to earn the money you needed to pay rent. By this time you were so weary that you could scarcely crawl but you threw back your head and tramped down past the calaboose and struck the first man in the first office building you came to for a job.

This man happened to be the biggest cocoanut planter in Kennekuk. He looked you over and sighed and said he would permit you to pick cocoanuts for him. For every hundred you garnered you would

have the privilege of keeping twenty for yourself for your labor.

You saw at once that Kennekuk was a great improvement over New York, or Los Angeles, or London. If you had been unlucky enough to land in one of these metropolises without any money you might have starved to death before securing a job.

The planter set you up for supper and a night's lodging and early the next morning you walked out to the planter's cocoanut grove, removed what was left of your shoes and stockings and began to climb up a furlong or two of cocoanut tree. The work was hard and the island climate only about twenty-five degrees cooler than a steel plant in America. Sometimes you stopped and drank the milk from one of the nuts. By night you had made thirty-five trips and had gathered a hundred cocoanuts.

One of the natives came out to check up your product and rewarded you with seventeen cocoanuts and three which you had consumed during the day to gain strength to continue your efforts. The price of a room and bed for a night was fifteen cocoanuts, but the native remarked that Kennekuk was the home of a seven-day workday so you need entertain no fears of not being able to pay for your bed on the Sabbath.

The people of Kennekuk had a funny religion. One evening after you had secreted the few extra cocoanuts that had been allotted you for your labors, you wandered up to the great white temple upon the hill to hear what the Priests of Gonorah had to say about God. You found a large gathering of the natives surrounding a great altar. These were obviously of the working class but one and all brought cocoanuts, or bananas, or spices, or camphor to aid in supporting the Priests and the Church.

Everybody joined in a queer chanting song and dipped their heads till they touched the floor whenever one of the Initiate said 'Gonorah.' And then the High Priest began to speak.

He said Kennekuk was the greatest land in all the world and the Kennekukians the most wonderful people; that God had given to them, in the midst of the beauty and plenty of the island, Liberty and Equality such as no other nation had ever possessed.

The poor working man had the same opportunity as the rich and the great. Everywhere Liberty and Equality lifted their

heads. And he told the plantation workers to go back to their work and labor diligently, to save their cocoanuts and help the Church and all good things should be added unto them.

And you figured it out in the sands on your way to your bed in the bunkhouse, how, after making proper deductions for clothing, it would take a hard-working native, working every day in the year, fifty years to save up enough to buy a hut to live in. Right then and there you made up your mind to get away from Kennekuk at the first opportunity. Sometime later you shipped as stoker on one of the U. S. merchant vessels and so arrived back in America at last.

You were out of work and almost penniless; your back had acquired a hump and your hands were proof that you had been working FOR SOMEBODY for a long time. Stoking put your experiences at Kennekuk out of your mind for a time; it was so much worse though it is fostered under the stars and stripes. And by the time you got around to thinking things over and making comparisons, you found that Chicago (or was it San Francisco?) is not so very different from the Glorious Isle after all.

Your money was gone and you had to go out to sell your two strong hands to the employer who offered to pay the most for them. But a hundred thousand other men flocked at the doors of the factories and mines and mills. And they crowded close holding up their great hands and offering them for sale at so much per week, each man bidding lower than his neighbor, until the employers bought the labor of men at just what it requires to buy food and shelter and clothing, or, in the language of the Kennekukians, cocoanuts and a bed.

After all, England and France and Germany and America are precisely like the Isle of Kennekuk. First came strong men who grabbed the lands of these nations. These killed the natives or forced them to labor upon the land that had once been theirs, in order to earn money to pay RENT.

And the land grabbers made laws to protect them in their robbery and to punish the natives who sought to take back what had been stolen from them. And the children who are today born into these great "civilized" nations are in the same position

as you found yourself in your Adventures at Kennekuk.

They find that they have been born too late. All the lands have already been stolen. The mines have been taken and the rivers and harbors and railway rights have been grabbed.

But the young men and the young women, who have been born too late to share in the earlier stealings, must pay rent to live upon the face of the earth. And in order to pay rent they must get jobs. And in order to get jobs they must give over the things they make. They must give over the coal they dig from the earth, the beds they make, the clothes they produce. They are only permitted to labor when they allow their employers to appropriate what they may produce. And their employers pay them in wages only enough to allow them to pay room rent and buy food and clothing.

This is because there are in the great cities hundreds of thousands of men who are holding aloft their strong hands and begging for an opportunity to labor, and the employers take those whom they can purchase at the lowest wage.

And so it is easy to see why those who work are no longer free. It is easy to see why those who toil may never find comfort and ease and plenty—a secure old age—today. This is because the necessities of life are today owned by a few rich men.

When a few men own the mines they may force the miners to dig for a small portion of the coal they produce, while the idlers keep the bigger share.

When a few men own the factories, the mills and railroads they need only permit those to work for them who are willing to labor for a small percentage of the value they create. When men own the land privately they may force those who dwell upon the land to pay tribute to them for the privilege of living upon the land.

And the government stands by to say that these things shall continue to be, to send armies and militias to murder the workers who arise to claim the coal they have dug, the railroads they have built and run, to claim the food they have produced or the clothing they have made.

So we still have Kings in America. In the old days the Kings sent their emissaries into the far corners to flog the taxes from the blood of the peasants. Today the

landlord, the mine operator or railroad magnate makes gay in other lands while the Government protects his loot. Men beg for an opportunity to give over to the bosses the larger portion of the value of their labor in order to be permitted to labor. Men come forth with their taxes, or tributes, or rents to the land Kings today.

And all this slavery—YOUR SLAVERY and my slavery—exists because these things are privately owned.

Socialism proposes to abolish the private

ownership in the great factories, mines, mills, lands, etc. It proposes that the workers who USE and NEED these things shall own them collectively so that those who work may have the value of their own products. Think this over. You cannot have freedom or opportunity in Kennekuk. You cannot have freedom in any "civilized" country until the workers own in common the things they use in common in producing the necessities of life. Study Socialism! It is the road to Freedom.

COMSTOCKERY IN AMERICA

By MARGARET H. SANGER

THERE is nothing which causes so much laughter or calls forth so many joking comments by people in Europe as Comstockery in America.

Our English cousins have a vague idea of its intricacies but the Latin mind, either Italian, French or Spanish, cannot grasp the idea of its existence.

America stands in the eyes of the younger generations of the various countries of Europe as a great hope and inspiration for the development of a free race. What, then, is their surprise and disappointment to learn that an American woman, born on American soil, must leave the "land of the free and home of the brave" to escape imprisonment for *discussing* the subject of Family Limitation.

When the Latin hears this he storms and rages and asks where the integrity of manhood has gone, that it will allow such an infringement on one's personal liberty.

But the English calmly shake their heads and tell you that the same issue was fought out in London in 1877 when Annie Besant and Charles Bradlaugh braved the courts and won freedom in their cause for British subjects for all time. They will tell you they sympathize, but can do little to help you, for the place to fight "Comstockery in America" is in America.

There is no doubt of the truth of this assertion, so in order to fight Comstockery we must know who and what is behind it and put a strong searchlight on actions, which are considered by all classes of people

throughout the civilized world as most contemptible and despicable.

COMSTOCK'S INFLUENCE.

Anthony Comstock was born in 1844. He has been Secretary and Special Agent for the Society for the Suppression of Vice since 1873; also U. S. Post Office Inspector since the same year. He records that he has destroyed 160 tons of literature and brought 3,760 "criminals" to "justice" during these years.

There is no doubt in the minds of thinking people that the influence of the Church in America has gradually been declining since the days of Robert Ingersoll and that today, as a power, it has almost entirely collapsed. But the relentless war which Ingersoll waged against the Church and the present-day power of Comstock are somewhat connected: the Church feeling its power going from it, through Ingersoll's influence, grasped at the straw held out to it by the Government, called the "Comstock laws." These were passed in 1873, and prohibit the sending of any matter through the mails which, in the opinion of Anthony Comstock, the Postal Authorities choose to call "obscene."

Thus, the Church, hiding behind the closed doors of the suppression of Vice Society, works its timid and poisonous way through the Government via its special agent, Comstock.

The passing of the Comstock laws in 1873 was designed to aid and abet both

moral and religious prejudice and persecutions. This aroused the wrath of the free-thinking and liberty-loving populace, and in 1878 great agitation was aroused against these laws: a petition was presented to Congress, headed by the name of Robert G. Ingersoll and signed by 70,000 "freemen," requesting the repeal of these outrageous laws. They were passed and executed ostensibly to prevent the passage of obscene literature through the U. S. mails, but actually were designed and enforced to destroy the liberty of conscience and thought in matters of religion and against the freedom of the press.

The petition caused great agitation and aroused so much interest that a few years later the law was revised, removing the interference of religious prejudice, but the moral interference was left and Anthony Comstock then became the official guardian of American morality.

PERSECUTIONS.

Since that power was entrusted to Comstock, it was most natural that he should "make good" and give some evidence of the need of his special service.

This he proves by sending out his minions of agents (Government spies) to tempt obscure booksellers to sell him a prohibited book. One case on record is of a father and son, running a book store in the lower East Side of New York City. The agents came again and again asking for a certain medical book. The father stated that he did not have it, and the agent then induced him to order one for him. The father, thinking there was a demand for the book, sent to the publisher and purchased a copy, which the Agent called for the following day, paid for it and turned round and arrested the bookseller. He was dragged off to court and was sentenced to one year in Blackwell's Island. The son was also fined, and as I have not the records here with me, I can not say if he was not also imprisoned.

The case of Moses Harmon is familiar to all. This man of seventy years, residing in Chicago, editing the paper "Lucifer," in which he discussed birth control and kindred subjects, was arrested six or seven times, sentenced to imprisonment year after year, always resuming the fight when he came from prison, until finally his health gave way through his sufferings and

imprisonment, and he died, a victim of Comstock persecution.

There have been many publications during these years which have been suppressed by the orders of Comstock, and the publisher imprisoned, but one of the latest, and most flagrant disregard of Press Freedom was in the suppression and confiscation of the monthly publication, "The Woman Rebel." This was a working woman's paper, the first of its kind ever issued in America. It had for its motto: "Working Women, build up within yourselves a conscious fighting character against all things which enslave you," and claimed that one of the working woman's greatest enslavements was her ignorance of the means to control the size of her family. The editor promised to defy the existing law and to impart such information to the readers of "The Woman Rebel" and urged all working women to rally to its support.

The first issue in March, 1914, was suppressed. The May, July, August, September and October issues were suppressed and confiscated, and three indictments, on the March, May and July issues, covering twelve counts, were returned against me, as the editor, by the Federal Grand Jury. One of the counts against me was for an article called "Open Discussion." This was a discussion of the subject of birth control and was considered "obscene." Another was an article announcing the organization of The Birth Control League, setting forth its object and methods of organization. All the indictments were returned and counts were made on all articles which discussed the idea of the Working Woman keeping down the number of her family.

"The Woman Rebel" did not advocate the practice of this knowledge as a "panacea" for the present economic enslavement, but it did urge the practice of it as the most important immediate step which should be taken toward the economic emancipation of the workers. Thousands of letters poured in to me from all over the country. I was besieged with requests for the information from all kinds and classes of people. Nearly every letter agreed with me that too long have the workers produced the slave class, the children for the mills, the soldiers for the wars, and the time had come to watch the masters produce their own slaves if they must have them. *We know the capitalist class must have a*

slave class, bred in poverty and reared in ignorance. That is why it is quite consistent with their laws that there should be a heavy penalty of five years' imprisonment for imparting information as to the means of preventing conception. Industry in the U. S. A. is fairly new; it is reaching out in foreign lands to capture trade and to undersell its rival competitors. They have only one way to do this, and that is to get labor cheap. The cheapest labor is that of women and children; the larger the number of children in a family, the earlier they enter the factory. We need only to look to our mill towns to see the truth of this statement; to the conditions in the cotton mills of the South where little boys and girls, eight, nine and ten years of age, wend their sleepy way to the mills in the morning before the winter sun has risen, to work at a killing tension for twelve hours as helper to the mother, and return again when the sun has set.

We, who know the conditions there, know that the father cannot get a man's wage, because a child's labor can be had. There is an average of nine children to every family in these and in other industrial sections where child labor exists and wages run low and infant mortality runs high.

Many of the stockholders of these mills are legislators and congressmen who have to do with the making of the laws. Naturally it is to their interest that child slaves be born into the world and their duty is to enforce the laws to that end.

"The Woman Rebel" told the Working Woman these things, and told her that a large family of children is one of the greatest obstacles in the way to obtain economic freedom for her class. It is the greatest burden to them in all ways, for no matter how spirited and revolutionary one may feel, the piteous cry of hunger of several little ones will compel a man to forego the future good of his class to the present need of his family.

It is the man with a large family who is so often the burden of a strike. He is usually the hardest to bring out on strike, for it is he and his who suffer the most through its duration. Everywhere, in the shop, in the army of the unemployed, in the bread line where men are ready to take the place of a striker, it is the large family problem which is the chief of the multitudes

of miseries confront the working class today.

"The Woman Rebel" told the Working Woman that there is no freedom for her until she has this knowledge which will enable her to say if she will become a mother or not. The fewer children she had to cook, wash and toil for, the more leisure she would have to read, think and develop. That freedom demands leisure, and her first freedom must be in her right of herself over her own body; the right to say what she will do with it in marriage and out of it; the right to become a mother, or not, as she desires and sees fit to do; that all these rights swing around the pivot of the means to prevent conception, and every woman had the right to have this knowledge if she wished it.

As editor and publisher of "The Woman Rebel," I felt a great satisfaction and inspiration in the response which came from working men and women all over America. For fourteen years I have been much in the nursing field, and know too well the intolerable conditions among the workers which a large family does not decrease.

I saw that the working women ask for this knowledge to prevent bringing more children into the world, and saw the medical profession shake its head in silence at this request.

I saw that the women of wealth obtain this information with little difficulty, while the working man's wife must continue to bring children into the world she could not feed or clothe, or else resort to an abortion.

I saw that it was the working class women who fill the death list which results from abortion, for though the women of wealth have abortions performed too, there is given them the best medical care and attention money can buy; trained nurses watch over them, and there is seldom any evil consequence. But the working woman must look for the cheapest assistance. *The professional abortionist, the unclean midwives, the fake and quack—all feed upon her helplessness and thrive and prosper on her ignorance. It is the Comstock laws which produce the abortionist and make him a thriving necessity while the law-makers close their Puritan eyes.*

I saw that it is the working class children who fill the mills, factories, sweatshops, orphan asylums and reformatories, because through ignorance they were brought into

the world, and this ignorance continues to be perpetuated.

I resolved, after a visit to France, where children are loved and wanted and cared for and educated, to devote my time and effort in giving this information to women who applied for it. I resolved to defy the law, not behind a barricade of law books and technicalities, but by giving the information to the workers directly in factory and workshop.

This was done by the publication of a small pamphlet, "Family Limitations," of which one hundred thousand copies were distributed in factories and mines throughout the U. S.

When my case was called for trial I requested a postponement of three weeks to prepare it. The judge refused this, and not desiring to fritter away my time by these legal annoyances, which sap one's strength and unfit one for any useful work, I decided to take an indefinite postponement and left for London.

While this work was being carried on in New York, William Sanger, my husband and comrade, was in Europe. At the outbreak of the war he returned, just as I was leaving. He knew nothing of my work or the Birth Control Movement.

Nevertheless, in January, a man called at his studio, representing himself as a socialist and friend of mine, and asked for a pamphlet on "Family Limitations." Mr. Sanger at first refused it saying he had none, but after urgent pleading on the part of the supposed "comrade," Mr. Sanger went to my desk and found two, one of which he gave him. A few minutes later this "comrade" returned with Anthony Comstock, who arrested Mr. Sanger and searched his studio. He was placed under arrest and allowed to go out on bail.

The trial came up in April, but the judge refused a jury trial, saying the pamphlet was "awful."

(As author of the pamphlet, I will guarantee there was nothing in the "awful pamphlet" that Mr. Judge or Mr. District

Attorney either had not discussed many times with their wives or with other men.)

The Free Speech League have taken up Mr. Sanger's case, and are fighting for a jury trial. At the time of writing I do not know the outcome. Although I have been compelled to flee to a place of safety to carry out my work unmolested, when I have accomplished all that I intend to do, and say all that I desire to say on the birth control subject, and give all the means to prevent conception given in other countries, I shall return to America and resume my trial.

It is to be hoped that the American people will turn their eyes in the direction of the outrageous postal laws and fight them to a finish. Certainly the Constitution of the U. S. never intended that Congress should go beyond the duties of efficiency, when it was authorized to establish post-offices. It is certain there was no intention that it should pass judgment on the moral qualities of the matter to be conveyed (any more than the intellectual or religious); it was intended and authorized to be an efficient mechanical institution, not a moral or religious one. The people of Ingersoll's day fought and won freedom from Government interference in religious thought. Can not the people of today win our and our children's freedom from its interference in moral thought?

Comstockery must die! Education on the means to prevent conception and publicity on Comstock's actions is the surest weapon to strike the blow. When people have the knowledge to prevent conceptions then the law becomes useless and falls away like the dead skin of a snake.

There is little doubt but that my return to America will mean a long term of imprisonment. But that will not stop the propaganda of Birth Control; there will ever be the glowing satisfaction that the authorities cannot imprison one's contempt for them, or deprive the workers of the knowledge they have already gained.

Contributions for the Defense Fund of Comrades Sanger should be sent care of Leonard D. Abbott, 241 East 21st street, New York, N. Y.

EDITORIAL

The World War and the Workers

OUT of the shock and bewilderment of the vastest war the world has ever known, a few clear eyes are beginning to look through the battle-smoke to what lies beyond. Foremost among those in our own ranks in this attempt is our comrade Herman Gorter of Holland, whose book, "Imperialism, World War and Social Democracy," will soon be in the hands of American readers. He shows why European Socialism has failed, through the same opportunism and subserviency to the leaders of prosperous craft unions which appear so often in our American movement. He points out the course which Socialists hereafter must take if they are to make headway against Imperialism, which, as he shows, is the big new fact in the recent evolution of society. As for the immediate future, he promises no quick relief from the burdens of militarism, but rather looks for heavier armaments and greater wars to come, until the proletariat awakes. Whether right or wrong in this last view, he is right beyond a doubt in the uncompromising tactics he advocates, and his book should be read by every one who cares for the aims of Socialism.

Less inspiring, because less revolutionary, and single-minded, yet equally interesting and stimulating, is a new work by Edwin Davies Schoonmaker, just issued by the Century Company, New York, entitled, "The World Storm and Beyond." Since the price, \$2.00 net, puts the book beyond the reach of most wage-workers, we think it worth while to summarize the author's conclusions at some length.

Caesarism, the rule of a military despot, began nearly twenty centuries ago; it submerged first Italy and France, then the rest of Europe, but took only a temporary and precarious hold of England. The free cities of Italy in the middle ages marked the first real recovery from this blight. The French Revolution was the

first great uprising of the Gauls whose ancestors had been crushed by Julius Caesar. Napoleon, for all his tyranny, was never welcomed as a brother by the Caesars of Austria and Russia; they feared him as a menace to the old order. Austria redrew the map of Europe after Waterloo, but Austria was soon overshadowed by the more competent Prussia. Individual liberty revived in France and Italy; it was never wholly crushed out in England. In Germany itself, the spirit of revolt, denied any effective voice in the government, was slowly gathering strength in the labor unions and the Social Democracy. War has proved for the German Kaiser the easiest way to destroy the influence of Socialism at home as well as to attack the enemies beyond his borders.

In this movement of democracy, which the Kaisers of Germany and Austria are attacking, the Czar of Russia, of course, has no part. But there is room for only one Caesar in Europe, and the Czar prefers to be that one. And in his fight against Wilhelm, he has a united country behind him, because the growth and development of Russia are blocked for the lack of an outlet on the open sea. England for two centuries has stood in the way; now England is Russia's ally. Whatever the momentary outcome, the progress of Russia can not long be stopped. Thus the real character of Russia becomes a matter of vital importance to all of us, and this the author examines in a chapter entitled "The Democratic Russians."

The Czar and his Cossacks are not Russia. The Russian people are still mainly agricultural. The farm village is the real center of Russian life. The villages, with no share in the political government, have nevertheless a larger measure of industrial democracy than the workers of any other nation. They own their land in common and work it collectively. In the six cold months when farm work is impossible, they carry on a variety of industries,

and these are controlled not by capitalists large or small, but by workers associated in little groups known as *artels*, which manage their own affairs. Not only are the great mass of Russians innocent of any complicity in the outrages, which at various times have been committed by the Czar's officials, but their whole spirit is directly opposed to tyranny of any kind.

Turning to England, Mr. Schoonmaker finds that with more political freedom than in any other European country, the English workers are economically in a most deplorable state. The British government controls one-fifth of the habitable land of the globe; the English people are "either tenants upon the confiscated freeholds of their ancestors or in crowded cities dependent for their daily bread upon the slender thread of foreign trade"... "In not one nation of continental Europe does the proportion of the 'occupied population' engaged in agriculture fall below 30 per cent, whereas in Great Britain the per cent is 9.2. Think of half of Great Britain, an island of unsurpassed fertility and climate, lying in grass, while fifty per cent of the children of the cities and larger towns of England are underfed." Landlordism has proved a more crushing burden to the people of England than militarism to the people of Germany.

The present situation of Europe, with each nation becoming more and more closely bound economically to the rest, while politically each is independent, is like the situation which threatened our American ancestors at the close of the Revolutionary war, and which was overcome, first by federation, and later by a "more perfect union." Some such federation, the author predicts, will be found necessary in Europe to end the war and to prevent its breaking out afresh.

The apparent collapse of Socialism is to the capitalist class "the one compensation for the horrors of the present war." And to the Socialists themselves it comes as a grievous disappointment. But essentially Socialism means, so says the author, "mass action as opposed to individual effort."

"When we remember that in the beginnings of society armed bands, the embryos of the present armies, were obliged somehow to

find their own food, and that among all early states down even until recent times, every soldier was expected to supply his own arms and equipment, it begins to dawn upon us that our present amazing efficiency in things military is due almost solely to the fact that the state of war has for centuries been in process of socialization, that the individual who yesterday was obliged to take thought for his clothing, for his armor, even for his own food and shelter, has today only to do his duty as a soldier to be free of all these cares. The toc-sin sounds, and the clothing appears; the rifle, instinct with life, it would seem, leaps to his hand; for the cavalryman the horse with bridle and saddle is ready. For every man his implement is at hand. Long trains are waiting, and with what unimaginable conveniences! Kitchens with cooks capped and aproned; hospitals with doctors and nurses, cots and bandages, medicine for the least blister of the foot. A whole society is in motion. Comforts such as men dream of in their homes are here in abundance. To the gathering millions, come, many of them, from long years of gall-ing economy, it is as though some magician were abroad assembling out of the air these wonders. The age of childhood has returned. One has only to run to the great father and be fed with the most wholesome food, and clothed with the most scientific clothing, and have poured out at his feet such toys as the heart of a child never dreamed of: swords and guns and cannon of every description; trains and motors; submarines and flying-ships; searchlights for the night and wonderful telescopes for the day.

"And let him be wounded, and instantly the great father becomes the great mother. The despatch and thoroughness with which he is attended are limited only by the capacity of the service. Not here neglect with idle doctors all about. Money or no money, he is cared for. For once his real worth as a man is appreciated. This is the most astonishing thing about the present war. It has made of the miner, the mason, the factory hand, the street car conductor, an asset of such value that for the first time it has become, with no opposition even from the capitalist press, the sacred duty of society to see not only that he is well fed and well clothed, but also that at the public expense he is supplied with doctors and nurses. And as he lingers between life and death, never a thought of who is to meet the expense of the burial, never the hell that perhaps wife and children will starve. The great father and the great mother will provide for them.

"Never before in the history of the world, I repeat, has there been such a practical demonstration of the socialist theory—the theory that somehow or other the individual would be better off and society better off if the latter would take charge of that part of the business of life which is necessary to the efficiency of the individual whether in peace or war."

All true as far as it goes, but it is

scarcely necessary to remind REVIEW readers of the world-wide difference between the Socialist ideal of democratic control of socialized industry, with individual freedom in hours of leisure, and the militarist ideal now so fully realized. Nevertheless, on the economic side, the argument is conclusive. The war has demonstrated that it is perfectly practicable for the modern state to provide for the material welfare of all its workers and their families. And the workers themselves are coming to realize this. Now read the author's picture of the situation when peace has been declared:

"....That powerful state whose energy and watchful care were everywhere fathering its millions will have come to an end. And in its place there will be another state as different from the former as one thing can be different from another. The socialism of war will give way to the individualism of peace. Society will become unsocial. Once the rifles are stacked, once the uniforms are laid aside, there is severed that intimate bond between father and children. Instantly the relation between the individual and the state becomes one of cold formality. That man who in the battle-line was so precious, so deserving of every attention, becomes a thing of little concern. Henceforth his willingness to serve society is not enough to guarantee him even his daily bread. He is an outcast from the great home. So long as poverty does not drive him to crime, there is no limit to the misery into which, so far as the state is concerned, this soldier of peace may not wander."

So far Mr. Schoonmaker's reasoning is irresistible, but he stops just short of the logical conclusion, possibly out of deference to the Century Company and their customers who can afford to pay \$2.00 net for a book of 60,000 words. What he does say at this point is that the

divine altruism which we see fusing in one great glow the armies of Europe to-day will somehow have to be blown abroad through the infinite tomorrows. What he might have said, and what we thank him for helping us see, is that the workers who have been trained to fight, and who know from experience that the associated labor of even half their number can maintain them in comfort hitherto undreamt of, will scarcely consent to return meekly to their former slavery. The end of the war may well prove the end of private capitalism.

What the Governments Will Do. It is not to be supposed that the ruling classes are ignorant of the situation they will have to meet when the war ends, and there can scarcely be a doubt that they will be prepared to enact measures designed to relieve the workers and thus avert revolution. Comrade William English Walling has complied and written a book entitled "The Socialists and the War," published by Henry Holt & Co. of New York, and advertised on another page of this month's REVIEW. It is mainly taken up with the official and unofficial expressions of Socialists since the war began, but in his closing chapter he discusses the legislative measures which may be expected. Among them are graduated income and property taxes, taxes on the rental value of land, national ownership of railroads, mines, etc., minimum wage laws, and finally the nationalization or municipalization of all the more important branches of manufacture. State capitalism in Europe seems a matter of the immediate future. What will be the effect of this on the United States?

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NEWS AND VIEWS

REVIEW has been a great help to me."—C. C., California.

Winnsboro, Texas—The Texas comrades will hold an encampment at Winnsboro from Aug. 2 to 6 and expect a good sized attendance. Some of our friends write that they expect to handle a lot of good socialist literature and we hope our friends in the neighborhood will all attend and get acquainted. Why can't the other states do as well as Texas?

An Appreciation—"I wish to call your attention to the value of the articles now running in the REVIEW under the title of "SAVAGE SURVIVALS IN HIGHER PEOPLES," as a text book for the Socialist Sunday School. We have very few good books for this work. Cannot these articles be published in cheap pamphlet form so each individual scholar might possess a copy in our Sunday Schools for study and reference? Am offering the above as a suggestion. Yours for Socialist Sunday Schools, W. S. Hutchins."

We take pleasure in announcing that the Publishing House will publish these articles in book form about the first of October at a price within the reach of all REVIEW readers and Socialist Sunday School scholars.

A Socialist Dynamo—Comrade L. T. Rush of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, is certainly a "live wire." Although working eight hours a day at his trade as a boilermaker, he finds time every evening to hammer home a socialist argument or two into the heads of his fellow workers in Cedar Rapids. He has so far ordered three bundles of June REVIEWS numbering 175 copies. More power to Comrade Rush.

From Local 64, I. W. W., Minneapolis—"Please forward us forty more June REVIEWS. Our first bundle of seventy went like hot cakes. It certainly is a great issue. Keep the good work up."—Anderson, Sec'y.

Reply by Professor Moore—Comrade Cole of Detroit asks: "Why is it that a good many animals, including man, have 'teats' on the males as well as females, only not so well developed in the male generally? Are they vestigial organs?" And Comrade Moore has sent in the following reply: "The cause of these organs is not known certainly. Some authorities speak of them as vestigial organs surviving from a time when mammary glands were functional in both sexes of human beings. But I do not myself see any evidence for this view. Such organs are found in the males of other species besides the human. They probably represent some entangling of the sex characters not yet well understood."—J. H. M.

MISS CALM MORRISON HOKE

Comrade Calm Morrison Hoke—The fallacy of that stupid old saying that "Woman's place is in the home" is most emphatically proven in the career of Miss Calm Morrison Hoke of Palisade, N. J. First, last and all the time Miss Hoke is a socialist, and it is doubtful if there is a person of her age (she is twenty-five) who is so well informed on the subject of socialism.

Miss Hoke, in addition to being a frequent contributor to socialist publications, occupies an enviable position in the industrial and scientific world. As consulting chemist of the Jewelers' Technical Advice Co. of New York, she has won considerable distinction among some of the biggest and most famous jewelers of the United States. To them she is known only as C. M. Hoke, A. B., B. S., A. M., and the probabilities are that they would be considerably surprised to learn that the expert whose words of wisdom they value so highly is a girlish young woman who devotes her spare time to the cause of socialism.

Likes Biology—"The biological articles in the REVIEW are great—more thrilling than a dozen novels. I am studying biology now, thanks to the REVIEW—also Karl Marx. The

ware, and metal goods. Prof. Gray's New Royal Immersion Process, latest method. Goods come out instantly with fine brilliant, beautiful thick plate, guaranteed 3 to 10 years. No polishing or grinding. Every family, hotel and restaurant wants goods plated.

PLATERS HAVE ALL THEY CAN DO

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A very perilous danger lurks round the thing known as "recognition." Like "the blessed word Mesopotamia," "recognition" seems to act like magic in some union circles—the members, presumably, being willing to barter every other demand they have ever made if only they can persuade employers to "recognize" them. But to us it does not appear a very profitable bargain merely to have the union "recognized" whilst all its claims are ignored. Here is an instance: When the secretary of the N. U. B. W. approached the chairman of Watney, Combe, Reid & Company, Limited, with proposals for increased wages and shorter hours, etc., he was told that the company was quite willing to recognize the union, but that as for what the union wanted—well, that would have to wait.

Now for the reverse side of the medal. The chairman of one of the smaller breweries was approached with a similar request for improved conditions, and, after conceding all the men asked for, said that he was afraid his company could not recognize the union. In this case the secretary courteously informed him that, under the circumstances, he "didn't think it mattered."

The point is obvious. If brewery workers can obtain more money for less work, together with more humane conditions of employment, through the operations, machinations, threats, force or persuasion of the union, it doesn't matter a brass farthing whether the union is officially "recognized" or not. Whereas, if we gain the mere empty ceremony of "recognition" without the aforesaid benefits, it matters very much indeed. All workers, we think, will grasp this idea readily enough.

But it is the simple truth to say that the ma-

jority of firms prefer to deal with the N. U. B. W. (when they find the men in their employ are strongly organized) because (among other reasons) through this channel the workers' grievances are properly formulated and presented in a businesslike manner. When we get "recognition" and a rise, so much the better. But we are not going to drop the real bone for the shadow of it in the water.—Mr. E. L. Pratt, Official Bulletin Building Workers' Industrial Union, England.

Chicago Lectures—The lectures of Dr. Wm. Thurston Brown on sociology held at 1024 North Robey street, Chicago, the past winter, have been so well attended that Comrade Brown has been compelled to form an extra class. The two classes now meet Wednesday and Thursday evenings, respectively, at eight o'clock. William Thurston Brown is one of the best-known scholars in the American socialist movement today, and if you live in Chicago or vicinity you should not miss his courses in sociology. Among other important works to be taken up by the classes this summer are those of Lester Ward and Arthur M. Lewis. Admission 25 cents. At the request of the students, classes will be continued through the coming months.

The People and the Public Schools—The New Jersey State School Committee of the Socialist Party has been at work for three years investigating the public schools of the state, studying modern educational theory and practice and trying to interest the workers of the state in the importance of getting the right kind of education for their children. The committee has received innumerable requests for information on educational problems, especially as they affect the working class and as they are related to Socialist theory. But it has found its effort toward the betterment of the public schools blocked by the lack of knowledge and lack of interest in this vital matter among workers and even Socialists. It, therefore, came to the conclusion that a brief, clear statement of modern educational problems in a form which would hold the attention of the workers was the most important work the committee could do this year. A committee of five has devoted a year to the writing of this brief pamphlet. It is not issued as an official or even authoritative statement, but as an honest effort to present the problems for the consideration and decision of the working class. It is hoped that it will suggest educational discussions to the party branches and will rouse an interest which will result in action among working class organizations.

(The pamphlet can be obtained from the secretary, Maud Thompson, 206 N. Maple avenue, East Orange, N. J., for five cents a copy in lots of ten or more; ten cents for single copies.)

From a New England Engineer—Business here has decreased 25 per cent. The engines have increased 40 per cent in hauling capacity—all in three years. Engineers are now demoted back to 1906. Thirty per cent of our engineers are now chasing the scoop. In other branches of the service conditions are worse. Tramps drift over the roads in shoals. This is the picture of prosperity in New England and it begins to look like a fight for a wage in the near future besides.

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The 1915 National Committee Meeting

By L. E. KATTERFELD,
National Committeeman

THIS convention means a *complete reversal* of the policies that have dominated the party for the past three years. All the important actions taken are diametrically opposed to the actions of the last National Convention and the National Committee meetings of 1913 and 1914.

Those who were in the majority in the Convention of 1912 inaugurated a policy of centralization. They took the election of the party officials out of the hands of the membership and placed it in the hands of the National Committee. They deprived the membership of the power to initiate referendums and placed that power with State Executive Committees and National Committee. Last year when a referendum of the membership had again restored this power to the rank and file, the National Committee violated the spirit, if not the letter, of the National Constitution and passed an amendment putting the percentage required to initiate referendums so high as to make it practically impossible for the membership to function. In the meantime, also, the National Committee had been deprived of the power to take affirmative action between sessions, so that the only body in our entire organization with power to function was the National Executive Committee of five members—centralization run riot.

The National Committee at its meeting this year adopted constitutional changes, which, if approved by the membership, mean an absolute reversal of this autocratic policy and a return to democracy in the Party's control. Provision was made for the election of National Officials by referendum. The clause prohibiting affirmative actions on the part of the National Committee was stricken out, so that the membership in the States may have a voice through its Committeemen in directing the National affairs and the Executive Committee may no longer "reign" supreme. Another clause was inserted specifically prohibiting national officials from interfering in any State con-

troversies. The power to initiate referendums was restored to the Party membership.

So strong was the tendency against the old policy that even some of its leading exponents—some of those primarily responsible for it—changed front completely and hastened to climb upon the band wagon with an alacrity that was amusing even if not edifying.

The sentiment of the Committee became apparent on the very first day, when those who have heretofore always been the minority in our national conventions, elected a majority of the different subcommittees. It became so plain that even the blind could see it when the position of the National officials and of the National Executive Committee, in regard to the controversies in Texas and Michigan, was reversed and the radical delegates who had been opposed by the national administration were seated by a vote of over two to one.

The climax came during the report of the Committee on Constitution, which recommended that Section III, Article X, dealing with fusion and Party treason, be made stronger and more binding. This recommendation was made as a "backfire" against the propaganda which has been conducted from Milwaukee for some time in favor of striking out the Party treason clause and authorizing the Party to endorse and vote for non-Socialist candidates. In spite of very eloquent appeals from ex-Mayor Lunn of Schenectady, ex-Mayor Wilson of Berkeley, ex-Mayor Duncan of Butte and ex-Congressman Berger himself, the Constitution Committee won the day and its recommendations were endorsed on roll call by the overwhelming vote of 43 to 9.

There can be only one meaning to this. The pendulum has begun to swing back. Although thousands of the radicals have been forced out of the party during the last three years, the party today contains more clear-cut revolutionists than ever before. The names of the "mighty" are losing their power. Only in the election of officials did they still prevail. There is hope that "working-class supremacy in a speedy revolution" will soon become a fact. The party is sound at the core. "No compromise, no political trading" is still its slogan.

Spread the glad tidings among the thousands of Comrades that have become disheartened and discouraged under the policy that the Party adopted at the National Con-

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vention three years ago. Back to the firing line, every one, and take up with renewed courage the struggle to make this Party of ours in fact and truth as well as in name the political expression of a class-conscious working class, so that it may prove equal to the glorious opportunities of tomorrow and TODAY.

By **JAMES P. REID,**
National Committeeman

THE National Committee meeting of 1915, just ended, can be counted as an important one in the history of the party. It marks the turning point back toward party control by the rank and file. The tendency of the past few years, toward government of the party from the top has been held up. The severe case of political diabetes, which the party has suffered from in the past, while no doubt some well-meaning but office-hungry comrades with “get in anyway” as their guiding star, seemed intent on aggravating to the chronic state, has met a decided check.

The Socialist party is saved from falling into the morass of bourgeois reforms and will develop into the political expression of revolutionary Socialism in this country.

My observations at Chicago lead me to this opinion. At meetings of the party I will amplify my reasons for the above statements, but in this article will content myself by a review of a few of the incidents of the meetings.

The “Finnish controversy” took up much time in the meeting, and bodes danger to the party. It will be with us for some time to come. The rank and file of the English-speaking comrades will have to become conversant with the element of danger to our movement which the structural connection of the foreign federation with our party means.

The cry of “Nationalist” will be hurled at the advocates of a policy which some think the only solution. Be that as it may, with the present arrangement of connection of the foreign federations with the party it cannot be gainsaid that ambitious persons in those federations can keep the whole party busy trying to settle their rows, and all to the detriment and delay of the work of organizing the American wing of the International Socialist movement.

The roll call on the constitutional amend-

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ment to expel any member advocating the election of other than a Socialist portrays vividly the passing of an opportunism that some time ago afflicted our party. Only nine committeemen voted against this. It was noticeable that among those nine were nearly all our former Socialist mayors and congressmen.

The giving back to the rank and file the direct power to elect the Executive Secretary and Executive Committee was unanimous, which fact means much. Other changes in the Constitution, all of which will be submitted to a referendum of the party membership, also tend to lead us to the social democratic management of our party affairs as against the machine autocracy toward which it seemed for the past few years we were speeding.

The resolutions on war speak for themselves, and I am glad a verbatim report of the jingoistic utterances of some of our ex-Socialist office holders are not in the possession of the capitalist press.

All in all, however, the work of the committee spells onward to real Socialism.

From an Old Friend—Comrade Hall of Mayfield, Me., writes: "Enclosed find a dollar to pay for the REVIEW one year more. I have been a constant reader since its first number. I am now seventy-seven and do not know whether I can read the REVIEW and send you another dollar next year, but you have my most earnest wishes for your success." Comrade Hall's letter is the best and finest praise we have received in many months. The REVIEW will be fifteen years old in July and this makes us feel that we have really been of service in the fight.

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1. Meaning of the Subject.
2. Race Development.
3. Individual Development.
4. Importance of the Biogenetic Law.
5. The Fish Stage of Frogs.
6. The Fish Stage of Higher Vertebrates.
7. The Worm Stage of Insects.
8. The Heart in Vertebrates.
9. The Goldfish and Flounder.
10. Amphioxus (Lancelet).
11. Other Examples.

THE LAW OF BIOGENESIS. (Mental)

1. Brain and Mind.
2. Mind in the Individual.
3. Mind in the Race.
4. The Child and the Savage.
5. The Children of Non-humans.
6. The Child and the Ape.
7. The Clinging Instinct.
8. The Club Stage.
9. The Love of Fire.
10. Flesh-eating.
11. Linguistic Poverty.
12. The Fear of Darkness.
13. The Gang Instinct.
14. The Throwing Instinct.
15. The Absence of Reason, Etc.
16. The Instinct of Loyalty.
17. The Love of Water.
18. The Barter Instinct.
19. The Killing Instinct.
20. The General Ideas of the Child.
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The
INTERNATIONAL
SOCIALIST REVIEW

AUGUST, 1915

LOOKING
'EM OVER

By

CARL SANDBURG

Editor's Note.—This photograph was taken by a Steel Worker, on the job at Bethlehem, especially for *The Review*. Others will follow in future issues, with articles on "Aiding war in 'Our' Country."

A COUPLE of months ago the world found out something. It was this: The soldier pumping bullets from a high power rifle in the trenches is a futile hero after all, and counts for nothing unless he has good factory hands somewhere back of the trenches feeding him rifles and cartridges.

When the soldier comes marching home in his uniform and buttons, with a brass band playing national airs, the girls wave their handkerchiefs, the fathers and mothers embrace him, and the government pensions him.

Now, since the cry of munitions' shortage from the allies lately, it has sunk into the mind of the world that the man in overalls back home at a lathe drilling steel and shaping iron is somebody when it comes to the job of war-making.

rulers of the world, "Not a gun will we make, not one damn gun for you or any other war-wild war fool anywhere"—then there wouldn't be any war.

We will suppose several workingmen have live imaginations and can picture the consequences of daily acts they perform. Here is one of Swift's wage slaves in Kansas City. He is riding a car to work in the morning looking over the paper. He reads that the Germans have delivered a furious attack on the cemetery at Souchez. And he meditates:

"I wonder if the imperial government of Germany has begun feeding the soldiers any of that sausage mixed with bran that we put up in millions of pound packages and shipped to them two years before the war started. Say, I've got a hand in this war just as much as anybody over there."

A Bethlehem machinist getting wages from Charley Schwab might be sitting on his back porch looking at his wife's bed of pansies on a Sunday after the family has been to church and heard that men should "love one another." He picks up a Pittsburgh newspaper, reads on the front page of night attacks at Ypres and how in the morning on the battlefield between the trenches "the bodies were piled like cornstalks in harvest time." He turns to the rotogravure section and sees photographs of one-legged men and men without any legs at all. And he lays the paper down, looks at the pansies, listens to the prattle of his children, does a little thinking, and says to himself:

"I work on a lathe turning cannon barrels. I am in this war as much as the men who aim the cannon and turn it on the enemy. The only difference between me and the artilleryman is that he has danger, sleeps in the rain and lives in filth, and earns the honors of a soldier, while I work for wages and help Charley Schwab and his bunch make millions. The soldier works for his country; I work for Charley Schwab. One of us gets glory; the other has his regular meals." Regular meals and a home and a wife—that's all.

CONGRESSMAN STEPHEN G. PORTER, member of the House Foreign Relations Committee, turns loose this one:

"Men who make arms and ammunition

BETHLEHEM STEEL WORKS

guns and soldiers along the 800-mile battle front between Galicia and the Baltic sea.

If we're going in for attention to heroes, we've got to take our hats off and salute the factory hand as well as the soldier.

Yes, by the great war god of Mars, we are now finding out that war is fought with guns and somebody has to make guns or the war won't be fought at all, at all.

Next thing we know some one will come along and say that IF all the workers of the world now making guns should stand up, fold their arms and say to the

to ship to Europe are as guilty of murder as the one who fires the shot."

All right, old head! Make a real speech when Congress meets again and see what you can do about Rockefeller violence in Colorado, murder of women and children there by John D. Rockefeller, Sr. (Baptist), and John D. Rockefeller, Jr. (Baptist). Some of you pacifists playing for the church vote make us tired. Will you permit us to pound it into your head that these men in the workshops whom you call murderers would have their places filled from an unemployed army if they went on strike and would be clubbed and shot if they tried to keep scabs from coming to take their jobs?

WE hand it to England for the news her censor lets go. Bill Haywood and Clarence Darrow, to name no more, say that England has more free speech in normal times than the United States. Anyway, more news comes from England than any other country. Strikes, dissensions, quarrels, riots, Bernard Shaw—more anti-English news comes from England than any European country.

In Germany the lid is on tight. Berlin *Vorwaerts* suppressed. Leipzig Social-Democratic daily suppressed. Labor weeklies suppressed. Speeches of Liebknecht leak across the borders in dribbles so we don't know all that superb fighter is thinking and saying.

Now, when the imperial government, carrying on this wholesale suppression of speech, "permits" a peace plea of the German Social-Democrats to be wirelessly from Berlin to Sayville, U. S. A.—how much of this peace plea shall we take as the real thing and how much shall we take as another Bismarck telegram?

In this U. S. A., however, we have free speech. And Vic Berger tells us in the *American Socialist* that even if Germany loses the war, the Social-Democrats will establish a republic. The danger then is, says Vic, that the Russian czar, being a cousin of the kaiser, will help the kaiser destroy the republic of the Social-Democrats.

KARL LIEBKNECHT in Germany and Bernard Shaw in England are the two greatest working class mouth-pieces that stand out in this war.

Many have spoken to sound warning or announce wisdom or suggest tactics. These two, Liebknecht and Shaw, stand alone in their manner of loading the blame for the war on the ruling classes of all nations involved.

Liebknecht earned for himself the hatred and denunciation not only of the Kaiser but of all Germans rallying behind the Kaiser. Also Liebknecht had to stand up against ridicule and belittlement from German Socialists standing with the Kaiser.

So Bernard Shaw not only got hatred and denunciation from the British government and its newspapers and orators. Also, Shaw had to stand for derision from British labor unions backing the government.

Both men spoke in their separate nations with a terrible loneliness. Organized mechanisms of physical force and of publicity were almost a massed unit against them.

Yet each in his own nation said the same thing: It is a war imposed by a quarrel among rulers of nations, and at the bottom there is no quarrel, no dispute, no cause for sacrifice of blood, between the working classes of the nations involved.

Liebknecht in Germany refused to fall for the fallacy that the German nation is fighting a war of defense. Not from Liebknecht has there come any word that he was fooled by the argument that "the Cossacks have crossed the borders into Germany and we must defend the fatherland." He knew that was bunk. He knew that fake has been used by kaisers, kings and czars for ages.

So in England, Bernard Shaw refused to swallow the doctrine that Germany is alone responsible for the evil of modern militarism. Shaw pointed to a junker class in England which is almost exactly like the junker class of Germany.

THE English people have been driven to poverty and slums in such large numbers that the English government now has a hard time getting anything but runts and scrubs of men for its army,

according to news articles sent from England by Charles Edward Russell. The Socialist press has told this story many years. The increasing number of "Hooligans," desperate slum-bred men in English cities, is well known. Bernard Shaw in his attacks on the British government scored it for neglect of men at the front and widows and children at home.

Why Germany has a better physical population to draw its soldier from is told in "Germany and the Next War," by Gen. F. von Bernhardt. The general is a member of the general staff of the German army. He sat around the table where the Kaiser and his aids laid all the strategy of defense and offense in the present war. He was an adviser, an authority. Under the system that prevails in Germany, his book was read by members of the general staff before it was printed. If the ideas in the book were hateful to the Kaiser or in any way reflected the war party and the war philosophy unfairly, the book would have been suppressed as quickly as a Social-Democratic printing plant is shut down when it goes farther than the German imperial government pleases. Now Bernhardt has written some remarkable pages of social doctrine. These ought to be widely known. We cannot understand one of the most important backgrounds of the war unless we see motives explained by Bernhardt in this passage:

"It is in the direct interest of the State to raise the physical health of the town population by all imaginable means, not only in order to enable more soldiers to be enlisted, but to bring the beneficial effects of military training more extensively to bear on the town population. * * * A warning must be issued against the continual curtailing of the working hours for factory hands. The wish to shorten working hours is an immoral endeavor. Strenuous labor alone produces men and character. Apart from the requirements of the moment, we must never forget to develop the elements on which not only our military strength, but also the political power of the State ultimately rest."

Pages 243-245 of Bernhardt's book are among the most remarkable in all modern social philosophy. In blunt American words they mean: Feed and house the working class better. Not because as human units and human beings they are entitled to proper food and houses, but

because only out of a well-fed and well-housed working class will you be able to draw first-class soldiers who can march and fight and dig trenches in the next war.

The difference between England and Germany: One neglected the working class, starved the proletariat into under-sized bodies with bad housing and food. The other went in for a program of better houses, food and social insurance toward the making of soldiers for the next war.

CHRISTIAN BRINTON wrote an essay on the life and work of Constantin Meunier, the Belgian sculptor, who lived among coal miners and carved wonderful bronzes of men, women and horses around the mines. We get a curious slant at that war-torn land from this passage:

It was not in France, England or Germany, but in a smaller, more compact and densely populated community that labor and the laboring classes first assumed their rightful place in the domain of art. It was not until the rise of latter-day industrialism, not until they had gained unity and organization, that these serfs of civilization captured the citadel of art. * * * No country is more industrial than Belgium. Within a few decades the meadows of Hainaut, the leafy copses of Liege, and the valleys of the Meuse and the Sambre have been seamed and blistered by myriads of collieries and iron foundries. The whole face of the land has been seared and the sky blackened by fumes from countless belching stacks and blast furnaces. Man, in place of remaining bucolic and pastoral, has become a dusky subterranean creature. His back is bowed and the song upon his lips has turned to a bitter cry for easier hours and better pay.

Everything, it would seem, has conspired to annihilate art and the sense of beauty, yet both have survived, and have taken on new significance. The novels of Camille Lemonnier, the verse of Emile Verhaeren, and the gentle mysticism of Maurice Maeterlinck have all flowered upon this somber battlefield of industry. In painting, Frederic and Laermans reveal a personal and suggestive mastery, while the plastic evocations of George Minne display a dolorous and penetrant appeal. * * * The art of Belgium is predominantly serious.

It was here they had co-operatives that led the world. It was here they called the most notable general strike the world has seen. What the working class is doing there now, hemmed in amid the worst food, housing and unemployment problems that any nation has ever known, is a question. This from the Belgian,

Gregoire Le Roy, is a poem called "Silences," and fits the hour:

Thus shall they go towards the call,
Till lonely and despoiled of all,
Naked and poor we face the eternal hour!
And, seeing our heart as a temple with no god,
And closed our soul to every new delight,
Empty our hands, and in our eyes no sight,
We shall make question of ourselves.

LIARS are working overtime already writing the history of this war. Here's the hugest human cataclysm in all the march of man. Along with it is an amazingly wonderful machinery for collection and transmission of information, facts, observations of human eyes.

This vast swirl of battling human atoms is not understood except by a small remnant of philosophers, poets and humorists.

No report of facts, no mass of information, will tell anybody what this war is about, what it means, why it is. We've got to have viewpoints to understand, facts and information.

Twenty-one million men in uniform

with guns trying to kill each other. "Why?" is the one pointed word that burns in the hearts and heads of workmen who think. It's the most terrible "Why" that has ached at their hearts in all history.

Big, easy-going men like the new mayor of Chicago say the world "has gone mad."

Every house in the world where people have been sleeping and eating easy is smitten with something like a vague dread—a fear that the war may leap over its present borders and reach them. So they are thinking a little, trying to grasp an understanding of it all.

In cafes in Chicago, San Francisco and New York, war-bred philosophers are saying: "Let America hurl ten million of her best fighting men into it. What harm? We are satisfied, hypocritical, more than ever a nation of crooks, double-crossers and liars. What will a war destroy that can't be replaced? Let's have a bath of blood."

Woodrow Wilson on Force

The essential characteristic of all government, whatever its form, is authority. There must, in every instance, be, on the one hand, governors, and on the other hand, those who are governed. And the authority of governors, directly or indirectly, rest in all cases ultimately on FORCE. Government, in its last analysis, is organized force. Not necessarily or invariably organized, armed force, but the will of a few men, of many men, or of a community prepared by organization to realize its own purposes with reference to the common affairs of the community. Organized, that is, to rule, to dominate.—

From *The State*, page 572.

WELSH MINERS TAKING A HOLIDAY

A REVOLUTIONARY STRIKE WITHOUT LEADERS

By MARY E. MARCY

A MIDST the gloom that has surrounded the press during the great European war, the news that 150,000 Welsh miners have gone out on strike for a 5 per cent increase in wages, comes as a gleam of hope to us all. Only a short time ago when the strike threatened, the pompous British Government issued a proclamation to the effect that every miner would be imprisoned or fined \$15.00 a day for every day he was on strike during the war. Labor leaders, conservative as usual, begged the miners to remain on the job, and submit to arbitration; the Government threatened, the press has called them unpatriotic, but the bold and class conscious miners of Wales laughed in their sleeves and walked out to the tune of 150,000 men.

And this is an example that should be followed by all bodies of laborers. The time to strike for more pay or shorter hours is when the bosses need you most, when you can cripple the whole country at a critical hour. The British mine owners have seized the opportunities offered by the war to raise the price on coal; the cost of living has advanced steadily and now the Almighty English Government is wailing upon its knees because the miners upon whom the whole success of the war may depend, have taken advantage of the situation to enforce their own demands. Instead of thinking of the interests of the British capitalist class or the profits of their employers, they have considered their own interests.

Factories manufacturing the munitions

of war will soon feel the coal shortage and the indomitable British fleet will be laid low by the grimy hand of labor unless the English Government gets off its high horse and realizes that the miners have it just where they can do everlasting damage.

And what can the government do in the face of this gigantic strike at a time like this. It cannot fine and imprison 150,000 men. It stands discredited today before the labor world of Europe. Its own magnificent decree whereby every striking miner shall be fined daily, or imprisoned, has been flung in its face. It must bend the knee, as always, before the direct action of a class conscious group of industrial workers.

When William D. Haywood was in Europe in 1911 he wrote up the strike of the Welsh miners for the REVIEW at that time, when the conservative officials spent all their strength in opposing that strike. Haywood says the idea of a general strike threw the officials into a cold sweat. At that time the authorities and mine owners expected the miners would be peaceable and law-abiding as they had in previous labor struggles, but this strike in 1911 had a different beginning.

The first morning of the strike a strong detail of pickets was thrown around the pit. It was their duty to see that no one went to work, neither the engine winders, stokers, pumpmen or electricians. The police were then organized into shifts to guard the property, but they couldn't run the pumps. Although one crew worked thirty-six hours the water in the mine was getting the best of them. It would be only a little while before the pumps would be drowned. There were over 300 head of horses in the mine.

The next morning an army of bread-winners poured out of the rows of stone houses. They charged the ramparts of blue coats, tore down fences and brick walls for weapons and stormed the colliery again and again. These Welsh miners went on strike in violation of an agreement. In fact Haywood reported that their chief grievance was against agreements with the mine owners that kept their hands tied and defeated them in every battle with the employers.

But the need for, and demand for, industrial unionism, class unionism among the Welsh miners has been growing from that day to this. Haywood declared they

were some of the most militant and class conscious workers he had ever met and this strike bears out his statement.

It seems that the time has come among the Welsh miners when they will refuse to be misled by reactionary officials or to be brow-beaten by any government. They have realized their own strength and their own needs and have taken the initiative to supply them.

It is a universally acknowledged fact that the British Government is the freest and most liberal in the world, that the British working class possesses more liberty than the workers of any other nation. But it is also true that the British ruling class has done less for its workers than the ruling class of many other countries. This is because they have not felt the need of strong, healthy workingmen as they do today during stress of war.

Germany, on the other hand, has rigidly followed the advice of its military experts and accomplished much for good sanitation, and wholesome factory conditions for its workers, because it wanted millions of healthy, hardy soldiers in the event of war. It also curtailed the liberties of the workers in every possible way. It regarded its working class like the farmer regards his cattle when he feeds them well in order to bring more on the market. The Germans knew that healthy men make the best fighters and she has seen to it that healthy conditions surrounded them in the interests of the German capitalist, and the German army.

But this German paternalism has resulted in robbing the German workers of much, if not all, of their revolutionary spirit, while the free institutions of England have fostered the spirit of revolt and independence. Under these circumstances, we read with much surprise and gratitude of the threatened strike in the famous German Krupp works. We do not, however, believe that it will result in anything more than a murmur as the German workers have shown themselves to be wholly incapable of any active resistance to any burdens the government has thought fit to lay upon them.

In the meantime the Welsh miners are declaring that they "have nothing to arbitrate." Their fine class spirit deserves the victory we trust will be theirs!

AMONG THE HARVESTERS

By

NILS H. HANSON



LOOKING FOR WORK IN THE HARVEST FIELDS
OF OKLAHOMA

THIS is a great year for the men who gather in the crops. Never before has there been made so much effort in trying to organize the harvesters who are one group of the most important toilers in the world.

Few realize the immense amount of power possessed by the ragged "low-down harvest bums." They don't all know it themselves, but this may be said about the workers in any industry. Still we all agree that bread is one of the most important necessities of life. Sometimes we are forced to get along without almost everything else that is supposed to be essential to human life but if bread is also deprived us, we may as well say, goodnight, for good. Whether it be in the palace or in the hovel men must have bread, though it be in different quantity and quality. This reminds me that we used to be taught in the schools of Sweden of a terrible period when that country was so devastated by war that the people were compelled to exist for a time on bark bread and water.

Along the roads and in the slums, bread is actually the staff of life to millions of human beings. In the jails and penitentiaries the authorities sustain life in their victims by bread, and often by bread alone. Spirits are broken on the bread diet, but prisoners are required to suffer and not to disappear altogether, and, as bread is the

CHASING THE JOB NORTHWARD

cornerstone of life, it is given them in small quantities.

FALSE ADVERTISING.

Most bread is made from wheat flour. And it is the harvesters of this immense

wheat crop, estimated this year to be 930 million bushels, and which will probably sell at over a billion dollars, it is these harvesters, who are this year trying to get a trifle more of what rightly belongs to them.

Of course they are up against a hard proposition. In the past wages have been so low that nine-tenths of the men have gone to the harvest fields in a half starved and miserable condition. For months they have depended upon the kindness of "good hearted" people who hold them in bread lines and feed them in soup kitchens in the winter. And these soft-handed charity bunglers can never seem to understand that the smaller the wage the sooner will the harvesters be forced back to ask for charity.

The U. S. Department of Labor has undertaken to supply "hands" to the farmers, whereby they have made things far worse than ever before. This department states that "workers are expected to pay their own expenses to and from the places of employment," and expects that its kindly auspices will mean "larger profits to the farmers."

When we read the following advertisement which was sent to innumerable newspapers and local agencies for posting in the large centers of population, it almost looks as though the Department of Labor was trying to make business for the railroads as well as to aid the farm employer:

"Wanted—Eighteen thousand men, willing to work at wages ranging from \$2 to \$3 a day and board; English-speaking white men preferred; persons other than English-speaking apply to W. G. Ashton, Commissioner of Labor, Oklahoma City, Okla."

Members of the department state further:

"We are to do our best to confine the labor army to men of industry and steady habits. Usually there gets into a crowd of this size a number of men of vagrant habits, who do much to demoralize the men who are disposed to be industrious. We want to weed out as many of that type this year as possible. C. L. Green, general inspector in charge of distribution work, department of labor, stationed in New York, will go to Kansas City, from which place he will co-operate with state authorities in Oklahoma and Kansas. Men who are sent to the harvest fields from other sections of the country must pass inspection before Mr. Green and the state authorities referred to. Later Mr. Green will take up this kind of work with state authorities farther north.

The following statement signed by J. Manzon, John Stewart and A. V. Azuana in Kansas City, Mo., on June 23rd, shows how this government system works to clean out the harvesters and to the securing of low paid workers for the farmers:

STATEMENT.

We, the undersigned, vouch that Antonio Hermoso, Jose Ruiz, and E. Saurez were in Enid, Okla., before the 20th of June and were run out of town with about 2,300 other men on that date, and came north with us. They landed here yesterday and shipped out for the Santa Fe Railroad to work on a section for \$1.50 a day (they to board themselves).

They gave us the following story: In New York they went to the federal employment office; shipped to Kansas City, Mo., to there apply at the federal office. On June 6th, they were given a ticket for Enid and then paid the fare from New York to Enid, the amount being \$27.75.

Arrived at Enid on June 7th, and remained till June 20th, paying all their own expenses during that time. They told us they were sent to a farmer twenty-five miles from Enid on the 14th and paid their fare going to his place. They were compelled to walk ten miles more to the farm house and when they arrived the farmer advised them that he already had all the men needed. They returned to Enid, where they remained till the 20th, when we were all driven out of town.

On the 19th these three men went to the mayor of Enid and told their story. He said he could do nothing for them.

Signed this 23rd day of June, 1915, Kansas City, Mo.

There is always a summer rush of thousands of men who come from east, and west, from north and south to earn some money in the grain belt. For a while the railroads are almost friendly and "riding" is rather easy during April and May while we flock toward the golden middle states. Hundreds may often be seen riding on one train. I was one of a bunch of one hundred and twenty-five men—all going east for the Kansas harvest.

FEEDING THE MEN.

At first John Farmer sees the big flocks come with a rather pleasant look upon his face, because he knows that the more men that come the less he can hire men to work

for. He knows that it is supply and demand that regulates wages when men are unorganized. But when they continue to arrive his face begins to change. He realizes that the wholesale advertisements about a "bumper" crop have caused altogether too many men to move in his direction. The hell-of-it is that most of them are broke and have to eat. Then comes the problem of feeding the men who harvested the crops last season and who have gone hungry most of the time since then.

Then the town marshals and railroad bulls get busy to prevent any more men from landing. The railroads send out iron rules to their crews advising them that brakemen will be fired for transporting any more "hoboes." All easy riding is stopped and in order to get a ride the harvesters have to travel in numbers so that they can force the train crews to take them along.

With some of the railroad men any kind of a union card entitles a man to a free ride; others refuse to recognize anything but a trainman's card. If our brother railroad men realized that the man he puts off in the snow-covered mountains or sun-baked desert is an unemployed human being, a victim of the present social system, perhaps fewer of them would greet us with, "You can't ride on my train." You would think they were Jim Hill or Morgan coming along with a brake club in hand, condemning the poor, hungry devil who is trying to move to another place where he may get work and a chance to live.

"His train," murmurs the "bum," as he walks down the track, the track which he and his comrades have laid sometime before. And he hopes that the man who threw him off may too some day face the same fate along the "big, open road."

The vigilantes soon got busy in the different towns and drove out the men for whom there was no work. At Caldwell, Okla., these armed brutes, led by a preacher, beat up several members of the I. W. W. and gave fellow worker Wilson and another would-be farm hand thirty days for vagrancy, the law that can always be used against the workers.

I happened to be in Salt Lake City at the time of the Joe Hill hearing, May 28th, and I heard the pleas put up by both sides. In company with thirty others I left the court room thoroughly convinced that Joe

was innocent of the charges and that if he is convicted it will be because he is a member of a revolutionary organization, and the author of the I. W. W. song book.

WAR WAGES DURING WAR PRICES.

Strenuous efforts are being made to prevent the migratory workers from organizing this summer. The farmers would rather see them living on handouts in Chicago, New York or Kansas City than pay them living wages. But the workers are saying to the farmers:

"You are expecting war prices for your wheat and you will have to pay war wages, too, or do the work yourself. Three dollars for a ten-hour day is the lowest wage we are going to accept this year, with fifty cents extra for every hour overtime."

We have not only the slugging, hold-ups, and possible jail sentences to contend with while we ride the rod for thousands of miles in order to earn a "stake" for the winter. Some of us go up against the employment sharks. You have probably heard of the type of buzzard that will send workmen off for several hundreds of miles where some accomplice will employ them for a day or two and then discharge them. This enables the employment shark to bleed every applicant with a few dollars in his pocket, of several dollars apiece. I know of cases where government employes have sent men several hundreds of miles (the men paying their own fares) to work for farmers who have been dead for several years.

SOLIDARITY OF LABOR.

But it is not only the employer and his servants, the public authorities, with whom we have to contend. The workers, themselves, are their own greatest enemy. It is the lack of solidarity, the lack of sticking together that causes all our unemployment and our wretchedness. Most of the "organized" railroad men are ready to obey the rules of their masters and pitch in to us in order to hold their jobs. They stick to the boss instead of sticking to the workers of their own class. And next month when this same railroad man is in the fix we are in today, he will find other "organized" workingmen who will throw him off a train, or scab on him, or spy on him, at the commands of the boss.

But as the migratory workers learn to unite, to stick together, they will be able to

ride, and to eat and to get more of the value of the crops they harvest.

ONE BIG UNION.

What the workers need is CLASS solidarity—ONE BIG UNION OF ALL the workers. When they learn that by uniting together and sticking up for, instead of fighting, each other, they can win ANYTHING, can even abolish the present system wherein they are robbed of nearly all they produce, the workers will be the real Masters of the Bread. Railroad men will learn that the man who rides the freight is a workingman, a comrade in the struggle, and will lend him a hand. The mechanic will learn that the unskilled worker is as important as the skilled laborer, and that the skilled laborer must co-operate with him in a common struggle against the exploiting bosses. The driver of the engine who hauls the grain from the fields will

learn that he would have no job if there were no "low-down bums" to reap and thresh the grain and he will unite with the dollar and a half a day man against the master class.

The harvest workers are being organized into the Agricultural Workers organization of the I. W. W. And in spite of the brutal methods used to prevent this organization, they are waking up to the fact that they have a weapon in their own hands before which the farmers will prove powerless. They are learning that when they unite with their fellow workers they will have the whole country at their mercy—for bread is the staff of life.

Organize with your comrades, you harvest workers, you railroad men, you mill and factory and mine workers—organize to take control of the plants, the lands and the roads and mines you operate. Organize to make this the world of the workers!

'BOES

By C. S.

I WAITED today for a freight train to pass.

Cattle cars with steers butting their horns against the bars, went by.

And a half a dozen hoboes stood on bumpers between cars.

Well, the cattle are respectable, I thought.

Every steer has its transportation paid for by the farmer sending it to market,

While the hoboes are law-breakers in riding a railroad train without a ticket.

It reminded me of ten days I spent in the Allegheny County jail in Pittsburgh.

I got ten days even though I was a veteran of the Spanish-American war.

Cooped in the same cell with me was an old man, a bricklayer and a booze-fighter.

But it just happened he, too, was a veteran soldier, and he had fought to preserve the Union and free the niggers.

We were three in all, the other being a Lithuanian who got drunk on pay day at the steel works and got to fighting a policeman;

All the clothes he had was a shirt, pants and shoes—somebody got his hat and coat and what money he had left over when he got drunk.

Footnote—This incident teaches: (1) Buy railroad tickets when you ride anywhere; (2) have respect for policemen; (3) obey the government, it is kind to its soldiers; instead of killing them for riding on a railway train without a ticket, it only gives them ten days in jail on bread and water.

THE REDS OF GERMANY

DOWN BUT NOT DEAD

By
FRANK BOHN



LIEBKNECHT came back from the front to attend a meeting of the Reichstag just before I left Berlin. Over the 'phone his voice had a cheery sound. Of course I longed to get to him as soon as possible.

At his house, next day, I found him preparing his papers for a party meeting on Monday. Let me say at once that not the least pleasure at the home of Liebknecht was to meet a fine, intelligent woman who shares both his views and his work, and whose strong face betrayed no sign of fear or worry. Comrade Liebknecht himself was spare and brown from work and exposure and in fine shape physically. His recent physical exercises have apparently done him no harm to the outer man, however much they may have outraged the inner life.

Those American comrades who remember Liebknecht on his recent visit here no doubt have a vivid recollection of his personality. They will remember his eagerness, the frank openness of every look, the warmth of his heart. During

KARL LIEBKNECHT

the ten months preceding our meeting he had suffered disillusionment as few men of the world have suffered. Forty-four years ago last August his father had led his party in its infancy. In 1870 the party stood like a rock for internationalism and the social-revolution. Its leaders, including the elder Liebknecht, had gone to jail without thought of shrinking. Through forty-four years the stupendous machine of the party organization had grown. It came to number ten millions of adherents over the age of sixteen. Then the day, *der Tag*, came. Out of a hundred and eleven "Socialist" members of the Reichstag, Liebknecht stood *alone*. Now the early Christian martyr amid the flames felt that he was "alone with Almighty God." The isolation of Liebknecht was loneliness, made more lonely by bitter disappointment in the failure of his very own.

"I wish to know first just how you are, personally," I said.

"Well, here I am, still living and still hoping," he replied. "You in America must not lose all faith in us."

Of course it is impossible for me to recall our conversation here. To put the matter mildly his experiences in the army had been rather difficult. However, he was quite happy to be employed in a work regiment, digging ditches, moving baggage and burying dead horses, rather than in a regiment of the line at the front, which service, indeed, would have been quite unbearable. He told me he had received an endless number of threatening letters. Again and again the patriots had threatened to take his life. Every conceivable insult had been put upon him.

"Oh, how I have labored to get one man to stand with me in the Reichstag," he said, as we walked through the Tiergarten. The insults heaped upon him by the powers he has always fought and the dangers which beset his path from that direction were as nothing compared to the bitter dregs he was forced to drain from the cup held up to him by some of those who have been known to the world as German Socialists. To remain cheerful and optimistic, to greet the friend from afar with smiles and say, "Of course, things could not now be worse, but they will presently take a turn for the better"—that requires a faith in the great fundamentals of history and of working-class progress

which I hardly expected to find in Germany.

There were one hundred and eleven members of the Reichstag. Half of these, at least, knowing their duty, hid their cowardly lives behind the cloak of the Russian scare and bowed down. These was a small group of a dozen or so honest patriots who supported the Kaiser loyally, put on uniforms, went to war and have actually engaged in the conflict. For this element I have considerable respect. There were exactly fourteen others, members of the so-called "Revolutionary" left, who went slinking out of the Reichstag, refusing to say aye or no. One man stood by our principles without having to hesitate a moment in consideration as to where his future lay. The duty before him was clear enough.

This man, Liebknecht, so far as the Reichstag is concerned, is the only remaining spark of the fires of '48.

"The working man of Germany," said Mrs. Mehring to me, "is as brave as a lion when he is led by his master. Alone or among a crowd in the streets, he trembles in his boots when a policeman comes in sight."

It is a sad but true fact that the out-and-out Revolutionaries in Germany are so infinitesimal in numbers that thought of real opposition to the powers that be is quite impossible. Germany is not a political nation and never has been. *It is absolutely a physical force, a direct action nation.* In the English or American sense, political rights are unknown in Germany.

The old time German Socialist had a peculiar faith in the number of his votes. One German sword outweighed them all, of course.

Mehring.

The last of the old Marxian crowd in Germany is Franz Mehring, a fine representative of the type of revolutionary scholar who years ago placed German Socialist theory fifty years ahead of its practice. Mehring sits like the muse of history, watching the process, understanding all, feeling the rush and pull of each tremendous current, himself absolutely powerless to stem the tide this way or that. We had hours together, time and again. He speaks of everything and everybody with coolness and care, the intensity of spirit required by the occasion being furnished by Mrs. Mehring. "They put me in a rage,

these compromisers, these trimmers," she said.

"Tell me just why those representatives of the Reichstag acted as they did."

"With a vast majority," said the Mehrings, "it has been a matter of salary, of the commonest sort of economic determinism. They receive three thousand marks a year. Most of them have salaries from the party beside, the members of the party executive receiving from us over five thousand marks a year. This whole crowd began life as poor, hopeless lawyers or school teachers. They are now perfectly quiet, respectable middle-class persons who would no more think of losing their position in life than they would of going into the streets naked."

"Is there any hope of doing anything?"

"It is absolutely inconceivable," came the reply. "The time to act was the first of last August. All the more active element is now in the army. We must wait and wait for developments. That is all we can do."

The Mehrings gave me a copy of the revolutionary magazine which they, in company with Rosa Luxemburg, Liebknecht and Clara Zetkin published some time ago. They called it the International. It is exactly the size of the International Socialist Review. Of course it was instantly suppressed by the government, but the first issue of ten thousand copies were distributed throughout Germany. I found them being sold at a party meeting at Leipsic. This publication contained trenchant articles by its editors—just what you would expect from them. All this group lacked on the great day was the power of more numbers and freedom from the death band of the party machine.

Rosa Luxemburg.

"Of course you must see Rosa," said the Mehrings. "Call at the jail directly and maybe they will let you in."

I was soon there, presenting myself as a most respectable American citizen who had long ago been interested in the writings of Fraülein Luxemburg. The governess of the jail received me most politely, but regretted that during time of war it was impossible to permit such a visit. This official was a woman of strong character and full mind and our hour together was most interesting. However, the greatest disappointment I suffered in Germany was

ROSA LUXEMBURG

RECENTLY SENTENCED TO ONE YEAR IN PRISON
BY THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT BECAUSE SHE
ADVISED THE SOLDIERS TO REBEL AGAINST
THEIR OFFICERS

not being permitted to meet the one comrade whose action adequately represents our party during the war.

The pathetic thing about the German Socialists is the infinitesimal size of the fighting portion of the party. I met dozens of perfectly sound men, members of the party, who understand Socialism and who have worked in the movement with great loyalty and ability. The astounding thing, the almost incomprehensible fact, is the way they take the matter of the war. Talk with the average man who supported Bebel's majority against Bernstein's old minority. His face will show that he is somewhat ashamed of himself. He agrees with

everything one says. He is rather sorry that the great revolution was not successful thirty years ago and that the Kaiser is not in hell covered with hot cinders. Meanwhile he has no policy, no notion of what he is going to do tomorrow. Yet he is found editing a party paper or speaking at a party meeting with no more intention of starting anything than a German school teacher who goes to the school at eight o'clock every morning and leads the children as they sing "*Die Wacht am Rhein.*"

Classes.

I was out walking with a machinist, 32 years old, who has been a member of the party since he was 18. He is also a member of the International Metal Workers' Union. He has read Marx, Engels, Lassalle, Kautsky and Bebel. He has heard all the great leaders of German Socialism speak publicly. We had known each other nearly a week when he found out I had been a teacher of history.

"You a college professor, and deign to walk in the park with me, a common workman?"

"What in thunder do you mean?" said I. "Aren't you as good as I? Aren't we both Socialists? You have children and a house and lot. I am without either. I have no earthly possessions whatever. I tried to be a machinist once, but broke so many tools the foreman discharged me. Come along and forget what I told you."

"Ah! America must be a wonderful country. You are all equal there," he said.

"No," I replied, "not quite. There are still some slight differences."

In the German social-democratic party there is a class of rulers just as separate from the class of voters and dues-paying members as the army officers are from the rank and file. Let us come to this great fact again, again, and again. Socialism simply cannot develop anything but theories in a country so permeated with class notions as is Germany. The foundations of democracy have simply never been laid.

"Tears, Idle Tears," We Know Not Why They Fall.

At a party meeting in a suburb of Berlin, I found nine-tenths of the membership against the government. They applauded vociferously when one of the members of

the Vorwaertz analyzed the position taken by the party majority and subjected it to caustic criticism. After the meeting I fell into conversation with some of them and one of them said, "When our representatives in the Reichstag voted in favor of the credit last August we wept tears of bitter sorrow."

"Did you, indeed," I replied. "Can you tell me, when the war started, did Von Hindenburg and Von Moltke weep? Did the Kaiser shed any tears? Did Grand Admiral Von Tirpitz stand on the bridge of his flagship and add to the saline solution of the sea?"

I do not remember what they said or whether they replied at all or not. Their first statement was enough for our complete information. When the guns began to shoot, the tears of our comrades began to fall.

Wanted—Ten Thousand Fighters.

On August 1st, last, the German party numbered about nine hundred thousand dues-paying members. Of these, perhaps one hundred thousand were really Socialists. If these had stood alone, with a press and a leadership devoted to revolutionary ideals, there would have been no war. If ten thousand men and women had been perfectly willing to face the firing squad or had packed the jails; had they sent messages of true rebellion to their comrades in France, Belgium and England, all the king's horses and all the king's men would have stayed within the borders of Germany. One person went to jail—heroic Rosa Luxemburg. Half a dozen like her quickly communicated with each other and took what action they could. From our inmost heart southward, we revolutionists of America glory in the strength of their character and the firmness of their resolution.

The Socialism of Germany is not utterly a stench in the nostrils of the world. While the student of history, when he compares the miserable weakness of the German Socialists in August, 1914, with the heroism of the fighters of a score of the world's great revolutions, may still mix with his pity and disgust a sense of admiration for the little remnant of strong men and women who have refused to bow down to either the Kaiser or to the cowardly and degraded majority of their own party.

LAWSON and LIBERTY

BY

FRANK P. WALSH

Chairman of the United States
Commission on Industrial Relations

Editor's Note.—A monster Lawson Public Protest Meeting was held in Chicago on Sunday, July 11th, at which Mr. Walsh delivered a masterly address. He is a very busy man these days, but was kind enough to furnish *The Review* with a stenographic copy of his speech, from which we take the following excerpts.

I take the kindly spirit that prompted you to invite me here today, and this most generous and heartening reception, to be not altogether personal, of course. In fact, I hold to my heart the thought that it proceeds from the idea that I am your servant, in common with the balance of the citizenship of this United States, temporarily called to fill a position that means much to the thought and welfare of this nation, small as my work may be in attempting to perform my duty in it. (Applause.)

I came here principally, because this was a meeting to protest against the conviction to lifelong imprisonment of an American citizen, John R. Lawson (applause), under circumstances which must shock the conscience of every intelligent American citizen.

Many men have been convicted of murder in the first degree in this country prior and subsequent even to the conviction of John R. Lawson. The crime charged is a horrible one; the taking of human life with malice and premeditation. Apparently the courts of the country, or one, at least, has passed upon the character of that conviction, but I stand here today to present the facts in as unimpassioned a manner as the feelings of a man with red blood running through his veins permit, so that the case of John R. Lawson, beginning today, may be presented in its entirety, or as clear as may be, to the American people.

Int. News Service.

JOHN R. LAWSON, ORGANIZER FOR THE UNITED MINE WORKERS OF AMERICA, WHO WAS SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT IN ROCKEFELLER-RULED COLORADO

I have had an official duty in connection with this matter. It was to inquire into the very heart of the cause of the situation in the state of Colorado. In order to do that, inquiry was made among those men who dug the coal; among the men who led them in their struggle for what they believed to be economic freedom and human liberty. It called upon me to demand the presence of the operators of the coal companies in the state of Colorado. The case of John R. Lawson is the case of the coal miners of Colorado and the case of the working people of America. (Applause.) The personnel of the officials of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company (absolute masters of the bituminous situation in the state of Colorado)—I say this advisedly, because it is declared thus over the signature of the manager of that company, L. M. Bowers, who acts for John D. Rockefeller, Jr., that "the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company fixes the price and condition of labor in the coal mines of Colorado and every other company falls into line." The Colorado Fuel & Iron Company, dominant politically in the State of Colorado, controls not only the local coal fields, which was the theater of this great crime against John Lawson and family, but absolutely controls the votes of a supposedly sovereign people in the state of Colorado. The ruler of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company is John D. Rockefeller, Sr., represented by his son, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., said to be the largest investor of industrial stocks and bonds that ever lived in this world; the representative on the ground was Lamont M. Bowers, chairman of the executive committee of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company. On the other side in this struggle, the United Mine Workers of America, represented by its president, Mr. White; Mr. Lord, who sits upon the platform; locally, John R. Lawson, member of International Board; Edward L. Doyle, the secretary-treasurer in Denver, and Mr. Frank J. Hayes. I am speaking now of the largest personages that have to do with the case of John R. Lawson.

When the Commission on Industrial Relations came to the City of Denver we called upon the representatives of the Mine Workers and the representatives of the operators or presidents of all the coal companies to present to us that data which they believed would best make for a fair, honest and deep investigation of the Colorado situation. We received responses from the president of every mining company in the state of Colorado and from the representatives of the United Mine Workers of America. When Mr. Lawson and Mr. Doyle called upon me, at my hotel, they suggested that they believed that the very heart of the system existed at No. 26 Broadway, New York, and they presented to me, in person, a telegram, taken from the wire by a Union operator from John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to Jesse F. Welborn, the president of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company, which they claimed contained conclusive evidence that the statements given by Mr. Rockefeller before the Congressional Committee was incorrect and that, as a matter of fact, all of the respon-

sibility, to the smallest executive detail, came from 26 Broadway, New York. The original of that telegram, under the power given this commission, was called forth from the manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and from that telegram, presented by Mr. Lawson, came the letters which this commission compelled the president of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company to produce. Mr. Welborn first refused to produce these letters, but after consultation with counsel they brought forth letters which called for others afterwards submitted at the New York hearing, which, in turn, gave us the data which finally brought forth the letters that told the whole story of Colorado at the last hearing of the Commission on Industrial Relations in Washington.

I believe I might truly say that I am the chief witness to the crimes for which John R. Lawson is condemned to stay in punishment until God takes his soul from his body. On the face the charge is murder in the first degree. Let me state what I believe to have been the crime for which this man is convicted. After submitting this telegram he appeared on the witness stand in the city of Denver. At that time the president of our country had appointed a Board of Mediation and Conciliation, and the workers were demanding that the coal companies treat with this official body. Mr. Lawson took the stand and stated, "I have been charged with practically every crime on the calendar, ranging from violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act to murder in the first degree. A commission has been appointed by the highest authority of a free people to meditate these questions that caused this deplorable situation in the state of Colorado. I, John R. Lawson, predict that the government will be defied. I have no testimony to give to this commission except this message to the government at Washington: 'Is John D. Rockefeller greater than the government? Is he higher than the law?'" That stands in the record of our Denver hearing. Again he was called to the witness stand in the city of New York. He came while the voice of the late president of Harvard still rang through the room, Charles W. Elliot, and for intellectual vigor, for manly conduct and for choice of expression, John R. Lawson suffered none in comparison with President Eliot. We had just heard the testimony of Mr. A. Bonton Hepburn, a bank president of New York, who is one of the few men who give out the money for the Rockefeller benefactions, and members of the board of trustees of the Rockefeller Foundations, also a director in the American Agricultural Chemical Company, at that time using hired thugs to crush its workers in New Jersey. Lawson had sat there and heard Tony Wiater tell his pitiful story, showing that in an industry that has prospered far beyond any of the late years the same American Agricultural Chemical Company, from which perhaps a million dollars of the securities of the Rockefeller Foundations and his benefactions is taken. He heard Wiater tell his pathetic story: That working from early morning un-

til sunset he was unable, by fourteen dollars per month, to earn enough to keep bread and butter in the mouths of his little family and clothing upon their backs. So John R. Lawson testified, perhaps with some heat of feeling. His declaration, epitomized, was this:

"The so-called great foundations of this country are not charitable in their essence. They are not distributing money honestly acquired. They are giving away the withheld wages of the American working class. Twenty thousand of my people are in the wind-swept canyons of Colorado. They have refused to accept the terms laid down by the overlords of industry, who have been testifying before you for the last few days. I have a message for Mr. Rockefeller. When I read of the giving of the \$250,000 for the establishment of a refuge for migratory birds in the south, I say, I wish to God the little children of miners of Colorado were birds. When I see again that the dollars that go to the relief of the stricken in Belgium also furnish machine guns that strike out the life of my people in Ludlow and in other cities of the mountains of Colorado; when I contemplate here, as I must, that the dollars that raise the April toll of death of children from spinal meningitis are also the dollars that bought the bullets that shot between the eyes the child of my friend, William Snyder, while he was caressing his little sister in Ludlow that day, I must cry out in protest. When I read again that an appropriation of half a million dollars is made for the investigation of the hookworm disease in China, I might logically wish that my people were Chinamen instead of toiling Americans."

In my opinion, plainly and bluntly spoken, these two brave fundamental statements are the crimes for which John R. Lawson has been convicted, under the guise of a charge of murder in the first degree, in the state of Colorado.

Now, my friends, I will quote freely from the letters, the machinery for the production of which was placed in operation by John R. Lawson. They cut a great figure not only in this contest in Colorado, but as propaganda for better industrial conditions every place in America and upon the earth. I read now the famous Christmas letter of good cheer to the officials of Colorado from Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Sr., through the pen of his son. They had just been informed that non-union miners were being brought in from the east and south—from the south, of course, were the negro miners that were brought in to take the places of those men displaced by the strike in Colorado—and the response came cheerful and warm. On December 26, the day after Christmas, this son of his father wrote that the letter was received and that he was glad to see that conditions were improving in Colorado; that his father said that he had watched with great interest all the happenings in Colorado and he expressed unusual satisfaction over the way things were going.

Now, what had happened up to that time? Nine thousand of his faithful employes had earned for him, in the comparatively few years that he controlled that company, nine mil-

lions of dollars. Mark you, John D. Rockefeller, Sr., had never been there in his life and his son had been there but once. In addition to this there was added to the value of his property, according to the testimony of Mr. Rockefeller, twenty millions of dollars, which might be called unearned increment, the Rockefeller share of which would be something like nine millions of dollars. These workers who had therefore earned for him approximately eighteen millions of dollars were in tents in the cold canyons of Colorado, where I visited with them, their wives and their children, while we were holding our hearings in the city of Denver. Jeff Fair, prior to that Christmas day, had armed a band of four hundred men with firearms and explosives and turned them loose among the peaceful citizenry of the state of Colorado. He said before our commission that he didn't know these men. For all he knew, they might be red-handed murderers. Prior to the writing of the letter, Mr. Lippit had been assassinated upon the streets of Denver, and Lee, whom they claimed to be their faithful servant and the protector of their property, had been shot from his horse while performing his duty. A child had been shot nine times through the legs, and a man killed, in the firing upon tent colonies in the cold field; yet this man, whose son had testified that he, John D. Rockefeller, Sr., knew nothing of the situation in Colorado, that he was a retired investor that was paying no attention to business whatever, we find was shown to have had the absolute knowledge of everything that happened in Colorado and expressed unusual satisfaction to his employes on the ground.

We proceed a little toward the setting of the scenes for the day that Lawson was tried. The Rockefellers, flushed with what they believe to be their successes in Colorado, are now proceeding to wipe out union labor everywhere. This is a strong statement, but I take it from the letter to Lamont M. Bowers, that "the time is arrived to do that. Let us enlist in the cause and go forward to the campaign for the open shop in 1916, and beyond." Now, I have heard many doctrinaires, professors of political economy and social economists discuss the meaning of the term "open shop," but it has a definite and concrete meaning in the state of Colorado. It means that if you are a union man you are told to go up the canyon and if you don't go you are hit over the head by a gun. So there can be no doubt about what the campaign for an open shop means when written by Lamont M. Bowers to Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

In another letter which marks well the attitude of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company and the other coal companies in Colorado towards John R. Lawson and the entire industrial situation, we find reference to an article written by a Professor Stevenson, of the faculty of Columbia University. We didn't go into the source of that article, whether Mr. Stevenson was paid for it or used it to get an old age pension from the Carnegie fund. When I asked Mr. Carnegie the question as to whether or not he didn't believe that the hope

for pensions on the part of the professors might warp their minds toward the economic theories of those who are going to pay the pensions, he cynically and jocularly said: "Why don't you ask Elliot? He gets one of them." Well, I did happen to ask President Elliot, and Mr. Elliot said: "Oh, yes, they undoubtedly do influence us, but always for good."

Quoting Professor Stevenson:

"It has been said that seven hundred thousand children give up their lives annually on account of the under nourishment of themselves or their parents, due to low wages in industry. I deny," said the professor, "that the figures are correct, but assuming that they are, it proves nothing, except that the deaths of these children are a blessing. They ought never to have been born." He said further that the thing that prevents the onward march of republican institutions is the labor union, in its membership and constituency. That the members are worse than the thugs of India and are usually professional murderers. That was the kindly comment of Professor Stevenson. One month later we have a letter signed by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., addressed to Fay Lee, his publicity man, enclosing the article of Professor Stevenson and saying, "That is the soundest and most splendid presentation I ever saw of the question of capital and labor." (Laughter and applause.) "You will proceed at once to make use of it, both in the Colorado campaign and in our Union Educational Campaign."

Again, a clergyman named Newell Dwight Hillis, at present occupying Beecher's old pulpit in Brooklyn, who has this very day invited the unspeakable Carlson of Colorado to likewise preach on the Colorado situation, delivered a sermon, which has been denounced for its falsehood, first by every union man connected with the proposition, and second, by the dean of the law school, lately removed, partially on account of that, the able, aggressive and brave Professor Brewster of Colorado (applause), again by the *New York Survey*, and publicly called a liar by George Creel in *Harper's Weekly*. In that sermon he stated that Mr. Rockefeller had offered the unions everything, even to the recognition of their union, in Colorado. Mr. Rockefeller, you will remember, testified before the Congressional Committee that he was fighting for the rights of the independent American workman and that he would sacrifice every dollar of his great fortune and that of his father rather than recognize that organization. At least that is in effect what he said. Mr. Rockefeller sent this letter to Ivy Lee and asked him to make use of that in his Union Educational Campaign. Already they had published the so-called "Colorado Bulletins," setting forth the alleged facts in Colorado, which, in the main, were a collection of palpably stupid slanders upon the men that were fighting for economic freedom and the union officers who were leading their cause in the state of Colorado. After many of the lies in them had been exposed, after the president of the company had testified before the commission

in Colorado as to the falsity of the bulletins, the publicity agent who wrote them was made a director in the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company, and paid six thousand dollars out of the personal account of John D. Rockefeller, Sr.

And so runs the record in Colorado. Not charged by any person connected with organized labor. Not baselessly charged by me from this platform or elsewhere, but confessed in writing by the owners and operators of the coal companies of Colorado.

Now the proof is undisputable that the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company hired lawyers, that they controlled courts, that they controlled administrative officials such as Jeff Fair, but I want to say, my friends, that the limit of shame was reached in the Lawson case, because in that case they hired and paid for the witnesses upon whose testimony, mainly, John R. Lawson was convicted.

The chief witnesses in the attempt to connect John R. Lawson with the crime of murder of the deceased Mr. Nimmo were two men who, upon cross-examination, were compelled by that splendid champion of the Colorado workers, Horace U. Hawkins, who is defending these men, to confess that at the time of the alleged occurrence they were pretending to be with the United Mine Workers of America, but as a matter of fact they were spies, hired by the Baldwin-Feltz Detective Agency and paid by the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company and other iron companies. At the very time these cases were being prepared and were testifying, they were upon the per diem of the detective agency and were being paid for by the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company and the other companies.

There are other matters that I might give as a background, but I have already kept you longer than I have expected. Other crimes were committed in the state of Colorado by the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company. The smothering and burning to death of women and children—all of the evidences of that terrible day at Ludlow. Why do I say so specifically that this is a crime of the coal companies? I would hesitate to do so. Rash judgment is a bad thing. No man, especially one charged with investigatorial duty, should, in advance of his findings, or his own judgment, make such a statement. So I better tell you as I stated before that I speak from the letter of Lamont M. Bowers, addressed to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., telling him that they view with satisfaction the creation of another state troop that the state will not have to pay, and that therefore the state officials are jubilant about it. That was Troop A, consisting of the mine guards, employes and hired gunmen of the coal companies. That was the troop that, within the same week that the letter was written to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., assailed the peaceable inhabitants of Ludlow colony and committed arson, murder and robbery, and wiped certain of them from the face of the earth. That is the reason I say that that was the crime of the coal companies. Specifically, I have been criticized by Mr. Rockefeller for referring to that as the massacre of Ludlow. He pointed out that these

women and children were not shot, but smothered to death. I confess that eleven of them were smothered, likewise burned, but Mr Snyder's boy, who Monday after next is himself to be tried for murder in the first degree, was shot between the eyes by a bullet from these mine guards, while caressing his little sister; and one of the noblest of whom I have heard testimony given, Louis Tikas, was slain like a dog by a hireling of the coal companies of Colorado, masquerading as a lieutenant of the state militia, although he also held a commission—K. E. Linderfelt. I call attention again to the shocking death of James Fyler, an American citizen, shot five times through the back while lying upon the ground; and the sad death of Mr. Bortolotte murdered in the presence of his wife and family, upon that same day.

It is charged, always, when facts are brought out in a field of bitter controversy, such as this contest that is now going on in industrial affairs certainly must be conceded to be, that there is something of self-interest or something of animus on the part of the investigators. God knows there has been no such feeling consciously animating my mind or moving my heart. I cannot see the individuals engaged in it. I have for Mr. Rockefeller nothing but sublime pity. I read in the papers a few days ago, that upon his 76th birthday, he doubled the guard at Pocantico Hill; that he built a new fence inside of the old one and put a double row of barbed wire upon the top of it and proceeded to celebrate his birthday. What a pitiful situation. Another picture: Here, among her fellow citizens maligned, charged with being a criminal, is an old lady some 84 years old; whether right or wrong, engaged during practically all of her life in a militant contest for what she conscientiously believed to be right, with the love and affection of millions of her fellow citizens, free to come and go whither she will, while this most powerful financial potentate that ever lived upon the earth is a prisoner in a prison of his own making. I feel sorry for him, and I illustrate so that you will know that there is nothing personal in anything that has been done in this investigation but he has been looked upon as representing the system that flouts free government, that intimidates officials, that sneers at the highest authority, as these letters show; that derides the government of a great state, and whose directors boast among themselves that they whip public officials into line and cause them to do their bidding!

I wish to close by a statement which has not been carried by the press of this nation, and that is that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and McKenzie King, his employe, are today in open defiance of the government of the United States. At a hearing in the city of Washington Mr. Rockefeller was asked whether or not he wrote the statement that the press of this country carried as his testimony before the Commission on Industrial Relations. You, as the people of America, were entitled to have his testimony, truthful testimony and not the testimony of any other man assuming to speak for him. McKenzie King, who was in

the Colorado field, right up to the day almost of the conviction of Lawson, was asked whom he talked to and what he said and what he discovered in Colorado. He boldly refused to answer. He confessed that he had collected much data and evidence covering the situation in Colorado. He refused to tell whether that data was in Washington, New York or the Dominion of Canada. I pressed him on all of those propositions and he point blank refused to give that testimony to your instrumentality. We find this lapse in the law, that while the Commission on Industrial Relations has full power to compel attendance of witnesses, that yet we do not have the power to punish for contempt, and must allow these men, accompanied by Star J. Murphy, the personal attorney of Rockefeller, to throw this defiance into the very teeth of the people of the United States.

I am a believer in free institutions; I know the people have the power, if they only exercise it; I know that they have been misrepresented in the past, and you know it. Now we have a square issue made. Is the Congress of the United States representative of a sovereign people of this nation, or are they the tools and hirelings of the industrial overlords? (Applause.) If they represent the people (and I am hopeful and believe they do), then the first action of this Congress will be to cite to the bar of the House of Representatives John D. Rockefeller, Jr.; John D. Rockefeller, Sr., and Mr. McKenzie King of Canada. These questions should again be propounded to these men. They are written in our record; I have them here this afternoon. If the men refuse to answer, then they should be brought before the grand jury of the District of Columbia, as provided by the statutes of the United States, and indicted for a crime against the government and sent to jail. (Applause, shrieking and stamping of feet.)

Now, my friends, as has been said many times, better than I can say it, perhaps, as we look at the concrete case of John R. Lawson, as we read of the death of an unfortunate man in one of these conflicts, our heart goes out in pity for the pain and suffering of the individual, for the miseries and woes of the wives and children of the John Lawsons, and Bortolottes, and the Zancanellis of the conflict. We see there typified one case, and our attention is drawn to it, but is there not a great, dark background that ought always to loom in the consideration of these questions? Do we, as citizens, as brothers and sisters of a common humanity, do what we ought to bring about conditions from which could arise no Ludlow horror and no conviction of a Lawson? Can I imagine a system of society filled by intelligent people? May I hope, at least, for a society where every man will get what he earns, no less, and just as important, no, no more? That the heart-destroying, soul-shriveling idea of production solely for dividends and profits may give way to production for the good of all mankind. (Much applause and shouts of "Hurrah!")

POI MAKING—BEATING THE TARO ROOT

T A R O

The Oriental Poor Man's Bread

By MARION WRIGHT

WITH our own baker's loaves growing smaller and the price higher it will be of interest to learn how poor folks of the Orient and South Sea islands make shift for the staff of life. Where the bread fruit grows it has been popularly supposed that all a man has to do is cut off the loaves, slice them up and serve, but not every native owns a bread fruit tree, and just between ourselves, bread fruit is not what it is cracked up to be. Taro has it skinned a mile in that Taro furnishes a potato, flour, mush, or pot greens, just as you like.

"Fish and Poi" is known as the food of the Hawaiians. Poi is a paste or mush made from pounded Taro roots. As the natives originally conveyed the mixture from bowl to mouth with their fingers it

came to be graded as "one finger Poi," which was the best, and "two finger Poi," the kind which required two fingers to lift it.

Taro, botanically known as *Colocasia antiquorum esculentum*, is a perennial plant, one to two feet high, with heart-shaped petate leaves and large fleshy root-stocks, from which the Poi of the Hawaiians is made. In other islands of the South Seas, Japan, Porto Rico and China the tubers are cooked like potatoes and the young tender leaves are used as a pot-herb, like spinach or turnip-tops. It is one of the principal food products, not only of the native Hawaiian, but of many of the native races of the Orient.

In Hawaii there are two distinct individual strains of Taro, the one with red or

pink flesh and the other white. Of each of these strains there are many sub-varieties, each with native names. In its habit of growth and the character of the root the Japanese Taro is entirely different from the varieties under cultivation in Hawaii, while the Chinese variety is still different.

Taro holds about fifth place among the products of Hawaii, in area of land devoted to its cultivation and in value of crop. The investment in Taro growing approximates \$500,000. Taro cultivation is exceedingly profitable, and land suited to its needs, provided it has water rights, brings a high annual rental. During the spoliation of Hawaii the natives lost not only their coconut and sugar land but their Taro land as well except for a small patch here and there. "Civilized" white capitalists overlooked no opportunity to take the native's land, grow on it what the native had been growing before, make the native work it and sell the product back to him at a fancy price. And if you should ask them about it they would undoubtedly reply, "Why shouldn't we? We OWN the land, don't we?" The average rental per acre in the vicinity of Honolulu for Taro land ranges from \$40 to \$50. The retail price of Poi in Honolulu runs from 2½ cents to 5 cents per pound. One acre will produce from 12 to 15 tons, which sells for from \$1.75 to \$2.50 per hundred pounds.

The land suitable for cultivation of water-Taro, the variety which is principally grown, is a rich, deep, muck soil, bordering the streams or occupying the lowest portions of the valleys leading back into the mountains. Land to be capable of growing Taro must have an abundant supply of running water, and it needs also to be very rich. Many of the fields now in cultivation have been planted to Taro with hardly a rest for a hundred years or more. The old Hawaiians understood the need of fertilizing and often allowed their patches to go without a crop for one season. They also planted certain burrs or weeds among the Taro and spaded them under as a green fertilizer.

The irrigation system of the ancient Hawaiians is still in use for the growing of Taro. Although they knew nothing of technical engineering they developed an excellent system of irrigation. They made the ditches as well as the laterals to follow the

base contour line to limit the fall and wash as much as possible. In fact some of the most wonderful irrigating systems in the world have been found among savage peoples, notably among a mountain tribe of the Philippines whose hill-side water system is a marvel of perfection, constructed without a single surveyor's instrument, or the knowledge that such a thing existed. Necessity is indeed the mother of invention. Besides having to deliver the water, the ditches of the Hawaiians had to be arranged so that each individual chief or owner would get his rightful share of the water; and so fairly were these water rights adjusted (without meters) that many of them hold good today and water is divided and delivered to the patches according to the ancient custom.

Taro is cultivated in patches of varying size. Each patch is surrounded by a dyke containing openings to admit the water and allow its exit. Before planting the water is allowed to drain off the field. The ground is then dug up or plowed with a rice plow and is fertilized with the leaves, stems and trimmings of the former crop. Taro is propagated by means of the crown of the plant with its accompanying leaf stalks. At the time the crop is harvested the upper portion of the root is cut off; then the leaves are cut off, leaving about six inches of leaf stalk on the crown of the root. These tops, called "Hulis," are either planted in a circle around a little mound of dirt or in rows across the field. They are placed about a foot apart.

In about a month after the huli has been planted the roots start, and the crown throws out new leaves. The period of maturity varies according to variety, running from a year to fourteen months from the time of planting. Cultivation consists in keeping the patch clear of weeds and the soil between the plants is sometimes stirred with pick or shovel, care being taken not to loosen the roots.

Taro provides several articles of food. The tops when boiled are eaten as greens and resemble spinach. The root is boiled or baked and eaten as a potato. The root, dried, is ground into a flour called "Tarena." But the chief use of the root and the object of growing the Taro is for the making of Poi, the staple food of the native Hawaiian.

AFTER THE WAR—WHAT?

IV. The Second International

By HENRY L. SLOBODIN

EVERY lover of liberty hopes for a crushing defeat of the Russian Government on the eastern theater of the European war and a decisive defeat of Germany in the West. To imagine the Darkest Russia at the gates of Berlin and the collapse of the military power of the allies is to imagine a world-wide calamity.

For Russia would endeavor to hold its military ascendancy. For this purpose it would have to be transformed from a bureaucratic into a militaristic state. At present, although a great military power, Russia is not essentially a militaristic country. Militarism is maintained as an auxiliary to bureaucracy. It has not entered into the life of the masses of the people. Militarism in Russia is a governmental and not a national institution. Triumphant in war, Russia would be speedily transformed into a militaristic state controlled by unlimited despotism at its worst and by the narrowest, most intolerant nationalism at its best.

A disaster of almost equal magnitude would be a victorious Germany ruling the destinies of the world. It is true that the political institutions of Germany are in advance of the Russian. But everything in Germany is subordinated to a national idea of intense vitality. Germany's militaristic state is national. The claim of German militarists that in Germany the army is of the people is well founded. A German mailed fist would fall on a conquered world perhaps even heavier than a Russian because so much more efficient. There is not, there never was, in Germany an anti-militaristic movement worth the name.

There never was in Germany an ideology or a philosophy, or a movement that had for its motive or objective the liberty, equality and brotherhood of all men.

France, the freedom champion of mankind, gave the modern world its ideal of true freedom. England has given to the

world the instruments of freedom. Even in Russia we witnessed religious, literary and political movements aiming at equality of all races.

The German ideal is to liberate all mankind by making them into good Germans.

And I do not exclude the German Social Democratic movement from this characterization.

It was said of Marx that his philosophy was German, his economics English and his politics French. Marxian philosophy or economics have only a remote and indirect bearing on the attitude of the Social Democratic party of Germany in the present war. Marxian politics are involved directly and immediately. And if the above characterization of Marx's views is true, then the politics of German Social Democracy are not and never were Marxian. Be that as it may, the history of German Social Democracy since August 4th proves conclusively that it has for decades traveled the road of most tragic self-delusion.

Its first self-delusion was that it was revolutionary and hostile to the present social order. Its second delusion was that sometime somehow it will be the instrument for the overthrowing of the present social order and the establishment of Socialism. There is no lack of declarations on its part to that effect. These declarations came in time to be considered in a light similar to the Christian injunction of "love thy neighbor," something impossible either of fulfillment or abandonment. These revolutionary declarations became pious phrases good for opening and closing of conventions and platforms.

The Social Democracy became, in the meantime, something else. It began the process of adaptation to a presumably hostile state. This process consists in giving much more than in receiving. For the social state resembles an organism in this respect: as soon as it finds in its midst a body

hostile to its existence, it sets to work to transform this antagonistic body into a friend. And so it came to pass that capitalist society has changed German Social Democracy much more than the latter changed capitalistic society. It transformed a theoretical antagonist into a practical supporter. German Social Democracy has long before the war ceased to aim for Socialism or work for Socialism.

What German Social Democracy did on August 4th and since is in perfect accord with what it did for a long time before August 4th. Believing that by and large it was moving on the road to Socialism, it in fact helped to upbuild a militaristic state, that may yet plunge the world into a darkness worse than the mediaeval, into a tyranny of mailed fist and iron heel. Certainly, the bulk of German Socialists were sincere in their desire for Socialism. But the writers and the speakers insinuated into the minds of their followers "possibilistic" and "practical" ideas which paralyzed their desire and efforts for Socialism. Worse yet, millions of Socialists, were made to oppose Socialism, believing that they were working for it. Has not Christianity suffered the same fate? And every liberating movement of the past? The Socialist movement may be destroyed not by open opposition or persecution, but by substituting something else under the same name for the masses to follow. This has happened in Germany.

The masses were deluded, but not the leaders. The Scheidemanns, the Heines, the Suedeuns knew long before August 4th what the Social Democracy really was in their hands—an instrument for keeping the working class in spiritual and political bondage to a militaristic state—and we conclude that this was the deliberate aim of those leaders. A writer more competent than I will some day assign to these leaders a place in history in company with other traitors of movements which they pretended to lead.

On August 4th was inscribed the last page of the Second International. On that day it concluded its existence. Therein we see nothing to lament. Its work was done. Its task completed. And a glorious and tremendous task it was. It found the working class in intellectual and political bond-

age, a pitiful nonentity politically and economically. It set to task to arouse in the working class a consciousness of its true interests and power. It has succeeded splendidly. From a social and political nonentity the working class of Europe has been raised to the dignity of a social and political factor of the first magnitude. If we look back into history to the great men and great movements that came, did their work and passed away and what little impression they left on the contemporary world, if we consider the short time since the Second International came into being, the achievements of the Second International will appear tremendous.

Yet the Second International is a thing of the past. The talk of continuing it or reorganizing it is futile. Again the name may be retained and they may go through the motions, but no attention will be paid to it.

One has only to read the resolutions of the Second International to see at once how perplexing, to say the least, they would appear if proposed at an international gathering after the war. Problems whose solution appeared obvious to the Second International would appear in an entirely new light after the war.

Take the problem of nationalism with its solution of the Second International by a declaration of international solidarity of labor as against national unity. How would a resolution that Socialism knows no country and will never, never advise the working class to cut one another's throat at the behest of the capitalists, sound after this war? The working class of the world may arrive at such a conclusion, but never with the help of Scheidemanns or Heines, unless the world consents to become German.

And no one will take seriously a Socialist resolution against the prevailing colonial policies, when as a matter of fact the present war is waged not for foreign markets as the Socialists are wont to assert, but for colonial empires.

The program of the Second International was in a higher potential, the program of the Socialist party of every country.

Now, the war once over, the present programs of the Socialist parties will sound as out of date as the novels of Fielding or the cosmology of the bible.

THE REWARD OF TRUTH-TELLING

By M. E. M.

SOME of us still imagine that the academic mind may lead the world in progress, that university men, professional men of high mental training, may be expected to point the way toward a broader and happier civilization.

But the facts do not square with our hopes. Neither among the colleges nor the churches is there the slightest evidence of any considerable deep-rooted movement for the material improvement of industrial conditions in Europe or America.

We have yet to hear of one church or one university whose aim is the abolition of poverty—the greatest social evil in the world today. We know of no college or church that even devotes itself to the prevention of preventable disease or of unemployment. A few petty reforms have found their origin in the university but most of these have died young through inanition.

This is not the fault of the students, many of whom enter the colleges and universities every year with their hearts filled with high hopes of a career of usefulness to society. They imagine they are about to drink of the fountain of truth and hope to take their degrees more fully equipped to meet the emergencies of life because of the years they have spent in study, attending lectures, in the laboratory and in research work. They believe the university requires the truth above all things. This is a mistake some never recognize because their minds are so crammed with twaddle beneficial to the capitalist class.

The institutions of any given period of society represent the dominant interests in that society and, as the capitalist class is overwhelmingly the ruling class in the "civilized" world today, we find reflected in the church, the state and in all institutions of learning, the interests and viewpoint of this propertied class.

It was therefore to be expected that Professor Scott Nearing, one of the leading exponents of sound economics, one of the keenest minds engaged in research in the field of sociology and economics, should have been eliminated from the list of the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania.

Nine years ago Dr. Nearing entered the sacred halls of the Philadelphia institution as a member of the teaching force in the Wharton School of Finance. He had previously studied at the university, and, later, had acted as secretary of the Pennsylvania Child Labor Association. From the first he was a thorn in the flesh of big business in that feudalistic state. He effectively fought for child labor laws, and, in that way, secured the displeasure of the powerful mining and other interests of the state.

He advocated workmen's compensation laws. He told the public about the over-capitalization of the transportation system of the city. He examined the wages paid to the workers of the country, and wrote books explaining the abominably low remuneration in many of our industries.

Last month the Macmillan Company, New York, brought out Prof. Nearing's work on Income, which they announced as "an examination of the returns for services rendered and from the property owned in the United States" (net price \$1.25), from which we quote the following on page 199:

The recipients of property income and of service income face each other and prepare for the conflict. Those who have put forth the effort, declare their rights to the products of that effort. Those who own property hold fast to their property titles and to the prerogatives which are inseparable from them.

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 preëminent position of property is overbalanced by some social action.

The present economic tendencies will greatly increase the total amount of property income and the proportion of property income paid with each passing decade. Land values will continue to rise as population grows denser, demand for land increases and methods of using land are perfected. The return to capital (the interest rate) shows every indication of advancing. It certainly will not decrease in the near future.

The day when capital could be easily dissipated has passed away. 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 of capital would be a bright one. With increasing stability, increasing safety, decreasing risks and increasing land values, the property owners might face a prospect of unalloyed hopefulness.

Actually 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 (that springs from) activity INTO THE HANDS OF THE 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 its fulfillment?

So reads the last chapter of Prof. Nearing's new work on income. But the capitalist class of Pennsylvania has doubtless observed that with each new contribution, Scott Nearing enlarged his public. College youths, university professors, trade unionists and rebels of every hue alike, widened their horizon by reading his works. Facts and figures proved an unanswerable indictment of the capitalist system and the fine hand of the propertied interests arranged for the removal of one of the few remaining scholars in the state university.

Even articles and works of a largely statistical character brought Prof. Nearing into disrepute among the capitalists of Pennsylvania, who maintain state universities and colleges and other institutions of "learning" NOT for the propagation of truth, nor for scientific research that may benefit society as a whole, but for the inculcation of information and ideas that will prove economically and industrially PROFITABLE to the property-owning class.

Probably Professor Nearing did not enter upon his labors in the spirit of revolt with which so many young men embark upon their professional careers today. He brought to it, we believe, rather the broad vision of the true scientist, who observes and records and draws his conclusions from the data at hand. Note the scientific spirit with which he approaches his subject in the Adequacy of American Wages, recently published in the Annals of the American Academy:

"The adequacy of American wages, like any other question in social science, should be discussed in a spirit of honest truth-seeking. Everywhere the problem is leading to endless and often to bitter controversy between employers and wage earners, who ordinarily base their contention that wages are 'too high' or 'too low' upon tradition or prejudice rather than upon scientific analysis. The result is dissention and misunderstanding. The student of economics approaches the matter *scientifically*." (The italics are ours.)

Naturally he concludes that "American wages are inadequate, grossly inadequate, when viewed from any point of vantage afforded by the available social facts. . . . Speaking generally and in terms of family living, the present American wage scale is pathetically, grotesquely, viciously inadequate."

The University of Pennsylvania is a quasi public institution. Before it appealed to the state for aid, private capitalists had donated to it some \$18,000,000. And they ruled its policies through the agency of a self-perpetuating board of trustees with an iron hand. This board contained many capitalists, but not one working man. The Baldwin Locomotive Works, the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, the Girard Trust Company, the big department stores, the gas company and multifarious other

corporations were well represented. But labor, not at all.

The members of this board naturally became restless under the stinging accusations of this youthful instructor, and many rumbblings were heard. Nearing was offered other positions, but refused to accept them. His salary remained stationary, in spite of the recommendations of the head of the Department of Political Economy.

In the middle of June the trustees held a meeting, and a few days afterwards Prof. Nearing was curtly told of his discharge. No reason was assigned therefor. No case since, perhaps, that of Prof. Ross, has stirred up such a protest in the academic world. Few cases have shown so plainly the power of capital. In most other instances, the trustees can point to poor teaching, general incompatibility, lack of personality, bad character. They can thus divert attention from the real issue.

But here the case is a clear one. Professor Nearing is recognized by his fellow professors and students as one of the most successful teachers in the university; as a man of high moral standards; as a congenial colleague, as an excellent administrator.

"In losing Dr. Nearing," said Simon N. Patten, head of the department of economics at Wharton School, "the university loses one of its most effective men, a man of extraordinary ability, of superlative popularity and a man who, to my mind, exerted the greatest moral force for good in the university.

"He had the largest class in the university—there were 400 in his class—and no one could have done his work better. I taught his course fifteen years and superintended it for ten, and I know."

The testimony of Prof. Roswell C. McCrea, dean of the Wharton School, of J. Russell Smith, professor of Industry and others, is similar in its nature. The fact that Dr. Nearing's resignation was not made public until after the college body had scattered and were unable to get together in protest meetings, is indicative of the known popularity of Dr. Nearing and the fear that, if the report was circulated in any other portion of the year, the uproar would have been most disconcerting.

The issue is clearcut. Prof. Nearing was discharged—discharged at the time of the year when it was impossible for him to obtain another job for the coming season in

the academic world—because he held views obnoxious to the conservative board of trustees.—*American Socialist*.

The removal of Scott Nearing might have been foreseen long ago. He was a man among a class of men generally composed of caterers and panderers, a true scientist in the field of American industry and economics, who found, and, this is his unpardonable offense, made known the facts and conditions surrounding the production of wealth in America.

College professors are required to SUPPORT and eulogize the Rockfellers, the Morgans, the Baer mine owners, in order to hold their jobs just as governors and congressmen and politicians are expected to serve the interests of the capitalist class, and as the Billie Sundays and less spectacular clergy are encouraged to preach to the workers those "virtues" that shall mean more output in the factory and greater profits to the employers of labor.

The old party politician who fails to protect the interests of the propertied class commits political suicide. John P. Altgeld wiped out all hope of future political favors when, as governor of Illinois, he signed the pardon for the so-called Chicago anarchists, although it was acknowledged even then by Chicago newspaper reporters and the Chicago police force that the men imprisoned were innocent of the charges for which they had been sentenced.

The day of the clergymen who have meddled with things "temporal" (unless it be to the interest and profit of the capitalist class) has always been a short one. The college professor who performs brilliant research work in any field without due regard for the interests of the profit takers, is removed, both to make an end of his inimical investigations and to serve as a warning to other scientists.

The rewards for men in the professional classes are for those who serve the men who perpetrate gigantic social robberies, for those who lie about and misrepresent, the working class and the conditions under which it labors.

There is little freedom and less incentive for professional men to do honest, scientific work under the present system of society. Real education is only possible when untrammelled by the economic power of a ruling class.

ONE BIG UNION ON THE WAY

WHEREVER you run into a bunch of railroad boys these days who are alive and kicking, you will be surprised at the growth of the get-together sentiment. While recognizing the benefits they have received from their different brotherhoods in the past, they are grasping the idea that One Big Brotherhood would bring home the bacon when it comes to putting up a fight against the big bondholders who own the roads.

The idea of One Big Union, which will take in every worker in the big railroad family from section hand up, is going to be given a clear track as fast as the men grab the fact that they are never going to be able to get more money, better conditions and shorter hours unless they go after it themselves.

Of course, now and then you will run

across a bonehead who still believes that the interests of the men who run the road are identical with the men who own the road.

We have received hundreds of letters from railroad boys since the articles appeared in the REVIEW on "Fixing the Pay of Railroad Men," and the following quotations are taken at random.

An engineer writes: "Our present, organizations not being fighting machines, are everywhere at a standstill. Meanwhile, the rapid installation of electric power is taking place faster here than in any other part of the country. This fact alone is waking up the ultra-conservatives who have been coddled along with good runs by the company for years. They see their finish. It began two years ago, when suburban trains were increased from 5 to 15 cars; through trains from 8 to 15 or more cars,

and passenger mileage was cut 40 per cent. Freight trains went up from 30 to 85 or more cars. Forty per cent of the engineers were set back firing and almost 1,000 firemen were turned loose among the unemployed on this line alone."

A trainman states: "I know from bitter experience that any one who offers anything out of the ordinary company come-on stuff is called crazy by the stools who want to curry favor with 'the old man,' but I wish you would print the following extract from an editorial which appeared in our *Trainman's Magazine* for July. It is as follows:

"When it is remembered that at least one-fourth of the membership of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, the pick of America's best workmen, is entirely out of service or only partly employed, when every increase in business is cared for without the employment of an additional man, when every order for engines and cars shows that tonnage will increase and the number of the employed decrease, when every avenue of employment is closed because men can produce so much more than is needed, when even common labor is out of the question, there is room for discouragement, call it any name one likes."

"You can count on me to start the One Big Union ball rolling in our organization."

A railway clerk sends us a resolution of Cleveland, Ohio, Lodge, No. 47, an extract from which reads: "Resolved, That the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks go on record as favoring Industrial Unionism, and amalgamation of railroad and transportation organization into One Great Union."

The best news comes from Boston, Mass., where a railroad educational league has been formed by a bunch of railroad workers. Their first leaflet contains so much good stuff that we will print it in full, sincerely hoping that these educational leagues will spring up all over the country:

To the Railroad Workers of America

Boston, Mass., June 27, 1915.

The railroad brotherhoods, wherever organized, are beginning to realize that all the orders must work together in their struggle with the railroads in efforts to gain shorter hours, higher wages and better working conditions. And further, to counteract the degrading effects of abused power

of corporate wealth and the demoralization resulting from installation of labor-saving machinery, such as larger locomotives.

The members of said organizations realize that thousands of the best and bravest union men are today out of employment, for the very reason that the craft form of labor organization has failed to protect its members, through not keeping abreast of industrial progress. Although the evils arising from the use of larger power has been manifest and increasing for many years, no effective steps have been attempted by our weak craft unions to arrest injustice coming upon those deserving men, who in turn have depended upon these same crafts for livelihood.

The representative committees of these crafts, the General and Joint Boards of Adjustment, the Grand Lodge Officers and Conventions, have been stunned and bewildered at the effects arising from *INDUSTRIAL EVOLUTION*. And in the very face of still larger locomotives, with yet more labor-displacing machinery and more disemployment, these bodies remain awe-stricken and helpless. They are fearful of taking the first militant steps of free men defending their means of livelihood, indisposed or afraid to estimate our brotherhoods at their true value as fighting implements in honorable warfare, indisposed to join with those bodies, which can be commanded as allies, afraid to declare that no form of labor-displacing machinery or industrial development shall ever be allowed to deprive willing and skilled workers from a job and thereby of opportunity to maintain a home, unable to raise the glorious banner of unionism, with its transcendent inscription:—*INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS SHALL BECOME A BLESSING INSTEAD OF A CURSE TO MANKIND*.

We should, therefore, in every meeting where all crafts assemble, extend our most cordial and heartfelt appreciation to our several crafts for whatever measure of blessings we now enjoy, and we urge our Brothers not to despair. That from this time on we must renew with increased energy and resolute purpose the warfare against capitalistic greed. That this struggle must be continued with increased confidence, rigor and determination, with steadfast resolve to win more things in the future than have been won in the past.

We, the members of these several organizations, will always pledge our continued support to our committees in every effort they may make in bringing our several orders together into one fighting unit. And we should demand that as soon as this can be effected, we should turn all our power toward acquiring the eight hour 80-mile day in road service, four-hour 70-mile day in passenger service, an eight hour day in switching service, with universal double time for all overtime and no reduction in rates.

Our members, wherever located, should arrange at once for the calling of meetings of all railroad employees who are members of craft unions, for the purpose of allowing all to consult together freely and discuss the formation of that most powerful of labor unions, *THE INDUSTRIAL LABOR UNION*.

In order that this form of labor organization may come into being with the least possible friction, we should preserve our several orders as we

have them at present, but at once weld them into one fighting unit, as a means for recovering lost opportunities, carrying out our future program, to stimulate the study of labor problems and to insure a brighter future. A moment's reflection will demonstrate to even the thoughtless, that only in this manner can the forces of labor be united and directed to better advantage in the future than in the past.

In forwarding our program for better conditions and shorter hours, we should ignore the pleas of the illegitimate holders of stolen plunder, and recognize that all who urge these pleas are advising us to betray our own interests and forget our rights. And because of our overwhelming

numbers they are also the enemy of civilization. After what we have seen of labor's disemployment, it should teach us to always cling close to our own interests. Should the railroads threaten receivership we can say with truth that we would as willingly take our chances with a plunder-owned government as with the plunderers themselves.

In the face of these unsolved problems, therefore, let us devote every effort to extending these meetings into every terminal on this system, then to other railroad systems, and with all possible speed, to the end that employment may be restored, justice done to all, and a bloody revolution averted.

RAILROAD WORKERS EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE.

THE STORY OF MONEY

By ROBERT H. HOWE

THE division of Labor caused the invention of money. As soon as money was invented and came into use to any considerable extent, means were taken to introduce substitutes or representatives which were of nominal value.

The earliest mediums of exchange used were the skins of animals. When these were too bulky and inconvenient to handle, a small irregular piece was cut out of the skin. This was the token that the skin from which it had been cut belonged to the holder of the small bit of leather, and ownership was proved by fitting it into the place from which it had been cut.

Leather money was used by the Carthaginians and Romans and was in circulation in Russia as late as the reign of Peter the Great. Leather money made from the skins of white deer was in use in China before the Christian era.

Paper money was in circulation in China four or five hundred years before it was issued by the Bank of England, and the Emperor of Tartary issued both paper and leather money during the fourteenth century.

In China the paper money was called "flying money" and when it became soiled or mutilated it could be returned to the treasury and exchanged for new notes. The same was true in Tartary and Persia.

The use of skins as a medium of payment was nearly universal in the early history of

America. The transactions of the Hudson Bay Company were based on "skins." One beaver skin was supposed to be worth two shillings; twenty skins would pay for a gun worth about forty shillings. Sometimes a gun was sold by standing it upright on the ground and piling skins beside it until the pile reached as high as the muzzle of the gun. All kinds of skins were included and the pile would contain not only coon, beaver and deer skins, but often sea otter, arctic fox and other rare and valuable furs. This method of dealing with the Indians and trappers undoubtedly explains why the guns of that period had such extraordinarily long barrels.

During Colonial days in America not only were beaver and coon skins used as money, but also musket balls. Wampum, which was made by the Indians out of shells and which they strung in the shape of belts, was another medium of exchange and was made legal tender in Massachusetts to the amount of forty shillings. Cows were also legal tender for taxes, but, as might be expected, the thrifty New Englanders always paid with the scrawniest specimens.

In Virginia and Maryland, on account of the scarcity of coin, corn and tobacco were used in payment of debts—the tobacco at the rate of three shillings per pound, and a refusal to accept carried a penalty of three years at hard labor. Women brought over

from England by the London Company were sold to the settlers as wives for one hundred pounds of tobacco. The price was afterwards raised to one hundred and fifty pounds.

In the West Indies raw produce, such as sugar, rum, molasses, ginger, indigo and tobacco, was similarly used. In Newfoundland dried codfish was used at a very recent period. Every country of Europe and Asia gives evidence of the use of vegetable and manufactured products as money.

Wheat from the time of ancient Greece to the present has been used, and in Norway it was deposited in banks and borrowed and lent.

Along the shores of the Mediterranean olive oil and in some places almonds were used, as was also salt in Abyssinia, Mexico and Sumatra, and in the latter country cubes of beeswax.

In Western China and Thibet tea pressed into small, hard cubes, called "brick tea," passes current. Fiji Islanders have a currency in whales' teeth and one red one is of the same value as twenty white ones.

In passing from barter, or the use of vegetable or manufactured articles, to metallic coins as money, an evident attempt was made to connect the coin, either by shape or design, with the article it was supposed to represent. In China cloth and knives having to a certain extent been used as a standard of value, the earliest coins were made to resemble pieces of cloth or knives. In ancient Rome the substitution of coin for cattle was marked by impressing upon the coin a design of an ox or sow.

Coins being once invented, their utility was easily perceived and their use spread into all the channels of trade and greatly stimulated commerce.

The next step in the evolution was the use of token, or representative money, in place of the standard coins whose nominal value was coincident with their metallic value.

The transportation of any considerable amount of gold or silver coins was attended with a large amount of labor and risk, and this was obviated by depositing the coins in bank and transferring the title by means of a bill of exchange.

The Bank of Venice and the various banks of deposit in Europe are prominent milestones which mark the path of progress from primitive barter to an ideal financial

system. The experience thus gained aided in the further extension of the use of book accounts in transferring credits or offsetting debts.

The traders of medieval Europe had a method of offsetting debts that closely resembles the modern system of clearing checks by banks today. The great fairs that were formerly held all through Europe during the middle ages were attended by traders from many countries, who came with long caravans, and exchanged the merchandise manufactured in their country for the goods brought to the fair by the traders from other countries.

The retail trade in these fairs bore only a small proportion to the whole volume, the largest share of the trade being in bulk between traders. At the close of the fair they met in a large room for the purpose of settling their accounts. This was accomplished by mutually offsetting their debts and credits with each other, only the differences, which were usually small, being paid in cash. Boisguilbert tells of one fair held at Lyons, France, at the close of which debts to the amount of 80,000,000 francs were thus balanced against each other without the use of a single coin.

About the year 1775 or 1780, after the use of bank checks was introduced, the clerks of some of the London bankers instead of going to each bank to collect the money on the checks made an arrangement with each other to meet at a certain place and "swap" their checks, afterwards paying the difference only in cash. The safety and convenience of this method led a few of the London bankers—then all private bankers—to rent a room where their clerks could meet privately and exchange their checks, notes and bills. It was kept a profound secret from the public, and a number of bankers refused to join, as they believed it to be a very questionable business arrangement. But as time went on the economy of time, as well as work, together with the elimination of the risk consequent on uselessly transporting coins daily through the street from one bank to the other, and then back again, won the day, and since then the Clearing House has become a highly respectable institution.

The Clearing House, as at first established, was a great labor-saving institution, and saved the use of money between banks in the payment of checks, except for the

balances, which average only about 5 per cent of the total.

But even this 5 per cent is not now paid in the majority of Clearing Houses. In London all the member banks, and the Clearing House itself keep an account with the Bank of England, and the differences are settled by means of checks, which transfer the amounts from one account to the other on the books of the Bank of England.

It will thus be seen that the immense commerce of England is carried on by means of book accounts, bills of exchange, and checks, and these latter are paid and cancelled without the use of a single coin or bank bill. This also includes the country banks of England, who are also members and whose checks are cleared through the Clearing House.

The same is true to a large extent in this country. While in some Clearing Houses in America balances are presumably paid in cash, they are in a large number of cases "traded"—the banks having credit balances giving orders on the Clearing House to the debtor banks with which to pay their debit balances.

These orders are paid for by a cashier's check, which goes through the Clearing House the next day.

In the Philadelphia Clearing House no money whatever is used, as they have adopted the London system of paying balances by check. In the smaller towns the banks exchange checks with one another and the difference is settled by giving a bank draft on Chicago or New York. In times of panic the New York and Chicago Clearing Houses revert to the use of Clearing House certificates in place of money in paying balances.

It ought to be patent to any one watching the current of events that money in the generally accepted sense is becoming obso-

lete as a means of exchanging services or commodities. This work, formerly done with a vast amount of labor and risk, is now being done in an enormously increased volume, in a convenient, safe and economical manner, by means of book accounts, bills of exchange, checks and the clearing system.

The coins of America have almost entirely disappeared from circulation with the exception of the silver coins used in retail trade, and these are merely tokens and are worth as bullion only about one-half their nominal value. The same is true of the nickel five cent pieces and the copper cents. These coins are used merely as counters.

With the elimination of gold coins the last vestige of commodity money will have finally disappeared, at least so far as America is concerned.

Any commodity which fluctuates in value either from the effect of a diminishing or increasing supply, or from the increase or decrease in the cost of production, is a poor instrument by which to measure the relative exchange value of other commodities with itself or with each other.

The labor time necessary to produce an article will ultimately be the standard by which its exchange value will be estimated.

Any financial legislation in the future must be based on a full knowledge of the history of money and banking. It must be in harmony with the evolutionary tendencies ascertained by a study of their development. Society must be protected from disastrous results, such as were caused by errors in the past, so far as human intelligence can be depended upon.

Some day society will take the place of the capitalist as the organizer and director of industry, and then production can and will be carried on for use and not for profit.

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to Be Published By Us This Month



MATHEW SCHMIDT.

DAVID CAPLAN.

A CALL TO WORKERS

To Our Comrades and Friends, Everywhere:

Many of you know us, many more do not. We feel that personal word from us to you, comrades and friends, known and unknown, will help to clarify our position, bring us closer to each other, and result in a more intimate understanding.

We are in the midst of a great struggle—in the warfare of the disinherited against those who have dispossessed them of the earth and of the sunshine of life. It is a brave continuous struggle, and it is growing more and more intense every day, for labor is being forced to fight for its very life.

This struggle has many phases, and in some of them we have had our part. Thus we have become hostages of the enemy, prisoners of the great social war. But not we as individuals only; rather as two soldiers of the labor hosts whom the fortunes of war have happened to place in the front of the battle.

Of this we are firmly convinced, comrades: It is *not* our individual fight, but the fight of the oppressed and exploited against the masters of life. It has been our honor to be selected by the enemy as their sacrificial offer to Mammon, in our persons to terrorize and still further to crush regellius labor.

Not that they will ever succeed in breaking the revolutionary spirit of the masses or extinguishing the eternal yearning for greater liberty and well-being. Humanity will go on and on in its great battle against tyranny and exploitation till the last chain has been struck from the last wage slave.

But to accomplish this great purpose of the ages it is necessary continuously to rouse the people to the consciousness of their wrongs and to awaken them to the tremendous power of their united, solidaric action.

Our case, among many others, presents a most valuable opportunity for such activity. For our case is in reality and fundamentally but a phase of the great labor drama, and when we stand before the bar of capitalism in the forthcoming trial in the courts of Los Angeles, it will not be only we, Caplan and Schmidt, who will be called upon to defend our devotion to labor and our enmity to capital, but in our persons it will be *militant labor on trial*.

Every victory of capital against labor means the greater oppression, the weakening and the discouragement of the workers. Speaking not as defendants, but quite impersonally as revolutionists, we say to you, comrades and friends, that to permit such a victory as in the recent case of John Lawson, of Colorado, means to commit a crime against the revolutionary proletariat. Intrenched capital will have but few such victories to boast of if the masses of militant labor will close ranks, forgetting their intellectual differences and personal disagreements, and thus present a united, invincible front to all the powers of darkness and oppression.

We therefore call upon you, comrades and friends, and upon all fellow-workers in the great cause of labor's emancipation, to raise your mighty voice throughout this land and to proclaim to the world in clear, clarion tones the liberating message of the determined solidarity of labor, AN INJURY TO ONE IS THE CONCERN OF ALL.

Not as Caplan and Schmidt do we sound this note. We speak as soldiers of the great social war, as members of the revolutionary international proletariat.

We beg no mercy from the enemy; we expect no justice from the exploiters of humanity. *We demand to be restored to labor*, that we may join the ranks of the workers fighting for the better day.

Fraternally,

(Signed) DAVID CAPLAN,
MATHEW SCHMIDT.

Los Angeles, Calif., County Jail, June 30, 1915.

HELP FREE THESE STEEL WORKERS

Fellow Workers:

Can you hear the voices of these men coming from the depths of their prison cells. They are appealing to you to awaken and unite your strength. They are not asking this in their own behalf, but for yourselves. They realize that their fight is your fight. They are demanding that you understand this principle of labor as they know it. That "an injury to one is an injury to all."

The exploiters of Los Angeles, California, are the exploiters of the world. The struggle that is taking place there is a phase of the struggle that is going on everywhere.

In France, when Durand, the secretary of the Coal Heavers' Union, was sentenced to the guillotine for a murder that was committed two months after he had made a certain speech, the workers arose and said: "You must release our brother or we will

close down the industries of the nation." Fearful of a general strike, the masters of bread opened wide the prison doors and Durand stepped forth a free man.

What has been done in France can be done in this country. It will require direct action. The kind of action that the workers best understand.

If the United Mine Workers of America would say to the coal barons, "Release John Lawson or we will close down the coal mines," Lawson's freedom would be assured. If the workers of the nation would make the same demand in the case of Rangel and Cline, Joe Hill, Ford and Suhr, Caplan and Schmidt, the jail doors would swing outward and these members of the working class would again step into the sunlight of freedom.

The condition of the working class of Los Angeles is so deplorable that for many years organized labor has made a continuous effort to bring it up to the level of other parts of the state. It is a city of thieves and slaves, principally real estate dealers who have laid their snares for the unwary, and slaves who make the city beautiful for a wage that means a mere subsistence.

Other employers of California threatened to reduce the standard of living to that of

Los Angeles. The workers redoubled their energy that this should not be done.

The *Los Angeles Times*, the vilest sheet that was ever published, was the leader of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association of Los Angeles. It bitterly reviled and attacked the labor organizations. One night it was destroyed. The McNamaras pleaded guilty, but only under great duress, and they were sentenced to prison. It was then understood that there should be no further prosecutions in this particular affair. But Caplan and Schmidt had been arrested for complicity. The Golden Rule is not effective where profits are concerned. The men in jail are opposed to a condition of society where profits and dividends are the result of human toil.

They are demanding of you that you stand shoulder to shoulder with them, in the great battles of the working class, where industrial freedom is the goal.

Caplan and Schmidt have been offered a minimum sentence in exchange for a plea of guilty. To this they have replied, "No; not even to get off with a \$10 fine."

There is something that you can do for these men. Do it and leave these words behind to indicate the reason:

**WE DEMAND THE RELEASE OF
CAPLAN AND SCHMIDT!**

Send all funds to Tom Barker, Room 201 Labor Temple, Los Angeles, Calif.



LET US PRINT YOUR BOOK

¶ If you wish to publish a book on any subject, get our advice before you close a printing contract.

¶ We buy choice book papers direct from the mills. We have favorable contracts with some of the best **Union** printing and binding houses in America. We have thirty years' experience in book-making. We can give you the BEST work at a fair price. We will, if desired, put your book into the hands of the important book-reviewers of the country. Address

CHARLES H. KERR & COMPANY, 341 - 349 East Ohio Street, Chicago

SAVAGE SURVIVALS IN HIGHER PEOPLES

By PROF. J. HOWARD MOORE

IV.—THE ORIGIN OF HIGHER PEOPLES—(Continued).

9. How Different Races Arose.

It is not probable that original men were of various colors—some black and some white and some orange and some copper and some brown. It seems more likely that they were all alike, all one color, and that the different races have come about as a result of the different surroundings in which they have lived for so many thousands of years. There are reasons for believing that original men were dark in skin and hair, and rather animal-like in character and intelligence. The first men were very certainly not white. The animals most nearly related to man (and the ones from whom he has probably developed; i. e., the man-like apes), are *not white* animals but *dark*. The lower races of men are also prevailingly dark, not white, in skin and hair. The difference in color, size, character, and mental ability which exist today have been caused by differences in climate, soil, food, and natural surroundings to which they have been subjected.

10. Infant and Advanced Races.

Some races have made great changes in their appearance and surroundings and nature and powers of mind, and are today very different from those far-off Lemurians who dwelt so long ago in that cradle land of India. Other races have been more fixed, and have remained more nearly in the early condition. We call these latter *savages*. Savages are more nearly people who are in the infant stages of human development. Most of the brown race are in this primitive condition of mankind. And a large part of the people of Africa are either in the savage stage or the stage of barbarism, which is intermediate between savagery and civilization. Some of the lowest Indian tribes were in the savage stage when first found by white peoples, but most of them were in the stage of barbarism. The race which has been most talented and enterprising and which has played the

most distinguished role in the affairs of the world has been the white race.

11. Ages of Mankind.

Man's first tools were probably of wood or stone. It doesn't require a high order of ingenuity to turn a limb of a tree into a club or a stone into a missile, but this is more ingenuity than most animals possess. Baboons will sometimes throw stones at their enemies, and an elephant will break off the branch of a tree and use it as a fly-brush. Wasps have been observed to use tiny pebbles as hammers in packing the dirt firmly into their burrows. But most sub-humans have no tools other than certain parts of their bodies which are adapted to certain ends.

Man's first inventions were not agricultural implements, but weapons. The greatest anxiety of original man was not how to get something to eat, but how to keep from being eaten. And so one of the very first things man did when he began to branch out in his career of world conquest was to arm himself.

The development of mankind has been divided into Ages or Stages, each Age representing a certain degree of advancement and culture. These Ages are often known as the Stone Age, the Bronze Age, and the Iron Age, so-called from the material which man used prevailingly for his weapons and tools.

But a more helpful subdivision is the division into *Savagery*, *Barbarism*, and *Civilization*. The following nine stages made by Morgan in his "Ancient Society" are probably as good as any:

1. *Lower Savagery*, extending from the beginning of man to the invention of the art of fire-making and the acquisition of a fish diet.

During this stage the human species was small in numbers, and was restricted in habitat to a small area somewhere in the tropics. These children of nature were

very rude. They were the first rough-draughts of men and women. But they had one thing that no other animals on the earth at that time had, and that was a simple, spoken language. They could *talk* to each other.

Some of the tribes of the interior of Borneo and the Malay Peninsula are still in this lowest human stage.

2. *Middle Savagery*, from the invention of the art of fire-making and the acquisition of a fish diet to the invention of the bow and arrow.

It was during this stage that mankind spread from its original habitat, somewhere in tropical Asia or Africa, over a large portion of the earth. The ability to make fire artificially enabled men to leave the regions of perpetual warmth and spread to the colder parts of the earth. The spear and the club were probably the only important inventions men had made when they began to scatter over the world, that is, the only ones besides fire-making; because these are the only inventions common to all the races of men.

The native Australians and the most of the Polynesians were in this stage when discovered by the white race.

3. *Upper Savagery*, from the invention of the bow and arrow to the invention of the art of making pottery.

The invention of the bow and arrow was a very important one. It corresponds in importance to the invention of the sword during the period of barbarism and of fire-arms during the period of civilization.

Some of the lowest tribes of the American Indians were in the stage of Upper Savagery when first found by the white peoples.

4. *Lower Barbarism*, from the invention of pottery to the domestication of animals in the eastern hemisphere and the domestication of the corn plant in the western hemisphere.

The art of making pottery probably arose in connection with the art of cooking, and in its simplest beginnings consisted in merely coating wooden cooking vessels with clay to keep them from burning.

It is impossible for us to realize what hard conditions man has had to pass through in climbing to his present position of luxury and power. The Romans had no sugar. Washington never saw a stove. The people in the main part of the world never

had any potatoes, corn, tomatoes, peanuts, nor turkeys until after America was discovered. In very early ages men cooked with hot stones, in wooden cooking vessels. They put clay on these vessels to keep them from burning, and learned to harden it by fire, finally coming to use clay vessels altogether.

Most of the Indian tribes in the United States east of the Missouri river, and many of the tribes of Asia and Europe were in the stage of Lower Barbarism.

5. *Middle Barbarism*, from the domestication of animals in the East and of the corn plant in the West to the invention of the art of smelting iron ore and the use of iron tools.

The village Indians of Mexico, New Mexico, Central America, and Peru were in this stage when found by Europeans. So also were the Britons, the people who lived in Great Britain when the Angles and Saxons came over there, although the Britons had some knowledge of iron.

6. *Upper Barbarism*, from the smelting of iron ore and the use of iron tools to the invention of the alphabet.

The four events of pre-eminent importance in the period of Barbarism were the following: The invention of the process of smelting iron ore, the domestication of animals, the discovery of the cereals, and the use of stone in architecture. "The production of iron was the event of events in human experience, without a parallel and without an equal, beside which all other inventions and discoveries were subordinate or inconsiderable." (Morgan.) Some historians believe that mankind might have remained in the stage of Barbarism to the present day, if men had not learned how to produce this king of metals.

The Greek tribes of the age of Homer, the Italian tribes just before the founding of Rome, and the German tribes of the time of Caesar were in Upper Barbarism.

7. *Ancient Civilization*, from the invention of the alphabet to about 500 A. D. in European history.

8. *Medieval Civilization*, from about 500 A. D. to about 1500 A. D.

9. *Modern Civilization*, from about 1500 A. D. to the present time.

The period of Savagery was a very long one—much longer than the periods of Barbarism and Civilization taken together. If we take 300,000 years as the length of time

man has existed on the earth, then something like 200,000 of these years must be given to the period of Savagery. Men moved very slowly at first. Savages almost stand still. They have no ideas of *progress*. Their great anxiety is to do things as their ancestors did them. Only in the highest peoples of the earth do we find any real desire to progress, and only in a few individuals among these highest races.

12. The Occupations of Savages.

Among the higher races of men, the chief occupations are agriculture, stock-raising, manufacturing, mining, and commerce. These occupations are represented very feebly, if at all, among the lowest races of men. Savages live on the *wide* world—on the wild plants and the wild animals.

The chief occupations of savages are *hunting, fishing, and fighting*. The savage lives "from hand to mouth." He hasn't the understanding to look ahead to the future, and his means of production are too feeble to enable him to accumulate anything ahead even if he knew enough to do so.

Although the savage is without domesticated plants and animals, he is well supplied with *enemies*. The chronic condition of savage men is one of *war*. The savage is compelled constantly to defend himself not only against other men, but against wild animals by whom he is surrounded. He slays other animals both for food and in self-preservation. The larger and more dangerous flesh-eating animals are today swept from the earth. But this condition of things has come about only after a long and bloody struggle between human beings with their bows and arrows and spears, and the non-human beings with their teeth and claws.

Savages live in small groups called *tribes*, which are almost constantly at war with each other. The general condition of peace prevailing among higher men is unknown to savages. With savages war is the normal state, and peace the exception. The business of killing and of being killed is carried on by the *men*,—the women, for the most part, following other occupations.

Women are the drudges and burden-bearers among the savages. They do all the hard work. The condition of women among primitive peoples is everywhere deplorable and unhappy. The men are more powerful than the women, and they use

their superior strength to enslave women and to force upon them the hard and disagreeable tasks of life. The courtesy, respect, and protection shown to women among the higher human races are unknown among the lower races. The women of savages prepare the food and take care of the young. They act as pack animals for the tribe, and, if the tribe is intelligent enough to engage in agriculture, the women do the work in the fields.

The men look with contempt on women's work. An Eskimo will go out and kill a seal and bring it to shore near his tent. But, according to his way of thinking, it would be a disgrace for him even to pull the seal out of the water. That is woman's work. He probably feels about work of that kind much as we higher men feel about getting out a washing or cooking our own meals.

The hunting of water animals is called *fishing*. You can't hunt fishes on horseback nor with dogs. The most common method of fishing is by *deception*, by offering the fishes food or something that looks like food, and then, when they come to get it, arresting them by a hook concealed in the offering.

13. The Nature of Savages.

Lubbock in his "Origin of Civilization" cites hundreds of instances of savage rudeness and barbarity which seem almost unbelievable to one accustomed all his life to types of human character such as are found in Europe and America.

The following paragraph is about the Sioux Indians. It was written by a man who lived among them for a number of years, and knew them thoroughly:

"They are bigoted, barbarous, and exceedingly superstitious. They regard most of the vices of higher men as virtues. Theft, arson, rape, and murder are regarded by them as the means of distinction. The young Indian is taught from childhood that killing is the highest of virtues. In their dances and at their feasts the warriors recite their deeds of theft, pillage, and slaughter as precious things. And the highest ambition of a young Indian is to secure the "feather," which is the evidence of his having murdered or participated in the murder of some human being—whether man, woman, or child is immaterial."

"Conscience," says Burton, "does not ex-

ist in East Africa; and repentance simply expresses regret for missed opportunities for crime. Robbery makes the honorable man, and murder makes the hero."

When the Fuegians, who inhabit the southern extremity of South America, are hard pressed by want, they kill their old women rather than their dogs, saying: "Old women no use; dogs kill others."

"What," said a negro to Burton, "am I to starve while my sister has children whom she can sell?" The idea!—that he should go hungry so long as he had nieces and nephews who could be put on the market!

Speaking of the wild men in the interior of Borneo, Lubbock says:

"They live absolutely in a state of nature, neither cultivating the soil nor living in huts. They move about the woods like wild animals. When the children are old enough to shift for themselves, they usually separate, neither one afterwards thinking of the other. At night they sleep under some large tree whose branches hang low."

When the natives of Australia first saw pack oxen, some of them were frightened and took them for demons with spears on their heads, while others thought they were the wives of the settlers because they carried the baggage.

Savages cry easily and are afraid of the dark; they are fond of pets and toys; they have weak wills and feeble reasoning powers; they are notoriously fickle and unreliable, and exceedingly given to exaggeration of their own importance—in all of these particulars being much like the children of the higher races of men.

Richard says of the Dogrib Indians: "However great the reward they were to receive at the end of their journey, they could not be depended on to carry letters. Any slight difficulty, a prospect of a good meal, or a sudden impulse to do this or that, was enough to turn them aside for an indefinite length of time."

A writer, speaking of the wild tribes in the Malay Peninsula, says that they are always restless and always seem to think that they would be better off in some other place than the one they are in at the time. Like children, they almost always act impulsively, being rarely guided by reflection.

Of the South Sea Islanders, it is said that they express any strong passion that affects them by crying, and, like children, seem to forget their tears as soon as they

are shed. A New Zealand chief is said to have, "cried like a child because the sailors soiled his favorite cloak by spilling flour on it."

Captain Cook says that the king and queen of Tahiti amused themselves with two large dolls. And according to Burton the Negro kings of Western Africa generally "are delighted with toys, rubber faces, and other trinkets such as would be acceptable to a child of eight—which the Negro is."

Like the child, the savage is exceedingly variable, and chameleonic in his nature, being driven hither and thither by whatever feelings and impulses happen along from time to time. He is governed by individual emotions, which successively depose one another, instead of by a council of the emotions. The nature of the savage is a series of emotional despotisms, instead of a republic presided over by reason.

14. The Understanding of Savages.

To the savage, things are what they *seem* to be. He does not look below the surface to find *causes*. He explains things as a child would explain them. The sun actually rises and sets, as it seem to do. The winds are living things. Diseases are caused by evil spirits which get into the bodies of the sick and drive out the natural spirits. Dreams are real experiences which the soul goes through in its wanderings outside the body when the body is asleep. A man's shadow or his image reflected in the water is a real part of himself. Savages are very reluctant about having their picture taken, because they believe that the picture is something that has been extracted from themselves. The Basutos (Africa) are very careful when they walk along a river not to let their shadow fall into the water, for fear the crocodile will get it, and by means of the shadow drag them into the river and eat them.

Thunder, among savages, is often regarded as an actual deity or as the voice of a deity. "One night," says Tanner, "an Indian chief became much alarmed at the violence of the storm and got up and offered some tobacco to the thunder, begging it to stop."

To the mind of the savage every object has a spirit, and this spirit causes the object to do whatever it does. A watch is a living thing. The ticking of the watch is believed

to be caused by the spirit of the watch. The howl of the wind is the voice of the wind—the voice of something alive. When a tree falls in the forest, the savage believes that a spirit gets inside the tree and throws it down. And if the tree happens to fall on him he believes that the spirit has a grudge against him, and hurled the tree in his direction on purpose. The savage knows nothing of *natural law*, nothing of chemistry and physics, nor physiology. When fire burns a piece of wood, it is the understanding of the savage that the substance of that piece of wood goes out of existence.

There are good spirits and bad spirits, the bad spirits being supposed to be more numerous and energetic than the good spirits. The good spirits are believed by the savage to be on his side, and the bad spirits are the ones he is all the time trying either to outwit or to gain the favor of. When he has had a good day's hunting or has won a victory over his enemies, he credits his success to the aid of the good spirits. On the other hand, when he fails in his undertakings, or has some accident, or gets sick, he believes that his misfortunes are caused by evil spirits. The great problem with the savage is the problem of dealing successfully with these two different kinds of spirits, which haunt him and hover over him and dog his footsteps day and night from his cradle to his grave.

The practice of medicine among savages is based on the theory that disease is caused by the displacement of one spirit by another, the usurping spirit being a demon or evil spirit. There are no microbes among savages. Instead of antitoxins, savage doctors use tom-toms and bitter medicines. Their task is "to cast out" the evil spirit that has wormed its way into their patient. And they do it either by making loud noises and scaring the intruder out, or by pouring vile drugs into the patient and in this way making it so unpleasant for the demon that it will move on.

When any one dies, the savage believes that the spirit of the dead hangs around the place where the body is buried for some time. The notion of "haunted houses" and of the prevalence of "ghosts" about graveyards is a modern survival of this old savage theory of spirits.

Witchcraft is common everywhere among primitive men. A *witch* is a person who by

means of charms or magic words is supposed to be able to invoke the enmity of evil spirits on whomsoever he wishes. And the power supposed to be exercised by witches is called witchcraft. Even within historic times witch-hunting has been an honorable business. Witchcraft was one of the worst superstitions that ever afflicted the human mind. And it was not until comparatively recent times that it was finally shaken off. The writings of Shakespeare indicate that it was universally believed in in his day. The people of Salem, Mass., considered it undeniable for a time: and witches were legally executed in the city of Mexico as late as 1873.

Many savage races cannot comprehend numbers greater than 5 or 6, and are unable to solve the simplest mathematical problems without using the fingers. A savage can't do mental arithmetic. He hasn't the machinery.

The mind of the savage is concrete. It is able to deal with actual things only. Abstract ideas, such as those of numbers, are foreign to the simple sense intelligence of the savage. "They puzzle very much after five in counting," says a writer in speaking of the Demora negroes, "because no spare hand remains to grasp and secure the fingers that are required for units. Yet they seldom lose oxen. The way they discover the loss of one is not by the number of the herd being diminished, but by the absence of a face they know. When bartering is on, each sheep must be paid for separately. Thus, suppose two sticks of tobacco to be the price of one sheep. It would sorely puzzle a Damora for one to take two sheep and give him four sticks." This same writer says in another place: "A Damora may know the road perfectly from A to B, and again from B to C, but he would have no idea of a straight cut from A to C."

A study of the implements and weapons of savages show that these implements and weapons have been the products of many thousands of years of improvements. They have not been invented. They have arisen by small modifications which were made from time to time, largely by accident. The natural selection of the best of these implements has led to the various appliances, without any distinct invention of them.

(To be continued)

SENTENCED TO BE SHOT—ACT QUICK!

Fellow Workers:

The exploiting class of Utah are determined that Joe Hill shall be executed. Our fellow-worker has made himself obnoxious to them. His message of solidarity resounds in their ears.

The Supreme Court of Utah has affirmed the action of the district court and Joe Hill will soon again be sentenced to death.

The decision says in part:

"Thus, on review of the record we are satisfied that there is sufficient evidence to support the verdict; that the record is free from error, and that the defendant had a fair and impartial trial, in which he was granted every right and privilege vouchsafed by the law. Hence does it follow that the judgment of the court below must be affirmed. Such is the order."

This was rendered after Judge Hilton's appeal to the court wherein he shows that the state failed to establish a case against Joe Hill; the prosecution failed to show a motive for the crime; the defendant was not identified by any witnesses; he was convicted on the flimsiest kind of circumstantial evidence.

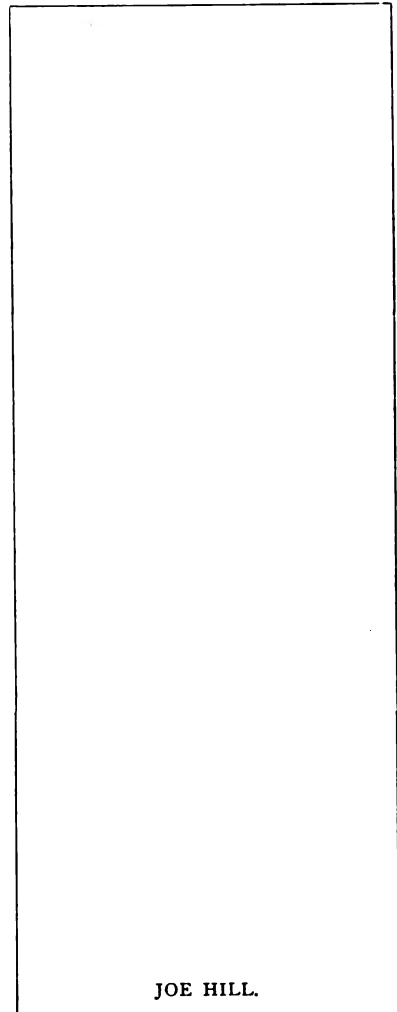
During the course of the trial Joe Hill discharged the attorneys that had been appointed for him, but the judge retained them, thus refusing the man counsel and denying him the privilege of conducting his own defense.

As a result of these methods of the court he was convicted and sentenced to death. The state of Utah is the one state in the Union that gives a condemned man the choice of either being shot or hanged. Fellow-Worker Hill chose to be shot. His case was then appealed.

The decision of the higher court has now been rendered. The case will be taken to the United States Supreme Court. But in the interim action is necessary. The fellow-workers of Joe Hill, his friends and sympathizers, should direct their demands to the board of pardons of Utah. Letters, telegrams, petitions and protests should be sent to that board.

Do not neglect to write to Governor Spry of the board of pardons as each appeal for clemency will have its weight.

Your letters should be forceful and convincing, couched in earnest language, but not threatening, as that may do more harm than good. Economic pressure will be used wherever possible. Get up a petition.



Do something to save the life of Joe Hill. Send funds to George Child, treasurer Joe Hill Defense Fund, 215 East First South street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

WM. D. HAYWOOD,
General Secretary-Treasurer,
Industrial Workers of the World.

THE NEW INTERNATIONAL

By CARRIE W. ALLEN

THE European war has proven that resonant resolutions are not enough to prevent war. To found an International that will endure the shock of a war crisis, the Socialists must be prepared with a plan of action—International action—to be used in advance of an outbreak of war.

With this thought in mind I crossed the Place de la Concorde and went over the Seine to the Chamber of Deputies to have a talk with Jean Longuet, deputy from the district of the Seine.

Longuet happens to be a grandson of Karl Marx, father of the International, and is one of the most able of French intellectuals. That he is a popular member of the Chamber could scarcely be doubted, for when the sergeant called his name it was evident that half the visitors in the ante-room were waiting to see him. I was ushered into the reception room with convalescent soldiers, women in deep mourning, and others. As soon as Deputy Longuet had given attention to his visitors, he turned to give a cordial greeting to the woman from America.

Before beginning the interview, he called my attention to a large painting which occupies the space on one side of the reception room. Curiously, the only painting that has ever been made of the French Chamber of Deputies shows Jean Jaures in the speaker's stand in the midst of one of his impassioned utterances—Jaures, whose matchless oratory so often held the Chamber spell-bound; Jaures, whose life went out because of his anti-militarist principles; Jaures, whose last public speech was marked by these words: "The only treaty we are bound to respect is that which binds us to the human race."

The spirit of Jaures seemed to be upon Jean Longuet, as he spoke most earnestly to me of the present necessity of laying the groundwork if we are to have an International after the war is over. As Longuet's position is that of most of the Socialists whom I met in Europe, and of many German Socialists also, I shall give both questions and Longuet's replies in order to make that position quite clear:

"Mr. Longuet, do you consider that the fact that Germany alone was ready for the war is proof of the guilt of the Prussian dictators of Germany's foreign policy?"

Longuet replied, "The fact that Germany was more ready than any of her opponents is, to a large degree, a proof of the guilt of the 'powers that be' in Germany. They had for a long time made up their minds to make war, having, as Bernhardt puts it, the 'right' and 'the duty' to make war."

"Do you believe that Germany today, under the domination of the Prussian Junkers, is the most powerful autocracy in the world?"

"I do not know if Germany is the most powerful autocracy in the world; Russia may be a more autocratic country, but her governmental machine has not reached the perfection of Germany's."

"Do you think that the Social-Democratic members of the Reichstag betrayed the principles of International Socialism when they voted the war credits?"

Mr. Longuet said slowly and with deliberation, "I think that when the war came the Social-Democratic members of the Reichstag were desperately weak if not traitors to Socialism. We all understand that they may have been deluded by the artful talk of the government about defending the Fatherland. But, at any rate, they ought to have raised an energetic protest against the violation of Belgium's territory, against the secret diplomacy's tricks, and the whole criminal business. Unfortunately they have not done it."

"Do you think the Socialists of France and of England would have fought as a unit against the war if the German Social-Democrats had fought against the ruling class in Germany making a war?"

Longuet replied quickly, "Naturally, if the Socialists of Germany had tried a revolutionary movement—say a general strike—against war and its promoters, similar movements would have broken out all over Europe and in the allied countries, especially in England and France. The greatest difficulty to such a movement (as was embodied in the Kier Hardie-Vaillant resolu-

tion at the Copenhagen International Congress in 1910) had always been the opposition of Germany's Socialist Party."

"Do you think a victory for Germany would mean a setback for all democratic movements in Europe?"

Very decidedly the answer came: "I think with the London Conference of the Socialists of the Allied Countries that 'a victory for German Imperialism would be the defeat and destruction of democracy and liberty in Europe.'"

"Do you not think that in case the war lasts two or three years the German proletariat will start a revolution in Germany?"

Jumping to his feet and with a swift movement of his hands, peculiar to the French, Longuet said: "It is absolute nonsense to speak of the war lasting two or three years. Before six months all Europe will be exhausted. I think that a revolutionary movement will most probably begin in Germany after the war is finished, not before, as the people will think that such a movement is impossible so long as the country's safety may be jeopardized."

"Do you think that if the masses in Germany should start a revolution now that the masses in France and England and Russia would also revolt to end the war?"

Longuet replied regretfully, "If only there was a strong democratic movement in Germany acting against the government, not speaking of a purely revolutionary movement, it would be possible for the Socialist and advanced people in France and England to act in favor of peace."

"If there is no revolution, and the war goes on until poverty is intense all over Europe, do you not think that progress will be checked for many years?"

"I think that whatever may be the result of this abominable war, the prosperity of the nations will be checked for years."

"Since the war has shown how strong the Nationalist spirit is in all peoples, what can we do to build an International that will not again fail?"

With a wide sweep of his hands, Longuet quickly said: "The International has not failed as you say, but was not strong enough

more especially in Germany, even with its huge army of 6,000,000 voters. The German Social-Democracy's lack of a revolutionary spirit has been the great misfortune, while the revisionist wing, with men like Sudekum, Wolfgang Heine and Legien, had lost all notion of real Internationalism and had become Nationalist Social Reformers."

"Do you think the German Social-Democratic Party should be given seats in the New International if it continues to support the action of its members who voted the war credits?"

Very definitely and decidedly Longuet replied: "I think that before meeting again the International movement will demand from the German Socialists a serious washing of its dirty linen. It may be that a division will come inside the German movement. If it does, the International movement will recognize as being the only *bona fide* German Socialists those of the Leibknecht, Ledebour and Clara Zetkin wing."

Jean Longuet is not the only Socialist who continues to assert that the International did not fail. They may assert this over and over again, but the fact remains that the Nationalist spirit is hideously triumphant in Europe today, and Socialists of every one of the warring nations are at the front fighting against their comrades. The International failed! It is necessary for Socialists to bravely recognize that fact if they would build a New International that will not again so ignominiously fail.

Not only must the New International be founded upon a revolutionary platform, but line upon line, precept upon precept, it must teach the world of men a higher ideal than patriotism. And this ideal must be backed up by a program for concerted action, a program so well understood that the next time the diplomats and military men shall call upon the people to defend the unholy treaties and alliances that they have made, the Socialists of Germany shall clasp hands with the Socialists of every other nation and shall say and, if necessary, shall lay down their lives saying: "The only treaty we are bound to respect is that which binds us to the human race."

Paris.

The Coming Government Ownership

By PAUL WHALEY

SOCIALISTS of this country with but few exceptions feel that the present war has smashed utterly the hope of Socialism. Or at best it has given a serious setback to our movement. They feel that the German Socialists have betrayed the movement and that we should apologize for the acts of their comrades in the Reichstag.

Such sentiments prevailing so extensively among American Socialists make the American Socialist movement appear hopelessly theoretical in its conceptions of international affairs. Isolated from the virile stream of social evolution, we have grown provincial in our ideas. We are incapable of appreciating the real significance of the all-absorbing social issues of the twentieth century. Our ideas justify the opinion expressed of us by Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, that we are "A Nation of Villagers."

THE PRESENT WAR HAS ALREADY DONE MORE FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SOCIALISM THAN ALL OUR PROPAGANDA FOR THE PAST SIXTY YEARS. IT HAS COMPELLED THE NATIONS INVOLVED UNDER THE PRESSURE OF MILITARY NECESSITY TO ADOPT POLICIES THAT LEAD INEVITABLY TO SOCIALISM.

The real aim of Socialism is to establish a better method than Capitalism for the production and distribution of the necessities of life; to produce the things people need so the world may support a larger population, and to distribute the product in a way that all may enjoy a decent human life. Under the influence of this inspiring idea all the classics of our science and philosophy were written, and to establish this among the nations of the earth is that for which the international socialist movement is now striving.

Is the war, now raging in Europe, hastening the coming of the new and better method of production and distribution, or is it not? I shall show that the nations of Europe are in the grasp of social forces that are hurling them irresistibly onward to the Co-operative Commonwealth.

Consider for a moment the growth of Government Ownership in the European countries—a process that is slowly centralizing the industries of those nations in the hands of the government. This movement is farther advanced in Germany than in any other country of the world. And since the beginning of the present war the process has gone ahead so fast that today the government practically controls the industrial life of the empire. Recently that government assumed control of the nation's foodstuffs and by doing so has been able to set at naught the attempt of the Allies to starve her into submission.

Early in the war the governments of both England and France were compelled to take under their control the railroads of their respective countries so that they might transport their troops and move the enormous amounts of military supplies WITHOUT PAYING HUGE PROFITS TO THE OWNERS OF THESE MEANS OF PRODUCTION. The next difficulty that confronted them was to supply their armies with sufficient arms and ammunition. The means for producing these articles being woefully inadequate, they were forced to take over machine shops, etc. But still the production of these military necessities lagged behind the needs of the armies. Since then they have pressed into the service of the nation the bulk of the privately owned machinery, and now comes the admission of England that it will require eight months before she can produce arms and ammunition in sufficient quantities to satisfy the needs of her army.

In Russia the inroads of the government on the rights of private capital were backward at first, but since the recent Russian defeats along her thousand-mile battle front, she promises to go farther in Government Ownership than any other nation. Russia has created a "Munitions Board" and given them VIRTUALLY UNRESTRICTED CONTROL OVER ALL PRIVATE INDUSTRIES IN RUSSIA. "The celerity with which this board was created and confirmed in its powers is absolutely astounding."

We thus see that the present war has given a powerful impetus to Government Ownership, known to Socialists as State Capitalism. Under the pressure of economic necessity, the governments of Europe, from the standpoint of the private capitalist, seem to have gone mad. The economic significance of these radical changes in the attitude of the governments toward the ownership of the national industries is very simple.

It means that a nation operating her industries under one head, the government, is vastly superior to a nation still retaining the old method of private ownership. And that in a clash, military or commercial, between a nation having State Capitalism and one having Private Capitalism, the former will survive because of its superior adaptation to the social environment of the twentieth century.

For in the latter country the activities of the government are harassed on all sides by the conflicting interests of the private owners of the social capital. Each of these private capitalists views all operations of the government from the standpoint of its effects on his particular business. While he may at times threaten the very existence of his own capital to put a competitor out of the running, he refuses to recognize that the government may be under a similar necessity in regard to a rival nation.

On the other hand, in a nation having State Capitalism all these difficulties are removed. Here the government is the industrial capitalist, and in a position to appreciate the steps that must be taken to preserve its business. And just as the individual capitalist sometimes brings himself to the verge of ruin to put a formidable rival out of business, so the national capitalist assumes obligations of billions to do likewise with a national rival. (But the main advantage enjoyed by this country is that it has eliminated all the wastes and extravagances of private capitalism. It produces commodities vastly cheaper and greatly superior to a country organized on the old plan. And CHEAPNESS OF COMMODITIES IS THE SOCIAL VARIATION THAT MAKES FOR SURVIVAL UNDER CAPITALISM.)

Finally, the most significant of all the meanings of these radical innovations of the various governments is, that State Capitalism is the next stage of social evolu-

tion, at least in the European countries; it means that the old system of privately-owned capital has passed away forever along with the social conditions of production to which it was adapted. Capital in the hands of individuals has fought its battle, has contributed its share to progress. It has trustified the industries of the various nations, and now it must stand aside. The next step in economic evolution is the Trustification of the World.

But each nation in entering this World Trust must do so as a solid economic unit. Before it is eligible to membership it must Trustify its Trusts, it must organize its industries under one head, the government. Having done this, it attends the congress of nations to form the World Trust and says, "I have here a capital valued at so many billion dollars, I demand a territory of the earth for my exclusive exploitation, in proportion to the ratio of my capital to the total capital of this combination."

"But," some will say, "this policy of Government Ownership is only a temporary expedient, to be abandoned on the cessation of hostilities." "The capitalists of England entered into an iron-bound contract, the government agreeing to return the industries to their former owners at the close of the war." This only expresses the fact that the idea of the necessity of State Capitalism is being forced on them by the very conditions of capitalistic production.

At the close of the war the governments of the warring powers will be deeply in debt, more so than ever before in their history. Their combined expenses for military purposes now averages around \$50,000,000 per day and at the end of the war the national debts will be so colossal that the governments will face ruin with but one alternative, which is TO OPERATE THE INDUSTRIES THEMSELVES AND PAY THEIR OBLIGATIONS OUT OF THE PROFITS. No great difficulty will be experienced in doing this, because the governments will have the bulk of the industries in their grasp. In the general depression resulting from the war, this solution, being the only one, will suggest itself naturally and be adopted as a matter of course. Some commotion will be raised by the dispossessed capitalists, but they will be compelled to content themselves with their bonds.

Thenceforth the policy of State Capitalism will be rapidly extended, and the government will ultimately own all the industries. Capitalism concentrated under one head will be in the best possible position for conquest by the revolutionary movement. For the first time the Socialist political party will be in a position to control through the government the policies of industry because the directing head, the government, will own them.

Behind the governmental capitalist will be the class of bondholders, the former owners of the industries. They will insist on the same share of the social product as of old, but their power to compel the old division of the surplus value will be greatly diminished, while, on the other hand, the revolutionary movement will be in line for rapid rise to power. David Schoonmaker, in an article in the *Century Magazine*, has shown how the co-operative idea is being rapidly developed through the associations of the army. How the soldiers are being won to the co-operative way of doing things through the efficacious way their wants are attended to while in the employ of their government. How much more fertile will this field for the development of Socialist ideas be when all society is organized on this same plan. The Socialist movement will grow at an unprecedented rate and as the power of the revolutionary movement develops and expands that of the bondholders will decline and ultimately vanish.

Hence the policy of Government Ownership growing directly out of the present war is a potent agent of social evolution, let us recognize it as such. It leads inevitably to the elimination of the capitalist. It is the "Expropriation of the Expropriators," as Marx would say.

This, then, is the gloomy prospect for the future of Socialism which is developing out of the present war. Gloomy, indeed, it is true. But for whom? The capitalist, of course.

* * * * *

I have now sketched the leading facts in the development of Capitalism in the European countries, showing that State Capitalism will grow directly out of the present war, thus greatly accelerating the coming of Socialism. In the United States the signs are still more hopeful for the revolutionary movement than in Europe. State

Capitalism is already upon them, while this stage of capitalistic evolution bids fair from present indication to be but a passing phenomenon in the industrial life of the United States. Its duration will depend on the attitude the American capitalists assume toward it, and on the capacity of the Socialist movement to rise to the occasion when their opportunity presents itself.

Out of the world war will come a WORLD TRUST with the United States left out. We will be left out because our industries are not organized on the governmental plan. The governments forming the World Trust have State Capitalism and they cannot deal in a business way with a nation whose industries are owned and controlled by a host of private individuals. In a word, private ownership of capital is incompatible with the World Trust.

Nor is there any inclination on the part of the American capitalists to adopt State Capitalism; no national calamity has yet arisen to compel them to see it. They see no reason for allying themselves with the World Trust. They feel perfectly capable of competing with it for the world market. Secure in the possession of vast natural resources and vast undeveloped territory on this continent, they intend to exploit this virgin country with the old style private capital.

And it is out of this mistaken policy of American capital that the calamity necessitating the reorganization of our social capital will come. The World Trust will easily be able to hold their present possession on this continent, in fact, they can and will extend those possessions somewhat. And they will take away our foreign trade with Europe at one swoop. For the World Trust, jealous of and fearing the potential capacity of the United States, will do all in its power to cripple us.

Privately owned capital in the United States will struggle and squirm in all directions in the vain attempt to survive, only to be blocked at every turn by the superior economic power of the World Trust. But just as the Meat Trust and the Oil Trust, through the ability to produce their respective commodities cheaper than their competitors, forced them to the wall, so will the World Trust, through the higher organization of its social capital, in conjunction with its vast political might, reduce the United States to the verge of bankruptcy.

Our industries will close down, the workers will be out of work and starving, and discontent will be everywhere. Our only escape from destruction will lie in reorganizing our social capital by raising its organic composition.

And it is during the process of this reorganization of society that the opportunity of the revolutionary movement will come. If we have carefully prepared for this chance we may seize the reins of government and establish, not State Capitalism, which would only put us on an equality with the advanced nations of the earth, but to establish Socialism, which would place us in the lead of the world's civilization, towering in economic strength over the nations of the earth, just as Germany, through the superiority of its industrial organization, now towers above them.

Thus the outlook for the Socialist movement of the United States is most hopeful. Already the battle lines of International Capital are being drawn for its supreme struggle. And as the lines tighten about the nations of the earth the revolutionary movement prepares itself for the shock. During the course of the battle the outcome may oftentimes seem to be in doubt. But at the conclusion of the strife capitalism will be found on the descending slope of its brief and brilliant career. And looming bright and inspiring above the carnage of the past will stand THE CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH OF THE UNITED STATES, the winner, as oft predicted, in the race of the nations toward the Socialist ideal.

The Socialist Argument

By CHARLES C. HITCHCOCK

CONTENTS

Introductory Note by Roland D. Sawyer
Socialism Various Defined
Definition of Terms
Foreword
Basis of Opinion
Sauctions for Socialism
Economics of Socialism and Economics of Capitalism
Consumption of Wealth, Individual and Collective
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EDITORIAL

NO BABIES!

THE REVIEW received an illuminating letter from a young married woman this month in which she declares:

"I am an intelligent young married woman aged 26. My husband is a draughtsman, earning \$28 a week. We are both extremely fond of children—so fond indeed that we have made up our minds never to have any children of our own. We have come to this decision after mature deliberation. In Europe we see hundreds of thousands of sons and fathers being slain for the benefit of the exploiting class and in our 'own country' we see thousands of children, of men and women dying every year because they have not had proper food, shelter and clothing. It seems to us that the human race is killing itself off very fast these times, either through war or preventable disease or through poverty, and we have decided that we may as well begin putting an end to such a 'civilization' right now.

"There are thousands of homeless orphans being cared for in the United States by charitable organizations, and to those whose hearts hunger for babies we would suggest that they refrain from bringing any more children into the world and help to educate and care for those already here. If young married couples belong to the working class, 90 per cent of the children they may bring into the world will be doomed to lives of poverty, suffering, crime and death, because of the profit system under which we exist. We think it is our duty, and your duty also, to cease becoming partners to the crime of forcing children into a world that holds only so horrible an outlook for the offspring of the people who produce the world's wealth. We are not going to help the outrage along; we are not going to be accessories before the fact. We are not going to rear sons and then howl because they are used to murder and be murdered by the sons of other workingmen and women.

"Workingmen have no real homes. What we may call homes are only a poor pretense at the best and the sooner they are broken up the better it will be for us and for future generations. The monied world

has grown mad over PROFITS. It will have profits although the sons and daughters of workingmen and women die like flies in tenements, in factories and mines, on the railroads and in world wars. Of late especially in Europe, it has become the fashion for the capitalist class to urge the necessity of child-bearing upon the women. It seems that the employers of labor want more soldiers, more laborers, more human beings to fight their battles and increase their profits.

"Well, this is the reply of Henry O. Petersen and wife to the masters' plea for more babies: We will produce no fodder for your cannons, no slaves for your mines and mills, no women for your houses of prostitution, no youths forced into crime by poverty—to crowd your jails and asylums!

"You believe in race suicide through poverty and disease, through prisons and prostitution and WAR; we advocate race suicide by BIRTH PREVENTION. We may end in a pauper's grave. The chances are ninety-nine to a hundred that we will, but our children—never! Because we are not going to have any children. We are not going to bring a single child into the world to make profits for the capitalist class.

"Listen, you capitalist enemy! We are going to devote our strength to the army of revolution that will some day wipe the parasitical class from the face of the earth. And we are not going to have any little folks causing us to compromise, to remain silent, to quibble in order to secure food and clothing for them. And we are going to urge every intelligent workingman and woman in this country and in every country to stop having children until we can make a fit world for them to be born into."

We had intended to comment upon this letter editorially, but on reading over the above excerpts we have come to the conclusion that these young folks have spoken very well for their own case. If the ruling powers are bent on the destruction of the workers of the world, why not nip disaster in the bud and stop manufacturing laborers? The comrades Petersen have certainly given us something to think about.

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INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

German Socialists a Year Later.—The August REVIEW will appear on the first anniversary of the beginning of the war. A year ago Austria insisted on holding court in Serbia, and Germany refused to make a promise to keep out of Belgium. Then, on August 4, the Socialists voted the special war budget. That was a year ago, but it seems like a century.

Since then the world has got a new meaning for the old word war. It means now millions of men soaking in trenches, groaning in hospitals, rotting in the rain. It means three nations in a pit with eight nations closing in around them. It means such a destruction of life and property as Attila never dreamed of.

While this has been going on Socialists have got used to horrors, and gradually they have applied their philosophy to the new situations. In most countries this process did not necessitate any profound change. In all neutral countries, and in England, Italy and Russia the great majority of Socialists opposed the war from the beginning. In many instances they have been mobbed and imprisoned, but they have been true to their principles. In France and Belgium national life was reduced to a primitive condition by the necessity for defense against imminent physical danger. In both of these countries political parties disappeared, just as they would in the face of a flood or an earthquake. And since the danger has not been removed, the results of it have remained. The Socialist parties of France and Belgium have not emerged. They have not changed their view of events since the beginning of the war. Or, rather, at the beginning they gave of their group view and they have not recovered it.

German Socialism has had a more varied and interesting history during this eventful year. We were given to understand that on August 4 the Social Democratic Party supported the government unanimously. Then there were rumors of a stubborn minority which opposed this policy but was silenced because of a rule which compelled the representatives to vote as a body. On December 2 the same thing occurred. In March two Socialist deputies voted against the government and a third of the Socialists withdrew before the vote was taken. By this time we knew of local organizations which had rebelled and of radical groups which were getting in touch with the Socialists of other nations. Then came copies of *The International*, which showed that many of the most trusted leaders of German Socialism were in open opposition to the war and to the policy of the Socialist Party. It became clear that about a third of the party members were true to the principles of Socialism as held before the outbreak of hostilities. And as the party representatives in the Reichstag offered from time to time to define the position of the group they became more and more critical of purposes and methods of the war party. On May 29, after the entrance of Italy, they declared against territorial conquest and in favor of Germany's making overtures of peace. At the same time there appeared in their journals, notably in *Die Neue Zeit*, articles in favor of reestablishing the international Socialist movement on its former basis. The authors were evidently conscious of the fact that the Germans would be looked upon with suspicion, and argued as plausibly as possible in favor of starting all over again as though nothing had

EVANS ART PIANOS and PLAYERS

Factory to Home

happened. Evidently defending the Fatherland does not give them permanent satisfaction.

Now comes final proof that the party as a whole is getting back on Socialist ground—or trying to. On June 26 there was published in *Vorwaerts* an official peace manifesto drawn up by the party executive. It takes the ground that in the beginning Germany was attacked, but that this is no longer true and that therefore the Socialists are justified in making a change of front. In fact, in the very beginning they demanded that “as soon as guarantees of national safety are secured * * * the war be brought to an end.” “This demand,” the manifesto proceeds, “which was accompanied by an expression disapproving of any policy of conquest, was repeated when the new war loan was voted on December 2. On May 29, after Italy had intervened, the statement was made in the Reichstag in behalf of the Socialist Party that the desire for peace was increasing and that the Socialists wanted no policy of conquest. At a meeting in Vienna on April 12 and 13, representatives of the German and Austro-Hungarian Socialist Parties again adopted a resolution in favor of peace. But the German Socialists have not been content with such measures. In spite of opposition and suspicion, they have striven for a renewal of international relations with the Social Democrats of all countries, and when the executive committee of the International Socialist organization made a proposal to hold a meeting at The Hague to discuss the possibility of peace negotiations, the German Socialist leaders agreed, upon condition that the French Socialist Party participate. All efforts at an international agreement, however, were thwarted by the attitude of the French Socialists.
* * *

“The people want no conquest of land; they want peace. If the war is not to go on indefinitely until all the nations are completely exhausted, some one of the powers involved must stretch out the hand of peace. * * * We expect of our fellow-Socialists in other belligerent countries that they will make the same demand upon their own governments.”

From our point of view this manifesto is a discouraging document. The Ger-

mans were never more attacked than they are at the present moment. If the majority of German Socialists are now for peace they must acknowledge that they were wrong when they supported the German lunge into the heart of France. Any reconciliation between them and the Socialists of the rest of the world must at least be based on facts.

Another phase of German Socialist activity is discouraging. From the beginning the representatives of the majority group have made dishonorable use of the anti-war declarations of English, Italian and Russian Socialists. The Independent Labor Party denounced the secret diplomacy of Earl Gray. "Behold," said the German Socialists, "we are right in going into the war, for the English Socialists say their government is wrong." The logic at the base of this argument seems to be that if one capitalist government is wrong the other must be right. The latest and most amazing application of the method of reasoning occurred in the Reichstag on May 29. Speaking for the Socialist group concerning their attitude toward the war against Italy, Deputy Cebert said: "Italy is carrying on, not a war of defense, but one of conquest. In this view we find ourselves in agreement with our brave comrades in Italy, who did their utmost, even in parliament, to ward off this disaster from their country." Instead of following the example of their "brave Italian comrades," Cebert and his fellows made it an excuse for doing the opposite. If the Italians are "brave," what adjective would describe Germans who make such use of bravery?"

This is not set down in the REVIEW with the purpose of arousing sentiment against our German comrades. For the one-third of German Socialists who have remained true during the terrible stress of the year that has passed, the author of these paragraphs has the profoundest admiration. But as for the others, they have grievously wronged their comrades, and these facts are set down to show that they have as yet experienced no real change of heart. Mere talk will never regain our confidence.

Italian Socialists Against the War.—It must be remembered that the ruling class of Italy has just as much excuse for en-

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tering the war as has any other ruling class. And this excuse is one which appeals to the popular mind. When Italian liberation from Austria was brought about back in the sixties, three sections of Italian territory lying north and east of the Adriatic were not included. Ever since those days Italians have yearned toward these "irredenti" and dreamed of the time when they should be made a part of the unified nation. And these people themselves have felt like exiles in their own home-lands. It is true that Italy is now seeking more than the conquest of these Italian districts. She desires influence in settling the affairs of Turkey. But the government has the patriot's cry for a united nation, as its battle-cry.

And yet the Italian Socialists have steadily and openly opposed the war from the beginning, and they still oppose it. Before the war session of parliament there was held at Bologna a conference of the party executive, members of the parliamentary group, and labor union leaders. The general strike was discussed, but rejected as a practical measure at that time. But it was decided that the only way in which the Socialists could represent the working-class would be by voting against the war in parliament. Accordingly when Premier Salandra made his remarkably well staged plea for special powers by means of which to carry on the war the vote stood 367 for, 54 against. Among the 54 against were all of the 45 Socialists. This was on May 20. On the same day there were held in every Italian city gigantic anti-war meetings. In some cities the 24 hours general strike was put into operation, with complete success. All this was in accordance with a resolution drawn up by the party executive and the labor union leaders at Bologna. This resolution stated frankly that the working class of Italy is unable to stop the war, but went on to say, "We have cleared ourselves of responsibility for the war and expect forever to keep ourselves clear of the responsibilities which should be borne by the ruling class."

It is reassuring to know that the membership of the Italian Socialist Party has increased since the war began. Only a single local organization has left the

party, and among the membership there is the greatest enthusiasm for the international cause. Every journal of the party supports the action taken by the executive.

For us, to whom the war is a matter of description and photograph, the steady purposefulness of these comrades is beyond words. They made Socialism real for us. If the members of a large party like this can keep their heads clear and their hearts true through a year of chauvinistic mouthing—well, then, other large parties can do it. The workers of the world can do it.

Daily Citizen Deceased.—On the fifth of June the *Daily Citizen* expired. More than half a million dollars had been expended on it—chiefly the money of English labor unions. The purpose of its projectors was to found a great popular daily with a leaning toward labor. By hiring successful, non-Socialist journalists they thought they could lure readers of the yellow press. On its tombstone should be inscribed, "It wasn't killed by Socialism."

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NEWS AND VIEWS

Margaret H. Sanger to Speak in Chicago—Mrs. Margaret H. Sanger, who was arrested at the instigation of Anthony Comstock because of her agitation in favor of giving to all women the knowledge of the methods of preventing conception now given to well-to-do women by their physicians, is coming back from England to face trial soon. She plans to speak in Chicago during the summer. Announcement of the meeting will be made in the daily papers. All friends of freedom and enlightenment should make it a point to hear her. Watch the papers for announcement.

From Local Union No. 2583, U. M. W. of A., Roslyn, Washington—Whereas, A state of lawlessness existed in the southern part of the state of Colorado in 1913 and 1914, and

Whereas, The principal cause of such lawlessness was the non-observance of the laws of the state of Colorado by the coal mine operators of the state of Colorado, and

Whereas, A person named Nimmo was shot to death during this period of lawlessness, and

Whereas, One John R. Lawson has been sentenced to a life term in prison for the murder of said Nimmo, and no evidence was produced implicating said John R. Lawson as the party who killed said Nimmo, only that said John R. Lawson was a representative of an economic organization that existed in the state of Colorado at that time, and

Whereas, Such sentences are only meted out to representatives of economic organizations in cases of this kind, and

Whereas, From documentary evidence submitted to the Industrial Relations Commission it is proved conclusively that the coal operators are the cause of this lawlessness in the state of Colorado, which culminated in the massacre of Ludlow, and

Whereas, If said John R. Lawson is guilty of the murder of said Nimmo, the coal operators of southern Colorado and their agents and managers of said coal corporation are the guilty parties in that they aided and abetted this lawlessness.

Therefore, be it Resolved, That the guilty parties be brought into court and that they be sentenced in accordance with the laws of the United States.

In behalf of Local No. 2583.

George Temperley,
Nicholas Joy,
Joe Bosone,
Committee.

Encampment at Conneaut Lake—Comrade J. H. Browning of Meadville, Pa., sends us in a most glowing report of the success of the

socialist encampment held at Conneaut Lake, Pa. Many such gatherings have been held by socialists in the western and middle states but without the features included by the Pennsylvania friends. Trips were enjoyed on the lake and one entire day was given over to the comrades by the amusement parks; another day was entirely devoted to sports. Baseball games kept up a vivid interest on the diamond and nightly jollifications were indulged in around big camp fires in the tent city.

The encampment was held under the auspices of Locals Crawford, Erie, Mercer and Venango, the executive committee being represented by Comrades Phelps, Nivens, Porter, Carpenter, Mattison, McCafferty, Wrhen and Browning. Well-known comrades began to arrive June 19, and by Saturday there were over three hundred socialists in attendance. John Slayton lectured to an audience of over four hundred and later the camp colony sang revolutionary songs till long after midnight. The Sunday afternoon lecture by Comrade Prosser was largely attended and the evening lecture by B. E. Phillips was enjoyed by an enthusiastic gathering. The event of Monday was the ball game between the Socialist Bloomer Girls and the men, the girls coming out with an encouraging score to their credit. After the evening lecture on Tuesday given by Gertrude B. Fuller, 600 socialists enjoyed a cruise around the lake. Then came an old-fashioned hop and everybody forgot the old struggle for existence in the mazes of the dance. Comrade Hadon, state organizer, handed them something new at Wednesday afternoon's lecture, and Comrade Barnard kept up the good work in the evening. The wind-up for that night was a chicken roast—and men and women alike voted it a feast fit for epicures. The women had the entire honors on Thursday, Women's Day, and everybody marched in the big parade. It was almost impossible to drive folks to bed Thursday night. Camp fires were kept up till long after usual hours. Everybody said it was a shame to waste time in sleep among such a gathering of Reds, but the fact that Friday was Field Meet Day compelled them to seek some rest before entering upon the contests between the different counties. The tug-of-war was won by Erie and Venango county socialists against Crawford and Mercer counties. Comrade Browning won the 100-yard dash and Wrhen came in second. We wish we could print the records made in other features by the different contestants. Comrade Esaman won the mile swimming contest.

Saturday, being hot, many bathing parties were in evidence, and Sunday was the big Debs Day. Over 4,000 people were in attendance. The Socialist Register showed 5,000 names and not all who came got their names down. Over seventy-five towns were represented and some comrades traveled 500 miles to attend the encampment. Plans are already being laid for the encampment for 1916. The Pennsylvania comrades are so enthusiastic over the glorious time they had and the splendid work accomplished that they mean to make the next one an unprecedented success. We need more of these semi-social, educational encampments when the workers can get away from their labors and get acquainted. Congratulations to the Pennsylvania friends who carried out the success at Conneaut Lake.

Resolution from Somerset, Pennsylvania—Comrade E. K. Cockley, county chairman, sends us from Somerset, Pa., the following resolution which was unanimously approved by the S. P. membership in his county: "Resolved, That we hereby express our sympathy for those of our European comrades who had the courage to oppose the present war on principle, and especially those who have been, and are, being persecuted by organized governments because of such action."

Bosses Help Boot and Shoe Workers' Union—The following was written on the pay envelopes of the members of the United Shoe Workers' Union of America employed by the Plaut-Butler Company of Cincinnati, O.: "With this pay envelope your position with the Plaut-Butler Company ceases. When work is started in the new factory we will not employ any member of the United Shoe Workers. (Signed) The Plaut-Butler Co."

A hundred members of the United Shoe Workers of America were in the employ of this company. They were discharged because they belonged to a real shoe workers' union. The Ohio Supreme Court recently decided it was legal for an employer to discharge a man for belonging to a union. This is the first instance of a Cincinnati employer taking advantage of this decision.

The company states it is not opposed to unionism and also states that it will employ members of the Boot and Shoe Workers' Union. We know why they prefer this organization to the United Shoe Workers. There are some unions that are a real benefit to the boss and the officials of the Boot and Shoe Workers' organization have steadfastly worked for the interests of the employers and against those of the shoe workers. Why don't the boot and shoe workers wake up?

Local Vallejo, Socialist Party of California, in regular session assembled, unanimously passed the following resolution:

Whereas, There is a referendum before the Socialist Party of this state, advocating that the working class fuse with the capitalist parties at election periods, and

Whereas, The strength of the working class lies in the opposition to all parties other than those of the working class; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, Local Vallejo, Socialist Party, condemn such tactics of fusion and urge upon the members of the Socialist Party to overwhelmingly vote down said referendum,

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that the working class shall never again be urged to lay aside their class consciousness, and indulge in the maddening scramble of electing hungry politicians to office. And be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the national and state offices and the Socialist press.

B. Friedmann,
Secretary-treasurer.

Celebrates the Fourth—Comrade C. L. Lindner, Rochester, Pa., writes: "I was celebrating the Fourth of July on the fifth by getting a subscription for the REVIEW, so here is the dollar bill enclosed."

Comrade Lindner is one of the REVIEW's good old standbys in Pennsylvania. He has taken a standing bundle order for a good many years and can always be found on the firing line when it comes to socialist propaganda work.

A Berkeley Boost—Comrade Dennis writes us from Berkeley, enclosing \$2.00 for a two-year renewal. "Keep her going on the same lines and the REVIEW can't go down. Stick straight ahead for revolutionary working class action to overthrow capitalism. Kick the cross out of everybody's 'isms and you win."

Save Joe Hill—By this time you all know that the Supreme Court of Utah has affirmed the verdict of the lower court in the case of Fellow Worker Joe Hill, which means that he will be shot in about six weeks unless we take an appeal on a writ of error, and take it up to the U. S. Supreme Court.

We are confident that if the case of Joe Hill could be tried outside of the state of Utah, before unbiased judge and jury, that the jury would acquit him without even leaving their seats. This may sound like boasting, but the fellow workers from outside locals who witnessed the court trial and the hearing before the state Supreme Court know well that there is no case against Joe Hill. Some of the prosecution's testimony sounded so ridiculous that the spectators laughed outright and the judge threatened to clear the court room. Now, fellow workers, it is not necessary to go over details again. By this time the members of the I. W. W. are familiar with the facts in this case. What is needed is action—and quick action at that! Lawyers will not work for nothing. Money must be raised at once to fight the case to a finish. It's of no use to debate whether we can get justice in a capitalistic court or not. While there is life there is hope, and we can't give up while there is even one chance in a thousand to save Joe Hill's life. He's in the dungeon dark and grim; he fought for us, we'll stand by him! Do something, and do it quick. Hold protest meetings, collect funds and give the case the widest publicity. Remember, there is no time to lose. The law only gives us twenty days to file the writ of error. Act now before it is too late. Send all funds to Geo. Childs, 215 E. First street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

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LOOKING for work is a queer thing to do when work is all around. There are acres of idle land everywhere calling for labor that they may yield their increase, and tools are here in abundance. "Why don't the unemployed take them and cut down the forests that the Creator has placed here for the satisfaction of mankind, and build homes to enjoy the blessings of life and be happy?"

You are hungry? Well, the land from which all food is produced is here, and here also are the forces of nature that the genius of man has controlled to quicken into life the wonderful machines, built by the man in overalls that enable you to produce in such abundance. They are your heritage from the culture of the ages, and the machines that you workers built belong to you, the builders. You need boots and shoes? Countless cattle roam the prairies; they are for the use of man; take them and put their hides on the cars you have built, convey them to the cities where men do most congregate and build there factories to fashion them into the things that you desire. Use the land that the Creator has placed here for all the children of men and build houses and railroads that you may exchange with your brothers the thing that each produces and the other needs for the advantage of all; but don't weary yourself looking for work when all the resources and all the things you need to work them are before you and around you in abundance.

Nature is plethoric. She runs riot in abundance, and wastes in disuse more than enough to feed the world. "Scarcity of work." There is no scarcity in nature, and man is ever unsatisfied and always

willing to labor to satisfy his desires. And there is no scarcity of tools. Machines are rusting, and factories are stopped, while men are unemployed and hungry. So it is not the fault of labor, and it is not the fault of tools. The fault is that men and women have not got access to the tools and land by which they earn their living. They can not nowadays use their own tools and dispose of the finished product direct to the consumer. That is a back number. Those days are gone forever, and a better, because more efficient, method is ours. We produce socially the things we need, so we must go socially and take them, that we may use them again together and exchange fairly the products of labor so that unemployment and poverty shall cease, and abundance and happiness shall reign in place of misery and hunger; and the children on the green earth, which is their birthright, shall have opportunity to grow more beautiful, more pure and strong, and mankind shall dwell together in justice and peace and in the prosperity and happiness of all.—*Amalgamated Journal*.

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, 242B, Station E, New York City. It tells how the habit of smoking, chewing or snuff taking can be conquered in three days.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT

Library of Socialist Classics. On the last cover page of this month's Review is a description of Robert H. Howe's "The Evolution of Banking," the latest addition to our Library of Socialist Classics. The number of volumes in this library is thus increased to forty-nine, the remaining titles being as follows:

Anarchism and Socialism. Plechanoff.
Art of Lecturing. Arthur M. Lewis.
Class Struggle, The. Karl Kautsky.
Class Struggles in America. Simons.
Communist Manifesto. Marx and Engels.
Doing Us Good and Plenty. Russell.
Eighteenth Brumaire, The. Marx.
End of the World, The. Meyer.
Ethics and the Materialistic Conception of History. Kautsky.
Evolution of Man, The. Boelsche.
Evolution of Property, The. LaFargue.
Evolution, Social and Organic. Lewis.
Feuerbach. Frederick Engels.
Germs of Mind in Plants. France.
God's Children. James Allman.
High Cost of Living. Kautsky.
Human, All Too Human. Nietzsche.
Law of Biogenesis, The. Moore.
Life and Death. Dr. E. Teichmann.
Making of the World, The. Meyer.
Marx He Knew, The. Spargo.
Marx, Memoirs of. Liebknecht.
Marx vs. Tolstoy. Lewis and Darrow.
Militant Proletariat, The. Austin Lewis.
Origin of the Family. Engels.
Out of the Dump. Mary E. Marcy.
Positive School of Criminology. Ferri.
Puritanism. Clarence Meily.
Rebel at Large, The. May Beals.
Revolution and Counter-Revolution. Marx.
Right to Be Lazy. LaFargue.
Russian Bastille, The. Pollock.
Sabotage. Emile Pouget.
Science and Revolution. Untermann.
Social and Philosophical Studies. LaFargue.
Social Revolution, The. Kautsky.
Socialism for Students. Cohen.
Socialism, Its Growth and Outcome. Morris and Bax.
Socialism, Positive and Negative. LaMonte.
Socialism, Utopian and Scientific. Engels.
Stories of the Struggle. Winchevsky.
Story of Wendell Phillips. Russell.
Ten Blind Leaders. Lewis.
Triumph of Life, The. Boelsche.
Value, Price and Profit. Karl Marx.
Vital Problems in Social Evolution. Lewis.
What's So and What Isn't. Work.
World's Revolutions, The. Ernest Untermann.

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valuable books of popular science. The price of these books, handsomely bound in cloth, is 50 cents a copy. Until August 31, 1915, we will mail any THREE of them, together with the REVIEW one year, to any address in the United States for \$1.50, to Canada for \$1.70, or to any foreign address for \$1.86.

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The
**INTERNATIONAL
SOCIALIST REVIEW**

VOL. XVI

SEPTEMBER, 1915

No. 3

FIFTEEN MINUTES AFTER THE EASTLAND TOPPLED OVER INTO THE CHICAGO RIVER WITH 2,500 MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN ON BOARD.

LOOKING 'EM OVER

By CARL SANDBURG

IN the second largest city in America, a passenger steamship, tied to the dock, loaded with 2,500 working people dressed in their picnic clothes, topples slowly and sinks to the river bottom like a dead jungle monster shot through the heart. Over 1,000 men, women and children, trapped like rats in a cellar, are drowned.

The foregoing piece of news sent out to American cities one Saturday was at first

not believed. It was the ghastliest commentary on American efficiency so far written into national history. No one fact among all those uncovered in the days following stood out more sinisterly than that the head of the United States Department of Commerce, under which steamboat inspection is carried on, is perhaps the foremost figure in the American efficiency movement.

WILLIAM C. REDFIELD, Secretary of Commerce, since the death of Frederick C. Taylor, is the most widely quoted authority on efficiency. He is a Brooklyn iron manufacturer, whose most famous speech as a congressman pointed to how American manufacturers are able to compete in free markets with all other manufacturers on earth, because the American makers of goods for sale are able to squeeze four times as much labor energy

if you must squeeze out life, blood and manhood of workmen in the profit-making operation involved.

IN THE Redfield efficiency gospel, organization, business and factory organization, the co-ordination of many human units into one rapid and perfect machine, is the ideal.

Why didn't this ideal work out in the bureau of steamboat inspection service directly responsible to Redfield? Why didn't

IDENTIFYING THE DEAD, SECOND REGIMENT ARMY.

and craft ability from their workmen as the makers of competing nations.

"Efficiency?" asked Redfield, "the American business man leads the world in efficiency!"

On taking the portfolio of commerce secretary, the speeches and writings of Redfield were gathered into a book and every business and manufacturing publication in the United States is quoting from this book as a gospel worth taking and using. And the truth is: This Redfield gospel of efficiency is worth taking and using—if you want to make profits and if, first of all, the consideration is how much money you are going to squeeze out of the business even

Redfield co-ordinate the human units, the high salaried bureau heads under him, so as to stop a cranky, unstable ancient hoodoo tub like the Eastland from going loaded with 2,500 human lives? There's one answer. Business required it.

The Redfield ideal is business. The business interests who run the Great Lakes and the coast and the oversea steamship lines told Redfield everything was all right with the inspection service and there was no danger. So he, like a faithful bureaucrat, considering himself responsible only to business, lifted no finger to change the inspection service. Warning after warning came to his hands.

SECRETARY ED NOCKELS of the Chicago Federation of Labor wrote a letter to Edwin Sweet, first assistant to Redfield, predicting that unless a genuine instead of a bunk inspection was started, a boat would go to the bottom some day in Chicago river while "tied to the dock."

Fathead Redfield sat in his easy chair in Washington, chatted with business men on the beauties of efficiency, his ears deaf to Andy Furuseth of the Coast Seamen's Union, and his ears deaf to Victor Olander of the Lake Seamen's Union, and his ears deaf to every plea for more human safety and more social efficiency on the lake steamships. The efficiency of Fathead Redfield is a business efficiency and not a social efficiency. And that is one prime explanation of why the Eastland became a coffin boat from which truckloads of dead working people were hauled away one Saturday.

FROM year to year a slaughter of seamen on the Great Lakes goes on. Scores of old tubs run as freighters on which a modern capitalist wouldn't trust a pet dog or a fast race horse.

Drowned seamen, however, are no cost to the shipping trust.

The big bulk of ship property is owned by the Rockefellers and the United States Steel Corporation.

A deck hand or a sailor is as cheap a human pawn to the Rockefellers as a striking Colorado miner. And to the steel trust a deck hand or a sailor is the same as a Pittsburgh or Gary wop.

"Let 'em die; there's more where they came from," is the slogan.

Now, it is these property interests which have the largest profit from control of the United States steamboat inspection service.

There is not on record a single instance of these capitalist interests being rammed or dented by George Uhler, supervising inspector general of the inspection service, or Albert L. Thurman, acting secretary and solicitor. These are the heads of the bureau. They know what "the mysterious influence" is by which any inspector who makes trouble for steamship interests gets his official head lopped off.

IN NOVEMBER, 1913, it happens that 240 seamen and deck hands are drowned on 34 vessels; 12 boats go down with captain, crew and all aboard.

Is there a stern, relentless, searching inquiry to find out why life must be sacrificed in such wholesale quantity?

Do they haul before inquiry boards all the witnesses who can tell anything about the stability and seaworthiness of the vessels, the conditions of gangways and hatches through which water may pour and sink a boat?

Not so that anybody notices it. Not so that when the Eastland went down and 800 died like rats one Saturday morning and the stern demand is made of the inspection service that it produce the results of previous investigations, the service officials can produce nothing better than a few sheets with silly entries which are nothing more than copies of newspaper stories in lake port cities.

A Duluth inspector, John Sloan, orders hatch fasteners placed on hatches. The company refuses to obey the order. Sloan writes Washington. Washington tells him to come on and see them. He comes on. They tell him to "forget" about the hatches. He goes home and gives out an interview to a Duluth paper saying he has done the best he can to get hatch fasteners on the boat as a safety and life protection measure, but he has gone as far as he can go.

A Cleveland inspector also orders hatch fasteners. The company so ordered has headquarters in the Rockefeller building. Also the company is powerful enough to present the inspector with a letter from Washington stating that the order for hatch fasteners is reversed. So the inspectors all down the line feeling "the mysterious influence" operating against them settle down to an inspection that is no inspection at all and everything goes along smoothly. A few dozen sailors are drowned occasionally.

Deck hands put their faith in whisky instead of God and the government at Washington.

Then the Eastland and its wholesale slaughter comes and hell-raising anger arises from such masses of people that even President Wilson is aroused to action and the promises are now definite that there will be more safety for workmen and for passengers on lake boats. But why such a cost?

BEHIND the thousand working class dead of the Eastland is the story of the why they started on a picnic the day of

their deaths. They went because they were afraid of their jobs. Of course, they didn't know they were going to die on the Eastland. The Western Electric Company for which they worked didn't know they were off on a death harvest instead of a lake and woods outing. But what the Western Electric workers know and what the officers of the Western Electric know is this terrible fact:

There was no choice for the wage slaves of that corporation. The foremen came to the employes with tickets. The employes bought tickets and went to the picnic because it was part of their jobs.

THE Western Electric is an auxiliary of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, the wire communication trust. Photographs of the Western Electric workers, thousands of them marching in white hats and white shoes make good advertising for the Bell 'phone monopoly. All arrangements had been made beforehand for those who sank with the Eastland to parade on the streets of Benton Harbor. Pictures were to be made.

Did the Western Electric offer the workers white hats and white shoes free for this parade? It did not. It told the workers they would be expected to have white shoes and so each paid from a dollar to two dollars out of their slim pay envelopes. And the white hats were outrightly forced on each one at a price of thirty cents apiece.

Grim industrial feudalism stands with dripping and red hands behind the whole Eastland affair.

IT'S a workingman's war. Shovels and shoveling take more time of soldiers than guns and shooting. Twenty-one million men on the battlefields of Europe are shoveling more than shooting.

Not only have they dug hundreds of miles of trenches, but around and under the trenches are tunnels and labyrinths and catacombs. All dug by shovels. Technically, in social science and economics, the soldier is a parasite and a curious louse of the master class imposed on the working class. Yet strictly now the soldier is a worker, a toiler on and under the land.

He's a mucker, a shovelman who gets board and clothes from the government that called him to the colors. A mucker-gunman—that's what a soldier is. And

PULLING UP THE DROWNED.

twenty-one million are out on a job of digging and shooting to kill each other.

LET the Swiss military system come. It means a free rifle for every man and a belt of cartridges for every rifle.

Your home, Mr. Workingman, the rooms where you live and sleep, will be an arsenal. That is, if the United States government goes through on the Swiss system. Roosevelt is for it now. Victor Berger has been for it for years. The last time Berger spoke about it, he was a delegate to an American Federation of Labor convention. The A. F. of L. delegates busted paper bags and made a noise, hooting Berger. Now Roosevelt says the Swiss system is good, and while it's hard to say yes to anything coming from the horse-teeth patriot and politician of Oyster Bay, it's a cinch the labor movement will join T. R. on the Swiss system stuff. We wonder whether George Perkins and the other Steel Trust plutes around T. R. will say yes to the proposition that every wop working in the steel mills shall have a rifle in his house and be trained to shoot straight.

That's what the Swiss system means; the government will train you to be a gunman; the government will order you to a rifle range to practice on a target; the government will teach you to be an expert destroyer of human life; you will develop into a more quick and sure killer of men.

Every striking workman under those conditions will be more dangerous to scabs, strikebreakers, gunmen and thugs than now. When compulsory military service is suggested for the people of this country, let the working class stand solid for the Swiss system, whereby each workingman is given his own gun and belt of cartridges to keep in his home to be ready for "mobilization."

A POSTER on billboards in England, Scotland and Ireland shows a soldier shaking hands with a workman. Under this picture are the words: "We need you both." In each and all of the war-torn nations the workman is praised as a patriot equal to the soldier. The German kaiser, for instance, has issued several public statements on what the German nation owes to its railroad men and the expeditious movements of troops effected by the rail workers.

A workman in the Royal Arms Small Arms Factory, England, died. A coroner's inquest was called. Doctors said death was caused by "syncope brought on by prolonged exertion of the heart." Witnesses testified the man had been working 80 hours a week for eight months. The coroner said the workman was a type of the true patriot and "had died for his country."

This inquest raises a nice point. It assumes that you are a patriot belonging to whichever country you're making food or munitions or other war stuff for. That is: The Bethlehem cannon makers are English patriots. If they get brass dust in their blood and die, they die for England. The special sausage makers of Swift & Co. in Chicago, which has sold millions of pounds to the German government, these workers for Swift are German patriots, and if they get sick and die from overwork or bad sanitation at Swift's while making sausage for the Germans, they die for Germany.

Some plants making war stuff keep secret what nation it's for. The workers in such plants are patriots. But if they die from overwork they don't know what country they're dying for.

ON the capture of Warsaw, the Kaiser wrote the King of Wurtemberg: "May we see in this event an important step forward upon the road which Almighty God has led us." J. C. Squire in the *London Herald*, writes:

"God heard the embattled nations sing and shout:

'Gott strafe England' and 'God save the King!'

God this, God that, and God the other thing—

'Good God' said God. 'I've got my work cut out.'

WARREN STONE, the \$10,000-a-year bonehead, who is Grand Chief of the Brotherhood of Railway Locomotive Engineers, ought to take a look at the wage raise Chicago street car men got through a strike which forced the kind of arbitration the car men wanted.

Stone used the limit of his power to stop his union from strike a year ago. Feeling among the engineers was overwhelming for a strike. But Stone and his "administration" was able to hold them back and

throw the whole matter of wages into an arbitration controlled by federal politicians in turn controlled by railroads.

The railroads put Charley Nagel, a St. Louis Standard Oil and railway attorney on the arbitration board. And instead of a \$40,000,000 wage raise as demanded, the engineers along with firemen got a measly \$1,000,000.

Here's what the Chicago car men did. When the men demanded a wage raise the companies said, "Arbitrate." The rank and file agitators forced the officers of the union to hold off from the sort of arbitration proposed, wherein the companies would accept only such arbiters as everybody knew would line up with the companies and against the men. The workers were bunked on that kind of an arbitration three years ago. Strike was called when all umpires offered by the car men were refused by the companies. For two days the two million people of Chicago walked or rode in jitneys. The town was tied up tight. The companies then offered the mayor of Chicago for an umpire. The car men knew the mayor. They knew he was a safe bet for an arbitration board. They knew the companies would never have accepted the mayor for an umpire before the strike. The transportation tie-up forced the street railway capitalists into giving the car men the real thing in the way of arbitration. The states attorney, Maclay Hoyne, was chosen by the men to represent them. The third arbiter was the car companies' man, James Sheean, the lawyer, who represented the 98 western railways in the arbitration that bunked Warren Stone's union.

And what did this board in Chicago do? Two members decided they would drop all

question of what the companies are able to pay and award pay raises on the basis of the question: What does it cost working men to live decently?

The award handed down by Mayor Thompson and States Attorney Hoyne granted a general increase ranging from 3 to 4 cents an hour for all motormen and conductors and from 20 to 30 cents a day for all repairmen, bridgemen, flagmen, watchmen. It was the most amazing decision of the sort ever rendered. It will cost the companies over \$1,000,000 a year. It was an arbitration backed by a strike. If the companies had crawfished on it and taken it to a higher court, there would have been another strike by the men in order to enforce the arbitration decree.

So this is the way it stands: 65,000 western railway engineers and firemen, under the leadership of Warren Stone and W. S. Carter meekly and humbly accept exactly the kind of arbitration handed them by the railroads. They don't strike. The men are held back by their "superior officers." And the 65,000 get a wage raise of \$1,000,000. In Chicago, 14,000 street car men strike to force the kind of arbitration they want. And 9,000 surface street railway workers get a wage raise of \$1,000,000 while the elevated road employes are still negotiating after having turned down an offer of more than \$250,000 annual wage increase.

If these facts and what they mean ever sink into the heads of a still larger group of the rail workers, it will be all day with the arbitration bunk regularly passed out by Warren Stone, the \$10,000 a year humdinger who acceded to Charley Nagel sitting as an arbiter.

" 'The King can do no wrong' not only because he is above the law, but because every function is either performed or responsibility assumed by his ministers and agents. Similarly, our Rockefellers, Morgans, Fricks, Vanderbilts and Astors can do no industrial wrong, because all effective action and direct responsibility is shifted from them to the executive officials who manage American industry."

—From Press Abstract of Report of United States Commission on Industrial Relations.

From New York Call.

NOW ORGANIZE!

THE BATTLE AT BAYONNE

FIVE THOUSAND oil workers in Bayonne, New Jersey, are taking more money home in their pay envelopes on Saturday nights as the result of their spontaneous strike against the Standard Oil Company on July 14th. They were not "free American citi-

zens," but mostly foreign-born Poles and Lithuanians, known on the payroll by the numbers on their brass checks.

But their splendid solidarity overwhelmed all odds; lack of organization and language differences, a double-crossing sheriff and 500 Waddell thugs armed

with Standard Oil repeating rifles. Solidarity won and always will.

Chairman Frank P. Walsh of the U. S. Industrial Relations Committee sent two of his ablest investigators to Bayonne, who have reported in part as viz.:

"The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, although conducting an enormously profitable enterprise, pays wages too low to maintain a family on a comfortable, healthful and decent basis. In Bayonne it paid common laborers at a lower rate than those of two companies whose plants adjoin its refinery. This is in direct contradiction to the claims of the company in a statement issued at 26 Broadway, New York, that it always has paid the prevailing wage or better."

The still-cleaners, 100 strong, started the strike by asking a 15 per cent raise, which was promptly turned down and their committee fired. Their wage was \$2.45 for working long hours in a temperature of from 200 to 300 degrees—scraping tar.

The barrel makers demanded 10 per cent and quit work. The strike spread until every man was out. Box and can workers, pipefitters and boilermakers, case makers and yard laborers.

The Industrial Commission report continues:

"On Wednesday, July 21, the Standard Oil Company began the importation of strike-breakers and ordered a large number of armed guards from Berghoff Bros. & Waddell, a strikebreaking and detective agency, of 120 Liberty street, New York City. As the strike-breakers were proceeding up Twenty-second street, on their way to the plant, they passed through a crowd of about 300 strikers. Trouble immediately ensued and the strikers were rapidly reinforced. A detachment of police immediately charged the strikers. Some of these police were mounted, some on foot. The charge, however, was ineffectual, as the strikers' rocks proved more effective than the clubs and revolvers of the police. Guards of the Standard Oil Company came out with their nightsticks to help the police, but they, too, were forced to retreat. Some of the police and company's guards were forced into a fire engine house for refuge, and others surrendered to the strikers. One of the strikers, a boy 19 years of age, was shot through the head and killed. This was known as the battle of the Black Ditch."

In Harper's Weekly for August 7, while the strike of the Standard Oil employees was still young, Amos Pinchot said:

"Last Wednesday the strikers stood around the streets. There had been no fighting till then.

"Then armed guards came in. They were

not police, not deputies, but simply private individuals recruited by the company in anticipation of trouble. But they did not stay on the company's property. They marched the streets and dispersed the crowd, shoving the men along, and telling the women to go home.

"That started things.

"We went up in the air,' one of the strikers told me. 'They'd a right to stay on the company's grounds. Why did they come right out in the town and club us off the sidewalks? They didn't own the streets, did they?' Fist fights started, clubs rose and fell, stones flew, pistols were drawn, and the 44 calibre Winchesters of the mine guards barked while the crowd surged toward the company's gates."

* * * * *

"A reporter said to me, 'I have never seen anything like it—the sheer grit of these men. Twice, practically unarmed, they charged the ten-foot stockade from behind which the guards were picking them off with Winchesters. About a hundred actually scaled it, swinging and pulling each other up, while the women and children cheered them. It was like one of those cavalry drills at Madison Square Garden. Only the difference was that a quarter of them were shot down before they reached the ground on the other side. If the guards had shot better they'd have got all of them. Even the kids are in this strike. They gathered stones and sailed in with the men. A bunch of little chaps from ten to fifteen years old sneaked up to the fence and lighted a fire to burn it down. They wanted to make a hole for their fathers and big brothers to go through. I saw one youngster catch a loose police horse, crawl on its back and ride up to the stockade, swinging his cap and yelling while the men charged.'"

"Now for the cause of the strike. Contrary to my preconceived idea, the Rockefeller employees at Bayonne are not well treated. They are underpaid and live in greater poverty and squalor than even the workers of the fertilizer companies who struck last winter at Roosevelt. A school teacher who seemed to know what he was talking about said that from six to ten families often live in a two or three story frame house. Among the lower paid men it is a steady struggle against want. Here are some of the wage scales told me by strikers who gathered around us at the bullet scarred shanty which is used for headquarters.

"Another grievance was what they called the new management. Under the old management a list of names went into headquarters three times a year of men recommended for increased pay. Since the new manager came, no such lists have gone in. Again, for the work of dumping the wax presses, Hennessy, the new manager, reduced the number of gangs from fourteen to ten. Thus about a quarter of the dumpers were laid off, and the men left on the job claimed the work was too hard. One of them told me that a man often worked 168 hours in two weeks, with one twenty-four hour shift when the night shift is changed and becomes the day shift.

"These are some of the causes of the strike—there are others—which rose first to the strik-

ers' minds, as they talked; and then there was the feeling that the company, which they believed to be making big money just now, could especially well afford to raise wages to a living scale."

In the report made by Messrs. West and Chenery to Mr. Walsh we read that on

"Thursday afternoon guards from the Ascher agency, of New York, reached the property of the Tidewater Company, and that evening took charge of the patrolling of the works. These men had evidently been hastily picked up, for they showed no familiarity with fire-

arms or knowledge of discipline. In fact, so awkward were they with the rifles that one guard accidentally shot one of his fellows in the ankle, necessitating amputation of the leg. The men were utterly irresponsible and kept on firing indiscriminately during the night, either to test their weapons or through sheer nervousness. This continual firing, of course, enraged the strikers and kept things in a ferment.

"The commander of the Ascher men had been one of those in charge of the guards at Roosevelt in January, when these guards killed or wounded twenty strikers. The company was so alarmed by the conduct of these men

that the next day at noon they summarily discharged them and substituted men from the Berghoff agency in their place. These Berghoff men were also hastily recruited and were characterized by the Berghoff attorney as a lot of irresponsible thugs. The organization of the Berghoff Company, though, was far superior to the Ascher guards. After their substitution there were no casualties.

"Thursday, July 22, at noon, saw the last serious clash. During that night, however, there was occasionally an exchange of shots between the company guards and the strikers, who were on roofs of houses taking pot shots at the guards.

* * * * *

"The leader of the strike had been a young Elizabeth City Socialist by the name of Jeremiah Baly. He was a salesman employed by the Singer Sewing Machine Company, and had come to Bayonne at the commencement of the trouble. He had taken part in several discussions of the situation and had at several times addressed the crowd of strikers. Sheriff Kinkead was impressed with this young man and suggested to the strikers that they select him as a member of the Strike Committee. This the strikers did and he represented them in their committees which went to see the company officials and in negotiations with the city authorities.

"The men all had back pay coming and after much dispute it was finally decided that they should go in groups inside the Standard Oil stockade and get their pay at the window. The sheriff insisted that Baly go in with the

first number, as he alleges that he was not aware that Baly was not an employee of the Standard Oil Company. Baly entered with those men and then, in the presence of the armed guards and deputies, the sheriff ordered Baly to go to the window and get his money, and Baly refused. The sheriff then assaulted him, knocked him down and beat him viciously. He placed Baly under arrest and put him in the Bayonne jail.

"Frank Tannenbaum, an I. W. W. leader, who was at Bayonne in the interest of the strikers, was also arrested Monday. By Tuesday many of the strikers were willing to return to work and the sheriff, who by this time had 500 deputies and 140 uniformed police, stationed them at intervals along the route to the plant, and about 1,500 strikers returned to work. The company then began to discharge their guards, and by Wednesday morning practically the entire force was back at work and during the day all of the armed guards had left for New York, with the exception of 100 at the plant of Tidewater, whom Sheriff Kinkead had arrested on the charge of inciting to riot. These men were all given a hearing before Police Recorder Kain, of Bayonne. All but ten of them were discharged. These men are out on a \$1,000 bail each."

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"Two days after the men had returned to work the Standard Oil Company announced increases in the wages of its common laborers and proportionate increases for other groups.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO SELL?

By MARY E. MARCY

EVERY workingman and every working woman has something to sell. And most of us have only this *one* thing to take to market—we useful men and women.

We sell the most important thing in the world, our strength, our brains, our laboring power. And we sell it to the highest bidder, to the company that will pay us the highest price for it, just as the farmers sell their hogs or their wheat at the best figure these will bring, and like the manufacturers sell the products made by *us*, in *their* mills, at the highest possible price.

We live to-day under a system of society where nearly everything is bought and sold. In Russia a czar, in Germany a kaiser, in England a king and in France a president are supposed to be the heads of the various governments; but after you put aside the gilded trappings that do not count, you

will find in every "civilized" country in the world, that the business of the lives of nearly everybody is buying and selling something.

Now there is a great difference in these buyers and sellers; some men own factories, vast steel mills, priceless mines or far-flung railroads. These men buy the strength or the laboring power of the workers and sell the commodities which these workers produce.

From you and me and other workingmen and women they buy the one commodity we have to sell, the one commodity that houses, clothes and feeds the whole world; they buy our strength, our brains, our laboring power. And they buy it as they buy coal, or electric power, lumber or steam power—at the lowest price (or wage) they can get.

Nobody will deny that every house was

built by our strength, that we have made every coat and dress, every pair of shoes in the world, or that we have produced the foods that feed all mankind. Nobody can deny that the railroads have been built by your labor, that your hands and brains run the trains and haul and transport food from one end of the earth to another to feed the peoples of the nations. But because some capitalists *own* the railroads, the lands, the factories, mines and mills we have built and we operate, we are forced to sell our one commodity, our strength, in order to earn money to live.

And so we bring our hands or our brains to market at the factory gate, or the mine gate, or the railroad shop like a truck farmer taking his celery or his potatoes to market.

We go to the place where we can sell our labor power at the highest wage while the employers hire men, or buy labor power on the cheapest market. When they can secure foreign labor at a lower price, or where our work can be performed by children, they hire the foreigners or the children because they can buy their labor power at a lower wage.

Now every intelligent worker wants to abolish the wages system. We are tired of selling our strength day by day at a miserable wage like men rent out teams of mules. We want to stop being commodities sold piecemeal. We want to be men and women.

And in order to be free and independent men and women we must be free to work and to own the things we have made, or to exchange the things we have made at their value.

But we cannot be free to work, nor be free to work for ourselves by receiving the things we produce or the value of the things we produce, so long as the mills, mines, factories, railroads, and shops are owned and controlled by a few private individuals. For the individual employer or the corporation will buy the strength of workmen only when they can appropriate all the great and wonderful, the beautiful and useful things the workers make. And this is how the employers of labor grow rich. They pay us the lowest possible price for our strength and they *keep* the things we produce.

They pay us five dollars a day when we produce commodities valued at fifteen,

twenty or twenty-five dollars a day. And the manufacturing capitalist divides this surplus among the wholesale and the retail men, the landlords, the bankers, the lawyers and advertisers and a host of other parasites, who do no useful toil.

We want to abolish the wages system because we want the working class to receive the full value of the things it produces.

In the meantime while we still have to sell our strength for a wage, we want to get the most we can for it. The employing, or owning class, cannot say what wages we shall receive, nor can an individual workman determine what wages he shall be paid. When the boss has more jobs than he has men, he will pay a higher wage. But he will never pay you in wages the value of the things you produce because that would leave no profits for those who do not work who own the factory or mine or mill.

But there are usually more men who need work than there are jobs and it is because there are so many men after the same job that the employers can hire us at indecent wages.

The best way to raise wages is to put the unemployed to work and the best way to put the unemployed to work is to make *two jobs out of one*, that is, to shorten the hours of labor and put extra men to work. Every time you shorten the hours of labor, you put thousands of men to work. Then the bosses have fewer men applying for jobs and you can force him to pay higher wages.

There can never be lasting peace between the employing, or owning class, and the working class because the owning, non-working class is always trying to buy our labor power at a lower wage in order to increase its own unearned profits. We workers are always trying to get shorter hours and higher pay for our laboring power—which means lower dividends for the capitalist class.

The wage conditions in this country and in every other modern industrial country, are going to grow worse if you do not make them better. You cannot make them better by acting alone. If you go to the boss and demand higher wages, he can simply throw you out of a job and put another man in your place. The day when one worker alone could force his boss to

pay a higher price for his labor power is past. To-day the only way we can beat the employers is by uniting with other workers—and the more workers we organize with, the larger our organization, the stronger will we be.

If *all* the railroad workers in this country went on strike they would have the whole nation at the verge of famine and howling for mercy within three days. If *all* the miners went on strike at the same time during cold weather, they would have Congress and the United States Senate and the president of these United States on their knees within a week.

If every workingman and woman folded his arms and her arms for a few days, not one single wheel in the whole world would turn; water works would shut down, street cars, trains of food would cease to run, telegraph and telephones would become silent. The world would soon be without heat, and light, without food and clothing.

Let one working man fold his arms and cease to labor and the world moves on about him; but let a hundred thousand railway men fold their arms, or ten thousand telegraph operators fold their arms and see what would happen!

And so we workers must unite with all the other workers in the industry where we are employed in order to shorten the hours of labor and to raise wages and to gain more and ever more control of working conditions in the shop or mill and mine.

We can help our class in its daily struggle to gain more of the things it has produced and of which it has long been robbed by the employing class, by working for an ever more inclusive unionism, until at last we can organize the whole working class in a struggle for the control of the

means of production and distribution, that is, for the control of the mines, mills, factories, the farms and the railroads, etc.

Every month we see the employers installing more modern machinery that displaces working men or women. The big glass manufacturers are putting in automatic glass-blowing machines; the railroad companies are using bigger and more powerful engines that pull from four to five times the loads they used to haul. One train crew now does the work that formerly required three or four crews.

And the men thrown out of employment by these newer and heavier engines, or by the automatic processes are just as capable, as industrious, as intelligent as those who are retained. But modern production means ever more and more labor-displacing machinery. Wages are bound to fall and hours are bound to remain what they are, unless we put up a fight.

Now we have fought the men who were out of work in the past. We have turned our backs on the fellows without jobs and these out-of-works have gone around to the superintendent's office and offered to sell their labor power at a lower wage and have taken our jobs.

We have to stop fighting the working class and join with all the workers of the world against the owners of the means of production. Then we can help the whole working class today and can at last grow strong enough, through organization and education and experience, to put the workers of the world in control of the factories, the railroads, the farms and mills, and the workers, themselves, shall receive the value of the things they produce.

All things are possible to us through industrial organization. Agitate! Organize! And fight!

“We have, according to the income tax returns, 44 families, with incomes of \$1,000,000 or more, whose members perform little or no useful service, but whose aggregate income, totaling at least fifty millions per year, are equivalent to the earnings of 100,000 wage earners, at the average rate of \$500 per year.”

—From Press Abstract of Report of United States Commission on Industrial Relations.



By FULLSTROKE

SAFETY FIRST. It is under cover of these magic words that the modern railroad manager, can and does, pull off any stunt in the interest of dividends, utterly regardless of any reference to safety.

The "safety first" movement was born at the time when it dawned upon railroad profit seekers, that by throwing safety into the scrap pile profits could be made to grow ever more high, even after deducting the occasional expense occasioned by the inevitable wrecks. Then, of course, there was the claim agent and lawyer always ready to reduce even these claims to the lowest limit. "Safety first" became a wonderful asset and has been used to the very limit as a cloak, and it must be said with success.

Hanging beside every round house register is a small painted tin box containing blank "safety first" cards. Any employee on noticing a defective spot anywhere along the line, is supposed to report it on one of these blanks. Once a month a "safety first" committee, composed of lesser R. R. officials, meets and goes over these cards. Every card is considered, that is, every card that gets before this committee. If some practice of the railroad that is very profitable, or that would require some expense to remedy, should be reported on one of these cards, of course it is side-tracked and the committee never has a chance to consider it.

It was in 1898 that one of the American railroads, by using a locomotive with 200,000 pounds of driving wheels, loading the engine to the very limit of its pulling capacity, ran the train revenue up

to \$568.00 per hundred miles. Such an engine was about double the capacity for hauling, of average freight service of the time, and this feat of labor displacement opened the eyes of railroad managers to the possibility of hauling the entire equipment over the road in one train. The reduction in number of train hands, of course, was in inverse ratio to the train mile revenue. Immediately the weight of the locomotive began to mount faster than ever before. From the modest 200,000 pounds of the drivers, it went up rapidly to 250,000 and is now approaching the 300,000 pound mark for just the ordinary hog type of engine.

Special types for mountain service are far in excess of even this weight. Then the introduction of superheated steam added another 15 per cent to the power for any given weight on driving wheels. The number of cars hauled in a single train went from 40 to 125 and even more, while the tonnage went like a sky rocket to five, six and as high as eight thousand tons. All these things occurred in the short time of half a decade with the process still on the ascent.

Now right here was introduced the greatest menace to railroad safety that has yet appeared in train operation. A train of 125 freight cars is almost exactly one mile in length, and the tonnage of such a train will average between 5,000 and 6,000 tons. The stored-up energy of such a train traveling at an ordinary freight train speed is enough to raise a first class battleship out of the water. A large portion of these mile long caravans of junk are still carried on cast iron wheels, which are no-

torious for being unreliable. In fact there is not a single day in cold weather but many of these cast iron wheels go to pieces, right out on the road, in both slow and fast freight service, as though they were made of cheese. Brake beams are hung in any off hand manner that can be devised, the only specification ever considered being the lowest possible first cost. In order that this mile of cars shall be the standard, on the roads with considerable grade, two and even three engines are regularly used, the pulling power of which exceeds the strength of drawbars. This results in frequent pulling of the drawbars and rigging while the train is at full speed, dumping about a ton of iron under the moving cars. Also it may be remembered that this is only a part of a long list of common events that may at any moment cause a derailment anywhere along the mile or more of tonnage.

It is not always on level land nor in bright daylight when these trains are moving. Over the longest bridges spanning the resistless flood, through the hardest storm and darkest night, these trains followed one after another. Nor are the long freights the only trains on the road.

At the same time on the two, three and four track systems are traveling hundreds of passenger trains loaded with thousands of passengers, going both in the same and opposite directions. This passenger train also has doubled in weight, length and capacity for carrying passengers. It is to the passenger that the greatest menace comes from freight trains operated in long units. So imminent and always present is this danger, and so disastrous when it comes, that simply to look at a fast passenger train passing over one of these travelling miles of scrap is enough to make one hold his breath. For it is when, from any cause, a derailment occurs in the mile long freight train that the standing menace to all travel becomes apparent.

When a derailment comes at the forward half of the train the many thousand tons in the line behind keep right on coming. One loaded car piles on top of another and even this does not stop the oncoming tidal wave of destruction. Up and up they go with now and then some going sideways until a veritable pyramid of wreckage is the result. Two hundred feet wide and eight to ten cars high stands this pyramid when the caravan slackens

up. All tracks are instantly blocked without stopping the oncoming cars from crashing and tumbling in every direction. Loaded coal cars, built of the latest design are telescoped up like an accordion. Loaded box cars of the strongest type are so thoroughly demolished that their numbers can only be found in the conductor's book or yard records. Rails are broken and bent in fantastic shapes as though powerful forges and hammers had been at work for weeks and new ties are literally ground up into pulp in the dirt.

this great public, it rapidly fills to the exclusion of the former vacuum; a sort of cheap filler to a scab cigar, as it were.

What is going to be the result when one of these wreck start changing the aspect of the landscape right on the next track to a faster passenger train making schedule time. In the short time these long trains have been operated there have been many close calls. Times almost without number, such wrecks have happened either just ahead or just after the passing of the fastest passenger trains. The time

HUMAN LIFE AND LABOR ARE CHEAP. RAILROADS ARE RUN FOR DIVIDENDS.
 "SAFETY FIRST" IS GOOD ADVERTISING BUNK TO HAND OUT TO THE
 EMPLOYEES AND A GULLIBLE PUBLIC.

All this destruction of cars and engines is of small account. The workers will in the shortest possible time, have all this damage repaired. But so great is the profit from this method of handling traffic, that is, so great is the labor displacement, that the only thing the management does is to place a new flood of "SAFETY FIRST" signs. After each disaster of this kind up go the signs, on every telegraph pole, on every board of the fence and is a new decorative design on the railroad advertising matter. This is simply poured into the public ear and there being nothing else in the head of

is ever drawing nearer when one of them is going to get caught. Not only get caught, but get buried out of sight in the wreckage. Be it remembered, there is no suspension of traffic when legislators and even the President of the United States are travelling. It is not pleasant to forecast so appalling a thing as this must be when it comes. And there is not an experienced railroad man who is not continually speaking of it. They are powerless to prevent it now, but they know what is coming. They know it menaces their lives every moment they are at work.

How does the slogan "SAFETY

FIRST" effect train operation of a nature that may bury an entire passenger train under wreckage at any moment? Is that the question you want answered? Well, it has no effect that you would notice. Should a nail be found sticking out from a clapboard ten feet up from the ground, or a piece of glass be found lying somewhere in the sun, the most neglectful railroad company will go after it with a brass band if reported on a "safety first" card. But after one of these wrecks, a two horse load of cards sent in, would not even cause a ripple. Plans for real safety would never be placed before the "safety first" committee.

When the inevitable does come let it be remembered that the cry of "safety first" came at the time this greatest menace to safety became a regular railroad practice. It should have read, "DIVIDENDS FIRST," and have been so inscribed on the banner of every railroad in the land. It is the greatest asset in the gentle art of profit in taking chances. The basic conditions that brought it into being are now in full swing. The remedy will be applied when those who spend their lives running the railroads can say how these should be run. Then and then only will the railroad workers have safe working conditions and railroad passengers a chance to travel in safety.

Should the Workers be Organized by Industries?

IN THIS short article I shall endeavor to prove "That the time has arrived when all workers in an industry should be members of the organization pertaining to that industry."

I believe that all workers in or about mines should be members of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain; that all workers on or about railways should be members of the National Union of Railwaymen. And this, of course, is not to apply only to miners and railwaymen, but to the workers in all industries. One industry, one organization.

When dealing with the problem of organization this seems to be eminently desirable, reasonable, and practicable. Today we have too many unions and too little unity. As a member of the Miners' Federation, I hope I shall be excused if I deal mainly with the organization of men employed in or about mines. What is known as the M. F. G. B. is numerically one of the largest organizations of a single industry in the world. I believe its membership is well over 600,000. Large and powerful as it undoubtedly is, it is not so powerful as it might be if all the workers employed in or about mines were members of the same organization. The number so employed is over 1,000,000. In this number officials are included. At this stage I do not think it is desirable that officials should be members; when the mines are nationalized, or controlled and managed by the workers, the

official will no longer be the paid agent of the capitalist, and will fall naturally into line with the workers in the industry. Until then the officials should be outside the organization. But this is only a detail and not of primary importance. Eliminating the officials, there are probably from 35 to 40 per cent of the workers employed in or about mines who are not members of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain. This is a formidable number, the inclusion of which would add materially to the power and prestige of the federation, while the workers would stand to gain more by becoming members.

These outsiders are mainly employed on the surface, and are in various organizations, such as the General Laborers' Union, the Surface Craftsmen's Association, the Gas Workers' Union, the Navvies' Union, the Winding Enginemen's Association, etc. When trouble arises owing to disputes in these unions, sometimes thousands of miners have to stand by these men and remain idle until the dispute is settled, or the men would be defeated if the miners continued working. On the other hand, the miners fight for some great principle and win it, and the men outside the Federation at once participate in the benefits without fighting or paying for them. In my own district we had a notable case where 2,500 miners were idle nine weeks for the purpose of obtaining weekly payment of wages. At the end of the strike the men won; wages

were paid weekly, and nearly 300 men who were members of other unions received the weekly wage benefit though they were working while the miners were on strike—virtually blacklegging the miners. Later, the Miners' Federation got an amendment inserted in a Mines Bill before Parliament, making it compulsory to pay wages weekly where the men decided by ballot vote in favor of that arrangement. This has now become law, and furnishes one more proof that these subsidiary unions are largely parasitical and live on the vitality of the larger body.

These craft unions have not only been detrimental to the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, but they have been the chief obstacle to the welfare of their own members. While the miners have been able to secure a Minimum Wage Act, raising the wages of the lowest paid workmen as much as a shilling per day, many of these skilled craftsmen are still on very low wages and are outside the pale of the Minimum Wage Act, and the Miners' Eight Hours Act. No more striking evidence of ineffectuality can be found than this line of demarcation drawn by the legislator between members of one strong industrial union and members of a number of weak unions. It is well known how these unions retain their members, viz., by taking a lower contribution and giving benefits largely of a friendly society or burial society character. As trade unions they are practically helpless; at least that is my experience of them.

I have dealt rather lengthily with the material benefit side of the question, because it is the one string largely harped upon by the propagandists of these subsidiary unions. From the standpoint of organization there is absolutely no case for them. If unity means anything, it means "One and Indivisible," as the aim and end to be attained in organizing the workers. This is certainly the purport of the following

resolution passed at the M. F. G. B. Annual Conference at Southport in 1911, carried by an overwhelming majority: "We consider that all workmen employed in and about collieries should belong to the same organization." Never was there greater need for closing up the ranks of the workers than now, when they are attacked on all sides by vested interests and huge combines of capital; and betrayed by self-seeking leaders who have thrown over the principles and constitution of the Labor Party rather than refuse office in a capitalistic class-ridden government. One consolation the workers have: No one is able to bribe *them*. Whoever may sell the pass to the enemy it will not be sold by the workers themselves. Organized in their millions in their industries, no government, no capitalists, are rich enough to bribe them.

What has been written here about the miners applies with equal force to the railwaymen, the transport workers, the sailors and every other industry. Let us organize our industrial workers to a man; and *then* federate our organizations, and prepare for the great work of taking over the industries, controlling and working them, for the common good of all. This is the only way the wage system will be abolished. Through the power of organization the worker is invincible; strange as it may seem, the workers are the only class that have not realized that. The C. L. C. will help them to understand.

The old type of labor leader, with his collective bargaining ideals, is being superseded, as quickly as the undertaker will allow, by a new mind, instructed in the principles of economics, and therefore with some scientific reason for his sure and certain belief that "there is no wealth but life," and that the future of the world belongs not to the idle rich, but to labor.—GEORGE BARKER (Miners' Agent, Abertillery, Mon.), in the *Plebs Magazine*.

AFTER THE WAR—WHAT?

V. Coming Events

By HENRY L. SLOBODIN

THE present war settled conclusively one greatly disputed proposition—that our consciousness and reason influence the course of social events only to an infinitesimal degree. And our will is of even less consequence.

What the Socialist movement reasoned and willed is one thing. What it actually accomplished—another.

The Socialist movement set out with the object of combatting the present state of society and of finally overthrowing it. It has chosen political action as its movement. It has become a great political party.

How?

By a process of adaptation to existing conditions. It could not otherwise. No great political party could be organized without adaptation to conditions as they are.

The great fundamental and fatal error of the Socialist movement was in the idea cultivated in it by its writers and spokesmen that adaptation to existing conditions meant reconciliation to them.

It led the Socialist movement to abandon its original object; to support what it set out to combat; to preserve what it set out to overthrow.

Adaptation is the law of life. Everywhere we may observe how nature overcomes obstacles, preserves species and creates new varieties by adaptation. Whenever necessity demands it, nature will, by adaptation, make eyes or pincers out of feelers, legs out of fins, wings out of legs or vice versa. But nature will not become reconciled to obstacles and abandon the effort of overcoming them.

Adaptation is the shortest way to the object and conserves matter and energy.

The Socialists are wont to look down upon the labor unions as falling short of the Socialist movement in their social aims and ideals.

The labor union movement is also proceeding by way of adaptation, but it nev-

er becomes reconciled to obstacles which it set out to overcome; it will not support what its purpose was to combat, it will not preserve what it aimed to overthrow.

Its aim was and is shorter work day, higher wages and better working conditions.

And by no process of hocus pocus did the labor union movement talk itself into the belief that longer hours, lower wages, worse working conditions or any other evils which it set out to remove, were in the interest of the working class, and were to be supported instead of combatted; to be preserved instead of abolished.

And this is exactly what happened with the Socialist movement of Germany. Never was a movement launched with a more comprehensive program of political and industrial change.

Politically, yunkerdom, kaiserdom and militarism were to be abolished and a thoroughly democratic state established.

Industrially, capitalism was to be expropriated and a co-operative commonwealth inaugurated.

Internationally, a solidarity of the working class of the world was proclaimed having for its mission the abolishing of boundaries and the ushering in of the true brotherhood of men.

In practice, the Socialist movement of Germany became rapidly reconciled to things as they are and made its peace with the world of today. It became reconciled to yunkerdom, kaiserdom and militarism. And by opposing every efficient means of combatting them, it came to support and preserve these institutions of oppression.

It has put the stigma of ridicule on the idea that men can work practically for the abolition of capitalism and the establishing of Socialism. These great aims have become in the mouths of "practicals" a term of sarcasm, a by-word.

In recognizing the international solidar-

ity of labor, it no more than trailed in the footsteps of the labor union movement. Its own nobler aim of the brotherhood of men, it abandoned almost at the post, and permitted it to become a word of derision.

Toward the east the German Socialists assumed the attitude of racial superiority. A threatened invasion by the Russians would justify the German Socialists to take up arms. But they conceded no such right to the Russian Socialists against a German invasion. This is an inference which becomes obvious from the immense military preparedness of the Germans.

This preparedness could not be achieved without not alone the physical co-operation of the German Socialists, but of their moral indorsement as well.

In the German munition factories the majority of the workmen are Socialists. The Socialists were nobody's fools. They knew the degree of military preparedness of Germany. Did they disclose it at the International Socialist Congresses? Not they. But with that knowledge, they were encouraging the Socialists of France and Russia to fight for restricting armaments.

To the west, the German Socialists were political and industrial imperialists. Oh, yes. They are against annexation. That is some of them. But even the German government recognizes that this is said so as to save one's face. What shall we think of one who repeats, and repeats and repeats one thing and when the first occasion arises does just the opposite?

The German Socialists will probably say that they are against annexation, as they said they were against war, while in hundreds of thousands they will be terrorizing the population of Belgium and France into submission and annexation.

Words should count with us only when, occasion arising for deeds, such deeds should be true to the words.

The horror with which the German Socialists viewed any political action that might result in bloodshed is notorious. In contrast to that consider the millions of lives which the German Socialists are willingly sacrificing for the fatherland.

How futile and impotent is German Socialism!

How vital and virile is German patriotism!

The German Socialist movement dominated the Second International. The German Socialist movement claimed and was given the credit for the character of the Socialist movement the world over.

The German Socialist movement should not now shirk the blame for the failure of the Socialist movement in this great hour of human history.

After the war an attempt will be made to reorganize the International with the German domination unimpaired. In fact the attempt has been already begun. The cry will be—"Preserve the International! Preserve Unity!"

Now, from all present indications, it is evident that after the war the German Social Democratic party will be even less Socialist than it was before the war.

Certainly there are divisions and disagreements in the Socialist movement of Germany. There is Liebknecht, the first protestant against the portrayal of Socialism by the Socialist party of Germany, now having with him Rosa Luxemburg, Franz Mehring and many others, standing at the extreme left. They demand war against war, armaments and militarism.

There are Haase, Kautsky and Bernstein with hundreds of other prominent Socialists who occupy the middle of the road, demand cessation of the war now that the fatherland is safe and are opposed to annexation and indemnities. In the party government, they are in small minority, but their following is numerous.

The dominating majority of patriots, chauvinists and non-Socialists are led by Scheideman, Heine and Sudekum. They declared a "burgfrieden"—suspension of the class struggle—and a policy of "durchhalten"—to hold out with the government to the extreme. They are just now presumably against annexation of foreign territory, but will no doubt permit themselves to be coaxed to support it, should the occasion arise.

It is to this third group of disguised chauvinists that the domination of the International will be entrusted, should it again fall into German hands.

Should this happen, we do not see how we could keep Kaiser Wilhelm, Hindenburg and Roosevelt from joining the International.

The issue of the present war will determine the character of the new International.

al. A triumphant Germany will dominate the world, International included. In that event the International will become another agency for Germanizing the world. It is difficult to visualize the world under that aspect. The claim of German racial superiority will be accepted at its Berlin quotations by the rest of the world excepting in Asia and Russia.

For triumphant Germany would proceed to mobilize the forces of Europe and America for a struggle with Asia for world supremacy. Japan, in union with Russia, a union which is even now being negotiated, will marshal the legions of the orient. And as the conflict will be at its highest, there will be heard, rising above the thunders of the war, the reverberating sound of the Social Revolution.

Mars like unto Kronos devours his own children. The children of Mars, like the children of Kronos, will rise and slay their parent. The world's armed hosts will seize the military empires and crush them to the ground.

But a Germanized International will play no role on the side of Social Revolution. More than likely, led by Scheidmans and Heines, it will throw its might against the liberation of mankind.

The question arises—Will the German

proletariat permit itself to be misled? Well, the answer to this is—It has permitted so far.

The German working class has been bribed by the militarists with the promise of racial superiority, a vague phrase used as a euphemism for very concrete and material economic and political advantages. The German Socialists of the right have accepted the bribe of promised German prosperity to be wrested from the oppression and suffering of other races.

Such will be Germany and Germans Triumphant. But there is a long road and a hard road for the Germans to travel before they reach triumph.

But even in the event of a German defeat, no International, be it never so revolutionary and proletarian, will have the influence it should have without the German working class being well represented in the International. For if one thing is more obvious than any other, this thing is that the German proletariat is destined to play the first violin in the orchestra of the social revolution and that no great capitalist overthrow, no victory of Socialism, is possible without the co-operation, aye, leadership of German Socialism expurgated of the leadership of the Scheidmans and Heines and Sudekums.

THE GERMAN SOCIAL DEMOCRACY

All who are weary and heavy laden; all who suffer under injustice; all who suffer from the outrages of the existing bourgeois society; all who have in them the feeling of the worth of humanity, look to us, turn hopefully to us, as the only party that can bring rescue and deliverance. And if we, the opponents of this unjust world of violence, suddenly reach out the hand of brotherhood to it, conclude alliances with its representatives, invite our comrades to go hand in hand with the enemy whose misdeeds have driven the masses into our camp, what confusion must result in their minds! How can the masses longer believe on us? If the men of the clerical party, of the progressive party, and the other boodle parties are our comrades, wherefore then the struggle against capitalist society, whose representatives and champions all of these are? What reason have we, then, for existence? It must be that for the hundreds and thousands, for the millions that have sought salvation under our banner, it was all a colossal mistake for them to come to us. If we are not different from the others, then we are not the right ones—the Saviour is yet to come; and the Social Democracy was a false Messiah, no better than the other false ones!—WILHELM LIEBKNECHT.

BILLY SUNDAY

By CARL SANDBURG

YOU come along—tearing your shirt—yelling about Jesus.
I want to know what the hell you know about Jesus?

Jesus had a way of talking soft, and everybody except a few bankers and higher-ups among the con men of Jerusalem liked to have this Jesus around because he never made any fake passes, and everything he said went and he helped the sick and gave the people hope.

You come along squirting words at us, shaking your fist and calling us all dam fools—so fierce the froth of your own spit slobbers over your lips—always blabbering we're all going to hell straight off and you know all about it.

I've read Jesus' words. I know what he said. You don't throw any scare into me. I've got your number. I know how much you know about Jesus.

He never came near clean people or dirty people but they felt cleaner because he came along. It was your crowd of bankers and business men and lawyers that hired the sluggers and murderers who put Jesus out of the running.

I say it was the same bunch that's backing you that nailed the nails into the hands of this Jesus of Nazareth. He had lined up against him the same crooks and strong-arm men now lined up with you paying your way.

This Jesus guy was good to look at, smelled good, listened good. He threw out something fresh and beautiful from the skin of his body and the touch of his hands wherever he passed along.

You, Billy Sunday, put a smut on every human blossom that comes in reach of your rotten breath belching about hell-fire and hiccuping about this man who lived a clean life in Galilee.

When are you going to quit making the carpenters build emergency hospitals for women and girls driven crazy with wrecked nerves from your goddam gibberish about Jesus? I put it to you again: What the hell do you know about Jesus?

Go ahead and bust all the chairs you want to. Smash a wagon load of furniture at every performance. Turn sixty somersaults and stand on your nutty head. If it wasn't for the way you scare the women and kids, I'd feel sorry for you and pass the hat.

I like to watch a good four-flusher work, but not when he starts people puking and calling for the doctor.

I like a man that's got guts and can pull off a great, original performance; but you—hell, you're only a bughouse peddler of second-hand gospel—you're only shoving out a phoney imitation of the goods this Jesus guy told us ought to be free as air and sunlight.

Sometimes I wonder what sort of pups born from mongrel bitches there are in the world less heroic, less typic of historic greatness than you.

You tell people living in shanties Jesus is going to fix it up all right with them by giving them mansions in the skies after they're dead and the worms have eaten 'em.

You tell \$6 a week department store girls all they need is Jesus; you take a steel trust wop, dead without having lived, gray and shrunken at forty years of age, and you tell him to look at Jesus on the cross and he'll be all right.

You tell poor people they don't need any more money on pay day, and even if it's fierce to be out of a job, Jesus'll fix that all right, all right—all they gotta do is take Jesus the way you say.

I'm telling you this Jesus guy wouldn't stand for the stuff you're handing out. Jesus played it different. The bankers and corporation lawyers of Jerusalem got their sluggers and murderers to go after Jesus just because Jesus wouldn't play their game. He didn't sit in with the big thieves.

I don't want a lot of gab from a bunkshooter in my religion.

I won't take my religion from a man who never works except with his mouth and never cherishes a memory except the face of the woman on the American silver dollar.

I ask you to come through and show me where you're pouring out the blood of your life.

I've been out to this suburb of Jerusalem they call Golgotha, where they nailed Him, and I know if the story is straight it was real blood ran from his hands and the nail-holes, and it was real blood spurted out where the spear of the Roman soldier rammed in between the ribs of this Jesus of Nazareth.

GUILD SOCIALISM

By LAURENCE WELSH

IT IS a newspaper platitude that the English nation has learnt more in nine months of war than it would learn in as many normal years. Amongst the more salutary of these compulsory lessons may be counted that which the labouring classes may, if they have had their eyes open, have learnt with regard to the State control of industry. It has been shown more clearly than was possible by any theoretical demonstration that such control is not a suitable permanent feature in national life, and, in itself, utterly fails to secure to the individual worker increased personal liberty or dignity of life.

The most remarkable instance of State control of industry (as distinct from national ownership of industrial capital) so far brought about by the war is undoubtedly the Dockers' Battalion. This is a military battalion formed at Liverpool, consisting of dock labourers, who work under military conditions and are thus prevented from causing industrial "trouble." They are subject to compulsory arbitration in the event of there arising any dispute as to conditions of employment. Their foremen are officials of the union (the National Union of Dock Labourers), and every member of the battalion must, by the conditions of his employment, be a member of the Union. The control of the Government is absolute and ultimate, and the fact that the foremen are officials of the union has little more than a sentimental importance.

The question of increasing the amount of "forced" labour, and, indeed, of conscribing every labourer for work on Government contracts, has been brought to the front by the introduction of the Munitions Bill. The tone of the discussion of this question now being carried on in the Press affords an interesting comment on the ideals of Collectivists. The dominant idea of those advocating that labour for munition work should be compulsory and

be carried out under conditions of martial law is, of course, one of military efficiency (with, perhaps, a spice of that class hatred of the workers of which is so prominent a feature of middle and upper class psychology). The interests and well-being of the workers receive no consideration; the plea is for the re-institution of chattel slavery, modified to suit modern moral ideas.

These few facts are but up-to-date examples of the objections to collectivism put forward during the past seven or eight years by a group of writers in the *New Age*, probably the most brilliant, and certainly the most aggressive independent journal in London. These writers, known as National Guildsmen or Guild Socialists, have always claimed to be Socialists, and to have remained true to the fundamental ideals of Socialism which have been departed from by Collectivists. Collectivism, or State Socialism, in its anxiety to be practical and business-like, has concentrated almost exclusively on national efficiency and the interests of the community considered as a body of consumers of labour and services, to the neglect of its concerns in the equally important aspect of a collection of producers.

As it were in protest against this neglect of the producers, there arose, largely as a spontaneous growth among the workers, the theory of Syndicalism, which had one clear and basic character in its demand for the control of industry in each of its branches by the workers engaged in those branches. In other words, while Collectivism emphasizes the needs and interests of consumers, Syndicalism draws attention and attaches paramount importance to the claims of producers. Collectivism is essentially bureaucratic. According to its conceptions industry is to be organized by Government officials, and industrial workers will be treated according to the standard of humanity prevalent among the governing classes at any given time.

Syndicalism is democratic, even anarchistic, for its government is to be carried on by the mass meeting, with a minimum of representative institutions.

This description of the main aims and essential character of the two social theories which have exercised most influence in recent years is admittedly a mere outline, and neglects numerous minor points of resemblance, dwelling mainly on the antagonism between the two theories. In spite, however, of these necessary qualifications, it is true to say that, in the main, Syndicalism and Collectivism are fundamentally opposed doctrines, standing respectively for the fights of producers and of consumers.

In the theories of the National Guildsman it is claimed that these opposing interests find their reconciliation. A brief statement of the ideal organization of society as conceived by these writers will enable the force of their claim to appear, and to visualize the Guild society, it may be well to consider the process of its evolution from the existing social organism. The unit or norm of industrial life is to be the Trade Union—highly developed, educated, and comprising, not merely the manual workers in any particular industry, but the clerks, the brain workers, and even the highest directors of industry.

At present in the United States and in England the Trade Union movement is weakened by its internal dissensions, its lack of solidarity, and of a clear and lofty common ideal. It is by these defects, too, that it is weakened for the purpose of the realization of the Guild ideal. The first step on the road to Guild Socialism is that the workers should organize in Unions corresponding, in the main, to the divisions of industry; the second, but one which must be taken simultaneously with the other, is that every Union should become "blackleg proof" in the widest sense, that is, that it should embrace all workers of every class working in its particular industry. It is clear that a Union which has by educational and propaganda work reached such a high stage of corporate intelligence and development would necessarily embody a sensitive and efficient internal organization, and would represent a high state of social conscience. Such a Union, the Guildsmen contend, would be fitted to assume the entire con-

trol of its industry, and the whole industrial system of England might well be comprised within 15 or 20 such Unions or Guilds.

Each Guild would be granted a Charter by Parliament conferring on it the exclusive right to carry on its particular industry—a concession that would be morally justifiable because, *ex hypothesi*, every worker is included in his or her own Guild organization. The internal structure of the several Guilds would no doubt vary from Guild to Guild. One thing may, however, be postulated; that an extremely democratic form of government would exist throughout the whole industry. Every Guild officer, from a shop foreman to the general manager, would be elected by those over whom he was to exercise authority. The whole of the affairs of a Guild would be controlled pretty closely by the members, whose power to decide the conditions of their work would thus be insured.

The value of the corporate spirit that would undoubtedly grow up in such a body can scarcely be too much emphasized. The difference between the output of a worker making shells for the present war (a) voluntarily (b) under compulsion, has been shown to be that between 24 and 7. It may be confidently anticipated that a similar difference would exist between the work of a free labourer in a Guild of which he was a fully enfranchised member and of one driven by economic need to labour under the vile conditions of modern Capitalism.

The existing wage system is bitterly attacked by Guildsmen. Wages represent the competitive price of labour, and it is repugnant to high ethical views that human labour should be bought and sold. The wage system reduces human effort with all its variety and its divine origin—to the level of an inanimate commodity. An employer of labor no doubt deals in goods of some kind, but it is necessary for him also to deal in human souls. For what is a man's labour but one of the manifestations of his soul?

These ethical considerations have led the Guild writers to regard the existence of wavery as the fundamental defect in modern society from a spiritual standpoint, just as it undoubtedly is its economic basis. They go further on this

point. They claim that State Socialism would involve the perpetuation of the wage system. For the nationalization of land and capital presupposes compensation to the present owners, and compensation demands a national loan. The interest on this loan would be a first charge on the product of labour, and this fact, it is said, amounts to the maintenance of the wage system. If by the wage system is understood a state of Society in which payment to the owners of land and capital is a first charge on the produce of industry, State Socialism would probably perpetuate wavery. There is little likelihood, however, that a Collectivist Society would retain the competitive purchase of labour, so that the really undesirable characteristic of wavery would disappear under any Socialist state.

In a Guild Socialist state, at any rate, wavery would disappear, for a fundamental condition of membership of a Guild would be maintenance for life, whether employed or not. In this respect a Guild would resemble a modern army. Soldiers are maintained and paid throughout the period of their service. They are not suddenly engaged from the casual labour market when their labour is required for fighting. Their maintenance is a continuous charge on their employers.

One main reason why the democratization of modern political life tends in practice to be largely nullified is the great size of electoral units, and the complexity of political issues. These characteristics necessitate considerable devolution of function to officials and render difficult effective popular control of Governmental policy. This difficulty can to a large extent be overcome by the decentralization of political function, or, in other words, by reducing the size of geographical area constituting a political unit. In Guild Socialism there appears a further method of increasing popular control of governing bodies, and this is by the specialization of function in the national institutions. In the main each Guild would be autonomous, and the problems of its own government would be dealt with by its own members.

It is they who possess precisely that intimate acquaintance with the domestic questions of their Guild which would render possible the coexistence of a demo-

cratic form of government with a high state of efficiency. Thus the 'problems of modern industry' would be taken from the hands of the ordinary legislature and put into the hands of those most concerned in their solution. This fact has a two-fold significance. Firstly, such an arrangement would tend to secure efficient industrial management and industrial conditions acceptable to the mass of the people. Secondly, the national Government would be set free to concentrate attention on the large national issues of foreign and imperial policy which are naturally its special concern. It is widely felt that in modern democratic and industrial countries these concerns have received in recent years too little consideration.

Inter-guild relationships would necessarily be complex and it would doubtless be necessary to set up a super-guild authority to act as the final arbiter in cases of conflicting interests, and generally to regulate industrial affairs of national, as opposed to purely guild interest. This Guild Congress would seem to be the natural successor of a fusion of the present Federations of Trade Unions. This is a further illustration of the continuity of tradition which would be one of the characteristics of the realization of the Guild ideals. The units of industry are to evolve from the existing units of industrial organization; the chief industrial council would be developed from bodies already fulfilling a high function in the labor movement; and the internal structure of the Guilds would follow naturally from the present formation of Trade Unions. This respect for the existing state of industrial organization, which represents the collective will and intelligence of the labor movement, marks considerable practical wisdom in the guildsmen. They realize the necessity, in so conservative a country as England, of respecting the established fact that has evolved naturally and has stood the test of time.

Guild Socialism cannot arrive in a day. Nevertheless it embodies the chief tendencies that make themselves apparent in modern industrial politics and indicates the lines along which society is developing. Nationalization alone is no longer believed to be a panacea for labour's ills. Democratic control of industry is realized

to be as essential as democracy in politics. And though opinion has not yet crystallized on many details of the social ideal for which the National Guildsmen stand, it is becoming clearer every day that ultimate form of society will be some sort of partnership between the State and Trade Unions.

THE CRY OF THE UNDERLINGS

By Philip Green Wright

The masters stand at the head of things;
 They are lords of work and pay;
 And we must run till the set of sun,
 Because the masters say;
 For we, for we are the underlings,
 And the lords of bread are they;
 And we must eat though they screw and cheat,
 And when they nod, obey.

Sometimes there is work for every one,
 And sometimes, barred each gate;
 And why it is so, the masters know,
 We only wish and wait.
 They know when the freights will begin to run,
 And the factory whistles blow,
 And the fires burn and the spindles turn:
 These things the masters know.

We work and work at things we must,
 We don't so greatly care,
 By the rushing flume, at the roaring loom,
 In the coal mine's killing air.
 We fashion gems for a dole of crust,
 And silks, with a rag for pay;
 And the things we make, the masters take,
 To make their women gay.

There is wit and grace and courtesy,
 When the masters meet and dine,
 And the lives of men are ticked off then,
 Over the nuts and wine;
 For before them they somehow seem to see
 All that the future brings:
 Our minds are dull as we mull and mull
 Over these puzzling things.

We shape the clothes that the masters wear
 With such easy air of right;
 We mine the coals that warm their souls,
 As we shiver at home tonight;
 We build the yachts that the masters bear
 With their graceful swallow wings:
 For they are free; but we, but we,
 Are only the underlings.

Our minds are dull, we mull and mull,
 But we're waking, masters; ay,
 We're waking now, and, with knotted brow,
 We're wondering dimly, why!
 Only wondering, slow and vast and dull,
 Brutal to do and dare;
 But if ever we shake ourselves awake,
 Masters of bread, beware!

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TURNING MUGS ON LATHE.

THE POTTER AND HIS CLAY

By Arthur Ruskin

OF ALL the great industries in the world today, perhaps the one that has progressed least with the passing years, is potting. It is true, of course, that the demand and the output have increased wonderfully, but the modern machine and the automatic process seem to have made less headway here than in any other known branch of industry. This is perhaps due to the character of the raw materials.

While glass making has leaped from the old hand or blown method into a process where, from the mixing of the raw materials to the blowing and packing of glass bottles themselves, these commodities are practically untouched by the hand of man, pottery ware, though often partially cast in

moulds, is still "turned" by lathe by hand.

Perhaps there are more pottworks in the world today than plants for any other industry. Over one hundred thousand families in Japan have their own home kilns. There every member of the family is engaged in home potting and their products are sold so cheap as to compete with the most modern potteries abroad. Millions of dollars' worth of Japanese ware are shipped out annually.

Early methods of preparing clay for the potter's hand were, naturally, of the most primitive character. The crude material was simply thrown into the tank or pit and manipulated with a spade or paddle, then taken out in large chunks and cut through and through with a fine wire stretched be-

tween the two hands of the workman, the pebbles and other foreign substances being picked out as the work progressed.

In 1835 a patent was granted Adam Weber of Womelsdorf, Pa., for a contrivance for purifying potters' clay, consisting of a hollow metal or wooden cylinder with a wire sieve placed across the bottom through which the moist clay was forced by means of a block or piston worked by a lever. This simple apparatus is still employed in some of the potteries where coarse earthenware is made.

Today most of the clay used in potting is carefully washed before being shipped to the manufacturer and the flint and feldspar are finely ground at the quarry. These materials in due proportions are placed in tanks called "plungers" with the necessary amount of water and worked, tons at a charge, by machinery in a short space of time.

The mass is then sifted and forced through canvas bags held in what is termed a "press," the surplus moisture being expelled. An improved hydrostatic press, made by A. J. Boyce of E. Liverpool, Ohio, is now in use in many potteries with great success.

The potter's wheel used until only a few years ago was a clumsy affair. The potter sat on a framework bench behind the wheel while in front were piled lumps of clay to be manipulated. This contrivance was termed a "kick wheel." The workman pushed the wheel around with his feet.

The "throw wheel" was an improvement but required an extra hand to turn the wheel that in turn caused the potter's disk to revolve. And on this disk was the lump of clay worked by the potter. Small potteries use a treadle today.

"Jiggers" and "jollies" now facilitate the manufacture of circular and swelled vessels such as jugs, crocks, cuspidors, etc. A "jigger" is a machine carrying a revolving mould in which the clay is shaped by the "former" which is brought down into the mould and held there by a lever.

"A jolly" is a somewhat similar contrivance used principally in making plates, saucers and flatware. It consists of a revolving disk or wheel on which the mould is placed.

The lathe used by the potter is similar to the lathe used in wood turning. A wooden

block made of the proper size for the cup or other articles to be turned is screwed to the spindle of the lathe. These are the only important machines that have been added to the old time pottery industry. Other similar machinery has been invented but owing to the nature of the materials, never proved really practicable.

The model for any piece of ware, a jug, for instance, having been designed and finished, is taken in hand by the mould-maker who makes the mould from it that will part in the middle. This is called the "block mould" and is carefully preserved. From this a "case" is made, which is a replica in plaster of the model. From this "case" as many working moulds as may be required can be made. Plaster of paris moulds are used in the manufacture of all wares except in such as are "thrown."

When a vessel is made by hand on the potter's wheel the process is called "throwing." This is the oldest method of pottery making employed by civilized man and is still in use in many potteries. The vessels are formed by hand, rubbed smooth with a wet sponge and a piece of leather and set apart to dry.

When the ware is sufficiently dried it is placed on the spindle blocks of the lathe and the turner with a thin tool shaves the vessel to the proper thickness, then, reversing the lathe, burnishes it until the surface is even and smooth.

In making plates and saucers and flat ware, the workman throws the "bat" of clay upon the mould which forms the face of the piece. This is placed on the revolving "jigger" and the back is shaped by a tool which is pressed upon it. The piece is then set aside to dry, after which it is taken from the mould, the edges trimmed and it is ready for firing.

In making hollow pieces such as pitchers, covered dishes and pieces of similar shape, the clay is carefully pressed into the mould, made in two parts which are then brought together. The interior is smoothed and the seams of the mold are covered with a strip of glaze which is worked on smoothly and the mould is set aside until the plaster has absorbed sufficient moisture to allow the pieces to be safely removed. The handles, knobs and spouts which have been made in other moulds are then fitted to the ware and fastened by slips and then the vessel is smoothed and finished and sent to the "green room" to dry.

Thin wares are sometimes made by the casting process, but this has not proven very successful in practical pottworks.

When the biscuit ware is ready to be glazed, the "dipper" immerses it in a tub filled with the glaze which is of the consistency of cream. The ware is then carried to the glost kiln for the second firing.

DECORATION

Pottery and porcelain are decorated either *over* the glaze or *under* the glaze. In over-glaze decoration vitrified colors (that is, colors that will become as glass), are applied to the glazed surfaces of the finished ware and fixed in the enameling kiln. In under-glaze decoration the colors are placed on the ware either in the green or unfired state or on the biscuit, but it is glazed.

Decorations may also be hand painted or printed. The printing process is used extensively, the designs being engraved on copper plates and transferred to the surface of the ware. Mineral colors which have been carefully mixed are used to print

POTTERY WORK IN AMERICA.

the design on linen tissue paper which is then laid upon the ware and rubbed with a piece of soft flannel until it adheres evenly and firmly. In a few hours the paper is plucked from the ware and the printed design is then touched up with color by hand and gold lines are frequently applied.

The early Virginia emigrants made coarse earthenware vessels for culinary and other purposes. Previous to 1649 there were several small pottworks in America which did a thriving business. The Dutch settlers in New York made a ware that almost rivalled Delft.

Some one in England in writing of America in 1688 said, "the potters get sixteen pence for an earthenware pot which may be bought for four pence in England." About this time the first white ware was made in this country and by 1848 English potters were producing ware for this country from clay shipped from America over to them.

How long ago the first American Indian and before him, his ancestors, first learned to bake clay into crude vessels—who can say?

SAVAGE SURVIVALS IN HIGHER PEOPLES

By PROF. J. HOWARD MOORE

V.—THE ORIGIN OF HIGHER PEOPLES—(Continued).

15. Moral Ideas of Savages.

The earliest human *virtues* to develop were those which were useful in the preservation of the individual and the tribe—such as *courage*, *loyalty*, *endurance*, the *social feeling*, and the *desire* for *praise* and the *dread* of *blame*.

No man could be useful or faithful to his tribe in a world filled with enemies without *courage*. Hence this trait of character has been universally extolled among primitive men. Among higher men, there are fewer dangers, and hence fewer occasions for the exercise of physical courage. The emphasis of approval has been shifted considerably from physical courage to moral courage. The ultimate heroes of this world will not be tribal or *national* heroes, but the *heroes of humanity*.

Men have stood by each other in the fierce times gone by because it was the only way they could stand. The individual was nothing in the struggle for life. No man could stand alone. The individual could survive only by uniting his strength with that of others. Reason would early teach each man that if he wants the help of his fellow men he must help them in return, and that he could expect others to be true to him only as he was true to them. *Loyalty*, therefore, has been everywhere among primitive peoples one of the highest virtues. Many instances are recorded of savages deliberately sacrificing their lives as prisoners rather than betray their comrades.

Since it is not possible to do these things that are necessary for the welfare of the tribe without *endurance*, this quality has at all times been highly valued by savages. The American Indian voluntarily submits to the most painful tortures without a groan in order to demonstrate his grit and fortitude.

In the rough, semi-frontier world in which I lived as a boy, many of the ideals prevailing were essentially those of savages. A common test of manhood among

us boys was the ability to endure having a piece of skin pinched out of the knuckle of the hand with the sharp finger nails. And a boy who could show a whole set of pinched-out knuckles was always looked up to by the other boys as a sort of hero. We all wanted to be "on his side."

Man's *social nature* was probably inherited from his ape-like ancestors, who commonly live together in loose bands or tribes. The social nature means the tendency in living beings to flow together, and live together, and help each other in the struggle for life. Social animals have an affinity for each other. They are uneasy and incomplete when they are separated from their kind.

Men must have had from the beginning a certain *sympathy* for each other, and must have warned each other of danger and given mutual aid in attack and defense. As men became more dominant in the world and the non-humans became of less consequence as enemies, men turned more and more against each other. Out of the long, fierce strife, which men have waged among themselves, have developed, on the one hand, the tribal instincts, ideas, prejudices, and hatreds, and, on the other, unity, loyalty, and patriotism.

The desire for praise and the dread of blame are powerful incentives among all savages, as they are still among all higher peoples. The desire for "glory" is strong even among the rudest savages, as is shown by their excessive boasting, the care with which they decorate themselves, and their craving for "trophies," which last are merely the evidences that they are entitled to some sort of distinction.

The savage has only a very slight knowledge of the world in which he lives. He has no railroads to travel on, no telegraphs nor telephones, no newspapers and no books. He knows for the most part what he sees and hears. His world is bounded largely by his horizon. What there may be

beyond the mountain chain he does not know. But whoever is over there is his enemy. And the fellow on the other side of the mountain feels the same way toward the fellow on this side.

"Mountains interposed and made of nations enemies,

Who had else, like kindred drops, been mingled into one."

—Cowper.

The savage observes a certain rude code of morals to the members of his own tribe, who are for the most part his kinspeople. But all those outside of his tribe are his enemies, and he acts entirely different toward them. Acts which are looked upon as bad when committed by a savage against the members of his own tribe may be regarded as harmless or even commendable when committed on those outside of the tribe. Acts are not judged by their natures or results, but as to whether they are performed upon *outsiders* or upon *insiders*.

The Balantis (Africa) punish with death a theft committed against a fellow tribesman, but encourage and reward thieving from other tribes.

The Afridi (Afghanistan) mother prays that her son may be a successful robber—not a robber of her own people but of other peoples—and in order that he may become skilled in crime teaches him to creep stealthily through a hole in the wall.

In his dealings with the other members of his tribe the savage observes a certain rude code of morals. But outsiders are outlaws. They may be attacked, robbed, deceived, murdered, eaten, or enslaved with perfect propriety.

"There was no brotherhood recognized by our savage forefathers," says Sir Henry Maine, in speaking of the ancestors of the white peoples, "except actual relationship by blood. If a man was not of kin to another, there was nothing between them. He was an enemy to be hated, slain, or despoiled as much as the wild beasts upon which the tribe made war, as belonging, indeed, to the craftiest and cruelest of wild animals. It would scarcely be too strong to assert that the dogs which followed the camp had more in common with it than the tribesman of a foreign and unrelated tribe."

The feeling of *enmity* and *hatred* which a savage feels toward strangers, toward those outside his tribe, seems to be the com-

plement or opposite of the *social feeling* which the savage has toward the members of his tribe. *Sympathy* and *hate* have much the same relation to each other as *pleasure* and *pain*.

The moral excellences of savages consist in the practice of those virtues which are necessary to the preservation of the tribe in a world of strife and war: courage, loyalty, endurance, sympathy, and general conformity to the rules and usages of the tribe in its social, religious, and political organization. These virtues are more or less tribal in their extent. Toward outsiders, hatred, cruelty, intolerance, deception, robbery, and even murder are encouraged or approved. The personal virtues of temperance, prudence, modesty, industry, self-control, cleanliness, and the desire for self-improvement come later in human development. The virtues of humanity, sympathy, justice, charity, gratitude, humanitarianism, and the desire for progress are also post-tribal in development.

There are savages and near-savages. Human beings representing a considerable range in development and culture are called savages. And many so-called "savages" show a higher grade of character and intelligence than is shown by the instances mentioned in this lesson. But, since men have come from lower animals, there must have been intermediate beings between these lower animal forms and the savages existing today that were even lower and more animal-like than is evidenced by the cases cited.

V. SAVAGE SURVIVALS IN HIGHER PEOPLES.

1. Introduction.

The preceding lessons are not directly ethical. They are only indirectly so. The purpose of these lessons has been to prepare the way for and lead up to this lesson and the next one on "Savage Survivals in Higher Peoples."

Many of the most powerful tendencies in the natures of higher peoples are *vestigial*. They are tendencies which were necessary in the earlier and more primitive ages of the world, but which, owing to changed conditions, are no longer useful. They persist as parts of our nature, in accordance with the same laws of survival which perpetuate the vermiform appendix, the ear muscles, and other useless parts of the hu-

man body. Darwin says that man has in his body about 80 different parts that are vestigial—80 different parts that are of no use whatever. And it is very certain that there is a much larger proportion of our *natures* that is vestigial than of our bodies.

Someone has said that "civilization wears a train." It does. And it is a very long one. It is composed of the ideas, beliefs, and institutions which have served men in the past, but which are today out of date and useless, but which we go on tolerating because we are not energetic enough to get rid of them. The world ought really to get out a new edition of itself every little while, leaving out the things that are useless and untrue and inserting new material that has come to it from the higher points of view.

Human nature is like everything else—it slowly changes. It is not the same today that it was a thousand years ago; and it is not the same today that it will be a thousand years in the future. We live in a universe where *everything* is *flowing*. Even the "eternal" hills are changing with every summer shower, and the "fixed" stars are moving. The river valleys have been filed out by the streams that flow in them, and the mountains have *grown* to be what they are. Human nature, like everything else, is a product of growth. But at any particular time human nature, like the human body and like human civilization, consists largely of parts which ought to have been abandoned long ago, but which survive because of our lack of ability to revise ourselves and bring ourselves up to date. We are not entirely of the present. Much of us has come from the past and really belongs to the past.

It is exceedingly important that these survivals should be understood. It is still more important that they should be recognized beyond question as being *illegitimate*. The first six lessons of this book form a series intended to teach these things.

2. Instincts.

An instinct is a natural tendency in a living being to do a thing in a certain way, which has not been learned by experience. Instincts are inborn. We bring them into the world with us. Birds fly north in the spring and south in the fall in obedience to an urge or tendency in their natures to do so. They have not *learned* to do these things. The tendency was born with them.

It is a part of their nature. The mother bird and the mother cow and the mother human being are not taught to love their young. It is an *instinct*, one of the most beautiful in all the gray world of animal life.

I wonder if you have ever come upon the wild partridge with her young ones out in the forest and seen those little balls of down scatter like chaff at the warning cry of the mother. When they are no more than a day old and scarcely able to toddle, these little apologies of living beings will disperse at the distress signal of the mother as promptly and expertly as if they had practiced it for years, creeping under leaves and squatting in little hollows of the ground and lying there as still as stones, and looking so much like the dead leaves that it is almost impossible to find them even though one knows in a general way just where they are. These little souls were *not taught* to do this. They brought the instinct with them when they came out of the egg—along with their backbone, their downy covering, and their craving for food.

Instincts are useful. They take the place of reason and experience. Different species have different sets of instincts, but the members of the same species commonly have the same instincts. The *nature* of any species of animals is made up largely of the instincts or tendencies which it possesses and which urge it to put forth its energies in certain definite directions. The nature of each species of animal is composed of a different bundle of instincts. *Human nature* is the name we give to the set of inclinations which we find in our own species. *Fox nature* is the name of the bundle of instincts found in foxes, and *horse nature* is composed of the urges and instincts which cause horses to do the things they do.

Fundamentally the natures of all the higher animals, including man, are much alike, just as the bodily structures of all the higher animals, including man, are fundamentally similar. All the higher animals have backbones and ribs, and four-chambered hearts, and two lungs, and two pairs of limbs containing the same bones, and heads with eyes, ears, nose, and mouth occupying the same relative positions. And in the same way all the higher animals, including man, have *natures* prompting them to be anxious about their young, to be fond

of their mates, to seek food when they are hungry, and to do their level best to live as long as they can. The dog, the cat, the robin, and the man, although in many ways very different from each other in their natures, are nevertheless all alike in their eagerness to live and in their invariable preference of pleasure to pain. The cat, the dog, the robin, and the man, all have the hunting instinct, for instance, but they hunt different prey, and they hunt their prey in different ways.

3. Habits.

Habit has been called "second nature." And this is a very good name for it. *Habit is truly a second nature.* Our *first nature* is the one we bring into the world with us. It consists of the instincts which grow up in us along with the early growth of our bodies, that is, our growth before birth. An *instinct* is a tendency to act in a uniform way which was *born with us*; a *habit* is a uniform way of acting which we acquire *after birth*. Our natural ways of acting may be modified by the habits which we acquire after we come into the world.

Habits are formed by *repetition*—by doing things over and over and over. If we lived in a world where things were never repeated, it would be impossible to form habits. The oftener we do a thing the greater the tendency to do it again. Repeat *anything* often enough, and it will become a habit, and, in time, harden into a fixed part of our nature.

Life is filled with repetitions of all kinds—walking, writing, eating, playing, working, dressing, and undressing, etc. After we walk, and talk, and eat, and work, and dress, and dream, and bathe, and write our names, hundreds or thousands of times, we fall into certain fixed styles of doing them. We come to walk in a certain way, and to have a certain style of handwriting, and a certain way of speaking, and a certain order of putting on our clothes, and a certain set of favorite drinks and dishes, and a certain look and disposition. Some of these, of course, depend a good deal on our original nature, as, for instance, our looks and disposition. But even these are largely the result of habit. The face is largely the mirror of the soul. When we have a certain feeling, as anger or joy, it shows itself in the face. And if a feeling is repeated over and over and over, it freezes—it becomes the common expres-

sion of the face. We can tell a grouch, a thinker, an optimist, or a wit by the general condition of mind which he advertises in his face.

These habits deepen with the repetitions of the passing years. In the early stages of the formation of a habit we may do a thing or not as we choose. But in the course of time it becomes very difficult or even impossible to act otherwise than we have formed the habit of acting. The habit becomes *master*. We form mental and moral habits, just as we form bodily habits. We get into the habit of thinking in certain ways and of believing certain things, and after we have thought these things over thousands of times we can't think any other way to save our lives. If we should think that the moon is made of green cheese a *million times*, we would never be able to think any different, however long we might live.

You have each certain beliefs regarding politics, religion, education, etc., which you have because you grew up in a certain neighborhood and family. In many ways these beliefs of yours would be the very opposite of what they are if you had come into existence in a different family or neighborhood. It is a very serious business, this choosing of our parents and our place of birth, for what becomes of us as men and women depends a great deal on what sort of influences beat in upon us and mould us during our earlier years. We may form habits of honesty or dishonesty, of kindness or unkindness, of truth or falsehood, etc., and as the years go by these habits will harden into character as certainly as the world goes round. "Sow an act, and reap a habit; sow a habit, and reap a character; sow a character, and reap a destiny" (Thackeray).

If we could only realize while we are yet young how soon we shall become a mere walking bundle of habits, we would be much more careful as to what habits we fasten upon ourselves while we are still in the habit-forming stage. We begin at the wrong end of life. We just get ready to live when we are called upon to die.

Character is the name of our *acting machinery*. It consists at any particular time of our *nature*, that is, of our *first nature*, *modified* by our *second nature*, that is by the *habits* which we have formed up to that time.

FAR EASTERN IMPERIALISM

I. Modern Imperialism

By S. J. RUTGERS

TO UNDERSTAND modern imperialism in general and the important part, that the far East will have to play in the future development of imperialism, it is indispensable to have a clear idea as to the fundamental difference between the old form of commercial colonialism and the new form of expansion, in which the investment of capital plays a foremost role.

A few centuries ago, when capitalism was in its infancy, we already find an important colonial system. Portugal, Spain, and Holland secured most of the profits in this early colonial period, in which agricultural and mineral products were purchased from the East Indies, Africa and America. This was a period of mere robbery, the products being taken by force, or in exchange, for some gin or glassware of almost no value, which was presented to the Chiefs of the natives, in order to secure their co-operation in robbing the country. Especially in Holland and afterwards in England, those robbed fortunes have been a big stimulus in the developing of capitalism. Robbery and murder stood at the cradle of capitalism in Europe, and the black and brown kings of the far East had to bring their tributes in golden presents, soiled with the blood of the natives.

After this most primitive and direct plunder, which of its very nature could not be permanent, there has developed in close interchange with growing capitalism, the period of commercial colonialism, in which England has been the leading country.

In this period there is an exchange of agricultural and mineral products for the industrial products from Europe. We need hardly state, that bribery and murder play an important part also in this period. But capitalism has after all, some interest in developing the needs of the natives, in order to secure a market for their own goods. Missionaries have to teach them, that it is only decent to wear

the cheap cotton clothes from Manchester; science becomes interested in their habits and history. But neither is there general need in this period of taking the foreign countries in full possession. When the Government is only sufficiently strong to protect commerce and to maintain "order", there is no necessity to interfere in details. Colonies in which European people can live permanently, were allowed to become independent without great resistance and in other parts of the world native chiefs were left in a certain degree of self-government.

This also is the period in which England stands for free trade; commerce not being monopolistic in its nature, it was possible to allow other nations to have some trade, especially as long as England's industry was unrivalled, woven goods being the chief article of export. The fundamental of this period has been the free development of individual competition in European industry, under a so-called liberal government and a policy of non-state-intervention.

Now we must clearly see, that this period of free competition gradually has undergone a fundamental change. It proved, first in some big industries among which the steel industry is the most important, that free competition would lead to capitalist ruin. All "free slogans" were at once dropped and we notice in different parts of the world a rapid growth of capitalist combinations. Free competition gave way to monopolies and trusts.

It is this same capitalist development, resulting from the fact, that unlimited investment in home industries causes a fall in profits, which leads to an immense export of capital to foreign countries. Financial capital, together with trustified industries, now become the leading interests. There is a run of concessions of all kinds, among which are, foremost the railways, harbor works and the extractive industries: Coal mines, oil fields, iron and copper mines. This, however, is only the

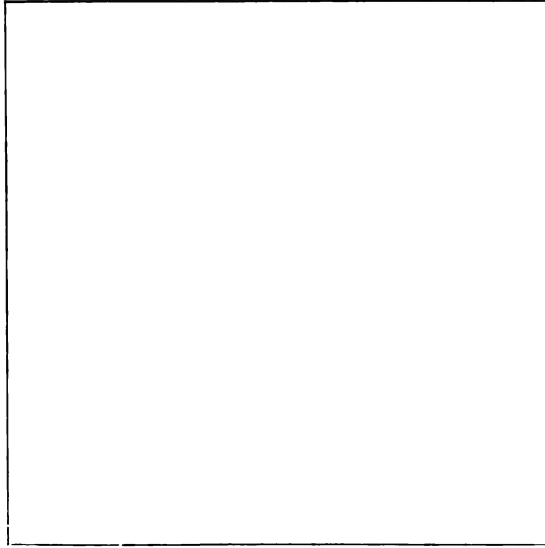
beginning and we may be sure, that before long, there will spring up many other industries in those countries, it being profitable to produce where labor and materials are cheapest.

Now look at the difference as compared with the old commercial colonialism. The construction of railroads and harbor works, which cost millions of dollars, makes monopoly necessary in that part of the world, in order to secure profits. It becomes indispensable to control the economic development, to mingle with every detail of government. This means not only aggression against those foreign countries, but also aggression between the robbers, of those large monopolies. This gigantic struggle to conquer the whole world to capitalism is no longer a colonial problem; it becomes decisive even in every part of social life at the home country. The national state, controlled by financial and trust capital, changes much of its national character to become a fighting unit in international expansion. Alas! the old national ideology does not change as quickly. Democratic institution, parliamentary system, state socialism, labor legislation, militar-

ism, all are affected by this fundamental change called, "imperialism". Socialism will have to change its tactics in a revolutionary way, to have any influence in future.

Although American imperialism has features of its own, the general characteristics are international and will be so evermore. The present state of imperialism in this country has been influenced by the possibilities of greatly developing the inland home market. Besides the fact, however, that this exceptional situation is rapidly coming to an end, the system itself has already made great progress, being personified in the name of Rockefeller. It seems that some of you cherish a most dangerous illusion for crushing this system by strengthening old forms of democracy; but you will find, that we are only at the beginning of imperialism and that bourgeois-democracy is at its end.

The only chance to win your cause will be in learning to understand the real force of imperialism, and it is for this reason, that I hope you are interested in some remarks on far-Eastern problems.



JAMES A. ROYAL

GOOD BYE, SECTION GANGS!

AN INVENTION aiming to reduce the present cost of railway maintenance, and which, if successful, will do away entirely with the present day section gangs and extra crews employed upon the tamping of ties, has been recently completed by James A. Royal of Spruce Grove, Alberta.

It has been roughly estimated that American roads spend annually \$400,000,000 in the keeping of their roadbed smooth. Most of this amount goes to the laborers engaged upon this track work. The inventor, for many years a section hand, extra gang and section boss, and later roadmaster on several American roads, has succeeded in manufacturing a machine which he claims with the use of compressed air will tamp ties more rapidly and with more force and evenness and much more compactly than can be done by manual labor with a shovel.

The machine, model of which is seen in accompanying photograph, is some three feet high, made of steel piping material and weighs only forty-seven pounds, the cost of manufacture being fifteen dollars. By using aluminum in place of steel the inventor intends to cut this weight down to twenty-seven pounds without reducing wearing qualities. At its heaviest, it is much lighter than a track jack.

The idea of the device is to inject the ballast under the end of the tie, one machine working at each end of the same tie at the same time. The old way is to tamp it in from the side. By forcing the ballast in from the end as is intended by the new way the roadbed is left intact.

The ballast is poured into the lower part of machine through a vent, the funnel of which is seen at the extreme left of photo. By combining a very powerful stream of compressed air, supplied from a specially equipped motor car, the ballast is driven out through the toe of the machine, which is placed under the end of the tie when tie is raised by the track jack. The toe of the machine is fitted with an aperture which can be made large or small to accommodate the size of gravel used, gravel for a lift from one-eighth of an inch to two inches in depth thus being accommodated. Stones to a diameter of four inches may be used. On maintenance the general average of material is, however, somewhat smaller.

At the present day an army of men and much equipment are used in this work, a standard day's work for one man being fifty-six feet. The cost is about \$250 per mile.

The present invention is intended to do away with these. One especially equipped motor car to supply the compressed air will be used in conjunction with eight of these ejectors, which will do four miles of track per day at a maximum cost of \$100 per mile. To handle this will be required one shovel man to each two machines, eight machine men, two flagmen and a foreman. Eight machines, one motor and this staff of men is expected to keep in repair one hundred and twenty-five miles of track.

On April 9th and 13th the machine was given a rigid tryout on tracks of the Canadian Northern Railway at Edmonton and its work approved of by officials of the road. The regular, specially equipped motor car which is to work with these machines as yet not having been completed, a locomotive supplied the power for the test.

The invention is of very simple construction and the following explanation of its

workings is easily comprehended by one of a mechanical turn of mind:

The end of the line of air hose from the motor is fastened to end of pipe line, at the direct right of picture. Lever No. 1, directly underneath the pipe, operates two valves. When the lever is up it allows air to pass through the lower pipe into the top cylinder which forces the piston therein up to the top. As that piston comes up it drives the piston head at the bottom up to the top. At this moment material is shoveled into the vent. Then the lever is brought down, closing the lower valve and opening the top one, thereby forcing the piston head down on the material. Then by opening lever No. 2—seen directly over material funnel—the powerful stream of compressed air is turned upon the material in the bottom of cylinder and the material is forced at high pressure out of the toe of the machine and under the tie.

Mexican Workers in the Southwest

By W. W. PANNELL

A LABOR element that is almost entirely overlooked by our national labor organizations is the Mexicans in the Southwestern part of the United States. The internal troubles in Mexico have resulted in an abnormal increase in the number of Mexicans in the United States. So great, in fact, has the increase been that in many parts of the aforesaid territory nearly all of the unskilled labor is performed by Mexican laborers who, because of their adaptability to low standards of living, have materially decreased the rewards of labor in the Southwest.

It would be useless, as well as unwise, to condemn the Mexicans themselves for this condition. The wiser thing would be to educate them to a degree of solidarity; and a recognition of their modes of life and work is imperative to a clear understanding of the subject.

Although Mexico is a land very rich in minerals, the main livelihood of those Mexicans who have immigrated to the United States has been that of agriculture. It must also be understood that agriculture in Mexico has not developed

to the extent of that of the United States, and therefore that the Mexican farmer is his own manufacturer, making his own ox carts, harness, farming tools, furniture, etc. He is, therefore, unacquainted with the modern methods of capitalist production, and fit only for the unskilled labor of the farms, railroads and mines.

In south Texas, where big tracts of swamp land are being developed by capitalist concerns, Mexicans are almost the only laborers employed. Overseers in the development camps will hire Mexican in preference to native labor at every opportunity, chiefly because the Mexican will work cheaply and say nothing about living conditions, whereas native labor is more apt to demand a living wage and assume some degree of independence.

The work comprises the clearing of the swamp land of the trees and underbrush and the digging of drainage ditches. The swamps abound in malaria and mosquitoes, and, oftentimes, with only the shelter of a tent, the Mexican laborer braves death and disease to himself and family for this opportunity to acquire a meager livelihood. Some of the poorer Mexicans

have not even the poor shelter of a tent. These build brush shelters, which inadequately protect them from the mosquitoes and the torrential rains of the Gulf Coast region.

The Mexicans that work on the railroads and in the mines are scarcely better off. In their advertisements for "section hands," the railroad companies always insert the clause "Mexicans preferred." This is because the Mexican has fewer wants than the native laborer, can be forced to work for less and is therefore more desirable in the eyes of the railway magnate. A discarded box car, set at the side of the track, or the lumber contained in a few dry-goods boxes, nailed on uprights, constitutes the home of the railroad Mexican. "Greaser town" is a term applied to a collection of huts and hovels peopled by Mexican workers.

The food of the Mexican is of the scantiest kind. It is the universal opinion that the Mexicans working at the land clearing subsist on the berries and nuts growing in the swamps. While this may not be absolutely true, it is a fact that the Mexican's outlay for food is only a few cents a day.

It is because of this low standard of living that the Mexican is able to com-

mand all of the unskilled labor in the Southwest, where the rates of pay, as elsewhere, are based on what is actually necessary to reproduce the labor power expended in a day's work, taking the Mexican living standard as a basis.

Up to date labor organizations in the South have expended all their energies in antagonizing the Mexican element; agitating for laws that would prevent Mexicans from working in certain industries over which some particular craft union claims to have jurisdiction, but the time has come when organized labor in the South must join with the Mexican and either attain industrial freedom for him or go down to his baseness of slavery.

"Exclusion" will never and has never benefited the Southern labor movement. The fact that the Southern labor movement is in such a weak condition today is due solely to the action of a few labor leaders, who have refused to consider the unorganized element, of which the Mexican is only a part, and have persisted in the maintenance of "exclusive" labor circles instead of building up a compact, militant labor movement that should today be resisting the onslaughts of organized capital.

THE DUTY OF SOCIALIST EDUCATORS

By M. B. BUTLER

HAVING once been a school teacher, the writer was greatly interested in Frank Bohn's timely article in the April REVIEW on the Relation of Socialism to the public schools. That is a field that has been greatly neglected, nor is there a field more fertile for the inculcation of revolutionary principles and ideals than the public schools.

While in school, it is of vital importance that the children should be educated along working class lines, so that they will be prepared to enter intelligently into the class war and fight for their class, instead of becoming conceited and falsely educated lick-spittles of the capitalist class.

In this humble attempt, I only hope to suggest a few ways that Socialist educators can introduce into the schools *now, under present conditions*, courses of study that

deal with the fundamental principles of scientific Socialism.

In school districts where the trustees and most of the patrons are Socialists, the trustees should, by all means, if possible, employ Socialist teachers, and only such teachers as are well grounded in Marxian economics. Then they should demand of the teacher that he give a systematic course of instruction on the class struggle; the materialistic conception of history; wages, labor and capital; value, price and profit; industrial solidarity, etc.

With his psychological and pedagogical training, the teacher will, of course, endeavor to simplify the more abstruse subjects to bring them within the grasp of his pupils and present them in a manner both attractive and instructive.

But when a Socialist is teaching in a

hostile community, he should, nevertheless, not fail to do his duty by his pupils and his class. He can find many ways to present working class ideas. If he has good reason to think he would be ousted if he taught revolutionary ideas and called them Socialism, or any other radical name, he can teach the substance, to a greater or less degree, and omit names. I personally know one teacher who openly teaches Socialist economics in his schools. The enemies of Socialism tried to remove him, but his reputation as an efficient educator stood him in hand and they failed.

Unless the Socialist teacher is a high school professor, I think the country districts and small schools are the best places for his work in this line, for then he has no high and mighty principal with capitalistic instincts to lord it over him.

Now, for example, in teaching United States history, the teacher can supplement an accompanying course in industrial history, using, for the purpose, such works as "Coman's Industrial History of the United States" and Simon's "Class Struggles in America," and he should emphasize the overwhelming importance of industrial development as the means that builds and destroys nations, shapes history and makes society what it is. He should take special pains to counteract the influence of histories that glorify wars, generals, kings and the great man idea.

He can likewise teach other branches of study in a similar manner, giving the true working class interpretation to every detail. In ancient history, Engels' "Origin of the Family," Morgan's "Ancient Society" and Ward's "Ancient Lowly" should be used for reference and for diligent supplemental study.

In geography, it should be explained that political divisions and boundary lines are capitalist divisions and boundary lines, together with their causes and purposes.

In mathematics, it should be shown that interest, profit and loss, stocks and bonds, banking, etc., are a gigantic swindle to get something for nothing. That labor produces all values and that labor should have all that it produces.

There is hardly a branch of science taught in the schools that is not grossly perverted to bolster up capitalist society, and the teacher should be awake to all the

frauds every minute of the day, and counteract them with the truth at every opportunity as far as he can or dares. In the primer grades, where the teacher delivers nature talks to prepare the child for higher grades, such as geography, history, language, the study of plants, animals, etc., etc., he has almost unlimited latitude, and he can have no excuse if he fails to impress upon the child minds the fundamental principles of the class struggle, the cause and purpose of strikes, the meaning of tramps, etc. For a small sum, he can furnish the pupils with valuable pamphlets, such as Mary E. Marcy's "Shop Talks on Economics," Trautman's "One Big Union," "The Communist Manifesto," and many others. Pupils should be required to write compositions on the subjects treated, and debates should be arranged between students on various revolutionary subjects.

Where a teacher cannot come out in the open like this, he can, at least, have literature sent to his pupils, and he can find a thousand ways to inculcate vital truths where ignorant and prejudiced patrons will never suspect.

It goes without saying that patriotism and the military ideal should at least be totally ignored if they cannot be openly condemned. In schools where all the children are of the working class, the teacher can and should teach the children to honor and idealize the useful workers, and to look with disrespect and contempt upon parasites and parasitic occupations. There is no teacher that is so hampered that he cannot do some of these things for his class, and to some extent in the public schools.

Will anyone say that these methods are underhanded and should not be used? If so, I reply that the end justifies the means, and the real Socialist teacher would be a self-detested hypocrite to teach the capitalist lies as formulated in the usual text books.

I think it would be time well spent if some clear and able writer, like Mary E. Marcy or J. E. Sinclair, would write school primers and pamphlets supplementing our school text books, to bring out the truth and nail the lies taught in our public schools. The names Socialism, Industrial Unionism, etc., could be omitted, so that the position of the teacher will not be embarrassed or endangered by their use.

Judge O. N. Hilton in the Joe Hill Case

The following excerpts have been taken from the able argument of Judge Hilton before the Utah Supreme Court. Joe Hill will be executed on October 1 unless enough pressure is brought to bear on the governor to stay the execution. Every REVIEW reader should write at once to Governor Spry, Salt Lake City, Utah, denouncing the infamous procedure of the courts in this case, and demanding that Joe Hill be given clemency. Do it now.

- 1st. We do not believe Joseph Hillstrom guilty of the crime for which he has been convicted.
 - 2nd. We do not believe that he had a fair trial.
 - 3rd. We have learned that the jurors were not selected in the usual way.
 - 4th. The defendant was practically without council when he was on trial for his life
 - 5th. No motive was shown for the crime for which he was convicted.
 - 6th. The conviction was found upon the flimsiest kind of circumstantial evidence.
- Believing these to be the facts, we the undersigned, demand that the death sentence in the case of Joseph Hillstrom be set aside and clemency extended.

THE young man in this information named as the defendant was convicted, as the record discloses, of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be shot. He is of more than ordinary culture and intelligence, converses fluently and well, although English is not his native speech; has never in his life been convicted of a criminal offense, not even a misdemeanor; without a single vicious or bad habit, not even that of using tobacco, bright, clean in mind and alert of body he stands now in this court, as he did before the jury which condemned him, entitled to every gracious right and privilege vouchsafed him by the constitution and laws of this state, which, as I assert, were for the most part wholly denied him on trial, and a conviction obtained which shockingly violates every consideration of reason and humanity.

Assuming that in this state, as in most of the others where I have had occasion to appear before the Supreme Court, that is from the oral argument that the court receives its first impression of the case, before proceeding with a discussion of the errors assigned, it will aid the court, I feel, to state the salient features of the case.

I was not present at the trial in the court below; hence I cannot as fully acquaint the court with the atmosphere of the trial, as I could through personal presence.

This disadvantage, however, is fully compensated, from the fact that I am able to take an impersonal and altogether unprejudiced view of the case, as my knowledge comes from a careful study of the abstract in the court here.

And after a most painstaking study of the facts as they appear, I feel warranted in saying to this court, and in saying with emphasis, that every element essential to conviction (1) identification beyond a reasonable doubt, (2) proof of guilt beyond a reasonable doubt, (3) absence of motive, (4) the denial of the substantive right of personal presence and by counsel, are so wanting in the case, and the constitutional safeguards prescribed to assure a fair, impartial and unprejudiced trial—a trial that results in conviction upon guilt alone—

have been so utterly disregarded, that even this cursory presentation, based as it is solely on the record, will convince this court that the verdict cannot stand and the sentence must be set aside.

* * * * *

Facts of the Case.

On the night of January 10, 1914, the deceased, J. S. Morrison, with his two sons, was in his store, here in the city, engaged in routine duties of a tradesman. There was evidently an apprehension in the mind of the deceased, for he loaded his revolver (Abs. 86), placed it in the ice box, where the door had been removed, and where the gun would be right at hand, and about ten o'clock two men came in, exclaiming, "We've got you now," and began shooting, firing, it seems, some five to seven shots, killing J. S. Morrison and his son Arling Morrison.

Such a tragedy, in the midst of a busy city, on a preminent street, could have been prompted by only one motive—REVENGE. There must have been hot anger and deadly wrath moving the assailants to this desperate deed at such a time and under such a risk.

Naturally every feeling of good citizenship is alert not only to discover the murderer, but to visit such a punishment as to deter others from such an awful crime—I say an awful crime, the highest crime known to the law of the land, the highest tragedy known to the law of nature, and the thing that even the most primitive society is organized to protect against.

But, in this crisis, we should never avenge in hot haste and add to private assassination the horrors of a judicial murder—for when an innocent man is convicted and executed the command "thou shalt do no murder," is deliberately broken and crime stalks insolently along, unwhipped of justice.

Then the duty devolving on this court is, as I take it, to know to a moral certainty, that certainty that excludes all reasonable doubt, the identity of the criminal agent and to so connect him with the crime that there is no reasonable doubt of his guilt.

Let us consider whether or not this has been definitely fixed upon the defendant, or whether vague suspicions, prejudgments, inference and speculations have been allowed to usurp the place during the trial that should be filled with convincing and satisfying evidence.

The young son who was present, the only living witness to the tragedy, says:

"Two voices shouted, 'We've got you now!'" (Abs. 80); the men had on red bandanna handkerchiefs, so that the point came down over their chin. They had on soft felt hats. There was a little difference in the height of the men; the taller was leading, and nearest the father.

"The defendant's height is about the same and his size compares (Abs. 92) just the same as the man I saw."

Is there any identification of any person in this evidence?

The next witness to identification in Phoebe Seeley:

"Going home that night, we met two men as we were crossing Jefferson street (Abs. 182). One was slightly taller than the other; the taller man turned, directing his gaze toward us and I noticed a red handkerchief on the neck of the taller man (Abs. 183). His face was thin and a sharp nose and rather large nostrils." (Abs. 185).

Recall, if you please, that at this point the defendant was without counsel, and one of the friends of the court suggested (Abs. 186), that the questions were all unfair and all leading and that the witness was receiving the answer she should make from the district attorney.

And she continues:

"I have seen the defendant standing since and his height is very much the same with the height of the man that turned and looked at me."

Now listen to the district attorney: (Abs. 188.)

Q. How does the nose of Mr. Hillstrom compare with the nose of the man that looked at you there?

A. Very much the same.

Q. How do the marks on the left-hand side of the face and neck correspond with the marks you saw on that man?

A. They look a good deal alike to me as on the same man I saw.

Special features are pointed out; comparisons are invited as to detail—efforts, by suggestion, to make the witness see what she had never seen. A man fair to the defendant and to the state would never have so willfully disregarded the rule as to manufacture fancied resemblances in the excited imagination of a woman testifying in a court room. He would have said: If you notice any resemblance, state the facts on which it is based, and be so sure about it that you can state it in your own language—for remember that the life of a man depends upon it, and there must be no guess-

work, no vague impressions, but facts that satisfy the conscience. Instead of that he does all but ask her directly to state that the men are the same. By all possible stretch of imagination, helped out by suggestions, her nearest guess is "that they looked very much the same."

* * * * *

Concluding, I now ask your honors frankly, if you, or any one that is dear to you, was condemned upon the inconclusive, disjointed fragments of suspicion, misnomered by the state as evidence against this defendant, would you say that you or they were JUSTLY condemned and that the crime charged had been proved against you beyond a reasonable doubt?

Would you, or would you permit anyone dear to you to go to his death under this flimsy testimony and then say that you or he had been tried, fairly and impartially, according to the law of the land, and in accordance with the safeguards provided by the constitution.

Now, your honors, unless you can answer these queries firmly by YES, you must reverse this case. So far as the law is concerned, you must each stand in Hillstrom's place, and standing in that place you must be able to say upon your conscience that you have been proven guilty beyond a reasonable doubt after a fair and impartial hearing; after a full opportunity to present and prove your defense, both in person and by counsel and that you are condemned because you are the guilty agent of the crime that the state here seeks to punish.

Being normal and just men, the members of the final tribunal of the property, liberty and life of every man in this state, you cannot concur in the sentence imposed on this man, because there is in the abstract of the record that error which commands you to say that great and manifest injury has been done to this defendant; that there has been such a disregard of constitutional safeguards in the trial, that to affirm the judgment would be to place in jeopardy every man and to have his life staked upon the conjectures, the worthless comparisons, the fancied resemblances and the prejudgments of those utterly unable to speak a single fact that could satisfy the reason: thereby establishing a precedent that would make law and decent procedure give way to the chaos that has enraptured the great nations of Europe, where solemn obligations of high contracting nations are mere scraps of paper and where hatred and prejudice direct evil forces to the utter destruction of mankind. And no less in kind or degree, because directed against a single man, the defendant—a defenseless, almost helpless and an illegally convicted young man.

O. N. HILTON,

Of Counsel for Appellant and Defendant.



MACHINE MILLINERY

By FANIA MINDELL

WE ALL know that if a trade is not organized and the workers of that trade let the bosses decide what is right and what is wrong as to wages and conditions, the trade is bound to degenerate, because the workers do not put enough value upon the things they are producing, and this is just what is now happening to the millinery trade.

About four years ago, the girls doing piece work in the millinery trade were able to make between three and four dollars a day, and also have enough work in the dull season to enable them to make a living. In some shops where they give the girls a dozen hats at a time, the girls find difficulty making the first hat. But as soon as they produce one hat, they find it easy to make the rest. And so no time is wasted in waiting. But here in Chicago in most of the shops, they give one or two hats at a time, so the girls put in more time waiting for work than in working.

Those who used to work by the week had better wages and a longer season than they have now. To compare the wages of today with those of a few years ago is shocking. A good maker used to get \$13 a week a few years ago; she gets between six and ten dollars now. Copyists who used to get between \$12 and \$15, get between \$7 and \$12 now. In some shops here in Chicago where I went to try jobs by the week, telling them I got \$15 a week in New York while working for a designer, they told me that their girls here get between \$6 and \$8. And this was in one of the biggest houses in Chicago. I know it to be a fact that many of the girls who come from out of town and who want to copy styles, work for these bosses for \$6 and \$8 a week, whereas when they work in the season in the stores as trimmers they get between \$15 and \$25. So the bosses get the advantage of them.

Until a few years ago the girls used to get four months' work in the winter season and about five in the summer season. In other words, they had work almost the year round. Now, they get only a two months' winter season and about three months summer season, while last summer season the girls had work in the factories for only about two months.

So much for the shop. Now let us go to the stores. In the millinery stores, where a few years ago they used to have to have ten girls working, they now have only two. Then they had to have girls to prepare the hat for the trimmer, in other words, to make the hat. In the winter time, these were made out of velvet, and in the summer time, out of straw or chiffon. Now they don't need girls for this work. The machine does it all and more cheaply.

Up to a few years ago, satin, silk, velvet, and even straw hats used to be made by hand, whereas now these are made by machine. Hence the hand workers feel that the machine has taken away their bread, and they have the operators to compete with them. I remember last season when I went to ask for a raise, the boss told me that if the hand workers did not want to make hats, the machine workers would do it. And so there is always a struggle between the hand workers and the operators.

Here in Chicago the small storekeepers don't advertise for trimmers in the papers, but go to the wholesale houses, where they get their materials for the hats, and there they get the girls to trim the hats. The wages of the trimmers are also much lower today than they used to be a few years ago. A trimmer, who used to get \$18 a week two years ago, was considered a second-hand trimmer. The wages of a first-hand trimmer used to be \$25 and \$35, and even more. Then they also had a longer season. Now, they do not get as long a season, and the bosses don't want to pay to a second trimmer more than \$15, and in some places less. And they want the first-class trimmers to work for \$18. They offer between ten and twelve weeks' work, which amounts to about 24 weeks' work in a year. On that they expect a trimmer to live a whole year. More than that, those girls who are looking for trimming positions must go to the wholesale houses and be on exhibition, while the buyers are taken around to inspect them. If the girls are nice-looking and wear beautiful clothes, they stand a better chance of getting positions than others, regardless of what their qualifications may be. Two years ago I lost a position be-

cause I refused to paint myself up and look like a freak.

We are trying to organize the milliners here in Chicago. Every millinery worker

who has any interest in herself or her fellow workers will join this union. All interested in this effort should address this magazine.

CONTENTS:

The Central Labor College—England

From The Plebs Magazine

IF ever the aims of the C. L. C. were justified, if ever the urgent necessity for independent working-class education was made plain and clear as daylight, those aims have been justified and that necessity made plain by the events of the last few months. Other articles and communications in this issue deal with certain recent events in greater detail. Here we need only refer to them in so far as they have any bearing on the C. L. C. We wish, then, to point out that one fight, and one fight only, has been put up by organized labor against the profiteers who, organized politically as "the State," have done their utmost, under cover of a real national crisis, to rob labor of practically every safeguard it had won for itself during the long struggle against exploitation. That fight has been put up by the South Wales miners; and the entire Capitalist Press without exception have paid heartfelt compliments to those 'young men with Syndicalist dreams'—those 'clever fellows,' as *The Times* called them—but for whose

organizing and educational work in the coalfield it was felt that the profiteers might have hoped to win. We need not discuss the precise part played by these wicked "Syndicalists"; enough that Fleet Street reserved its most blood-curdling epithets for them, and that the "*clever fellows*" are C. L. C. men—ex-students or active supporters. Every malediction hurled at their heads by the leader-writers of *The Times*, the *Morning Post*, or the *Daily News*, has been a testimonial to the value of the C. L. C. *The College must go on turning out those young men*; and when it or they cease to deserve the maledictions of Fleet Street, it will have failed in its mission. The *Daily Express*, by the way, offered a reward of £5,000 for information leading to the identification of the cunning German agents whose machinations caused the strike. We claim the money—and hereby give the names of the wicked aliens; they are Karl Marx, Frederic Engels, and Joseph Dietzgen. Will the *Express* please make the cheque payable to the C. L. C.?

MARX'S AND ENGELS' FORTY YEARS' CORRESPONDENCE

By GUSTAV BANG

Translated by Caroline Nelson

VI.

The correspondence between Marx and Engels covers four different periods.

First, the communistic period in the forties, when the movement was in its first formation or embryonic state, when it had not yet divorced itself from bourgeois ideas. The communistic movement lost strength under the reaction that set in after the revolution of 1848, and Europe was for many years in the death-grip of this reaction. The small communistic organizations became more and more sectarian and at last died a straw-death.

Here came the long, hard period where everything was dead, and all independent life and power of the working class seem to ebb away. But in that time was the great development of the capitalist system that created a proletarian working class in the modern sense of the word. Little by little this class got its eyes open to its own position in society. And, as we have seen, it was the time that the pioneer work was done for the theoretical foundation of the coming socialist movement. During that time the historic means was brought about for the social democracy that now in every country attempts to capture the power of society.

Then followed the period of the formation of the "International" in 1864, and it prompted a mighty stirring of the working class all over Europe. A new socialist movement arose on a much sounder basis than that in the communistic period twenty years before.

The "International" foundered in the seventies, but it gave birth to a new period, and the organizations that it had brought into the world lived on. The movement that it had started continued to grow. It steadily increased in power

and membership, with a clearer program, and used tactics suitable to the different conditions in the different countries. Modern socialism developed in the form that we know it today. To enlighten us on this period there is comparatively little in the correspondence, as Engels at that time had moved to London to live. It is only when one or the other of the two men were away from the city that they exchanged letters. Nevertheless, there are letters wherein Marx and Engels express themselves on important matters, such as the formation of the German social-democratic party, which reaches back to 1863, when the general German Labor Organization was built by the leadership of Lassalle, the year before the "International" was founded.

Lassalle, Marx and Engels had originally been in close personal touch, but many things happened that induced Marx and Engels to pass a sharp judgment on Lassalle during the last years of his life. He repulsed them, not only on account of his boundless egotism, but also on account of his self-aggrandizement. Lassalle seriously represented himself as the one man who had practically held in his hand Europe's fate for many years, claiming that it was he who hindered Prussia from interfering in the Italian war; he who had given Garibaldi good advice, which, if carried out, would have resulted in changing Europe's political balance. The letters contain many references that throw light on the character of Lassalle. But that which chiefly made Marx and Engels oppose Lassalle was the fear that they entertained, and naturally must entertain, that the labor movement under his leadership would be led into a by-path.

It was with good reason that they were

anxious regarding the program that he had formed and wanted the German labor movement to take up, which was that the workers should form co-operative factories partly supported by the state. These factories were gradually to replace capitalistic production, and thereby re-shape the whole of society from the capitalist basis to the socialist. This idea seemed to Marx and Engels not only fanatical, but very dangerous as a basis for the coming German labor movement. So that it was not wholly without reason that they feared Lassalle as a labor dictator, whose personal egotism might easily gain the upper hand over his regard for the cause.

That Marx's and Engels' cool regard for Lassalle's activity was fully merited could not be doubted. But, regardless of the criticisms of Lassalle, it was, nevertheless, his agitation method which in 1863, and the following year, had such a tremendous influence on the German working class and helped them to awaken to class-consciousness. So far it had historical value. Marx and Engels were not blind to this, and it was this that kept them from publicly attacking Lassalle's propaganda. And when Lassalle in the last part of August, 1864, was suddenly killed in a duel they could both, in spite of it, appreciate his work. Engels writes, the 4th of September:

"No matter what Lassalle was, privately or publicly, he was nevertheless one of the most important men in Germany. At the present moment he was to us a very unreliable friend, and in the future he would certainly have been our enemy, but that does not matter; it hurts me to see how Germany loses all its somewhat able people in the extreme parties. What jubilation will there not be among the factory owners and the swine of the reform party. Lassalle was the only fellow in Germany they feared."

Marx answered a few days later:

"I have not been able to think of anything else these days than of the tragedy of Lassalle. He was, at any rate, one of the old guard and an enemy of our enemy. . . . When, after all is said and done, it hurts me to think that our relationship in the last few years was not of the best, which he certainly could blame himself for. On the other hand, I am glad that

I did not yield to the request from different quarters to attack him in his triumphant year."

Later on followed the long, inner conflict between the two directions in the German labor movement, with the Lassallance on one side and the division on the other side coming nearer to Marxian, Socialist principles. The leading man on the Marxian side was Liebknecht, and the conflict did not end until in 1875 in the Gotha-congress, where the two divisions joined together in the social-democratic party.

As the German labor organization general secretary in the "International," Marx sought to hold himself neutral in those inner, often very annoying, disputes. All his personal sympathy was naturally on the side of Liebknecht and his followers. But Marx was very far from agreeing with their tactics sometimes. He often sent furious letters to Liebknecht, when he, according to Marx's judgment, committed stupidities. Sometimes he was proven to be right, while on the other hand his judgments were shown to have been too hastily formed. This was very natural, as he was too far away to know the conditions and the difficulties. Especially was Marx dissatisfied in the period following shortly after the Prussian-Austrian war in 1866, and particularly with the German social-democratic press, which, according to his idea, was too friendly toward Austria and Southwest Germany; instead of attacking Bismarck, he thought that it ought to direct its batteries on both sides. Liebknecht's political attitude toward Prussia, in the years closely after the war, were such that he only sought to criticise and carry on agitation without at the same time seeking to get practical reforms for the working class. This attitude was the subject for strong criticism from Marx's side, who writes:

"It is a great standpoint that he has, which is to the effect that we can, of the so-called present state, neither give nor receive considerations for the working class. With that point of view we can advance damn little among the workers. It was very different under the German-Franco war in 1870; here was the labor party's attitude on both sides of the bor-

der line, a correct expression of the interest of the working class. It is lucky that the class struggle in both France and Germany is so far advanced that a foreign war cannot effectually turn the wheel of time back." A few days later he writes: "It is only the working class that form an active opposition to the international swindle."

Eugene Duehring, in the middle of the seventies, appeared in the social-democratic party in Germany and presented a series of clouded, half-socialistic theories, which gave Engels a reason for writing his famous opposition book, entitled "Eugene Duehring's Overthrow of Science," part of which appear in English under the title, "Socialism Utopian and Scientific." It was a work of duty, which Engels found it necessary to produce, because it looked as though the new ideas would confuse the understanding among different German socialists. This book is today one of the greatest importance because it gives a popular view of the theory of socialism.

The correspondence also throws light on the history of the French socialist movement, in a series of letters that Marx wrote during his stay in Paris in 1882. Here, as in Germany a half dozen

years before, lay two parties at war with each other, tearing each other to pieces in bitter quarrels. Marx had trouble both with the Marxians and anti-Marxians. The Marxians were led by Lafargue and Guesde, and that Marx was far from enthusiastic over the tactics that they used appears in a letter:

"I have already aired my grievance to you in a few lines about Lafargue's and Guesde's stupidities. It is beyond me how one, when he leads a movement, can so thoughtlessly and foolishly risk everything—for no earthly use."

Many were the diseases of infancy of the Socialist party, and trouble and trials in its childhood in the different countries. These caused many regrets and worries to the two men, who kept a keen lookout over the movement, and followed the awakening of the proletariat throughout the world. The workers' sound sense came more and more to the fore and made itself felt in the party life. Marx and Engels had dedicated their lives to the movement, and it was with the deepest satisfaction that they saw in their life-evening the movement that had been so terribly weak grow so strong that it was no longer possible to stop it and whose final victory is, sooner or later, assured.

ANCIENT SOCIETY

— OR —

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EDITORIAL

DIRECT ACTION

THE three Direct Action victories that have been won the past month are worthy of the close consideration of the working class everywhere. In Bayonne, N. J., where the workers in the Standard Oil plant had no organization whatever, they walked out on strike for an increase in wages of 15 per cent. As usual the Rockefeller thugs appeared to "guard" the company property and shot down and killed several strikers and several onlookers. Trouble broke loose and Sheriff Kinhead, of Hudson county, arrested eighty armed guards for "inciting to riot," as well as the superintendent of the Rockefeller plant and several strikers. But he gave Bayonne to understand from the start, that he would permit no murderous Standard Oil thugs to jeopardize the lives of its citizens. The strike occurred in too populous a neighborhood for the Rockefeller interests to resort to Ludlow methods and the Standard Oil capitulated, granting an increase to the strikers of from 5 to 15 per cent. A few hundred unorganized workmen and women thus wrung a substantial increase in wages from the greatest corporation on earth by a determined strike.

It is not yet positively known what benefits the Welsh miners will reap from their splendid defiance of the British Government, when, in the face of that Government's threat to imprison every miner who went on strike, and to fine him \$15.00 a day as long as he remained on strike, they hurled their defiance in the face of Europe and struck in a body—150,000 strong.

The Welsh miners used *Direct Action* when the Government could least spare them, disregarding all the pleas and re-

quests of their conservative union officials for peace. Already the newspapers state that they gained nearly everything they asked for and that the Government finds itself utterly incapable of carrying out its Muniton Law for the fining and imprisonment of 150,000 Welsh miners.

Here in Chicago a few weeks ago every street car man in the city went on strike at the same hour of the same day. The elevated trains were stopped and all the surface lines were tied up. The two unions of the carmen had learned to act *together* to bring the exploiters to time—and thus—after a three-day scare, in which they thoroughly demonstrated to the people of Chicago how helpless we are without street car service, they agreed to submit their grievances to arbitration because they had won the privilege of choosing their own arbitrators.

The result was a splendid victory for the street car men who gained almost all their demands.

In spite of the gloom that surrounds the places where Socialists congregate these days—these three victories are the most encouraging thing we have seen this year. The Welsh miners defying the British Government and gaining their demands, ought to open all eyes to the power possessed by the working class if they will only act en masse when the enemy is least prepared to fight.

No government in the world can be strong unless it is supported by the working class and the moment the working class learns its own power, it can bring any state to its knees. It can secure all its demands and take over the world for the workers.

While we are on the subject of Direct

Action, we might point out that the workers who have most strongly opposed violence, sabotage and direct action during the past ten years, are today engaged in the most violent, the most murderous war of direct action ever recorded in human history, are sabotaging their brother workers over the national boundary lines and go-

ing mad in a gigantic debauch of destruction, murder and bloodshed.

Direct action against the capitalist class may prove of great benefit to the producers of wealth, but direct action in capitalist wars can only mean greater poverty, misery and degradation to the workers who carry on these wars.—M. E. M.

A Socialist Petition to Congress.

We believe a serious mistake has recently been made by the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party—a mistake which if it were to pass unchallenged might have a deplorable effect on our movement. The following petition has been officially endorsed. Blanks are being sent out from the National Office with the comment: "Every local should rush the petition."

TO THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Greeting:

We, the undersigned people of the United States demand of your body relief from financial bondage.

We demand that it be made lawful and obligatory upon the National Government to loan money to all such states as shall request the loan of same when such states permit the re-lending of such money at not over three per cent interest to individuals, under such rules and regulations as will safeguard the repayment of such loans and that it be made lawful and obligatory upon the National Government to loan money to States, Counties and Municipalities of the United States of America when such moneys are to be used for the carrying out of public improvements, when the demand for such loan is made by the legally constituted authorities. The security for all such loans, whether reloaning by the state or for public improvements, to be non-interest bearing bonds issued upon a referendum vote of the respective sub-divisions. We suggest that one per cent of the total loaned be charged to the beneficiaries of such loan to pay the expenses of the transaction. We trust that speedy action will be had in this matter by you, to the end that we may be relieved from paying further tribute to the present banking system.

The petition is urged by comrades in whose loyalty and sincerity we have full confidence. Comrade Arthur LeSueur, who introduced the N. E. C. motion for its circulation, writes:

This petition to Congress will be the most popular petition ever presented to Congress, and certainly will be so at least so far as our party is concerned. For more than a generation there has been a tremendous undercurrent of discon-

tent against the present banking system, which has taken the form of the Farmers' Alliance, American Society of Equity, Farmers' Union and other organizations, and radical movements. Unfortunately our party has not taken the time and pains to take the necessary steps to place ourselves in direct contact with the great mass of social discontent that these movements indicate, and thus pave the way for new blood that will flow into our ranks from the most sturdy strata of our complex society. We have devoted too much effort to the question of production and too little to distribution and exchange.

It is well enough to discuss wages and tools but our work is woefully inadequate if we do not place equal emphasis upon usury and all that is thereby implied.

The motion for this petition originated as a national committee motion in Local Fort Worth, Texas, and was written by W. J. Bell of Tyler, Texas, the National Committeeman from the largest agricultural state in the union. If the bulk of our membership will get behind this petition we can go into the 1916 campaign with all the agricultural states in the union lending a ready ear to our propaganda because we will for the first time have stressed the three great evils that make up capitalism, rent, interest and last and least profits.

These arguments are worthy of serious consideration, but in our opinion the objections to them are conclusive. In the first place, we, as Socialists, realize that Congress, with the exception of one man, is composed of politicians controlled by the capitalist class, who may always be counted on to stand for the interests of the capitalists as against the workers. For us to petition such a Congress, instead of denouncing it, implies that we are begging favors from the capitalist class instead of organizing to overthrow it. What we should do instead of petitioning for laws is to instruct our representatives in Congress to introduce such measures as we endorse.

But again, we should take care to endorse only such measures as will really benefit the working class and hasten the

coming of the revolution. Now, the proposed law includes two distinct propositions. One is in the direction of public ownership of the means of production, which is good, provided that such public ownership is coupled with democratic control. The other is designed to strengthen and perpetuate a class of small capitalists. And it would even fail in this aim, as experience abundantly proves. In Comrade Robert H. Howe's recent book, "The Evolution of Banking," a chapter is devoted to the State Bank of Illinois. From 1821 to its failure in 1831, and again from its re-establishment in 1835 to its final failure in 1843, this bank did just what our comrades are now proposing; it lent public credit to individuals for the purpose of profit-making. The result was that most of the money was used for land speculation and other schemes of no benefit to any one but the borrowers. More than half of the loans were never repaid. The largest borrowers were the directors of the bank and the members of the legislature.

It must be remembered that if such a law were to be passed in the near future as petitioned, it would be administered by old-party officials, and would be used in the interest of the capitalists to whom they owe their jobs. If the small farmers were to succeed in getting loans at low rates, the effect of this would simply be to boost the price of farm lands and make it harder than ever for a tenant to become an owner.

The proposal to issue United States notes to states and municipalities for public improvements is a different matter. Progress in this direction is bound to come, and may be beneficial to the working class, especially through diminishing unemployment. But the chief task of the Socialist Party will not be to hasten state control of industry; that will come as fast as we are ready for it. Our fight, and it will be a hard one, will be to bring the control of working conditions into the hands of the workers, no matter whether the employer be a capitalist corporation or a capitalist state. If we forget this, and allow our party to degenerate into something like the "People's Party" of twenty years ago, we shall meet the fate of the "People's Party"—and shall deserve it.

Library of Science for the Workers

To understand modern Socialism, you must understand Evolution. Socialists predict the speedy end of the capitalist system as a result of irresistible NATURAL LAWS, the workings of which have been studied for two generations since their discovery. Most of the books in which these laws are explained are too difficult to read and too expensive to buy, except for the leisure class. That is why we have used the slender capital subscribed in small sums by wage-workers to publish the most essential of the facts in simple language at low prices. The ten books here described will give you a clear understanding of the great process in which Socialism is the next step.

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INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

A Socialist Split in Germany? The two wings are drifting farther and farther apart in Germany. At the present moment it seems probable that after the war there will be two Socialist parties. Or, rather, there will be a Socialist party and an opportunist, reformist-war party, made up of persons hitherto known as Socialists. The Socialist party may be small. But it may be larger than we suppose now. Anti-war Socialists—that is, Socialists—are not allowed to say what they think. The anti-war case is never fairly stated. The leaders of opinion on this side have hardly any chance to gather the followers ready to come to them. The Executive Committee of the Social Democratic Party will issue a long manifesto against them. They will be denounced as traitors, self-seekers and party-wreckers. Every article, every speech of theirs will be represented as a crime. When they reply they are limited to saying very politely that they do not agree with the statements made by the Executive Committee. After the war, they suggest, they will explain exactly what the truth is about their principles and purposes. The Executive Committee statements are published far and wide; those of the rebels are hunted down both by government and party officials. Under these circumstances it is plainly impossible for the real Socialists of Germany to get together. Nobody knows how many of them there are.

There is little use in going over all the documents and incidents in the struggle between the two groups. But a few of them ought to be mentioned here on account of the importance which may attach to them in the future. In the first place,

it should be remarked that the famous peace manifesto of the party Executive Committee is a very confused and feeble document. It is hard to see why the censor should prohibit the appearance of Vorwaerts for a week on account of the publication of it. In one passage it proclaims that "the great mass of English and French Socialists connected with the International Bureau * * * are determined to make war until Germany is utterly destroyed." This is not true, of course, but even if it were, it would not be a good argument to present to the German government in favor of peace. In fact, it is evident in every paragraph that this is not at all a peace manifesto but an attempt to defend the party leaders against attacks made upon them for not standing for peace. What they want is peace within the party. The only war they are against is the war on their false position. Here they have gathered together every scrap of speech from their record in favor of peace or against aggression—and a feeble record it is they have patched up. The real slashing attack is not against the war-makers, but against "irresponsible" critics within the party.

Before this manifesto was issued—on June 26—there were a number of others on both sides of the controversy which is raging. After the publication of the *International* the Executive Committee sent out a long and labored denunciation of it. This was very effectively answered by Franz Mehring and his friends. Then Kautsky, Haase and Bernstein issued their protest against annexation of foreign territory. Again the Executive Committee got into action. Its chief business

is to put down Socialism. The three old warhorses—especially Haase—were denounced for speaking out without notifying the officials of their intentions. Haase replied that he would do the same thing over again whenever he saw fit. This was during the middle of June.

At the end of June and during the first days of July the conflict raged about another document. This is a general statement in opposition to the position taken by the party since August 4, 1914. It has now been signed by 700 party officials and other active workers. So it has become a famous round-robin.

It was in connection with this round-robin that the first open talk of a party break occurred. The authors said the party leaders would have to be held responsible for the results of their policy. The Executive Committee replied: "Every threat of a party split is a crime against the party and against the entire working class." Since then talk about the possibility of a split and the responsibility for it has been open and violent. The war "Socialists" are, some of them, violent in their demand for the expulsion of the Socialists from the party. "We want to rid ourselves of the illusionists," says the *Volksblatt für Anhalt*. "The chasm between the opposing conceptions is too wide to be bridged," says Herr Kolb in a pamphlet. "If our unity is not to be a mere matter of form, then there is nothing for it but to establish real unity," adds the *Karlsruhe Volksfreund*.

After all there may be a German section ready for the new International.

War and Class-War in England. I am ready to take back anything I have ever said against the fighting spirit of the English working class, and especially the Welsh working class. To be sure, some Germans are working up a bit of tardy courage with which to face the Kaiser's government, and even in France there are now a few who do not surge with the crowd. Things are looking up everywhere. Working people are gradually coming to their senses. But the English have more independence than any others—unless the others be the Italians.

It is true that there is incentive enough for a little show of fight. While pious English clergy, press and statesmen are howling against German atrocities it would

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be difficult to imagine atrocities worse than those which English capitalists are perpetrating at home. Profits for mining, coal and steel companies have increased enormously. Figures have been published which show that large concerns have doubled or trebled last year's figures.

This is partly due to the fact that the union rules have been broken down almost everywhere. Many of the union members have gone to the war. Unskilled workers, including women and children, have taken their places. Hours of work are unspeakable. Robert Williams, Secretary of the Transport Workers, reports that according to the government's figures, men in the shell industry are working 80 hours a week. Here is part of the table which he gave to the press: Men working over 80 hours per week, 94 per 1,000; men working over 75 up to 80 hours, 87 per 1,000, etc. That is, in a great industry nearly a tenth of the men are working the equivalent of seven twelve-hour days a week. And this is not all. Machines are unprotected, people are crowded together, there is no time to teach them to avoid dangers. The number of accidents breaks all records.

With things nearly as bad as possible the munitions bill was passed early in July to make them worse. This bill makes arbitration of labor differences before a government board compulsory. Any worker who strikes is to be fined five pounds per day. Conditions of labor are to be prescribed by government agents. Any worker who refuses to obey any regulation will be fined not more than three pounds. Trials will be before a "Munitions Court" made up from a panel selected by the Minister of Munitions.

This is to say, an end is to be put to labor unionism in England. At one stroke the English workers lose what they have fought a century to obtain. In a masterly speech against the bill Comrade Phillip Snowden said: "We were told by the Minister of Munitions the other day that trade unionists must rely on the honor of a great nation for the restitution of their rights after the war is over. I prefer a very definite clause in an act of Parliament rather than the honor of a great nation. I venture the statement that there is nothing at all in this bill which

The Ancient Lowly

A History of the Ancient Working People from the Earliest Known Period to the Adoption of Christianity by Constantine

By C. OSBORNE WARD

Nearly all the ancient histories in the libraries are the histories of kings and their wars. The ancient historians despised the people who did useful work; their praise and their attention were reserved for the soldiers. The real story of the working people of Egypt and India, of Greece and of the Roman Empire was lost or buried out of sight.

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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Crucifixion the penalty for strikers at Rome.
Revolt of 200,000 slaves in Sicily.
Revolt of Roman slaves led by Spartacus and successful for years.
Rome's organized working men and working women.
History of Labor Unions at Rome preserved in ancient inscriptions.
ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF THE RED FLAG.

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How the Roman State deceived and destroyed the labor unions.
Strikes of the Hebrew and other slaves in ancient Egypt.
A vast system of secret trade unions throughout the ancient world.
Brotherhoods of workers in India.
Jewish and non-Jewish labor unions just before Christian era.
Christianity first propagated almost entirely within the unions.
Massacre of Christian wage-workers by the Emperor Diocletian and capture of the church organization by the Roman state under Constantine.

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guarantees the resumption of union rules after the war is over."

The operation of this measure covers all the chief industries of the nation, transportation, ship-building, coal, steel, etc. It gives to the employers in these industries, with their war markets, a set of slaves for workers. At least that is its intent. On the other hand, profits are to be limited in only a few unnamed "selected" industries. And Comrade Snowden showed conclusively that this will amount to nothing. If profits are limited to ten per cent enormous surplus incomes can be kept in the treasury or distributed in various ways.

In another direction it is evident that the government is favoring the armament ring. Both Phillip Snowden and Will Crooks have stated publicly that the government arsenal at Woolwich is worked to only a part of its capacity. They gave proof in detail and the statement has not been denied. This means that the ministry is throwing orders to the big capitalists which might be filled by the government itself.

The munitions bill had hardly become a law when 200,000 Welsh miners went on strike. A fine of ten dollars a day imposed on these men would have netted the government a tidy income. But that fine was never imposed. The men demanded a five per cent increase in wages and exemption from the munitions bill. The chairman of the Board of Trade and the Minister of Munitions were hustling about to find a way to save their reputations—and the editor of the *New York Times* said the men were "sordid" and showed "little appreciation of the higher purposes of mankind."

Finally the munitions bill was not applied, the men were given a raise and went back to work. So the "sordid" Welshmen got a little better living for their families by neglecting for the moment the "higher purpose" of killing the Germans.

And all through this bitter time the Independent Labor Party is standing firm. No other group anywhere has ever been more reviled. The Clarion people rage like folk possessed at the very thought of them. In a recent number Alexander Thompson speaks of "the Lit-

tle Bethel statesmanship which has brought British Socialism to the verge of bankruptcy, the chronic futile carping and cavil of its exasperated spite, sour Snowden's sneers and snarls at national effort, the sullen systematic malevolence of Machiavelli Macdonald's baffled ambition"—and there is a lot more of the same sort in the same sentence. All that Mr. Thompson means is that Snowden, Macdonald, Keir Hardie and the others are for Socialism and against the war, and therefore he is mad.

But the Independent Labor Party goes on steadily preaching Socialism and internationalism. It fights English capitalists just as hard now as it did before they were fighting German capitalists. It has issued a series of pamphlets explaining the war. It has drawn up a program of the work to be done in preparation for peace. For, in the opinion of the I. L. P. comrades, the most terrible struggle in the history of English labor will come after "the outbreak of peace."



BOOK REVIEWS



Out of Work, a study in unemployment, by Frances A. Kellor, author of *Experimental Sociology*, *Athletic Games in the Education of Women*, etc., etc.; published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, 6 West 45th St., New York, N. Y. Price, \$1.50.

An extensive and searching analysis of unemployment in America—its extent, its causes with the suggestion of means by which it may be relieved. The book is significant because it is not an academic study written in a library and based on labor reports and statistics; it is a laboratory product based on direct personal knowledge of the conditions of America's labor market. People interested in alleviating the condition of the unemployed may find some stimulating suggestions in this book. But its value to a Socialist lies in its wonderful wealth of data, of statistics, of facts and incidents. It is a good book for the Socialist propagandist, so long as he does not satisfy himself with working for mere alleviation, but for the abolition of poverty!

Socialism as the Sociological Ideal; by Floyd J. Melvin, Ph. D.; published by Sturgis & Walton Company, 33 W. 27th St., New York, N. Y. Price, \$1.25 net.

A careful summary of current academic ideas about the Socialist movement in which Dr. Melvin points out that true democracy is marching toward Socialism. The view of the author is purely from the standpoint of politics. He still hopes for a governing government, but one in which all men have equal opportunity to secure legislation and each submits his legislative propositions to all. Then he says, "no further safeguard for the preservation of individual liberty could be devised." This is a sincere and stimulating volume, but when we consider that the state has ever been the weapon with which the owning or possessing class has kept the slaves or workers in subjection, it would appear to us that when the workers own the industries themselves, the state, with its function of suppression of the workers, or of support of the owners and all necessity for the state, would disappear. Marx and Engels said we would capture the state but only to throw it overboard, its purpose having been served. We will no longer need any state. We will need a committee of workers from the various industries to report on the production and distribution of all the things that satisfy the wants of man.

What of the Proposed Congress, by George D. Herron; published by *The Clarion*, London, England.

A timely little booklet on the treason of the various Socialist movements, particularly the German Social Democracy. Prof. Herron shows how the 5,000,000 Socialists or so-called Socialists of Germany failed positively and negatively. He shows how they could have made the war impossible. No other organization ever held in its hands so great

an opportunity to strike a blow at the capitalist system, and they not only threw it away, but ENDORSED the war, voted the war funds, volunteered to serve. At coming International Congresses Mr. Herron says, we shall be free from the dominion of the German Social Democrats. They will be judged by the representatives of the other nations. One thing the war has taught us, Dr. Herron says. It has taught us that we must have a freer and braver movement in the future where "there shall be no Socialist popes and dialecticians, but only free and fraternal sons of a truly Socialized and unified community.

The Limitation of Offspring, by Dr. William J. Robinson; published by Critic & Guide Company, 12 Mt. Morris Park, New York City. Price, \$1.00.

Dr. Robinson has given us a number of unanswerable arguments for the prevention of conception, for the limitation of offspring, particularly among the poor and the sick. He covers the subject from every conceivable angle and offers splendid suggestions on how to bring the law against the propagation of knowledge for prevention into such disrepute that it will become a dead letter. He believes, and rightly, we think, that if a dozen wealthy and influential women would openly circulate literature on the limitation of offspring, Anthony Comstock would be afraid to cause their arrest; would be made the laughing stock of the country, as he is now among intelligent people, and free press become a fact in this

Why I Am a Socialist, by Charles Edward Russell; published by George H. Doran Company, 38 West 32nd St., New York, N. Y. Price, 50 cents net (new edition).

This famous and highly human book on what made a Socialist of so well-known a newspaper man as Charles Edward Russell, is given a greatly added importance by the addition of a chapter on "Socialism and the Great War," telling precisely what Russell saw first hand in Belgium and the remedies which Socialism proposes to apply to prevent a repetition of this war. As editor, managing editor and star reporter of many famous newspapers, as star feature writer for the magazines and as one of the most prominent Socialist speakers in America, Mr. Russell speaks with charm and from so varied an experience that, we all agree with what Jack London said when he read the book: "In this book I find human-interest stories fat with the facts of life and packed with the liveliest of economics." Charles Edward Russell has lived so richly, so fully, that everything he writes bubbles over with "stories by the way" that are a never-ending source of delight to all lovers of good literature. This is a book of delightful STORIES by one of the best story tellers in America—and the result, the sum of these tales made a Socialist—will continue to equal—NEW SOCIALISTS!

NEWS AND VIEWS

From a South Wales Miner—I thought, perhaps, that it would interest you to know that we, the South Wales miners, are out on strike today, Thursday, 15th of July, over our demands for a new agreement. These demands, which were drawn up and formulated before the war broke out, consists of: (1) The establishing of a new standard by merging 50 per cent out of the already existing 60 per cent into the old standards of 1879, etc., leaving the remaining 10 per cent to form a new minimum upon what would be called the 1915 standard. (2) The payment of six turns for five for the afternoon and night shifts. This is already in operation in a great number of the collieries, so all that is asked is for it to be applied universally. (3) And that this extra turn shall be divided proportionately to the time worked. That is into fifths. (4) That afternoon and night hauliers to be payed at the same rate as the day hauliers. Again at some collieries this has been done, but it is not universal; so it is to get rid of these anomalies that is the object of the proposal. (5) Surface men to be payed 5s a day. These are the chief proposals, with a couple of minor ones added to them.

Well, Comrade, no doubt you are aware that our previous agreement terminated on the last day of June; this included the three months' notice that was given. Well, during all this time, instead of the South Wales coal owners reasonably considering and conceding our demands, which would not cost then altogether any more than from 4½d to 6d a ton, as was shown by the investigation of the Board of Trade experts, they set up a howl that we were deliberately taking advantage of the national crisis to enforce our demands upon them. And this in spite of the fact that the proposals were formulated before the war commenced. In my opinion, it is the coal owners and the rest of the capitalist class that has taken advantage of the war to crush the workers, seeing the enormous profits that they are piling up to help them to still further crush us when the war has ended. But, of course, there is nothing said about that by either the capitalists or their government. As a matter of fact, the government is helping to do the crushing, as is plainly seen by all these legislative proposals that they are bringing on. Whilst the coal owners can reap in their

increase on the selling price of coal from as much as 5s a ton for small coal and 7s or 8s a ton for large coal, or, I should have said, screened coal, which includes a good many kinds, the colliers must go on slaving away and allow them to go on exploiting us, or they accuse us of assisting the enemy if we dare to stop to enforce our demands for a miserable portion of what they are robbing us of, and which we gave them an extra 14 days in which to come to a settlement upon.

But no, true to their greedy, grasping nature, they will never concede us anything without fighting for it. They want the lot, and that we should be content to go on allowing them to exploit and crush us down to a bare existence, and not the best of that. I may say that the extra 14 days was taken up by the government intervening to try and reach a settlement. And they have deliberately tried to deceive and gull us by apparently conceding most of our proposals, but in reality their proposals were worse than the original ones. So now that we have decided to come out on strike, they are calling us everything that is bad, and threatening us with all kinds of dire penalties to try and coerce us and intimidate us back into work. As to how long it will last I am unable to say, as personally I view the position with mixed feelings, as apparently the men are determined to fight it out, but we lack effective and efficient organization. While we are out, the rest of the British coal field is at work for one thing. Then another thing is that the men are continually having it dinned into their ears that they are injuring the men at the front. But I think that this is about the last stand that we shall be able to make and that if we fail to take it we are in for drubbing. Well, Comrade, I should like to say that I am very pleased and interested in the articles that appear in the *REVIEW* from time to time, especially those entitled, "Savage Instincts in Higher Peoples." I remain yours for the revolution.—William Hoare.

Alaska Approves.—Comrade Holst of Fairbanks writes: "The little old *REVIEW* is a great thing every time it arrives, but for that I would not know what is going on on the 'Outside,' as we say here. I have read Mary Marcy's 'Shop Talks on Economics,' and say, it is just the clear dope. And one can't praise Prof. Moore's 'Law of Biogenesis' too high. Keep it up." During these

war hard times such a letter puts new life into the office force. We just want to thank Comrade Holst for sending in this little bit of inspiration.

From the Old Guard.—Comrade Reynolds of Tiffin, Iowa, sends in a dollar to renew his REVIEW subscription for the fifteenth time. He has been with the magazine almost since its beginning and says: "I am three score and nearly fifteen years old and I am no longer able to fight in the trenches, but I want the revolutionary news. I have been with you for fifteen years. I get something in the REVIEW that I do not get in any other periodical."

The Review Is the Best.—Comrade Scott of Indianapolis, writes: "I enclose a dollar bill to renew my REVIEW subscription. I consider the REVIEW is the BEST of the Socialist magazines and I take many of them. I would not willingly do without it."

Eight From New Castle.—Comrade Hurn of New Castle sends us in a letter that is worth a lot to us here who are having a hard struggle during the war and the lapse into patriotism of so many Socialists. He enclosed eight dollars for eight yearlies. And everybody in the office grinned at this sort of support and co-operation. It is like a pat on the back and congratulations with a big lift over a hard place. Here's to more Hurns!

Another Conspiracy Against Labor Exposed.—After seven years patient waiting, Smith and PRESTON are proven innocent.

Joseph W. Smith and Morrie R. Preston were falsely accused and convicted, Smith of manslaughter and Preston of second degree murder, at Goldfield, Nev., in May, 1907.

Smith was paroled after he had served four and a half years of a ten-year sentence, which has now expired. Preston served seven years of a twenty-five year sentence and was paroled in April, 1914. Preston is now seeking a complete pardon and has gathered a large mass of evidence, which proves conclusively that he, Smith and the union which was the real object of attack were made the victims of as foul a conspiracy as was ever "framed up."

The true facts of this case, which have been suppressed and garbled by the press, and the story of the unjust conviction and incarceration are being published, in complete form for the first time, in a pamphlet recently published.

The material for this pamphlet was gathered by Preston and the work edited by A. GRANT MILLER, Socialist candidate for U. S. Senator from Nevada at the last state election. Mr. Miller represented Preston before the Board of Pardons and has included in the pamphlet the main part of his argument before the board.

Every union man and every Socialist, who wants to know the facts of a typical conspiracy against labor and every citizen who wants to be fair in judging men on trial, should have and should study this pamphlet.

Although this "frame up" was concocted and executed in great part successfully, eight years ago, the same thing may happen today and you or any other unprotected citizen may be the victim this time.

The possibility may seem remote but for him who is active in affairs it is imminent and every man who takes an interest in labor affairs ought to acquaint himself with the methods used to "railroad" these two victims.

The pamphlets are being sold at ten cents (10c) per copy, the profits being used to defray the expenses of the plea to the board for Preston's pardon, and copies will be mailed on receipt of price. Bunch orders are preferred as the profits are larger.

Any one wishing copies of the pamphlet or wishing to contribute to the defense fund, may address,

MORRIE R. PRESTON,
Box 183
Carson City, Nev.

What a Live Local Accomplished.—"Several months ago Guelph Local No. 5, S. D. P. of Canada started to agitate for Socialist books in the public library, which resulted in our shipping a choice selection of Socialist books to the Guelph public library on April 1, amounting to over \$30 and the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW can also be found on the library tables.

"This is proof positive of what a 'live' bunch of Socialists can do who sincerely wish to help the publishing house in carrying on its educational work. If more Socialist locals in the United States would go into capture the public libraries, there would not be so much reform piffle put out by our party under the label of 'Socialist Literature'."

Congratulations to our Guelph comrades and let us hope there are other revolutionary, Socialist locals in Canada who will do likewise and unite with us to put scientific, Socialist books on the shelves of every public library.

From New Mexico.—"The REVIEW is the most interesting magazine I have ever read. Enclosed find another yearly subscription besides my own and you may send me as a premium Jack London's book, 'The Abysmal Brute!'"—Geo. S. Williams.

From Pennsylvania.—"I consider the REVIEW the most efficient magazine we have for Socialist, educational purposes, printed in America, and take pleasure in sending in my renewal along with a yearly subscription for a new recruit to the REVIEW army."—Paul Fragale.

From Wisconsin.—"Must say so far we have found THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW to be the best Socialist magazine in America. Its up to the minute in everything including illustrations. It is clean cut and the articles are written in such a way that those who are opposed to Socialism are tempted to read and think. We must each of us do what we can and you keep up your good work for the cause of Socialism."—Mrs. John Herold.

From Canada.—"You ask for suggestions for improving the REVIEW. Just keep on in the direction you are going by sticking to science and revolutionary articles. The REVIEW talks straight to the working class, and it is bound to bring results."—Oliver Johnston.

From a Cleveland Railroader—"I note what you say about business being dull with you and I can say the same for the R. R. business; the murdering machinery business was pretty good before the Fourth, as we were hauling a lot of iron ore, but are hauling much less at the present time. The Socialist contention is certainly being verified on the N. Y. C., as last year we hauled 35 cars of ore and this year the locomotives are so much larger that we haul 62 cars of ore to a train. Our pool on the branch I am on is cut from 17 to 8 and we make less now than formerly."—E. O.

From a Railroad Telegrapher—"I have made several attempts to hang on to my REVIEWS after I have read them, but it seems impossible, as some one confiscates them inside of 48 hours. The last one I received, which had the article in about 'Fixing the Engineer's Pay,' was passed from one engineer to another by me writing on front page to please pass me along. You can bet I am with you for a 'Real International Working Class Movement.'"—G. O.

The Review Dares—"The REVIEW seems to be the only Socialist publication that dares to handle the present international situation fair and square from a proletarian standpoint. Yours for the Revolution."—Lars Storwick, Silvana, Wash.

Local Mark of Seattle Starts Timely Referendum—Genuine rebel women stand side by side with men in the working-class battle line but stand on their own feet and scorn to use the names of husbands for the sake of adding unearned prestige to what they may have to say. This throw-back upon bourgeois attitudes could only be expected in one who could write such an article as lately appeared in the NEW REVIEW under the eminent name of Mrs. Charles Edward Russell, and one can almost hear her calling herself a lady by way of distinction!

The matter is here, however, that she denies the class struggle, repudiates the doctrine and moves to abandon all use of the phrase in party declarations. She writes from the party viewpoint and it is therefore presumed that she is a party member, in which event there should be on file somewhere a party application card signed by her, in which she expressly declares her recognition of the class-struggle as the very foundation upon which the Socialist party is reared. With true leisure class agility she seeks to disarm opposition by anticipating in derisive fashion the charge of "party treason." In our view it is not merely that, but further, that it is a matter of deception and false pretense. She either dissembles now or stultified herself at the time of joining the party.

There are others. At the Olalla, Washington, Socialist encampment, Mr. Glen E. Hoover, a Seattle lawyer, made a like attack upon Socialist fundamentals. Pertinent to the date, but not to the occasion, he declared it as his belief that the American revolution did not spring from economic or material conditions, but rather glorified the capitalists Han-

cock and Washington as disinterested heroes and saviors. He ridiculed the deterministic philosophy and the materialist conception of history, and from this it would follow that he likewise takes no stock in the class-struggle doctrine, although a party member by virtue of a signed statement to the contrary in his application card. To our way of thinking, without these fundamentals there exists no distinct justification for a Socialist party and that in fact what we have supposed to be a historic movement is a myth. Moreover, it occurs to us that those who have the hardihood to repudiate and renounce the very declaration upon which they secured the privilege of membership in the first place should have the decency voluntarily to take themselves out of the party, rather than, like the Arab's camel, seeking shelter for its head, then rising to destroy the habitation offering that hospitality.

That our party constitutions do not provide for expulsion in such cases can be explained only by the fact that it has never occurred to any of us that there could be such duplicity. Local Mark of Seattle at a recent meeting attempted to provide for such contingencies by moving an amendment to the effect that party members expressing views contrary to their own statements in their applications shall be dealt with in the manner provided for party treason. All locals interested are requested to respond promptly with overwhelming seconds.

LALLA ROGERS, Secretary.

1433 Lakeside avenue, Seattle.

The Last War; by George Barrett; published by the Workers' Freedom Group, 2 Hill St., Totterdown, Bristol, England, at one penny, is the best brochure the war has brought forth on war from the point of view of the working class.

Mr. Barrett calls on the workers of the world to seize the opportunity that war gives them to attack the Invaders of the World, who have despoiled those who produce the world's wealth. An invaluable booklet to place in the hands of workingmen and women. The following is a quotation from the wealth of good things Mr. Barrett says:

WAR

It is war we proclaim, the last war, the international war in which the workers of all lands shall be united against the invaders—the rich who have seized the land and lived on the labor of the poor.

This is the war that remains yet to be fought. Is it possible? Nay, it is inevitable. It may be delayed but it cannot be prevented. Already and everywhere dimly the worker sees the injustice of his lot and recognizes his folly in laboring so hard, while he enjoys so little of the fruit of his work. Many a man in each army engaged today knows in his heart that the enemy soldiers are men just as he is, no better and but little worse. These dim thoughts only lack boldness, and they would make of each such soldier a revolutionist, who would refuse to fire in such a cause.

It is by this growing courage that the international workers will presently form their

army—not indeed an army like that which their masters' possess, where the soldiers blindly obey their officers and care not if their cause is right or wrong. The workers' army organized for a different purpose must be a very different affair.

OUR ANSWER

Surely this is the answer we ought to be preparing ourselves to make. It would create a revolutionary situation, and no government faced with such internal difficulties, even though the workers were not yet strong enough to make a revolution, would dare to go to war. This would be the surest way to prevent an invasion, for certain it is that even though our comrades abroad were not perhaps so strong in their organization as we were or we so bold as they, yet the workers would still be able to organize sufficient militant strikes to make their government very reluctant to send their army out of the country.

Have we not seen by the huge military camps established in Liverpool, London and other great centers during the recent great strike period, that the master class feels none too safe, even when the workers are, as now, entirely unarmed. It would need but a comparatively small labor movement in England and Germany at the present time to make these governments very quickly change their minds as to who was the real enemy.

The danger of rebellion at home would make a fellow feeling between the opposing governments, and they would very quickly agree to withdraw their armies to shoot their own countrymen. True, it is that we are not yet strong enough to thus defeat war and invasion, but great things have small beginnings, and if we are to wait until we can be successful before we throw our energies into a movement, we shall find that we are always behind. If we are but a few in this movement, which will by and by make war and oppression impossible, it is certain that we should exercise no more influence by joining the hosts of English, French, and Russian invaders than we have by raising the standard of revolt in our countries at home. Powerful, or even powerless then, as the workers' movement may now be, it should take up its stand of definite and uncompromising opposition to the war.

War is a part of the present system, but it is one of its most vulnerable parts, for the system is based on violence, and when the means of violence are fully occupied, a great opportunity occurs for those who have been kept in subjection and poverty by them at home. When we are prepared to take advantage of this opportunity, we shall find that we have not only rendered war impossible, but that we are, perhaps, powerful enough to capture our country from the invaders who now hold it.

From Minnesota—"THE REVIEW suits me to a T. I also take the *Review of Reviews* and it is a real pleasure to me, after going through it, to see how much of vital importance in the world's work and progress they fail to mention, but I find it in our *SOCIALIST REVIEW*, which is always two laps ahead of all other papers and magazines."—E. S. Wheeler.

From Alabama—"I consider the REVIEW to be our most vital publication on account of its clear cut, scientific, revolutionary policy and teaching. I will endeavor to help you double your circulation by way of celebrating the REVIEW's sixteenth birthday as I understand it will be sixteen years old with the July number."—Frank Wynn.

From a Duluth Clerical Worker.—Exploitation of the employees of a commercial club in a city for which that commercial club claims a population of 100,000,—not from the elevator boy to the stenographer, as a Socialist will conceive might be the proletariat's condition even in a commercial club, but from the most menial laborer to even the general secretary of the club is unusual, yet such is the spectacle witnessed by the writer while employed as stenographer in the office of the traffic commissioner, the real executive of the institution of the Commercial Club of Duluth, Minnesota. Of course, this state of affairs is directly opposed to the democratic ideal upheld by professional and political members of the club and others affiliated with the organization for the purpose of promoting the best interests of the city generally. An attempt is being made to "break into the toils of the system" the capable assistant traffic commissioner, an unsophisticated proletarian, socially and politically, that is, everything possible is being done to hold him where he is. In the tactics of the play it might be said of the writer that he was used as a "fast" stenographer, whereas now a slow worker is employed. Likewise, the secretary and assistant are merely pawns in the unique game in which the moves are made by the traffic commissioner, an official who receives a large salary for rendering this rare combination of services.

This contribution may lead some of our clerical comrades to a better realization of the perils of slavery which accompany their work and we hope they will become "broke" into our struggle.

H. A., Duluth.

Good Suggestions from Review Readers—

A Pennsylvania comrade writes: "As quick as I read my REVIEW I pass it along to my friends."


A comrade from Hammond, Ind., writes: "We not only have the REVIEW in our City Public Library, but also a big shelf full of your best socialist books."

An Ohio comrade writes that he now has the REVIEW on sale at eight different news stands in his home town.

Another comrade writes that he makes it a point to carry the REVIEW with him into the factory where he works and during the noon hour he hands it out to some slave to read.

From Florida.—"Enclosed find \$3.00 for subscriptions. Keep the REVIEW going in the same old way. We certainly are in need of the inspiring message of revolutionary socialism. I will send more subscriptions soon. The industrial situation is fierce down here in this supposedly new country."—S. G. M.

Education in El Paso—An industrial education league has been formed in El Paso, Texas. For particulars write Martin Bjorner, 608 North Ochoa street, El Paso, Texas.



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The
INTERNATIONAL
SOCIALIST REVIEW

VOL. XVI

NOVEMBER, 1915

No. 5

Courtesy of The Journal.

15,000 STRIKING CHICAGO GARMENT WORKERS ON PARADE.

THE GARMENT WORKERS' STRIKE

ON October 12th the streets of the Loop District of Chicago, thronged with the usual crowds of shoppers and business men and women, witnessed one of the most striking parades ever seen in this city. While the capitalist press has been proclaiming that all of the clothing shops were filled and that most of the striking garment workers had returned to work, 15,000 men, women and girls paraded before the eyes of many thousand people who had previously learned of the

struggle only through biased and lying newspapers.

The faces of this determined army of workers, many holding aloft banners bearing some piteous cry for a chance to live, or a militant call to revolt, spoke more eloquently to the Chicago public than mere argument. And the banners were the voices of the vast throng made articulate.

"You knew the conditions that were imposed upon us.—They were unbearable."

"You skimmed our wages as much as you could.—We barely existed."

"You overworked us in rush season, underworked us in slack and always underpaid."

"Your profits have stopped because our labor power has stopped."

"Our revolt is against poverty and all the misery that poverty brings."

These and a hundred other banners were flung to the winds as the tramp of many feet was heard up one street and down another in the busy Loop district. And these are the people who make your clothes, the pants, coats, vests and overcoats which keep the male population of this country warm and comfortable during the colds of winter.

Four weeks ago 20,000 of these Chicago garment workers went out on strike for shorter hours and more pay—25 per cent increase in all wages; over-time to be paid for at the rate of time and a half; 48 hours to constitute a week's work; fining systems to be abolished and recognition of the union demanded. The minimum wage scale was to be as follows for week workers:

Cutters, \$26.00 per week.

Trimmers, \$20.00 per week.

Examiners and bushelmen, \$20.00 per week.

Apprentices, \$8.00 per week.

A 25 per cent increase was demanded for the piece workers.

A member of the REVIEW staff was fortunate enough to secure several pay envelopes, copies of which we reproduce here. One of these needle workers, a corner maker who put in forty hours, earned the magnificent sum of \$3.01, while this finisher, who worked thirty-five hours and a half, received only \$2.66. This would be a niggardly wage for a day's work.

The clothing firms, ever fearful that one of these pay envelopes may be reproduced,

LOOK FOR YOUR NUMBER

Rate _____
 No. 115
 Name Lerry Saps
 Wk Ending 9/10

No correction will be made unless this Envelope is returned.

DAY	Morning IN	NOON OUT	NOON IN	NIGHT OUT	EXTRA IN	EXTRA OUT	Total
	7 20	12 30	12 45	4 15			7 8
	7 19	12 01	12 50	4 35			8
	7 15	11 58	12 35	4 32			8 7
	7 25	11 58	12 48	4 18			7 4
	7 25	12 01					

TOTAL TIME 35 HRS.
 TOTAL WAGES FOR WEEK \$ 2.66

LOOK FOR YOUR NUMBER

Rate _____
 No. 40 Corner Making
 Name Franczek J.
 Wk Ending 8/10

No correction will be made unless this Envelope is returned.

DAY	Morning IN	NOON OUT	NOON IN	NIGHT OUT	EXTRA IN	EXTRA OUT	Total
	7 19	12 00	12 45	5 06			8 8
	7 19	12 00	12 57	4 31			8
	7 27	12 00	12 57	6 00			9 2
	7 27	11 58	12 56	5 58			9 2
	7 24	12 01					4 2

TOTAL TIME 40 HRS.
 TOTAL WAGES FOR WEEK \$ 3.01

TO SAVE IS PRUDENT

SAVE

\$1.00 STARTS
YOUR ACCOUNT

OUR RESOURCES ARE

\$500,000.00

EAST CHICAGO BANK

SAVE

**DEPOSITS MADE ON OR BEFORE THE 10TH OF
THE MONTH DRAW INTEREST FROM THE 1ST**

FACSIMILE OF BACK OF PAY ENVELOPE.

showing the awful wage conditions prevailing in their shops, do not even print their firm names upon these envelopes, although they have the "face" to print a plea to the workers to SAVE on the back of them.

Inside of four weeks over seventy small firms have signed up and over 5,000 garment workers returned to their jobs under union conditions. But the thirty-eight largest firms have refused to meet the strikers and will not even consider arbitration. Thousands of scabs have been brought to Chicago and the police and hired detectives are sturdily and right faithfully "protecting" them, while the hired sluggers are on the job beating up the "easiest" looking folks they see in the neighborhood of the strike shops.

Riot call after riot call has been sent in by the police and hundreds of men, women and girls have been arrested on utterly false charges. The hired sluggers start trouble and then the pickets are gathered in. As usual, those who are supposed to uphold the law, and to enforce the law, are permitting all forms of law breaking on the part of the employers and their strong arm squads, and are throwing all the weight of government on the side of the clothing firms.

"Policemen paid out of public money to use their clubs and guns on working men, working women and working girls in the interest of a manufacturers'

organization, is one of the fiercest angles of the garment workers' strike in Chicago. A committee from Hull House and women's clubs has supplied the chief of police and a city council committee with names, and details of these events: 1. A girl who would not move up the street slapped across the mouth by a copper. 2. A girl thrown face foremost onto the floor of a packed patrol wagon so violently she fainted and, girls inside the wagon had to break glass windows to let in air. 3. One man shot in the left leg. 4. Another man shot in the right leg. The list runs on so that out of more than four hundred arrested in a week there is a pile of evidence of police brutality. Plenty of laws and court decisions say these workers have a clear right to peacefully picket. Their picketing has been peaceful. Yet the police arrest them and charge them with disorderly conduct and conspiracy. "The police get us whether we picket in peace or with violence."

The Chicago Day Book, which has consistently backed the strikers in this battle for bread, reports, among many others, the following typical incident. When it is remembered that the strikers were merely peacefully and legally and rightfully picketing, it may remind us that the people who profess to most strongly oppose Violence, are those who most consistently use it.

Rose Goodman, 21, of 1256 Turner avenue, worked for Sachs & Co. On Oct. 4, about 5 p. m., near Harrison and Sherman

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ANY WORKER IS LIABLE TO BE GRABBED, SHOVED OR SLUGGED.

PULLING THE STRONG ARM STUFF.

A COMMON SIGHT.

streets, she saw an officer strike an old woman he was about to arrest. She asked why he was so rough with an old woman and the officer, No. 4470, told her to move on, adding: "Get to hell out of here." When deponent started to speak again Officer 4470 said: "If you don't go I'll kill you." Deponent further states that Officer 4470 struck her on her stomach and then gave a swift shove upon her shoulders so that she lost her balance, falling close to the feet of a mounted police horse in motion. Thrown into wagon with 15 other girl strikers.

On the way to the station she fainted. On recovery from fainting the other girls in the wagon pointed to a window they had broken to gain air to revive her. At the station she lost consciousness, was taken home in a cab, and the following day again lost consciousness, suffered pains in chest and abdomen, where blows were struck upon her body by Police Officer No. 4470 and others who threw her into the wagon. She is now under the care of a physician."

The Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America are conducting the strike. Sidney Hillman, the general president of the organization, is putting in 24 hours a day directing it. The organization not only has to fight the police, but also has to contend with the opposition of Samuel Gompers, who has issued an injunction forbidding the local A. F. of L. unions to support the strike in any way. In the near future the

REVIEW will tell the story of why these clothing workers withdrew from the United Garment Workers of America.

At their first convention, which was held in New York City in December, 1914, they took a decided stand in favor of industrial unionism as the following extracts from the convention proceedings show:

"If in any given locality the workingmen engaged in any one of the tailoring trades will be organized in one big local union instead of in many small ones, as they are now, but subdivided into branches as the convenience of the members may require, and these big trade locals will, in turn, unite in a very close alliance, there will be a solidified and powerful organization of the entire industry.

"Along with the industrial *form* of organization we must also develop the Industrial *spirit*, which means the general enlightenment of the workingmen, and particularly the teachings of universal working class solidarity and abolition of the wage system.

"When that will be accomplished, our organization will become a mighty, militant and invincible power."

* * *

Mass meetings are held daily and Mother Jones is on the job. Meetings are held regularly in four or five halls and the splendid spirit of the strikers shows no signs of weakening.

THAT WALSH REPORT

This is our second article on the report of the United States Commission on Industrial Relations. Here's plain talk. What we do here is tell in street car talk, railroad track talk, what the Commission found while it went traveling all over these United States. It was a three years' job. There were nine commissioners. They spent about a half million dollars. They took a lot of testimony. They had a lot of reporters, detectives, investigators. When they got through in August, 1915, they were split into three factions. They started out to find why this country is torn up all the time with strikes, lock-outs, boycotts, riots and fighting in fields, factories and workshops. They ended up with three different explanations from three different factions. Chairman Frank P. Walsh, a Kansas City lawyer, signed his name with three trade union officers to a report known as the Walsh Report. Here are some of the high points of it.

How much have you got? Two per cent of the people of this country own sixty per cent of the wealth of this country. They are the Rich. Thirty-three per cent of the people of this country own thirty-five per cent of the wealth of this country. They are the Middle Class. Sixty-five per cent of the people of this country own five per cent of the wealth of this country. They are the Poor. Of course, these are only statistics and some wise guy hit it right when he said there are three kinds of lies (1) plain lies, (2) damn lies, (3) statistics.

There's a real smash, however, about this one fact from the books of the United States Income Tax officers: Forty-four families in this country have each one of them one million dollars or more pouring in to them every year. Altogether fifty millions a year is dumped into the hands and laps of these fifty-four families each year. This means that these fifty-four families get as much money in a year as 100,000 working men who get \$500 a year apiece in their pay envelopes.

What about it? Some say pass laws. If the fat man who runs a factory doesn't run it right, pass a law and make him run it right. That's the notion in the heads of some working men. Well, this is all right, only it doesn't work in most cases.

When Gene Debs went to making speeches after he got out of Woodstock jail, he said, "You can no more regulate a corporation with laws than you can tangle an elephant with cobwebs."

There are good laws that labor unions got passed in different states. In all these states these laws have been wiped out by the Supreme Courts. Judges of Supreme Courts pulled long faces and spoke in solemn voices and said that these laws are "unconstitutional."

Can the state force an employer to give a statement explaining why he discharges a worker? Hardly. An employer can hire or fire anybody he pleases. He can fire a red-headed man because he doesn't like red hair. He can fire a Jew because he doesn't like Jews or an Irishman because he doesn't like the Irish. He can fire a union man because he is a union man. He can fire a girl or a woman if she says a union will win higher wages and a shorter work day.

The employer can kick out anybody and everybody he is suspicious of. If he thinks you are going to organize a union, or if he thinks you are going to be anything else than a good sheep ready for shearing, it's "get out" for you.

If you look a foreman or a straw boss straight in the eye and he gets a hunch that you are a rebel, then out you go.

And what can you do? The law says, "Nothing."

The law says the boss has a clear and clean right to put you out and he doesn't have to make any explanations to anybody. It's "constitutional."

Laws have been passed to stop the boss from this power over you. These laws said the boss would have to give you a statement explaining why he fired a man. The courts—the wheezy, bald-headed, sour-faced Supreme Court judges—say the law is "unconstitutional." And so it's wiped off the books. The case is down in the law books as *Wallace v. G. C. & N. R. Co.*, 94 Ga. 732.

Ever blacklisted? Ever know a man who went from one shop to another, one railroad to another, and after they looked at their books they wouldn't give him a job?

Do you know thousands of men in this country have left their old homes, traveled hundreds of miles and changed their names in order to get jobs?

That is exactly what has happened. Now to help out on this, laws have been passed. These laws say no boss or corporation can blacklist a working man. The law ain't any good. It's "unconstitutional."

Any boss can blacklist any workman he wants to. And the Supreme Court says to the boss the same thing the Paris Garter company says to its customers, "No metal can touch you." On the law books the case is down as *Wabash R. Co. v. Young*, 162, Ind. 102.

Does the law say you can belong to a labor union? The law does. Is the law any good? It is not.

The courts—the wheezy, bald-headed, solemn-faced judges—say the law is "unconstitutional."

There are at least seven cases where workmen tried to buck their bosses in court and get for themselves the right to hold their jobs while at the same time holding union cards. In these seven cases all that the workmen found out was that the law is no good.

The boss fires any worker, union card or no union card, and the worker is wasting time to go into the courts about it.

When he gets into court, the cards are

stacked, the dice loaded, the game framed.

The more a workingman learns in the law books the more he falls back on his organization and the power of direct action to help him.

Injunctions. In California, Indiana, and other states, labor men got a law onto the books that said employers couldn't get injunctions. When the supreme courts—the wheezy, bald-headed, solemn-faced judges—got through with the job, the employers or the bosses had a clear and clean right to get all the injunctions they wanted against workmen on strike, in boycott or sabotage.

The boss guesses you are going to do something. He goes to a judge and gets a written court order telling you that you can not do what he guesses maybe you will do. On the law books the boss is wrong. In the minds of the judges the law is wrong and so it is not a law and the boss gets his injunction.

Labor laws get in wrong with supreme courts over and over again. There's a law on the Illinois books about public employment offices. It says when a boss comes to such an office and asks for names of men who want jobs, the office shall not give him those names if there is a strike on in the shop of such a boss. This law, says the Supreme Court of Illinois, is "unconstitutional."

In Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Colorado, miners got laws fixing it up so they would get paid for all the coal they mined. A weighman with scales should stand with every mine gang and weigh and write down how many pounds of coal each man was digging. In these four states the supreme courts all say this law is no good and the mine operators don't have to have a check weighman.

Suppose a workman gets cheated out of wages. Suppose he goes into court and beats the employer in court and wins the wages he was cheated of. Who pays his lawyer? He pays the lawyer himself. In some states the law says the boss must pay the lawyer because the lawyer did nice work getting back for the workman what was stolen from him. But the law is no good. Supreme Court judges say it's "unconstitutional."

So with many other laws in different states. "You must pay wages twice a month; you shall not pay in scrip; you shall not charge higher than common market prices in company stores"—that's what the laws said as they were written on the books. The wheezy, bald-headed, solemn-faced Supreme Court judges—the cheesy and rotten panhandlers, who talk about "justice" as though they know "justice" when they see it—have stopped these laws from counting for anything by calling them "unconstitutional."

About the best sample of a fake law is the 8-hour day law in Colorado. For twenty years the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company slipped away and outside this law. The 12,000 miners supposed to have the 8-hour day, according to law, never had it.

Letters from L. M. Bowers, chairman of the Board of Directors of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., show that the company bosses got afraid that the law might be put into action. Just what it was that threw the scare into them on this point is not clear.

Anyhow, they tried the 8-hour day. It paid them. They found they could skin the workers out of just as big profits with an 8-hour day as with a ten or twelve-hour day.

Why do the workers get the dirty end of the stick from judges? Some people say it's because the rich have more money to hire crackerjack lawyers than the poor. This is true, but it isn't the worst of it.

Year after year the cry comes from workers that the judges who decide on cases of freedom and of wages naturally think and feel with the bosses and against the workers. It is charged that judges lean so far toward the bosses that they tip over. Prof. Henry R. Seager, of Columbia University, says the job of a lawyer is to protect property most of the time; the corporation lawyer is the big fellow in the law game; and a majority of judges were one time corporation lawyers.

Property first and human rights second. That's the way the Constitution of the United States reads to the eyes of most judges.

Look over language of the United States Constitution and the Constitutions of the States, and as you glance at the words and think the words over, the feeling comes to you that whoever wrote them had the idea that there are some human rights that are sacred.

Take such language as this for a sample: "Nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty or property, without due process of law."

Then read what the Constitution says about trial by jury, unwarranted arrest and search, free speech, free assembly, writ of habeas corpus, bearing of arms.

Read these words out loud, pronouncing them to yourself as they are written in the Constitution. You get then a pretty sure hunch that the Constitution was supposed to mean something.

Men with much land and much money and machinery, capitalists, have come along with one trick and then another and made all of this good, straight, simple language of the Constitution mean nothing.

Trial by jury—how does it work? First of all, there is only a small percentage of real working class men that gets called for jury duty. The middle class and the small business men and professional jurors and court room hangers-on get onto juries more often than real working class men.

There is a bunch of rebels against the Chicago Bar Association, who have what they call the Lawyers' Association of Illinois. They looked into the jury system of Cook County to find out where jurors come from. They found that these occupations led all others in the make-up of juries: managers, superintendents, foremen, presidents and owners of companies, secretaries of companies, merchants, agents, salesmen, clerks, and bookkeepers.

They showed 76,000 mechanics belonging to the Building Trades Council of Chicago, and yet out of 3,440 jurors looked up, there were only 200 mechanics drawn from the 76,000 in the Building Trades Council.

The right to organize—what about it? When you run back from all these

wrongs and these fakes and frame-ups of law, you find that one of the worst wrongs of all is the police and the soldiers and the judges joining with the bosses in the terrible command, "You shall not organize."

One way or another the workers must have this right to organize or they don't make headway.

Any freedom that comes to the workers without organization is only a joke worth a horse-laugh.

This point is backed up by history.

Where a thousand workers stand together, organized, they are a power.

One working man alone going into the office of a boss to ask for higher wages or better conditions is a nut and a loon, and the best he gets is a swift kick.

The bosses laugh at one working man and it costs nothing to get him out of the way.

A thousand working men who know what they want and will take action to get it are hard and costly for any boss to handle.

A MILLION YOUNG WORKMEN

By C. S.

A million young workmen, straight and strong, lay stiff on the grass and roads,

And the million are now under soil and their rotting flesh will in the years feed roots of blood-red roses.

Yes, this million of young workmen slaughtered one another and never saw their red hands.

And O it would have been a great job of killing and a new and beautiful thing under the sun if the million knew why they hacked and tore each other to death.

The kings are grinning, the kaiser and the czar—they are alive riding in leather-seated motor cars, and they have their women and roses for ease, and they eat fresh-poached eggs for breakfast, new butter on toast, sitting in tall water-tight houses reading the news of war.

I dreamed a million ghosts of the young workmen rose in their shirts all soaked in crimson and yelled:

God damn the grinning kings. God damn the kaiser and the czar.

THE DAILY NEWS, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1914.

12

This headline may startle you, but it is a serious one.

It does not represent a "traffic in souls," or a return to ante-bellum days.

It is a straightforward, honest proposition to the business men of Chicago who need help—any kind of help.

We have 100,000 men for sale to the highest bidder during the remaining months of 1915.

They are sound, able-bodied, alert, active, energetic, honest men. They possess more than the average quota of brains:

They are endowed with skill to a marked degree.

They will bring you efficiency and energy, plus, and aid you in building a bigger and better business.

Some of this army of activity are bakers and bookkeepers; others are butchers, cooks, cashiers, clerks, designers, dentists, electricians, engineers, firemen, farmers, foremen, gardeners, machinists, mechanics, painters, printers, shoemakers, stenographers, salesmen and solicitors. In the aggregate, they represent more than one hundred and one trades and professions.

THE most recent figures issued by the Department of Labor indicate that over 3,000,000 people are unemployed for an average of two months every year; that over 2,500,000 are unemployed for an average of five months; that 736,000 are idle for an average of nine and a half months, and that 2,177,000 men and women are out of work for an average of twelve months in every year.

A BASEBALL GAME IN CAVITE, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

BASEBALL CIVILIZING THE SAVAGES IN THE PHILIPPINES

By MARION WRIGHT

FIRST baseball, then good roads. In the process of civilizing a savage people no factors count like these two. Baseball and good roads. Missionaries stay at it for centuries, backed up always by a gunboat, and fail. "Trade," that mysterious talisman that is supposed to open all ports and bring all manner of men to listen to reason sometimes passes a savage race as a stranger. Force, means in many cases utter extermination if the tribe is to be brought around to the white man's way of thinking. But where the Bible, the sword and the dollar fail there is always the willow stick and the horsehide sphere, and then good roads.

Get a bush league organized, brush out the trails so the people of one village can pass comfortably to the next to watch a

game and you have them eating out of your hand.

Up to five or six years ago the Bontoc Igorots of the Philippines gave Uncle Sam more trouble than all the others combined. There was a reason. The Bontocs and other savage peoples of Northern Luzon were hill-men. They had been chased up into their mountain retreats ages ago by the "water-men." Just like the Lowlanders and Highlanders in Scotland. And the hill-men, finding it difficult to keep the pot boiling on what they could scrape up on the mountain side, took to raiding the lowlanders and carrying off their goods—and heads. So the mountain folk became habitual robbers and confirmed head collectors.

Half a million savages there were living in a country so rough and broken that only

by the hardest labor could they level off enough land to sprout their scanty crops. The raids on the "water-men" did not always pan out according to design and a man must eat. In some places these exiled wild men, fighting a desperate battle with nature for a place to grow their rice, terraced whole mountain sides, and evolved in their ignorance, out of necessity, some of the most wonderfully perfect irrigation systems in the world.

On these narrow fields and "paddys" the women and children toiled while in the narrow defiles, gaps, and from rocky crags the men watched for an enemy or marched with a raiding party into another clearing.

To take a head was a young man's religion and his sweetheart's pride. He was not particular whose head he took so long as he was not on speaking terms with its owner so raids on the lowlanders gradually shortened into a foray into the next valley. In time, village became pitted against village. Trade there was none and there were no roads. A man carried only his spear, knife, shield and "G" string away

from home and if he returned he brought back the same—plus a head or two. "Unsocial" would be a mild word indeed to describe the state of mind entertained toward one another by the tribes of Northern Luzon when the government finally decided to see if something couldn't be done.

A detachment of American troops sufficiently strong could go through the Bontoc country unmolested. In fact the military officers established a kind of loose government over the territory. But the tribal wars and head collecting continued scarcely abated and the American school teachers, who bravely plied their trade in the shadow of the flag, were in despair—until baseball hit the islands.

Christianized Filipinos around the larger cities went wild over baseball and it gradually spread to the hills. With the great national pastime went busy, patient, and tactful white men who urged the chief men of two villages to build a good trail between and stood by to prevent blood-letting when the gangs met. A game was arranged. Other trails from other villages came in

and a league was formed. They were off!

That was half a dozen years ago and they began by widening their trails. Now they build and care for sure-enough concrete roads under the supervision of American engineers, and they have some cracking good baseball teams.

A few years ago had you been unlucky enough to happen upon a Bontoc *barrio* after dark you might have been sensible of something unusual going on. Inside the circle of huts a ring of naked savages brandishing spear and bolo, kriss and barong, would have been trailing each other like demons around a flickering fire, shrieking and shrilling the story of the kill above the rhythmic din of the tom-toms. Women, children, and old men would have been dimly discerned crouched in the shadows watching the frenzied warriors while in front of the spectators you might have seen a row of stakes—two to a dozen or so—depending on luck—each stake topped with human head.

They called this shin-dig a *canao* and it was pulled off to celebrate a successful raid. They still dance the *canao* in the Bontoc country but there are no heads used in the ceremony except those of the dancers. They dance it to a finish now every time they finish a new road.

Beginning on the borders of the hill-country the trails were pushed farther and farther back and then criss-crossed and spider-webbed until access became easy between villages whose inhabitants had not been previously aware of the existence of the other.

Sometimes it was hard to get the wild men of a little town together on the idea of road making. There were many obstinately conservative head hunters who had long held out against Bible and bayonet. But patience, tact, and a few practice games usually won them over. The young Igorot laid down his spear and knife, joined a team and allowed himself to be coaxed between the handles of a wheelbarrow.

Having him this far the government promptly slapped a tax on him of ten days labor on the roads, and the road builders learned about citizenship. They also learned that a road must be kept in repair after it is finished, and the "aldermen," as we would call them, of the *barrios* were not slow to pass laws to insure the upkeep of the highways.

The Philippines have about 5,000 miles of good roads. During the rainy season a paid road man is assigned to every half mile of the system and there is one to every mile during the dry months. Concrete "Kilometer" posts mark the distance and stocks of repair material are kept always on hand.

And there is something more than the taming of the natives in this good roads campaign in the Islands. The Philippines are wonderfully rich in minerals and fine hard woods. A good road always precedes the tapping of a forest or the opening of a mine.

In ten years Philippine commerce has grown from \$66,000,000 to \$120,000,000. Baseball and fine roads are helping the good work go on.

From South Africa—The Reds of Johannesburg, South Africa, have increased their standing bundle order for Reviews from fifty to one hundred. More power to them.

Toronto, Canada, Comrades write that their bundle of September Reviews went like hot cakes on a cold morning. The roast on Billy Sunday evidently made a hit with our northern comrades. They also make us feel good by increasing their bundle order several copies.

FRANZ MEHRING.

Veteran Fighter of the Old School. A Revolutionary
Scholar and an Internationalist Before and After
August 4, 1914.

DEAR Comrade Bohn: It was a great pleasure to me to greet you here at Berlin and through you to hear of the American comrades who stand firm in the Socialist faith during a time of unprecedented confusion.

We are only "a very small minority," a handful of intractable fanatics—as the superwise statesmen proclaim, the same statesmen who have found a new source of inspiration for the modern labor movement in the mass-murder of a world war. After one has been denounced in this way during nine long months, and by the highest authority, one may be excused

for beginning to lose faith in himself. You will understand, therefore, dear comrade, that it gives us deep satisfaction to be assured by comrades in other countries that we are still in possession of our five senses and that our sole crime consists in not having been able to forget in one great chauvinistic spasm all that we have taught and learned during a generation devoted to Socialism.

I do not mean to say by this that we ever seriously questioned the fact that we are on the right road. We owe it to the German working class also, to say that it has never forgotten its great task as ut-

terly as some of its leaders. So long as Germany is still in a state of siege an appearance of truth may be given to the tale about "the great majority" and "the small minority." But even if we were "a very small minority," our victory would not be less certain. The logic of events will finally open the eyes of those who are today wandering in strange ways and will gather them at last under the red flag of proletarian emancipation.

It is true that we had not counted on such a terrible crisis as this one which international Socialism has to endure. Had anyone prophesied nine months ago what we have lived through during the past nine months, he would have been consigned to a madhouse. But anyone who is turned from his revolutionary convictions even by the most terrible catastrophe never really deserved to bear the honorable name of Socialist. If the way

to peace proves to be longer and more difficult than we believed and hoped, only a fool will lose his reckoning because of it; a sensible person will only increase the zeal with which he seeks his goal.

Even if the old International is broken down, its spirit is not buried under the ruins. But this spirit would be smothered by a policy of deception and secrecy. The only thing that can restore it is a policy of ruthless self-criticism—of which Marx once said that it is the necessary condition to revolutionary progress.

In the spirit of our great leaders of former days we labor at the rebuilding of the International, and in the consciousness of our mission we can disregard the slanders launched against us and set them down as what they really are, proofs of weakness in those who fabricate them.

Berlin, 1915. FRANZ MEHRING.
(Translation by W. E. B.)

Manifesto of Editors and Publishers of the "Internationale"

THE undersigned editors and publishers of The International feel impelled to make the following protest:

After the suppression of our journal by the police was publicly known the executive committee of the Party saw fit to send to the officials of local organizations and distribute generally in the Party the following circular letter:

Berlin, April 23, 1915.

Various recent events make it constantly clearer that a small group of persons are busily attempting to destroy the unity of the German labor movement.

This group is not by any means identical with the minority which was opposed to the positions taken by the parliamentary group in balloting on August 4, December 2, and March 20. It constitutes rather a very small minority within this minority. With few exceptions all party members are at one in the firm resolve to maintain the power of the working class, which will be more necessary than ever after the war.

To this end it is necessary to deal objectively with differences of opinion, to avoid denunciation, suspicion, and slander. This applies, of course, to the right wing as well as to the left.

Various persons heap insults on the elected representatives of the working class. They do this systematically in public prints at home and abroad.

After a spitefully edited journal called "Lichtstrahlen" had been distributed for some time Rosa Luxemburg and Franz Mehring have now begun the publication of a monthly magazine, "Die Internationale," printed in Düsseldorf. In this magazine, not only are numerous false statements made—the correction of which is no part of the purpose of this document—but the party is scandalously criticised in a series of articles. It has "handed in its political resignation," its "collapse is unprecedented," "in the course of twenty-four hours it went up in smoke," etc. The best known leaders are treated in the same way. Yes, even supporters of the minority are scolded because they dare to disagree in some points with the publishers of the "Internationale."

Comrade Kautsky, who is known and honored throughout the international movement is disgracefully berated by Rosa Luxemburg and Franz Mehring. His theory is said to be the "willing servant of the official party practice," and is

called the "theory of the voluntary eunuchs." "Die Neue Zeit" is called a prostitute. Comrade Currow, on the score of his excellent article "Party Downfall," is accused of open deception. In another passage the party is denounced in anarchistic phrases as "the glorifier of numbers and full treasuries as the only means of salvation."

This "Internationale" is openly attempting to destroy our party unity. Its distribution goes on just as systematically as did that of the "Lichstrahlen" and various anonymous publications. Opposition to this activity is the duty of every party member who agrees with us that the strength of the German working class must not be destroyed by internal quarrels. Internal differences must be so managed that the unity of the movement will survive the war. Anyone who breaks this rule deals worse by the German working class than the worst enemy.

The next party congress, which is to be called as soon as circumstances permit, will have to decide upon the policies of the future. It is the right and the duty of each member to try to bring about a decision in accord with his convictions.

The fact that this is possible without a campaign of persecution is proved by the attitude of the great majority of the minority group.

We expect party officials to offer energetic opposition to the systematic attempts to bring about confusion in the party organization and to reduce its power. This can be done most effectively by distributing informing articles on the party policies.

(Signed) The Executive Committee.

The statement that the "Internationale" designs to destroy the unity of the party we denounce as false. The "Internationale" does represent a systematic attempt not "to introduce confusion," but rather to represent party principles which have been the common intellectual property of Socialists for fifty years and which were those of the executive committee up to August 4 of last year.

The committee excuses itself from producing any proof of its false assertion. It is satisfied with the methods with which

comrades have become familiar in the official proceedings against party papers.

First it hurls a mass of denunciatory terms at the "Internationale"; "denunciations, suspicions and slanders, "unparalleled defamation," numerous false statements, "Scandalous berating of the party," "Anarchistic phrases," "mad persecution," etc. What is to be accomplished by these terms it is difficult to see, since the circular letter refrains from the "correction" of errors.

In the second place the committee again imitating our prosecuting attorneys, quotes isolated sentences of mere phrases in order to prove the good-for-nothing character of the "Internationale." So far as these fragments belong to the undersigned they are willing to pass over the injustice done them with a mere shrug of the shoulders. But the great majority of the citations are from the introductory essay by Comrade Luxemburg, who is now in jail and will long remain there because she opposed German militarism more bravely and effectively than did anyone else up to the very beginning of the war. Comrade Luxemburg would not desire us to defend her against charges which give an entirely false notion of her work. But this much we must say for her: Whoever represents her article as slander or persecution and is unable to recognize the fact that her scornful words breathe the most glowing zeal for the unity and purity of the party, is caught in the influence of a petrified bureaucracy and entirely without the passion which all pioneer Socialists from St. Simon to Lassalle regarded as the condition of great and fine deeds.

In the meantime what "Norwaerts" said some days ago of another party paper applies to the executive committee: "Even if the 'Hamburger Echo' is unable to see that throwing together a bundle of an opponent's epithets is the most poverty-stricken method of argument, its own consciousness of guilt in this kind should have saved it from such pharaseisms." Indeed, leaving the truth of the charges out of account, what is there to justify the executive committee in assuming the part of prosecutor? Has it not been quietly looking on while Keil and Heine, Grunwald and Hänisch, Hausich

Südekum and the others have for months been going on with the destruction of the party? These are the ones who are working confusion in the party, not only by using right and left the imperialist and nationalist catch phrases which up to a year ago were the uncoveted property of the landlords, but also by doing their best to force out of the party the comrades who continue to believe in the old party principles.

Surely if these party-destroyers fall on the faithful party members with such expressions as "conceited politicians," "disturbers," "undisciplined," "self-advertisers," etc. The executive committee is justified in assuming that it is not required to bother with feeble maunderings which serve no purpose but to make their authors ridiculous. But it is something quite different when more than one party paper ascribes the parliamentary activity of Comrade Liebknecht to low, personal motives. It is an entirely different thing, too, when papers and orators twist and turn an entirely unequivocal essay of Engel's in order to make it support contemporary imperialism. It is a different thing when a party member writing in a conservative magazine attempts to turn the party into an object of mirth for the ruling classes. It is a different thing when the "Hamburger Echo" denounces the Socialist party of a neutral country as the product of a few lawyers without clients who are exploiting the poor proletariat. It is a different thing when Member-of-the-Reichstag Heine publicly betrays a comrade as the author of a manifesto which is being made the object of official prosecution. It is a different thing when Member-of-the-Landtag Haenisch grovels for the favor of the Prussian government and promises that the disturbers will be expelled from the party at the first party congress after the conclusion of peace. If the executive

committee can endure all this in peace—and we have mentioned only a few out of many examples of destructive activity—then it need not go far in search of the worst enemy of the party. The party principles are above it and above "all the elected officials of the working class," just as they are above us. This committee is under obligation to represent these principles and if it fails to do so we are not obliged to remain silent. And the committee will not deny that the resolutions of the international congresses, Stuttgart (1907), Kopenhagen (1911), and Basel (1912), with regard to the outbreak of an imperialistic war have not been represented by its activities since August 4 of last year, but have been torn into shreds. The comfort which it derives from the talk about "the very small minority," we readily grant the committee, without the resounding response to the first number of the "Internationale," its circular letter would have been unnecessary.

Of the "distribution of informing articles on party policies" we shall see to it that there is no lack, and we shall not allow ourselves to be deterred by the fact that the party-destroyers, under the friendly protection of the military censorship and the silent consent of the executive committee, tear down faster than we are able to build up. For our trust is not in our feeble power, but in the conquering force of Socialist thought, which, in the long run always reduces to ridicule the sword of the flesh as well as the papal bull.

PETER BERTEN.
KATE DUNCKER.
PAUL LANGE.
FRANZ MEHRING.
HEINRICH STROBEL.
AUGUST THALHEIMER.
KLARA ZETKIN.

(Translated by W. E. B.)

RAILROAD REBELS

A By-Product of Arbitration

By J. D. WILLIAMS

FOR years the Railroad Brotherhoods have been the despair of all men whose vision was progressive. Here was a rock of conservatism that yielded to no pounding of the waves of radical thought that were constantly sweeping against it. Would Socialism gain a foothold in America? No! Look at the Railroad Brotherhoods and be comforted if you were a reactionary.

Was there such a thing as a class struggle? No! Please don't be absurd. Every thing that vexes us can be settled by arbitration. Men will get together; look each other calmly and judiciously in the eye and all difficulties will immediately cease from troubling and the burden of life can again be taken up by the overworked stockholder, while the employees go back fully satisfied—to the light and airy tasks of firing a "Battleship," or running for one's health along the slippery tops of fast or local freights.

It seems though that in the course of

railroading a continual stream of things were bobbing up that did not make for peaceful conditions. The management and the men were constantly bickering about one thing or another in railroad operation and about the time they were ready to look each other calmly and judiciously in the eye each group had got pretty firmly convinced of the merits of its side in the controversy. What should we do in this deadlock? Why call in the arbitrators! We will bring men in to decide who are not set in their opinions, who have no prejudices and who will, after due deliberation, render a just and fair award.

Where are there any such men? There may be such on Mars, but surely they are very difficult to find here. Why? For the simple reason that working conditions and dividends on a railroad stand in the same relationship to each other that working conditions and profits do in all industry. A man who is directly or indirectly connected with the business of making a

living out of profits can't be expected to condemn that method of getting an easy living. While the man who is working for wages can't help but see that his brother has a just grievance.

And under those two heads fall all of the inhabitants of this world. Impartial arbitration exists only in the imagination. "There aint no such thing." The best demonstration of this is to make sufficient mistakes; to get "wise" and to conclude no further proof is necessary. The railroad men have written Q. E. D. after this formula. They have proved negatively that arbitration does not arbitrate, for even the awards have led to endless discussion and we have had the spectacle of arbitrators being chosen to arbitrate the award.

There have been passed two federal laws regulating the arbitration between the railroads and the railroad men, one, the Erdman Act, the other the Newlands Act. Both have been operative for some time and under the provisions of both, arbitrations have been conducted. What has been the result, the men have found out that when they "won," they lost and when they did not win, they also lost. Think this over carefully and see how many times they won.

The mechanism called arbitration has had a fair and complete trial by the railroad men. They have backed up their Grand Lodge Officers with loyalty and money. They have played the game as the officers asked. They have seen machinery of a more and more powerful type introduced, making the work fall onto fewer shoulders. They have found themselves face to face with the question of enforced unemployment and they know now that arbitration solves none of these problems. They know now that it is even impossible to introduce such a subject as

"unemployment" in the face of the railroad plea that they require all of this "efficiency" paraphernalia in order to meet fixed charges and dividends. The railroad owners never arbitrate their right to dividends.

It has taken considerable time to do it, but the mechanism of railroading is rapidly producing a rebel proletariat—a revolutionary proletariat is in the offing but plainly perceptible. Arbitration has failed to produce the result that it was hoped it would accomplish. Through it some hoped for Industrial Peace. It is, in fact, establishing that hideous monster, from the railroad owner's point of view—Industrial Unionism.

All advocates of arbitration believe this was the one thing that arbitration would prevent, but logically and inevitably, out of the conditions in the industry is coming one great, irresistible organization to supplant what is now only the nucleus of what is going to be. This failure of arbitration has begat its own negation. Now for a trial of strength.

The Brotherhoods are now setting themselves to the task of putting their house in order. The call for solidarity proceeds from the aristocrats of the railroad world, the engineers and firemen. They want things; they see the necessary steps to be taken to get them, and they have thrown theory to the winds and are going to let the facts and the needs of their very lives, dictate their future policy. From an organization called the Railroad Workers Educational League, formed on the Boston & Maine and New Haven Systems, they have issued a clarion call to all railroad workers to join to discuss their common grievances and to take the necessary steps to form the Railroad Workers Industrial Union.

(For further information, address Railroad and Transportation Workers' Educational League, P. O. Box 474, Hammond, Ind.)

WHEN the luscious fruit ripened and fell and the nut season came around, the time of joy and plenty was at hand for the Cave Dwellers. Then millions of fish sought the shallows of the river; nourishing plants, with a strange bitter-sweet flavor, thrust up their heads, and the nests were full of eggs for the hand of him who cared to gather.

It was then only that the Cave People were never hungry. With plenty abounding always in the forest, they feasted continually and grew fat against those periods of famine that spread through the long after-suns and the dreary wet seasons.

True it was, that their enemies of the forest throve and grew strong also. The green snakes awoke and wound themselves around the branches of trees, with eyes that glistened and glowed toward every living creature. And the brush grew thick and abounded with creeping things.

The cubs of the black bear flourished and the fierce hyena yielded bounteously to her young. Great flocks of strange and familiar birds darkened the sky and swooped down upon the berry bushes and swept them bare. But for all these there was enough and to spare for the wants of the Cave Dwellers.

Even the limbs of Strong Arm, the wise and brave, grew soft during this season, for his stomach was always filled. The fierce rays of the tropical sun beat down upon the heads of the Cave Dwellers, filling them with a sweet drowsiness. There was nothing to drive them forth from the shades of the Hollow, where the waters of the river washed the green rocks, and teemed with thousands of golden and silver fish.

It was not in the season of plenty that the Cave People learned new ways to trap the black bear, or to snare the wild pig. Nor did they at that time seek to fashion new weapons or to travel strange paths. Rarely they plied the waters. These were not the days of progress or discovery, and the minds of the Cave People grew torpid and they forgot many things they had learned in the times of hunger and activity.

The hands of the youths and maidens lost a portion of their cunning and the older members of the tribe grew lazy and dull. For the bread fruit ripened and the tubers grew thick and all the land smiled with a bountiful supply of daily food.

The season of plenty was come. And the Cave People loved and laughed and feasted and were content. Few dangers menaced during those days and the mem-

monkeys. This gave them strength of limb and quickness of vision. Soon they learned to choose those branches strong enough to bear their weight, as they flung themselves through great gaps of space to seize the boughs of a neighboring tree.

But the fear of the green snakes, that wound about and hid themselves among the leaves, kept them near the Hollow. Only on rare occasions did they penetrate deep into the forest.

Among many of the savages living today great skill and agility prevails. We are told of tribes whose members are able, by a partial circling of the trunks, with their arms, and by the clinging and pressing of flexible toes, to mount trees in a sort of walk.

Jack London writes that this is a common practice of the natives of the South Sea Islands. And we are assured by several young friends that the art has not wholly disappeared among our own boys.

Many were the feats accomplished among the swaying branches of the trees by Laughing Boy, and his friend, The Fish, in their frolics many years ago. Their feet were never still. Their jabberings flowed without end. Tireless as the birds they were and gay as youth itself.

One day, as they played, Laughing Boy found a flat, curved piece of wood. It was as long as the arm of a man and had been split from a tree during a storm. Laughing Boy hurled the stick far into the air at his friend, The Fish. But The Fish threw himself from the bank, into the river, to avoid it. And he screamed with joy as he disappeared beneath the waters. Then a very strange thing happened. For the flat stick swished through the air, like a great bird, far over the river. Then it turned about and whirled slowly back again, where it fell at the feet of Laughing Boy. At once the hair of his head rose with fear, and he ran to his mother uttering shrill squeals of alarm. Quack Quack awoke from her sleep and snatched up a bone weapon, for she thought one of the forest enemies had attacked Laughing Boy.

But he pointed only to the strange, curved stick and clung to her, in terror. All the while he jabbered wildly. Quack

unable to subdue them. Laughing Boy, grown tall and straight, was weaned at last. Always he laughed, showing his large white teeth, like a dark dog snapping at a bone. And he danced and ran about, spilling the strong life that surged up within him and would not be stilled.

With his young friend, The Fish, whom the Cave People had given his name because of his early skill in swimming, Laughing Boy learned many things. Their joy and juvenility seemed exhaustless, and their romps and chattering ended only with the days.

Not many years before, the fathers and mothers of the Cave People had come down out of the trees to dwell. The Tree Dwellers found shelter in the natural caves that lined the river bank. In time they learned to walk erect, on two legs. The Cave Dwellers resembled them very closely. The arms of the Cave People had grown shorter as they ceased to swing themselves constantly, from tree to tree. The thumb of the foot disappeared and they now possessed a great toe in its place. Still the feet of the Cave Dwellers retained the power of prehension. They were able to hold--to cling awkwardly with them.

In the children this power was very marked. On the skirts of the forest they loved to clamber up the slim trees, poise on the swaying boughs and swing themselves from branch to branch, like young

Quack desired to quiet his fear, so she flung the stick far out over the river, as he had done. Then again the big stick swished through the air, turned about and whirled gently back, striking her arm. Then it fell at her feet.

Whereupon Laughing Boy screamed and ran into the Cave. Then a great fear assailed Quack Quack and she added her cries to his. And all the Cave People hurried to her side to learn the cause of so much trouble.

Again the strange stick was hurled toward the river, and once more it returned. And all the Cave People marveled and were afraid. For they could not understand a stick that returned when it was thrown.

Strong Arm only was brave enough to touch it with his fingers. His face bore a strange wonder that such things could be possible to a mere stick. And he carried it to his cave, where he hid it among the rocks, under the dead leaves.

But when the nuts were gone and the season of plenty had passed away, and there was need for the Cave People to hunt, he brought it forth again. After many seasons, a flat stick, curved in the manner of the one first found by Laughing Boy, came to be used as a weapon by the Cave People.

Perhaps you have seen the painted boomerangs sold in some of our stores today. They are the same shape as those first used by the ancient Cave Dwellers. A small pasteboard boomerang, cut the right size and shape will interest the children. When struck with a lead pencil, it will whirl through the air and return, just as the larger and more formidable boomerangs did when thrown at their enemies by the Cave Dwellers many thousands of years ago.

After a time the alarm and excitement caused by Laughing Boy's discovery of the first rude boomerang, died away. The strange stick no longer menaced them, and the Cave People returned to their feasting and their slumbers. And Laughing Boy and his young friend, The Fish, resumed their play.

They chased each other up and down the Hollow or concealed themselves in the long grass that lined the river bank. At each discovery they tossed and rolled

over and over again, like puppies, wild with the exuberance of young blood.

It was one of their great pleasures to lie chattering in the grass on the top of the river bank and roll, tumbling, down into the clear waters. Then, amid a great splashing and much laughter, to clamber out and up the slope again. Thus the children of the Cave Dwellers romped and grew strong, during the season of plenty, in the days of old.

One day it chanced that Laughing Boy stumbled over a large cocoanut, during his frolics with his young friend. He seized it in his arms and danced about, jabbering with glee, that his friend might know the treasure he had found.

In an instant The Fish was upon him, but Laughing Boy rolled over in the grass and bounded away, with squeals of delight. Then, for no reason in the world, save that the blood pounded riotously in his veins, he darted into the wood, bearing his prize.

The Fish followed, close on his heels, as Laughing Boy threw shrill mocking cries over his shoulder. The Fish gave answer with a whirling stone, while more mocking cries from Laughing Boy announced that his aim was bad. And, O, the fun of the chase through the deep woods! The rollicking laugh and the deep shouts of The Fish as they startled the birds from their nests in the old forest!

The brush grew thicker with every step and the trees locked branches more closely with their neighbors for want of room to stretch them freely toward the sun.

When he reached the tall *lautania* palm which marked the point beyond which it was unsafe for the children of the Cave People to go alone, Laughing Boy concealed himself in the brush. He thought to be able to elude his brown playmate, and while The Fish sought him beyond the *bunya-bunya*, to dash backward, toward the Hollow.

In a moment came The Fish. But the deep breathing of Laughing Boy and a rustling of the bushes made known his hiding place. As his friend parted the thicket, Laughing Boy had time only to crawl out on the opposite side and dart onward ere he was caught. A shout and

a shrill chattering told his victory, and he disappeared again. The Fish grunted his displeasure, but he was not far behind.

In the tall bambusa Laughing Boy again hid himself, and it was by the tripping of The Fish over a creeping vine that he escaped. But his foot blundered on a cone from the bunya tree and the cocoanut slipped from his hands. The two boys threw themselves downward and rolled over each other in their eagerness to recover it.

The Fish gave a shout of joy and made away, holding the cocoanut above his head for Laughing Boy to see. A warm sweat covered their bodies and their bronze skins shone like burnished copper.

On and on they ran. Further and still further they plunged into the depths of the forest. They forgot the dangers that lurked there and the wise warnings of the Cave People. They forgot their playmate, Crooked Leg, who had wandered into the wood and vanished from the face of the Hollow. Fears they had none, only laughter and the joy of abundant youth!

All this time the grown members of the tribe of the Cave People slept securely in the cool of the hollow. Their protruding bellies told of continued eating and no one among them marked the absence of The Fish and Laughing Boy.

Thicker and more dark grew the forest which the boys penetrated. The way grew rough, and the tough vines trailing through the undergrowth often tripped them. Still they lunged forward with no thought of turning their faces toward the Hollow.

It was a crackling in the brush that warned them. The cocoanut rolled from the hands of The Fish and the boys crouched low together. No sound they made, save the breath in their throats which struggled to be free. Couchant, they strained their bodies into an attitude of listening. Came again a soft rustling in the thicket. This time nearer. And then—through the long bambusa, they saw the head and throat of a grey hyena.

For a moment they paused while the sweat froze on their brown skins. Their lips drew back in a snarl of helpless rage. But the hyena covered the ground with

great bounds, and they flung their arms about a tall sapling. Their breath burst from them in quick gasps, for they were near spent with running.

But they dug their toes into the rough bark and the strength of The Fish enabled him to speedily mount to the forked branches above. But many moments Laughing Boy clung half-way up the trunk of the tree, with the hyena snapping at his heels. At every leap so near she came, that he curled his feet up under his small body. The teeth of the hyena shone white and her eyes gleamed. A great fear paralyzed him. The Fish danced about on the limbs above, chattering wildly, till Laughing Boy gathered breath and courage to continue his way to safety.

There he sat, huddled among the leaves, close to The Fish and for a long time they gazed, quivering, at the enemy below. But a caution, wholly new, had come to them, and they scrambled into the branches of a neighboring banyan slowly and with care. Thence on through several trees that brought them nearer the homes of the Cave Dwellers. With much shivering they made their way, pausing often to mark the progress of the enemy. She moved as they advanced, persistently, like a hungry dog watching a bone.

Slowly and fearfully the boys continued toward the Hollow, through the interlocked limbs of the great trees. But the hyena followed. From a bunya-bunya the boys pelted her with cones, which she dodged easily. Unmoved, she continued to gaze longingly upon them, while the slather dripped from her lips.

At one time the boys almost threw themselves into the coils of a huge green snake, that wound itself around the trunk of a cocoanut palm. They were not expecting new dangers. A quick leap and they swung downward, clinging closely to the bough of a neighboring bunya, and then scrambled up to safety once more. Thus they made on, but the distance they had run so joyously a short time before, seemed now to stretch before them without end. Sometimes they paused to rest and gather breath. At these points they huddled together and

whimpered very low, or snarled, jabbering at the enemy, as she sat on her haunches, waiting.

But the glad time came when they saw below the familiar berry bushes. Beyond that the arboreal way was not unknown. With a new freedom and ease they flung themselves forward. Their leaps grew daring and their feet more sure, till at last they reached the edge of the wood near the Hollow.

Here they lifted their voices in sharp cries that aroused the Cave People from their torpor. Soon the stalwart members of the tribe had seized their bone weapons and hurried to the rescue.

At first the hyena did not retreat before them, but darted in and out slashing the Cave People with her great fangs. But the fierce stabs of many bone wea-

pons soon sent her fleeing back into the forest. Soon Quack Quack soothed the whimpering of Laughing Boy, holding him close to her breast.

The nut seasons came and the nut seasons passed away and Laughing Boy grew tall and strong. Though his deeds were brave and his arm was long, he hunted with the tribe, for he had learned the wisdom of the Cave Dwellers. He knew that it was not safe for a man or a woman to fight alone. The least of the forest enemies was able to destroy them. Strong men had wandered into the forest to return no more. But when the tribe went forth great deeds were possible, even the sabre-toothed tiger had been destroyed by the thrusts of many. It was the strength of all the Cave People that made safe the lives of every one.

SHRAPNEL

ARE the movies helping to stir up revolt? They are looked at every day by millions of people who wear cheap clothes and live in dirty ramshackle houses. They show these millions of people material riches, luxury, splendor lavished on splendor. Music and pleasure, big clean houses where everybody has plenty to eat and plenty of time to sleep—good looking people that the workers never get close to in everyday life are shown eating and drinking and dancing—people to whom every day of the week has a thousand times more sport and fun and laughter than the Sunday of the working-man's family. Do the millions of the working class feel any stirrings of revolt when they see the films flash to them these views of the master class enjoying the stuff that is wrenched from the hands of the working class?

A BANK went bust in New York and 2,500 men and women, boys and girls who had pennies and dollars in the bank whistled for their money. There were three suicides. The capitalist who engineered it, Henry Seigel, is in prison. He will be out next February, a free man with \$150,000 cash. That's one case. Here's another from Illinois. A bank went bust and 800 working people whistled for their coin. Nothing doing. They came to the

bank doors and they went away with empty mitts. A politician, William Lorimer, and a promoter, Charles Munday, were the head men of the bank. Along with eight other persons they signed notes for \$1,250,000. These notes were honored by the Central Trust Company of which Charles W. Dawes, former comptroller of the United States treasury, is president. Dawes honored the notes, let them have the cash, while a state bank examiner was in town. When the bank examiner was gone, Dawes put the cash back again safe in the vaults of the Central Trust Company. Lorimer, Munday and the note makers had their checks for \$1,250,000. The state bank examiner could now report that he had seen \$1,250,000 cash in the possession of these ten men who wanted to run a bank. Therefore, he could properly and officially say they should have a charter. When the bank went bust there wasn't the cash it was supposed to have to pay out to the wage earners, the suckers and come-ons, who had put their cash into the bank. . . . There are laws against crooked banking, but the banking crooks laugh at the laws. About the only place where there is any respect for the law is in the minds of working men who believe what they hear from bankers, big business men, newspapers, preachers and politicians.

Industrial Unionism and the State

By Robert Holder

IN the August *Plebs*, the article dealing with the State was mainly concerned in pointing out that the State was not an eternal verity, but that it only came into being under certain specific conditions; from which it was deduced that when these conditions disappeared, so also would the social institution known as the State. Having proceeded thus far, we must go on to inquire whether the basic conditions of the State's existence are being combatted or undermined in any way, and also whether any other social institution is arising which is in conflict with the State and capable of replacing it.

We have had plenty of evidence recently that there is a conflict with the State so far as the working class and their social institutions are concerned. The cause of this conflict is not far to seek, for the State (as was pointed out in the last article) is simply the private power of the ruling minority, and the conflict is the root antagonism between Capital and Labor manifesting itself in a higher form.

The political government of society arises when the social group becomes divided into antagonistic interests; the weakest interests have no participation in the direction of the social life, e. g., the women and a large proportion of the adult males today. Each interest is reflected according to its economic power within society. The various antagonistic interests strive to win the support of the social group in order to advance their own particular views; hence the various political parties and sects. But there is always one section—the one most powerful economically—which dominates and directs society.

It is because of the political government of society by a ruling minority that the struggle of the working class necessarily takes on a political form, but it is vital to an understanding of the State that we distinguish between the political form which the struggle of the working class takes, and the economic cause of that struggle. When we keep in mind this distinction it is plainly seen that it is impossible to have a political

democracy by means of votes so long as the economic life is not also democratically controlled. It is impossible to have political government by means of a centralized State power and also at the same time democratic control of the economic life of the nation; the two are irreconcilable. Political government only arises because of the division into owners and non-owners of the means of producing the necessities of life. With abolition of this division the State dies out.

One reason for the illusion that the State represents the people is to be found in the fact that the working class participate in the election of representatives to parliament: but the working class only obtained this right to vote after the first quarter of the nineteenth century because the rising manufacturing class needed their assistance in the political fight against the landowning interests. So long as industrial capital was a progressive force in the social life, it could dominate and win the support of the majority in society, but, as capitalism develops, its antagonism with the interests of the working class becomes plainer; the State begins to throw off its democratic cloak and stands forth in its true light as the despotic representative of capital. The workers now seek to use the rights and privileges which they were given in the interests of capital as means to advance their own interests.

"The Capitalist class perceives correctly that all the weapons which it forged against feudalism turn their edges against itself; that all the means of education which it brought forth rebel against its own civilization. . . . It understands that all its so-called citizen's rights and progressive organs assail and menace its class rule, both in its social foundation and political superstructure. (Marx, p. 72, 18th *Brumaire*)."

Today the antagonistic interests within society are being rapidly reduced to two—Capital and Labor. The so-called middle class interests are being crushed out between these two. Although the individual capitalists are antagonistic to each other in their mutual competition on the market,

yet they all have a common interest in opposing the working class, and the State with its functionaries is their executive committee. The State does not represent the interests of any individual capitalist as such, but the interests of the ruling class as a whole; and though it may sometimes take action against individual members of the ruling class, this is by no means sufficient justification for the illusion that it is an impartial body representing the whole people.

We can keep ourselves quite clear regarding the State if we remember that the State as such is not the basis of the ruling minority's power, but that their power lies in the private ownership of the means of life whereby Society lives. The State is merely the *form* through which this power is expressed; hence the workers in order to free themselves from the domination of the ruling class must not only capture the *form* of their power—the State, but also the *substance* of their power—the control of the material means of life.

It is at this vital point of the control of the means of life that Industrial Unionism plays such an important part in relation to the State. This new social form of organization which the workers are gradually building up will enable them to control the means of life, a thing which craft unionism could never attain. Industrial Unionism does not deny the value and necessity of political action, but it does say that it is impossible to free the workers by means of political legislation. Universal suffrage would not achieve economic freedom in itself. The political activity of the working class must be subordinate to, and supported by, an industrial organization capable of controlling the economic activities of society. The workers must not carry on political activity with a view of capturing the State power and perpetuating political government. "The working class cannot simply lay hold of the ready-made State machinery and wield it for its own purposes."—(Marx, *The Civil War in France*).

Political government implies the government of man by man. In order to free themselves the working class must abolish this form of government by replacing the State machinery of capitalism with the industrial machinery of their own making. This industrial machinery is seen in the germ in the growth of the industrial form of organization, a form which is capable of

administering the means of life. When the workers gain democratic control of their own organizations (and this is their first task) the self government of Labor by Labor follows as a logical result.

The two big forces working in Society today are the Centralization of Capital expressing its power through the State, and the Centralization of Labor expressing its power through the Industrial Unions. The working class movement if anything is lagging behind the economic development; the alp of craft unionism belonging to the 19th century is still weighing heavy upon it. But the agitation for the organization of science as a result of the war and the application of this organized science to industry will still further smash the crafts, and if the working class are not sufficiently conscious at present to adapt themselves to the new conditions, the logic of events and the bitter experience following thereon will teach them. Craft unions are organized on the basis of a detailed part of the product produced, which product belongs to the capitalist, and craft unionism does not dispute his right of ownership, but makes pious appeals to his sense of justice for "a fair day's wage for a fair day's work." On this basis the workers can never hope to attain their freedom because the cause of their slavery, viz., the capitalist system, is left untouched.

England's National Registration Act is an attempt by the State consciously to organize society, in the interests of capital, for the immediate purpose of producing the means of destroying life; but if society can be organized to destroy life it can also be organized to preserve life, and this latter task is the mission of the modern working-class movement. The present war has shown that the workers are the most indispensable class in society today. Appeals are made to them to cease their struggles in order to save the state. Labor must see to it that, having saved the state, it claims the right to mould it in accordance with what it knows to be best for social progress as a whole.

It is by means of their Industrial Unions that the workers will "cross the line from Political Government to Industrial Administration"; it is they who, through conscious co-operation with the laws of social evolution, will thereby initiate a new phase in human development—*From The Plebs*.

WOOD CARVING IN THE TEMPLE AT NICCO. THE ARTIST PORTRAYS THE MON-
KEYS AS REFUSING TO HEAR, SMELL OR SEE THE MISERIES OF
THIS WORLD.

FAR EASTERN IMPERIALISM

III—JAPAN

By S. J. RUTGERS

JAPAN was the first to make an aggressive war upon China; it was Japan who first broke the peace among the rivaling robbers in the Far East, by declaring war upon Russia; Japan joined the European war without being formally obliged to do so by treaty and even without giving the traditional lies about national honor, etc. So we find the youngest among capitalist states foremost as to imperialism and aggression.

This seems to be rather wonderful at first view. Imperialism being the result of highly developed capitalism, why should Japan be in the front line? Japan, with about fifty millions of inhabitants and a density of population in Japan proper surpassing that of France and Germany, has an industrial development that is relatively small, whatever astonishing may have been accomplished in the last fifty years. There certainly are some big industries, but there are comparatively few industries of a middle class size and a great number of very small home industries and handcrafts. And especially the articles for common use are greatly produced in the old primitive style.

So there are vast possibilities for capitalists to develop the inland market in adopting a more western way of living,

which is already much appreciated among the upper classes. And instead of doing this, we find the most unbounded imperialism and militarism, so as to bring the state on the verge of bankruptcy. Is there not a conflict with the conception, that export of capital chiefly results from the fact that the accumulated capital cannot be invested in home industry without a fall in the profits? By no means, and Japan in its modern expansion is in perfect harmony with the rest of imperialistic capitalism, if we only understand that economic features, although conforming in general outlining, will be different as to details, in each different historical situation.

Japan has developed a big capitalist industry only in certain branches, of which are the most important weaving and spinning, shipbuilding yards, breweries, match factories and mining industries, such as copper and coal, and for these industries the home market is already insufficient; they greatly depend upon export. Developing the home market, however, would mean better houses, better furniture and clothes, etc. It would mean higher wages and less big profits to a small class of financial capitalists in control of the government.

In Japan we find already over 400 millionaires, and among the 22 millionaires credited with over 10 millions each there are not less than 16, or 75 per cent, who "earned" their fortunes within the last 40 years. Those big capitalists take no fancy in gradually developing the home market, together with new needs and higher wages, and the existing export industries cannot swallow all the accumulated profits. So there is a cry for expansion, not only to increase the export of products, but also to invest capital in foreign countries. Some of the big industries being state-owned, or at least strongly influenced by government, this highly increases the danger for imperialistic wars.

So we find in Japan, like everywhere else, that financial capital, the highest form of capitalistic development, is the principal promoter of an aggressive politics. And also conform to other parts of the world, this imperialism is strongly supported by important groups among the middle class parties. In Japan there has already been growing a big army of intellectuals, this being essential for the development of a modern industry. A great many of those intellectuals have been made functionaries, but there is already a surplus, as shown by comparing the number of students with that of jobs. The intellectuals themselves acknowledge the danger, as I learned from different Japanese engineers, when in Japan, and many of them look to imperialism as to the only way to get out of the misery, on account of the increase of employment, especially for intellectuals and middle class people.

Of course, some among the learned proletariat will find another way out of the trouble in joining labor, and this may help to start a new socialist reformist party. And although Europe has recently learned us that there is much danger in socialism under the predominant influence of "leaders," it may prove a necessary stage of development in Japan like elsewhere. The greater part, however, of modern intellect in Japan, as well as all over the world, will give its support to imperialism, at the same time denouncing it again and again, such dualism being the fate of all middle classes.

The forces pushing towards imperialism being essential, the same in Japan as elsewhere, there, however, is less resistance in Japan, resulting from the fact that there is no such a thing as organized labor, conditions being somewhat alike to those in England at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Although it is rather difficult to get exact facts about labor conditions, we may gather some idea about the state of things, if we listen to a few remarks made by a doctor in a capitalist paper, "The Japanese Chronicle," of March, 1914. Those remarks deal with female workers, but we must remember that it is a special feature of Japanese industry that 70 per cent of labor is done by women, which makes the following picture all the more important:

"Female workers in Japanese factories number 500,000, of whom 300,000 are under 20 years of age. Out of this army of women operatives 400,000 are engaged in the spinning, weaving and dyeing industries. Seventy per cent of these women live in the factory quarters, which means a sort of confinement. Work in the raw silk factories lasts 13 to 14 hours a day on an average, and that in the weaving mills, 14 to 16 hours. The remaining hours are devoted to sleeping, bathing, toilet, etc. It is not surprising that the health of these young women is seriously injured by such conditions. With regards to the spinning mills, female workers are put to night work every seven or eight days. Night work affects the workers' health so severely that at the end of a week they lose considerable weight. This loss may be partly recovered during the succeeding week on the day shift, but the night work, though intermittent, ultimately wrecks the health of the workers. None can stand the strain for more than a year, when death, sickness or desertion is the inevitable outcome. The consequence is that eighty per cent of the female workers leave the factories every year through various causes, but this loss is immediately replenished by new hands.

"The food provided by the factory boarding houses may be tolerable to the class from which the women are recruited, but as to the other accommodations, they are simply sickening. The

women on the night and day shifts are obliged to share one bed, which is neither aired nor dusted, and never exposed to the sun, since as soon as one leaves it, another takes her place. Consequently consumption spreads among the operatives like an epidemic.

"The women who are recruited as factory workers reaches 200,000 every year, but of these 120,000 do not return to the parental roof. Either they become birds of passage and move from one factory to another, or go as maids in dubious tea-houses or as illicit prostitutes. Among the 80,000 women who return to their homes, something like 13,000 are found to be sick, about 25 per cent of them having contracted consumption. The death rate from consumption of female factory operatives is, as reported to the police, 8 per 1,000; but the death rate from the same disease after their return home is 30 per 1,000."

We need hardly say that under such conditions the difficulties to organize labor are overwhelming. There has been some beginning, of which a trade-union of 2,000 iron workers and mechanics in Tokio, organized by the well-known socialist Sen Katayama, was the first serious effort in 1897. It soon disappeared, however, as well as an organization of mechanics, started in 1898 as the result of a partially successful strike, and an organization of typesetters in Tokio, of which there only remains a faint shadow nowadays. We can get some idea about the difficulties to labor, if we learn that in 1914, there being made an application to the Home Office to form a labor party (by no means a socialist party, the latter being suppressed the very day of its constitution in 1901), this demand was rejected on account "that the promoters

were men devoid of means, education and credit, and hence disqualified to form such organizations."

There may be found, however, a promise for future activity of the workers in a number of smaller strikes, of which the tying up of the tramway traffic in Tokio on New Year's day was the most prominent, and certainly there can be no doubt as to the final result. Nevertheless, it will be clear, that at the present moment Japanese labor cannot resist imperialism in any efficient way. Hence the more open and more direct way in which Japanese aggression is practiced.

European labor, it is true, did not prevent war, but at least there had been some resistance before the war started, there still is some resistance during the war, and there will be a growing resistance after the war will be over. The situation after the war most probably will not be favorable to the somewhat monopolistic position of craft labor unions with their tendency towards bureaucracy, and even towards imperialism. Financial capital, the only really successful conqueror in this bloody war, whatever may be its issue, will force the overwhelming part of labor on one low and miserable level. If this does not mean the end of all, it will have to mean a more revolutionary fighting on a solid international base.

American labor has already some slight experience about the methods practiced by financial capital, and should at least take advantage of the experience. For the strengthening of the position of financial capital will be all over the world, in America as well as in Europe, in Japan as well as in the old capitalist world. And labor will have to intensify its struggle accordingly.



MALE IN COURTING ATTITUDE BEFORE A FEMALE.
Drawn by Hattie Wakeman from a photograph taken at West Falmouth, Mass.

The Love Affairs of the Fiddler Crabs

By AUGUST SCHNITZLER

(With appreciation to A. S. Pease, Ph. D., University of Wisconsin, for his valuable paper on this subject.)

FIDDLER crabs are of more than usual interest on account of their striking sexual dimorphism. The male crab bears an enormous claw on one side of the body, which is in striking contrast to its feeble mate on the other. The female has only two small claws. These enlarged and one-sided claws of the male have been believed to furnish evidence of sexual selection since the days of Charles Darwin.

This great claw and the bright coloration differ in a marked degree from the dull coloring and the small claws of the female. Alcock believes "no one can doubt that the claw of a male has become conspicuous and beautiful in order to attract the female" and that it "is used as a signal to charm and allure the females. Though there are, perhaps, minor objections to such a statement of the case, it is certain that male fiddlers do wave their claws, dance, and pose in the presence of females. It must also be admitted that the great claw is always conspicuously colored.

Mating

During the mating season a fiddler crab colony is an interesting place. If a female walks across the mud every male stands at the mouth of his hole and waves his big claw frantically up and down, often accentuating such movements by squatting and stretching with his walking legs. If the female approaches he makes

every effort to induce her to enter his burrow, frequently dancing or posturing before her.

A courtship will be described, which was observed at North Falmouth, Mass., July 11, 1912. (1913 annual report of the Smithsonian Institution, A. S. Pease.) The male waved and at 12:17 p. m. the object of his attention approached and went part way into his burrow.

He rushed up and tried to push her in, but she resisted. He then retired three inches and stood motionless for three minutes with his claw outstretched in front, then sneaked up and again tried to push his prospective mate into the burrow. She again resisted; he retired and both were quiet for two minutes.

The male then approached cautiously and stood motionless with upraised chela, or great claw, close to the female for three and a half minutes; then he again attempted to push her down, but without success. She refused to be fascinated. Perhaps the great claw of some other wooer had captivated her truant fancy and she was making unfavorable comparisons.

The male then raised his claw and standing high on his legs assumed a statuesque pose, which he held for ten minutes. The female pondered a little, looked him over and seemed to weigh his charms. Then she moved away a couple of inches and again part way down his hole. It

would appear that she was only trifling, and coquetting with her victim, for when the male again approached, she dodged, but returned and entered his hole.

The male stood over her for over a minute, when she dodged away. But back she came to repeat the whole affair. For several minutes she stood on one side of his burrow while he surveyed her longingly from the other. At length the male went into his hole, evidently hoping to woo her into following him. His lady-love, however, seemed to consider the situation and made up her mind to mate elsewhere, for she finally departed for a more favored suitor.

Here, as is usually the case in the life of humans, the male was soon consoled for the loss of his spouse. It was off with the old love and on with the new. Inside of an hour he appeared at the mouth of the hole to wave and prance and pose before another female. He made no attempt to use his great chela, or claw, in holding the female. After his first rush he had every appearance of proceeding with great caution—as if he feared a too arduous wooing might cause his prospective mate to take alarm. After every repulse, and he received many of these, he retired a little way and displayed his charms for a time before making another advance. Apparently he was attempting, as Chidester says, to “demonstrate his maleness.”

In the Philippines, crabs were often seen standing with outstretched claw for as much as twenty minutes. This was a very plain advertisement that they were looking for a mate.

A fiddler crab lives on a beach crowded among vast numbers of his fellows, but he shows no social instincts. Each fiddler searches the mud around his hole for food and his “hand is against every man.” Their diet is largely vegetable, but they also eat dead fish.

The fiddler is ever ready to dart into his hole or burrow. If one of his fellows encroaches upon his domain, he rushes forth and engages in fierce combat. Combats between the males are most frequent. If two males that differ markedly in size fight, the larger combatant usually takes little interest in the fight and soon

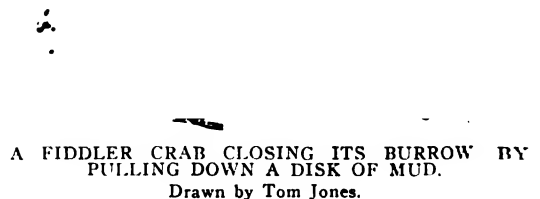
makes off even though he may be hotly pursued by his smaller antagonist.

Sometimes when the males fight the large chela are locked together like two men shaking hands and each contestant attempts to break off his opponent's claw by a sudden wrench. The strain is so great that when one of the fighters loosens his hold rather than his claw, he is often thrown backward into the air, sometimes as far as a meter. The chela is sometimes used as a shield to ward off an enemy.

Sometimes one male catches another napping and enters his burrow. In such cases the owner waits nervously about until the intruder comes out and then chases him away or he boldly goes down after the intruder with his large chela extended before him and usually emerges soon after, followed by the intruder. If a male gets the worst of an encounter, he frequently retreats into his burrow and guards it by extending his claw from the opening.

Fiddler crabs are diurnal, they retire to the bottoms of their burrows when the sun goes down to there remain till morning. When the ocean threatens to cover the mouth of the burrow, however, a plug of mud is carried to the hole and drawn down after the owner in such a way as to shut him inside. During a period of high tides burrows in low position often remain closed for several days; during low tides those on higher ground may be left open day after day, though the flats dry out to such an extent that crabs cannot feed easily and remain at the bottom of their burrows.

Some of the activities of fiddlers are like those displayed by higher animals while at play. Crabs frequently dart



A FIDDLER CRAB CLOSING ITS BURROW BY PULLING DOWN A DISK OF MUD.

Drawn by Tom Jones.

about without a serious purpose and are sometimes downright mischievous. On one occasion a male was half-heartedly pursuing a female. She went to her burrow, secured a plug nearby and shut herself in. The male then came directly to the burrow, seized the plug and cast it to one side.

When he saw the female emerging from her burrow he scattered away behind a rock and apparently surveyed her wrathful cavortings with vast enjoyment.

At one time (Smithsonian Institute report) two male crabs were seen running about for some time, during which they behaved like two mischievous sailors ashore on short time leave. They kept close together. The tide was coming in rapidly and in their ramblings the pair came to a place where a large, slow-moving crab was carrying a plug to close his burrow. They waited until the plug had been carefully pulled down. Then one of them went to the hole and removed it; as the enraged owner emerged they scuttled away. To all appearances activities like these described were carried out in a spirit of "sport" or play.

Although the females of many species carry their eggs and newly hatched young for a time, the association of the young with their mother is nominal, for she never cares for nor feeds them. The struggle for existence is nowhere more apparent than in the midst of a fiddler crab colony. Each individual jealously guards the area about his own burrow and immediately attacks any invader. The burrow is the center of all the crab's activities and his association for the place where it is situated is very strong.

Fiddlers are protected from night prowlers by their daylight habits and they escape the fishes and snakes that hunt at the edge of the advancing tide by closing the openings to their burrows when the water threatens to inundate them.

Occasionally the instinct to retreat to the burrow in the face of danger sometimes actually brings harm to the crabs, as, for example, when they remain in the presence of danger rather than flee away from the direction of their burrows. Often they are caught by enemies through this old and insistent instinct to seek their holes.

WAGES!

By W. E. Reynolds

WHAT determines the wages you receive? What do we mean by wages? Wages have been described as the sugar-coating that makes a job endurable.

Four-fifths of the men, women and children of this country are depending upon daily wages for their existence. Four-fifths of all the people, with the exception of the farmers, are wage-workers or depending upon the wage workers. With so many people depending upon wages for their very lives you would naturally expect to find the public schools teaching what wages are and what determines whether they are "high" or "low"; wouldn't you?

The more you know of a problem and the principle involved, the easier you can solve it. We all have the problem of life

to solve. With so many of us depending upon wages for life, the things or conditions that determine wages are of vital importance to us.

It should be the business of a public school to equip the child to better meet and solve the problems of life. If this is not the function of the public school, it is omitting the most important thing in the world.

Somebody defined wages as "that portion of the products of labor which the employer allows the worker to keep." But this is not true. Any wage worker knows that he is not allowed to keep even the smallest bit of what he produces. Should he be caught keeping back even the tiniest portion of the things he makes his boss would have him arrested for stealing *company's* property.

Imagine a diamond digger keeping a part of the diamonds! Or a shoemaker keeping a part of the shoes! Right here is the first Colored Gentleman in the capitalist woodpile; the first joker in the stacked deck of the wage system. Wage workers, whether they know it or not, have to AGREE to give up title to all the product of their labor, before they can get permission to go to work. They have to agree to take something different from the things they produce.

The employers know that if you got a part of what you produce, you would be apt to size up the SMALLNESS of the part you received and the BIGNESS of the pile left the company and you MIGHT start something!

The modern wage system, as a flim-flam game, has the old three shells and a pea bunco game backed clear off the boards. With the shell game you had an occasional chance to win! Never yet has any man been known to beat by the wages game and become a millionaire!

Suppose that you got a ration. So many pounds of flour, salt hog, beans and a clothing allowance in exchange for what you did in the factory! NO SIR! That would never do. Why you would feel like a slave working all the time for your board and clothes.

Foxy Bosses! They do not give you rations. They translate it into money terms and pay you off in money. By the time you get the money changed into the food and clothes and necessaries you have to have, the operation has become so complicated that you don't know just where you are at. You know that the best you can do is to keep even. You feel that there is something wrong; that you are cheated somewhere.

What determines the amount of money you get for your labor?

You compete with your fellow workers for the job. They offer to do the work for three dollars a day. You offer to do it for two seventy-five. They make it two and a half and so it goes, down, down, down, until finally it gets to a place where you decide—"I can't live on that." There! There is the rock that competition breaks upon. It is the standard of living the

worker will accept. Here is the proof of that.

Go to any country you choose. Find out what it costs the workers to maintain their standard of living and that will be the wages they are receiving. - In China it costs about 20 cents a day to live and wages are about 20 cents. In Alaska it costs about six dollars a day to live and wages are around six dollars. Here, in the states, it cost about two dollars a day to live and wages average two dollars.

What you *do* has nothing to do with the wages you get. Your wages are determined not by what you *do*, but by *what it costs to keep you able to do*. As a class, no matter what your cost of living, remember this—the employer always has to give the employee *enough to live on and get back on the job*.

Here is a little problem that shows up wages in their true light. If it costs you two dollars to buy the necessaries, etc., how long will you have to work in order to save enough to buy a home?

One more little problem to apply the principle. You have been told from childhood, to save your money and become independent. Now the standard of living which you, as a class, are willing to accept, determines your wages. You have been getting two dollars a day (because it cost you two dollars a day to maintain your standard of living). Now you decide that you will each save fifty cents a day. How will you do it? By going without butter, tobacco, new clothes or some such thing? But when you do that you cut down your standard of living. And if the standard of living is the thing which determines your wages, then you have cut your wages and have nothing to save and are worse off than when you started!

Know what determines wages and avoid being misled into a lot of foolish by-paths which do not better your condition!

We are sick of the wages system. What we really want is a system in which the working class receive the *value* of the things it makes—for the working class.

"PROGRESSIVE TEMPLE"

By Covington Hall

THE above is a photograph of the negro who was lynched and burned at Temple, Texas, two or three months ago. The victim had been accused of being the principal in an atrocious murder, but it is freely charged that the real instigator of the murder was the first one in the mob to apply a match to the wood piled round the doomed man, it having been rumored that the victim had agreed to "turn state's evidence."

He was hung to the telegraph pole by a chain, which is visible in the picture, and, on the wires supported by this pole, is a sign bearing the legend, "PROGRESSIVE TEMPLE."

Needless to say that Temple always rolls up a big "Democratic" majority, that it is a "solid Christian community," is "dry" as a bone and is firmly convinced that the I. W. W. is a most "lawless organization."

We have had "some" lynchings in the South during the past year. Over in Mississippi a mob lynched a negro because they "thought he was stealing mules." The sheriff came and cut down the body, but, finding the county had no money in its treasury to bury it, hung it to the tree again in order to force the negroes to bury it. Again, over in Mississippi, a young negro farmer, working out in his barn, heard his 17-year-old sister screaming for help. He rushed into the house, found two drunken white men assaulting her, attacked them, and, in the ensuing struggle, killed one of them and badly wounded the other. Then, recognizing that he was in a highly Christian-

White-Supremacy community, a community that would not stand for a "nigger" killing a "white man," he fled. The mob gathered and, failing to find him, TOOK THE OUTRAGED GIRL OUT AND LYNCHED HER!

Down on the border recently those noble "preservers of lawanorder," the infamous Texas Rangers, posed before a camera, showing themselves dragging down the public road, behind their horses, the bodies of two Mexicans—the bodies being at the end of ropes, the ropes around the necks of the dead. The capitalist-Democratic press explained that "the Rangers did not actually thus drag the dead, but just POSED as so doing to please a moving picture man." But these photographs were then taken, put on postal cards and circulated all over northern Mexico. Of course we Socialists are "liars" when we assert that this was done to anger Mexicans to raid Texas in attempts to avenge the hideous insult, for

is not the government of Texas composed of the finest specimens of "Supreme Whites" on earth, "Christian gentlemen" who can do no wrong? Also, it is "infamous" to say that back of the promotion of these "bandit raids" stands the oil, mining, railroad and lumber kings of the "great United States of North America," for they are not in the least interested in intervention in Mexico.

Still, back of ALL these lynchings,

with few exceptions, stands the mighty law of ECONOMIC DETERMINISM. For the lynchings fan race hatred into flame, and race hatred divides the WORKERS against each other and, divided, they fall easy prey to the "Christian gentlemen to whom God in his infinite wisdom has confided the business interests of this nation."

Death to Capitalism! Long live Industrial Democracy!

Can You Answer These Questions Correctly?

For \$1.00 we will send 10 copies of Shop Talks on Economics and a yearly subscription to THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW or a cloth bound copy of The Communist Manifesto and Value Price and Profit and a yearly REVIEW subscription to any Socialist party local, or any comrade who will answer the following ten questions correctly. Take this up at your local and see your name head the list in our REVIEW Examination in Economics.

Are the interests between the employing class and the working class identical?

What happens when there are ten men competing to sell their labor power?

Who gets the job?

What happens when there are several jobs and only one worker?

Will he receive higher or lower wages?

Will he get a good price for his labor power?

When men are scarce and manufacturers are forced to pay a high price for labor power (high wages) in a certain locality, does the scarcity last long?

If not, why not?

When men are hunting jobs toward which cities do they go?

Does supply and demand have anything to do with the price at which you are able to sell your labor power?

Send \$1.00 with your book selection and your replies to the above questions to the REVIEW Examination in Economics, care of Chas. H. Kerr & Co., 341 East Ohio street, Chicago. Names of those comrades or locals sending in correct replies will be published in the REVIEW next month.



SAVAGE SURVIVALS

By PROF. J. HOWARD MOORE

V. SAVAGE SURVIVALS IN HIGHER PEOPLES

6. *The Fighting Instinct.*

The fighting instinct is the instinct to contend and to overcome by force. It causes anyone to act very differently than does the fear instinct. Fear urges one to retreat; the fighting instinct urges one to attack and injure and kill.

The fighting instinct is also an old instinct. It was not invented by man. It was presented to him by his pre-human ancestors, who fought and bled and died for millions of years before there were any human beings in the world. According to Romans, the fighting instinct first shows itself in ants and spiders. It is, hence, not so old as the fear instinct, for the ants and spiders are somewhat higher than the worms and came into the world somewhat later.

As a general rule, it may be said that the fighting instinct is stronger in the higher and more powerful animals and the fear instinct in the lower and weaker species. Many species, like the deer, rabbit, mouse and sheep, have adopted a different policy in the struggle for life from other species, such as the lion, wolf, and rhinoceros. The rabbit and the mouse *run* for their lives, as a general thing, because they are better at running than at fighting. They have neither great strength nor very good fighting implements. The lion and rhinoceros, on the other hand, follow generally the fighting policy, because they are equipped for it. Some species, therefore, are prevailingly *fleeing* species, and are dominated by the fear instinct, while other species are *fighting* species, and are ruled commonly



EVERY ANTELOPE IN SOUTH AFRICA HAS TO RUN FOR ITS LIFE EVERY DAY OR TWO.

by the fighting urge. But even the fleeing species contend more or less among themselves for the possession of food and other necessities of life. And in many passive species the males wage fierce war for the favors of their mates.

The animal kingdom has been reared in a gory cradle. This is especially true of man, who has fought his way to a supremacy in the world more bloodily and completely than any other species. The natural condition of early man was

that of war—war with other men and with other animals. Peace was the exception. Every being outside of the tribe of the savage was an enemy and a legitimate object of plunder. There were alliances and counter alliances. Men sought ever to be on the winning side. Hence the feebleness of human ties today among the higher peoples of the earth, and the insecurity of peace among the peoples of the world. The ally of today becomes the enemy of tomorrow, and the friend of the past becomes the foe of the present. This great ease we have of reversing our natures is an inheritance.

The fighting instinct survives in all the higher peoples of the earth. It shows itself in the frequent brawls and fist-cuffs of boys, and in the wars of men. Peace becomes tiresome if it is too prolonged, and we have to "pitch into" somebody to get relief.

See how a crowd swarms about a street brawl. Let two boys start fighting and see how the other boys gather around in anticipation of pounding somebody in a figurative way, by seeing somebody pound somebody else. Look at the enormous sale of knives, revolvers, and other instruments of death! Does this show our civilization or our savagery? Even if a person has no idea of killing anybody or anything, it rather tickles his savage nature to realize that he is equipped to do it. See the ignoble crew that escorts every pugilist—parasites who feel that some of the glory of his brutality may in some way get rubbed off on them, and whose darling hope is to arrange a set-to so that they may share the pleasure without enduring the pains. The first blows at a prize-fight are apt to make a refined and sensitive spectator sick. But if he sticks through the first round, his blood is likely to rise in favor of one party or the other, and then he can't see the other fellow pounded and mangled enough to suit him (James).

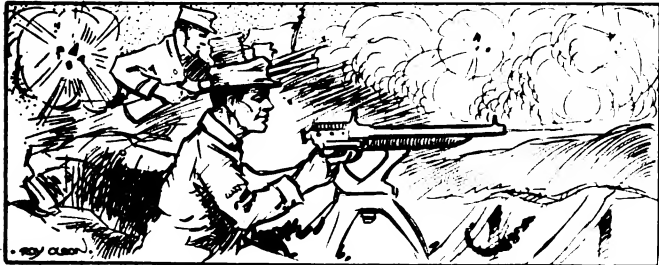
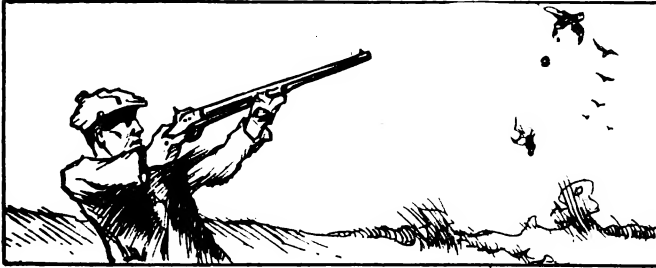
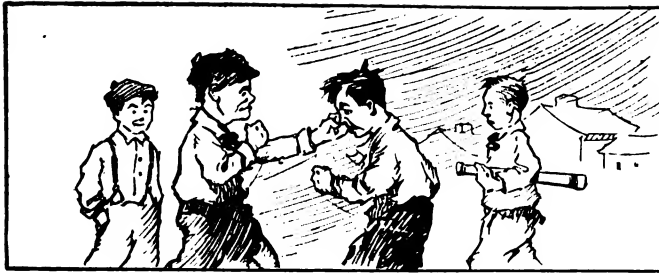
I can remember how strong the fighting instinct was among the men and boys in that part of Missouri in which I lived as a boy. A man or boy with a strong instinct to fight and with a strong body to back it up was generally regarded as the one that the other men or boys would rather be than anybody else. If a bruiser

could step off to one side at a gathering and announce in a loud, boastful voice that he could "lick" any one present and nobody dared to say a word or raise a finger against him, *that* was the person every boy down deep in his heart wanted to be like when he grew up.

This same primitive atmosphere may be found today in certain circles in even the greatest centers of enlightenment of the race—in circles such as are found at drinking and gambling places. Drink tends to cause an individual to return sharply to the savage type by dethroning the reason and thus placing one more completely at the mercy of the lower instincts. The practice men have, and boys even more than men, of using their fists in fighting is a survival of the old style of fighting which prevailed among men before the invention of weapons. In fighting, the wolf uses its teeth, the buffalo its horns, the horse its feet, and the lion its paw. Man is like the lion, he strikes with his paw.

The war instinct lies pretty close to the surface in the natures of even the highest peoples, for it is a very easy matter to stir it to action even in times of profound peace. Let the newspapers print a few big black headlines and let somebody begin to blow the bugle and beat the drum, and we are ready to leap at the throat of another people and find real satisfaction and much "glory" in the act. The sword is the symbol of savagery, but it is still an attractive object to the most nearly civilized people so far produced on the earth. If people didn't like to fight pretty well, they would not go to war, and spend millions in money and spill barrels and barrels of blood *over a trifle*.

During the recent war between Spain and the United States, some of the United States troops who had been sent to Cuba had had no real experience in fighting until peace was declared. I remember reading in the newspapers at the time a statement that impressed me very much. It said that when these troops were told that a treaty had been signed "the boys were very much disappointed." Why? Cuba was made free by the terms of the treaty, and the apparent purpose of the war had been achieved. Why then were



SOME OF THE THINGS IN OUR NATURE THAT WE WOULD BE BETTER WITHOUT.

they not satisfied? *Because they had something else to satisfy besides the desire to free Cuba.* It was the "war instinct." If these men had had a few battles, and in this way exercised their savage instinct to kill, and *then* peace had come, they would no doubt have come home satisfied.

The fighting instinct is weak in women and girls for the same reason that the hunting instinct is weak in the female nature—because it was the men (not the women), who did the fighting and hunt-

ing during those vanished ages in which the foundations of human nature were laid. The males in many of the species of higher animals do most of the fighting. This is true in buffaloes, wild horses, deer, apes and monkeys, and many other animals. A herd of buffaloes when attacked will get the females and young in the center, around which the males will form a ring with their heads outward to receive the attack. Men used to do the same thing in early times when attacked by Indians on the plains. They formed

a ring with the women and children in the center. The greater size and strength of the males in many species is due largely to the fact that the males have been the warriors of the species.

The usual state of early man was a state of war. Peace was the exception.

The final condition of mankind will be one of unbroken peace. War will ultimately be unthought of—except as men read of it in history. As time passes, the fighting instinct will grow weaker and more disreputable and the humane and sympathetic instincts will grow correspondingly stronger, and men will come at last to settle their differences in courts of reason and justice.

We live today in an intermediate stage of development. Peace is the prevailing

state, but the fighting instinct still survives, and continues to break out in frequent duels between individuals and nations. It will be with nations as it has been with individuals. Individual men used to always fight out their differences. There were no courts of justice among the earliest men. It is now unlawful for men to settle their differences by fighting. And only those who are behind the times use the fighting method. All higher men prefer reason and arbitration in courts of justice. In the course of time the same thing will be true of nations. International differences will be settled, not by battleships and armed men, but by courts of justice and arbitration established by the nations.

BIRTH CONTROL

A Dangerous Precedent

By GEORGIA KOTSCH

A FEW weeks ago the glad word was heralded abroad that Mrs. Harriman and some club ladies had found social salvation regardless of the Lord in a plan to sterilize a goodly portion of the population. On the heels of this comes the news that William Sanger has been given thirty days in jail for giving out one of his wife's leaflets on birth control.

At first glance the unsophisticated will wonder at the seeming contradiction in the tactics of the Managers of Society. Will they prevent people from breeding and jail a man for teaching them to prevent it themselves?

Even so. Deep and mysterious is the wisdom of the Managers of Society.

When man became the ruler of the earth and the sea and all that in them is, it became a sin against the Lord for a woman to do anything which would limit her fertility. She was taught by the men in that crude day, that she would be punished in a future life if she did, and knowing as little about a future life as man himself did and being subject to him, she pretended to believe the story

until it became a habit of mind with her to choose her punishment in this life. And she got it.

If she was married she was used up with child-bearing and rearing, never having any life of her own. Self-sacrifice as its own reward was generously allotted to the female portion of the race. If she was unmarried and had children, the red-hot pincers of public scorn tore her for obeying the man-made dictum of the Lord.

When some men and women became rulers of other men and women, the old belief and practice of the subject woman were just simply made to order for the new regime. Many children among the profit-makers were very profitable to the profit-takers. Of course, the women who were elevated to seats among the mighty quickly acquired wisdom as to this joy-of-self-sacrifice craftiness and conducted themselves accordingly.

No earthly regime, alas, is perfect. Nature—or the Lord, just as you like—has a way of promoting fecundity whether or not there is nourishment to support it. Credulity is a strong characteristic of

subject people, and both men and women of the poor, working population have gone on believing that any interference with their fertility would be flying in the face of the Lord, and so it has come about that the Lord has sort of overdone the child-production business. Or, at least he has not been discriminating. The rabbit hutches of the poor have turned out some waste material, and this is the day of efficiency.

However, this can be said for the Lord. He has never been known to get into an argument with the Managers of Society over looking out for their own interest. This bold project for curbing the birthrate of certain classes is to be done, of course, in the name of social regeneration. Your club woman is your true optimist. She seizes confidently upon every social patent medicine manufactured by her own class, from a tax upon bachelors to dog meat (for other people), as an antidote for the high cost of living. When society down at the bottom is just as sick as ever after having the nostrums poured down its reluctant throat, she just as buoyantly spoons out the next social peruna.

The social stomach having become about immune to bitters, now she is taking to surgery. One can see the possibilities this new departure opens up are provocative of the greatest enthusiasm. A scientific weeding out of the unprofitable just like you weed out the corn-consuming roosters and the non-productive hens in your flock, leaving a residuum of super-profit makers. Beside the poor sims who are useless in any factory except a bat factory, there are numbers of normal persons, physically and mentally, who are victims of perversity, to use no stronger terms, and who are consequently defectives from a profit making point of view. It is fascinating to speculate upon a future, in which the hop raisers have ceased from trouble and country constables are at rest and the I. W. W. is transformed into an army of tame and

faithful eunuchs, whose greatest ambition is to work longer and harder than a scissorbill.

Birth control by the Society Manager Plan and birth control by educating the people to exercise judgment in bringing children into the world are as far apart as are you and the dollar you spent last week, for there is just one thing that the Managers of Society cannot tolerate at all, and that is for the poor and the workers to develop gumption enough and have money enough to manage their own affairs. How in the world would the M. of S. amuse themselves if this should happen?

But is it not possible for efficiency to overshoot its aim? Shall we not heed the warning of the story of the goose that laid the golden egg? The will of the Lord in regard to much breeding, has been carefully instilled into the people with very excellent results. Shall we jeopardize these by tampering with the foundations of faith and obedience because of the flaw of a few defectives? It is well to go carefully in these days of pernicious agitators, who watch you every step, and take an unholy joy in exhibiting the banana skin upon which you slipped. William Sanger is only thirty days behind the bars. Little Margaret is wholly elusive of the arm of the law. St. Anthony is gone to the long monotony of a viceless heaven, his last days rendered ineffective because of Sangeritis. Mr. Roosevelt is evidently stricken dumb by these assaults upon race production. All that we really have left as a bulwark for ignorant breeding is dear old Morality.

By the way, isn't it highly suspicious that the members of the upper classes, who understand and practice birth control are sure that the spread of the knowledge means a spread of immorality? What a spectacle personal introspection must reveal to those people who believe that everyone will do wrong if they can do it safely.

TALKERS AND DOERS

By JIM HIGGINS

WE know a man who calls himself a "scientific socialist," who ought to be painted yellow and led through the streets. He has less courage in fighting for the working class than a saffron cat. His forehead is high, and he can quote Marx's *Capital* by the page; and you couldn't confuse him on "who pays the taxes?" or "where the worker is robbed" or any little thing like that. He knows. He's the best little thinker and talker we have met in a long time. But a village graveyard on a summer Sunday evening is "fast" compared to him when it is a question of *action*.

This Talker says, "when the time comes" we will "vote socialism in." In the meantime he keeps all the class consciousness he may know about in cold storage. He don't seem to realize that the way to get industrial democracy is to work for it, fight for it and stick to the working class in order to get it. He believes in miracles. He imagines that all we will have to do is to write a star on a piece of paper and drop it in a box and the trick will be turned. And so he betrays the workers in his everyday life. He *does nothing*.

When the garment workers went out on strike and one company put in scabs to do the work and cut the pay, this Talker went right on buying clothes from the scab company. When he saw the boys coming in late at the shop two or three times, he trotted off to the superintendent and informed on them. One day when one of the men carried home a two by four from the yards to support a small chicken coop in his rented 12x16 back yard, our Talker enemy told the boss.

If he had been a railroad brakeman he would have put every out-of-work off "his" train who was trying to ride free to a new job. He did not know the meaning of standing by his class—the working class—when it came to *action*. All he knew was *talk*.

He had the theory of socialism down

pat, but he lived the life of one of the boss' stool pigeons.

He was like the "scientific socialist" who wages the wars of the capitalist class—all right in theory, but nobody at home in practice. And such workers are the worst enemies of the working class.

If anybody stood up to tell us that the boss, who pays us \$5.00 a day, while he builds marble palaces out of the profits wrung from us, was going to help us in overthrowing the whole profit system, was going to kill the system that gives him his dividends, in order to help us, we would laugh in his face. Nobody could convince me that the Swifts or the Armours want to abolish dividends.

You could stand on your head and tell me that Marshall Field the Third was going to organize the revolutionary working class to seize the factories, stores, mills and mines, to be used and operated for the benefit of the workers alone, and I would know that you were merely a promising candidate for the insane asylum.

No one could fool you or me in this way. We know perfectly well that the boss who employs us is going to try to force us to work longer hours, at lower pay, at a higher rate of speed whenever he thinks he can get away with it, in order to make more profits for himself. We know that the lower our wages are, the more there will be left for the boss. We know it is nip and tuck between our employers and us every day in the year. We are always trying to get more of the value we produce and he is always trying to force us to take less. We know the boss is on the other side of the fence and so we don't ask him to join our union, our socialist local—our revolutionary organization.

But we are always glad to accept any workingman or woman—if we belong to a class union or a class political party. They belong with us. Their interests are our interests and every time we help them, we help ourselves.

Every time we help the garment work-

ers to win a strike, or the coal miners or the railroad men, it makes a successful strike in our own line of industry more possible. Shorter hours for the miners means more men put into the mines—fewer unemployed, and higher wages in the whole industry. And the fewer men there are out of work, the higher wages gradually become everywhere.

Class solidarity and class loyalty are the two things needed to enable the working class to beat the employers of labor. Talking will not help a bit unless you back it with class action.

We know a Chicago painter who handles a pen as though he were going to paint the side of a barn. He is not a prolific reader. He don't care for the classics, and the only Marx he knows is the one on Halstead street who has three balls hanging in front of his door. But when he goes into a cigar store to buy a plug of chewing tobacco, or a bag of the "makin's" he bawls out the boss of the place if he don't handle Union goods, and goes to another store.

During the street car strike in Columbus, Ohio, several years ago, this union painter walked seven miles to work rather than ride on scab driven cars. He will not work on a building job with scab plasterers or scab carpenters. He wears union hats and coats and underwear. And when he travels from one city to another on the trail of the job he does not believe in paying railroad fare.

I am sure if he had seen an old woman unobtrusively helping herself to a basket of coal from the railroad coal yards he would not have felt it expedient to report the matter to the police. He would probably have offered to carry the coal home for her.

If a man or woman is of the working class, this fine big, shopping Chicago painter is glad and anxious to help them. He would die rather than be disloyal to them. And he has no more desire to be of service to an employer of labor than a lamb has to assist the wolf in his own shearing.

He has never "killed a job" by doing two weeks' work in one, and the only war he has ever fought is the class war. The working class is his friend, the employing class his enemy. He has distributed more industrial union and socialist literature than any man we have ever known in Chicago. He reads little himself, and about the only phase of the revolutionary movement that he really understands and lives and is loyal to, is the class struggle and the working class. But he is worth a hundred inert talkers.

Glib-tongued theory is of little help in the class struggle unless it is backed by class loyalty and class action. The man who talks *working* class and supports the *employing*, non-laboring class is the worst traitor, because he comes to us in the guise of a friend.

A man is not what he *thinks*, but what he *does*. It is easy to *think* war, or *think* strike, or to theorize on tactics, but it takes real manhood and real womanhood to back up these theories and these thoughts in the actual everyday battles of the working class.

Remember, as the cold weather comes on, that you can nearly always help your comrade who is out of work in *some* way. Ask him to drop in and have a cup of coffee and a bit of breakfast in the morning while he is looking for work—and give him a little class education on the side. You may be in his shoes next year. And you can either make the unemployed your ally by a little help, or your opponent, forced by hunger to scab and lower the wage scale. You can help to make him a rebel while you are giving him that extra suit of heavy underwear.

There is work for every revolutionist to *do* today. Talk and education are necessary. You will have to discuss things and explain things to the other fellow—but he will understand class loyalty a whole lot better (if he is hungry and out of work) if you give him a little hot roast beef *practice* along with your *theory*.

A man is not as he *thinks*, but as he *does*.

THE LOGIC OF THE INDIAN

(From *Work and Pay*, by Prof. Scott Nearing, a brilliant new propaganda booklet published by Charles W. Ervin, 1328 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Price, 10 cents.)

JOYOUS, blessed work is work that calls for initiative, spontaneity, intelligence, judgment, enthusiasm. Such work cannot be mentioned in the same breath with time clocks, bonus systems, and scientific management. It carries with it its own reward in the satisfaction of work well done.

Go into the average kitchen, watch a woman washing the same dishes three times a day—a thousand times a year—and talk to her of the blessedness of such work. Here and there you may meet with a cordial reception, but on the whole, there would be little enough encouragement.

Women and men, the world over, work because they and those dear to them must live. It is doddering nonsense to speak to them in the same breath of work and joy. Their joy comes through a relief from their work.

There are a few people—a comparatively few—who live to work. Most men and women work to live.

You work to live. You work because work, at the present time, is the easiest means by which men may live. Moralists insist that we should love work. Their philosophy of the morality of work was speedily punctured by an old Indian Chief who was the object of missionary endeavor.

"You should take a job in the factory," said the missionary.

"Why?" asked the Chief.

"Well, if you work hard, you will be promoted and your wages raised."

"And then?"

"Well, then you will be made a foreman, if you do very well."

"And then?" the Chief persisted.

"Keep moving," continued the missionary, "and you may be appointed superintendent."

"What then?"

"Well, if you are successful, you can establish a shop of your own, and have many people working for you."

"Ah," exclaimed the Chief, "then I wouldn't have to work myself, would I?"

"Certainly not," the missionary exulted.

"Well," mused the Chief, "I don't have to work now."

So long as the present system of industry continues, so long as work is highly specialized and made deadly dull in consequence, so long will the incentive to work, for most people, be the material reward—the pay—that work offers. If work meant joy, we would work for work's sake. Since work, for most people, means drudgery, most people will work for pay.

Those Who Own and Those Who Work.

Those who own and those who work face each other. The worker demands a return for his work. The owner demands a return for his ownership. The rapid growth of property values during recent years has accentuated and emphasized the conflict between work and ownership. On the one hand, are the people who devote their time and energy to the production of wealth. On the other hand, are the people who own income-yielding property. The workers receive a wage or a salary; the owners receive payments or rent, interest and dividends. Many of the workers are growing clamorous over "human rights." The property owners, persistent, and ever watchful, urge the "rights of property." The time has come when the claims of the contending interests must be analyzed and understood.

* * *

Those who are giving their time and energy to the production of wealth, face the fact that property rights have been so construed as to give property owners a first claim on production and to make property income a fixed charge on the industry of the community. This priority of claim has played a leading part in raising property to a position of supremacy in the economic world.

* * *

At present labor shoulders the give and take of prosperous and adverse years. When times are bad, men are laid off. Orders decrease, and part-time automatically en-

sues. Meanwhile the snipping of coupons sounds at regular, unvaried intervals, and the book in which dividend checks are drawn is busy four times every year.

* * *

The actual amounts paid to the men and women who do the work of the industrial world, are extremely small. Current wage rates, placed side by side with the expense accounts of thousands of families whose sole claim to income rests upon their ownership of property, are startling in their paucity. Five hundred dollars a year paid to an able-bodied man whose back was bent three hundred days of the year in his efforts to support a wife and four small

children; seven dollars a week to the anæmic man whose eye races with his machine along the seams of ladies' coats; fifteen dollars a week to a mechanic, keeping a family in a big city; a thousand dollars a year to a skilled artisan. These wage rates are meagre when contrasted with the returns to the men who own the valuable property of the country.

* * *

There is no right to work, but there is a right to property income.—Scott Nearing.

“There is no right to work, but there is a right to property income.”—Scott Nearing.

Think this over!



BOOK REVIEWS



The Mighty and the Lowly, a study of Jesus, by Katrina Trask, author of “In the Vanguard,” published by The Macmillan Company, New York. Price, \$1.00.

A book maintaining that the humanity of Jesus still provides a remedy for present social ills. Thus Mrs. Trask in this book interprets the message of Jesus for the modern world. She contends that Jesus spoke neither for rich nor poor, that he did not belong to any particular group and that there is no way to bring about social reform but to return to his teachings. The book is full of literary charm, but we are compelled to say that if Mrs. Trask's interpretation of Jesus is the true one, the sooner we Socialists forget that such a man once lived the better it will be for us. To us it has seemed that Jesus was heart and head with the interests of the working class of his time. Any one who tries to persuade the hungry lion (capital) to lie down with the lamb (working class) is surely betraying the lamb, because the

lion has never and will never lie down until he has devoured him hoof, hide and tail. Mrs. Trask tries to prove that Jesus was both the friend of the robber and the robbed. We think he was more of a man than that. The enmity he earned and his death itself, we believe, prove it. But no man is essential in the struggle of the workers to emancipate themselves and the revolutionary movement can get along without the Carpenter of Nazareth quite as well as it can without the carpenter of Podunk, if it has to.

Violette of 'Pere Lachaise, a novel, by Anna Strunsky Walling. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. Price, \$1.00 net.

The story of the spiritual and intellectual growth of Violette, a poetic rhapsody of the eternal idealism and joy of youth. Mrs. Walling has contributed a prose poem to the literature of America that is as spontaneous as spring, as lovely and buoyant as youth itself.

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EDITORIAL

Imperialism and the Middle Class

DEAR Comrades: Your editorial in the October issue I appreciated very much. The parallel between the present war and the struggle for monopolistic concentration in industry, into trusts, etc., is very inspiring. The more so, as both result from the *same cause*: the development of capitalist means of production—to such a degree, that they come into conflict with the development of production itself, artificial curtailment and destruction of products being the monstrous outcome, making a speedy collapse of the system evident to friend and foe.

Internationally the same cause resulted in exportation of capital to backward countries, and here was found a more positive task, that of conquering the world to capitalist production. This declares why the *whole* of the capitalist class is behind imperialism, why it became a new class-ideology; it being the *only* solution, that means a progress in world production on the base of modern capitalism.

This shows us the strongest side of imperialism, to which you pay due attention in your editorial, but there is still another, more political feature, that leads to a further strengthening of this latest and gigantic capitalist move. Industrial concentration had to be accomplished at the cost of small capitalists, which caused opposition among those classes on the national political field. These elements, combined with the upper layers of labor, who were not much affected by the monopolies, succeeded in getting some parliamentary and economic advantages, although the gains were very poor indeed, and the small bourgeois did not get any adequate compensation for their being expropriated. Hence their growing opposi-

tion shown by joining the socialist party, which resulted in nearly killing the labor class-struggle on the political field. On the economic field the influence was less general, and those labor elements, that are degraded by trustified capital to a uniform low level, show some signs of a beginning mass-action.

Now the political strength of imperialism is in the fact, that an expansion of capital all over the world, even in the form of concentrated financial capitalism, gives new opportunities also to middle-class intellectuals and even to small capitalists, be it under the form of greater dependency toward Big capital. Thus the *internal* concentration of capital into monopolies and trusts has a tendency to drive a part of the middle classes towards labor, whilst the *external* expansion of concentrated capital over the world, tends to bring middle classes and even parts of labor back to capitalist politics. This must have been one of the principal causes of the absolute failure of Socialism at the outbreak of the present bloody conflict.

So far imperialism means big advantages for capital, and it would be very bad indeed to overlook the strong position of our enemies; that will require all of our energy. But we need not despair, because the position of labor always must be the strongest: capitalism needs labor more than labor needs capitalism. Especially in this imperialistic world struggle, as you point out in your editorial, labor is not only wanted in the process of production, but it is also labor that has to fight most directly the conflicts of their masters, resulting from this new period in capitalism. This means an increase in the fundamental weakness of

capitalism in its struggle against labor supremacy. In this struggle, however, labor will have to get rid of all influences of middle class people and intellectuals, unless they are opposed to the bitter end to every form of imperialism. In its own ranks labor will have to fight against those elements, who see some advantage in supporting imperialism, without seeing the far greater danger of being crushed by it. For, as you plainly state it: there is only a choice between rebellion and degeneration. Rebellion or degeneration, because the new imperialistic form of capitalism does not mean any fundamental improvement in the means of production, and therefore does not represent an indispensable step towards a socialistic commonwealth.

Labor did not help capitalism in making trusts, but did not oppose them either, although it could have had the support of big parts of the capitalist middle classes. Labor was neutral, because it could not prevent, and it could not prevent, because this would have been reactionary, the concentration and organization of the means of production being essential to prepare for a new society. Capitalism, although in pursuit of its own low ideals of gain, ever more gain, was fulfilling its historical mission to improve the means of production. This enormous task has so far been fulfilled, that capitalism is now in fear of being crushed by its own productivity. Capitalism now asks to extend its full grown system all over the world by the aid of those workers, that have been tortured to death in factories and are being torn to pieces on the battlefield. This is really too much! It will be the peaceful task of labor to extend gradually the beneficial influence of modern machinery and organization, not as soldiers under capitalism, but as free agents of civilization.

Those who speak so much about democracy, this hypocritical, degenerated form of bourgeois democracy, as being worth fighting for, worth approving and supporting in

those, who ought to be our opponents to the death, they look at a splinter, without seeing the wood, they keep to old forms, without noticing the new world that is growing. It is our bad luck that the period behind us gave a decisive influence to small bourgeois and intellectuals in the ranks of labor. Labor not only stopped its fighting, because of the leaders being too fearful of losing some small advantages in recognition and organization, but it even stopped thinking, leaving it to some leaders and intellectuals to express, what is called the present and future ambitions of labor.

So the interests and ideals of the middle classes not only prevail in labor and socialist literature, but even in the very heads of perhaps a majority of laborers themselves. It will be necessary to awaken to independent thinking, to regain the fundamental truth, that the freedom of labor must be won by labor itself. This means: No compromise whatever with any capitalistic upper or middle class; individuals only being allowed to join labor so far as they are willing to serve rather than to rule.

Dear comrades, if I like so much your REVIEW, if I like it best of all, it is because you always keep to the fighting line of labor, giving it your support, without pretention and because you put your hope in the international mass-action of labor itself.

No doubt capitalism will try some new tricks to divide labor and to tie parts of it to their own damned interests, be it in starting some new peace-movement, some profit sharing system or some bribery and graft towards the upper layers and leaders of the laboring class. Sometimes it may be difficult to see the fraud, but you will always have the best chance if you keep to the rigid, uncompromising class struggle on every domain of public life. Yours for international solidarity,

S. J. RUTGERS.

Hits the Enemy Every Time—Comrade Bond of England writes: "I have been a reader of the International Socialist Review for two years. I obtain my copies from the Central Labor College of England. It is the finest magazine I read; every page is alive and each article hits the enemy every time,"

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

JEAN JAURES.

KEIR HARDIE.

KEIR HARDIE—AND US

THE best men killed by the war have been two Socialists. Jaurés was put out of the way before the first shot. Hardie died after a heart-breaking year of struggle against jingo insanity. Both were victims of militarism as much as if they had died in the trenches. The khaki-clad boys at the front are killing one another. Jaurés and Hardie gave up their lives to save the lives of others.

There is a singular difference in the way in which the American public has come to regard these men. Because the great

Frenchman was assassinated in the tumultuous hours when Europe was being tumbled into the war, a romantic glamor attaches to his name. No one knew just why he was sacrificed. None could guess what difference it would have made if he had remained among the living. After a year's time the mystery is increased rather than diminished. We know now that Jaurés went to his grave with faithful diplomatic secrets unspoken. He had discovered something about the negotiations being carried on between Austria and Russia. He intended to make a revelation at the next session of the Chamber of Deputies. Then the fatal shot was fired and that eloquent tongue was stilled.

But Hardie lived longer and fared worse. He was no diplomat. He was a simple representative of the working class. He had fought against the Boer war amidst all the revilings of press and politicians. In the International labor and Socialist movement he had done his best to make war impossible. It is his immortal glory to have been the author of the Hardie-Vaillant Motion at the Copenhagen Congress. This motion would have committed us all to the pledges to call a general strike to prevent war. He fought hard to have this motion passed. It was not passed. When the war broke out it was still being debated by the members of national labor and Socialist bodies.

In the public agitation that immediately preceded the war, Hardie stood like a rock. English diplomatic hypocrisy and German militarism all looked alike to him. In Parliament and out he declared his convictions clearly and vigorously. His labors at this time were tremendous. He wrote and spoke without ceasing. Against him and his comrades were leveled, not only the bitterest shafts of the capitalist press, but also the fierce invective of the "war Socialists." To Socialists who forgot their Socialism at the first blast of the war trumpet he and his kind were a constant rebuke. There is no hatred like that of a traitor for a true man. Against it all Hardie stood unflinching.

And then in the winter months came the news that he had broken down. His iron constitution had at last been undermined by the strain. From his bedside he would send heartening words to the com-

rades on the line of battle. He confidently expected to be with them again soon. But on September 26 the end came. Pneumonia is given as the immediate cause of his death.

The Socialist movement has lost many great leaders during the past few years. Singer, Bebel, Jaurés, Quelch—the mention of any one of these names will make the Socialist's heart beat quick. But there is something about Hardie—both about his life and death—that makes him different. The principles of the working-class movement were so simple, so plain, in his mind that he was rarely deceived. He never twisted and turned; he never clouded an issue. But he was not an original thinker. He formulated no new principle. As a theorist he does not rank even with Bebel. Anyone who ever saw him stand on a platform, sturdy figure straight, leonine head thrown back—anyone who ever heard him speak with sharp, incisive words, with flashes of keen Scotch humor, and an occasional deep note of sympathy born of hard proletarian experience—anyone who felt the touch of this man's rugged force, will acknowledge that he was no mean orator. Yet it was not as an orator that he won fame. No one would, for a moment, class him with Jaurés as a coiner of eloquent speech.

The important thing about him is that he was definitely of and for the working class in every feature of his life and work. He was born at Leg-Rannock, Holytown, Scotland, on August 15, 1856. His parents were miners. At the age of 7 he was put to work as a miner's helper. Until he was 24 he worked with pick and shovel. He knew nothing of books and reading except what his mother was able to teach him during spare moments. At 16, it is said, he was unable to write his own name. Yet so great was his passion for knowledge that within a few years after this time he gained a working knowledge of English literature and history. Within a short time he became a leader in his union. In 1888 he ran for Parliament, backed by his union, but was defeated. At this time he helped found the Independent Labor Party and established the Labor Leader. In 1892 he appeared in Parliament as the representative of Southwestham. In 1900 he was elected from Merthyr Tydvil, a

Welsh constituency, and he held this seat until his death.

The capitalist press, with its devotion to the picturesque, made much of the fact that he appeared in Parliament in a miner's cap. Yet in Hardie this was by no means the sort of cheap advertising which it appeared to be. He was a workingman; he had always worn the cheap clothes of his trade; there was absolutely no reason why he should change his dress. And this was of a piece with all his activities. He thought a workingman's thoughts and spoke them with a workingman's tongue. In 1908 the King made himself famous by omitting Hardie from the list of guests to a garden party. Hardie merely remarked: "I shall allow no interference with my political conduct in or out of Parliament by the King of the court." In 1914, speaking of the present King, he said: "If he had been born in the ranks of the working-class his most likely fate would have been that of a corner loafer."

These seem small matters. It is merely as suggestions of the man's whole make-up that they gain importance. Hardie was eminently the statesman. He took large views of national and international issues. He took into account all nations and future generations—as a Socialist is bound to do. But he was never deceived by the trappings of statesmanship. He never adopted the bombastic, deceptive style—as, alas, some Socialists have done. He never needed it. Simple workingman that he was, he never had anything to conceal.

Hardie was not a theorist trying to lead the working-class to Socialism. He was a worker who saw much of the truth of the Socialist view of things and endeavored to take his fellow-workers along with him to Socialism. This is why Blatchford, Hyndman and others have sometimes seemed more militant than he, more advanced, more revolutionary. But when the test came, when the war broke out, we discovered that working-class experience counts for more than theories. This miner, who never originated a thought in his life, who could not pose as literateur, remained true, magnificently, heroically true. He was not a friend of the workers; he was one of them. In him the working-class achieved intelligence. When he fought English capitalists and

German capitalists alike, he was merely reacting in accordance with the instincts of the enlightened part of his class. This, then, is his glory, and it is enough. He was a mere workingman grown intelligent, grown eloquent, grown self-reliant.

It is well that we American Socialists should think about this man and those who have fought with him. During the past year every possible attitude toward war has been taken by some among us. The plain truth is that our theorists are shocked loose from their theories and don't know what to do. Well, the interests of the working-class are the same as they were eighteen months ago. The workingman grown intelligent is as much opposed to war now as he ever was. And the test may come for us as it came for Hardie. In fact, it has come for us. Every day we are exerting influence for the working-class or against it. How many of us are in Hardie's class? How many of us would be in it if the United States were hurried into a war?

The Reichstag met on August 19. On the 20, almost without debate, the new war credits were voted. There was one vote, that of Liebknecht, in the negative. But this is not quite the whole story. The following figures, taken from Vorwaerts, show what is happening in Germany: In the Socialist party caucus there were 14 votes against the first war budget, 17 against the second, 23 against the third, and 36 against the fourth. Out of the 36 who voted no in the caucus before the August meeting of the Reichstag, only three submitted to precedent and cast their votes with the majority of the group when the budget was finally granted. Thirty-two left the chamber and one voted in the negative. Of these who absented themselves Vorwaerts affirms that at least twenty-nine did so because they would not support the budget. Socialist opposition to the government and to the party machine is growing. Among the minority are such well-known men as Haase, Ledebour and Stadhagen.

If the Socialists are making progress, the same can be said of the "Socialists." The official statement made on the floor by Dr. David was about as Socialistic as some of the utterances of the Kaiser.

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“Comrade” David hoped among other things when the Germans have beaten the enemy and won all they want the government will be ready to listen to proposals of peace from the enemy. Vorwaerts remarks editorially: “The address of the Socialist representative was in no way distinguishable from those of the capitalist orators.”

But there is better proof of the fact that the “Socialists” have definitely turned imperialistic. Before the opening of the Reichstag the parliamentary group and the Party Executive Committee held a three days’ conference. The outcome was a formal declaration of the party’s demands in relation to peace. The essential part of this declaration reads as follows:

1. The security of the political independence and integrity of the German empire demands the defeat of all efforts of our enemies directed against our territorial domain. This applies to the demand for the re-annexation of the Alsace-Lorraine to France, without regard to the particular form which this re-annexation might take.

2. In the interest of the free economic development of the German empire we demand:

The “open door,” i. e., equal right to economic activity in all colonial territories;

Embodiment of the “most favored nation” clause in peace treaties with all the warring nations;

Encouragement of economic relations through the greatest possible removal of tariff and trade barriers;

Equalization and improvement of social and political arrangements in the direction indicated by the working-class international.

The freedom of the sea to be assured through international treaties. To this end the right of capture is to be abolished and the straits most important to commerce are to be neutralized.

3. In the interest of the security of Germany and its free industrial development in the southeast, we oppose all the efforts of the allies to weaken or destroy Austria-Hungary or Turkey.

The fourth and fifth articles are against annexation and in favor of an international

tribunal. But these provisions are of little moment. The important element in the declaration is the definiteness with which it supports the indefinite imperialist purposes of the German government. We are willing to offer the blood of the workers, the "Socialists" say, in order that German industry may be allowed to develop in "all colonial regions," and to secure "free industrial development in the southeast."

The Socialist minority, led by Bernstein, is said to have made bitter opposition to the adoption of this declaration. The division in the party is becoming clearer and wider. On the one side are avowed imperialists, on the other Socialists, who are gaining in numbers and determination.

English Labor Awake. The forty-seventh English Trade Union Congress met at Bristol during the second week in September. Its resolution against military conscription was referred to in this department last month. The organized workers of England are willing to support the war, but they object strenuously even to home-made Prussianism. They will not be compelled to fight. George Lansbury proposes in the Herald to counter the proposal for compulsory military service with "a demand for the conscription of land and capital." This means of prosecuting the war has not been discussed by the cabinet.

But the anti-conscription resolution was not the most interesting one passed at Bristol. The railways union presented a resolution demanding the nationalization of industries "plus an advisory committee representing the workers equally with the state and the public." And here is a resolution adopted by the Congress: "This Congress expresses the opinion that nationalization of public services, such as the post office, is not necessarily advantageous to the employes and the working classes, unless accompanied by steadily increasing democratic control, both by the employes and by the representatives of the working classes in the House of Commons. It, therefore, pledges itself to work steadily to develop public opinion in both these directions."

This resolution was introduced by a joint committee of the Postal and Telegraph Associations. At this time, when England is going so rapidly into state

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Bridges, Crowns and False Teeth are unsightly and rarely satisfactory, and through this treatment of the causes of bad and sensitive teeth, gum disease and foul breath they should be unnecessary. 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 home treatment quickly and permanently has helped others to sound, healthy teeth.

Just sit down NOW and write us for this free book. A few minutes will convince you that Dr. Willard's Home Treatment 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, Suite H522 Powers Building, Chicago, Ill.

IS HE CRAZY?

The owner of a large plantation in Mississippi, where the fine figs grow, is giving away a few five-acre fruit tracts. The only condition is that figs be planted. The owner wants enough figs raised to supply a co-operative canning factory. You can secure five acres and an interest in the canning factory by writing the Eubank Farms Company, 985 Keystone, Pittsburgh, Pa. They will plant and care for your trees for \$6 per month. Your profit should be \$1,000 per year. Some think this man is crazy for giving away such valuable land, but there may be method in his madness.

capitalism, this sign of alertness in the English working-class cannot be too highly rated. The post office and telegraph workers know whereof they speak. They are for public ownership with democratic control—not without it.

Revolution in Russia? Early in September the Russian Duma was sent packing by the Czar. Like the Long Parliament and the old States General it had worked up its courage to the point of demanding a part in the government. In some respects, however, the uprising of Russian representatives bears a greater resemblance to what took place in Paris in 1871. The people of Russia are rising because they are more patriotic than the government. Because they demand efficiency in high places and have not found it. Defeat, they are beginning to say, is due to grafting government agents and blundering commanders. So they demand a general overhauling of things.

Only a few of the rebels in the Duma are Socialists or laborites. Most of them are what we should call progressives. They represent bourgeois Russia. But they make demands which sound more revolutionary than those formulated by the German "Socialists." They ask autonomy for Poland, full civil rights for Jews, removal of disabilities of workingmen, school reform, church reform, freedom of press, speech and assembly, and the institution of a genuinely representative parliament.

Of course they did not get these things. They were sent home. But the tale is not yet finished. It is confidently stated by those who should know that Russia faces either revolution or defeat—perhaps both.

NEW LABOR MOVEMENT IN JAPAN

For the first time the A. F. L. has extended friendly invitation to the Japanese workers to receive fraternal delegates to the coming meeting of the A. F. of L. convention at San Francisco next November. The invitation was sent to the Japanese workers directly by the secretary of the California branch of the A. F. L., Mr. Paul Scharrenberg, with the full approval of Mr. Gompers. The message was, I understood, carried by Dr. S. Guilick, a professed Christian opportunist and friend of Japan, who diplomatically

hunted out and arranged for the delegates. The said delegates are now in the U. S., and some of them have made a tour through the country, and the government paid press agent has been extolling and advertising them throughout the country.

The supporters of the so-called new labor movement say that the Japanese government suppressed the past labor movements and trades unions because they were organized by socialists. The organizer of the new labor movement, Mr. Bungi Suzuki, is not a working man, so they think he is a better man to accomplish the new mission than the socialists.

No wonder that the delegates are so respectfully treated and helped by the consul of Japan in San Francisco and the Japanese chief commissioner of the P. P. I. Exposition here. They are endeavoring to introduce them to the officers of the A. F. L. on the one hand and the Japanese consul here is trying to suppress the socialists and their activities in this country.

A few days before the arrival of the fraternal delegates in San Francisco from Japan, the present writer was called to the consulate of Japan, and the consul himself told him several things. Among other things, he told the writer that it would be better for him to leave this vicinity and go to Wyoming; to not express any opinion concerning the delegates who are soon to arrive; nor to write or speak on the real condition of female and child-labor in Japan, and finally to come to the consul and tell him before the writer shall express his opinion on the matter.

The consul told the writer also to keep quiet so that the public may think that the writer has given up the cause of socialism! Of course, the writer heard what the consul said with a due respect, but did not give any promise to obey the order or advice.

The kind of a labor organization that the Japanese government is fostering or tolerating is one that socialists are excluded from and the officials of the organization are in themselves not tolerated by the socialists. There are three advisers and twenty in the council of the

Yu-Ai-Kai, whose president is Mr. Bungi Suzuki, one of the delegates. One of the advisers is a member of the House of Peers and at the same time one of the counsellors in the present ministry; another is former head of the prison bureau, and the last is the president of the National Railway Department. In the council there are five university professors, three factory owners, two managers of factories, one government engineer in the tobacco monopoly, three principals of schools, a secretary of the Tokyo poor-house, a secretary of Tokyo Y. M. C. A., a lawyer, a literary man, a viscount and a deputy mayor of the city of Osaka. There is not one workman in the council! The platform of the Yu-Ai-Kai states that the interest of capital and labor are identical.

At the farewell meeting of the delegates the speakers were reported to have been such persons as Baron Shibusawa, a Morgan of Japan, and Dr. Soyeda, the head of the National Railway Department. It is altogether natural that the fraternal delegates are so well received by the Japanese consul and other respectables in this country. The Yu-Ai-Tdai is so particular in excluding socialist

workers; even Prof. Isowo Abe of the Waseda University, an academic socialist, was at first in the council of the organization, but at the instigation of the police authority the Professor was expelled from the body. Although the term of expelling him was very polite, yet all the same his name was dropped from the list of the officials of the Yu-Ai-Kai.

Detectives are very active in hunting out any socialist among the members, and every socialist found is at once expelled, and any application to the membership is rejected. Such is the nature and the policy of the Yu-Ai-Kai and it is so much praised by the supporters of the movement as the only labor organization that suits the Japanese. It is in fact the government certified labor association that is permitted to exist because the president of it, Mr. B. Suzuki, told the present writer, is a personal friend and classmate of the director of the Tokyo Police Board, the head of the detectives; so Mr. Suzuki is a Father Gapon of Japan. It is doubtful whether a Father Gapon of Japan could in future lead our workers like the Russian monk, but it is certain that he has not a Gorky of Japan among his friends.

NEWS AND VIEWS

Socialist Library at Las Cruces—"At a meeting of our Local we have decided to take up the offer on the next to last page "128" of the August Review as a starting point or nucleus toward the formation of a library that may eventually become a public institution and we are now rustling to raise the necessary \$16.75. This is a town of about 3,500, 80 or more per cent of whom are Spanish-American, Mexican, and Roman. Tabard Inn and several other private libraries have been tried and defuncted, so now we propose to get this started and agitate with it as a basis, adding as we can by purchase or donation, charging, if possible, five cents per week for library privilege, this to go into fund to maintain and increase same. If it grows, we will give it to the town when it gets big enough to justify them in caring for and extending it. Our local has about twenty members, but only a half dozen real hustlers for the revolution toward the co-operative commonwealth."—S. Parks.

A San Francisco Reader Writes: The International Socialist Review is always splendid and is beyond compare."—G. C.

From Away Up North—If any of our readers should doubt that there are a bunch of warm, red-blooded Socialists in Alaska, they would be disillusioned by reading over the splendid letters we receive from some one of them on every mail from the North.

Comrade George Holst lays in a good stock of books for winter reading and also remits a good chunk to be credited to his share of stock in the Publishing House. He tells of the difficulty the workers have in getting mail from the outside. It seems that the Northern Commercial Company (an arm of the Guggenheims) has a monopoly on carrying the mail, and of course they exploit this special privilege in the same fashion that the mail carrying railroads have in the United States. It costs the government about double what it should for transporting mail, besides giving bum service to the people. Most of the second class mail and all parcel post packages are held during the winter and delivered by boat in the summertime; which means bigger profits for the holders of the special privilege.

He closes his letter as follows: "Now, dear comrade, one word for the little old Review: The August number is hard to beat."

From Merry England—A Review reader writes: "The South Wales Miners' Federation is making good and there is a great deal of unrest throughout the country due to the munitions act. The railway workers are de-

Tobacco Habit, Drink Habit, Easily Conquered

A well known New Yorker who has wide experience, has written a book telling how the liquor, tobacco or snuff habit may be easily and completely banished in three days.

The health improves wonderfully after the alcohol or 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. No more of that nervous feeling; no more need of whiskey, beer, pipe, cigar, cigarette or chewing tobacco to pacify the morbid desire. The author, Edw. J. Woods, 242 H, Station E, New 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.

manding a five shilling increase of wages and if they fail to get it, there will undoubtedly be trouble."

On the Job—Comrade W. W. Gray, secretary of the Socialist Party Local at Port Angeles, Washington, writes: "Dear Comrades: Our local appointed a committee yesterday to take subscriptions for the Review. Will write you again in a few days. The Review has surely made good. May she live and grow until this inhuman war is over." We have since received ten subscriptions from Comrade Gray.

The Rebel Spirit—"I enclose subscription for one year and want you to send the Review to this young friend of mine. I appreciate the splendid revolutionary spirit which runs all through the Review and feel sure he will also."—A. V. V.

Glenwood Springs, Colo.—"Dear Comrades: Enclosed please find postal money order for \$1.00. Please apply same to my subscription to the Review. By all means do not miss sending me the October number. It would be the first copy in fifteen years that I missed."—J. W.

The Agricultural Workers' Organization of the I. W. W., Local 400, sent in \$15 for bundles of October Reviews to go to the boys in the harvest fields in North Dakota. Over 600 new members joined the organization during the month of September and the boys are planning a big harvest feast to be pulled off at headquarters in Minneapolis after the harvest is over.

Martinsdale, Mont.—"Dear Comrades: Please find enclosed \$1.00 for which send me twelve doses of the Review. I thought I could do without it, but it is no use, I must have it. Send September number."—Mrs. E. B. B.

Long Beach, Calif.—"Gentlemen: I am in receipt of yours of September 15 notifying me that my term of subscription to the Review has expired.

"I am enclosing you my check for \$2.00, which please place to my credit on your subscription list so that I may continue to get the Review for another couple of years. I would not like to be without The Review above all other magazines published."—J. B. R.

Jersey City, N. J.—Comrade Kaegi fires in a \$5 bill for five yearly subscription cards and as a premium selects Myers' "History of Great American Fortunes." Comrade Kaegi knows a good proposition when he sees it.

Paris, Illinois—Comrade Howerton writes: "Enclosed find \$1.50 and coupon for The Review one year and one copy of "The Visioning." We think The Review the best magazine published and never intend to let our subscription run out."

No Union, No Socialist—A Suggested National Party Referendum. Require, in addition to the recognition of the class struggle, that no person be admitted to membership in the party who opposes the principle of economic or industrial unionism for the working class.

Those of us who have spent the best years of our lives in the struggle, individually and collectively, and learned our lesson through bitter experience, have had the hard fact dinned into our very fibre that if there is no union there will be no socialism.

There are now those in our midst who oppose the principle of unionism apparently because it is in a process of development which their short-sighted vision cannot perceive. Other reasons might be mentioned. Some of these when no longer inclined to oppose unionism openly, are using other methods. Let us close the gates to any more of this medievalism.

Those who oppose the economic union of the workers are in fact upholding the prolongation of capitalism and the steal of the wage system.

A real study of economic determinism reveals the historic fact that no political action can rise above its source; that is—the prevailing industrial status.—Proletaria Bill, of Washington.

The Right Kind—Comrade Iverson, of Madison, writes: "I have read Fitch's Physical Basis of Mind and Morals. It is a book that is really indispensable for those who want to know. It is the clearest and sanest book on the subject that I have ever read. It is on a subject above all others that we must understand. The Review is appreciated more and more. I should feel a great loss to miss one number. Its uncompromising, aggressive stand is what I appreciate and what we need in these days when people are forgetting their principles."

Another Economic Class—Comrade J. L. Stark, state secretary of the Socialist Party of Kentucky, writes that he is starting another class in economics in what he calls "The Marcy School." An order for thirty copies of Shop Talks comes with his letter. The Ira Tilton School is also using this little educational booklet and we wish you would have some student of Marxian Economics read it and start a class in your local. If the questions asked at the close of the chapters in Shop Talks will not get the young men and women interested in Socialism, we don't know what will. Comrade Reynolds dropped in this week after organizing a class in economics in Allegan, Michigan, with this same brochure as the basis for study. We would like to get these clubs in touch with each other. Any time any of them want space in The Review to set forth some of the new methods for teaching they have found to be successful, we wish they would write us.

The Marx Institute of America—Comrade Carlton Rodolf, of Brooklyn, sends in \$63.00 for 50 copies of Volume 1 of Marx Capital and three other books to be used by the Marx Institute of America, an organization of the students of Harry Waton, who is using Spencer's First Principles and Vol. 1 of Marx's Capital in his classes this year. In the time since Harry Waton started these winter classes, the attendance has grown from a handful to two hundred students. This is the sort of work that will endure. When such a group of young people understand capitalist society as Marx explained it, they cannot fail of being important factors in the social revolution. We wish there were a thousand such clubs in America.

RED HOT If you want for self or friends, a paper that combats all religious dogmas send fifty cents for each subscriber **AGNOSTIC** the hottest paper published. Don't delay. Send today. **THE CRUCIBLE, C.** 1330 1st Ave., Seattle, Wash. **50 Cents PAPER**

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT

Capitalist Prosperity Here. It is a commonplace to veteran Socialists that wage-workers under capitalism receive in wages only a fraction of what they produce. If they were all producing commodities for consumption, nearly half of these would remain unsold for lack of buyers with the purchasing power. In "good" times the capitalists set a large part of the laborers at work building railroads and factories, making new machinery, and otherwise adding to the fixed capital from which a profit is expected later on. At such times there are nearly enough jobs to go 'round. In "bad" times, when "confidence" is lacking, the capitalists shut down on such investments, consequently a large part of the laborers are out of work, while those who have jobs are either taking care of their less fortunate friends, or saving up for fear their own jobs may vanish. Here in the United States we have had a long siege of "bad" times. It now looks as if the capitalists were recovering their "confidence," and as if jobs would soon be about as plenty as at any time within the last ten years.

Now Let's Wipe Out the Deficit. As we announced in the report of the annual stockholders' meeting in the REVIEW for February of this year, there was a deficit of \$1,112.84 in our profit and loss account

for the year 1914. Charles H. Kerr offered to contribute toward this and the probable deficit for 1915 any sum up to \$1,000, provided other stockholders and friends of the publishing house would together contribute a like sum. Thus far we have received the following amounts:

Previously acknowledged.....	\$598.05
J. E. Palmer, British Columbia...	4.00
Harry Norrie, Durban, So. Africa.	3.20
L. H. H. Greene, Natal, So. Africa	2.00
J. W. Rimmer, Palmerston, N. Z.	2.00

Total.....\$609.25

Out of this total \$500 has been contributed by Charles H. Kerr; \$109.25 by all others. Nearly half of the deficit still stands. Perhaps YOU will want to contribute your share toward it. But now that capitalist prosperity is in sight, there is another way to get rid of the old deficit and to prevent our being obliged to report a new one for 1915.

Circulate More Socialist Literature. That is the answer. As soon as possible after November 1, we shall mail to every REVIEW subscriber, every stockholder and every other name on our regular mailing list, a new illustrated book catalog of 32 large pages, which is the best and completest list of the kind yet published. If you don't get yours soon, write and ask for it.

An Endless Chain Plan that will give YOU a **Socialist Library Free**. Send us \$3.00 for books selected from the new catalog to the amount of \$3.00 at list prices. We will send them postpaid, and will also send you three cards, each of which will be good for the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW one year. Sell these cards to new subscribers at \$1.00 each, then send the \$3.00 for more books and more cards, and so on. In this way you will have a fine Socialist library, which will have cost you only the trouble of finding the subscriptions.

A Fifty Volume Library for Less than Cost to New Stockholders. If you have not time to hustle for subscribers, but can spare \$15.00, read the new offer explained in full detail on the third cover page of this month's REVIEW. Briefly, it amounts to this, that for \$15.00 we will send you by express an assorted lot of books published by us to the amount of \$25.00 at retail prices, and a fully-paid certificate for a share of stock, par value \$10.00. If you don't already know the advantages of holding a share of stock, write for explanatory booklet. It is our 2,900 stockholders who have provided the money to publish the REVIEW and the Socialist classics described in our catalog, and stockholders have the privilege of buying books at cost. Our charter authorizes us to issue 5,000 shares of stock. Of these 4,080 have been issued, and 920 can be had under this special offer. Now, while "prosperity" lasts, is the time to put the publishing house on a solid foundation, so that it can stand the next siege of "hard times."

A New Selling Plan for Traveling Speakers. Lecturers for the Socialist Party and the Industrial Workers of the World often help out on their expenses by selling books at meetings. Apart from the profit on such sales, they find that often more educational work can be done by introducing the right books and starting people on the study of Marxian economics than by anything that can be said in the course of a single lecture. But the difficulty has been that to carry enough books to sell on a speaking trip of nearly a week was almost a physical impossibility, while there was always the chance that any particular book might

have been already sold at a certain town, when some other book might still be in demand. To meet these difficulties we have adopted a new plan suggested by Comrade W. E. Reynolds of Washington. We have printed post cards, each good for any one of our fifty-cent books, as listed on the third cover page of this month's REVIEW. To each card a stub is attached, which is a receipt for 50 cents to be signed by the speaker. The card itself is to be mailed to us, and on receipt of it we mail the book to the purchaser. We will mail ten of these post cards for \$3.00 or 100 for \$25.00. The latter rate is not made for less than 100 cards paid for in advance. Any two of the cards will be accepted for one of our dollar books, four for a \$2.00 book, etc. Any of our stockholders can have these cards at the same prices. Show our new catalog to the comrades at a Local meeting, and it will be easy to take orders for ten or more of the books. Address

**Charles H. Kerr & Company,
341 East Ohio St., Chicago.**

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, 1915.

Editor, Charles H. Kerr, 341 E. Ohio St., Chicago.

Managing Editor, Mary E. Marcy, 341 E. Ohio St., Chicago.

Business Manager, Leslie H. Marcy, 341 E. Ohio St., Chicago.

Publisher, Charles H. Kerr & Company, 341 E. Ohio St., 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, 341 E. Ohio St., Chicago. (All other stockholders hold less than one per cent each.)

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: (If there are none, so state.) None.

Charles H. Kerr, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1915.

Michael J. O'Malley,
Notary Public.

[Seal]

(My commission expires March 8, 1916.)

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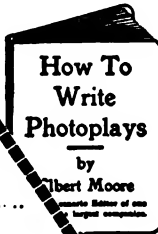
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ELBERT MOORE (Former Scenario Editor) Box 772 IX Chicago

DECEMBER, 1915

The

PRICE TEN CENTS



—From *Solidarity*.

JOE HILL

By Ralph Chaplin

High head and back unbending—rebel “true blue,”
Into the night unending; why was it you?

Heart that was quick with song, torn with their lead;
Life that was young and strong, shattered and dead.

Singer of manly songs, laughter and tears;
Singer of Labor’s wrongs, joys, hopes and fears.

Though you were one of us, what could we do?
Joe, there were none of us needed like you.

We gave, however small, what life could give;
We would have given all that you might live.

Your death you held as naught, slander and shame;
We from the awful thought shrank as from flame.

Each of us held his breath, tense with despair,
You who were close to Death seemed not to care.

White-handed loathsome Power, knowing no pause,
Sinking in Labor’s flower, murderous claws.

Boastful, with leering eyes—blood-dripping jaws
Accurst be the cowardice hidden in laws!

Utah has drained your blood; white hands are wet;
We of the “surging flood” NEVER FORGET!

Our songster! have your laws now had their fill?
Know, ye, his songs and Cause ye cannot kill.

High head and back unbending—such men are few,
Into the night unending; why was it you?

JOE HILL, I. W. W. POET AND SONG WRITER, WHO WAS
EXECUTED AT SUNRISE, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER
19TH, AT SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

SCISSOR BILL

Air: "Steamboat Bill"

By Joe Hill

You may ramble 'round the country anywhere you will,
You'll always run across that same old Scissor Bill.
He's found upon the desert, he is on the hill,
He's found in every mining camp and lumber mill.
He looks just like a human, he can eat and walk,
But you will find he isn't, when he starts to talk.
He'll say, "This is my country," with an honest face,
While all the cops they chase him out of every place.

Chorus:

Scissor Bill, he is a little dippy,
Scissor Bill, he has a funny face.
Scissor Bill, should drown in Mississippi,
He is the missing link that Darwin tried to trace.

And Scissor Bill he couldn't live without the booze,
He sits around all day and spits tobacco juice.
He takes a deck of cards and tries to beat the Chink!
Yes, Bill would be a smart guy if he only could think.
And Scissor Bill he says: "This country must be freed
From Niggers, Japs and Dutchmen and the gol durn Swede."
He says that every cop would be a native son
If it wasn't for the Irishman, the sonna fur gun.

Chorus:

Scissor Bill, the "foreigners" is cussin',
Scissor Bill, he says: "I hate a Coon";
Scissor Bill, is down on everybody,
The Hottentots, the bushmen and the man in the moon.

Don't try to talk your union dope to Scissor Bill,
He says he never organized and never will.
He always will be satisfied until he's dead,
With coffee and a doughnut and a lousy old bed.
And Bill, he says he gets rewarded thousand fold,
When he gets up to Heaven on the streets of gold.
But I don't care who knows it, and right here I'll tell,
If Scissor Bill is goin' to Heaven, I'll go to Hell.

Chorus:

Scissor Bill, he wouldn't join the union,
Scissor Bill, he says, "Not me, by Heck!"
Scissor Bill gets his reward in Heaven,
Oh! sure. He'll get it, but he'll get it in the neck.

"The Cause I stand for, that of a fair and honest trial, is worth more than any human life—much more than mine."

—Joe Hill to the Board of Pardons.

"I am going to drive the I. W. W. out of the state. If the police do not do it I will do it myself."

—Gov. Spry to the Press.

A Challenge

An Open Letter to the Board of Pardons of the State of Utah

TO THE BOARD OF PARDONS OF THE STATE OF UTAH, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH:

Gentlemen:

Assuming that your reasons for denying clemency to Joseph Hillstrom are correctly set forth in the public press this morning, and for the purpose of showing that they are not founded on either the law or facts in the case, but are intended to and do delude and deceive the public, I respectfully make the offer to publicly discuss the facts at any time in any city in the United States with any member of your board, or all of them; such discussion to be before the date assigned for his execution.

I make this request to afford an opportunity to refute, as I feel I can, among other things, the false, wicked and cowardly aspersion on his character—that Hillstrom has heretofore committed any crime or that he has now, or ever has had, any criminal record—now for the first time so bravely urged as a sufficient justification for taking his life.

This matter, as you all must realize, is one now of national, if not international importance, and has excited intense interest from New York to San Francisco; and I would be, as the attorney for this condemned man, of "meaner stuff than men are made of" if I did not, in the brief time of life now allotted him, challenge you and each of you to the proofs!

I am only anxious and determined that if Hillstrom is judicially murdered, the people of this country—the great jury to whom we must all go at last—shall fully understand just where rests the full measure of responsibility for "the deep damnation of his taking off."

Any communication will reach me addressed to this city.

Very respectfully,

Denver, Colorado.

O. N. HILTON.

Salt Lake City, Nov. 21, 1915.

Wm. D. Haywood,

164 W. Washington St., Chicago:

Funeral services held today at 3 p. m. Enormous crowd showed respect for our song writer and escorted his body to depot singing his songs.

Ed Rowan, Secty.

The
INTERNATIONAL
SOCIALIST REVIEW

VOL. XVI

DECEMBER, 1915

No. 6

SKETCH OF THE UTAH STATE PRISON, WHERE JOE HILL WAS SHOT TO DEATH.

—From the Cleveland Press.

JOE HILL

A FEW minutes after the firing squad of the state of Utah had pumped their slugs of lead into the heart of Joe Hill, there came a telegram into the hands of Bill Haywood, sitting in the national headquar-

ters of the Industrial Workers of the World, Mortimer Building, Chicago.

It was from Ed Rowan, secretary of the I. W. W. local at Salt Lake City, and it read: "Joe died game."

And that, after all, is the big point

about Joe Hill, his life, his deeds, his songs, his death: "He died game."

They were looking over one of his straightforward, simple letters, written in lead pencil, from the Utah State Prison to the I. W. W. national headquarters and some thought this line would make a good inscription for Joe Hill's gravestone:

"I am glad to hear that the One Big Union idea is gaining headway and I hope it won't be long before the plutes will fall off their high horses and be made to realize that they were not made out of any special kind of clay after all."

On the night before the dawn, when he faced the muzzles of death he sent these two telegrams to Haywood:

"Good-bye, Bill. I will die like a true blue rebel. Don't waste any time in mourning. *Organize.*"

"It is a hundred miles from here to Wyoming. Could you arrange to have my body hauled to the state line to be buried? Don't want to be found dead in Utah."

And this was the rejoinder Bill Haywood sent as the good-bye of the working class to one of the gamiest, gladdest, brawniest, big-hearted rebels the American working class has flung forward into historic action:

"Good-bye, Joe. You will live long in the hearts of the working class. Your songs will be sung wherever the workers toil, urging them to organize. Wired Rowan to see your wishes are carried out."

Now the finish has come and the Utah capitalist and Mormon thirst for the blood of one who defied them has been glutted—now that the remonstrances of the President of the United States have been sneered at and the bunch of thieving, conniving, adulterous money-mongers of Utah have had their drink of the red life fluid of Joe Hill—the working class can look back at the short flash of his scarlet life, can remember the heroic nerve of him, can learn better to sing his songs and live up to the daring and ironic quality of his songs.

MURDER MOST FOUL

By JIM LARKIN

"**F**IRE! Let her go!"

With these words on his lips passed to the great beyond a few hours ago Joseph Hillstrom, murdered by the hired assassins of the capitalist class, who, for a few dirty pieces of silver, shot to death a man for the alleged killing of the man Morrison and his son, in what has been well named the City of Undiscovered Crime, Salt Lake City.

While we here respectfully tender our sincere condolences to the bereaved woman Morrison, it must be said, Comrades, that lie as they may, apologize and explain as they may, Joe Hill was shot to death because he was a member of the fighting section of the American working-class, the Industrial Workers of the World.

It is necessary that this should be said

by one like myself who is not a member of that organization. May be I, like many others of its critics, lack the intelligence and requisite courage to fit me for membership in the organization which in its brief life has displayed more real revolutionary spirit, greater self-sacrifice, than any other movement in the world of labor has produced—admitting that at times it has made mistakes due to over zeal on the part of its members and propagandists, and has been somewhat intolerant of less revolutionary sections.

Nevertheless, the I. W. W. has ever hewed true to the line of working-class emancipation. Never at any time or place or under the most adverse conditions can it be charged with having obscured the issue or with ever having preached permanent peace with, or given recognition to, the capitalist system. No! but

true to its mission as the pioneer movement of the newer time, it advocated perpetual war on, and the total abolition of the system of wage slavery that blights humanity.

That is a record to be proud of in these days of compromise, when we are cursed with a breed of sycophants masquerading as labor leaders, whose sole purpose in life seems to be apologizing for and defending the capitalist system of exploitation and forever putting forward palliatives and outworn nostrums such as arbitration boards, time agreements and protocols.

Even the Gods cannot fight against stupidity, but when allied with that we have venial graft, lust for power and place, and a deep-seated contempt for the workers who elect them to office, animating the soul-cases of these alleged leaders, it gives us great hope and courage and strength of purpose to know of a movement that can produce a great soul like Joe Hill, whose heart was attuned to the spirit of the coming time and who voiced in rebellious phrases his belief in the working class.

Judge of the type of man he was, who on the verge of eternity, writing to Comrade Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, who with many other good Comrades was making a heroic uphill fight to save that valuable life for the cause, penned the following:

"We cannot afford to drain the resources of the whole organization and weaken its fighting strength just on account of one individual—common sense will tell you that Gurley—there will be plenty of new rebels coming to fill up the gap."

Never thinking of self, but always of the cause, such was the type of man a vindictive jury, filled with blood lust and

desire for revenge, found guilty of an atrocious cowardly murder on circumstantial evidence only. They lied in their verdict, and they knew they lied, but a victim had to be found and so the itinerant I. W. W. propagandist and poet, Joseph Hillstrom, one of the Ishmaelites of the industrial world, was to hand and they "shot him to death" because he was a rebel, one of the disinherited, because he was the voice of the inarticulate downtrodden; they crucified him on their cross of gold, spilled his blood on the altar of their God—Profit.

Because he cried out in the market place, on the highways and in the dark places where the children of men gathered together, the truth that would make men free, for such a crime they crucified the Man of Galilee, for such a crime they crucified John Ball, Parsons, and a million unnamed, aye and for such a crime they will crucify millions unborn, if we cry not halt.

Therefore, Comrades, over the great heart of Joe Hill, now stilled in death, let us take up his burden, rededicate ourselves to the cause that knows no failure, and for which Joseph Hillstrom cheerfully gave his all, his valuable life. Though dead in flesh he liveth amongst us, and cries out:

Arouse! Arouse! Ye sons of toil from every rank of Labor,
Not to strife of leaping lead, of bayonet or of saber.

Ye are not murderers such as they who break ye day and hour!

Arouse! Unite! Win back your world with a whirlwind stroke of power!

Let his blood cement the many divided sections of our movement, and our slogan for the future be:

"Joe Hill's body lies mouldering in the grave, but the cause goes marching on."

The body of Joe Hill will be brought to Chicago. Funeral services will be held Thursday, Nov. 25th, at 10.30 a. m., at the West Side Auditorium, 1010 S. Racine avenue, under the auspices of the I. W. W.

Members representing twelve nationalities will speak and songs by Joe Hill will be sung.

The funeral oration will be delivered by Judge O. N. Hilton of Denver, Colorado.

DAILY SCENES IN THE STRIKE DISTRICTS.

Under the Stars and Stripes

By LESLIE MARCY

OVER one thousand two hundred Chicago Garment Workers have been arrested and thrown in police stations since they went on strike for a living wage eight weeks ago.

Never, in the strike history of Chicago, has there been so many wage workers

arrested. Over three-quarters of a million dollars has been furnished to bail out the men, women and girls, according to Comrade William A. Cunnea, who is fighting the battles of the strikers in the courts as attorney for the Amalgamated Clothing Workers.

The first day of winter finds fifteen thousand needle workers more solidly united than when they walked out eight weeks ago. Of these on strike, about one-fourth are Jews, the remaining being equally divided between Italians, Lithuanians and Poles. The strike has welded them together into a solid fighting phalanx.

Most of the workers have been in this country only a few years. The big point made by Grace Abbott of the Immigration Protective League is that these foreigners will get a queer idea of democracy and freedom under the American flag by the time the Chicago police have added a few more hundred arrests to the 1,246 so far charged with offences. These have ranged from disorderly conduct and unlawful assembly to "riot," "inciting to riot," assault and battery and malicious mischief. Many arrests have been made with *no charges preferred*.

Also, be it noted, these foreigners haven't got the vote. They are not yet citizens. They cannot use their ballots to help get better conditions, even if it were a cinch that such use of the ballot would gain them their demands. They have been driven to find another way to find a shorter workday and a higher wage. So they are on the streets on strike, leaving their needle machines idle.

"Parliamentary action failed us and we are supporting now the only action that appears effective for gaining our ends," was the remark of a club woman who lobbied for women's laws in the last Illinois legislature and is now on the picket line of the striking garment workers.

"We asked for an eight-hour law for women. We pointed to women as mothers on whom it was unjust to impose the nine and ten-hour workday. Our demands were refused."

"We asked for a minimum wage commission to investigate various industries and fix the lowest amount an employer would be permitted by law to pay his girls and women. We wanted the living wage arranged by law to safeguard the physical needs of food, clothing and shelter required by wage earners. Our demands were refused."

"Sixty per cent of the garment strikers are women and girls. They are demanding the shorter workday and the minimum wage

we asked of the state legislature. Our political demands having been refused, we are taking the only course possible for us. That is, we are getting out on the streets on the picket line, we are contributing money, and we are issuing public statements that our place is on the strike lines where our sisters are taking the most direct route to attain their industrial demands."

On the other side are all the big bosses in the men's clothing industry which has grown with gigantic strides in a few years until Chicago is the greatest men's clothing center in the world, with an annual output of \$140,000,000.00.

Backing up the bosses is the power of the press, the club of the cop and the Mayor of Chicago, as well as an army of special police and professional strike breakers.

In spite of the fact that the law grants the strikers the right to peacefully picket, the cold fact is that the special police are growing daily more bitter in their assaults on the picket lines. More arrests are made, more workers beaten up.

His honor, the Mayor, who not long ago was handed a halo for forcing arbitration during the street car strike, has steadfastly refused to use his power and pull to bring about arbitration. His advice to the strikers is that they should "Go home and keep the peace," and, above all, not use violence.

The chief of police is also lined up with the bosses. The *Day Book*, the only Chicago paper which has stuck by the strikers through thick and thin, in its issue of November 17th, says: "Chief of Police Healey, seated by the Mayor, flourished a bundle of papers dealing with alleged attacks by strikers. But the Mayor said he had no reports of sluggings in which strikers had been the victims."

The following paragraphs will give REVIEW readers an idea of the majesty of the big stick as represented by the police force of Chicago:

James O'Dea Storren was a captain of police in Chicago a few months ago. He was a high and honored official. He was one of the regular attendants at the annual dinner of the Haymarket Veterans' Association, he, Capt. Storren, having been one of the policemen who was on duty the night that the world-famous Chicago anarchists' bomb was thrown.

And now Capt. Storren has had his captain's badge taken from him and his but-

tons and his uniform. He is no longer a captain of police. He was convicted by a Cook county jury of the crime of extortion and conspiracy. He was sentenced to pay a fine of \$1,000 and only his extreme age saved him from a term behind the bars of state's prison.

At trial, Capt. Storren's lawyer shook his finger dramatically to the jury and then turned and pointed at the old man, saying: "This man is a veteran of the Haymarket riot. He is a defender of civilization. He risked his life to ward off the demon of anarchy from your hearths and firesides." It seems the jury wouldn't fall for that stuff. The overwhelming testimony of witnesses showed that Capt. Storren, even though a Haymarket hero, had been a helper of a gang of thieves known as "the million-dollar burglar trust" operating on the west side of Chicago, chiefly near the Maxwell street station. These burglars used wagons. They ran their wagons up alleys, backed to the hind door of a store, and loaded up the whole stock of the store, whether dry goods, furniture, silk or what not. They hauled away a million dollars' worth of this swag. They paid the police. And the police kept their eyes shut. And one Haymarket hero was caught with a sticky mitt.

"The detective bureau of Chicago is a den of thieves." This remark is not from

any Socialist or I. W. W. It is the cool statement of the state's attorney of Cook county who knows the police of Chicago pretty well. Three detective sergeants and one police captain have been convicted in the last four months of extortion and conspiracy. One of the detectives sentenced to state's prison is a nephew of the present captain of the detective bureau. Besides, the game isn't over. A former captain of the detective bureau is now on trial and a lieutenant will face prosecution after that. There are no charges of cruelty and cunning, facility in the "double cross," made by labor men against policemen and detectives as a class, but are well backed up in the evidence brought out in these Chicago police cases.

Sidney Hillman advises the REVIEW that over ninety thousand dollars have been given by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers in the shape of strike benefits, the big bulk of which has been paid out to strikers during the past five weeks. The strike fund is getting low and winter is here. We hope all REVIEW readers who can afford to send in a dollar or more will do so at once. The clothing workers' fight is our fight. It is the class struggle in action in Chicago in the clothing industry. Show these garment workers that you are with them by sending your remittance to THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW.

MOTHER JONES FIRING THE HEARTS OF THE GARMENT WORKERS.

JUST A MINUTE

CHARLEY CHAPLIN has his knockers. They say he ain't high class art. I don't care. I like Charley. Especially I like him in that comedy, "Work," where he does a bum job of paperhanging and slathers buckets of paste all over the gazaboes who took him for a mutt.

Here's an old verse, of an old song. If anybody knows more verses to the same song, send 'em in:

**My mother she takes in washing,
My father he fiddles for gin,
My sister she works in a laundry,
My God! how the money rolls in!**

old song of fellowship, "What the hell do we care? The gang's all here." When the working class stands together in one big union without craft distinctions and jurisdictional squabbles, with the whole proletarian gang standing together, then we sure can sing: "What the hell do we care?"

When I bumped into Bill Haywood the other day and talked about how things are going and coming, he admitted incidentally that it ain't all idle newspaper chatter about the labor market being less crowded now than generally this time of the year. "More people working and less hunting jobs than I've seen in many years this time of the year," said Bill. And so the dope of some of 'em is, now's a good time to organize, or if you already got an organization, strike the boss for a pay raise, and if you don't get it, then strike the works.

Hearst papers have the same rotten record in Chicago they have in Los Angeles, Frisco and New York. In Chicago the garment strikers get nothing but poisoned news and poisoned headlines from Hearst. More of it and worse of it than any other papers in Chicago.

From the *Masses*.

PREPAREDNESS.

Preparedness is the big magic word, friends. The peace-at-any-price folks are going to bump up against a whole lot of argument and a deep, deep drift of feeling the next year and the next presidential campaign. Maybe preparedness is bunk. Maybe it ain't. But preparedness is one tall issue. And when you get down to brass tacks on the argument, there's nothing much more solid along that line than the article of Max Eastman in the *Masses* for November.

Solidarity—everybody knows what solidarity means. It's the idea in that

Sam Blythe, the heavyweight writer for the *Saturday Evening Post*, got chummy with newspaper men at the Hotel Sherman in Chicago a few days ago. He said war is worse in a thousand ways than any reporter has told. Blythe has been along miles of trenches and battle line villages west and east in Europe. Mud, muck, stink, hunger—he wrote what he saw. But no magazines would print it. Too stinking fierce and shocking rotten to be printed. "The editors ask for articles on hygiene and the Red Cross work, hoping that people will be able to guess at the appalling truth behind all the relief work," said Blythe.

THE JUDGE'S ASSOCIATE.

The cave-dweller may be dead, but his voice is still heard daily in our law courts, where learned and cultured judges are employed translating his blood-stained tradition into gentlemanly English.

LABOR WANTS A "PLACE IN THE SUN!"

Capital (deeply shocked at Labor's efforts to emerge): "Back to your abyss, Sir! As it is already there is scarcely enough sun to go round!"

"GIVE US THIS DAY—"

Master Baker: Give us this day workmen pure in heart, meek in spirit, as soft and pliable as the dough they daily punch; and punish the wickedness of the agitators who want them to rise.

"SERMONS IN NUTS."

The Simian Philosopher: No, my child, never speak slightingly of Evolution. It is merely through evolutionary development that we have acquired those higher moral faculties which make it possible for us to luxuriate behind nice iron bars that completely shut out the Capitalists.

By R. B. TOBIAS

A SPOT KNOCKER is often a one-time artist, who, because of competition in the original field of his endeavors, is forced to become one of those ill-paid, well-named handlers of the air brush, who take the "spots," freckles, moles, and birthmarks off the relatives whose enlarged photographs we see hanging dismally upon the walls of our dwellings.

We decorate the small, original, post-card likeness of the barber, in his ten-year-ago style spring suit, with the stripes demanded by this year's tailor; put gold watches, diamond studs and radiating cuff links on the garb of yesteryear and paint out the too effulgent lines of the fat lady. We place high collars where they ought to be and earn our salt in redressing the dear departed in the fashionable gown decreed by Paris this year.

A "Spot Knocker's" "lot is not a happy one!" Twenty years ago it was not so bad. My story is the tale of the decline of an artist and the rise of a Spot Knocker. It is the story of nearly all Spot Knockers.

After I had twice taken the first prize at the Chicago Art Institute and had spent a year studying in Paris, and had disposed of less than enough pictures during the ensuing twenty months to pay my room rent, I stepped down from my artistic high horse and solicited work for the magazines, where I was barely able to eke out my vanishing resources for another year.

Like many of my fellow students, Necessity then forced me to further de-grade my "artistic gifts" and I attacked the "commercial houses," which I found also crowded with would-be artists. Competition here was so keen that, in spite of the fact that I was perfectly willing, and even anxious, to draw cut glass ware, or wedge-wood china for half-tone catalogs, at the niggardly sum of \$20.00 a week, I soon found myself again in the great Army of Unemployed.

It was then some kind friend came along and told me of that small group of art students who managed to pay their bills by "spot knocking." Now, in those days "spot knocking" required a certain skill. The worker, aided by a pantograph or an enlarging box—all of this work was made without the air-brush—was *hand stippled*—actually enlarged the photographs that were brought to him, and some small degree of artistic ability was required to do this work well.

At first I actually enjoyed my work and the unaccustomed affluence that flowed from it. This was long ago and I was very, very young. I took real pleasure in reproducing, in enlarged form, the kindly features, with their wealth of benevolent wrinkles, of the grandmothers. I smiled over the faces of the young women and sweat, good-naturedly, over the innumerable babies.

The \$50.00 to \$75.00 I earned every week brought self-respect, and revived my waning hopes that I might some day become an artist worthy of the name.

But, with me as with many others, the "spot knocker's studio" became the graveyard of these youthful aspirations. I lived well and was known as something of an artist, and still held myself to be somewhat above those menial workmen who labor in grimy machine shops or factories, even after the invention of the air brush. I was still of the artistic world, at least in my own opinion. I was able to swing a "stick," affect the latest styles in artistic garb and discuss the "arts."

The solar print was the next step in the production of enlarged photographs. It was a step beyond, or, from the artistic viewpoint, *below*, the period of free hand work. A solar print is a more or less dim impression of the original photograph printed large size on steinbach crayon paper sensitized with silver nitrate.

But pride goeth before the "machine," and so went the last of mine. The bromide process was so perfected that the despised printer could appropriate a portion of our jobs by making these "prints." These were so clear and strong in tone values that they left very little for us to do. A bromide print is almost as clear as the original photograph—sometimes clearer. They are printed on smooth paper and look just like large photographs.

These we were merely required to "touch up" before delivery.

Our arduous labors, our artistic achievements, now became merely the removing of moles, the insertion of dimples, the straightening of crossed eyes and the invention of jewelry. During the first stage of the innovation we were often required to redress a woman wearing the costume of the vintage of '89, and set her forth in the latest decoction from some Paris modiste. But here again the mechanics of the printing shop encroached upon the "artistic" domain, and standard forms and plates of modern garments were substituted in rough print for use in the large "hand-painted" portrait.

The Art Institutes have continued to turn out more and more students with the passing years, and competition among Spot Knockers has grown appreciably keener, until today we receive from 15

cents to four bits for each enlargement or each "hand-painted enlarged portrait," for which the customer pays the studio companies \$2.98 to \$10.00, "including the frame."

It was early in my spot knocking career that I discovered that the interests of the order-getting Agents and the Spot Knockers was not always to be considered identical. The Agents often secured their contracts at our expense. They still get many orders by promising impossible results, which we are expected to carry out, orders that may mean much extra work and worry and time and labor to us, for which we receive no additional pay.

I have often noticed the remarkable versatility and imaginative ability possessed by Agents. Whether it is that the job causes these budding talents to blossom, or whether it be that the talents secure the job, I cannot say. But Agents are required to produce the "business," and their methods are often unique.

Louey Steinheimer, the best order-getter of the Cincinnati Studio, in which I "knocked" for two years, was the best weeper-on-the-job I have ever met. Louey used to copy the addresses of funerals from the daily papers and skip around and wait on the stoop till the mourners came home—waiting for orders. By the time the carriages coming home turned the corner he had loaded up on Uncle John's or Cousin Eleanor's—or whoever it was had passed away—characteristics, and was ready to sympathize with the bereaved—and take orders.

He would dwell on their good qualities and gaze upon their features—if he was fortunate enough to secure a photograph—and moan, "*Such* a man! To lose *such* a father!" Or "husband" or brother, as the case might demand, and squeeze actual tears from his eyes. Usually he was able to get the whole family wrought up into tears again, and before their eyes were dry enough to see the contract very well, he got his orders. We all voted him the most realistic mourner off the Legitimate. He could turn on the faucet of his emotions like a soda-water clerk serving orders.

Louey's specialty was among the bereaved. Bud Higgins worked among the

foreign working girls and wives of foreign workmen. Most of these had friends, or sweethearts or relatives in the Old Country to whom they desired to send pictures of themselves. Nine times out of ten these people wished their portraits to represent worldly wealth hoped for, but not yet attained. And Bud Higgins was lavish in promising additions for us to make, diamond necklaces that radiated light like the setting sun, modern gowns, latest coiffeurs, jewelry, gloves, hats and coats to suit, with hosiery and slippers to match.

It was almost as good as a course in designing for us Spot Knockers, but it did not pay. At 50 cents a figure on an enlargement and 55 cents for two heads, etc., etc., the more new clothes we had to paint in, the more jewels we had to sprinkle on, the more heads of hair we had to re-dress, the fewer pictures we could do per day. We told Bud. We said we were only expected to wash out wrinkles and take off warts and moles and birthmarks and such things. We said we were willing to put on gold watches or diamond stick pins, or rings and even dimples, but we thought some extra charge ought to be made for coloring faded hair, putting heavy growths over bald spots, fat reductions, bust enlargements, Paris gowns and making old folks young and poor clothes fine.

I never heard any one among us object to straightening the limbs of a bow-legged man, nor to inventing a decent amount of jewelry. But when Bud came in with orders to "reduce the young woman," who weighed 210 pounds to 140 pounds, the most patient, long-suffering Spot Kocker in the studio, Old Baldy, went on strike.

It had reached the point where agents would promise *anything* to secure orders. One woman insisted that we make a small postcard front view picture of her husband over into an enlarged "side view." A Swedish mother asked to have her baby's picture "made a year older," because the photograph had been taken at one year and the child had died when it was two years old.

For a long time we endured, uncertain how to voice our rebellion. We did not want to throw down our tools and

go out on strike because some of us objected to such methods. We had not yet learned that the Spot Kocker's job is subject to the same laws as any other job. Besides we knew there were hundreds of hungry art students who would flock over and into the studio and take our jobs and hold on to them as tight as a drowning man hangs to a bubble. I don't like to add that we recalled the time when we *had struck* and some of our own number had sneaked in to work evenings, thus scabbing on themselves and the rest of us.

It was when things were in this state of sullen rebellion that the Duke came back to the studio. The Duke was Spanish and as full of kick as a young donkey. He had joined the Socialist Party and the I. W. W., and he started right in doing propaganda work among us heathen "wage slaves."

Times had been dull at the studio, but just then the ante-Christmas orders began to pour in. We all figured that here was where we would roll up a little rainy day money and pay up our bills. Bud Higgins, Weeping Louey and Art Strumsky, who worked the weddings, went on a regular contract-getting debauch. The orders poured in and we all worked over-time and Sundays at 50 cents per figure trying to catch the fish while it rained mackerel.

But orders became more difficult of execution every week. It took the Duke only a day or two to notice that instructions were becoming more and more involved. One day he came to me with two small photographs.

"This," he said holding up an exceptionally dim, out-of-door, dinky picture of a tall, gawky youth wearing a pale, timid-looking moustache, "*this* is John, the bridegroom, and *this*"—pointing to a fat, little brunette with her hair in braids, "*this*, is the blushing bride. I am requested to unite them in the enlargement, dressing the bride in a modern Fifth avenue wedding gown and show her with her hand upon the groom's arm. And, *this*, spindly, spineless creature wants his moustache removed, evening dress put on, with jewelry, white gloves and all the rest of it—all for the paltry sum of *fifty-five cents*. Here's where I cure Art

Strumsky of his facility in promising stuff that means quadruple work for Sweeney."

It gave us real pleasure to watch the Duke. He put in a good deal of extra time on that order. He gave the little dumpy bride's head the wedding gown and the form of the slimsky Consuela, Countess of Barlborough, and he set the lanky bridegroom's head upon the shoulders of a short, stout body, working his shoes in at the *knees* with a board box beneath them. A full sixteen inches between feet and knees were painlessly removed by this artist-surgeon. The whole picture was a "bleacher" (print removed with cyanide). It was beautiful. The fat, merry face of the little bride peered at us atop the slim form of a six-foot society matron, while her hand rested upon the arm of her husband, who had been reduced to a bare four feet. Apparently the bride fairly towered above her lord.

We knew this order would be thrown back upon the hands of Art Strumsky and that he would have to pay the Duke, personally, for the job. It looked like a brilliant way to cut down our labors within reason. We all picked up ideas from the Duke like a lost pup goes after a bone.

That same day Louey came in with two nice orders from widowers whose wives had been laid to rest and who were willing to pay \$10,000 to secure an *improved* portrait to hang in the parlor. Louey had promised both men to present their wives in low-necked evening clothes and to doll them up generally like the Sunday Supplement pictures of Who's Who in Washington, etc., etc.

The decollete order went to one of the boys and he obeyed instructions to the last paragraph. He thickened Mrs. Parker's hair; he added curls to Mrs. Mike Mahoney's locks. He gave them white silk hosiery, toe slippers and abbreviated petticoats, as is the style this year. He made no reduction in their forms, which even their best friends would have been forced to admit were a trifle embonpoint, and he certainly did paint those evening dresses *low*.

I never saw nicer work. He put a lot of time in on that job. Mrs. Parker's

ankles in the enlarged portrait were a whole lot better than they were in real life. She wore shoulder straps to keep her gauze waist up. And Mrs. Mahoney looked like a couple of Schuman-Heinks rolled into one who was trying to break out of her clothes.

Bud Higgins had grown ambitious (in planning extra work for the rest of us) along with Art Strumsky and Louey. They seemed to be trying to out-do each other in seeing which one could plan the most elaborate tout ensemble for us to work over. The Duke said that when Bud was talking-for-an-order he offered as many things as the most expensive beauty doctors, gowns as lovely as Lillian Russell's, wealth, beauty and a dip in the Fountain of Youth—all at the expense of the poor Spot Knocker.

Those of us who had been executing orders for Bud, grudgingly, grumblingly, peevishly, began to take a new interest in life. We followed Bud's lavish instructions literally, we retouched, re-dressed, re-formed, revived and beautified each and every photograph out of all semblance to the original. We took Maxine Elliott as the ideal for brunettes and Lillian Langtry as the perfect blonde. We redecorated poor Lizzie Verblotz until her own mother would not have known her. We touched up worn Mrs. Wezrowsky until she looked five years younger than her own daughter. Ample curves we produced by the magic of our heavy brushes, where had been sharp angles; we reduced the burdens of the flesh-weary and a number one A-Last slipper was the largest thing we knew in feminine footwear.

Not a single point of identification did we leave the puzzled Bud. Mary Weiskowniff, with her high bridged little nose re-done into a Lillian Russell, was not to be distinguished from Kathleen Levine, whose retousse organ had yielded to the perfection of a Maxine Elliott.

The two practical widowers rolled up their sleeves and gave Louey a beating that sent him to the hospital for three days when they saw those "low-necks"; nine out of ten of the Beauty enlargements were thrown back upon Bud's hands by the enraged contract-signers, who insisted that "that ain't *me*" and the

bride-and-groom output was an ignominious failure from Art Strumsky's point of view and a howling success from our own. Little discrepancies in height, weight, etc., etc., had served our purpose,

so that our "strike on the job," as the Duke called it, made good and today we are almost back to the old basis of dimple and jewelry insertions and wart and mole eliminations.

After the War—What?

Socialist Militancy Against Capitalist Militarism

By HENRY L. SLOBODIN

A FEW more remarks about militarism and armament.

I contend that an American Socialist party will act on these issues exactly as the German Socialist party acted. That is, it will denounce both loudly and constantly, but when the great "showdown" comes, it will act exactly as the Germans did. Such an attitude is the logical, necessary and unavoidable outcome of parliamentary Socialism.

As was said before, there are only two rational and consistent attitudes in the matter. One is of absolute and complete non-resistance and surrender. Let the Japanese or Germans or English armies invade our soil. Let them take possession of our country and government. Let some of them rape our women, burn our homes, and all we will do is to weep and gently remonstrate.

To do this would be divine. Only a Christ could do it. No one claims such an attitude possible. No one advocates it. Even Mr. Bryan speaks of a million men jumping or springing to arms.

Every one, from Bryan to Roosevelt, advocates meeting force with force, opposing arms to arms. And so do the Socialists and the Socialist party. Certainly the Socialists are anti-militarists—internationally. The Socialists demand disarmament—as an international policy—all nations to disarm at the same time. This is also the desire of Bryan, Wilson, Roosevelt. Taft and the greater portion of the capitalist class. But that events are not controlled by our desires is seen now. It is safe to say that the dominant

desire of the American people at the present time is to keep out of militarism and armaments. Yet, notwithstanding, we see the United States slowly being forced or drifting to militarism and armaments.

The Socialists were never peace-at-any-price men. The attempt of the Germanizing Socialists in America to foist on the American Socialist party the peace-at-any-price policy will not be taken seriously. Their true desires are well shown in the attitude of Morris Hillquit, who in the same breath extols the German Socialists for having taken up arms for their country and demands of American Socialists to be peace-at-any-price men.

But no Socialist Congress ever demanded of any one country to disarm or stay unarmed in the presence of huge armaments of its neighbors. There is no Socialist authority or Socialist resolution binding the Socialists to leave their country defenseless in the presence of probable aggression.

The question is not what the American Socialist party will do now when it has no political weight with the country and government. The question is what would it do if it had the same power and responsibility as the German, Austrian or French Socialists have. The answer is—it would denounce militarism and vote for the defense of the country against "foreign aggression"—meaning it would support a real big war.

This is the inevitable blind-alley, sine-qua-non, of parliamentary Socialism, national and international.

* * *

What is to be done? Is there no way

out of it for the Socialist movement? There surely is. Parliamentary Socialism is timid, mildly-reformistic and anti-revolutionary. Socialist action is political action. But political action is not alone parliamentary action. It is that and a great deal more.

The Socialists entered the parliament as a forum for propaganda. Through intense and one-sided parliamentary activity they drifted into reconciliation with the capitalist state. More and more they came around to the view that the overthrow of capitalism and the establishment of Socialism are fine phrases for propaganda, but could not be considered at all as practical; that the entire mission of Socialism was to go into the parliament and there work for the betterment of the conditions of the working class.

The Socialists came to work against the capitalist state and stayed to work with it. They began to resent attacks against the state. Our own Section Six is an extreme expression of that attitude.

August fourth, nineteen fourteen, startled the Socialists of the world out of their self-sufficiency. It struck them painfully to their hearts that the movement of great promise showed no fulfillment. What happened? Did the Socialist movement fail? No, the Socialist movement did not fail. It is here more vital and abiding than ever.

Did political Socialism fail?

No; political Socialism did not fail. It was never tried.

What did fail was parliamentary Socialism pure and simple.

We learned now that parliamentary Socialism will not suffice alone.

We are in the midst of a militaristic era. And in a militaristic state militarism dominates the parliament. Parliamentarism is effective only when backed by force, actual or potential. Without force it is futile. An example of this was seen lately in Russia, where parliament, after parliament was dissolved by the Czar and its members exiled to Siberia. We have now an illustration of the futility of parliamentarism in Greece. Certainly, a manifestation of popular force in Russia or Greece may make the parliaments vital and powerful.

If the Socialists are to stay in parliament, then they must make the parliament truly sovereign and powerful.

This can be done by force. Militarism now threatens the parliament. A militaristic state is only nominally governed by parliament. And parliamentary Socialism must needs foster militarism.

There is only one way of attacking militarism, and that way is—Parliamentary Socialism plus force. This is political action. Force as a social factor is political action. Even international law recognizes that, by refusing to extradite political refugees. Only the Socialists, immersed in parliamentarism refused to recognize the great political factor—Force. And in proportion they were non-political Socialists.

All movements go through a period of inquiry and agitation followed by the period of action and realization. "At the beginning there was the word." And then came the act. Socialism has its period of theory and principle. Now it is becoming a deed. Through governmental Socialism and the Social Revolution, Socialism will become a reality.

As parliamentary Socialists, we will be on the wrong side of the Social revolution. As political Socialists we will act with the Social Revolution.

The signs of the approaching Social Revolution are multiplying on all sides. This war is not of capitalistic making. On the contrary. The chief count in the indictment against the capitalist state will be in not having prevented this war. Over this capitalism is now shedding tears of blood. It is the social energies overorganized, overstimulated, escaping the will, intent and control of man. Mankind became drunk with militarism and now acts the drunkard. The usual condition is reversed. Economic conflicts, racial antagonisms serve merely as pretexes. Militarism is itself the sufficient cause.

* * *

There is no seer who can read in the stars the future course of the war even one year ahead. It may suddenly come to an end in a stale-mate. But also it may continue and spread, involving practically all mankind. A sudden termina-

tion would be merely an armistice, with militarism rampant and dominating the world. A prolonged conflict may engulf civilization and liberty.

What shall be done?

The answer is—Act!

In this world crisis the Socialist movement must act. Or it is absolutely of no avail.

Socialist action must be political action in the full sense of the word. Against capitalist militarism the Socialists must oppose Socialist militancy. Aggression must be met by force.

To the capitalist appeal for the defense of the country, the Socialists must answer with an appeal for the defense of mankind.

The Third International must organize the Defense League of the Human Race.

It must call upon the millions to desert the standard of the militaristic Moloch and rally under the standard of Man. The rallying cry should be—Peace and Liberty! Death to Militarism!

It would be meaningless and futile to declare merely that we are opposed to war; that we desire to end the war.

We must act.

We must organize Peace and Liberty, as well, as efficiently, as War and Tyranny are organized. In parliament and out of parliament, wherever men congregate, we must sound the appeal for Peace and Liberty.

We must act.

Our action must be organized internationally. It will not do to call strikes in one country so as to help the militarism of another. It will not do to paralyze the military industries of the United States so as to help Germany. It will not do to strike for shorter hours in the Welsh mines and work twelve hours in the Westphalian mines. Strikes, destruction of ammunition, paralyzing of communications! And boldly to proclaim this policy in the halls of parliaments.

This is political action.

And if one must lay down his life, let him lay it down for Peace and Liberty, in the service of Mankind and Civilization.

The German Socialists, who have served War and Tyranny so well, will no doubt serve Peace and Liberty much better.

To them we look for initiative action.

Open Until Christmas

To oblige comrades in Chicago and vicinity our office will be open every Saturday afternoon till after the holidays.

THRESHING WHEAT

By NILS H. HANSON

“IT’S the guy with the rig that gets the dough,” is a statement often heard through the wheat country. The most of the men, the real threshers, those who make the bundles—the pretty bouquets—jump from the shock to the straw-stack and elevator—those men, some of them at least, knew that also. They knew that for every \$3 or \$3.50 they earn their boss makes from six to eight dollars on each and every one of them. Yes, while they make their daily wage he makes his daily pile of from one to two hundred and fifty dollars.

A big 42 to 44 cylinder separator can crush out from three to four thousand bushels in one day. The “thresher” gets from 10 to 14 cents a bushel for wheat, and from six to eight cents for oats and barley. This holds good in the Dakotas where they thresh from the shock. In Kansas and Nebraska, where they thresh from the stack, somewhat lower price is paid, as only about one-third as big a crew can do that.

The pay per bushel differs somewhat on different places. It sometimes depends on the supply and demand of ma-

chines. If there are plenty of machines and poor crop the average might only be 10 cents a bushel. But if there is a heavy crop and machines are scarce, then the price might jump up to 14 cents a bushel, just to get other machines to move over there. I heard of at least one place in North Dakota that paid 14 cents, though most pay 10 and 12 cents.

The expenses of one of the biggest outfits will not go to more than \$150 a day—wear and tear of the machine also included; that is, of course, if the darn thing don’t go on strike, and give the men a rest too often during the day.

So we see that the owner of the outfit will clear more at an average than what he pays out in expenses. Sometimes he will clear nearly twice the amount of what hunning it amounts to. I know of one small machine (36-in. cylinder and eight bundle teams) that threshed 4,000 bushels of oats in one afternoon. Four thousands bushels at six cents a bushel makes \$240. A little oats was also threshed at six and will not go to much over fifty dollars. So there we see what Mr. Boss made in a few hours only.

I know another machine which threshed 92,000 bushels in 30 days. More than nine-tenths of this was wheat paying 10 cents in one town and 12 in another. A little oats was also threshed at six and eight cents a bushel, but if we average it up, will come very close if we figure the whole at ten cents a bushel. That makes \$9,200. The expenses of that rig was never more than \$140 a day, which makes \$4,200 and gives the Boss a little nice profit of \$5,000 in 30 days, while each of the men made a little over a hundred, at the rate of \$3.50 a day.

"Well," you say, "he has got to pay for the machinery." O, yes, let that be, but also remember that into the \$140 was figured \$15 a day to pay for the machine. And, knowing how long a separator and an engine lasts (that is if the job isn't too rotten altogether, because then it might not last but a few days) this is a rather round figure.

That this above mentioned "thresher" made about \$5,000 I know to be a fact because I happened to work for the farmer the last couple of days he was threshing. Of course he did not tell us how much he made. All he told us was how much they threshed in 30 days: The rest we could figure out for ourselves—besides that I happened to get the average expense a day from the separator man.

Besides this threshing the "thresher" usually owns anywhere from four and five hundred, to sometimes up to four and five thousand acres of land. Good many of them own more than one rig. Two big rigs might make \$10,000 in 30 days—for the boss.

Now, then, is it any wonder then that the threshing crews are beginning to kick—when they know how much the boss makes on them? Is it any wonder that they don't like to sleep in the barns and haystacks any longer, but are demanding a decent place where to rest their weary bones after a long and hard day's work? Is it any wonder that those "lousy threshers" are beginning to shake themselves—and have this year lined up by the thousands in the Agricultural Workers Organization of the I. W. W. They are beginning to feel that if it wasn't for the fact that they are robbed of what they

really make they wouldn't have to go hungry the greatest part of the year.

From Kansas to the Canada Border.

In order to be able to describe a few points from the life of those men who take up this kind of work, and in order that it may be more convincing I will mention a couple of my own experiences. I will try to bring out whatever might seem of interest—not only to the migratory worker but also to those who never yet worked by the light of "farmer's sun" (the moon) or by the shimmering glimmer of a burning straw-stack.

The best place I got a job in was Philipsburg, Kansas. It was the best because there were just then very few men, but quite a few farmers wanting men—that evening I went there. There were as many as fifteen farmers looking for from one to four and five men each, and there were only about five men ready to go out and get sun-baked in a header-box.

"How much you pay? How many hours you work? How do you sleep out there?" and a good many other questions were put to the farmers which all were answered quite satisfactorily. It was just about the most ideal town I happened to run against as far as getting a job. The grain was ripe and somehow hardly any men at all happened to be around just then. The wages were from \$3 up to in some instances \$3.50 and \$4 for ten to twelve hours' work.

In talking about hours I heard one farmer come into town in Philipsburg and say, "I've got a *heleva* good man out there; he's a damn good worker, but he won't work but eight hours." Take that as a hint and *don't work but eight hours a day* next year.

Taken at an average the Kansas farmer is, I believe, more of a human being than what the Dakotans are. I worked in Kansas a week and there I slept in the best bed in the house, and was treated comparatively fairly. In North Dakota, up to the Canada line—as well as the other side the line, too, of course—the hay-stack or cold tent, an old barn or a filthy vermin-infested bunk-car is good enough for the "pesky go-about" who takes up the harvesting or threshing.

So we see there is a little difference between the people and the conditions in

different states. In leaving California with its rotten bundle-of-a-bedding-on-the-back-policy and coming to Kansas sleeping in a good bed in the house it feels a little different. But as soon as one keeps on going north it soon changes again. Already in Nebraska it seems to be a little different. Although they let you sleep in the house the atmosphere seems to be changing.

I worked in Nebraska *one whole* day. But that Nebraska farmer wanted us to stack bundles—to throw the bundles up about four stories high on *one egg* each meal. But nix on that. I swear I could eat from four to six instead of only one. But there were only five eggs on the table, and there were five of us to eat. Out of the five eggs I grabbed two one meal and three at another, but that didn't help. Next meal there were only five eggs again. And the next morning the two hired men (I and one other, who, by the way, paid \$2.50 for a card out of the \$3 he made) walked down the road, cussing the farmer's one-egg-a-piece-a-meal and four stories high bundle stacks.

Going north we soon found that most all the men were drawing themselves towards the Dakotas. Nobody seemed to like the Nebraska stacking. And can you blame 'em if they didn't get but one egg each meal like we did? The cost of the eggs at that time was 12 cents a dozen.

On the way northwards as many as three and four hundred men on one freight train was no unusual sight. Neither was the daily hold-ups and shootings, etc., anything unusual. Another thing which was perhaps a little more unusual was that the I. W. W. sticker could be seen everywhere. In one little town in South Dakota, its inhabitants woke up one morning and found the bank, courthouse, sheriff's office and the whole town nicely decorated. Of course the paper in that great burg as well as its "honorable citizens" thought that the I. W. W. was about to take charge of the town.

A little northwest of Minot is a town which for some time was surrounded by thirty deputy sheriffs waiting and watching for the I. W. W.'s coming to take charge of the town. But in the meantime those awfully feared, hated and bespatted wobbles were organizing on the job—

sending in applications and fees for dozens of members through the post-office of that same town. The deputies only guarded the town, and not the threshing machines (and they couldn't pitch bundles with clubs and guns if they wanted to) nor even the bundles for the go-about-cat.

In a good many other places the powers-that-be had arrested the men and driven them out of town if they suspected that there were any of those "dangerous agitators" among them. But steadily hundreds of delegates have initiated member after member, and by the time all the threshing is over there will be at least 3,000 new members lined up through the harvest country this season.

The chief of police in Minot, N. D., for instance, thought that he would stop the organizing by giving a few of us ten days in the chain-gang. And a good many have served thirty days in different towns. Some chiefs have had their thugs out after the organizers—but all in vain. The more arresting and the more brutalities handed out to the slaves the more discontented have they become.

This year they have raised the wages from fifty cents to a dollar more a day. They have shortened the hours from one to three hours a day—in many instances. They have shown the farmers and threshing bosses that they must pay *more* if they want the grain harvested or threshed. They have raised a general cry of discontent, sounding its echo into the polished chambers of the big landlords; into the drawing rooms of the business men and the commercial clubs. They have shown that *in organization there is strength* even when it comes to be worked out up in the wilderness of the great big, wide and endless prairies of North Dakota.

This year there were about two hundred delegates; next year let it be one or two thousands of them and then the result shall be so much greater. We must remember that for every step that is taken it brings us so much closer to the goal, that goal when we will be thoroughly organized, organized so that we will be able to get a slice of that \$5,000 the threshing boss skins off our backs inside of a short period of 30 days.

There is no hold-back in this—if the workers only want to do it. Anyone sleeping in a haystack after having done a hard day's work, as they do in North Dakota, ought to feel that there should be something done—especially on such mornings as it is a freezing temperature, with snow on the ground.

Nearly every year there is some grain left somewhere both in North Dakota and in Canada, which has to stand in the shock over the winter—because many men leave as soon as the snow comes, and it is impossible to invite them to come back. But, believe me, if they had a warm and clean bed waiting for them, and a good five dollars a day for ten hours' work, then there would be all kinds of men who wouldn't leave because of the snow nor anything else. But as long as those "crummy hoboes" have to work night and day for a comparatively small wage and sleep outside, and always be in a rotten condition and environment—that long will it also be hard to keep them when the snow comes.

However, this can only be done by the workers themselves. They themselves must force their employers to come through with what they need—more pay, shorter hours, better food and a good, clean bed to sleep in. And if they don't come through fold your arms and use

the best methods you know in order to make their boss lose money and see that it is a losing game to fight labor.

The Industrial Workers of the World has become a menace to the grain growers all through the middle states. Never before have they had their hands so full as they have had this year. In Kansas they have tried out a new invention; a "header" which threshes the grain as it goes along and can be operated with two men and eight horses. This invention, so says the papers, will do away with the great clarion call of fifty thousand harvest hands every year, as the farmers can operate that machine without any outside help at all. In North Dakota they are going to have negroes next year. All this because the harvesters and threshing crews have at last begun to fight for more wages and better conditions.

But we shouldn't take such *bluffs* seriously. When next season comes the farmers all through the grain belt will wear their usual smile when they see the freight trains loaded down with men, coming from far away to help them with their grain. And that will be the time to come back on them with a much bigger and a much more serious bluff—a *demand for twice as high wages as they ever paid before.*

A NEW CHAPTER IN INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION

By J. A. Macdonald

THIS is the story of the success of the Agricultural Workers' organization. This story is not finished, it cannot be till the doomed industrial system of today has also been damned and overthrown. It is the story of the moving of the propaganda of revolutionary industrial unionism from the open forum and the street corner, to the primary theater of the industrial revolution—the job.

The wise men of the labor movement—generally too wise to work—the philosophers of the easy chair and the big salary,

said the migratory worker could not be organized. They said the work was too casual. A union for them would have to be too migratory. It would have to have its office in a box car.

The I. W. W. said that the labor organization which could become a permanent factor in American industrialism must start at the bottom and work up, instead of starting at the top and working down. The wise men said the members of the Industrial Workers of the World were not philosophers, they were working men and

consequently did not know anything of the labor movement. The idea of a workingman, and especially a migratory worker, contradicting the labor leaders was preposterous—to the labor leaders. It was a glaring infringement on the right of leaders to do the thinking of the working class. But was there ever a philosophy which could overthrow a fact. The A. W. O. is the proof that the "Hoboes" were correct and the labor leaders wrong.

On the fifteenth of last April a number of members of the Industrial Workers of the World got together at Kansas City, Mo. The attendance would have been greater only that a large number of "The Hoboes" were in jail at Sioux City. Thirteen of these workers, dreamers of a system of society not founded on loot or murder, got a charter for Local 400 of the I. W. W. under the name of the A. W. O. Again preposterous! These thirteen banded together to organize every worker in the agricultural industry of the world. The unmitigated nerve of these thirteen throwing the gauntlet and declaring war to the death against the financial interests of this primary industry, entrenched behind laws that have been the product of centuries of outrage! With no treasury they declared war against the millions of dollars robbed from the agricultural workers. They declared war against their own money, which had been stolen from them. Perhaps never in the history of the world was there a war more unequal, or a success to the surface student of the labor movement, more unexpected.

The *Kansas City Star*, endeavoring to help the agricultural capitalists, and the various parasites who prey indirectly on that basic industry, sounded a warning cry that resounded throughout the nation. It helped the farmers by scaring them to death. Yellow exaggeration, it said the I. W. W. was going to concentrate in the state of Kansas with 30,000 members. They were going to destroy all the separators, burn all the harvest fields and put dynamite into all the shocks. The membership of the A. W. O. laughed and the farmers trembled.

The members of the A. W. O. did not intend to destroy the separators, or burn the fields; they needed both. They would not put dynamite into the shocks as they intended to be at the machine when the bundles went into it, and they were not anxious

to go to heaven, not even with farmers as company.

Dynamite could not have done as effective work as did the capitalist papers, unconsciously and unintentionally.

Advertised by the Capitalist press, THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW and all the other radical papers and magazines, men with actual first hand knowledge of the conditions in the harvest field applied to Secretary Nef of the Agricultural Workers' Organization for credentials as delegates. They went on the job and gained the friendship of the unorganized, instead of using a campaign of abuse. They showed them the logically inevitable, that the millions of dollars worth of standing grain in the state of Kansas was not worth one cent, except through the application of their labor power. They said—rank treason—that the proper time to strike was without notice when the grain was ripe.

Like a prairie fire, or the snow ball which starts at the top of the mountain and gathering power in geometric ratio becomes an avalanche, this great working class movement spread. The material interest—the selfishness of the dispossessed, dictated organization. Strikes were pulled off, the farmers already frightened automatically, raised wages. The farmers through these began paying more wages and the working class began joining the union of their class, thus building a treasury for further victories.

The theater of war was moved in box cars from the harvest fields of Kansas to the harvest fields of Dakota. The working class began to see the harvest fields in the light of the industrial democracy to be. 174 delegates, inspired with the enthusiasm of past victories, became more insistent in their demands that the working class, through organization, help the boss to set the wages and hours. Repeatedly one member of the A. W. O. has gone on the job and within one week all the workers would be wearing the button on the job. With the newly-found nerve that is the result of organization, they would, as one man, tell the boss that ten hours was enough and too much, that three dollars or three and a half was too small, as they would need pork chops next winter. They wanted three good meals and were willing to tell the cook what to order. They wanted a lunch in the morn-

ing and a lunch in the afternoon. If the coffee was not good they told the boss a bunch of their class brothers in the Agricultural Industry in Brazil were raising good coffee, to be sure and get some. Inspired by their example, workers on other machines would join the organization that brought the kind of results they could eat.

The average "harvest stiff," not being a fool, when he sees that organization means better wages, inevitably joins. Somewhere in the neighborhood of 3,000 have in this way lined up in the A. W. O. in the past three months. Exact figures are at the present impossible to obtain as members are coming in so fast that the overestimate of today is the underestimate of tomorrow.

Coming back with more money than usual and good clothing, did the warrior off the firing line want to lay off for the winter? One whom the writer questioned, said: "I am going to take a long vacation after we have overthrown the capitalist system." A strong wage-raising, hour-lowering organization in the lumber industry is the immediate aim of the A. W. O., with job control, a closed shop and an open union for the harvest fields of the continent next fall in the background.

Back from the harvest, the membership had a blow-out that will make the 14th, 15th and 16th of November red-letter days in the story of the revolutionary movement. At Minneapolis on the fourteenth a gigantic mass meeting was held at Pence Auditorium with W. D. Haywood as principal speaker. Here, "The Hoboes," with a mission, drafted a bunch of resolutions showing

their movement to be international in scope and world conquering in aim. They sent a resolution to the I. W. W. of Australia endorsing the action of Secretary Barker of the I. W. W. administration there. They next, enthusiastically, with hats in the air, and with some eyes tear-filled, endorsed the nobility of the true revolutionists of Europe, who chose persecution and death rather than murder their class brothers.

On the fifteenth and sixteenth the great mass meeting of the A. W. O. democracy was held. It was decided to immediately move on the big timber and the orange harvest fields of California. Delegates were sent out to work on the various jobs thus getting the boss to pay organization expenses. A strong organization committee, three of them lumberjacks, was elected and the A. W. O., like Tom Brown's body, goes marching on.

On the evening of the fifteenth a big smoker was held. In it was prefigured the drama of the future. The dramatists were members of the I. W. W. The actors were members of the I. W. W., and the audience were members of the I. W. W. Throughout, enthusiasm ran high and the movement started without treasury and almost without membership, is the most promising factor in the industry of today. Few there are who doubt it will be a great and vital part of the industrial democracy of the future civilization, without master or slave. Its lesson is that the working class will organize. Its story the story of when the I. W. W. took jobitis.

A BILLION-DOLLAR BULWARK

By Edmund R. Brumbaugh

AT last our fears may take to flight. No dreadful enemy will dare to descend upon us. The Stars and Stripes—and Rockefeller—are safe from molestation. A billion-dollar defense program seems assured, and, according to our peace-loving, scholarly president, Woodrow Wilson, it will prove a mighty bulwark.

A billion dollars to buy security for the people! What a fantastic mingling of comedy and tragedy! Is it to be security from want? No. Security from ignorance? No. Security from excessive toil? No. Security from shame for working girls forced to slave for starvation wages? No. Yet want and ignorance and excessive toil and shame are the enemies that have not only, threatened, but have darkened and shortened the lives of the people for centuries.

The security promised is security from war—if other nations will peacefully submit to us. Surely richer humor never graced the pages of "Puck," and our sides would split with laughter, were it not for the ghastly events that may ensue. Germany provided such security, and France and England, and Russia, and Austria, and Italy; and today the plains of Europe run red with the blood of her strongest and best. They sowed "preparation"; they are reaping a fearful harvest.

Great God! (I write in all reverence). Is there no lesson herein for the American people? Indeed there is, and we should let it sink deep into our souls, lest we, too, become involved in the Great Calamity.

The people must make no mistake on the question of "preparation." "Preparation against war" is preparation for war. Eloquence cannot dignify it; religion cannot sanctify it; and logic cannot justify it. Preparation for war is preparation for a carnival of crime. Preparation for war is preparation for poverty, reducing to the level of beasts the laborers of the

land. Preparation for war is preparation for all its horrors, for families robbed of fathers and brothers and sons, for death in a thousand hideous forms, for life that is full of woe and weakness and suffering that words can never express.

Let us face the truth. The patriotism that inspires the plea for increased armaments is born of lust for profit. Back of the fervor for "preparation" is determination for dividends though blood and tears stain every stock certificate. The billion-dollar defense program, widespread commendation notwithstanding, is alone for the defense of markets essential to enrich the buyers and sellers of the means of life, the masters and robbers of the working class.

No discerning person will fail to detect the deception being practiced. Every sincere lover of peace will fight it with all his power. Ruling class parasites have already done too much to make this world a hell for their personal aggrandizement. Their work must be brought to an end, their influence sunk into insignificance. Universal, permanent peace demands it.

I do not doubt that such will come to pass. Deception is a structure on sand, a giant with bones of wax. The exploiters of labor, with all their wealth and their age-long contempt for human life, cannot bribe in the least or pervert for a moment great economic forces. Sooner or later a rising tide of intelligence will sweep deception away; exploiter will yield to exploited and all be workers together in plenty and peace. Skeptical, dollar-dwarfed souls may sneer at the vision and "the powers that be" try to bring it to naught, but theirs is the pride that precedes a fall. The future will show their folly, the light of the new day dawning reveal the depth of their degradation.

SULPHUR AND BRIMSTONE

A Hell of a Job!

By HARRISON GEORGE

NEXT to Billy Sunday, the United States leads the world in the production of brimstone, known as sulphur when pulverized. The Rev. B. S. states that *his* hell contains an inexhaustible supply of this substance, produced by the Almighty for the delectation of the damned. Anyhow, as a promoter of the natural resources of Hades, he and his kind have made it pay even better than the capitalists who exploit labor in the sulphur mines of the west and south.

Brimstone is obtained from soft ore bodies, usually in volcanic regions; although its connection with volcanic action is unknown. Perhaps it seeps up from the evangelist's hell via the volcanic route. In the United States the discovered bodies lie chiefly in Louisiana, Wyoming, Texas and Utah.

The utilization of chemicals in industry has caused an enormous demand for sulphur products in the last few decades, although its existence was known to the ancients, and it was used to some extent at least during the middle ages for burning the bowels out of heretics and like pleasantries.

Outside its ordinary uses, including sugar refining, sheep-dip and tree-spray, etc., the derivatives of sulphur figure in the manufacture of explosives, and the sulphur mines of America are now running day and night to supply the direct-political action argument in progress over-sea.

Up till the later nineties Sicily led the world in sulphur production. The Sicilian method was delightfully simple and painfully wasteful. They just piled the ore in pits and set fire to it and what didn't burn ran to the bottom and was saved.

In America they have improved upon this by adopting the retort method for quarry or shaft mined ore, and the

French system of well-mining for deep-lying ore bodies, as in Louisiana.

By this method a well is driven as for oil or gas into the ore stratum. The well is then lined with four lines of pipe of different diameters, the outer being ten inches and the smallest in the center, one inch in diameter. Superheated air and water are forced down the outer pipe, melting the sulphur in the ore body. This semi-liquid mass, which runs into the sump or depression at well-base is then forced out the intermediate pipes, by hot air sent down the one inch pipe under pressure. Upon reaching the surface it is run into vats, where it hardens quickly. This is brimstone, which, when ground is the common commercial sulphur.

In the Wyoming mines the retort process is used, as the ore is taken from the quarries and shafts. It is loaded upon especially constructed cars and four cars at once are sent into a large retort, where steam is turned on the mass. The melting sulphur is drawn into vats and the waste stays in the cars to be sent to the dump.

In the pulverizing mill the worker runs a continuous handicap with sudden death as impurities cause frequent explosions in the grinder, shattering timbers and wage-slaves, firing the sulphur and generating gas a few breaths of which will put one out of commission.

For all this hard and hazardous work the sulphur slaves are paid at the same rate as un-skilled labor in the different localities. Workers of all races and nations sweat and swear side by side as in the other industries. And in bunk-houses that almost equal a pig's boudoir they sleep, these sulphur slaves; sleep, smoke and talk—talk of the work, the wages and the war.

Upon these topics Joe and I were talking one day while outside the bunk-house, the sulphur smell contended with the pungent odor of desert sage in the

crystal air of the Wyoming mountains. Joe had confessed to a previous acquaintanceship with the *One Big Union* obtained in an eastern factory.

Joe was from the south of Europe and was fixing his shoes. He now punctuated his remarks with an up-raised hammer, "Socialista in ol' countree go crazy

like hell. Biga man say 'defend.' Defenda what? I lika know. I don't know what Unit' State socialista 'tink, but da I-doubl-doubl-u's say, 'Defenda home? Defenda hell.' I t'ing ma job same like that 'home;' shovel brima-stone alla night. Job jus' lika hell, hell jus' lika job."

RAILROAD-MEN'S PROSPERITY

By A Railroad Man

SINCE the arbitration of the demands of the engineers and firemen employed on Western railroads, several articles have been written in regard to the dissatisfaction of railroad men with arbitration in general, which is now considered analogous with bunk.

The railroad man is waking up, but rather late in the day, as there is still a large per cent of the men that attribute the lack of employment to "hard times," when the fact is there is more tonnage moved at the present time than in any previous year. A large proportion of the tonnage is moved to the Panama Canal. According to the Government reports, nearly a million tons have passed through the canal during the first six months of operation, and it is reasonable to assume that the tonnage passing through the canal will increase as new routes are established. The effect it will have on the railroads cannot yet be estimated, one railroad showing a large decrease during the first month of the canal operation.

The loss to the railroad men is also considerable, since by adding the weight of the cars required to transport the tonnage, which is at least twenty-five per cent, it would divide among five hundred trains of two thousand five hundred tons each, and presuming the average miles at three thousand miles, it would mean a loss of fifteen thousand days' work for an entire train crew, or seventy-five thousand days' work.

Another great factor is the large power which is being introduced, the C. M. & St. P. R. R. receiving the first con-

signment of fifty electric engines, calculated to haul as much as seven L2s, the largest power in use on their road in the vicinity of Chicago. These fifty electrics alone will displace three hundred engineers, the same number of conductors and firemen and six hundred brakemen, so that the loss of employment, through the electrification of all roads, which is inevitable in order to enable the R. R. companies to compete with the canal, cannot be estimated.

Many of the men are under the impression that the railroads are losing money, but it is safe to say that they are getting theirs, as the average cost per mile is less than eight mills, and the lowest rate on coal is double that amount, it is easy to see that their earnings are exceptionally large, and it is but reasonable that the men understanding the situation should insist on getting their share.

The joint board of one big western road is now in session in Chicago, and the assessments levied to defray the expenses incurred up to date have amounted to nine dollars. About twenty-five hundred men are affected by this order; some of these men have been demoted (or put back) to firing, and some have refused to pay the last assessment, which will result in their dismissal from the B. of L. E. But that is not out of the ordinary, as the report in the October magazine records 85 deaths, 9 withdrawals and 53 expulsions. This is the average report for a month, with no material in sight to recruit from.

The B. of L. E. is practically doomed, and probably dead already, as they have found it necessary to erect their monument in the form of a building in Cleveland, Ohio.



HUNTING AN ECHO

Stories of the Cave People

By MARY E. MARCY

TO the Cave People, dreams were chief among the great mysteries. None of the strange occurrences of the world about them, so filled them with wonder and awe, as the deeds they performed and the adventures they encountered while their bodies lay wrapped in sleep. Often it was difficult for them to separate the dream from the world of reality. This may account for the reports of those anthropologists who charge savage tribes with being the most amazing liars in the world. It may be that some of these primitive men and women have merely related the remarkable exploits of their dreams which they were not always able to distinguish clearly from their actual experiences.

Often a Cave Man might go forth alone in the night, and after traveling a journey of many suns, slay fearlessly all the members of a hostile tribe, while he slept securely in his cave. But when he reported his dream adventures to his

wife, she refused often to believe them. Whenever she stirred during the night, she had found him at her side. Or perhaps she had groaned through the long darkness, with the colic that comes from too much eating of the early fruit. This she made known to the dreamer. Indeed he had slumbered peacefully through all her trouble!

Again, when a Cave Dweller fell asleep beside his brothers and dreamed of dispatching the sabre-toothed tiger with a single blow, the whole tribe was ready to assure him, in the language of the Cave People, that he had not moved from his resting place, but had slept continually. This was all very strange.

When the fire dashed through the sky, during a storm, or the waters of the river climbed up over the banks and flooded the woods, they were not so wonderful as these dream things.

Many men and women of the tribe had closed their eyes in the long sleep, but

when the Cave People slumbered, the dead came back again, to journey and hunt the forests with their brothers and sisters. And so, in time, the Cave People came to believe that their friends, who had deserted the body, still lived. That they had, themselves, fought and hunted while their bodies slept, the Cave People well knew, and that the dead come back again, they knew also, for they had seen and spoken with them in their dream journeyings.

This was the origin of the idea of spirit, at first only dim and confused but gathering strength as the years rolled away. The seed of the idea of immortality sprang also from the dreams of primitive man. Though the sabretoothed tiger devoured a brother he would surely return again. They had seen these things with their own eyes, in dreams.

The Cave People saw also their shadows that followed where they went, moving slowly when they walked, and swiftly when they ran, keeping ever at their sides.

When a Cave Man gazed into the river, always a face looked back at him, and the other members of the tribe told him he saw his own image. This also was very strange. If he journeyed as far as the great canyon, and sent his voice echoing among the big rocks, a call came bounding back to him, although there was no other man there. Gradually he came to believe the cry was the voice of a spirit and that the face he had seen in the waters of the river was the face of a spirit also.

To all things the Cave People attributed animation. To them everything was alive. Young trees were the children of big trees and great stones were the fathers of small stones. Little they spoke of these things, for their words were few and it is impossible to tell many things in a gesture language. Danger and confusion they saw everywhere, for the whole world was filled with happenings they could not understand.

Many seasons had passed since they had found the Fire beast eating up the trees in the woods. The small blaze they had kept alive in the Hollow had died

long before, when Quack Quack forgot to feed it. In these days the Fire flashed only through the heavens during a storm. Strong Arm had been able to call it by striking a sharp stone against the rock before his cave. When the darkness came on and he struck the rock swiftly, a small spark fell. Again and again the Cave People saw these sparks. But so quickly were they gone that no man or woman was able to catch them, or to feed them the dead leaves they had brought.

At this time Big Nose made a great discovery. He had chased a fat lizard over the rocks and had seen it disappear into the hollow of a tree that lay prone on the river bank. Immediately he poked violently with a long rod of bamboo, in order to drive the lizard out. To him the fresh flesh of the lizard was sweeter than any other meat.

On removing the rod, Big Nose found the end of it warm. From one side to the other, Big Nose tipped his brown head, like a great monkey, in an effort to understand this new experience. Then he trotted off to make known these things to the tribe.

Soon all the Cave People gathered around the dead tree, chattering curiously. Big Nose thrust the bamboo rod into the hollow trunk and pulled it out again. But this time it was not warm. The friction of the bamboo rubbed violently against the dry wood of the tree had caused the heat before, but Big Nose did not know this.

For a long time the Cave People chattered and gesticulated about the tree while Big Nose continually made the fire sign, waving his fingers upward, like smoke arising. One by one all the Cave People threw themselves upon their bellies and gazed into the hollow trunk. But they saw nothing.

At last Big Nose again thrust the bamboo into the tree, this time angrily, jamming it in and out with all the strength of his great arms. And the end of the rod came forth warm again. Then every member of the tribe must have his turn in thrusting. Each one sought to outdo his fellows in the frenzy of his movements.

Meanwhile the end of the rod had

worn away, leaving a soft inflammable saw-dust in the old tree. And when Light Foot sent the rod in and out sharply with her strong, brown arms, the end of the bamboo came forth smoking.

A flood of excited chatterings greeted her success and the Cave People cried "Food! Food!" which was the word they used for "eat" also. For they thought the Fire (within the tree) had begun to eat the bamboo rod. Many of them ran about gathering dry leaves to feed the Fire.

When the rod came forth at last, with its end a dull glow, Light Foot laid it on the rocks in the dead leaves. A soft breeze came from the river and coaxed the embers into a blaze. And the Cave People jabbered frantically as they gathered brush and wood.

Often they threw themselves on the rocks to gaze in wonder into the hollow tree. But many of them believed Light Foot had driven the Fire from the tree trunk, just as they had often forced out the lizard.

Thus for the first time in the memory of the tribe, a fire was kindled. And the hand of the maiden, Light Foot, had worked the miracle. The Cave People laughed and danced and sat in the Hollow long into the darkness; for security came with the Fire and their forest enemies were afraid.

But a time came when great rains fell and the Fire died away with every drop. And Strong Arm gathered a brand and carried it into his cave. But the smoke from the burning choked him and forced him out. Then he carried the Fire to the hollow of a tree that towered very high, and he fed the Fire in this hollow. There it lived for many suns, eating slowly into the tree trunk on one side.

* * * * *

The Sun saw many strange mysteries on the day when the Cave People first came upon the great canyon. It was during the period of the year that comes before the season of plenty.

Keen hunger assailed every living thing and sent them forth, sharp-eyed into the forest. The wild hog grew strong and wary from the struggles of the hard and meagre days. The green snakes hidden away, waited continually

for the small forest folk to run into their coils. The lank black bear grew bold and desperate with the hunger passion and the Cave People acquired a new skill in hunting.

Beside the strength of their forest enemies, they were weak indeed. But armed with their long, sharp bone weapons, and a wonderful cunning, they fought in all their numbers and were able to triumph over the animals of the forest.

With eyes keen and tense hands gripping their weapons, they followed the trail of the black bear which led them through strange ways. At the breaking of a twig, they paused. And no falling leaf escaped them. Sounds they made none, as they slipped through the deep woods, one before the other.

At last they came to an open space, where the trees ceased to grow and where the tracks of the bear were lost in a rocky way. Beyond them lay the canyon, which had been once the bed of a river. Only the waters of the spring rains lay in the hollows of the rocks that lined its bottom.

Here the Cave People halted, for they knew not which way the black bear had taken, nor how to follow her. As they separated to seek further for her tracks, no word was spoken. Only Strong Arm gave a low grunt of approval, as his comrades departed.

Then, in the silence of the old world, it came, the strange voice echoing down the great canyon, grunting in the tones of Strong Arm! The whole tribe heard it and they paused, motionless, while their eyes swept the canyon for him who had spoken. But they saw no one.

Silently they gathered together, with weapons raised. But the stillness remained unbroken. Then Strong Arm raised his voice in a soft "Wough!" And in his own tone, the Echo answered him, "Wough!"

It was very strange. The Cave People could not understand. But they forgot the black bear and sent their voices ringing down the great canyon. Came again the echo, in many tones, back to them.

Then a great chattering arose among them, and even as they spoke, the chatterings of many voices arose from the canyon.

"Wough-ee!" said the Cave People. And they gave a sign in the gesture language, for they thought the sounds were the voices of their enemies, the Hairy Folk.

With great caution they departed to the point whence the sounds had come. Not boldly, but by varied paths they made their way, slowly, concealing themselves behind the rocks and the trees as they progressed. Long they hunted, one and all, but no man they found, nor any signs of man, and they returned at length to the mouth of the great canyon.

Again their voices rang down the bed of the old river, this time defiantly. And the Echoes replied once more, challenging them. The Cave People grew angry and the search was continued, but they

found no one. And they were compelled to return to their caves in the Hollow with hearts heavy with wrath against the Hairy Folk.

Often they returned to the great canyon, bearing their bone weapons. There they remained long in hiding, awaiting the advent of the enemy, till at last they learned no one was there. Then the mystery grew more strange, for no man could tell whence came the voices that replied to them.

But there came a time when the Cave People believed that these cries were the voices of the spirits that came to hunt with them, in their dream journeyings. No longer were they afraid. Only a great awe filled them and much wonder concerning these things.

LO! THE POOR CONSUMER!

By Jack Morton

THERE are some people who are always wailing about the high prices charged the "poor consumer." They are concerned for fear that the "consumer" will not get all the good things of life. They want the "rights of the consumer" to be conserved and they don't want the working class to get higher wages or shorter hours for fear the "poor consumer" might have to pay more for his shoes or his clothes, his automobiles or his railroad journeys.

But the revolutionist is not at all concerned with the "consumer." We are perfectly willing to draw a charmed circle around the workers and all the good things of life which they have produced and shut out everybody else except the children, the sick and the aged until they are willing to render some actual *service* of some kind to society.

How much should a man consume? How much should he be entitled to consume? George Bernard Shaw says that all men and women who perform some useful function in society should enjoy equality of income, and many people agree with him. But some folks *want*

to produce more than other folks and *want* to consume more than other people.

When a man or woman enjoys working ten hours a day, in which he produces twice as much as his comrade who desires to work only five hours a day, the man who works double time, and produces twice as much as his fellow workers, should receive the value of the things he has produced. He may want to produce much this year in order to be able to loaf much next year. He may desire to produce much in order to *consume* or to *give* much.

The Consumer

The capitalist newspapers talk about "producers" and "consumers" as though they were two distinct classes. Every producer must be a consumer, must eat his meals, have clothing and shelter or he will be unable to work. The working class, or producing class, the group of men and women who actually produce all the wonderful, beautiful and necessary things in the world, is able to consume only a small portion of the things *they produce* because the wages they receive

are so much lower than the value of the shoes they make, the houses they build, the hauling they do, or the food they produce.

You garment workers cannot buy the \$800.00 worth of suits you made last week with your \$200 or \$150 in wages. You miners cannot buy the \$1,000 worth of copper or coal you have dug out of the earth with your \$300 in wages. You *produce* what your *boss gets* and you *consume* only the small amount your wages will buy.

The trouble is that your employers *take* your products, or else, as in the case of the railroads, they charge a price for hauling things and pay you only a meagre portion of the value of the service you *railroad men* perform. The wages you workers receive are only a small part of the value you produce, or of the service you render.

I know several automobile workers, and several stockholders in automobile companies. The workingmen, who make all the machines, receive about \$25.00 a week in wages. The stockholders, who do not work and perform no useful function, receive from their capital investment from \$10,000 to several hundred thousand dollars a year.

The few capitalists, who do nothing, are able to use or to buy more than they can possibly consume, because they have *taken* the wealth *we* have made. We producers are able to consume only poor meals, cheap clothing, and have to live in small flats and unhealthy tenements because we accept *wages* instead of demanding the whole value of the things we make, or of the services we render.

It is the people who live on Riverside Drive and Fifth Avenue, or the Lake Shore Drive and in the exclusive residence districts who have money to buy much, or to consume much—these people who produce nothing.

It is the steel mill, the cotton mill and factory workers, the farm hands and garment workers, the building construction workers, the railroad men, the miners and shopmen who produce much—serve much—perform useful functions, and who receive so small a portion of the value of their products that they can consume little.

A small capitalist, who draws \$10,000 a year dividends from a steel mill investment, once declared in our hearing that he favored Government Ownership of the Railroads, provided the railroad rates would then be only the actual cost of running the roads. He thought this would help the poor consumers.

But this would not be Industrial Democracy! This would not mean Socialism! We are not concerned with the consumer but with the railroad workers. Revolutionists do not think about lowering prices or railroad rates. We want to give the railroad men the entire value of the service they perform, only about one-fourth of which they now receive.

We don't want to cut the price of coal. We want to see the miners getting the entire value of the coal they dig instead of one-fifth of the value of their products. And so on down the line.

We desire commodities to exchange for the necessary social labor time contained in them and we desire the workers to receive the full value for these commodities—so that the workers who produce eight hours of value will be paid for eight hours instead of for three or two, as they now do.

We wish to see men and women *consume* according to their products. We intend to abolish the wages and profit system, to eliminate the profit-takers and see them join the army of producers who will themselves receive the full value of the goods they make, or of the services they render to society.

A commodity—a pair of shoes, a coat, a ham or a bedstead will then represent so many hours of necessary *labor* and it will exchange for commodities containing an *equal* amount of necessary *labor*. The worker will receive the value of his product instead of wages and there will be nothing left for the profit-takers.

Then the man who produces a \$50.00 product will receive \$50.00 and be able to *consume* \$50.00 products in turn, and the able-bodied man or woman who refuses to perform some useful function in society, or for society, will be unable to live in luxury or in comfort on the wealth made by the working class.

"HE'S GONE TO THE WAR"

By Bernard Gilbert

He's gone to the war, he's gone to the war,
I doant care a rap if I see him'noà more.
He lethered me reglar, Saturday night
When he collared his wages and allers got tight,
I'm sure I prefer to be single by far,
Now he's gone to the war, now he's gone to the war.

His wages was thirteen and sixpence a week,
Wi' extry in harvest, but that was to seek
A cottage—nowt else—made up all our paay,
And when you've ten childer that's not much a daay.
He gev me nine shillings, it didn't goa far,
But now I have plenty—he's gone to the war.

A little bit more'n a shilling a daay
To feed 'em and cloathe 'em and bills for to paay;
The grocer he hated me going to shop,
And as for the butcher—we lived upon sop!
Water and bread, water and bread,
On plenty of water our childer was fed.

We was allers in debt coz we couldn't keep out,
Except at the pub, where noa credit's about.
If I wanted to find him I knawed where to go,
He would be at the "Bull" wi' his mates in a row;
I slaved at my work while he sung in the bar,
But I'm getting it back now—he's gone to the war.

The sarjint popped in and he saw half a dozen—
Our Tom, Arthur Bates, Willie Jones, and his cousin.
"There's plenty of vittles, and little to do,
"Wi' a suit of good clothes and an overcoat, too."
They all joined together to have a last drink,
And that sarjint he snapped 'em afore they could wink.

He telled me about it; I said nowt the while,
I had to look solemn and try not to smile,
Because I should get—in the paper I seed—
Nearly two quid a week, and noa husband to feed!
"You can send me a quid and then savè on the rest."
I nodded my head and said that would be best.

"Each week you can send it, I'll leave my address,
"And when the war's done I'll come back to you, Bess."
Soa off he went smiling to Lincoln full sail,

Wi' cheering and shouting and plenty of ale.
I cried till he'd gone, then set off for to seek
The man what was handing out two quid a week.

Two quid a week, two quid a week!
Who wouldn't sell husbands for two quid a week!
Noa drink and noa bother, noa quarrelsome brutes,
What's nasty and dirty and sleeps in their boots.
I pretended to cry but I laughed in my cheek,
I'd swap forty husbands for two quid a week.

He come hoam on Satd'y the colour of chalk,
They'd very nigh killed him, to judge by his talk;
He'd marched and he'd sweated wi' noa chanch to shirk,
Not since he was born had he done soa much work;
He cried like a babby to get in the door,
And when it was Monday, he cried all the more.

He's gone to the war, he's gone to the war,
I shan't care a rap if I see him noa more.
Ten childer is plenty to take your attention,
Though sewing-machines is a useful invention;
I can buy owt I want wi' noa husband to keep,
I'm as happy as happy on two quid a week.

There's nobbut one trouble as bothers me now,
And that's how much longer them Germans can go?
They've stood it a year aand my childer looks grand,
We've clothes and we've boots and we've money in hand;
If the war should stop now it would be most distressing,
For one thing is certain: it's just been a blessing.

If anything happens I draw on a pension,
Not two quid a week, but it's still worth attention.
Of course, if the war would keep on a few years,
I shouldn't be bothering then wi' noa fears;
There would be enough saved to flit out of this Fen,
And when Tom come hoam he could marry agen.

There niver was knawn such good times for to be;
Wi' two quid a week I'm in clover you see,
Every now and agen Tom writes hoam for his quid,
Says he'll niver come back if I doan't do his bid,
But I doan't care a rap if I see him noa more,
He can stop where he is now he's gone to the war.

S A V A G E SURVIVALS

By PROF. J. HOWARD MOORE

V. SAVAGE SURVIVALS IN HIGHER PEOPLES

(Important Notice: This is the last installment of the new book on *Savage Survivals*, by Professor J. Howard Moore, which we shall be able to print in the *REVIEW*, as the book will be off the press on December 8th. The articles which have appeared in the *REVIEW* and which have been so popular with our readers are only a small part of the book itself, which will be profusely illustrated. Price will be \$1.00, postpaid).

7. *The Hunting Instinct.*

The lowest savage has no domesticated plants nor animals. He is a hunter. Like the wild dog and wild cat, he has in his nature an instinct urging him when he is hungry to go out and seek prey. But the savage never hunts for pastime. He hunts for a living. He takes the lives of the beings around him in order to use their bodies for food and clothing.

The higher races of men get their necessities of life by agriculture, mining, manufacturing and the like. The hunting instinct is not exercised in the ordinary duties of life. But it exists. And on holidays and vacations, when we are relieved from work and can do as we please, we arm ourselves and go out and kill and kill, until we are satisfied. We kill, not because we are hungry, but in order to exercise or express an instinct which survives in us from our wolfish ancestors. We hunt because our ancestors were hunters. We kill other animals for the same reason that the dog kills sheep—in obedience to an urge within us, which has survived from the time when our ancestors were human wolves.

The hunting instinct is very strong in all the higher races of men. It is especially strong in boys. I can remember how it was in my own case. There were few joys of my boyhood more wild and overwhelming than the savage joy of laying things low. This is a mournful fact to find in the nature of beings who hold that the Golden Rule of life is to act toward others as you would have others act toward you.

The hunting instinct is closely related to the fighting instinct. Primitive man made war on *the universe*, human and non-human alike. To the savage, all those who did not belong to his crowd and were not on his side were enemies. They were to be used in one way or another, for food, clothing, or slaves, and if they were of no use they were to be removed anyway as competitors in the struggle for life.

Owing to the general preference for peace among higher peoples and the resulting scarcity of opportunities for killing *men*, many men today satisfy the fighting or war instinct by "hunting." War is not common enough to suit their

natures. And, since they are deprived of the privilege of warring on others of their own kind, they go on occasional expeditions against "the animals." The condition of the warrior is similar to that of the trap-shooter, who bangs away heroically at clay pigeons or glass balls, since the community has grown too civilized to let him kill real birds.

The hunting and fighting instincts combine to furnish the fascination which *atrociousness* has for many minds even yet. Why do newspapers teem with accounts of murders and blood-lettings of various kinds? Because people like to read about them. Why do we like to read about such things? Because our ancestors were *beasts of prey*. The thirst for blood is very old—one of the oldest cravings of our nature. And this is why it is so slow in passing away—because it is so deep-seated and fundamental.

If the hunting instinct is not exercised, it soon dies out. And if the sympathetic instinct is cultivated by pets and by moral teaching, the individual will in time lose his desire to kill. He will come to derive greater pleasure from the care and study of wild beings than he will from taking their lives. In the majority of higher men today the instinct of sympathy is strong enough under all ordinary circumstances to keep down the hunting and fighting instincts. By practice this becomes a habit. In thousands of men and women the fighting instinct never gets beyond a momentary feeling of anger, with some slight threats or slight agitations of the body. The instinct exists, but is not strong enough to break through the better instincts and send the individual charging on a mission of death and destruction.

Many communities have already passed laws forbidding the grosser exercises of the hunting and killing instinct. And more such laws may be expected just as fast as men grow more enlightened. The slower footed members of a community are thus kept in check by the more enlightened members. So-called "trap-shooting," which consists in the massacre of birds thrown from a trap, is now forbidden by law in the more advanced states. One of the things that is going to brand us as barbarians, in the eyes of

the future, is the indifference we show toward hunting for pleasure. Any one who wants to do so can arm himself and go out into the fields and shoot down birds and other inoffensive creatures, merely to satisfy this old savage instinct, and there is only an occasional feeble protest against it. Hunting for pastime is nothing but murder, and it should be forbidden by strict laws.

As time passes the instinct of sympathy and humanity will grow stronger, and will become more and more dominant in human nature, and the vestigial savage instincts will grow correspondingly feebler. The hunter, who kills for pastime, is a connecting link between the savage, who hunts for a living, and the civilized man, who does not hunt at all. The hunter, like the warrior, will finally pass away forever.

8. *The Tribal Instinct.*

Savages live in *tribes*. The prevailing relation of one tribe to another is that of *war*. The moral feelings and ideas of the savage are, therefore, purely *tribal* in their extent. The members of his tribe are to the savage for the most part his kinspeople. They are the beings with whom he has lived all his life, and they are to him the only real and important beings in the world. All others are *enemies*, to be attacked, robbed, deceived, murdered, eaten, or enslaved, as he chooses or is able to do.

There is always a tendency in us to think of the members of our own crowd as more real and important than other beings, and to consider our part of the world as the center and hub of the universe. This is especially true of simple-minded people. The bigger and broader we are, the less inclined we are to be that way.

I lived once for three weeks with a family in a rather remote part of southwestern Alabama, about 30 miles from Mobile. These people thought that Mobile was the most important, if not the largest, city in the world. It was the only city they had ever seen and the only one they knew anything about. One evening, in the course of conversation, I inquired the population of Mobile. No one knew exactly. But the mother thought that she had read somewhere

that it was about a million. Later when I told them that Chicago had more people in it than Mobile and Birmingham and Montgomery and all the rest of Alabama taken together, and extended as far as the distance from where we were to Mobile, and was something like 40 times the size of Mobile, they fairly gasped with astonishment.

The Spanish people are said to read only Spanish newspapers and books, and to have very shadowy and imperfect notions of other peoples. They look to Madrid as the center of the world, and regard other peoples as inferior to themselves.

We Americans are somewhat the same way. We look with a kind of pity on the other nations of the earth, many of whom are recognized by everybody but ourselves to be in reality superior to us. I remember at the time of our World's Fair in Chicago of reading an article in a Belgian paper written by the Belgian representative at the fair, in which it was mentioned as a curious fact that Americans generally have the idea that they are superior to other peoples.

The narrowness and bigotry which have in all ages characterized the feelings and understandings of men, including the hostility existing in the international relations of even the highest societies of men today and showing itself in war and preparations for war, are merely the survivals in a more or less enlarged state of the tribal feelings of original men.

The ancient Greeks divided mankind into two classes—Greeks and “barbarians.” The Greeks were the inhabitants of Greece and the “barbarians” occupied the less centrally-located remainder of the world. The earth was supposed to be shield-shaped, with Mt. Olympus in Thessaly in its exact center. This mountain, which is 9,700 feet high, was believed by the Greeks to be the highest mountain in the world. On top of this mountain the Greek gods were supposed to live. The Greeks believed that they were the descendants and favorites of the gods, and that the “barbarians” were mere nobodies and intended to serve as conveniences to the Greeks.

The ancient Romans also considered

all non-Romans as “barbarians”—including the Greeks. Many of the so-called “barbarians” were superior to the Romans, but they were always treated by the Romans with contempt. The “barbarians” were the “agricultural implements” of the Romans, and the butchers who killed each other for the pastime of the Romans on Roman holidays. A Roman could take the life of his “barbarian” slave as freely as we today kill cows.

Moral feeling has developed very greatly during the period of human history. Men today include within the range of their moral obligations many thousand times more human beings than the lowest known men do. This moral expansion has been brought about by the improved means of travel and communication, by railroads, telegraphs, telephones and newspapers. When people get to mixing with other peoples, they find out that other peoples are much more like themselves. They are in this way led to put themselves in the place of other peoples, and to treat them as they would themselves be treated.

But, except by occasional individuals here and there, moral consideration is by men not extended in a serious way beyond the boundaries of their own species. Non-humans are *outsiders*. They may be attacked, beaten, starved, killed, eaten, deceived, cut to pieces out of curiosity, or shot down for pastime. “Wild” animals, that is, those species which are not in any way attached to the “tribe,” are especially destitute of all considerations of human justice and mercy. They are mere targets for anyone who wants to practice shooting.

The tribal instinct is the instinct to stand by one's group and to exaggerate the importance of one's place of living. It is the instinct of partiality—the instinct which prompts one to say: “My Country! May she ever be right. But right or wrong, my country!” “Patriotism,” as it is usually understood, is an expression of the tribal instinct. The *true* patriot does not believe that his country is the only country in the world, nor necessarily the best country; but he wants it to be a better country than it is, and he works to make it so.

"The *world* is *my* country," said Thomas Paine. Such words come from men whose sympathies are too big to be limited to any particular group of human

beings. Anyone who is completely recovered from the tribal instinct does not stop even at the bounds of his species, but is *a brother of all that feel*.

The National Union of Railwaymen

The National Union of Railwaymen of Great Britain, together with the South Wales Miners' Federation, now support and control the Central Labor College, which is sending out a series of leaflets addressed to railroad men. The following is one of these. We want to inform our readers that latest reports are that the National Railwaymen, the miners of Great Britain and the Transportation Workers are at present organizing themselves into One Big Union of THREE vital industries. Think this over and do what you can to interest the men in America to consider their own interests as intelligently as our comrades across the water are doing.

THE HISTORY OF LABOR

THE capitalist system which exists today, and under which the capitalist appropriates all the value created by labor except as much as is necessary to maintain the laborer in the same condition day after day, is comparatively new. It first commenced in England between two and three hundred years ago.

Before it was the feudal system, where, as a general rule, the laborer was tied to the estate of a lord as a part and parcel of the estate. The villein or serf, as he was variously called, did not sell his labor power as under capitalism, nor, therefore, did he receive wages. His share in the distribution was a holding of

land on which he could devote such time to his maintenance and that of his family as was not required by the lord of the manor for the cultivation of the lord's land. So many days in the week he had to expend labor, therefore, for which he received no equivalent. This feudal system began in England a little over a thousand years ago.

Prior to the feudal system of the Middle Ages was the system of chattel-slavery, where the laborer was the personal property of his master. This slave did not sell himself by the hour. He was himself sold for his lifetime. He received no wages, although of necessity he had to be maintained by his master out of the

product. This system prevailed for a few thousand years in the ancient civilizations that arose in the Mediterranean basin.

In all three systems the laborer is exploited. The working day is in each case divided into time in which the laborer produces for his own maintenance, and time in which the laborer works gratuitously for his master. Still, there are important differences between these three conditions of labor which must also be understood.

Before the system of chattel-slavery, mankind passed thousands of years in savagery and barbarism, during which were acquired the simple elements necessary for the more complex combinations of civilization. The most modern machine could not have been but for those elementary inventions of the pre-historic men.

In the lowest depths of savagery, man is at the starting point of human evolution, a point where his world is no other than that simple field of nature, common to other animals. Man has risen therefrom only in the degree that he has modified this natural environment by his work; he has improved this work only in the degree that he has discovered in his environment those means and conditions that enable him to wrest from nature a greater supply of material wealth. Upon this continuously developing groundwork of better tools and more productive methods, there has been built up an increasingly complex civilization.

The history of man is thus the history of labor. There is nothing eternal in it except change, appearance and disappearance, coming and going. History

gives, and history takes away. There is, however, nothing arbitrary in the historical movement. It is simply the fact that up till now, man has largely made history in a more or less unconscious fashion, that has misled him into a conception of history as the zig-zag movement of a drunken man. History is governed by necessity. According to the conditions and forces of a given social epoch, so are the laws which work their will irrespectively of the wishes of man. They act like blind laws so long as man is blind to them. Necessity is blind only so long as it is not understood. We are frequently told that the laborer is free; that he is not compelled to work for the capitalist. That is an illustration of blindness. Why is the worker today not free to cease working for the capitalist? Because the capitalists possess the means of production, without which labor cannot take place nor life be maintained! Under such conditions the laborer, of necessity, is not "free."

It is the task of the modern working class to radically change society, to substitute the economics of planful associated production for the planless and oppressive economics of capitalism. This has often in the past been denounced as "impossibilism." The study of history by means of the scientific method will plainly show that, on the contrary, the mission of the working class movement is a historical one, and therefore, a *necessary* mission. When we understand this necessity, *we shall no longer oppose ourselves to it, but ally ourselves with it.* Instead of the ship of labor drifting at the will of the waves, it must and will direct its course towards a determined goal.



THE TRUTH ABOUT NEW ZEALAND

By

H. Scott Bennett

NEW ZEALAND, the oft quoted land of social reforms, is a strikingly interesting object lesson in itself for Socialists here and everywhere who are agitating and organizing for the demolition of the present social order. Reviewing the numerous measures of social reform to be found upon the statute books of that country, one might almost suppose that by common consent the master class of the world had set Maoriland aside for the express purpose of determining how far social reforms might be brought into being without seriously imperilling the existence of capitalist society.

The capitalist class have not so acted, of course, but the result is the same. From compulsory arbitration to national provident schemes New Zealand possesses practically all the reforms that fill the pages of reform publications. We know pretty well in New Zealand how far social reform can go without effecting anything approaching a fundamental change in the basis of modern society!

I do not wish to be misunderstood. I

shall not say that the social legislation that exists in New Zealand has not been productive of some beneficial results. Indeed, after sundry peeps into some of the industries in the United States I should be inclined to say that some of them might with advantage be enacted here! But if I am asked, as I have been frequently asked during my lecturing tour in the States, if that legislation has brought the workers nearer to a state of industrial democracy, my answer must be an emphatic negative. In New Zealand, as in other parts of the world, alleged to be civilized, the line of demarcation between the owners of commodity producing land and machinery and those who sell their strength of brawn and brain is quite easily discernible. And, let me add, the evils that accompany the present soulless miscalled "system" of production exist to a far greater extent in New Zealand than is generally supposed by those who live outside that country have been led to suppose.

A well meaning comrade asked me the other day if it was true that the employ-

ing class of New Zealand never resorted to the harsh measures of coercion, so well known in the United States, when the working people showed a rebellious turn of mind. My reply caused him no little surprise! I had to tell him that, instead of the extremely amicable relations he had been told existed there, the workers have had more than one experience of government by the mailed fist. I told him of the strikes of some two years ago and how some of us had seen the guns on men-of-war boats pointed at the streets of certain cities. I told him, too, the story of "special constables," "gunmen," who were given a free hand at the request of the employers to intimidate and more than intimidate the striking workmen. True, these men were not of the professional gunmen type, and many of them had been brought from the country under false pretenses, but there they were! A little of the history of the aftermath served further to enlighten one who had been led to believe that New Zealand was a socialist nation—except in name!

Instances of the extreme lengths to which the employing class had gone in victimizing men for the crime of having proved loyal to their class; a scientific system of blacklisting indeed! The arrests and jailing of men for "sedition" and other offenses against capitalist society, all finally went, I believe, to impress upon his mind what every socialist is supposed to know, viz., that as long as natural and social opportunities are controlled by a section of any given nation, that section will, through the powers they are able to operate, display all the world over the same characteristics when their economic position is interfered with. Certainly New Zealand is *not* an exception to the rule!

What a commentary that period of industrial unrest was upon the old claim put forward for New Zealand—"A country without strikes!" What an eye opening process for those who believe that capitalism can be quietly shown the back door, so to speak, by means of paternalism writ large! A series of explosions, commencing with the driving of strikers from the mining town of Waihi by means

of an army of thugs, and culminating in government provoked "rioting" in Wellington served to show very clearly that something more efficacious than carefully prepared paternal soothing syrup is required to abolish the evils arising out of the private ownership of the soil and the machine, and that is the point I am anxious to emphasize right here. *The divorce existing between the workers and the machinery of production is as absolute in New Zealand as here.* In short and in fine, *capitalism has not been dethroned in New Zealand. The social legislation was never intended to do away with the commodity status of labor,* supposing it ever could do so.

Some years ago Edward Tregear, then in charge of the Labor Department, whose name, by the way, I cannot write without paying a passing tribute of esteem for his many valuable services to the workers of that country, brought a hornet's nest about his ears by declaring to an American publicist that the result of the social legislation in New Zealand had been to create "a class of contented, well fed wage slaves"! I am not quite sure that the term "well fed" is applicable to all the workers of New Zealand to-day by any means. But the general sense of the statement is sound. For where reform measures have blunted or smoothed the sharper edges of capitalism, an air of contentment with things as they are is frequently to be observed. "The people perish for want of a vision." But the men and women of New Zealand who are striving for a higher social order are by no means pessimistic.

The difficulties for the most part that they have to overcome are like unto the difficulties that beset the socialists of America. Our work is the same. Our goal is the same. And, as the New Zealand movement grows from year to year, although thousands of miles of tossing waves may separate us, the comrades there shall join in spirit and in organization with the comrades here, to the end that the dream of the seer and the song of the poet shall be realized—a world for the World's Workers that shall endure as long as stars shine and rivers sing.

EDITORIAL

FIGHTING "INSTINCTS"

The November number of the *Masses* publishes an editorial on "The Only Way to End War," in which Max Eastman discusses why men go to war from the viewpoint of the modern biologist. To quote:

IT was the error of St. Paul to suppose that by "mortifying the flesh," which means suppressing the instincts in a spiritual exaltation, one could permanently change the hereditary nature of man. I think the subsequent history of Christian civilization and its present culmination in Europe, are enough to prove the grossness of that error. But biological science holds it proven in a more definite way. The nature which a man or any animal inherits, according to that science, is transmitted to his offspring unaffected by his personal education, or by any qualities that he may acquire during his life. So that even when you have made an expert saint of an individual, you will have to start the task all over again at the same point with his children. And furthermore, since all men inherit many instinctive modes of conduct, and these modes of conduct cannot often be balked and suppressed without ill-health and disaster, there is a decided limit to that "infinite improvability" even of the individual nature. What that limit may be, no one can declare in final detail. But we can wisely assure ourselves that any "improvement" which involves an off-hand suppression of *universal hereditary tendencies*, will be exceedingly precarious. It will not be transmitted in heredity, and it will have to depend for its enforcement upon an almost unanimous weight of social tradition. For underneath if in the neutral structure, laid down forever, lie the paths of the old tendency it denies.

So we have to lay aside the mortifica-

tion method of reforming the world as a brave and stupendous error. But it is also an error to suppose, as the orthodox Socialists and Norman Angell incline to, that there is but one tendency original in man, the tendency to preserve his own economic well-being; and to imagine that in proportion as his understanding is "enlightened," he will invariably act merely as an economic self-preserver. The conduct of the anti-military workingmen of Europe when the war broke, and the conduct of the business pacifist also, have made evident the falsity of that assumption.

The disposition of European people, grouped in nations, to wage war when their nation is threatened, and to believe it is threatened upon a very light excuse, seems to be fixed in the nervous tissue like self-preservation itself. Men who would not contribute a peaceable eight cents to the public weal, drop their cash, credit, and commercial prospects, and go toss in their lives like a song, at the bidding of an alien abstraction called the state. Do you think that is a trick they have acquired by culture, and which you can stem by telling them something else when they are young? It is an organic aptitude more old and deeply set by evolution than any of the impulses that would enlighten it.

War is a functioning of at least two instinctive dispositions—"pugnacity," and "gregariousness," or the "herd-instinct." I find in my books of psychology, that the disposition called pugnacity (and that

called rivalry) lie near the root of our hereditary endowment; and that the tendency of man to identify himself with his clan, his tribe, his nation, although of later origin, has been grafted deep into the souls of European people by centuries of bloody and drastic group-selection. These dispositions belong to the original nature of man, the unlearned nature, fixed by evolution, and inherited anew by every child, no matter what intellectual medium he may be born in. And any purely cultural or calculative suppression of them would be both temporary and unreliable. It would depend upon a perfectly perpetuated tradition, and it would never give certainty that when a sufficiently poignant occasion arose, the original nature would not break through and function in spite of all.

Patriotism is not, as Mr. Angell, from his readings of Lecky, supposes, a trait like militant religious zeal, which many human cultures never have possessed, and which can be rooted out in one generation by the training of young children. It is a disposition that lies fixed in the hereditary structure of all civilized races, and neither early education nor Mr. Angell's panacea, "hard thinking," can remove it.

Most scientists, I believe, would agree that a basic disposition to identify self with a social group, and to be pugnacious in the gregarious way that nations are, is one of the unchanging attributes of man. Culture can, and doubtless has, inflamed and overdeveloped it. A different culture can mitigate its strength. But it is there, no matter what you teach. You can never build a structure of learned attitudes so deep and solid that it will not tumble into air when that organic coil is sprung.

"We International Socialists, in our hope that the workingman's patriotism might be taught to cling in a crisis to his class in all nations, rather than to classes in his nation, were nearer than the others to a scientific hope. We did not seek to suppress or deny the patriotic disposition altogether; we offered it a new object. But we underestimated the importance to that disposition of personal contact. It is the group *surrounding us* with whom we rush together for defense. The ab-

stract thought of kindred groups in other countries, powerful as it may be in times of security, is too chilly in the turbulence of impending war to check our fighting union with the group we *feel*. This is what this war will teach the Socialists. In that famous faith of theirs that solidarity of economic interest among the workers of all countries, could avert international wars, they nursed a dream. The anti-patriots are nursing a dream. And those who imagine that disarmament, or "popular control," would avert war between nations, also are nursing a dream. There is nothing so inhuman in the nature of the people as that. They will react more slowly, but not in essential contrast to their delegates and their rulers. For we are all touched with this mania the moment a crisis comes. It is our fate.

The patriotic and pugnacious tribes survived—we are those tribes. Write that motto over your peace palaces, your tribunals, your international congresses, and some result may come of the deliberations within.

For there is one method of handling original instincts, more practical than selective breeding, and more sure and permanent than cultural suppression. That is to alter the environment in such fashion as to offer new objects for these instincts to adhere to, and similar, but less disastrous functions for them to perform.

A Scotch collie has an incurable disposition to run and bark at moving animals; in the country, where he was bred by selection, this is an excellent practical virtue, in the city streets it is a dire nuisance and will cost him his life. Now, you can perhaps, by giving undivided attention to the matter, train him to "behave" in the city. His pups you will have to train all over again. And you will never be sure even of him, when he sees another dog run and bark. A wiser method is to give him his exercise in the park.

Well, something of that is the lesson we must learn in dealing with the savage heredity of men. Men are incurably rivalrous and pugnacious, but this rivalry and pugnacity would find vent in other forms of conflict and display, if the *occasions* of international warfare were removed.

There is one peace plan which has practical hope of cogency: *Offer that instinct of self-identification a larger group to cling to.* It clings more strongly now to the

United States, which has not even a name of its own, than to Massachusetts or Rhode Island. And we already in our loyal moments call these United States "America." America itself might command the strength of our loyalty, if America as an integral group existed for us. The name of our country is the name of our task.

A conference of Independent American Republics, looking to the preservation of their common interests, would be easily welcome at this time. And if our statesmen at such a conference proved farsighted enough to relinquish on this continent every form of that dominance, which they so deprecate in the European ambitions of Germany, there might evolve out of it the beginnings of the American Federation. This must become a true federation, a supra-national entity with power and delegated sovereignty like those of our federal government—a congress of representatives, who can express and adjudicate the differences between nations, while engendering above them a conspicuous state to which a portion of that tribal loyalty that so controls their citizens may learn and adhere. In such an absolute creation—and in all the thoughts and moods of international unity, which must lead to it—lies the one hope of destroying war.

* * *

So speaks Max Eastman in the November *Masses* and he gives us much to think about. The International Socialists, he says, were nearer than the others to a scientific (or possible) hope, because we have given the working class a new object to cling to, to be loyal to. Our mistake, however, lay, not in the neglect of a new object, but in the neglect of a new *activity*.

"Who," asks Mr. Eastman, "does not want to do something? Peace is nothing. Peace is a negation. Nobody will ever *wage* peace. Nobody but a few tired people, and people suffering from shock, will ever kindle to a negative ideal."

This is very true and that is precisely why we Socialists ought to be ready to do *something* when the master class declares

war for the purpose of protecting *their* property or for acquiring *more* property. In the excitement, and turmoil or mobilization all the hundred-thousand-year-old fighting instincts—instincts of rivalry and gregariousness, will clamor in the breasts of every healthy man and woman. They will clamor for expression. They *will have expression*. We revolutionists must educate and organize so that they will *have* expression for the benefit of the working class.

A workingman's fellow workers are closer to him than his employer. At every call to national arms, we should be prepared to *revolt*, declare a general strike, and by any and every means *make nationalistic war impossible*, at the same time declaring *war on the profit system*.

The Germans in this country have shown marvelous ingenuity in the prevention of manufacture of war munitions in this country. They have destroyed enough arms and ammunition to supply many men for many days. Surely our own minds will prove more fertile in blocking and preventing any war for the benefit of those who exploit us.

Man has still, slumbering deep beneath all his cultural veneer, the old primitive tribal instincts, which come to the surface in times of war. These old instincts must be utilized and not suppressed. They must be utilized in *waging relentlessly*, by *any and all means*, the *revolution*.

The day when the employers cry "War!" against another nation is *our* opportunity. Strike the capitalist class when it is *weak*. During wartime is the period when the miners may seize the mines, when the railroad men may find courage and strength to take over the railroads, when the working class may be able to take over the industries of a country and run them in their own interests.

We must use our fighting instincts for the working class or they will be used for the exploiting class!

War must be our opportunity to declare *revolution!*

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

Some Insanities of War. People who prepare for war instead of preventing it ought to take a square look at some things which have happened during the past year. I am not now thinking of the 15,000,000 said to have been killed or wounded. I am thinking rather of the fact that the others, those not killed or wounded, have, in large measure, lost their power to think straight. Some millions have lost arms and legs; many more millions have lost whatever they possessed in the way of minds. Perhaps the "frightfulness" of this second loss is less dramatic than that of the other, but to a democracy it must be more fateful in the end.

It affects all classes and all nations. Before the war, for example, the bourgeois class had achieved a high degree of internationalism in trade, in science, and in art. All nations cooperated on all these fields. All the great nations made large contributions in all of them and these contributions were universally hailed as contributions to the common good. International congresses in which effort along various lines was encouraged had become common. The only competition in many fields was a friendly rivalry in well-doing. But the moment the troops were set in motion the most respected authorities began to shout loudly that all this had never been and could not be. No good Frenchman could endure German music; no Frenchman had ever made a contribution to science; no one could ever cooperate with barbarians and degenerates. The persons who said these things in signed statements were not anarchists, not irrespon-

sible agitators. They were "statesmen;" they were university professors.

But Socialists are by no means in a position to point the finger of scorn at these good people. German "Socialists" forgot their theory of the class-struggle in the course of three days. The hodge-podge of reasons they gave for their reversal would not deceive the simplest peasant if it were placed before him in time of peace. And one of the most famous of all English Socialists said recently in print that he for one was glad this nonsense about "German comrades" was over with; at last he could say what he thought about all Germans. He is a famous controversialist, but all his logic has been buried in the trenches or sunk along with the Lusitania.

During recent months a much more serious sort of confusion has taken place, and one far more widespread. The leaders of warring nations and war-mongers everywhere have so far lost their heads that they no longer make even a fairly respectable defense of their purposes and operations. Or perhaps it would come nearer the mark to say that the war has gone so far that it proves the fallacy of all arguments advanced in favor of militarism and therefore the militarists have given up all argument and are depending on popular stupidity and inertia to carry them along.

As far as it went Bernhardt's defense of war was perfectly logical. So were the parallel arguments made by English imperialists. Looking at things from the point of view of the interests of the ruling groups in their nations it seemed to each of these that war was necessary.

They said: Our industry needs more space for development; we can get more space only by fighting; therefore let us fight. They did not pretend to look at things from the point of view of universal welfare. Within their premises they were right, and there is no doubt of the fact that they were perfectly honest.

Now, consider how far this simple and logical reasoning has been left behind. No doubt it is to the interest of the capitalist class of Italy to fight on the side of the Allies. It may even be to the highest interest of the ruling classes of Turkey to join Germany and Austria. But what about Bulgaria, Rumania and Greece? Can anyone pretend that it is for the good of any class in Bulgaria that Bulgarian soldiers are fighting England and France? England offered Greece the island of Crete as a bribe for her help. Can anyone pretend that the English cabinet want Greek soldiers to fight for the good of Greece? And what about the Cretans, who were to be so casually handed about? The Germans, for their part, are trying to swing Greece and Rumania into line by means of the influence of German kings judiciously placed on the Balkan thrones in preparation for just what is happening now. Can they pretend that these non-German people are being bullied into submission for their own good?

There are at least 20,000,000 people in these countries. The great majority of them are so ignorant that they hardly know the difference between the powers at war. They are to be dragged to the slaughter without any excuse. Their own capitalists and ministers are not united for either side. The Allies need the power in the bodies of these ignorant, peaceable peasants; the central powers also need it. So they are both using all their skill to get control of it.

Public opinion in America has been so far debauched by the occurrence of a war three thousand miles away that most of us see nothing wrong about all this. I am not thinking of moral wrong; we have got beyond that. I am thinking the whole business lacks even the kind of logic on which the appeal to arms has been based by the militarists. War so turns our heads that we get on without even a semblance of reason.

"Six-of-One Half-a-Dozen of the Other."

The English government accomplished a master stroke when it secured the publication in cheap form of a translation of Bernhardt's book *Germany and the Next War*. Only a few thousand copies have circulated in Germany, but hundreds of thousands have been read in this country. And most readers have put down the book with the conviction that Germany must be destroyed.

Now comes Bruce Glasier with an Independent Labor Party pamphlet called *Militarism*. It is a thousand pities it cannot be placed in the hands of every reader of Bernhardt. It proves conclusively that Treischke and Bernhardt were not alone in their views of war and peace. Englishmen, popular, respected, Christian Englishmen, have preached exactly the same doctrines. Comrade Glasier is careful to name volume and page. Following are a few of his quotations:

James Ram, *The Philosophy of War*, 1877: "We occupy one of the topmost places in the world; we must war or we must be crowded out by those inferior to ourselves. * * * * The life of a soldier commends itself in the abstract to the imagination as more than any other worthy of honor."

Professor J. A. Cramb, *Germany and England*, published shortly before the war: "In war and the right of war man has a possession which he values above religion, above industry, and above social comfort; in war man values the power which it affords to life of rising above life, the power which the spirit of man possesses to pursue the ideal. * * * * And here let me say with regard to Germany, that of all England's enemies she is by far the greatest; and by 'greatness' I mean not merely her magnitude, nor her millions of soldiers, her millions of inhabitants. I mean her grandeur of soul. She is the greatest and most heroic enemy—if she is our enemy—that England in the thousand years of her history has ever confronted."

Professor W. Ridgway (of Cambridge), *Address at meeting of the Classical Association*: "A modern world filled only with democratic states would be a stagnant pool in some shady spot, in which no higher forms could live, but overflowing

with all the baser sorts of life. In a word, a perfect peace humanity would perish from its own physical and moral corruption."

Mr. E. B. Osborn in the *Morning Post*, August 13, 1914: "That is why war for war's sake appeals to so many. It is that gymnasium of the naked soul, in which virtue renews her hardihood after the corroding comfort of a long period of peace. * * * * War has always been and still is the ultimate secret of progress throughout the demesnes of life."

Mr. H. F. Wyatt, Secretary of the Maritime League, in *The Nineteenth Century and After*, September, 1914: "The Lord of Hosts has made righteousness the path of victory. In the crash of conflict, in the horrors of the battlefields, piled with the dying, the dead, and the wounded, a vast ethical purpose prevails. * * * * In the great majority of instances which determine general results, the issue of war has made for the ethical advantage of mankind. It must be so; it could not be otherwise, because ethical quality has tended always to produce military efficiency."

Cecil Rhodes, *Review of Reviews*, April, 1902: "If there be a God, then what He would like me to do is to paint as much of the map of Africa British red as possible; and to that I am elsewhere to promote the unity and extend the influence of the British race. I contend that the British race is the finest race which history has produced. * * * * The government of the world by its finest race is the aim that I have had in view."

Lord Wolseley, in his *Soldier's Pocket Book*: "As a nation we are brought up to feel it a disgrace to succeed by falsehood; the word 'spy' conveys in it something as repulsive as 'slave.' We still keep hammering away with the conviction that honesty is the best policy and that truth always wins in the long run. These pretty little sentences do well enough for a child's copybook, but the man who acts upon them in war had better sheath his sword forever."

Colonel Sir Lonsdale Hale: "We in this country have, to a great extent, drifted into a state of nambypamby humanitarianism; lost dogs and stray cats

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appeal strongly to many pockets; and if our troops found themselves in a foreign country there would be plenty of people at home on the watch that we were polite and kind towards the inhabitants in obtaining what was needed for our soldiers; but the Germans have no such foolish scruples. They know what a horrible thing war is, and that the sooner it is over the better for both conqueror and conquered—and, very rightly, they will not let humanitarian scruples stand in their way. The thing itself is bad, but it has to be done, and short of violence to women, does not enter into settling how it is to be done."

Colonel Charles Ross, of the British Imperial General Staff, in *Representative Government and War*: "The slaughter of men in battle is murder committed in the interests of a nation instead of those of an individual. The science of war teaches us how to commit this murder with impunity and dispatch. * * * *

"Universal service with a view to passive defense would be useless. Universal service, if adopted throughout the Empire, must be introduced with the definite object of the invasion of the enemy's territory, be that enemy who it may."

These sayings are refreshing. They show that there are some honest men among England's militarists. This is war; this is the military spirit wherever it is allowed to develop. How much of it do we want in America?

Women Workers After the War. Out of 2,500,000 union men in Germany more than sixty per cent are at the front. Of the 415,000 in Austria more than fifty per cent have enlisted. Tho many new members have joined in the course of the past year the unions in both countries now number much less than half their former membership. A similar condition exists in France and England.

Yet work goes on as usual in most trades. There is little building being done; roads are being neglected; few permanent improvements are being made. But, on the other hand, the steel industry and mining are going on full blast. And the moving of troops makes tremendous demands on transportation facilities.

The secret of the situation is that the

work is being done by women. The mask has finally been torn from the ancient pretence that women are the "weaker sex." In the modest seclusion of the domestic circle women have always done the most burdensome sorts of manual labor. Now they do in public and for wages the hard work which has hitherto been left to the men. For not only do they sell tickets, keep books, sell goods, run trains, and wait on hotel guests. They set type, run machines, lay pavement, and act as porters at railway stations. Laws interfering with their occupation at any sort of work in any sort of place at any time of day or night have been disregarded. In Germany alone the reported number of female workers has increased by more than 500,000. This figure probably falls short of the real increase by about one-half.

Most of the women are, of course, unorganized. And they are doing all sorts of work at smaller wages than those received by the men. While the men are admiring the patriotism of these women workers they are beginning to wonder what the situation will lead to. Will the women keep the job "after peace breaks out?" Can they be organized? Can their wages be brought up to standard?

Some of these questions the editor of *Gleichheit*, the German woman's organ, takes up in a recent editorial. In normal times there were nearly a million more women than men in Germany. For Germany alone the war means more than a hundred thousand dead and many hundreds of thousands of men permanently crippled. Fathers of families will be lacking or incapacitated. Hosts of young women who would normally marry and become housekeepers will be forced to remain single and work for wages. In England, an active campaign is being carried on in favor of crippled bridegrooms. Publicists are trying to surround the returning boys in khaki with a halos of glory to make up for the lack of limbs or health. But even if such ghastly campaigns succeed to the utmost millions of women will have to earn livelihoods for themselves, their children or disabled husbands.

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Economic causes lead one to expect a real demand for the continued employment of women in gainful occupations. Many of the reduced number of men who return to civil life will be required to perform labors which are being neglected from month to month as the war goes on. In all countries engaged absolutely necessary building is not being done at the present time. An extraordinary number of male workers will be required for a good many occupations when peace is re-established.

And this is not all. The Hirsch-Duncker union of machine workers has made inquiries with a view to discovering whether the work of women under present conditions is as satisfactory as that of men. Eighty-three out of a hundred and thirty employers replied that it is. And the women work for less wages. Every worker knows what this means. The cheap labor will tend to displace the dear. Many a man may return from the trenches to find his job gone.

And there is still another element in the situation. Taxes will be higher than ever before. Food and shelter will be dearer. Family savings have been scattered. Many of the poor will be in debt. In most cases government support will come to an end. What will happen? The struggle for an increased family wage will be more bitter than ever before in the history of the world. Even in cases in which the male bread-winner returns uninjured there will be a tendency to drive women and children into industry in a frantic effort to bring the household up to the old standard.

Yet some gallant persons think it is barbarous to make war on women and children. Every woman and child in the belligerent nations is bearing the brunt of war and will continue to bear it for more than a generation. And within each nation as soon as the international struggle is over there will be a struggle between the sexes for the jobs that mean the hope of livelihood.

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NEWS AND VIEWS

Appreciates Scott Bennett—The Socialist movement of America is being stimulated by the work of Scott Bennett, a man of international reputation as orator, statesman, and organizer of labor, who is on a lecture tour of New Zealand, where he has long been recognized as one of the great men of the Socialist movement.

Comrade Bennett has been addressing packed houses in and around San Francisco, California. His work shows a wonderful grasp of Socialist fundamentals, free from any taint of opportunism or nationalism, which, with his masterful delivery and evident enthusiasm and sincerity, makes a deep impression on his hearers.—Ethel Lynn, Secretary-Treasurer Local San Francisco, Socialist Party.

October 11, 1915.

From Minneapolis—Whereas, the capitalist class of various countries are attempting to arouse antagonism among the working class of the different nations by creating patriotic sentiments and fostering hatred among the workers, thus separating them as to nationalities, and

Whereas, they have succeeded in befogging the issue to the extent of influencing some members of the working class and Socialists in the United States who are now urging preparedness and a larger army and navy; a special instance of this jingoism having occurred in the address of Charles Edward Russell in Minneapolis recently.

Therefore, be it resolved by the Hennepin County Committee of Minneapolis, Minn., that we reaffirm the established position of the international Socialist movement against all forms of militarism and announce that we repudiate all utterances in favor of increased armament and advocacy of a greater military organization made by those presuming to speak for the Socialist party, and

Be it further resolved, that copies of this resolution be sent to the Socialist press.

ANDREW HANSON, Chairman.

B. J. LACHER, Secretary.

Minneapolis, Minn., Oct. 27, 1915.

EVANS ART

The Manitoba Executive Committee of the Social-Democratic party, through Comrade A. M. Eddy, sends in a \$37 book order for pamphlets and cloth bound volumes. The Canadian comrades use only sound Socialist literature in their propaganda work. No reform stuff goes with them. They know the class struggle from first hand experience and carry on their campaigns on a clean-cut Socialist platform. They are out to abolish the capitalist system and therefore they do not put up a ticket to catch votes nor to put a few office seekers on the payroll.

From Comrades in Scotland—The Glasgow District Council Economic and Industrial History Class, through their librarian, Comrade Robert D. Jack, sends in \$10 for a share of stock in the publishing house and a \$25 order for cloth bound books. There are 314 students in the class. Let us hope the time is not far distant when the Socialist party in the United States will wake up to the necessity of establishing study clubs and carrying on real educational work in the locals.

From a Lone Socialist—Comrade J. S. Collins of Dunlap, Kansas, in renewing his subscription, writes: "You ask me to send suggestions to make the Review better—that is hard to do, as the Review is the best magazine that comes my way, and I take them all. I am a lone Socialist here; there is no local."

From Another Kansas Rebel—"We do not want to be without the Review, as we get many things in it that we get nowhere else. We take other magazines and papers that advocate a milk and water brand of Socialism—the wonder is they ever had the courage to advocate any kind of Socialism, but the Review stands in a class by itself, the *Red Class*."—Thomas McMillan.

From a New Stockholder—Comrade Mills of Winnipeg, Canada, in remitting for a share of stock, writes: "I bought some of your books twelve months ago and they sure have been well worth the money to me as my ideas of Socialism and government have been completely revolutionized. These new ideas make life worth living even if I am a wage slave. Before I read these books I was mentally dead but I am very much alive now. That book by Engels, 'The Origin of the Family,' is a splendid book, and what volumes of information one gets out of 'Value, Price and Profit.'"

From a Jimmie Higgins Over in New Jersey—"I walked eight miles today to deliver a few copies of the Review to my customers who buy it from me regularly each month." Wake up! you Review rebels across the country, and see what you can do in your neck of the woods. If you are convinced that the Review delivers the goods, we hope you will get into your hustling clothes and round up at least one new reader before snow flies.

Porcupine Miners' Union No. 145, Western Federation of Miners, renews their standing bundle order for a good big bundle of Reviews during the year 1916. If the rest of the workers had half as much backbone as the miners around the world have displayed when on strike during the past three years, it would not take long to put the wage system on the junk pile, where it belongs.

With "Pope" Hickey in Texas—The latter part of July I received a telegram asking me to join Encampment Team Number One and finish Arthur LeSeueur's dates before the

Texas encampments. I reached Bomarton on August 1st and was immediately put to work by Dr. Gaines, manager of the Bomarton encampment, for the Texas Reds don't seem to know what "that tired feeling" means.

That night we slept out under the open sky, beneath the great, clear stars, and Hickey and I talked so long and so much that the next night Dr. Gaines and Comrade Meitzen, business manager of the "Rebel," moved their sleeping quarters over to the other side of the grounds, saying "you are the limit."

Then for nearly forty-five days we were going night and day, Meitzen, Hickey, and myself, and at times Stanley J. Clark, the terrible terror of the preachers and one of the greatest orators in the country, with W. S. Noble and others, speaking to fine audiences of interested, live and up-to-date people.

At Seymour, where the encampments ended on September 13th, Comrade Debs spoke the last day to nearly three thousand people, and all along the line we had the Donks and landlords going and on the defensive everywhere. At Fort Worth yours truly spoke on the streets and took the hide of a labor faker who had gone out of his way to attack the New York garment workers, saying that the A. F. of L. had expelled 100,000 of them because they were Socialists and I. W. W.'s. Said faker held the fat job of "labor commissioner of Texas," his chief duties being to root for Jim Ferguson, the present Landlord-Labor-Skinner Governor of Texas—a man who has helped as much as that wooden head, ex-Governor Colquitt, in the attempt to railroad Charlie Cline to the penitentiary for a crime he never committed.

But this is not just what I started out to elucidate, as the filosofers say.

What astonished me most was the liveness and revolutionary spirit of the Texas movement, for I had been so often "assured" by the wise guys that Comrade T. A. Hickey was not only the "uncrowned king of Texas Socialism" but its despot and "pope" as well; that he had, by his "bossism," all but destroyed the party in the Lone Star state.

But I found nothing of the kind. Instead I found a live, coherent, fighting organization and a bunch of rebels who would not *themselves* stand for speakers whose only idea of Socialism is "three cent electricity." I not only found this temper in the membership at large, but Hickey, Meitzen and all the officers of the party steadfastly working to place the party on a still more decentralized base, that is, to throw still more power in the hands of the locals, that is to *democratize* it to the core. So I said to Hickey, "You are surely a strange boss—a boss trying his best to destroy the source of boss-power." And he blushed and answered, "Yea, verily."

Again, nowhere was there an attempt to hamper the free speech of the speakers, unless the demand of the audiences for red hot, revolutionary Socialism could be described as a denial of free speech. All the speakers I heard were far and away ahead of any I have heard anywhere else in the nation, no compromise being the slogan of all.

TOBACCO HABIT

A very interesting book has been published on tobacco habit—how to conquer it quickly and easily. It tells the dangers of excessive smoking, chewing, snuff using, etc., and explains how nervousness, irritability, sleeplessness, weak eyes, stomach troubles and numerous other disorders may be eliminated through stopping self-poisoning by tobacco. The man who has written this book wants to genuinely help all who have become addicted to tobacco habit and says there's no need to suffer that awful craving or restlessness which comes when one tries to quit voluntarily. This is no mid-cure or temperance sermon tract, but plain common sense, clearly set forth. The author will send it free, postpaid, in plain wrapper. Write, giving name and full address—a post-card will do. Address Edward J. Woods, 242 K, Station E, New York City. Keep this advertisement, it is likely to prove the best news you ever read in this magazine.

CATARRH

So, if results are to count for anything, there in Texas the result of *decentralization* has justified all we claimed for it, for Debs himself stated that Texas and Oklahoma were the liveliest Socialist states in the union. And so I, too, found it to be in Texas. Would, then, that we had more "Popes" like "Fighting Tom Hickey"—bosses that are trying to destroy boss-power.

The famous "Texas program" is justifying itself, and the soul-idea of it is that the *democracy* alone is good, alone counts. Here the party in the nation and the I. W. W., as well, may come to learn the lesson that both will have to learn before they ever again take up the march to *power*, for the Prussian idea of Socialism and Industrial Unionism is forever dead on the battlefields of Europe. The American people never have and never will accept the idea of either a strongly centralized state or union ruling all their lives and destiny, for the historic conscience of these people is *democratic* to the core, and we are in the powerless position we occupy today because, industrially and politically, we have attempted to run counter to this conscience.

Therefore, the sooner our organizations revolutionize *themselves* on *democratic* lines the sooner we will begin the relentless march on to victory. The theory of *decentralization* does not have to prove itself—Texas bears living witness to its correctness. It is *decentralization* or death, *democracy* or a vaster degeneracy even than that which now afflicts the so-called "International Labor Movement."

Long live industrial democracy, the only Socialism by which the workers can win their way to freedom!—Covington Hall.

Local Marx in Seattle, Washington, wishes to locate its headquarters and a large reading room in the slave district of that city. They are not asking for donations but have issued a valuable little parliamentary law table concentrated on a narrow strip of tough paper, gummed at one end to paste in vest pocket memo books. For these they ask 2 cents each in quantities of 50 or more and which will retail in turn at 5 cents, proceeds to apply as above. Locals and others interested should remit to Lalla Rogers, Secretary, 1433 Lakeside avenue, Seattle.

Vote for Unity!—Comrades, a motion is now before you to the effect that an attempt be made to unite the Socialist forces in the United States. We therefore kindly ask of you to consider this proposition in your next local meeting.

We hold that while there is only one working class in the United States there ought not to be more than one political party to represent that class.

A great many of the differences that formerly kept the Socialist party and the Socialist Labor party apart, have now disappeared, and the few minor points that are left can, if there is a common desire for it, be easily overcome.

STUDY COURSE IN SCIENTIFIC PARENTHOOD

By WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON

Scientific Parenthood is the result of the study and investigation of the world's greatest scientists, as well as human experience through the ages. This course contains the very essence of what science teaches on the various subjects as well as the practical results secured by countless fathers and mothers. Nothing given is vague or impractical. All is presented so clearly, concisely and forcibly that anyone can understand and derive untold benefit from this study.

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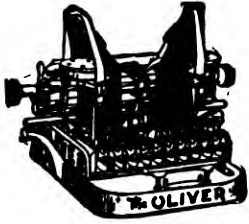
Briefly stated, this course, "Scientific Parenthood," acquaints you with the scientific principles of the Anatomy and Physiology of Sex; Mating and Marrying; Marital Relations; Preparation for Parenthood; Pre-Natal Culture; Gestation; Care of Mother and Babe; the Well-Born Child; the Culture of the Child; the Physiology of the Child; Mind and Character Building of the Child; What Children should know and how to teach them; The Problems of Babyhood, Childhood, Youth and Adolescence and how to meet them; What the Young Man or Woman Contemplating Marriage should know; and every allied subject.

Plain, practical, sensible information regarding the sexual physiological organism and its functions, its laws, its uses.

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Comrades, let us face the proposition squarely and try if it is not possible for the workers in the United States to meet their oppressors in the coming presidential campaign with a united front on the political battlefield.

If you wish to help accomplish this, bring the matter before your next local meeting, and if acted upon favorably, be sure that your secretary informs the national office to the effect that your local has decided to second the motion submitted by the Scandinavian branch No. 4, Rockford, Ill., which proposes to hold a conference with representatives from both organizations for the purpose to bring about a united Socialist movement.—Fraternally yours, Executive Committee, Scandinavian Socialist Federation.

Unknown Party Does Good Work—Comrade Wright remits \$1.50 for the Review during the coming year and a copy of Morgan's "Ancient Society." He says: "Some unknown party had the Review sent to me about a year ago and I think it is one of the best magazines I have ever read and do not want to miss any numbers."

From Canada—Comrade Hawkins renews his standing bundle order for Reviews and adds: "Am sorry I could not get it in earlier but have been busy threshing grain. Expect to have a little cash on hand when I get through with the harvest and will purchase some more of your splendid publications."

"There is not a class conscious worker worthy of the name who cannot spare the small subscription price to the Review, because it makes 'em think."

From a London Correspondent—"The British Prussians are making frantic appeals to the working class to 'volunteer' to defend their (?) country in the greatest crisis the world has ever experienced. They are asked 'to take their part along with their comrades who are already in the trenches defending THEIR (?) country'—but were it OUR country there would be no world crisis—hence no need to murder one another."

"Lord Derby, the government recruiting agent, has issued an appeal for recruits in which he asks: 'Is your reason for refusing to join the army one that would be accepted in France, Italy, and the other countries of

our allies?' Probably he thinks that this question is a poser, but if we are compelled to submit to the conditions prevailing in France and Italy on the question of military service, then no *argument* or verbal answer to such a question will avail, as we shall be slaves to the military dictators, and as slaves we shall have no right to argue or give answers. They are conducting a minute canvass from house to house during this next six weeks, and all men of military age are to be, if possible, persuaded to enlist. This move, undoubtedly, is one to try and find out what actual opposition there is throughout the country to compulsory military service. I believe there will be sufficient determined opposition to make the government stay their hand on the question—if not, then they are fighting to destroy Prussianism on the continent and establishing it in great Britain."—J. P.

Sounds Good to Us—"I enjoyed the Review very much. It certainly is different from all other magazines I have ever run across. Friends of mine are now reading the Review and my next step will be to join the nearest Socialist local. In a week or so I intend to send in my first contribution toward the Socialist cause in the form of a yearly subscription to the Review, and, if possible, at the same time to become a stockholder in the publishing house."—D. H. C., Hamilton, Canada.

Cannot Be Done—Comrade Cogswell of Elko, Nevada, in sending in a short time renewal to her Review subscription, writes: "I cannot make any suggestion for improving the Review. It cannot be done. It is already perfect." We are glad when comrades feel that we are keeping up to the mark in an age when events are occurring so rapidly—when history is being made so fast, but if we keep on sticking to the class struggle, we hope to go not far wrong.

L. W. Longmire First—Comrade Longmire of Yelm, Washington, ranks first in correctness of replies given to the ten questions on Economics we asked our readers in the November Review. We might have known the best ten would come from the state of Washington, where scientific Socialism is still taught.

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The Greatest Rationalist Book of the Age

By HENRY M. TICHENOR

I have been in the publishing business a good many years, and believe I know a good thing when I see it, and Comrade Tichenor's "Life of Jehovah," about to be published in book form, as announced on another page, certainly takes its place in the front ranks of the world's most classic works of satire. I have gone through the manuscript in the rough and do not hesitate to predict that it will be read and enjoyed and laughed over by generations to come, and, I believe, is destined to free more brains from the chains of priestcraft and superstition than any work hitherto produced. Where others have disputed and denied, the author of the "Life of Jehovah" simply satirizes; he uses caustic rather than logic; Jehovah, as he puts it himself, is "laughed out of court."—Phil. Wagner.

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St. Louis, Mo.

A Long Distance Talk—One of our eighteen carat Canadian comrades in renewing his subscription for the coming year writes: "I always feel that my Review birthdays are events worth celebrating. From the date of my first subscription I had just recently come out of jail to bury a little baby that had been practically murdered by the Vancouver Island coal barons, who jailed me on an unlawful assembly charge, which was subsequently enlarged to include intimidation, rioting, and riotous damage to property.

"The baby's death resulted from exposure, the kind-hearted (?) judge allowing me out on \$2,000 bail after sending a special policeman up to the leaking shack to see if the baby was really sick—the doctor's word was not good enough.

"On my next renewal our coal miners' strike was over, some three months your humble servant being allowed grub from the government to the extent of \$10 per month for the wife and children.

"Now, on my third year, I am out in the wilds, five hundred miles away from wife and children, where I have been driven in order to get a few crumbs, a pair of overalls and a shelter. I am working in the gold mine.

"The pity of it all is that I have been driven away by my own class, indirectly by the apathy and directly by the acts of individuals, whom to curry favor with a 2x4 boss, would act the traitor to one who fought hard during the strike to get them a few more crumbs.

"I am willing to admit that the economic ignorance of the workers is responsible for the ills that we are heir to, but their apathy is the cause of their ignorance; therefore, they swallow all the bunk about 'Pie in the sky and the glory of dying for one's country.'

"The strike breaking mayor of Nanaimo (another Christian) said recently: 'How glorious it is to think of the graves of our heroes in France, that are kept green.' Moral—Go and get shot and get a green grave.

"I must add a few words in appreciation of the Review. It is getting better all the time. Go straight ahead, you are on the right road. Those scientific articles will do much to counteract the effect of the bunk handed out by the sky pilots.

From a Revolutionary School Teacher—
"The book 'Ancient Society' and five numbers of the Review received. I enjoyed the Review very much. Talk about freedom of speech in American schools. I sacrificed my position as high school teacher at the Paragould high school, Paragould, Arkansas, because I made a few tame remarks about the southern landlords, while comparing European medieval history with present day conditions. The bankers of the town went after me, with the result that I had to give up the position at the end of the school year. I am doing clerical work now in an institution, not having been able to get a position during the summer as teacher. No doubt a case of black-mailing, since all school boards write to the superintendent whether I am 'safe' or not."

The Shame of Texas—While Governor Johnson of California is showing how he can make two innocent men (Ford and Suhr) suffer because they dared to help the hop pickers of that state in their strike for better conditions, the legal machinery of Texas has enacted another farce with our old friend, Charles Cline, Socialist and industrial unionist, as the victim. You will remember that Comrade Cline was one of a group of American and Mexican workmen who were on their way toward the Mexican border, when they were attacked and one of their number slain in cold blood. As we recall the events following this tragedy, one of the men in the party attacking the boys was killed in an attempt at self-defense, and Charles Cline was accused of the so-called "murder." But long before the killing took place, Comrade Cline had left the group and was looking for a place to cross a swollen stream when he was surrounded and arrested on the charge of "murder." His friends, both American and Mexican, were also arrested and their trials and convictions followed in short order through the boys' lack of funds and proper defense. Comrade Cline's first ordeal was pronounced a "mistrial" and he was tried over again, which resulted in a "conviction," which was reversed within twenty-five days, according to our correspondent, because some "legal" formality had been overlooked by the state. This gave Comrade Cline another chance and his friends rallied to his support and got him the best lawyer their slender resources would permit. During this last trial, the district attorney sought to force Cline into a statement that he was going to Mexico as a representative of the S. P. or the I. W. W., but he declared that he was acting only as an individual. In the district attorney's charges against Cline he dragged in the I. W. W. and the Socialist party in an effort to prejudice the jury against our friend. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty and gave Cline a life sentence, because, as they acknowledged when asked, "he was a member of that _____ organization (I. W. W.) and in the company of those _____ Greasers (Mexicans)."

There is still another chance for Cline and his comrades who were also convicted for offenses they never committed. A defense committee of five has been organized to demand a new trial and to furnish Cline with best legal counsel, to free him and use his victory as a lever to free all the other boys. The southern lumber operators sent gunmen to testify against Cline because of their hatred of his industrial union work in the south a year or two ago, but not one iota of evidence was produced to show that he was connected in any way with the killing of the man who had attacked the boys. Here is where we want to show our class solidarity, so put a dollar bill in an envelope and send it to the Review for the defense fund of Charles Cline and send him some papers, tobacco, magazines, care the county jail, San Antonio, Texas. Don't forget the Roll of Honor boys who are *inside!*



SAVAGE SURVIVALS

By PROF. J. HOWARD MOORE

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OR

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The
**INTERNATIONAL
SOCIALIST REVIEW**

VOL. XVI

JANUARY, 1916

No. 7

From *The Masses*.

Bunk Mills Open Again in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C., is the one place in these United States where they spill more bunk than anywhere else. Bunk? Take most any senator or congressman in the bunch of them and his first name is Bunk. A few exceptions, yes. A few men with the nerve and the backbone to face real issues and tell the facts as they are. But mostly bunkshooters, Hiram, mostly bunkshooters. Less common sense, less ordinary human gumption displayed on the floor of the senate and the house of representatives and more hypocritical palavering than anywhere else on the map. Watch 'em this winter. Watch and see whether they stand for national ownership of munitions plants. Watch whether they seize for the nation control of the shops where war stuff is made. See how they answer the argument that national ownership of war shops protects the nation against the graft and the rotten materials and the huge profits of the Schwabs and Du Ponts, the steel trust and the armor plate

trust. Notice also how far they go on Frank P. Walsh's proposition to amend the Constitution so that power to nullify legislation is taken away from supreme courts. Millions of words and pages and pages of speeches printed and sent out to constituents for campaign reading. That we'll get. But how much real action from these gents stinkingly notorious for much gab and no action? National ownership of munitions plants and restriction of supreme court power to kick holes in laws passed by representative legislative bodies—how far will congress get on these two, big terrifically vital issues? Watch 'em. Ask your local bunkshooter where he stands.

ALREADY Charley Schwab and a Wall street gang have cleaned up millions of dollars out of the war.

Besides these legitimized grafters making money out of the war, there is a raft of smaller, sneaking grafters of business men making a clean-up.

"He made his money in the war." They said that after the civil war about Phil Armour and other American capitalists.

"He made his money in the war." This will be said of a lot of new American millionaires after this European cataclysm has settled down to the even ways of normal capitalism.

Well, then, why shouldn't workingmen strike and strike and strike?

The first minute there ain't a big easy profit in it for Charley Schwab and the steel trust and the General Electric and Westinghouse, and all the rest of them, they will strike and let the allies lose the war.

If you hear German or Austrian workingmen saying strikes should be called because munitions manufacture is morally wrong, tell those Germans and Austrians to go bump their heads against a brick wall and get some sense into 'em.

Tell those Germans the Kaiser is a one-armed mastoid and a terrible case of swelled head and blood-thirst and bombast.

Tell all workingmen to forget nations and national borders and national blood. Tell them this war started because German workingmen were not well enough organized to stop the war by means of a general strike and there was a yellow streak in the leaders of the German Social-Democratic party.

Then tell those Germans or anybody else you are ready any minute to go on strike if it will force the new war capitalists to come across with higher wages and shorter hours in a workday.

While the bullet and rifle manufacturers are making millions on millions of profits out of this war, let the workingmen of the United States step in and by strikes and direct action, force those capitalists to divide those profits, those "withheld wages."

Yes—strike! Tie up the bullet factories if the Schwabs and the rest of them won't make you a big divvy of the swag.

The Kaiser started the war. A lot of us want to see the Kaiser beaten back into Germany.

It was the Kaiser who first led his armies out beyond his own frontiers. It was the Kaiser who fired the first shot. The Russ horde so feared by the German Social-Democrats, has never been a danger and never was a danger to Germany. The war won't end till the pig-headed German Junk-

ers, the war-party of Germany, is battered into a bloody muck back across the German border lines where the German army started from under the initiative of the Prussian aristocrats and autocrats under the madmen's slogan of "world power or downfall."

Knock this common sense into the heads of the German workingmen in this country. Too many of them are kissing the feet of the Kaiser and ready to strike for the sake of the Kaiser where they wouldn't strike for their own bread-and-butter.

Strike and strike and strike till you have forced the largest possible division of the war profits out of the greedy hands of the Wall street patriots who are figuring on record-breaking profits out of the war.

Strike—and tell those who ask you, that you are striking for working class power—a larger share of the profits of the war for the working class.

REPORT to congress of the United States Commission on Industrial Relations gives letters of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and his Colorado superintendents and managers. The documents show that young Rockefeller knew at every step, of the employment and shipment of strikebreakers and gunmen. Then comes a passage more illuminating than the Socialist party platform on the subject of violence, and easily the most scientific treatment of violence that ever crept into a government treatise. It reads:

"The history of strikes shows that workmen on strike feel they have a property interest in their jobs and that other workmen who take their places and thus aid their employers to defeat the strike are fit subjects of abuse, ridicule and violence. It is only by ostracizing and intimidating strikebreakers that organized workmen can hope to discourage the practice and thereby win a struggle for higher wages or for industrial democracy.

"Society, if it wishes to prevent violence in industrial disputes, has only two courses open: To prohibit strikes and in so doing establish involuntary servitude, or to prohibit the importation of strikebreakers, at least until the employers consent to meet officials of the strikers' union.

BERNARD SHAW goes on. He wants German militarism smashed. But at the same time the English boys are dying in Flanders and at the Dardanelles for the purpose of breaking the Prussian Junker dream of world empire. Shaw refuses to let the English Junkers revive old tyrannies in the British Isles under guise of war necessity. Damning the world-war policies of the Prussian Junkers, he fights against the home policies of English Junkers. What English labor is up against is vividly summarized by Shaw in this passage from his tribute to Kier Hardie:

"Hardie actually thought it quite a serious matter that the government should imprison labor leaders under ancient mutiny acts; suppress labor papers; refuse to fix minimum wages on pretexts fifty years out of date; commit the country to war behind the back of the House of Commons; sell the Liberty party to the Opposition by a secret treaty; deprive the country of its constitutional safeguard against corruption and conspiracy by arbitrarily abolishing the obligation on its accomplices to submit themselves for re-election on accepting office, and, in the face of the protests against the secret incubation of the war, again go behind the back of the Commons to make a treaty depriving us of the power to make peace without the unanimous consent of Russia and France. Hardie, aghast, said, 'Are you Democrats? Will you stand this?'"

In these United States we've got our Junkers to look out for. The Schwabs, the Du Ponts, the steel trust gang, they have the same swagger as the Krupp Hohenzollerns. They are the same sort of thieves, plotters and war lords. They live by the same kind of war swag.

MEYER LONDON, our lone congressman from New York, in an interview with one of our good newspaper rebels, which appeared in the Chicago Tribune, said:

"I have no exaggerated idea of the effectiveness of legislation. The power of legislation for good is exaggerated and its power for bad is underestimated. It is not more laws that we need, but fewer laws and more good ones.

"The Socialists are opposed to national



preparedness, are they not, Mr. London?" was the next question.

"Theoretically, I believe in the duty of every nation to be prepared against probable attack," replied the congressman. But I am opposed to the present preparedness agitation, because it is largely artificial.

"To a great extent it represents a diseased state of mind, produced by the war in Europe. I am opposed to present plans for preparedness principally because the menace in a large army and navy will create an apprehension among our neighbors that we are preparing to fight some one.

"Everybody asks why Socialists are fighting in the armies of Europe today. The answer is this. If you and I and four or five others were sitting quietly in this room with four or five others, all of us at peace, and suddenly the lights went out, guns blazed and blows were struck and you came to on the floor with somebody's heel in your face, you would naturally feel like fighting.

RAILROAD GENERAL STRIKE

Will Warren Stone Put the Brakes On?

RESOLUTIONS UNANIMOUSLY ADOPTED AT BOSTON JOINT UNION MEETING

It is hereby resolved, That the purpose of this meeting is to promote system co-operation along the lines of a maximum eight-hour working day in all classes of service, with double time for all overtime, with no reduction of wages.

WHEREAS, Arbitration for betterment of conditions and settlement of wage disputes between the railroad companies and the men has proved itself to be a one-sided affair in every sense of the word, and inasmuch as experience proves that arbitration contemplates only the support and welfare of the railroads and is a menace to the men, be it

Resolved, That we will never again submit to arbitration in any move for the increase of wages or betterment of conditions; be it further.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be submitted to each of the executive officers of the several organizations represented here, for their information and guidance.

W. D. PHELPS,
Secretary.

WILL the rail men go through on a general strike? If they don't, who's going to put the brakes on?

On October 31 there was held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, Massachusetts, a meeting of railroad men. They took action at this meeting which, if pushed through to a finish, will gain revolutionary results—more so than any ever before talked of in Faneuil Hall. That hall has seen stormy ideas and plans launched for human freedom. But never yet anything so stormy, so big with possibilities, as the rail men propose in formal resolutions adopted there October 31.

It was a joint meeting of all railroad train service employes, a mass meeting of between 800 and 1,000. Speakers came from all big rail systems of northeastern United States. After each speaker had told his story, presented his view of the railroad situation now, there was passed unanimously a set of resolutions that call for:

(1) System co-operation, all rail brotherhoods to tie together and act as one mass. (2) Universal eight-hour work-day in all classes of service, with double time for overtime and no reduction of wages. (3) Never again any arbitration, because "arbitration contemplates only

welfare of railroads and is a menace to the men."

The above action, as here told, sounds desperately radical, is a long jump from any like action taken by railroad organizations in a public meeting at any time in recent years. To the ordinary reader it needs more than mere statement to make it go. On page 729 of the *Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen's Magazine* for December are the headlines: "Boston, Mass., Joint Union Meeting." The subhead reads: "Sentiment Unanimous for Eight-hour Day and Double Time for Overtime." The third subhead reads: "Resolution Declares That Arbitration Will Never Again Be Submitted to as a Means of Settling Differences with Railroad Companies." The account then tells of the Faneuil Hall meeting, saying: "First steps were taken to launch a country-wide campaign for an eight-hour day and double time for overtime." Anybody who doubts there was ginger to it may read that "every seat in the hall was taken, there being present between 800 and 1,000 men. The attendance was so large that the gallery had to be opened."

A start has been made for a big goal. There is now an opening wedge driven and the question is:

Will the rail men go through with a general strike? If they don't, who's going to put the brakes on?

The second chapter of this story commences and finishes with the same question the first chapter did. On November 11, not six weeks after the Faneuil Hall meeting, 150 delegates from the 98 western railroads came together in Chicago and held a two-day meet. What they did and how and why they did it, is not known. As usual in nearly every movement Warren S. Stone is at the head of, there were only meager details given out. No record of any official action was made public. All that can be gleaned to a certainty from behind the curtains where Warren Stone and his lieutenants are working are these facts:

1. Anti-arbitration is sweeping membership of the brotherhoods.

2. Disgust with arbitration award of last May and suspicion of treachery and lack of faith in the officials, who could

have stopped that award, is growing inside both firemen's and engineers' brotherhoods, more particularly the engineers.

3. Not in years has there been such a feeling of confidence among all railroad men that by joint action and square leadership, with democratic ideals and no sell-outs, the rail workers can force the companies to come across with wage raises and a shorter workday.

"We have come to Chicago because the men are dissatisfied and are calling for an eight-hour day and time and a half for overtime," said Warren Stone to a reporter.

"What about that Boston meeting, where they passed resolutions declaring they are through with arbitration and will never again submit their demands to arbitration?" was asked Stone.

"The Boston meeting was only a meeting of local railroad men, 500 or 600 of them," was Stone's reply. "Their action is not final. It represents the sentiment of the men of that community."

"Have you observed a similar sentiment in other communities? Has there been action like that of Boston in any southern or western cities?"

"No."

"Has your Chicago convention taken any action tending to support the same ideas and plans as the Boston meeting?"

"We don't know what we'll do. The convention has decided that an executive committee of seventy-two members from eastern, western and southern associations shall be called for a meeting in Chicago, December 15. They will go further into the subject."

While Warren S. Stone in this way fumbled and fozzled and wouldn't come out against arbitration, while he failed to make any decisive declaration, Timothy O'Shea of the executive board of the firemen's brotherhood did say positively:

"This time I don't think there will be any arbitration. I am not qualified to speak authoritatively, but I have had a chance to observe the temper of the men, and it is my belief they have had enough of so-called mediation. The principle of arbitration is excellent, but it has been abused. In the instances in which the men submitted to it, it has not been pro-

ductive of the justice for which it was designed."

Then O'Shea went on with the most decisive utterance that has come from any man high in the railroad brotherhoods in many years. He said:

"As for our intentions in the present case, I do not think there is anything secret about them. We are going to demand flatly an eight-hour day and time and a half for overtime. FAILING TO OBTAIN THAT, WE WILL WALK OUT AND LET THE DISCUSSIONS COME AFTERWARD. Every railroad in the United States will be affected. The day of action will be set by the conference."

Nothing half-way about that. Nothing under cover or around the stump. None of the hemming and hawing and clearing of the throat with which Warren S. Stone delivers his opinions when a vital question is put to him.

"The only way we can be beaten is from the inside," was the way one member of the conference gave his view. "The significant phase of this movement is that all the workers who have never held any soft jobs as officers or committee members are united on two propositions.

"One is that every railroad brotherhood must be in on the action. The second is that the action must be nation-wide. Nothing but inside treachery can defeat this movement. A universal, nation-wide walk-out of rail men, tying up all trains from coast to coast, would absolutely bring victory in less than a day's time."

"There wouldn't be any quibbling. The demand for an eight-hour day and higher rate for overtime would be granted. One way or another would be found by the railroads and the nation to finance the demands of the men. If the demands were unreasonable or high-handed, there might be some sort of opposition suggested. But in our situation the general public would be with us, because of the financial buccaneering, the enormous profits of the railroads,* their

familiar methods of saddling upon the consumers of the nation freight and passenger rates that are ridiculous on the face of the actual valuation of the railroads—because these matters are well known, we would have the assistance of the general public.

"Nation-wide walkout of all railroad brotherhood workers, train service employes, can not possibly be defeated from the outside."

What are the railroad capitalists and managers doing and saying? They are saying nothing, and what they are doing is all a quiet, under-cover work, and every indication is that they are working on the inside of the brotherhoods. One statement of a railway manager was that brotherhood officials, in case of general strike, could be indicted under the Sherman anti-monopoly law. Except for this, there hasn't been a cheep from any of the big fellows who sit in swivel chairs and dictate operation of railroads.

The newspapers, of course, have kept the news of this tremendous movement in small paragraphs on back pages. It's too powerful and dangerous an idea to give wide circulation to, this idea of general strike.

On May 11, 1916, the present agreement with the ninety-eight western railroads expires. According to its terms, the agreement continues in force without renewal until one party or the other signifies it is to be abrogated. Either side must give a thirty-day notice of desire to break the agreement.

In the past, whenever a strong movement has swept the rank and file of the rail unions, the defeat of the movement was worked from the inside. While brotherhood officials in general are the most conservative of any labor organizations in the country, there are some over their ears and up to their eyes in the plush and slush of middle-class and capitalist-class ideas.

Topping all reactionaries in the railroad brotherhoods is Warren S. Stone.

*On the very day after this declaration the interstate commerce commission announced a decision to go into effect Dec. 29, 1915. It will increase railway revenue over \$7,000,000 a year. It raises passenger fares from two cents to two and four-tenths cents a mile in Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri, north of the Missouri river, and Kansas, north of the Union Pacific main line. It raises two-cent fare to two and one-sixth cents a mile in Missouri, south of

the Missouri river, and in Kansas, south of the Union Pacific. It orders two and one-quarter cents a mile for mileage tickets in territory north of the Missouri river in Missouri and north of the Union Pacific in Kansas. It orders two and one-half cents a mile for mileage tickets in territory south of the Missouri river in Missouri and the Union Pacific in Kansas. Millions shoved into the mitts of the railroad owners and not a red cent for the fellows that run the engines and trains.

With the manners and speech of a second-rate corporation lawyer, without a single great and bold action or utterance standing forth from his record as Grand Chief of the Engineers, he is down in black and white in the stenographic report of proceedings before the western wage arbitration board that ended last May, addressing them in these words:

"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 on. If the men did not come to us with these grievances we would not be here 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. If we simply take the brake off and let the men go, the men would be a whole lot more radical than they are. 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."

When a man talks that way before an arbitration board—apologizing for the ideas, methods and demands of the rank and file members who pay him a salary of \$10,000 a year to voice their ideas, methods and demands, how shall his speech and arguments and pretensions before his own membership be judged?

Is Warren S. Stone now engaged in a job whose purpose is again to "keep the brake on" and "be conservative" and "keep the dissensions down"?

If that is the job Warren S. Stone is now at work on, what will prevent the railroads from again capitalizing the conservatism of the executive officers of the rail organizations?

All of which leads us back to ask the question we began with:

WILL THE RAIL MEN GO THROUGH ON A GENERAL STRIKE? IF THEY DON'T, WHO HAS PUT THE BRAKES ON?

CHILD OF THE ROMANS

By C. S.

The dago shovelman sits by the railroad track
Eating a noon meal of bread and bologna.

A train whirls by, and men and women at tables
Alive with red roses and yellow jonquils,
Eat steaks running with brown gravy,
Strawberries and cream, eclaires and coffee.

The dago shovelman finishes the dry bread and bologna,
Washes it down with a dipper from the water-boy,
And goes back to the second half of a ten-hour day's work
Keeping the road-bed so the roses and jonquils
Shake hardly at all in the cut glass vases
Standing slender on the tables in the dining cars.

Do Inter- nationalists Want a Split?

By

Alexandra Kollontay (Russia)

SINCE the Zimmerwald Conference of the international-spirited socialists has taken place, the patriotic-minded socialists try to make out that the revolutionary internationalist wants nothing else than to annihilate the work of the socialists for these 50 years, wants to split the working class movement.

That the officials of the parties of the belligerent countries, after having proclaimed the "civil peace" with their class governments and endorsed the war, disapprove the aims of the Zimmerwald Conference is quite apprehensible and logical. But it appears that the poison of nationalism and opportunism has corrupted even the officials of the neutral countries. The executives of the socialist parties in Denmark, Switzerland and Holland not only disapprove the Zimmerwald Conference, but point out that their party never "dreamt" of sending official delegates to a conference that believes in the necessity of a strong class conscious international, that rejects the "civil peace" policy and condemns the alliance with the capitalist government, pursuing an imperialistic war.

By disavowing the Zimmerwald Conference and its purpose, the officials of the European parties are disavowing the very principles of the Socialist movement of scientific Marxism, they are disavowing the foundation on which both Internationals were built up: International solidarity and revolutionary class struggle.

The Socialists gathered at Zimmerwald had no intention "to split" or harm the movement. Their purpose was, and is, quite an opposite one: by working for peace, by fighting war, by calling the proletarians of all countries to unite on the old battlefield of the class struggle they want to revive the International, to call into life the greatest and indomitable force, international class solidarity.

The social patriots, the officials of the different parties, the opportunists who cry against the revolutionary internationalists and assert that they are harming the movement by bringing into it disharmony and ununity, seem to forget that "the split" of the Second International is a fact, a hard fact that has to be acknowledged.

This split was caused by the war, but the

line of division has been drawn not by the rebellious internationalist, but by well experienced official governmental diplomats. On one side we have the combined patriotic Socialists that endorsed the allies, on the other, those of the central powers. Each of them are assuring the working class, Scheideman and David in Germany, Plechanoff and Alexinsky in Russia, Guèdes and Vandervelde in Belgium and France, that the victory of their own imperialist government will end autocracy, militarism, navalism, will establish freedom and democracy for Europe, will help the victory of socialism! The path of class struggle is forsaken, the "civil peace," this logical result of the opportunistic tendencies in the European movement of the last ten or fifteen years, is declared as the highest wisdom of socialist tactics. Just now, the officials of the parties in Germany, France, Austria, Belgium and the social patriots in the other countries accuse one another for the tactic of endorsing their own governments, but one can easily imagine that when this war is over, the social patriots of the belligerent countries will forgive one another, that Vandervelde will try and rehabilitate Scheideman, that Plechanoff will give his forgiveness to the German social patriots and that the Germans will try and forget the sins of the "treacherous" English. . . . Did they not all commit the same crime? Have they not altogether betrayed their class and proved unfaithful to the principles of internationalism?

This general amnesty would help the officials of the parties to call into life the Old International based on nationalism and opportunism. And as soon as a new imperialistic war would start, the old history, the split, the break-down of the international working class movement would begin anew. . . . Is that what the working class desires? Is that the lesson which the suffering and the tortures of this terrifying war have taught the Socialists? . . .

The war has done a great deal of mischief, but this war can mean a step forward in the working class movement if the right lesson is taken out of contemporary events. This war has put clearly and plainly before the working class of the world the following question: What have the proletarians to choose upon an outbreak of an imperialistic war (and at this stage of capitalistic

development, there can't be any other war!) —the defense of the capitalistic-imperialistic fatherland or the defense of their own class interests and of the international solidarity of the working class of the world?

The comrades who assembled in Zimmerwald thought it necessary to leave no misunderstanding on this point. The working class movement can achieve its final purpose—the conquest of the means of production and the establishment of the working class dictatorship—only by a *practically international* class struggle. Nationalism and internationalism are principles that are opposed to one another. You can't be a "good Monarchist" and at the same time a good Republican, just as you can't be an internationalist and a nationalist at the same time. The proletarians have to make the choice.

But this war has taught us that the nationalistic policy, endorsed by the social patriots, is a failure. A new line has to be pointed out, to be drawn.

The Zimmerwald conference took the first step to draw this line; it was the first attempt to rebuild the international on the sound basis of anti-militarism (no voting for war credits) internationalism (instead of a formal representation of the national party bodies in the International Socialist Bureau) and revolutionary mass-action (instead of parliamentarism "pure and simple").

The comrades who stand with the Zimmerwald conference, don't work for a split of the Socialist movement, but they want to prepare the basis for a class conscious international that will be strong enough to fight the imperialistic policy of their own capitalistic states and that will take up here and now the task of "preparedness" for the final revolutionary battle.

The internationalists don't want to break up the working class organizations, they simply decide to spend all their force and energy to win the masses for the principles of the Third International. They hope that when the next International Congress takes place the working class will be strong and enlightened enough to put the question to the Socialist patriotic officials of all countries; what have you done with our confidence? Can you bear the responsibility of your treacherous acts?

The internationalists hope that in the new international there will be no place for op-

portunists and patriots, who in the most decisive moment desert the class movement and defend the interests of their national capitalists.

Now, when the question of endorsing the Zimmerwald conference is discussed in the locals of the American party it is for the American proletarians to decide; where they have to stand. Will they cling to the nationalists and opportunistic tendencies of the Second International or will they help rebuild the working class movement on the sound basis of rebellious spirit and international class solidarity?

The American comrades must remember: the international Socialists are not working for a split, they are working to get the whole movement in the lines of class conscious revolutionary activity, to get the Third International cleared from all elements that advocate the necessity of military preparedness and believe in nationalism, and as a result of it in "civil peace." Then, but only then, can the working class of the world rebuke the imperialistic policy of the capitalistic class and achieve the final purpose of the movement, *the social revolution*.

RAILROAD MEN AND MILEAGE

By RAILROADER

THE railroad men in the United States are invariably paid on a mileage basis, especially those employed in road service, the contention being that the greater the number of miles run, the greater the wages received, so the railroad man's economic basis of calculation is not the Almighty Dollar, but the mileage run in the month.

It may seem strange to people, not familiar with railroad men's phraseology, to hear them remark, that they are not able to live on 2,000, 3,000 or 4,000 miles, as the case may be, never mentioning the equivalent in dollars and cents received for this service.

The cause for this is that the majority of the railroad men are mileage mad, and the engineers being more affected than the other branches of the service, especially is this true of the older men. They will sacrifice anything for mileage, in some cases going to the extreme and dying on their engines. I have known instances where engineers had their layover at home when a Sunday run was put on that would result in their being away from home all that day, demanding that run to increase their mileage.

There is a movement on at the present time to limit the maximum mileage to be run by engineers, but the limit is so high that under the present "efficiency system" inaugurated that of heavy trains, on many divisions it is almost impossible to attain

the limit. So it is perfectly safe to assume that the limiting of mileage was brought up, simply for the psychological effect on the younger men who are compelled to fire and be content with it.

This mileage craze can have but one ultimate result, and that is the demoralizing of the railroad organizations, especially the B. of L. E., and building in their place an organization that will abolish the mileage basis and raise the conditions of the men high above their present slavery.

It is to be regretted that the older men, by making this excessive mileage, deprive the younger men of an opportunity to work as engineers and they are, therefore, obliged to fire or hustle engines a pleasant twelve-hour shift usually at night, but those that belong to the engineer's organization are not relieved from paying their assessments made necessary by extravagant joint boards, whose only "progressive" action was to increase their own wages from \$8.00 to \$9.00 a day.

Mileage is piece-work and must be abolished before railroad men can expect reasonable compensation for the service they perform. If the engineers would get an eight-hour day for freight and four hours for passenger men, the railroads to run them as far as they see fit, but double time paid for all overtime, it would not be long before the engineers would be receiving the highest wages in the country.

The Love Duel of the Snails

By WILHELM BOELSCHE

Being an Abstract of *Liebesleben in der Natur*. Translated by Hennysola Y. Dredenov.

JUST imagine you saw two vineyard snails approaching each other, changing themselves into winged cupids. Now the two little rascals get out small bows, aim and shoot each other with tiny silver arrows, arrows of love that un-failingly hit the "heart," although they may land on some other part of the body. . . .

Hush! the imaginary view has passed away. There are only two ordinary out-grown, fat vineyard snails. And yet you have seen something with the eyes of poetry that natural history can record in its own way. In the love story of the snails, strict science has a tale to tell of actual love arrows that are used by the partners in love.

Such a snail is so much easier to understand than, for instance, the oyster. One can readily make head and tail out of it. However, what are usually considered ears by small and big children, are two pairs of extensible feelers, the larger one of which is provided with rather weak eyes.

Close to the right eye-feeler is a small aperture, which is nothing else but the sexual opening. This is not to be confounded with the breathing-hole of the lungs, which lies further back.

There is hardly another animal which has such a complicated apparatus behind a simple opening. The fundamental reason for this is that the vineyard snail is double-sexed like the oyster, that is to say, each one embodies both the male and female sexual organs. Deep in the body is located the double-sex gland producing in wonderful harmony male sperm as well as female eggs. A quite complicated hose conducts to the outer gate of love, through which ripe eggs and enterprising sperm cells can be conveyed down; moreover foreign sperm cells for the purpose of fertilizing the eggs can be lured the opposite way. Here, as everywhere in nature, self-fertilization must not take place. So in the upper part of said hose, the eggs and the sperm cells travel together; however, the latter are not fully ripe, so that there is no danger. But in the further run the hose is split and the eggs travel down the narrow shaft to the right, through which eventually outside sperm guests may come up. The germ cells go into the shaft to the left, leading to a rather extensive reservoir, which is nothing else but a reversed limb of copulation. This limb has its exit down near the outside aperture that leads to the egg receptacle

and has the ability to extend itself completely so that it stands outside of the body like a real male limb. The act of extension of the limb is performed in a spring-like manner so that it seems that it could sling out the sperm cells.

However, this does not take place as yet; for the time being, the sperm cells get first dressed up, that is, they are formed into "spermcartridges" by means of a secreted pasty substance. These "cartridges" have again their special mission, as we shall see later. But the body of the snail contains still more complicated machinery. There is first an empty kettle that is connected by a canal with the sex aperture and also more closely with the egg shaft.

Right next to this is another thing which is, undoubtedly, the most curious one. It is a kind of a quiver in which lies a small pointed arrow of chalk. This puzzling object has also no direct connection with the eggs or sperm cells. It seems to wait for something to come from the outside.

Let us quit now the inside of the snail with its signs and wonders. The snail sperm cells have gradually ripened; however, one snail alone can do nothing with them. Self-fertilization would be the easiest thing, but this is against the laws of nature and would be a perverse act. Not that the snail cares much about remaining on "moral" grounds, but it has the instinct and hopes for something especially exciting and agreeable by going with another one along the ways of nature, which self-fertilization could never bring.

And the other one is already coming up in the hot day of June, gravely, in the snail's fashion. Built exactly like its partner (bride or bridegroom is here out of place) it has also the very same desire. One can see the snails do no more belong to the low animal world; there is already some more complicated element about their behavior.

The two snails approach each other in visible excitement. First they walk around each other for a little while in a kind of a lame-duck trot. Then suddenly they stop, erect themselves as high as possible, approach each other and press the lower parts of their bodies together. Sitting back upon their shell house, they indulge for a while, quite humanly, in pressing their thick lips in a most devoted kiss. Their breath flies;

the feelers are moved vehemently; the passion seems boundless.

Unexpectedly a pause takes place; the excitement is not lessening, it seems only held back. This rest lasts about half an hour. Instead of going straight toward the desired object, it looks as if they were preparing something extraordinary. And, indeed, after their rest, they suddenly start a most curious intermezzo. Swelling up violently, in trembling passion, one snail approaches the other one with the desire to press the sexual openings together, thus creating a most unusual position on account of the peculiar formation of their body. Now it is one that attacks in this way; then they perform at the same time. Contrary to what may be expected, it is not the extensible male limb that shows itself, but, rather, the muzzle of the egg shaft widens itself and is pressed outward. Are they going to exchange eggs instead of sperm cells?

No, they do not. The mysterious arrow of chalk in the quiver seems now to be the center of their attention and activity. In endless trials and movements the arrow is squeezed and handled and sometimes, only after two hours, it has the position that is wanted for aiming. Now a sudden wrench, out comes the quiver in full development and the most astonishing phenomenon is visible.

The quiver actually goes off from the inside; this erotic gun seems to shot with water, as the puff goes off with a white foaming liquid. But no, a real dart has been slung against the other partner.

But may we not be mistaken? Perhaps it was one of those sperm cartridges aimed at the female of the partner snail and thus mark the movement of true copulation? No idea of that: What flies and hits is that chalk arrow which was lying in the quiver. It does not seem to matter where the arrow hits; the main thing is that it lands somewhere upon the partner in love. The arrow penetrates the skin with such a force that the wounded snail shrinks with pain. Sometimes the love arrow is slung so forcefully that it pierces the lungs of the "enemy" and a dangerous wound is the result.

Nevertheless, now comes the most unexpected success of love of this frivolous duel. Although the snails were already

highly excited before the attack, the love shot and the ensuing pain bring their passion to a climax.

However, this shooting has exhausted to the utmost all strength and the shooting snail drops down like dead for a little while. Some species do their shooting at the same time, while others do it one after the other. In the latter case it is just the wounded snail which, right after his convulsions of pain, gets up in his highest love-fire and leaves its exhausted partner hardly time to breath. And it is this blazing flame that leads straight to the summit, that is, the sexual unison.

How can the arrow have such an effect? In normal cases the arrow is gradually squeezed out of the body like a splinter and both snails have the power to supply anew their quiver after a few days with such persuading "love letters." Lately a naturalist by the name of Johannes Meisenheimer of the Marburg University has not only minutely examined all these parts, but has also succeeded in photographing the arrow-shooting as well as some other awkward positions. Amongst scientists there is no doubt that the arrow has some erotic effect, inasmuch as they call it the love-arrow.

In the further continuation of the love duel, this erotic effect is readily noticeable. The interrupted kissing and squeezing is taken up again with new passion. Suddenly both unfold their sexual parts, but this time not only the female apertures but also the extensible male limbs. After a few fruitless attempts, the latter penetrates the female sheaths deeper and deeper to deposit their sperm cartridges. In this way both snails sow as males and harvest as females at the same time. The duration of the real act is from four to seven minutes.

If our eye could penetrate into the interior of the lost-in-dreams, we would see how the male limb has been pushed into the female shaft, where it is held back for

a little while on account of a blood blockage. Only when the sperm cartridges have reached the little kettle, of which we spoke before, the limb has done its duty and can withdraw.

In this kettle the sperm cartridges open themselves and the individual sperm cells are forced. They wander up the egg shaft where they find ripe and nimble egg cells, with which they melt themselves thoroughly according to the old method. As soon as this is done, the newly fertilized egg covers itself like a hedgehog, to show the new sperm cells that she is already married. While going down again that same shaft the hedgehog pelt is cast away and a shell of chalk takes its place. The egg looks now like a white bird egg; of course, it is very, very small, although there are land snails in South America that actually lay eggs as big as pigeon eggs.

Before the eggs have reached this state, however, the snail has already fought a few more duels. New arrows and sperm cartridges have developed and with them, unbounded passion. The snail is all mother as soon as it has done its duty as father. As mother, it must deposit the ripened eggs.

To this end the snail first builds a cradle by digging itself in by circling movements until the little hole has reached a depth of about two and a half inches. Over this the snail covers itself, by using its shell as shelter, and deposits during a day or two about 60 to 80 eggs. These are carefully covered with ground so that all traces have disappeared. After about a month's time the youngsters come happily out of their grave cradle, fully developed to start life on their own account.

Thus the propagation of even the snail marks quite a complicated step in the age-long evolution from the one-cells that propagated by dividing themselves to the divine Madonna.



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SERVICES AT WEST SIDE AUDITORIUM, CHICAGO.

JOE HILL'S FUNERAL

By RALPH CHAPLIN

ON Thanksgiving day the throngs began to gather in the great auditorium hours before exercises were to take place. By 10:30 the streets were blocked for blocks in all directions; street cars could not run and all traffic was suspended. Within the hall one could almost hear the drop of a pin at all times. The casket was placed on the flower-laden, black and red draped stage, above which was hanging a hand-woven I. W. W. label (made by fellow-worker Cline in prison). So lavish had been the offerings of floral pieces from all over the city and the land, that the stage could scarcely contain them all. These were inscribed in a medley of languages. They were from English and

foreign speaking locals of the I. W. W., in and out of town; from Socialist branches and local unions of the A. F. of L., from independent organizations, from anarchist groups and from dozens of individuals. Some of these wreaths and flower pieces were elaborate and costly and others were simple and plain, but all were full of the heart-deep spirit of protest and regret.

The funeral exercises were opened with the singing of Joe Hill's wonderful song, "Workers of the World, Awaken"—members of the I. W. W. leading and the audience swelling out the chorus. This was followed by Jennie Wosczyńska's singing of the "Rebel Girl," written and composed by Joe Hill, after which came two beautiful

FIVE THOUSAND PEOPLE UNABLE TO
GET IN THE AUDITORIUM.

tenor solos, one in Swedish by John Chellman and one in Italian by Ivan Rodems.

William D. Haywood introduced Judge Hilton with a short but powerful appeal, the keynote of which was, "Don't mourn—organize." In spite of this brave admonition, however, fellow worker Haywood's clarion voice was strangely husky as he stood beside the silent, flower-covered casket. Judge Hilton's lengthy and masterful presentation of the legal facts in the case and the part taken by the Mormon church in the perpetration of this ghastly and un-called-for murder, was listened to with absorbing interest by all present. And when the oration was concluded the thousands in the hall silently marched out to the strains of Chopin's Funeral March, played by Professor Rudolf von Liebich.

The parade formation was as follows: First, a committee to help clear the streets and to follow the prearranged line of march,

then the pall-bearers with the casket, followed by the flower bearers and the band. Because of the congested condition of the street, the committee and pall bearers had some difficulty in opening a passage through the crowd to the hearse, which was waiting a short distance away. After the casket had been placed in the machine the procession started its march to the elevated station. In the main body came the English-speaking branches with almost a hundred members of Local 400 and about 75 members from Rockford, then the foreign-speaking branches, followed by a veritable throng of workmen and women over a mile in length. Had it been possible to keep the crowd uniformly four abreast the procession would have been at least three times as long. It was found necessary to go four blocks out of the scheduled line of march in order to avoid the crush around the Auditorium building.

AFTER THE SERVICES

THOUSANDS MARCHED BEHIND SCARLET
STANDARDS.

Slowly and impressively the vast throng moved through the west side streets. Windows flew open at its approach and were filled with peering faces. Porches and even roofs were blackened with people, and some of the more daring were lined up over signboards and on telephone and arc-light poles. The flower-bearers, with their bright colored floral pieces and wreaths tied with crimson ribbons, formed a walking garden almost a block in length. Thousands in the procession wore I. W. W. pennants on their sleeves or red ribbons worded, "Joe Hill, murdered by the authorities of the state of Utah, November the 19th, 1915," or, "Joe Hill, I. W. W. martyr to a great cause," "Don't mourn—organize. Joe Hill," and many others. The Rockford bunch was conspicuous by reason of its great crimson silk flag with the I. W. W. label on either side and the wooden shoe above the pole. Songs were sung all along the way, chiefly Joe Hill's, although

some of the foreign-speaking workers sang revolutionary songs in their native tongues. As soon as a song would die down in one place, the same song or another would be taken up by other voices along the line. The procession took complete possession of the streets with the exception of a few policemen, photographers and movie-men until the elevated station at Van Buren and Halsted streets was reached. Here the pall-bearers, flower bearers, funeral, singing and speaking committees were to board a special train of five coaches, in order to be first at the cemetery and prepare for the oncoming crowd. At this place, however, the crush from behind was so great as to almost upset all pre-arranged plans. Everyone seemed determined to board the reserve train and it took a great deal of hard work on the part of the membership to see to it that things went through according to the outlined plan that alone would insure the success of the

PALLBEARERS PLACING CASKET ON
BOARD THE SPECIAL TRAIN.

program. The situation was explained to the crowd, which was soon pacified, and from this moment all elevated and surface lines leading to Graceland cemetery were crowded to capacity for over an hour. In some cases Joe Hill's songs were sung the entire distance.

Upon reaching the cemetery the funeral chapel was discovered to be ridiculously inadequate for the accommodation of the vast audience, and so it was decided to hold the exercises in the open air. And on the olive green

with tiny dove-colored clouds flitting across it hurriedly—somewhere. The air was warm and somewhat humid so that the trees

were hung with a soft mist that caused the landscape to fade away into a distance that seemed fairly enchanted. Here Joe Hill's songs were sung and Fellow Workers Haywood and Jim Larkin made short but stirring addresses in English, followed by Fellow Workers W. Sodergrain in Swedish, H. Martin in Russian, C. Rothfisher in Hungarian, B. Schraeger in Polish, J. Santana in Spanish, D. Mari, in

HAYWOOD SPEAKING.

Rothfisher in Hungarian, B. Schraeger in Polish, J. Santana in Spanish, D. Mari, in

SMALL SECTION OF THE REBELS AT THE CEMETERY.

slope of an evergreen-crested hill they took place. Here the casket was tenderly laid upon the earth and all the flowers and wreaths and flags were placed about it. Above—high above the casket were the evergreens and above these, a couple of tall, bare elm trees raised up into the sky their delicately etched trunks and branches. Clutched in one lofty tremulous summer's empty birdnests. The sky was somewhat heavy and of a pearly grey tone

Italian, Wm. Penker in German, Harry Rabinowitz, in Yiddish and J. Siemiaszko in Lithuanian. A few more songs were sung and then the body was removed to the little oak beamed high-roofed chapel, and placed on a bronze stand overhung with live palms and ferns. Here those assembled were given the last opportunity to view the remains of the murdered songwriter with the pale smiling face and the bruised hands folded above the four unseen purple bullet holes in his breast.

LARKIN DELIVERING ADDRESS

A constant stream of people poured into and out of the semi-obscurity of the tiny room, while the great crowd gathered close around outside joined in one swelling, mighty chorus of song. Each one of Joe Hill's songs were sung over and over again, and when the great crimson silk banner of the Rockford local appeared the song of that name was struck up and sung as it was never sung before. Three ringing cheers were then given for the Social Revolution and the I. W. W. and then more songs. The singing and cheering was something the old cemetery had never witnessed before and the guards and officials were stricken with undisguised amazement at the audacity of it all. There were a couple of dozen "harness-bulls" on the job and it was funny to see them shy away from the sunburned harvest huskies of Local 400 and the brawny Swedish fellow workers from Rockford. The "bulls" were so outclassed physically and were so insignificant looking in comparison with the I. W. W. boys that it must have been painful to see them singing and cheering unmolested in an exclusive and sedate graveyard like Graceland. But the singing continued until it was quite dark and the trees and buildings blurred into gloom with only a few lights twinkling from out the shadows—and even then it continued. Finally small groups wearing carnations and ribbons walked slowly towards the station singing or humming or talking in low voices among themselves.

As no cremating could be done on a holiday a committee of five returned to the cemetery on the next day (Friday), accompanied by numerous members of the I. W. W. and friends. It was learned that the

body had been stripped to the waist in order to make photographs and to take the necessary measurements and casts for a marble bust.

A few laurel and other wreaths were saved from the floral offering, in order that they might be sent to some of the local unions of the I. W. W. in different parts of the world. The I. W. W. button was removed and also the cuff-links and necktie. These are to be preserved at headquarters and, in due time, placed in a shadow-box frame with an oil portrait of our songwriter. The casket handles were also saved and will be melted up into a plate on which can be engraved, "Don't waste time mourning for me—organize," which plate is to be used with the portrait mentioned above.

After some little delay, the casket was wheeled through an underground passage to the crematory room, where it was to be finally fed to the flames. The interior of this crematory is finished entirely in white. The walls are of white tile and even the steel doors of the furnace are enameled white. The body was here identified for the last time and, at a word from the committeeman in charge, it was wheeled to the doors of the blast chamber, which creaked open to receive it. Within was a stone slab on a level with the doors and the casket. The whole interior was already tinted a rosy red with the fires that were soon to consume the body of our murdered songwriter. The casket was suddenly pushed out onto the center of the slab. The steel doors creaked together and the tiny room was all white once more. Only the roar of the fire-blast could be heard growing louder and louder. . . .

In order to do all that was incumbent upon it, the committee was obliged to witness a small part at flames. The interior of this cremation. A small circular hole in the far end of the furnace was reached after traversing a dark and narrow passage-way around the side of the blast room. Through this aperture the committeemen, one at a time and each with feelings all his own, viewed the flame-lashed casket containing the fine body and placid features of Joe Hill, dreamer, poet, artist, agitator, with four purple bullet holes in his young chest as punishment for the crime of being "true blue" to his class—and to himself.

The murdering of martyrs has never yet

made a tyrant's place secure, and the death orgy held by that heartless bunch of Mormon murderers on the nineteenth of November, in spite of the protests of the president and many noted men and women, and in spite of the protests of tens of thousands of working people all over the land, has done more to cement together the forces that are about to overthrow the ghoulis Capitalist system than anything that has happened in decades. The state of Utah has shot our song-writer into everlasting immortality and has shot itself into everlasting shame. Thank goodness, neither Joe Hill nor the I. W. W. will ever be found dead within the boundaries of Utah!

—Solidarity

QUESTIONED, THE EXECUTIONERS

By John Waring

What did you buy with your forty pieces,
 Any one of you five?
 Something to wear for child or wife?
 Release from a gambling debt?
 Christmas money, perhaps
 A gaud for a sweetheart girl?
 Whiskey to make you forget?
 Plenty of hire like yours,
 Hiding in little tills;
 Still it's seldom one puts one's finger on it
 Saying: "For this blood spills."
 This seems special, and so we ask,
 Idly—a passing thought—
 What did you do with your forty pieces?
 What was it that you bought?
 This we know not; but well we know,
 Things that you cannot buy,
 A pillow of ease for your head at night,
 A look in a straight man's eye,
 A pleasant thought when you walk alone,
 Or peace when you come to die.

The Rights of Small Nations

By JOHN REED

I WAS having my passport viséd in the Bulgarian consulate at Bucharest when, Frank came in on the same errand. I knew at once that he was an American. The tides of immigration had washed his blood, the Leyendecker brothers had influenced the cut of his nose and jaw, and his look and walk were direct and unsophisticated. He was blond, youthful, "clean-cut." Beneath the tweed imitation English clothes that Rumanian tailors affect, his body was the body of a college sprinter not yet gone soft, as economically built as a wild animal's.

As instinctively, too, as an animal, for he was not observant, he flared in me a kinsman, and said "Hello" with the superior inflection of one Anglo-Saxon greeting another in the presence of foreign and inferior peoples. He was a communicative boy, too long away from home to be suspicious of Americans. If I were going by the one-thirty train to Sofia, he said, we might travel together. He himself had been working for the Romano-American Oil Company—a subsidiary alias for Standard Oil—for two years, in the Rumanian petroleum-fields near Ploeshti. And as we walked down the street together he said he was going to England to enlist in the army and fight.

"What for?" I cried out in astonishment.

"Well," he said earnestly, looking at me with troubled eyes and shaking his head, "there's a bunch of Englishment out at Ploeshti, and they told me all about it. I don't care—perhaps it is foolish, like everybody says out in our camp, but I can't help it. I've got to go. I think it was a dirty trick to violate the neutrality of Belgium."

"The neutrality of Belgium!" said I, with a sense of awe at the preposterous possibilities of human nature.

"Yes," he rushed on, "it makes me hot to think of a little country like Belgium and a big bully of a country like Germany. It's a damn shame! England is fighting for the rights of small nations, and I don't see how anybody can keep out of it that's got any guts!"

Some hours later I saw him on the station platform, talking to a thin, plain girl in

a yellow cotton dress, who wept and powdered her nose simultaneously. His face was flushed and frowning, and he spat out his words the way a strong man does when he's angry at his dog, his servant, or his wife. The girl wept monotonously; sometimes she touched him with a timid, hungry gesture, but he shook off her hand.

He caught sight of me and brusquely quitted her, coming over with a shamefaced expression. He was evidently worried and exasperated. "Be with you as soon as I get rid of this damn woman," he said, brutally masculine. "They can't leave a man alone, can they?"

Lighting a cigarette he swaggered back to where she stood staring fixedly out along the track, her handkerchief crammed in her mouth, making a desperate effort to control herself. She had on excessively high-heeled slippers, such as Rumanian street-walkers wore that year, and carried a leather wrist-bag; everything about her was shabby. Her young breasts were flat, starved, and her knotted hair thin and dull. I knew that only a very unattractive girl could fail to make a living in Bucharest, where they boast more prostitutes to the square mile than any other city in the world.

Her eyes involuntarily leaped to his face; she began to shake. Frank dug into his pockets in a surly way, pulled out a roll of banknotes, and peeled off two. The girl stiffened, went white and rigid; her eyes blazed. Her outstretched hand with the money was like a loaded gun. But suddenly the dull red crept up her cheek like pain, and she clutched the bills and burst into violent sobbing. After all, she had to live.

My compatriot threw me a comic, despairing look and glowered at her. "What do you want?" he growled in harsh, unpleasant Rumanian. "I don't owe you anything. What are you bawling for? Run along home now. Good-bye." He gave her a little clumsy push. She took two or three steps and stopped, as if she had no power to move further. And some instinct or some memory gave him a flash of understanding. He put his hands on her shoulders suddenly, and kissed her on the

mouth. "Good-bye," said the girl, brokenly, and she ran.

We rattled south over the flat, hot plain, past wretched villages of mud huts roofed with filthy straw, halting long at little stations where the docile gaunt peasants in ragged white linen gaped stupidly at the train. The rich hectic whiteness of Bucharest vanished abruptly out of a world where people starved in hopeless misery.

"I don't understand women," Frank was saying. "You can't get rid of 'em when you're finished. Now I had that girl for about nine months. I gave her a good home to live in and better food to eat than she ever got in her life, and money—why, she spent on dresses and hats and postage stamps about a hundred and fifty dollars. But do you think she had any gratitude? Not her. When I got sick of her she thought she had a mortgage on the place—said she wasn't going to go. I had to push her out. Then afterward she began to write me hard-luck letters—nothing but a game to get money out of me. Fall for it? Of course, I didn't fall for it. I'm not so easy as that. This morning I ran into her when I came up to take the train; and I swear I couldn't shake that skirt all day. Crying—ugh!"

"Where did you get her?" I asked.

"Her? Oh, I just picked her up on the street in Ploeshti. You bet she'd never been with another fellow! That's dangerous." He looked at me, and a vague uncomfortableness made him desirous of justifying himself. "You see, out in the oil-fields every fellow has his own house. And you've got to eat and get washing done and have a clean place to live, of course. So everybody gets a girl to cook, wash, take care of the house and live with him. It's hard to get one who suits you all around. I've tried three, and I know fellows who've had six or eight; take 'em in, try 'em, kick 'em out.

"Pay? Why you don't pay 'em anything. First place, they live with you, don't they? And then they've got a house and food, and you buy their clothes for them. Nothing doing in the salary line. They might beat it with the money. No, that's the way you keep 'em on their good behavior. If they don't do what they're told, you shut down on their clothes."

I wanted to know if any of these *ménages* lasted.

"Well," said Frank, "there's Jordan. He's got the most beautiful house in our

camp; you ought to see that place. But of course he leads a pretty lonely life, because only the unmarried boys ever come to see him; sometimes a married man, but never with his wife. Jordan's been living with a girl for eleven years—a Rumanian girl he took just like we take ours—and, of course, nobody will have anything to do with him. He's the cleverest guy in the company, that man, but they can't promote him while he lives like that. A high official out here has got to be more or less of a social light, you know. So he's sat there for years and seen man after man that isn't worth a quarter what he is passed over his head."

"Why doesn't he marry her?"

"What!" said Frank, surprised, "that kind of a woman? After her living with him all that time? Nobody would associate with her. She's not decent."

"Doesn't it hurt *your* prospects to live with women?"

"Oh, us! No, that's different. Everybody knows about us and thinks it's all right, so long as we don't go around with the girls in public. You see, we're young fellows. It's only when you get about thirty that you must get married. I'm twenty-five."

"Then in five years—"

He nodded his yellow head. "I'll begin to think about getting a wife. But that's purely a business proposition. There's no use marrying—of course, a real man has to have a woman once in a while, I know that, but I mean there's no use tying yourself up—unless you can get something good out of it. I'm going to pick a good-looker, with no scandal about her and a social pull that will help me in my job. Down South there's plenty of girls like that. I don't need her money—I can make a pretty good salary in a couple of years; and besides, if your wife has an income of her own she's liable to want to do what she pleases, don't you think so?"

"I think that's a rotten way to look at it," said I with heat. "If I lived with a girl, whether we were married or not, I'd make her my equal, financially and every other way." Frank laughed. "And as for your plans for marriage, how can you marry anyone you don't love?"

"Oh, love!" Frank shrugged his shoulders with annoyance and looked out of the window. "Hell, if you're going to get sentimental . . ."—*The New Republic*.

THE ONE THING SACRED

By JACK MORTON

IF you want to know what it considers most sacred, look at the institutions of a country. Take the laws of these United States, for example. We have heard it said by well-known lawyers, that fully 95 per cent of the laws passed here are for the protection, and in the interests, of Private Property.

No government ever seriously considered the welfare of its working class sufficiently to enact laws to protect the lives and the health of its workers, except the German government. And it protected the German youth and looked after its health and welfare in order to build up the most powerful army the world has ever known. Germany fostered health and strength in her young men, not because she so valued the lives of her workers as such, but because she needed strong soldiers to kill and be killed in the interests of a bigger empire, and the German ruling class.

Millions of *lives* are being sacrificed today in the attempt to gain more *property* or to hold *property* already owned. Owned by whom? By the capitalist class, of course. The working class owns no property. Nobody ever heard of one-tenth the vast sums of money now being expended in property-seeking and property-saving warfare being spent in an effort to save human lives.

Germany pretends that her people required more land; but the German working class would have been welcomed in North America and South America, in Russia and in Canada. The German workers will not benefit through a German victory. England pretends that she is waging a war to save England for the "people"—or workers—of England. She declared war upon Germany because she feared that unless she joined France, and Germany emerged victorious from this war, the private property of the British-owning class would be jeopardized or seized.

And Private Property is the cause of all wars today when LIVES are paid to enrich the owning classes.

Today everything is colored with the taint of Private Property. Nothing is free

from it. While 95 per cent of the laws are passed DIRECTLY in the interests of the owning class, and for the protection of their property, almost ALL laws are indirectly passed for the property interests.

Neither the working class nor the capitalist class has ever been caught supporting a lobby at Washington for the passing of laws providing work for the unemployed. There is "nothing in it" for property owners. Nobody ever heard of any bribe being paid to get a bill through the legislature for a six-hour workday. Was it not Victor Grayson, British M. P., who "made a fool of himself" and arose in the out-worn English Parliament and demanded that something be immediately done to "feed the starving unemployed?" And was he not discredited everywhere as a hair-brained crank who did not know that Parliament was not the place to discuss the relief of the hungry and out-of-works? Grayson was thrown out of Parliament bodily and recalled, or impeached, or whatever they call it in England. Anyway, he was put out. He didn't belong. Now if he had discussed Work House appropriations or something sensible—. Anyway, Grayson never went back.

Again, questions vital to the lives of the working class are never discussed in the halls of Congress or Reichstag, except where they menace or bulwark Property Interests.

Almost every day we read about striking workmen being shot down and murdered because they have menaced the profits, or private property, of their employers. Employers of labor will go to any lengths to prevent their workers from securing a larger portion of the things they produce—because shorter hours and higher wages mean less private property for them. Lives of workmen and money are spent lavishly to insure future profits for the owners of industry. Employers of labor do not sacrifice a portion of their dividends to preserve and protect and enrich human life.

Let fifty workmen be shot down by gunmen hired by a mine owner. Whoever heard of the state militia being sent to

protect them? But let the striking miners flood the mines or menace profits and the troops are rushed to the scene to protect private property.

Look at the national educational institutions. Those that are producing ideas in favor of the owning class, those that are manufacturing future teachers that will spread and instill ideas favorable to the propertied interests, receive the support of state assemblies and philanthropic (?) millionaires; institutions that turn out men who are of "practical" profit to large landholders, or to big manufacturers are in great demand.

Professors may teach ancient Greek that is not even understood by the Greeks in Greece today to the thousands and nobody complains; learned Ph. D.'s may specialize in anthropology and exhibit prehistoric man in all his primitive instincts and emotions with impunity; but, let somebody, like Scott Nearing, come along and discuss the *PAY* earned by the *WORKERS* and everybody, from the church to the bribed state officials, from factory owner to city alderman, jumps up on their hind feet and demand that the heretic cease talking about things not in line with the "dignity and policy" of the university.

Take the "free press" (?) of America. It is owned by capitalists and supported largely by the big advertisers. It could not print the truth if it tried because, from garret to cellar, it is tainted with the viewpoint of the *PROPERTIED CLASS*. It is literally owned, "body, soul and breeches," by those who live by *OWNING* and not by *PRODUCING*.

Many churches are large property holders. They are one of the chief bulwarks of private ownership. Ask any large employer of labor and he will concede that he prefers "Christian" workingmen to non-christian workers. He will tell you they are more reliable and less extravagant workers. They ask less pay and produce more *PRIVATE PROPERTY* for their employers.

Imagine a middle-aged workingman, out of a job, coming to Chicago to seek work. It is winter. He has spent his last cent for a meagre breakfast and has tramped the streets all day looking for a chance to sell his labor power.

Darkness approaches and he turns his

steps toward the lake front in the hope of finding some sheltered doorway, some secluded nook into which he may tuck himself away for the night.

Bright lights are glimmering all along the beautiful Lake Shore Drive. Soft strains of music can be heard in the big houses and the gay voices of dinner party guests greet the ears of the workingman, out of a job for the first time in twenty years.

Through the windows he sees deft waiters serving dinner courses; he sees sparkling champagne, delicate dishes and lovely women. He sees men whose names spell millions of dollars and who have never soiled their hands or strained their brains with one day's honest work.

He thinks it over as he walks along, spurred onward by the silent blue-coated figures that pace softly up and down before the castles of the do-nothings, who own nearly all the wealth of the world.

He is just one among millions of other workingmen. For twenty years he has labored every day, earning barely enough to raise his family of girls and boys. And now, that his fingers have grown stiff and a little slow, so that the young fellows can better keep pace with the whirring machines, he has been turned *out*—out of shop, out of a job, out of his rented "home," out upon the streets to starve.

He knows that every other worker in the shop where he has labored all these years, would be in the same predicament if thrown out of work for two or three months—or even weeks—and he knows that the holdings of his employers—the great Consolidated Steel Company—have increased in value from \$500,000 to \$5,000,000 in twenty years.

And he knows that he and his shopmates have *MADE* that value, which has become the *PRIVATE PROPERTY* of their employers, instead of remaining the property of the *WORKERS* who created it. He knows that they have been robbed of their products and paid wages instead. They who have worked, have existed, and that is all; while those who did no useful work, performed no useful service, are rated among the land's great millionaires.

No gun was pointed at the heads of these workers. The great hold-up men did not command them to throw up their hands.

They did not go through their pockets. They hired other workers to build the great shops, with money which their fathers had in turn wrung from other workingmen. The employers had *OWNED* the shops, just as employers everywhere own *ALL* the shops and railroads, the factories and mines.

And the workers had to go to them to sell their laboring power; had to ask them for jobs. All these workers would have liked to collectively own the things they made, but they had to turn them over to their employers and accept wages that meant only a shelf to sleep on, bread and clothing.

If the workers, who made the raw material and built the shops and produced commodities *IN THE SHOPS*, together with the makers of the great machines, could have combined to keep the things they had made collectively, each and every workingman would have enjoyed steady work, at short hours, safety, leisure and comfort for life—for themselves and for their families.

No, the employers do not hold you up with a gun. They *OWN* the shops and your stomachs, force you to accept their terms when you *MAKE THINGS IN THAT SHOP*.

This workingman, out-of-work, looked into the windows of the rich. He was *outside*, penniless, homeless. And around about these great palaces, he saw soft-footed policemen guarding the private property of the owners. They were there to *KEEP HIM* and his kind *OUTSIDE*. They were there to keep *OUT* the very men who had toiled and slaved in building these wonderful homes, who had filled these homes with useful things.

This is the grand hold-up comedy in which we are all taking part today. Workingmen and women are *TURNED OUT* when their work is done; when the mansion is finished, when the clothing is made, when the food is prepared and stored. They are

turned out, robbed of their products, with only a few pieces of silver in their hands. The workers give much—all the useful, comfortable, beautiful and necessary things in life are made by their hands and brains—and they get *just enough to live on WHILE THEY ARE MAKING THEM FOR SOMEBODY ELSE TO KEEP*.

For there are so many workers after every job that somebody almost always offers to work for wages that are his "bare keep." And so everybody's wages become bare board and bed and clothing.

And so we understand that Private Property, that does not mean service rendered for service, work for work, value for value, hour for hour, *MEANS THEFT AND NOTHING ELSE*.

Nobody would be foolish enough to try to prove that any employer grew rich paying his employes the *VALUE* of the things they produced. That would not be wages. Wages mean *A PART OF*, a part of the value produced by the workers. And this is why revolutionary workers intend to abolish the wages system.

We don't want *A PART OF*, we want *ALL OF* what we produce. Then, if we only worked four hours a day, and gave the other fellows a chance the other half day, we would still get two or three times what we receive now.

The capitalist class is not necessary in society today. The shop and land and mine and factory and railroads *are* necessary; but these were built or are mined or made by workingmen. We want to own and control these things so that what the workers produce, by working together, they shall own in common.

The great owners of private property are the great hold-up men of the world. They have produced nothing; they have stolen everything we have made. The revolution will, to use a polite phrase, *expropriate* the thieves, and teach men to regard human life alone as sacred.

The Gulf Between the Michigan Fruit Belt and Chicago's Ghetto

By

PALMER HOKE WRIGHT

A COMMON SIGHT IN THE FRUIT BELT

OUR very best physicians assure us that fruit is one of the greatest blessings nature has bestowed upon mankind. I am not a physician, but I do know that when one's stomach is empty, fruit is a very good substitute for corn beef and cabbage. I also know something else about fruit, for I spent a couple of weeks in the great Michigan fruit belt, and then went back to Chicago and put in a few days in the ghetto district of that proud metropolis. In Michigan I found one of the finest fruit crops that district has known for many years, but I also found something else, the something else being the sight of tens of thousands of bushels of peaches, pears and apples rotting on the ground. On the other hand, in the poorer districts of Chicago, the best bargain I could drive with the peddlers was three miserable-looking pears for a dime and the same coin would purchase from four to six peaches, according to the stage of decay.

If this state of affairs arouses the reader's curiosity, as it aroused mine, perhaps we can get together on a common basis and figure out just why it is that a large number of people in Chicago are hungry while a little more than ninety miles away enough food to feed every starving victim of the competitive system of distribution rots on the ground.

Now, you will ask, just why should the fruit grower let his product go to waste when there is a great market so near at hand? The answer is simply this:

Neither the grower nor the various commission merchants who derive profits from the industry are the least bit interested in seeing to it that everyone is supplied with all the fruit they want at a reasonable price. They are interested solely in the proposition of making as much money as possible in the shortest possible time. In order to accomplish this purpose, the growers band together and we have a number of organizations which are known as Fruit Growers' Associations. These associations are formed in order that the growers can control the market in such a way as to assure big prices. The theory is that it is much more profitable to get a big price on a small amount of fruit rather than a low price on greater quantities. You can easily see just how the consumer is not taken into consideration.

The associations make arrangements with the South Water street commission merchants in Chicago to handle so much fruit at a certain price. The South Water street merchant, in turn, disposes of the product, at a profit, of course, to the outlying commission men who deal with the retailer, the man from whom the ordinary mortal

buys. Every time the fruit changes hands the price changes also—it goes up. The result is that only the well-to-do family can have fruit; the rest of them can exercise the divine privilege of wishing for it all they please. Verily, the way the capitalistic class has of preventing the distribution of food is wondrous to behold; it is a marvel of perfection—for the capitalist.

Socialism offers a certain remedy for the conditions just set forth. Under a Social-

ist form of government, the government, which would be yourselves, friend readers, would own the fruit lands of Michigan. You would also own the railroads and steamship lines which connect the market with the source of production. These systems of transportation would be conducted in a far different manner than the one in vogue today. Instead of the fallen down, poorly equipped and badly managed railroads, you would have well organized,

properly conducted and splendidly equipped steam lines which would do away with all the waste and lost energy so common today.

The fruit would be raised by responsible leaseholders of government-owned lands who would take pride in sending to market the finest fruit nature can produce, and it would be such a simple matter to get the product to market that there could be no possible excuse for any of it going to waste. When the fruit reached the great centers of population it would be taken immediately to the government-owned distribution stations, which would be so placed as to make them easily accessible to everyone. We would eliminate all chance for waste. The prices would be low. Fruit would become an article of every-day consumption rather than something intended for only the very rich. There would be no haggling middlemen to extort a profit; there would be no such incidents as the one which happened in Chicago the other day when com-

mission merchants destroyed eleven car loads of peaches to prevent glutting the market.

Perhaps all that sounds like an Utopian dream. Perhaps you will continue to look upon such statements as the product of a mind given to dreaming. On the other hand, perhaps you will start to thinking the matter over and become enough interested in what Socialism has to offer to make a study of what it proposes. That is all that is necessary. When you start to thinking you will become socialistically inclined. You can't help it if you really think.

I have told you why it is that fruit rots upon the ground while people are hungry. Similar conditions exist in the production and distribution of every other item of food; of clothes; of coal and wood; of medicine, in fact, of everything. What are you going to do about it? Think Socialism and keep on thinking it. It won't be long before you will be doing more than thinking. You will act.

WAITING FOR DINNER UP IN THE WOODS.

THE LUMBER JACK

By ARTHUR BOOSE

I HAVE been asked to contribute an article on the lumber industry and the conditions which obtain in it. I have spent a good deal of my life in that industry and take pleasure in telling about the life of the men known as lumber jacks.

I have often made the assertion that they are most submissive slaves. They put me in mind of what Joe Hill said of the Scissor Bill. They look like human beings physically, but they think like children. To prove this statement all that is necessary is to look over the conditions of the various industries of the country. We find that the conditions are worse and the wages lowest in the lumber industry. Last winter many lumber jacks got only \$10 a month and \$26 was top wages.

At the present writing in this city (Duluth, Minn.), while the employers are howling about the prosperity and scarcity of labor in the country, the employment sharks are hiring men for \$18 to \$30

a month for the lumber companies. What do you think of this kind of prosperity?

And when they are on the job, at about 4:30 in the morning the horn is blown which tells the men to get ready for flap-jacks and watery coffee. Then they are turned out in the dark to work long before sunrise. They are in the woods and snow, working, shivering and waiting for daylight.

The bunk houses in which the lumber jacks sleep are enough to gag a skunk. Men lie all night piled together like sardines in a box. Sometimes they sleep on the floor, when there are not bunks enough for all.

There are usually two tiers of bunks, one on each side of the camp. Sometimes the bunks are built of poles, with hay or balsam boughs in them for the men to sleep on. In one camp I saw men buying hay to sleep on. Otherwise they would have to do without. The lumber company sold hay to the men for beds at the rate of three cents a pound. Some of

this hay was sold over and over again. When someone quit work or got fired and left his hay in the bunk, the chore boy, better known as the Bull Cook, would gather up the hay and sell it to someone else that came along. And every time this hay was sold it weighed more, because it was filled with more vermin and dirt. Beans and sow-belly are the chief food.

To keep clean is impossible in a lumber camp. Baths and other sanitary conveniences are entirely out of the question. The only bath the lumber jacks get is when they are caught out in the rain. In most camps they get their dinners out in the woods. In cold weather the knife and fork would stick to their mouths. The food would be cold and sometimes frozen—not fit for pigs to eat. If thrown at a hog, I am firmly convinced he would grunt because it hit him. But watching some of the lumber jacks dig into that garbage, it seems they like it and thank God it isn't worse.

In very nearly all camps they must buy their jobs or they can't get on, because the lumber companies get their men through the employment agencies, because that is a good paying proposition for the lumber companies as well as the employment sharks. They divide this money which the men pay for jobs fifty-fifty, or, in other words, the sharks take half for hiring them and the lumber com-

panies take the other half for firing them. But it seems most of the lumber jacks like this system of getting a job, because they keep this up. When they get fired on the job they come right back to the city and buy another job, and can't understand why they must produce an employment ticket or be idle.

They ought to know it is bad enough when men have to run around in a "free country," full of prosperity, as they call it, begging for work, let alone *buying* a job. In many camps they must pay hospital fees, which are about a dollar a month, and ten to twenty-five cents a month to get their mail. They are often twenty to thirty miles from any town and if they need clothes or tobacco are compelled to buy it from the lumber company at exorbitant prices.

In some camps they have an extra table for the slave-drivers who boss the men. And in very nearly all camps the lumber jacks are required to count the logs they saw and skid. The object is to get them bucking one another for the most logs.

Some lumber jacks are like dogs; they like to be patted on the back by their master and they like to throw flowers at themselves, bragging of being the best man on the job. Evidently they can't see that to be the best man on the job only signifies that he is the biggest mutt on the place, because he gets no more wages and does more.

I could tell you much more about the lumber jacks and their conditions, but that ought to be sufficient to convince anybody these slaves are sadly in need of information along the line of how to improve them. The only chance for the lumber jacks to ever get anything better is through organization. How they can fail to see this is a mystery. They surely must have heard of the lumber trust. That is an organization.

The bosses organized to regulate the lumber market and the wages and condition of the lumber jacks. The workers can run their legs off from camp to camp as individuals, looking for better wages or conditions, until they organize and stick together like the lumber barons.

So long as they refuse to recognize

that, they can never change conditions or emancipate themselves. The only solution for the workers is to organize industrially, regardless of nationality, color or creed. The lumber barons don't care what nationality or color the lumber jacks are. All they are interested in is who can make the brush fly. Those who can hustle the fastest get the job. The only labor organization that realizes this fact is the Industrial Workers of the World, the only organization that advocates international industrial unionism. That is why the employers hate the I. W. W., and the union the boss hates is the only union for the workers. For these reasons I ask you workers to join the I. W. W.

The Decay of the Craft and Its Union

By A. Mack

UNIONISM had its birth in the recognition that group action was more effective than individual effort. Practically the same psychology operated in the development of flocks and herds among the lower animals, and also towards the formation of tribes and clans among our early forebears.

Two thousand years ago the Romans had craft groups, called by them *collegia*, similar to our trade unions; and we need not be surprised to behold the English-speaking world, in another decade, celebrating the centenary of craft unionism, for it is bordering on 100 years since such organizations of workers were first legalized by the masters of England.

To be effective the Labor union must reflect the economic conditions of the workers. This, the early craft union did; every workman was in those times the master of his particular activity; he worked on the article through all its stages to completion. Usually, he was the owner of the tools with which he worked. The craft groups were distinct organizations and the men were classified in agreement with their finished product. The slogan of these unions was the well-known "Fair day's pay for a fair day's work"; not a very high ideal, we will admit, but when we consider the igno-

rance of the people, and the fact that class distinctions were less distinct than now, and also that many of the workers had an opportunity of themselves becoming employers, we must not cavil at their moderate demands.

The advent and gradual improvement of the machine has completely banished the old methods of production. The workman is no longer an artist; he no longer makes the whole article; now he performs perhaps only one per cent of the operations required for the completion of the article on which he labors. He has been reduced to and resembles a cog of the machine with which he works, performing the one uninteresting operation his whole life through. Thus, in the making of a pair of boots in efficient factories, the services of 115 workers are utilized, and these 115, working with modern machinery, can put out 20 times as many boots as 115 efficient workmen could do under the old plan.

The capitalist has found the advantage of a division of labor, not only in the increased output, but also in the fact that this machine process has split the workers into many groups in every industry. Where there are many divisions there is no solidarity among the workers; the boss wins and smiles. Every industry today presents the

sorry spectacle of several warring factions in its working ranks, each endeavoring to assert its right to be considered the aristocracy of that section, and each group fighting for itself alone, each trying to climb up by pulling the others down. Instead of being united, as of old, according to the nature of the finished product on which they sectionally work, they class themselves according to the lever or button they pull or press.

No wonder the boss believes in craft unionism today! No wonder he patronizes the union picnics and the eight-hour celebrations! He likes unionism, and intends to help it all he can, for he sees in the class divisions it perpetuates among his workers a stronger proof of his own supremacy than any he could forge himself. He knows that craft unions are harmless to him; he recognizes that they are the weapons of a dead generation; he can see that they do not express the economic demands of the working class; but when will the workers themselves see this? Intelligent workingmen have for long been warning the craft unionists, and pointing out the urgent need for a more scientific organization of their forces on industrial lines, but as yet little notice has been taken, or, at any rate, little change has been made; whether this lethargy is more due to the ignorance of the toilers or to the power of fakir politicians and ignorant, self-hunting union officials, it is somewhat hard to determine, but certainly much of the crime lies at the doors of these latter groups, in whom the trusting worker has apparently undying confidence.

When they realized, a quarter of a century ago, that the craft unions failed to improve their living conditions, or even secure them a "fair day's pay for a hard day's toil," they were enlightened by the aspiring politicians in their ranks that it was because the craft union was like a bird trying to fly

with one wing, and that before they could hope for success they must build a legislative wing, from among the workers, to assist the union wing. This they have recently done, but find that the bird still refuses to fly towards Paradise. Some say it is because the wing is not strong enough, while others assert the feathers are the wrong color, and some think the bird wants a new "constitution." This kind of strategy is known in craft union circles as "a step at a time."

While all this "step at a time" humbug is going on—to allow the fakirs to hold their jobs—the masters are building up their machine grip on the working class, and rubbing from the economic board any trace that may remain of the old crafts, upon whose existence the first craft unionists built their organizations.

That the old unions have failed to achieve anything for the workers in recent years must be evident to the densest of the working class intellects. After nearly a century of craft effort, they have not yet succeeded in landing that beautiful ideal—"a fair day's pay," etc., and we find them receiving less purchasing power now than they were 20 years ago. This is only as it can be, and the farther we go the quicker will be the backward step, for the craft union is so long obsolete that it is at present little better than a toy for the workers; it keeps them quiet, and gets them nowhere.

The only hope for the working class lies in and through the industrial unions. When they learn to so organize, and do their own fighting, instead of wasting time and energy in securing good jobs for others in the Parliamentary benches of Capital's Dopehouse, they will be in a position to secure for themselves the full social results of their labor, which is the only "fair pay" for any work.—From *Direct Action*, Australia.



OUTCAST.

OUTCASTS

By ELEANOR WENTWORTH

OUTSIDE the Rotunda of the Fine Arts Building of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition is hunched a gripping, sorrowful figure—a figure that crouches back amidst the foliage as if humbly seeking to escape the eye of the passer. Meekly it bears the name of *Outcast*. About it, fountains ripple; beyond, the sun joyfully sets agleam the somber greens of olive; chuckling, sprightly Pans, with uptilted pipes, laugh to scorn the chill atmosphere of the sorrowful one, set so far into the shadows that the sun never reaches it, leaving its marble surface ghastly.

That figure, with arms clenched and head bowed, in its shadow seclusion indomitably symbolizes the disowned of the ages—the iron-collared slave, the branded thief, the wandering disbeliever, the woman scorned, the helpless debtor. It symbolizes those

passive sufferers, who, after tilling and sowing the fields of life, so that they grow green and cool, wander begrimed and thirsty in the waste desert stretches. Pitifully it speaks of those who confidently threw all their hearts' sweetest flowers to the world they loved, receiving no return, living forevermore with barren hopes. It whispers of those who flung their cries of joy to the winds, and heard them wafted back as taunts. It speaks of builders, of whose dream houses no cornerstone or cornice has been realized. Voicelessly it proclaims the *Slave of the Past*.

And as I looked at it, so hopelessly resigned, I hated it, for all its powerful symbolism.

Did the world know no other Outcast than this shrinking, unrepentant figure? Was this symbolism the whole truth? Were there no Outcasts who dared accuse—who

STRIKE.

dared fight for their inheritance? None to cry dauntlessly, "We will not be cast aside, we who have builded and tilled and dreamed!" Were there no Outcasts with hope—with fighting blood?

In the far recesses of the Japanese Section, where only a few errant footfalls echo solemnly through the spacious silence, I found that for which I searched. There I found the symbol of the Outcast I dared hope to see. A truly courageous figure it is, with Hope and the Spirit to be Free stamped large upon it. It is the very antithesis of that bowed figure out among the green vines and laughing Pans, which seem to beg forgiveness for its very existence. This other figure is called "Strike," and proudly it bears its insignia of rebellion. The gaunt outlines and the eyes overshadowed with a terrible fatigue brand this figure of a man, as the other, with the marks of the Outcast. A woman leans upon him and, in turn, a brood of young clings to her skirts. But this Outcast is no craven. He neither cringes nor sorrows. He stands erect, and through the shadows of fatigue,

his eyes flash defiance out upon the world of the Self-Satisfied. He seems to cry aloud:

"I suffer, my mate suffers, and our young; but you shall pay—pay in full! You who stand between us and our Inheritance, your Time is drawing near—prepare! For we declare that we, too, shall live, we, the sufferers!"

This Outcast, springing from the depths, flings a challenge where others have only wept; dares where others have cowered in self-debasement. This man of courage, standing erect under the scourges of suffering and deprivation, gazing so steadfastly into the Beyond through overshadowed eyes—he dares aspire to walk in the green fields of his making; already he treads them in his imagination. He has sent a barely whispered hope of joy out upon the winds and it is rushing back to him a mighty symphony of realization. He dreams of a beautiful world, and builds it as he dreams.

He heralds the day when there will be no Outcasts, but all will be Well Beloved. He is the *Master of the Future*.

FIGHTING FOR PEACE

By S. J. RUTGERS

IT certainly is very disappointing to read what the socialist press, even in neutral countries, has to say about peace.

Most authors advocate some kind of special solution of the problem, although nobody seems to be quite confident in what he says with so much emphasis.

We all want peace, which in itself means nothing, if we cannot give a positive form to this platitude.

What kind of peace? According to your personal taste you are invited to accept one or another of at least twenty peace propositions, and if you choose that of the American Socialist party, together with some of the amendments, proposed in the Socialist press, you will have enough to fill a 10 years' peace conference.

One of the fundamental difficulties with most of the peace programs is in the fact that its fulfilment depends upon the military results of the present war. This forces us to rest some positive or negative hope on national militarism in its modern imperialistic form. Most of us feel pro-ally or pro-German, or at least anti-German or anti-ally, but this, at the same time, breaks our fighting power against imperialism in general. And as imperialism is the present, latest phrase of capitalism, this means the giving up of the very principles of the class struggle. In fact, it is the same policy as that of the belligerent socialists accepting a truce of "Burgfrieden" (civic peace).

Those who advocate some peace program, that is dependent upon the results of the war, should logically allow countries that are in a position worse than this program, to continue fighting, whereas in countries that are victorious beyond the program, labor would have no actual influence on the peace terms, on account of their giving up the principles of the class struggle.

To expect more democracy or even permanent peace as a result of an imperialistic war, seems utterly absurd, imperialism and democracy being like fire and water, and peace among a troop of hungry wolves not very likely. But even if the wolves should

pause in fighting among each other, after the war is over, it could only be in a united effort to jump at labor.

Every proposition to make a so-called peace program, or to advocate some special form of peace, has failed and must fail unless you keep to the class struggle, straight and simple. If your program is less complicated, less scientifically dressed, you will find a way out, broad and bright, without theoretical clouds or fogs, but paved with deeds, strong feeling and heavy fighting.

Modern capitalism means imperialism.

National war means imperialistic war.

Class struggle means fighting modern capitalism.

means fighting present imperialism,

means fighting imperialistic wars,

means fighting nationalistic wars, whatever may be the so-called ideal motives. Please keep in mind, that *every* "national" war under the present conditions is bound to become imperialistic.

Now you may love your country your language, your literature, according to your personal taste, but if you love them more than you hate modern capitalism, or what is the same, imperialism, you simply are no Socialist. And if you happen to be a Socialist, you will fight imperialism, regardless of what will be the national issue. After all, you will find that there is some humor in history, because it will prove that the only way to protect nationality in the more human sense, will be to fight imperialism, and the surest way to destroy nations and national feeling will be to fight for them.

For the period of real national fighting has passed. The modern fighting, in strong alliances together with foreign nations, is fighting to improve strategic positions in the struggle for world power, is fighting to conquer foreign colonies, all of which is not the old national issue, and often means the very opposite of it.

But when we fight imperialism on an international basis, and without compromising with any capitalist party, socialism will be

the result, which at the same time means the only possibility for the free development of national feeling.

It really seems too simple, but from a socialist viewpoint there is no other way, and it is a fine way too, if we only have confidence in our own cause.

Those who despair are practically lost.

But when you see before your eyes that capitalism has reached a stage in which it can only exist by wasting and destroying its own products; where it can only maintain the position of its ruling class by brute power and corruption, and still you think that times are not ripe, that you will have to wait some centuries more, well then you are simply a slave in body and mind and you will get all you deserve.

It is up to labor to take its own fate into its own hands.

It is up to labor to start a fight that will not end until we have victory. This will have to be a harsh fight; it will mean de-

feats as well as victories. It will mean victims and martyrs. But to be killed in a war for imperialism seems worse than being killed in fighting against imperialism. And as even Morgan cannot pay interest when there are no workers, some of you will have to survive even a revolutionary period. Take the best of your chances and take it in your own hands.

This means to stop the "Burgfrieden" and to fight against your own ruling class in all of the belligerent countries; this means an agitation for demobilization in neutral countries in Europe, and it means uncompromising fighting all over the world, industrial and political.

American Socialists can give a moral support to those comrades who advocate this kind of peace action, but above all they will have to take up their own class-struggle in a most efficient way, which will mean a greater help to European labor than a dozen peace programs.

Tenant Farming in the United States

By W. W. PANNELL

IN THE great southwest, where a comparatively few years ago the "sturdy pioneer" homesteaded his hundred and sixty acres of land and had it deeded to him "free of all incumbrances," has developed a "problem," based on land tenantry that has assumed such stupendous proportions as to attract the attention of the entire country.

In Oklahoma 54 per cent of the tillers of the soil live on rented farms, in Texas only 2 per cent more own them there than in Oklahoma, while the percentage of tenants in the other states of the south and west is so large as to be almost unbelievable.

The tenant farmers of the southwest may be divided into two classes—those who possess their own farming implements, work animals, etc., constituting the larger, but rapidly decreasing class, while those who own nothing and are virtual serfs to the landlords and who constitute the smaller, but rapidly increasing class, the beginnings of a future "possessionless proletariat" of the soil.

Many farmers who a few years ago owned their farms are now in the class of the possessionless tenants or renters, as they are more commonly called. Nearly every newspaper in the southwest is crowded with notices of "Sheriff sales under mortgage foreclosures." This means that the one-time owner will now become a renter of the first class; a few years more and a "public auction" notice in the local paper will denote his entrance into the class of possessionless tenants. This is the identical process used in the manufacture of the "shiftless renter" of the southwest.

The house in which the average renter lives is built after a style current some years ago, which consists of two rooms or one room and a "lean-to" or side room, which is generally used for a kitchen. The houses are usually unfinished and unpainted, the walls and ceilings sometimes being covered with old newspaper or cheap muslin. Into this habitation crowds the farmer and his family, which ranges all the way from the "lord of the manor" and his wife to a "force," using the parlance

of the landlord, of from six to a dozen children. The renter with the largest "force" can usually secure the best farms and as a result the family of the average tenant farmer is larger than that of the average industrial worker.

In the renter's home modern furniture is conspicuous by its absence. A few rickety cane bottom chairs, bedsteads, according to the size of the family, and perhaps a bureau or "dresser" constitute the furnishings of the "front" room, while a common board table, cook stove and cupboard situated in the kitchen bring up the sum total of the renter's household belongings. Books and magazines, with the possible exception of a farm paper or two and a few old school books, are rarely ever found in a renter's abode.

The food of the renter consists of only what a very meager income is capable of purchasing and is invariably of the brand contained in tin cans and paper sacks, with the possible exception of "garden truck" in the spring and early summer. The rest of the time the renter subsists on such food as can be bought in quantities and is alike preservable in hot and cold weather, wheat bread, dry salt pork and navy beans constituting the average year round diet of the renter.

This low standard of living, which has caused the tenant farmer to be considered "shiftless," is chiefly owing to the prevailing methods of renting land and the conditions produced thereby, which virtually prohibit the acquiring by the farmer of an adequate standard of living and permanent and sanitary housing facilities.

The prevailing method of renting land is to rent for "share rent." Under this method the renter agrees to deliver to the landlord a certain per cent of the crop after it is harvested. The farmer that owns his own farming implements, work animals, etc., is usually obliged to give "one-third," while the possessionless renter must relinquish one-half of the product of his toil for access to the land. House rent, pasture for live stock, etc., is generally supposed to be included in the rental charge, but of late landlords have been known to charge extra for these accommodations.

A recent trip through one of the greatest tenant sections of the country has shown the writer that such practices are not uncommon. Some landlords also require a

cash bonus as a guarantee that the land will be cultivated and as an insurance for the upkeep of the fences, buildings and other improvements.

In the contracts entered into between the landlord and the tenant farmer the disposition of the premises is always stated in specific terms, stipulating in every minor detail the varied operations of farming the land that the renter must comply with or abrogate his contract. The contracts also specify the amount of land that can be planted to a certain crop. For instance, a contract which we have just examined stipulates that 60 per cent of the land must be planted in cotton, 20 per cent in corn and 20 per cent in other feed crops, with the exception of a quarter of an acre, which the renter may reserve as a garden plot. It might be said, in passing, that this is an unusually liberal contract.

Besides having his liberty abridged by pernicious clauses in the contract, which he is obliged to subscribe to or be denied the opportunity to wrest a livelihood from Mother Earth, the renter is humiliated by being compelled to get the permission of the landlord in order to sell any of the crops raised on the farm and must submit to the dictates of the landlord as to the manner and time of selling. In some states "landlords' lien bills" have been passed, which prohibit the farmer selling anything off the land without the permission of the landlord until all charges against it have been paid.

While the landlord is the greatest exploiter of the tenant farmer, he has a close competitor in the local store at which the renter buys his supply of food and clothing. This store, which is also often owned by the landlord, is the regular "pluck me" store of the rural districts. When the farmer has anything to sell he takes it to the local store and is given, in payment, a little book containing coupons equal in value to the amount of his sale. These coupons are "legal tender" nowhere except at the store issuing them, virtually compelling the farmer to buy his supplies where he sells his produce. As a result of this arrangement the average tenant farmer is in debt at the end of the year.

The connection of the rural store with the landlord from whom he rents land, with the banker from whom he borrows money—in fact, the close co-operation of all agen-

cies that work to enslave him and his "heirs and assigns forever," forms one of the longest chapters in the biography of the tenant farmer and is fraught with too much importance to be lightly treated in this article.

In Texas and Oklahoma, where land tenantry has increased with amazing rapidity during the last few years, the tenant farmer has developed into a migratory worker, who seldom works on the same farm two successive years. March the first is generally the time when the renter's contract terminates, although they may be made to terminate at any time, and at this time thousands of tenant farmers change their landlords for the coming year. This unsettled condition of the tenant farmer—so different from the conditions obtaining in the same localities a few years ago—is solely owing to the concentration of the land into a few hands and its corollary, the increasing impoverishment of the workers.

The tenant farmer or renter being of comparatively recent origin in the southwest, the facts of land tenantry have not been widely disseminated, and as a result practically no organization of national importance, with the single exception of the Socialist Party, has seriously considered its problems. In all tenant farming states the Socialist Party has formulated extensive "farm programs," which if put into practice, would do much to better the conditions of the tenant farmer, even under capitalism. However, it is understood that nothing of lasting benefit can be secured for the tenant farmer as long as the system of capitalism exists, and in all sections of the country the revolutionary message of Socialism is proclaimed with special emphasis laid on the society that is to be, wherein all useful workers will receive the full social product of their toil.

IN FAVOR OF UNION

By Mrs. Bernie Babcock

I 'M fur dese heah unions
De white folks tells erbout;
"In union dere am strength," dey say,
An' I'se done foun' dat out.

So now, my feddered brudders,
Lem'me impress on you
Dat you as loyal citizens
Should be fur union, too.

Jes don't you squawk nor cackle,
Nor kick up no loud fuss,
An' we'll git organized right soon
Widout no strikes nor muss.

I'll furnish all de capital
Lak hatchets and de pot,
An' keep de fire a-burnin'
An' de water boilin' hot.

Now, doan stan' back an' argue,
Caze your bones will make de pickin's,
God planned hit jes dis sort er way
Or he wouldn't made you chickens.

EARLY in the spring, the snows began to melt on the mountain tops, many miles above the Hollow, and to run down into little streams that lost themselves in the great river. Day by day the waters of the river arose along its banks. The Cave People gave little heed, for they had much to do at this time, to satisfy their hunger. Only the Old Woman bent her eyes on the whirling waters with fear and dread in her heart.

Long before the memory of the other members of the tribe, she recalled a time when the waters had clambered over the river banks and spread many a day's journey into the deep forests. Many of her brothers and her sisters had been swallowed up by the angry waters. The members of her tribe had been scattered and joined new tribes. Since those days, she had always feared the river, when it rose in the spring.

When she warned the Cave People, one and all, they listened to her words, but they knew not what to do. And always the river rose higher and higher and its current grew more swift, tearing away the young saplings that grew low down, and bearing them swiftly away.

But the Cave People had need of great skill these days to satisfy the hunger of the tribe. A new activity seemed born unto them. Eyes grew keen for the tracks of the wild boar and their ears were open

for a sound of the foot of the forest enemies.

Sharp eyes everywhere pierced the woods and glanced from the branches of trees, for man and beast had need to be ever alert and watchful to survive the dreary period of the hard seasons. The black bear appeared, thin and dangerous. But the Cave People eluded and outwitted her. Across yawning cracks in the ground or over great hollows, they threw branches of trees. And upon these branches they threw dead fish and smeared the blood of the wild duck.

Through the woods the smell of fresh blood reached the keen nose of the bear and she made her way thither to satisfy the hunger that gnawed her continually. But the branches gave way under her great bulk and she fell crashing into the pit below, where the Cave People killed her with their long bone weapons.

It was after one of these great bear feasts, when the Cave People had fed the Fire into a roaring blaze to protect them from the animals that grew over-bold at this season of the year, that the Old Woman renewed her warnings. The waters of the great river continued to climb upward and there remained but a little way before they should overflow the banks.

Then the Old Woman gathered the members of the tribe together and told them the story of her childhood days. The new words of the tribe came stumblingly to her

lips, therefore she made known her thoughts chiefly in the gesture language.

First she pointed to the land across the river, waving her wrinkled hands northward. That way lay the home of her birth. Many, many years before—she held up both hands to indicate the time was beyond the power of counting—she had lived with her fathers and mothers, on a river bank. Very small she was in those days. Her head came only to the thigh of a man.

Came a time when the waters of the river crept up over the lands, just as they had begun to steal over the wood north of the Hollow. The people of her tribe had climbed into the great trees, but with the coming of every new sun, the waters rose higher and higher. Long the waters continued to climb till they became a great surging flood, creeping through the forest and at last joining the waters of the river that flowed beside the homes of the Cave People. Over all the world there remained no dry land.

And the Old Woman, who was then a child, dwelt for many suns with her fathers and mothers, in the tall trees.

But there came one day a storm, when the waters foamed and whirled and tore up the trunks of the great trees and hurled them into the flood. And the limbs of the tree, on which the Old Woman clung, were beaten and bent in the mighty struggle till at last, she was whipped from the branches and thrown into the waters, as nuts are shaken from the trees.

And the Old Woman was borne away in the swift current. She heard many cries, as the waters threw her about, and some of her people leaped into the flood to save her. But she was beaten about like a leaf in the wind and unable to call to them.

Soon she found herself dashed against the trunk of a tree, and she climbed upon it and clung to it for a long time. Often she grew very weary and slipped back into the waters, but always she clung to the branches of the tree, till, at last, she had been washed ashore. And she made her way into the new land till she came, by and by, to the homes of the Cave Dwellers.

Tubers they fed her and the eggs of the wild fowl. And she remained with them and became a member of the tribe.

Never again had the Old Woman beheld the people of her own tribe, save at night

when she dreamed on her bed of dry leaves in the deep cave. Sometimes they returned to her then and told her strange things.

Thus the Old Woman told her story and when she was finished a trembling seized her brown body and she gazed long at the swift waters of the river. Of the color of the leaves, touched by the frosts of winter, were her wrinkled hands, with which she pointed toward the river. And the Cave People were seized with fear also, for even as they watched, small rivulets crept over the banks and trickled down into the hollow.

Heavy rains fell all through the day that followed and the small streams of water that overflowed the banks found their way into all the little hollows, filling them. At night when the Cave Dwellers sought their caves, their hearts were filled with dread.

Quack Quack crouched close to Strong Arm, with her arms about little Laughing Boy. The rumbling and roar of the waters sounded in their ears, as the swollen river tore downward in her course. But, after a time, they fell asleep and forgot their terrors, till the cries of their brothers and sisters aroused them towards the morning.

Now the cave in which Strong Arm slept was upon a point above the caves of the other members of the tribe, but when he arose and rolled the great stone from the entrance of the cave, the snarling waters curled about his feet and wet them. And, when he looked into the Hollow, a strange sight met his eyes. For the river had risen in the darkness, covering the face of the world. Every moment the waters surged savagely onward over the land, into the deep woods, as though they meant to devour the whole earth.

At those points where the ground rose higher than the surrounding land, clustered the Cave People, chattering in terror and clinging desperately upon whatsoever their hands found. Very quickly Strong Arm called Quack Quack and Laughing Boy. And he assisted them to mount to the top of the cave, where Laughing Boy whimpered with fear. They heard the voice of the Old Woman, calling shrilly to them, as she pointed towards the branches of the tall trees in the forest, where they might find safety.

And many members of the tribe cast themselves into the waters that rose steadily every moment, and swam toward the woods.

But the waters tossed them and the current pushed them ever backward. Often they were struck by great floating logs, that rolled over and over when they sought to climb up on them.

Then, amid the great tumult, was heard the voice of Light Foot and the sounds of Big Nose, her husband, also. And when the Cave People looked about, they discovered a flood of huge logs and dead trees that had been jammed before the entrance of the cave wherein dwelt these two, barring the way out.

And every man in the whole tribe forgot his desire for safety to answer the cry for help that Light Foot sent up. For, among the Cave Dwellers, there was a great tenderness among the men and women of the tribe. The word of a woman bore great weight, for it was the joy of every man to please and aid her.

So Strong Arm threw himself into the water, with a cry to his brothers, while Quack Quack remained upon the top of the cave holding Laughing Boy in her arms, lest he be harmed.

Long the members of the tribe struggled with the current, till at last they reached the cave of Light Foot where she struggled with the logs that shut her in. With all their strength these strong men tugged and plucked at the trees. But with every effort

the waters bore back on them, jamming the logs into a wedge again, between the cave and the rocks, till the Old Woman thought they should all be drowned.

At last, however, Strong Arm thrust a great stick between the cave and the jam of trees and Big Nose and Light Foot were able to add their strength in diverting the danger. Soon they were free and making their way, with those who had saved them, toward the woods. It is well to note here, too, that the cave men thought always of the women, lending them every aid and that there was not one forgotten amid grave peril.

Not till it was too late to effect his rescue, however, did the Cave People remember Old Grey Beard, who had also become imprisoned in his cave. At that time the waters tore about the tops of the rocks and they knew it was too late to help him.

Although many swam for the woods, few arrived there. Strong Arm, Quack Quack and Laughing Boy, who had followed their friends, soon found themselves regretting the rocks above their cave. For all the drift borne down the river by the swift waters, seemed hemmed and wedged about the woods. Over these logs it was impossible to pass. For they rolled and dipped under the feet, dumping the Cave People back into the boiling water, sometimes crushing them between the great logs.

Strong Arm progressed beneath the debris, but he was unable to find an opening to come up, and was compelled to return to Quack Quack and Laughing Boy, who swam about the edge of the great mass of logs, awaiting him. Very dizzy he was and his lungs collapsed with his breath as he appeared, for the struggle against the current was almost beyond his strength.

Again and again they sought to reach the woods where they might find shelter in the trees, but each time they failed. It was impossible to advance and the strong current rendered it still more difficult to go back.

And every moment the waters rose. Logs whirled swiftly past with many of the forest animals clinging to them. Now and then they saw one of the Hairy Folk tossed and straining to reach the trees. The Silent One, who clung to one of the cane rafts, was flung into the whirling jab, by the current, and crushed like a dry leaf in the hand. As far as the eye could reach the

foaming waters tore their way through the woods. But between the Cave Dwellers who clung to the skirts of the jam, and the safety of the forest trees, it seemed there floated and rocked and churned all the trees of a great world of woods, plucked out and cast there by the great river, in order to mock them.

But the Cave People clung tenaciously, while the great mass of logs strained and tore each other, or were flung away in the current. At last the great hollow tree, in which Strong Arm had kept the Fire alive, was borne down, for its trunk was old with fire and with rot. As it was tossed onward in the mighty current, Strong Arm, with Laughing Boy and Quack Quack close at his side, made their way toward it with a great effort. As it whirled past them, they flung their arms over the rough bark and clung to it.

Soon they were able to climb into the burned out hollow of the tree, where they lay shivering with fear. The trunk of the tree made a kind of boat the Cave People had never seen, for only the burned out portion at the end lay open and dipped into the waters. In the hollow they lay for a long time, till their strength returned and their fears fell. Then they sat up and looked about.

The rains had ceased and the sun made his way high in the heavens, and they were borne swiftly along in the great log. Often they crashed into the branches of trees that rose just above the water. But always Strong Arm, Quack Quack and Laughing Boy clung tightly. They did not mean to be hurled into the waters again.

But they were checked in their fearful journey, at last, when the hollow log was driven amid the interwoven trunks and branches of a tall banyan. There it lay, tossing in the boughs, as safe as though it had been anchored securely. For the cur-

rent of the river sucked and drove it always more strongly into the arms of the tree.

Soon a great chattering arose among the branches that dipped now and then into the angry waters, and in a moment they beheld the Foolish One and a man from the tribe of the Hairy Folk, who called to them.

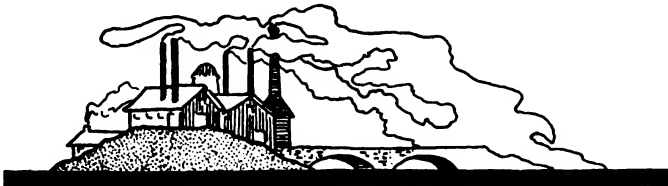
And Laughing Boy forgot his terrors as he seized a bough and made his way into the tree, for safety, while Quack Quack and Strong Arm followed him.

Then arose such a jabbering as was never before heard in the old banyan, while Strong Arm and the Foolish One made known their adventures. Also they talked to the man from the tribe of the Hairy Folk in the gesture language.

Where the limbs of the tree ran far out over the whirling waters, Laughing Boy found the long deep nests of the oo-ee-a. Often the branches bent beneath his feet and threatened to give way under him, but his lightness enabled him to secure these treasures. And together, the Foolish One, Strong Arm, Quack Quack, Laughing Boy and the man from the tribe of the Hairy Folk made a supper upon the eggs of the oo-ee-a. Then they sought out forked branches, where they curled themselves up and fell asleep.

The waters roared and thundered beneath. Dead trees and old logs beat against their new refuge in the great banyan, but they wound their arms and legs about the limbs of the tree and found rest.

Thus they dwelt in the old banyan, with a wild fowl now and then, a fish, or a few gulls' eggs to satisfy their hunger, while the river sank lower and lower into its old channel. Every day the waters receded and slipped back into the river bed, till Strong Arm declared the time was come when they might venture forth toward the land of their fathers.



Socialism and Preparedness

By HENRY L. SLOBODIN

FROM the way the Socialists are now dealing with the question of military preparedness one would conclude that they never before dealt with that problem and that it is confronting them now for the first time.

Comrade Russell sounds a call to arms and, evidently conscious that he has thereby sinned against some Socialist doctrine, he defies the Socialists to make the most of it. And many Socialists, also believing that Russell furnished the statutory ground, demand that the Socialist party get a divorce from him.

It does not seem to have occurred to any one of the many who made themselves heard on Russell, militarism and preparedness that the Socialist parties of the world have made repeatedly concerted and authoritative declarations of these questions.

I had occasion to say it before and I say it again, that there is no Socialist principle or doctrine, no Socialist authoritative resolution or statement upon which a demand may be predicated that one country should remain defenseless in the presence of a probable attack by another militaristic state.

The Socialists had many occasions, during the last fifty years, to deliberate upon this problem and declare the Socialist attitude on military preparedness. And not once did the Socialist declare against preparedness. On every occasion they declared that the Socialists were, in their own way, in favor of military preparedness. The Socialists always were against standing armies and huge military establishments. But they always were and now stand committed in favor of UNIVERSAL MILITARY TRAINING AND A CITIZENS' ARMY.

Now, I do not intend to hold a brief for comrade Russell. I am not sure that I know exactly what he wants. But I do want to object against anyone inventing Socialism for me *de novo*. Socialism in all its aspects is to me a definite and

familiar thing. I object against the attempt to foist on the Socialists of this country the non-resistance philosophy as a Socialist doctrine to which one must swear allegiance or be expelled from the Socialist party.

The German comrades in this country seem to have been especially and completely converted to the non-resistance to force philosophy, so far as the government of the United States is concerned. They are bitter opponents of all military preparedness in this country. They are not in favor of any program of military preparedness, Socialist or bourgeois. No Socialist, no workingman, should be allowed to touch arms. All use of arms is anathema.

I have not all the Socialist declarations on the subject at hand, but I have some. And most of them are by the German Socialists.

Mehring's History of German Social Democracy enables me to go back as far as 1869. During that year the Progressive party of Germany demanded of the Prussian government to initiate action in a diplomatic way for a general disarmament by the great European powers. The Progressive party called a mass meeting in Berlin to ratify the plan. As the meeting was declared open to all, regardless of party, the Socialists packed and captured it. And at this meeting the German Socialists passed a resolution declaring "the Progressive plan an unpardonable half-measure; what the European powers needed is the abolition of standing armies and the introduction of a citizens' army (Volkwehr), based on the military training of the youth." (3 Mehring's History, 282.)

The Gotha program, adopted May 22, 1875, had the demand, "III. Common right to bear arms. Militia instead of the standing army."

The Erfurt program, adopted by the German Social Democracy on October 21, 1891, contains the following demand: "III. Universal military education.

Substitution of militia for a standing army."

I take this from a pamphlet entitled, "Socialism," by Wilhelm Liebknecht, translated by May Wood Simons, and published by Charles H. Kerr & Company. Commenting on this demand, Liebknecht says:

"This is an old demand of the Social Democracy, which was brought forward by Fichte in his "Speech on the German Nation." Every one should be a soldier, as in Switzerland, and in order to bring about such a system it is necessary that every one, from his youth, be exercised in the use of arms, in marching, gymnastics, firing, etc.

"In Switzerland, every school teacher in every village knows the military exercise. He is at least an under-officer in the confederate army, perhaps a higher officer. He teaches his pupils from the earliest age exercising, military gymnastics, to shoot with the cross-bow, and at a certain age the child receives a gun. In short, the youth are educated in all the exercises necessary for military service."

So you see that the German comrades never deluded themselves into the idea that the German Socialists could leave their country in a lurch no matter by what peril it might have been threatened. Were they in favor of military preparedness? Well, it is an open question whether their plan, if carried out, would not make Germany, in a military way, even more powerful than it is now. It is often said that Switzerland has, for its size, the most efficient military organization in the world.

Socialists the world over adopted the same plan of military preparedness. They believed in both Democratic and Socialist. Every Socialist International congress adopted, over and over again, the same demand for universal military training and a citizen army.

I have not at hand all the proceedings of all congresses, but here is from the proceedings of the International Labor Congress, held in Paris in 1889. The resolution on militarism adopted by this congress is long and verbose. But as it was substantially readopted in the succeeding congresses, I will give it in full.

It is entitled, "Abolition of the Standing Army and the Universal Arming of the People."

The report in my possession is in German, edited by Wilhelm Liebknecht. And I must say right here that the terms used in German which are given into English by me as "citizen army" are "Volksbewaffung" and "Volkswehr."

Now the resolution:

The International Labor Congress of Paris:

Whereas, The standing army or a strong army in the service of the ruling or property class is antagonistic to every democratic or republican form of government; and is the expression of military, monarchical or oligarchic and capitalist domination and a tool of reactionary lawlessness and social oppression;

The standing armies are the pretext and the cause of aggressive wars, a constant danger causing international conflicts; and therefore the standing armies and the provoking policies whose organs they are, must make room for the defensive policies of the peaceful democracy, an organization of the entire people, which must be trained in arms and armed, not for robbery and conquest, but for the protection of its independence and its freedom;

The standing army is, as history shows, a ceaseless cause for wars, and is not able to defend the country against an overwhelming coalition, but, on the contrary, leads to its defeat and thus delivers the country unarmed to the mercy of the victors; when a well-equipped, organized and armed nation would be irresistible against an invading enemy;

The standing army causes a disorganization of social life by withdrawing the flower of the nation during the period of study and instruction, greatest labor time and activity, in order to incarcerate and demoralize it in the barracks;

Through the standing army labor, science and art are made fruitless and hindered in their upward course, and the citizen, the individual and the family are threatened in their development;

That, on the other hand, in a truly national army, where the nation is armed—"the people in arms"—the citizen may continue developing in national life his natural inclinations and abilities and perform his military functions as a necessary attribute of his citizenship;

That the standing army is, through the ever-growing burden of war debts, through the ever higher rising taxes and loans, which it necessitates, a cause of misery and ruin;

The congress repudiates indignantly the war plans of the governments desperately struggling for their existences; and views peace as the first and inevitable condition of emancipation of labor;

And demands the abolition of the standing army, universal arming of the people after the following plan:

The national army, the armed nation, consists of all able-bodied citizens; they are organized in districts, each district has its com-

pany or more—according to population—made up of citizens who know one another, and who, if it must be, are assembled, armed and in marching order in 24 hours; every one has his arms and his equipment at home, as in Switzerland, in order to defend public liberty and national security. The congress declares again that war, the sad product of the present economic conditions, will disappear only when the capitalist method of production will give place to the emancipation of labor and the international triumph of Socialism.

The foregoing resolution was adopted unanimously. The international congress, held in London in 1896, reiterated the declaration of 1889. After pointing out the economic causes of war, the resolution continues:

Therefore, the cry—Down the Arms!—is sounded in vain, as is every other appeal to the humanity of the capitalist class. Only the working class can have the earnest will and conquer the power to establish the world peace.

Therefore, it demands:

1. Simultaneous abolition of the standing armies in all states and the introduction of a citizen army.
2. Establishment of arbitration courts.
3. Final decision over peace and war directly through the people.

The resolution was offered by delegate Wurm of Germany. It is interesting to note from the discussion that followed how well ancient arguments keep for modern use.

Boicervois, Paris: Declares, in the name of the French majority, against a citizen army, which means militia, and, as is shown in Switzerland and United States, is a weapon in the hands of the capitalists. He also spoke against political action.

Pankhurst, England: Is also against a citizen army. The cry must be, "Down with Arms! Long Live Liberty and Fraternity!"

Landsbury, England: Is against the above views. To defeat the citizens' army would leave democracy defenseless against the bourgeois.

The resolution was adopted.

Having no report of the proceedings of the intervening congresses, we wing our way directly into the year 1907, to the city of Stuttgart. The resolution of the Stuttgart congress on militarism and international conflicts was adopted unanimously, both in commission and congress. The American delegates, including Hillquit, therefore voted for it. It is a very long affair, covering two pages. After reiterating the declaration of prior congresses, it goes on:

The congress sees in the democratic organization of the armed force, the citizen army in place of the standing army, an essential guarantee that aggressive wars will be made impossible and the removal of national antagonisms will be made easier.

That is all I have just now. But it is enough.

Never have the Socialists entertained even remotely the idea of leaving a country exposed defenseless against foreign aggression. Never have the Socialists suffered the idea of meek submission, of Christian surrender of non-resistance to force. The Socialists always recognized that in the end all social conflicts are decided by FORCE. And they were ever eager to secure arms for the working class against the day of final decision.

Why then do the Socialists of this country raise their voices against the traditional and established policies of the Socialist movement? Why such sudden and indignant abhorrence of arms and force?

AN INTERNATIONAL BOYCOTT?

By ELIZA FRANCES ANDREWS

Author of. *The War Time Journal of a Georgia Girl*

DEAR COMRADE:

May I ask for space in the REVIEW to suggest a better way of working for international peace than the futile policy of non-resistance advocated by Mr. Bryan and endorsed by a considerable portion of the Socialist press?

It seems to me inconsistent, to say the least, for us Socialists to favor "direct action" with brickbats and shotguns, if need be, in cases where our own selfish interests are involved, and then counsel an attitude of passive aloofness when the welfare of all humanity and the very existence of free government on this planet of ours are hanging in the balance.

I am not writing this in a "jingo" spirit, and I am not going to advocate the absurdity of making war on anybody as a means of stopping war, though when the "other fellow" insists upon coming at you with a club, I don't think the proper way to insure peace is to fall down on your knees and give him a free walk-over. It would be just about as sensible to cry hands off, and try to keep the peace with a nest of rattlesnakes as to hope to stem the tide of military aggressiveness by persuasion or argument. The only way to have peace with a rattlesnake is to exterminate him, and the same is true of Militarism. It is the handmaid of Despotism, as all history shows, from Hannibal and Caesar, down to Napoleon and William II., with his gang of royal and titled past masters in the art of butchery.

A nation that has permitted itself to be dominated by this brutal system, until its ethical and social ideals retrograde to the standards of the cave man, becomes a menace to civilization, and the rest of the world must either go down on its knees in a state of abject submission, or is forced, in self-defense, to carry the intolerable burden of military armaments. I say nothing here about the sins of Imperialism and Capitalism, because it is the part of wisdom to deal with the most pressing danger first, and by far the greatest danger that threatens the civilized world today is Militarism. With it

once overthrown, the whole menagerie of kings and kaisers, with their old junk of "divine rights" will be sent to the dust heap, and the governments of the different nations, under the system of State Capitalism, which will probably be the next stage in social evolution, will become democratic in form at least. This may seem a small gain, but we must remember that every approach to democracy is a step in the direction of Socialism, and the direction in which we are moving is of much greater importance than the length of the leaps we take.

Instead, then, of advising everybody to keep the peace and save their own precious carcasses by standing aside while triumphant Militarism enjoys a free walk over on the backs of weaker nations; instead of looking on with passive indifference while Republican France and Constitutional England are upholding the cause of such approach to popular government as can exist under Capitalist conditions; instead of complacently washing our hands of the innocent blood that is watering the earth all around us, as none of our affair, would it not be more in accord with the dictates of humanity, and with Socialist ethics, to bestir ourselves and call upon all neutral nations of the earth, with such of the belligerents as are willing to join with us, to agree upon a manifesto prescribing certain limitations to military aggressiveness, which shall be enforced, if necessary, by an international boycott against the offender? If this should prove ineffective, international action of a severer nature might be resorted to, though from what history tells us as to the consequences of a papal "edict of excommunication" in the Middle Ages, there is little reason to doubt that our unspiritual modern weapon would bring about the desired result. At present, the one crying, incontestable duty of the civilized world is to stop the carnage that is now darkening the face of our planet, and to stop it in a way that would put the strong upon notice forever, that they must respect the rights of the weak.



BOOK REVIEWS



The Pillar of Fire: A Profane Baccalaureate. By Seymour Deming, Author of "A Message to the Middle Class." Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Price, \$1.00 net.

Here is a college man who has opened his eyes to the real facts of this changing world, and has addressed to other college men a book that will wake them up if they are worth waking, and young enough in capacity to receive new ideas. The style of the appeal is masterly; few writers combine like this one a tremendous earnestness with an alert sense of humor. A notable feature of the book is an imaginary dialogue in the true Platonic form between Socrates and a rich young man who tells of a speech made by a soapboxer who interrupted Pedagogus, the Sophist, at the Academe. In the course of the dialogue Socrates shows how philosophers and students are supported in leisure by the "lower" class who do useful work, and that in shutting their eyes to this obvious fact they put themselves in a ridiculous and shameful position.

A Man Without the Price: By Clarence T. Atkinson, Author of the "Skyline Girls." Published by the author. Price, 10 cents.

The Currency Problem: By Dr. Karl F. M. Sandberg; published by the author, 2850 Logan boulevard, Chicago, Ill. Price 5 cents.

Dr. Sandberg says: "It is no use trying to beat the currencyists at their own game. . . we must fight them with our own weapon. We must have undertakings run for use, socialist undertakings, and money based upon work—socialist money.

The Riddle of the Beast: By Josiah Nicholas Kidd, author of "The Guiding Hand." Published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston, Mass. Price, \$1.00 net.

The author sets forth in compelling verse the all-absorbing problem of war, and endeavors to explain "God's relationship to this evil and how it is always made to serve His plan for the ultimate good of man."

The Nearing Case: A brief of facts and opinions prepared by Lightner Witmer. Published by B. W. Huebsch, 225 Fifth avenue, New York.

The whole world is discussing the dismissal of Dr. Scott Nearing from his position as Assistant Professor of Economics at the University of Pennsylvania. This book will give you the facts. A discussion of the Limitation of Academic Freedom.

Dante and Other Waning Classics: By Albert Mordell, author of "The Shifting Liter-

ary Values." Published by The Acropolis Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

Mr. Mordell says: "I have chosen for critical examination six of the most famous classics of Christendom. These include two highly lauded epic poems of modern times, the "Divine Comedy," and "Paradise Lost"; two works, the circulation of each of which has been surpassed only by the bible, "The Imitation of Christ"; "Pilgrim's Progress," a noted religious autobiography; "St. Augustine's Confessions," and an important product in Christian apologetics, "Pascal's Thoughts." These works are saturated in whole or part with theological dogmas that have been discarded by many people today. It is my intention to show how medieval fallacies have ruined what might otherwise have been perfect literary masterpieces. I have tried to point out that the literary value of these classics has waned in proportion to the extent and falsity of the theology pervading them."

Satellite Cities: By Graham R. Taylor; a study of industrial suburbs. Published by D. Appleton & Company, New York & London. Price, \$1.50 net.

"Congestion with all that it means in choked streets, dark work rooms and high taxes, has been forcing factories to our city limits and beyond. To direct attention to this process and particularly to its civic consequences is the purpose of this book. It endeavors to set forth the opportunity in these outskirts for applying the technique which is being developed and the idealism which is finding expression in the science of town planning—or "Made to Order Towns." For while industrial managers have shown extraordinary foresight, skill and ingenuity in the arrangement of their plants in the outlying areas, no such expert planning has gone into the accompanying community development." From the foreword of the book, Mr. Taylor discusses Chicago, Birmingham, Cincinnati, St. Louis, satellite cities, and many others. An illuminating volume.

Socialism: By E. C. Robbins; a compilation published by H. W. Wilson Company, White Plains, New York. \$1.00 net.

Mr. Robbins calls this a "Handbook" and explains that he has sought to give the reader a general knowledge of socialism. "Discussions bearing on technical phases have been purposely omitted." A hodge-podge of wholly conflicting ideas as expressed by socialists and progressives (inside the Socialist Party). The parts of value in the book are the quotations from Marx and Engels and other scientific socialists. Anybody studying this "handbook" would be more confused in regard to socialism at the last, than at the first page of this book.

EDITORIAL

THE FIGHTING "INSTINCT"

SOME people believe that Organization is the greatest thing in the world. They point to the German military organization to prove their contention. They refer to the German Social Democracy. But we do not agree with them.

Organization, unless it *does* something—unless it *acts*, means nothing. Perhaps man's natural tendency to *fight* is the greatest of all his heritages. Some of us see this. We know that it is man's natural tendency to satisfy his hunger, to seek shelter, and to perpetuate the species. But he has to fight for an opportunity to do these things.

From savagery to civilization it has been the tribes, and later, the nations, which have known how to *fight* that have survived. The weak and peaceful tribes met the strong and warlike hordes and were annihilated.

And the old law holds good today even as it did a hundred thousand years ago; the weak man, the peaceful man, goes down in the struggle and the strong survive.

The strong continue to take from the weak and grow stronger with every theft, for men learn to fight, by *fighting*, and men grow strong to fight, by fighting.

Civilized man today is governed almost as much by the things he has *learned* and the *habits* he has formed, as by his natural instincts and tendencies. Our natural instinct, when we are hungry, is to satisfy that hunger—and yet hundreds of thousands of starving men and women pass and re-pass every day, wagon loads, and train loads, of food which they do not touch.

The *habit* of respecting Private Property in them has grown stronger than the old instinct to eat and to live. Historically, it has

been only recently that man learned to work, to apply himself for hours at a time to any given task. He did not take naturally to work. His instincts were all against application. And yet we see some people so far losing this instinct for idleness and for play that they actually beg to be allowed to perform work in their old age that they had rebelled against and loathed in their youth.

Most of man's original tendencies, or instincts, serve to preserve the human race. But these instincts may become so suppressed in childhood and in youth by the long and painful efforts of their parents, teachers and employers, as well as their governments, that some of them cease to function.

Habit may become so fixed that it will prove even stronger than the instinct to eat when we are hungry; this is why hundreds of thousands of people go about in a semi-starved condition from one year's end to another.

The working class of the world is increasingly exploited by the owning classes. And man's *original* tendency today is to fight over the *food*, the *clothing*, etc., etc., just as primitive men fought for the results of the chase centuries ago.

And the owning class, or capitalist class, is today fighting for more and ever more of the things produced by the workers. The Class Struggle is the every-day struggle of the workers and the idlers *for the products* of the workers.

The capitalist, or owning class, is appropriating these things today. Who is going to have them tomorrow?

We believe the class that fights most steadily. For as soon as the workers pause to rest, cease to fight and to demand more and

ever more of their products, or the value of their products, the stronger grows the capitalist class.

And every time the capitalist class grows lazy or careless, the workers will, if they continue to fight, gain more of the things they make.

Peaceful habits, in their association with the capitalist or employing class, will mean lower wages, longer hours, more abject slavery for the workers. Fighting habits, habits of rebellion, among the working class will mean *more strength* to fight, more *wisdom* on *how to fight*, more *desire* to fight—the capitalist system which robs them.

Some of us love the rare, nice little boys who refuse to fight when they are playing. We reward these boys with candy and words of praise; and we punish the children who *fight*. This is the general attitude of parents today. This is the attitude of teachers today. We punish those who possess the fighting spirit when we should reward or encourage them.

Boys are young fighting animals and we may either start the long period of suppression of this natural and vital instinct in their early years or encourage it.

The thing we should do is to teach our children and the youths about us, and the working class in general everywhere, to fight in their *own interest*; we should show them that to fight in their own interest means to fight the present *profit system*.

The instinct to *fight* for what we need is what the working class must encourage to-

day and tomorrow, and the next day. We shall never get anything from the exploiting class unless we fight for it. When we have the intelligence to fight unitedly, and only then, can we ever hope to win a victory over the capitalist class.

As long as we only go about whining, and *talking* and regretting the condition of the working class, we shall never gain one foot of ground against our exploiters. Every time we *rebel* and *fight* for more of the things we produce, we learn new ways for more effective fighting, we grow more in the habit of fighting, we become better prepared to meet the next attack of the enemy.

Every time we meekly permit a further encroachment by the employing class we are building up habits of submission that will be all the more difficult to overcome when we do engage the enemy.

It is not today the capitalist class that holds the working class of the world in subjection, but the habits of inaction, of turning the other cheek, of submission on the part of the workers themselves.

The capitalist class exploits you because you have not fought often enough, hard enough nor regularly enough to learn *how* to fight. And they are going to keep right on exploiting you until you become a great worldwide fighting organization of the working class. And remember—

An ounce of fighting rebellion today will mean a pound of revolt tomorrow.

M. E. M.

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INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

A GOOD deal of publicity has been given to a Russian manifesto drawn up at Berne in the early days of September. It was signed by twelve men, and purported to give the views of a section of Social Democratic and Social Revolutionary parties. To be sure, Plechanoff, Axelrod and other famous persons were among the signers, but they had not authority to represent their organizations. They met only as a small, voluntary committee far from the masses of the Russian working class.

These men, so sitting and considering and resolving, told Russian workers: "You will make a great mistake if you imagine that it is not necessary for the workers to defend their country." And the reason is that if the Germans conquer Russia they may demand a great indemnity, as they did of France in 1871.

Fortunately, there comes to us at the same time with these resolutions a pamphlet under the imprint of the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party. It is called *Socialism and War*, and is written by G. Zinowjew and N. Lenin. Instead of giving us resolutions it gives us the facts of Socialist history in Russia since the beginning of the war. Only a few paragraphs can be set down here, but these will be sufficient to show how near the gentlemen of Berne came to representing the Russian working class.

"In 1913 there took place a division of the Social Democratic group in the Duma. On the one side were the seven opportunists under the leadership of Tschchesidze. They represented seven

non-proletarian governments, including altogether 214,000 workers. On the other side were six members, all chosen by working-class groups in the industrial centers of Russia. They represented, together, 1,008,000 workers. The first group represented reformism, the second Marxian revolution. * * *

"At the outbreak of hostilities, the differences between the two groups became clearer than ever. The Tschscheidze group limited itself to parliamentary activity. It did not vote for the war credits; it did not dare to face the storm of disapproval which would have resulted. (In Russia, it must be remembered, some of the middle class members voted against the credits.) But the members of this group made no public fight against the Socialist patriots.

"Quite differently behaved the Social Democratic group, which represented our party. The members of this group carried their fight against the war among the masses of the workers everywhere.

"And this propaganda aroused such enthusiasm that the government was openly alarmed. Contrary to law, our members were arrested and sentenced to life banishment in Siberia. And official government report affirmed: 'A completely isolated position was taken up by the Social Democrats, who attempted to undermine the power of Russia by means of secret agitation against the war.'

"In answer to the demand of Vanderfelde that we give up the struggle against the Czar, * * * our party was the only one which answered in the

negative. The reformists agreed to Vandervelde's request and explained in their press that they were not opposed to the war. * * *

"The imperial prosecutor recommended to the consideration of our comrades the examples set by the German and French Socialists. 'The German Socialists,' he said, 'voted the war credits and showed themselves the friends of the government, but quite differently acted the miserable Russian Socialists.'

"The evidence brought to light showed what a splendid campaign had been made. And the emissaries of the Czar had uncovered only a fraction of our activity among the people. * * *

"Comrade Muranoff said in Court: 'I understood that I had not been elected by the working people to warm a seat in parliament, and therefore I journeyed up and down in order to discover what the people thought.' * * *

Reformists and revolutionists—all believe in parliamentary action. But there is parliamentary action and parliamentary action. Some use the mandates to get on the right side of the government, or at most they stay in parliament and keep their hands reasonably clean. Others use the power given them in order to fight it out to the end, to do their duty as Socialists and internationalists. The first get into the cabinet; the second get into jail. The first become Socialist patriots; the second remain revolutionists.

Russian Socialists and the Third International.—The Russian Social Democratic Labor Party long ago got rid of its opportunists. These opportunists have now turned Chauvinists. This fact strengthens our conviction that the International must cut loose from these elements. * * *

The Third International must be founded upon a revolutionary basis. There is no longer any question as to the advisability of this step. The only question is whether we can hope for a clean division throughout the international movement.

If it is possible to have a straight revolutionary organization throughout the world, our party will enter it with enthusiasm. If there evolves no such or-

ganization after the war, we shall know that its existence has merely been postponed. In that case we shall take up our position at the extreme left of the reconstituted Second International. Of one thing we are sure: in our own land among our own people, we shall work without ceasing to build up a Russian section on the basis of Marxian Socialism."

Militarism in Germany, England or America.—In this country we are face to face with militarism. Even some "Socialists" are willing to vote for a great army and a greater navy.

In England the fight is on against conscription. Conscriptionists sometimes remember to say that they are working for merely temporary compulsory service. Let's turn Prussians till we have beaten Prussia, they say in effect. That is for public consumption. When they are by themselves, or when they get excited, they talk in a different strain.

Last month the REVIEW gave its readers a selection of choice bits from Bruce Glazier's splendid pamphlet, *Militarism*. This month it will draw from another one of his, *The Peril of Conscription*. Both are published by the Independent Labor Party and are to be had at a penny apiece of the National Labor Press, St. Bride's House, Salisbury Square, London.

The first sections of the second pamphlet prove that compulsory service turns officers into brutes and men into slaves. But the heart of the matter is in the section devoted to Conscription and trade unionism. Comrade Glazier gives a long series of quotations from military folk. He quotes word for word and gives exact references every time. And, one and all, the militarists help to show that what they want is a system that will beat the labor unions.

Colonel Sir Augustus Fitzgeorge said in August, 1915: "Compulsory service is necessary at this time when people are getting out of hand."

In the Outlook, September, 1915, Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Maxwell wrote: "The abuse of personal freedom has reached its climax in this country. Trade Unionism—that shelter for shrinking shirkers—is imperiling our existence, and by its action a rot of our national

soul has set in. One remedy and one alone can eradicate this state of rot—martial law will cure it. With the knowledge that refusal to assist in the nation's defense means death to the individual so refusing, the shirkers will soon be brought to their senses and fall in wherever required. All who incite to rebellion to be shot at once by drumhead Court Martial would have a steadying effect. The individual does not count today. If Parliament will not act, then let a Cromwell come in and settle the question. He would be welcomed."

Colonel Arthur Lee, M. P., said in August, 1915: "Under a system of national service, such as exists in France, all soldiers would be paid alike and each soldier would be put to the duty for which he was best suited. That is only democratic and just, and would, moreover, save an immense amount of money." As Glazier remarks, this means, not defense, but cheap and servile labor.

Major General Sir Alfred E. Turner said in the Saturday Review for August 7, 1915: "The strikers (in the Welsh mines) gained their ends, and with them an everlasting stain on their reputation, which not all the rain of heaven can wash out, the stain of showing themselves perfectly ready to betray their country for filthy lucre. Compulsory service might not produce loyalty, but it would produce a sense of duty and discipline that would prevent such disgraceful and damaging incidents."

John Bull, a weekly journal, says: "The miners who refuse to work must be conscripted—put under military control and made to work at soldiers' pay. That is the way they do things in Germany, and that is the way we must do them here." One cannot help remembering that it is in a fight against German militarism that British workers are giving up their lives—according to the oratory of the conscriptionists.

Professor R. W. Macan, Master of University College, Oxford, wrote in August, 1915: "In view of the threat of revolution from the railwaymen addressed to the Sovran Legislature of the nation, in view of the imperium in imperio conceded to the Trade Union parliament, in view of the manifold weak-

nesses of the Executive of our Constitution, is it conceivable that we can not avoid much longer the enactment of universal compulsory service if the State, if the community, is to be master in its own house."

And, finally, Benjamin Kidd, author of Social Evolution, writes: "I have not much hope that once compulsion is introduced we shall get free of it after the war. The whole principle of force rests on conscription, and the introduction of conscription would mean the introduction of that principle of force of which Germany is so perfect an exponent."

Mr. Kidd is not a Socialist or a labor unionist. But he sees what is before his eyes. English "statesmen" and soldiers, the whole writing and talking force of the upper classes, is trying to arouse English workers against Germany. They are not really fighting "Germany," of course, only the wickedness of Germany, German "militarism." And at the same time these same folk are trying to saddle this militarism on England. While English boys are dying in the trenches to keep militarism out at the front door, these gallant patriots are hustling it in at the back door under an extremely thin disguise.

Militarism is the same thing everywhere, Germany, England, America—in these three countries we have militarism at its three stages. The more highly developed, the harder it is to crush.

Talk of Peace—Between the Classes.—Yes, there is peace talk in Germany. But it is not the international slaughter that is to be ended; it is the class-struggle. To be sure, Vorwaerts was suspended early in December for suggesting to the government that it is time to say what all the death and destruction are for. And this suggestion made such a stir in the public mind that drastic measures were resorted to. There is no doubt of the fact that Vorwaerts said what millions of timid souls lacked the courage to say. There is no doubt of the deep yearning for international peace. But international peace is a long way off.

But peace between capitalists and workers begins to seem very near. At least, it seems near the minds of leading German "Socialists." The fight in the trenches may go on. But the greater

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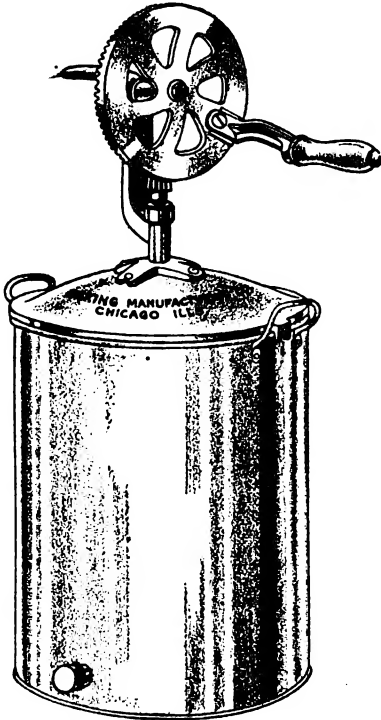
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struggle which began with the birth of capitalism is to be brought to a close. The diplomatic pourparlers looking toward a treaty are already under way. An agreement among the leaders about certain common interests—and the whole matter will be settled. It is all very simple in the minds of the "Socialists."

August Müller, writing in *Socialistische Monatshefte* for November 4, said: "If in the hour of danger the German working class felt itself to be a part of the body politic, it recognized at the same time that the danger to the national life constituted a danger to itself and to its achievements. In defending his country the German worker is defending the social position which he has gained by means of a long and bitter struggle. So he has come to recognize, as the Reformists have long done, that the class struggle does not divide the nation into two parts which have nothing in common. The fear that the workers will refuse to do their duty toward the nation is now finally laid to rest. The workers have at last taken the right view of their position in the state and will not again allow themselves to be turned from it. The acceptance of national unity by the workers means the assumption of duties and the demand for rights without which these duties cannot be fulfilled."

The rest of the article is a long-drawn song of triumph over the final defeat of the revolutionists in the Socialist Party. Before the war these revolutionists had some weight in party councils. They had Marx and the Socialist tradition behind them. But now the workers have seen in a flash that their interests and those of German capitalism are one. From now on the reformists have won the day. The revolutionary minority may do as it pleases; it no longer carries weight. This is the sense of what August Müller has to say.

But there is another more official statement of the case. The real herald of the new piece is *The Book of the Twenty*. This document will go down in Socialist history. Its title in the book-lists is the *Working Class in the New Germany*. It is edited by Fr. Thimme and Carl Legien and contains the views of twenty important persons on the position

of the working class in Germany from now on. Needless to say, the twenty are pretty well agreed.

Here is a sentence from the introduction: "Again and again the hope has been expressed that it may be possible to carry over from the war into the time of peace the unity of the whole German people which has so splendidly revealed itself during the storm and stress of the great world-struggle. But there exists a doubt as to whether this will be possible among the manifold economic and social oppositions, the differences between classes and parties, and especially in the face of the chasm between the bourgeois classes and the Social Democracy. As between hope and doubt only the future can decide."

The authors of this book grow vastly excited because Rudolf Hilferding concludes that this sentence shows that they are filled with "hope" rather than with "doubt." I have not read the book itself, but the articles in which the authors defend it leave no doubt as to its content. They say over and over again in various ways that there may be little differences between employers and workers, but these are of minor importance. The workers, meaning the Socialists, will take their place among the parties, participate in gentle discussions, take pains not to destroy the lovely harmony, and talk themselves into Kingdom Come. This is evidently the vision of the valiant twenty.

Mr. Upton Sinclair thinks that within a month after the ending of the war "Germany will be a free country," and the Kaiser will have the romantic fate of Charles I. thrust upon him. Empress Catherine of Russia, whom he quotes, knew better than he. She knew that war will "substitute national passions for social aspirations." The action of the majority of German labor leaders proves that she was right. The overwhelming probability is that after the war is over Germany will have a large Social reform party and a small Socialist party. The atmosphere will be cleared. We shall know who are Socialists and who are not. Socialist propaganda will be carried on better than it has been. But the revolution is a long way off.

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NEWS AND VIEWS

Schenectady Celebrates—A REVIEW rebel writes: "The Lunn victory was celebrated by a very large crowd taking possession of the principal streets, and much enthusiasm was displayed, as our mayor has a large personal following. Lunn in his automobile led the procession, waving a beautiful American flag. The most inspiring placard in the procession carried these words, 'Lunn, Lunn Forever.'"

From a Prisoner of War—The following interesting letter was received by Comrade Haywood:

Prisoner of War Charles Lahr, 3789.
Head Postoffice, Alexander Place,
London, N., England.

Dear Fellow Worker:

I suppose you still remember me. I am a member of London I. W. W. and used to come with Swasey and other comrades to see you and Jim Larken at Shaftesbury Hotel last time you were over here. Who would have thought then that this terrible war would come so soon? I have lost one brother in Germany and have another one at the front. Since May 14th I have been interned.

I am doing a little work in the Prisoners' Postoffice, which helps to pass the time. There are about 3,000 men here, most of whom have their families in London. Once a month we are allowed to have one visit of two persons. We get the daily papers, but our papers are not allowed. Swasey sent me Solidarity several times, but they were not handed out to me. From a friend who arrived here lately I heard that Joe Hill is doomed. Let me know if it is really true. We are often singing his songs here. Comrade R. Rocker gives a lecture here every week. I am, yours fraternally,
Chas. Lahr.

Butte to the Front—Every year along about Christmas time the bunch in the office of the REVIEW gets the best kind of a message from the Boys at Butte. Comrade George H. Curry of the Butte Workingmen's Union rings the bell this year with a check for 100 copies of the Fighting Magazine for one year. The Butte miners have always been to the front in every educational and fighting campaign in this country. They are on the firing line because they have used their heads and recognize the Class Struggle. If you are in a group of workingmen, with "Nobody at Home," get them to reading the REVIEW and good Socialist literature, and you will soon find that they are no longer the kind of men to make Contented Wage Slaves. Write for our special terms to union and Socialist locals and see if you can't start something in your locality.

Joe Hill and Jean Jaures: Comrade Jacobson of Thief River Falls, Minn., fires in \$4.00 for four yearly subscriptions to the REVIEW and selects charcoal sketches of Joe Hill and Jean Jaures. He adds, "In a few days I will send in more subscribers, because I want the

whole gallery of revolutionists which you advertise in the December number."

The Seventh Ward Branch, Chicago, has organized a study club and is now taking up Morgan's "Ancient Society." They started out with the "Communist Manifesto" and "The Scientific Study Course in Socialism," by Local Puyallup, Washington.

These comrades realize that they must educate themselves in order to do effective work on the outside.

From Winnipeg: "I might say that I enjoy the REVIEW very much and will help the great cause it is working for by sending in a few more subscribers in the near future."—J. K.

From a United Mine Worker—"Dear REVIEW comrades: I was very sorry when my subscription to the REVIEW expired, as I had no money for renewal, but I cannot stay without it any longer, and it happens that I have this little amount of ten dimes to send you.

"Kindly note that I have not worked for 21 months (14 months on strike and 7 months out of work—*blacklisted*.) I am still idle and added to this I have a wife and six little children.

"During strike I was charged with treason and jailed for 43 days.

"Those miners who have the honor of working under this present noble "Run of Mine" contract are real slaves. They have no rights at all, all gone. This is the kind of Victory that the miners won, after 14 long hunger months strike in this section of the Eastern Ohio Coal Fields.

"The tactics of our union are very, very bad. It is high time for a change. Yours for the General Strike,"

From Canada—"Enclosed find \$1.20 for renewal. No finer reading for the workingman than the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW—if he would only take notice."—R. K.

Cave People Stories—A REVIEW rebel over in Michigan writes: "My little son, age 5½, is greatly interested in 'The Cave People' Stories, and I should like to get them in book form. He is always asking me to read them when the REVIEW comes and never gets tired of listening."—L. C. Clifford. (Editor's Note—"The Cave People Stories" will be published in book form along about August, next year.)

From a Working Woman—A wife of one of the most loyal comrades in the working class movement writes us that since the death of her husband a few years ago she has been taking in washing to support herself and her two children, but she incloses 25 cents for a three months' subscription to the REVIEW.

Our throats tighten and our hearts grow warm at this evidence of faith in what the REVIEW is trying to do. We hope the comrades on the firing line will not forget that it

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Facts from the mouths of the masters, wrung from them by the Commission on Industrial Relations; compiled by Fred. D. Warren, with a foreword by Frank P. Walsh, Chairman of the Commission.

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is their duty and opportunity to help make the Review all that such comrades want it to be, a real help in the struggle of the workers to emancipate themselves.

The Walsh Report Condensed—At no time in the history of the labor movement in America has there been such widespread interest in a government investigation as is now being evinced in the report and conclusions of the United States Commission on Industrial Relations, of which Frank P. Walsh, of Kansas City, Mo., was chairman. Washington is being besieged with countless thousands of requests for copies of this report and efforts are being made to have Congress appropriate a sum sufficient to print enough copies to meet the extraordinary demand.

To meet the demand for a digest of the report, a vest-pocket edition, compiled by Fred D. Warren, with a foreword by Frank P. Walsh, is being published by the People's College, Fort Scott, Kansas. An index arrangement makes it possible to quickly find any fact of particular interest to the reader. It is in convenient form and is in the exact language of the report as made by the Commission to Congress. The book sells for 25 cents a copy.

The Value of Class Work—The only immediate demand of the Socialist Party today is the education of the members of the Socialist Party in fundamentals so that our organiza-

tion will grow together and solidify and eliminate the present deplorable state of anarchy that dominates the average local meeting.

As the members of the S. P. are gathered into the locals from a Capitalist environment, that naturally is reflected in the actions of the members of the S. P. coming from that Capitalist school of training. Is it any wonder that we find members of the National Committee of the S. P. at war over tactics and matters of no consequence, except to disgust and drive away those who see that the road to Socialism has an exact program that presents itself as clear as day to all those who have mastered the science of economic interpretation, and are proving that they know and understand by actual demonstration and good works, not words and criticisms?

The Marcy School is a splendid way of getting these wild and woolly brigands of our Party lassoed and tamed down to practical work.

Place them in a class and ask them to stand principles in the interpretation of Marx, and it will at once dawn upon them that they are at sea when placed on the carpet to prove that they know what they are talking about.

This class work has been the means of taking more conceit out of half-baked Socialists than anything invented since the days of the Inquisition. It is the modern inquisition to drill and discipline our individualists and mould them into real co-operative workers.

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young members of the Party and many not yet affiliated are studying diligently and a crop of real clear-cut Socialists is being drilled to go forward with the movement.

All that is necessary is to purchase as many copies of "Shop Talks" from Charles Kerr & Co. as you have members who will take part in the class. Select one member as class examiner, usually the one who has read most and is taking the most interest, and when you first meet, proceed just as you would at a local meeting by electing this class chairman; make it permanent and then elect a secretary, who is to keep a record and roll of members.

Charge each member 25 cents and with that purchase books for a circulating library for the class.

At the meetings begin by having each member in turn read a paragraph, and after the lesson has been read, then have the class examiner ask the questions at the bottom of the lesson.

The class examiner should read his part just like all others, as it will be of great value in helping him and increase his knowledge.

After Shop Talks I would recommend "Scientific Socialism," adopted by Local Puyallup, and wind up with Marx Communist Manifesto. The Rand School course can then be taken up. Fraternally—J. L. Stark, State Secretary, Kentucky.

The Ninth Wonder of the World—There is a strike of copper miners on in Arizona—and if you try to go there to do a little strike-breaking, the *State of Arizona will keep you out!*

After the tragedies and bloodshed of Colorado you will want to know what manner of things are doing in Arizona, which is so close to Colorado that you can step from one state right into the other.

John H. Walker told the story to the New York Call on his way to attend the A. F. of L. Convention.

He was just returning from Arizona, where 5,000 copper miners went on strike two months ago. The struck companies are the Copper Queen, the Phelps-Dodge of Detroit and the Shannon. The strikers belong to the W. F. of Miners. The Western Federation policy

has always been and rightly, we think, strongly opposed to the signing of agreements.

As we have stated before in the REVIEW, *agreements tie the hands* of the workers when there is need for class fighting, for an exhibition of class solidarity, for a strike against war, or a strike against anything else.

Now we have the spectacle of 5,000 rather new union men striking to *secure* an agreement and the check-off system.

The mine owners of Arizona are not used to fighting against organized men; and they are suspicious of agreements—why this is so is beyond us, as every intelligent capitalist *ought* to pray for agreements. We believe, in this instance, the capitalists are more fearful of having the miners learn that they may gain a voice in the management of the copper mines if they fight for it, than they are of agreements.

In order to cow the men and crush unionism for years to come in Arizona, they decided, as mine owners have long had a habit of deciding—to put strikebreakers on the jobs. They did not look for any different attitude on the part of the authorities in Arizona than they had met in Colorado, Montana, Michigan and in other states—West Virginia, for instance.

"On with the strikebreakers! Let the dogs of war be turned loose to eat up the miners of Arizona! The companies started that little trick. And they bumped into something sizzling hot. It came as a cross between a stone wall and an electric shock. *The State of Arizona stepped in and said, 'Keep Out!'*" (N. Y. Call.)

George Washington Peter Hunt is Governor of Arizona. They call him "Cherry Tree Pete." Cherry Tree is an old-time Democrat and he is not playing to the vote-gallery because most of the miners he is trying and succeeding in protecting are—*Mexicans*.

Walker declares the Mexicans say they will stay out all winter and longer, if necessary, if they can just get flour and beans to live on. The strikers themselves said they asked just that.

Many newspapers have been reporting violence on the part of these Mexicans. If there is any violence, here, at least in one state blessed with a *man* for governor, the miners have some show. When the mine owners went among their former wage-slaves, it is said that these Mexicans actually told them to get out and made them move on.

Governor Cherry Tree Pete, Democrat, unlike Governor Ammons, of Colorado, also a Democrat, has lined the state troops of Arizona up across the canyons, and they have said to the mine owners:

"*There will be no strikebreakers and no gunmen here.*" And with the hired disturbers barred out there has been absolute equality in camp and—peace.

Just remember this, comrades, victories for the working class are gained, not by moral suasion but by *force*. Force rules the world today—just as it has always ruled. The workers today possess the force necessary to accomplish all things, but they do not know how to use it. So that it is the owning class which

rules the world through the use of the state, national and municipal police forces.

Put your comrades into the offices that will give you power to use these police forces *on the side of the working class*. It will make your great struggles just that much easier.

It looks to us as though the strikers lose either way. Under the "check-off" the operators collect union dues—and in order to keep them willing to do this the union officials find it necessary to compromise with the mine owners. The check-off means a big treasury in the hands of the union officials, collected by the bosses. How can such a combination help the miners? Isn't it more likely to teach the officials and the bosses to act in harmony?

One Big Union in England—An application for affiliation to the Federation has been received from the North of England Trimmers' and Teemers' Association. This was the only Society of Coal Trimmers remaining outside the Federation, and we feel sure that we are voicing the opinions of all members in welcoming this application, which now awaits only the mere formality of executive endorsement and acceptance.

An agreement has been concluded between the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, the National Union of Railway Men and the National Transport Workers' Federation, whereby united and simultaneous action may be taken by them in matters affecting their several interests. Any concerted action by this Triple Alliance would therefore embrace the whole of the Trimmers and Teemers in Great Britain, with the exception of our members; the trimmers and teemers on the northeast coast who are in the National Union of Railwaymen being represented by that section of the Triple Alliance.

As any movement inaugurated by this Triple Alliance would of necessity very materially affect our interests and well-being, it is most essential and expedient that we should actively co-operate in such movement and not be left outside in the lurch. Seeing that the National Union of Railway Men have definitely rejected all offers on our part of amalgamation with them, the only way open to us to participate in this great movement is by affiliation with the National Transport Workers' Federation.

During the war the Transport Workers Federation has assisted the several unions affiliated thereto in obtaining for their members increases ranging from 4s to £1 per week.

The day of small things is past. This is the day of great things. Great empires, great armies and navies, alliances and ententes of nations. Great federations and syndicates of employers. Great national trade unions and federations of workmen; and in the conflict between great contending forces, small trade unions; like small nations, are in danger of being crushed like grain between the upper and lower millstones.

Our work and interests are closely allied with the several unions forming the Transport Workers' Federation, and by stepping into line with them, we will not only strengthen our own position, but just as a machine is

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strengthened and perfected by the addition of a missing part, however small, will we add to the strength and perfection of this great organization.

In deciding this important question, let us remember and apply the old and true maxim: "Unity Is Strength."

We therefore earnestly recommend our members to vote in favor of affiliation with the National Transport Workers' Federation. Yours fraternally, for the executive, John W. Meggison, Secretary.

A Spanish Weekly—Regarding the Spanish Socialist weekly paper, Comrades Vincent Thomas and Enrique Sosa, both of Taos, New Mexico, are the persons with whom I have been in correspondence. They at first thought of incorporating a company to handle the proposition, but have later concluded to start on their own account in a small way and make good by simply making good. They expect to get out the first issue by November 15th, and I am sending them a list of local secretaries and members at large. The paper will speak for itself when it comes out. Suffice it for me to say at this time that Comrade Thomas is an exceptionally well-grounded Socialist and a writer of excellent English and Spanish, and that Comrade Sosa and several members of his immediate family are first-class practical printers and newspaper people, and in position to keep expenses down to rock bottom. I believe the reaching of the native Spanish-speaking people is the most important single item of work that we can lay out for ourselves, and I bespeak for our Spanish paper your heartiest support. More later.—A. Jas. McDonald, State Secretary, Clayton, N. M.

Comrade Frank Biltonen of Houghton, Mich., is another comrade to successfully answer all ten of the questions on economics which we printed in the November number of the REVIEW, but his came too late to receive notice in the December issue.

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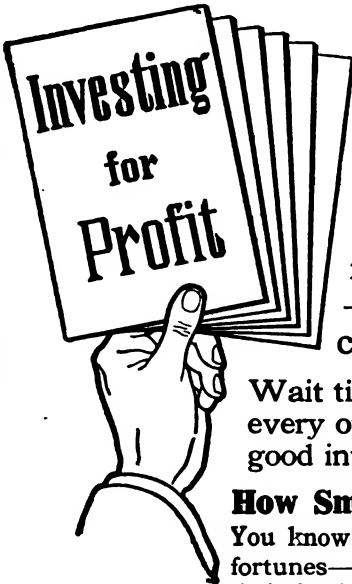
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The
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VOL. XVI

FEBRUARY, 1916

No. 8

PREPAREDNESS

A Speech Delivered at Carnegie Hall, New York, Jan. 5th, 1916

By FRANK BOHN

Ibsen has somewhere told us that if peace is ever to fully prevail among nations it will be due to the combined efforts of the working class and of womankind. This very natural alliance of the forces of international peace results from a fundamental. The two great elements of social progress are drawn together by the peculiar fact that both are producers. Women produce people and the working class produces things of value. The reason why women as a sex are in the future going to unite their efforts with the labor movement is set forth again and again by August Bebel, the foremost political representative of labor in the nineteenth century, in the most important book ever written on the subject of women. Hence, tonight, I take very great pleasure in representing, as your chairman, the two organizations through whose joint efforts this meeting has been arranged, The Labor Forum and The Woman's Peace Party.

Preparedness Defined.

The advocates of militarism and war have given a peculiar meaning to the word preparedness. Mr. Roosevelt has said, point blank, that our needs require a navy of forty-eight battleships and battle cruisers and vessels of all other classes in proportion. The regular army, in his opinion, should consist of 245,000 actives and a reserve of two millions. The real meaning of this cannot possibly be misinterpreted. Our militarists intend to prepare America for war, as Germany, Austria, Russia and France were prepared for war on the eve of the great conflict.

The Argument for Preparedness.

The argument of the militarists rests upon two pillars. The first of these consists of an analysis of the wars in which the United States has been engaged during the past hundred and forty years. The second

is incidental to the great conflict now raging in Europe. We are to be attacked by the victorious powers and must hasten to prepare our defenses.

Very recently I heard Mr. Wood, late a member of the Naval Advisory Board, go over with great care what he supposed to be facts of American history. These impressions of Mr. Wood's have caused him to resign his position on the basis that Mr. Wilson's paltry army of 533,000 men, and his corresponding recommendations for the navy, are insufficient to defend our liberties.

Philosophical interpreters of American history, like Mr. Wood and Mr. Roosevelt, begin with the Revolutionary war. They say that if we had had an army in 1775 the war would very soon have been at an end and the nation's independence established. Let us look more closely into this matter. Preceding the Revolutionary war the enemies of the Colonists were the Western Indians and the French population in Canada. For a hundred and fifty years the advocates of *Preparedness* among the colonists had never ceased to clamor for British troops to defend them. True, both the Indians and the French were few in number compared to the English colonists, but the advocates of *Preparedness* in that day were always arguing that without tens of thousands of British troops the English frontier settlements would always be in danger from the scalping knife in the West and French invasion from the North. In response to this cry of the *Preparedness* cowards in that day, the British Government placed ten thousand soldiers on the American continent. These were the troops whom the Americans had presently to shoot at Lexington and Bunker Hill. Preparedness turned out to be preparedness for oppression only.

The independence of America resulted from the fact that Great Britain was unprepared for war. The men of England refused to volunteer to make war on the English here. Had conscription been introduced in England or had the militarists of England had their way before the war, England might have had in 1775, fifty thousand regulars instead of eighteen thousand. Two hundred and fifty years of history in England and America attest the fact that political freedom is not protected, but destroyed by military power.

The War of 1812.

Let us listen for a moment to Chapter Two of American history as set forth by Mr. Wood:

"If, at the beginning of the War of 1812, we had had a larger standing army, we might have speedily conquered Canada, annexed her to the United States and ended the war."

That is, if we had had twenty-five thousand regulars instead of five thousand, we might have done to the inoffensive and peaceful people of Canada what Germany has done to Belgium! A majority of the English-speaking people of Canada at that time was composed of The United Empire Loyalists who fled to New Brunswick and Ontario for the purpose of remaining within the British Empire. Too bad our regulars were not numerous enough to pursue them to the poor shelters they had built in the forest, and ram the Stars and Stripes down their throats with bayonets. I wonder if our advocates of *Preparedness* are willing to go tonight and repeat this part of their speech in Montreal, Toronto or Ottawa.

Chapter Three deals, of course, with the Mexican war. I have noted that the advocates of *Preparedness* do not much emphasize this part of their argument. In the Mexican war the slave power of the South, using the United States army and navy, made conquest of a huge section of Mexican territory for the purpose of getting slave states to balance and offset the free states in the North. At the head of the troops that invaded Mexico there should have been carried a flag bearing the picture of a black slave tied to a tree in South Carolina and being whipped by a New England overseer. Too bad we didn't have a hundred thousand regulars at the beginning of the Mexican war instead of ten thousand! We might then have held the whole of Mexico for chattel slavery, formed a dozen more slave states and prevented the election of Lincoln in 1860.

The Civil War.

Here the Militarist comes to the crux of his argument. At the beginning of the Civil war our regular army numbered 14,000 men. "If it had but numbered fifty thousand we might have won the battle of Bull Run and ended the war." Like the preceding arguments this sounds exactly like the mili-

tarists. It is the blank cartridge of the tin soldier of historical scholarship. At the beginning of the Civil war, every officer of the regular army who was fit to command an army, an army corps, or a division, during the first year of fighting, resigned and cast in his lot with the South. In the North our West Pointers were drawn by the high salaries and profits of industrial development into commercial life. In the South, the army, the navy, the bar and the church, were the only professional diversions for the sons of respectability. The Army of Northern Virginia was commanded by Joseph E. Johnston and Robert E. Lee. The Army of the Potomac fell into the hands of McClellan, the railway financier, of Hooker, the western gentleman rancher and of others of a like stamp.

HAD THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES AT THE BEGINNING OF THE CIVIL WAR BEEN FOUR TIMES AS GREAT AS IT WAS, THERE WOULD HAVE BEEN FOUR TIMES AS MANY MAJOR GENERALS, BRIGADIER GENERALS AND COLONELS HANDED OVER TO THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY TO ORGANIZE AND COMMAND THE ARMIES OF DIS-UNION.

Furthermore, by far the greater proportion of the reserve supplies of small arms, to be accurate, one hundred and fifteen thousand muskets with proportionate amounts of other arms and munitions were, on the eve of the war, shipped South by the Southern Secretary of War in the Government at Washington. Had the army been four times as great as it was that Secretary would have turned over four hundred and sixty thousand Springfield muskets to the Confederacy and so many holes would have been shot through the Stars and Stripes that Lincoln and all the men of the North could never have patched it up again.

I shall not waste your time by discussing at length the Spanish-American war and the Philippine Rebellion. Cuba was won for the Sugar Trust by the yellow press of the United States without the assistance of the army. Even the loudest and most rattle-brained advocate of *Preparedness* who gets into print publicly, forbears to mention the conquest of the Philippines. The order given by one general to his troops to make a certain island a "howling wilderness" by "killing everybody over ten years

of age," the "water-cure," the shiploads of insane and syphilitic young soldiers returned to the United States and never properly reported to the public—these make ourselves as well as our opponents anxious to forget this unholy chapter of all in the military history of the nation.

The World War and the Workers.

Leaving the subject of the working-class in its relation to militarism and international wars to the other speakers of the evening, I wish to conclude by saying a word as regards the attitude of the governments now at war toward the working class of Europe. From it we may draw conclusions as regards the workers of America. Years ago, in Ohio, I numbered among my friends an old German, who, as a soldier of fortune, had fought in almost every important war of fifty years. He had been a volunteer with the allies in the Crimea. He enlisted under the banner of Francis Joseph in the campaigns of spoliation in Northern Italy. He came to the United States in 1863 and commanded a troop of cavalry under Sheridan. He took service with Maximilian in Mexico. Finally, in his old age, he tried to go with a regiment in which I was serving in the Spanish-American war, but was rejected on account of age. "What were you fighting for in all those wars?" I once asked him. "I was fighting for freedom, always," he replied. *Freedom*—that's what every nation in Europe is shouting through its official mouthpieces. When the Germans pay the salaries of Mohammedan priests to preach the Holy War of the Prophet to their Turkish allies, the Germans declare they are but paying the price of freedom from jealous enemies. When Great Britain pays salaries to the same brand of sky-pilots to preach among the Mohammedans of a broken and oppressed India the doctrine that every dead German places them a step nearer celestial life, is not Britain also merely paying the bills incurred by the Goddess of Liberty in Flanders and Gallipoli.

Poor Freedom! On the day the war broke out, every monarch and every minister among the warring nations expected revolution to break out—in the other fellow's capital. Germany expected the Czar to be dynamited in St. Petersburg and the Commune to be declared in Paris. Not a British capitalist but, who, having seen, with fear and trembling, the inroads of the German

commercial agent, expected the Socialists of Germany to make a seven days' task of his job of smiting a business rival hip and thigh.

Let me emphasize here that we Socialists have not forgotten the bloody death of the Paris Commune in 1871. While the soldiers of the Republic of France murdered 35,000 workers in cold blood, the hosts of Moltke and Bismarck stood by enjoying the spectacle. Today if a revolution in Russia should dethrone the Czar, the legions of Von Hindenburg would march in, kill every rebel in sight and place the Czar back on his throne. Let us come to judgment with regard to such facts as history has given us to consider. When the Indian contingent was ordered to Europe, a native regiment in the Straits Settlements refused to move. There being no white English soldiers near by to pump lead into them, marines were brought from a Japanese warship which was, happily for the British commander, passing through. Now, if Great Britain is willing to use Japanese marines to kill her own rioting soldiers, do you suppose that she would hesitate to use Hindoos or blacks or whites against rebellious German Socialists? Not at all. Were a revolution of the working people possible in Germany, that revolution would be stamped out by the soldiers of England, of France, of Italy and of the Czar. And do you, American workers, and American women, surmise for a

moment that if the First Regiment of Colorado Infantry, which smothered and burned up alive the women and children of Ludlow and threw oil on the dead bodies in order that, done to ashes, they might not be discovered—do you suppose that the First Colorado Infantry Regiment, or any other American regiment, if sent against Germany to avenge the drowning on the sinking *Lusitania* of that distinguished representative of American culture, Alfred Vanderbilt, would refuse to obey an order to break the back of a worker's revolt in Germany?

This is not in any sense a war of Freedom. It is a competitive war of your masters for the rulership of the earth and you. The armies and navies which our strutting militarists plan to create here are not intended for your defense and mine. Their purpose, often stated openly as well as indirectly, is to protect their commerce abroad and rob the workers here of the last remaining vestiges of their rights under the constitution and the laws. For the protection of what rights we have, for the advancement of our interests as a class, we, who hold no property, require no cannon, no submarines, no warplanes and no gold lace. Our sole need is education in our class interests, political and industrial organization, and the springing up in all our hearts of a holy enthusiasm for freedom and peace and international brotherhood.

Capitalist Violence at Youngstown

By JOHN RANDOLPH

A GANG of gunmen broke loose in Youngstown, Ohio, on the night of January 7. When they got through with the paid job they came to Youngstown to do, three union workingmen were dead, twenty more labor rebels had bullet wounds on their bodies, and somewhere over \$1,000,000 worth of property lay smoking in ruins.

Not a life was lost nor a bullet gash received by the enemies of labor, according to reports so far arriving. Of the \$1,000,000 and more property destroyed practically all was owned by somebody else than the big steel sheet and tube works, whose workers were on strike.

Look at it. Three working class rebels are dead, murdered by hired gunmen. Who paid the gunmen and where did they come from and what were their orders? Nobody is telling. The one certainty is the dead are dead.

Why they are dead those who know have not told, and those government officials who have power and resources to force the story from the lips of those who can tell have not acted.

Three theories are offered to explain how the bloody jamboree started. These are:

1. It was started by Austro-German influences to hinder war munitions manufacture. This is the least credited of all the theories. Though it was played strong in newspapers, it is easily discredited in the mere fact that General Organizer T. H.

Flynn of the American Federation of labor was on the field. The A. F. of L. has been organizing workers at the plants involved, and the A. F. of L. officers would have already said they won't stand for Austro-German strikes mixed up with diplomatic machinations.

2. The Youngstown sheet and tube mills had refused to match the 10 per cent wage raise announced for all the United States Steel Company mills and a clash between imported gunmen and strikers spread till there was a city-wide insurrection. This theory that the initiative of the violence came from the strikers doesn't stand up well in view of the fact that all the dead and most of the wounded are strikers and workmen, while so far no gunmen and private detectives are known to have met death or injury.

3. Away at the top of the financial world were interests that wanted Youngstown hit hard for the purpose of hammering down the stock in the market and creating a general dejection among stockholders of Youngstown corporations. With this accomplished the way to a big steel merger would be easier. This was undoubtedly the biggest single motive force back of the whole affair. Following are the facts that support this theory:

On January 14 the news came from Pittsburgh that Frank Vanderlip of the National City Bank of New York, the largest

Photo by International News Service.

STATE MILITIA ARRIVING IN YOUNGSTOWN, BUT—THE GUN MEN HAD FINISHED THEIR WORK OF SHOOTING UP THE TOWN

Rockefeller bank in the United States, had completed a half-billion dollar merger of Cambria Steel Company, Lackawanna Steel Company and Youngstown Sheet & Tube Company. Vanderlip is a Rockefeller financial mouthpiece and is heading the syndicate which has effected the merger. J. C. Campbell, president of the Youngstown Sheet & Tube Co., the man accused by labor organizers of having brought in the gunmen who started the bloody jamboree, is to be chairman of the board of directors of the new merger. Stock of the new steel company will be listed on the New York Stock Exchange before March.

With the big war, the steel business has jumped into dizzy profits. Balance sheets of the United States Steel Company for the year 1915 were made public December 31. They show that net earnings of \$12,457,809 in the first quarter leaped to \$38,710,644 in the third quarter, and smashed all records in the fourth quarter with profits of close to \$50,000,000 and a probability that the final figures will go over that. Total profits will go above \$129,000,000 for one year, or 20.3

per cent dividends on preferred stock and 10 per cent on common stock.

WHAT THE LABOR ORGANIZERS IN YOUNGSTOWN WERE AFTER WAS A BIGGER SHARE FOR LABOR OF THESE DIZZY MILLIONS OF PROFITS SPLIT AMONG STEEL MILLIONAIRES.

Tubs of champagne and dancing girls slinging short skirts in special cabarets for the high fakers who have cleaned up big divvies on "war brides"—the workers know about it and are taking this time, when immigration is at a low level, to attack the steel mills with strikes and win higher wages and establish organization.

Big danger was ahead for the steel companies of Youngstown. The workers were perfecting organization. It was a good and proper time to attack and import gunmen and private detectives and attack the strikers. The move had a double advantage. It attacked labor. And it fixed things better in the stock market. It helped discourage holders of Youngstown stock so they would

Photo by International News Service.

A WORKING CLASS MOTHER GUARDING THE FAMILY "PROPERTY." A COMMON SIGHT IN THE WORKING CLASS DISTRICT IN EAST YOUNGSTOWN. HUNDREDS OF WORKING CLASS HOVELS WERE FIRED

sell out to financiers trying to swing a merger.

Nineteen detective agencies had "operatives" on the job, according to Organizer Flynn. He says there were sixty known gunmen from one Pittsburgh agency. What all testimony agrees on is that a large number of these gunmen were on a bridge leading to the Youngstown Sheet & Tube Co. plant. Chester M. Wright of the *New York Call*, and George P. West of the Walsh committee on industrial relations, have all been in Youngstown and their reports and the whole weight of the testimony back the theory that a big mob of gunmen were planted on the bridge, opened fire, and after this clash barrels of rum were burst in the streets, fire broke out in dozens of places, even the post office, and \$1,000,000 worth of property was burned, less than \$5,000 of it being property of the Youngstown Sheet & Tube Company.

Military men in charge of the Ohio National Guard expressed disgust when they were here of the extremely insanitary conditions existing in the foreign districts in East

Youngstown. "When I visited some of the homes in which the foreigners live, I was not surprised that such a riot should have taken place," said Major D. C. Stearns of Cleveland, on the staff of Brigadier General John C. Speaks.

"Their environment is certainly not conducive to the better things of life. We went through many houses where there were no carpets on the floors, the people used soap boxes for chairs, the women were kneading dough on the floor in large wash dishes. Conditions are intolerable, and I am surprised that people live under such conditions in this civilized country."

General Speaks himself was astounded at living conditions in East Youngstown. "I am surprised that such conditions should exist in one of the richest valleys in the world," he said.

Major Gerlach of Wooster, in command of several companies of the Eighth regiment, was surprised that any community would permit sanitary conditions to exist which his personal investigation disclosed in East Youngstown. The major won-

dered whether the village has a board of health and expressed doubt if it has any sanitary code.

"When people live under such conditions it is not surprising that they should break loose from all bounds of restraint," he said. "I have never seen anything like it anywhere."

THE FIGHTING POWER OF THE WORKING CLASS WHEN AROUSED, THE TERRIBLE THREAT OF AT-

TACKS AND REPRISAL FOREVER POTENTIAL IN THE WORKING CLASS, IS THE BIG POINT THAT STICKS OUT FROM THE YOUNGSTOWN JAMBOREE.

If labor is so dangerous in a blind unorganized affair fomented by hired gunmen, what can it do when it organizes and calmly marches forward with definite plans for taking what it wants of the means and needs of life?

Some Notes on Political Laborism in Australia

By H. SCOTT BENNETT

THE political labor movement in Australia possesses many features of interest to Socialists in the United States. The feature, however, that I am anxious to emphasize in these notes is the fact that it is a standing illustration of how not to do things! For political laborism in Australia painfully illustrates the disasters that must inevitably overcome a movement that flirts with opportunism.

The idea of independent labor representation became a prominent question in Australian working class circles after the great Australian maritime strike in the 90's. Trade Unionism had become somewhat discredited, and the belief gained ground that if the workers could obtain class representation within the gilded walls of the various legislative assemblies all would be well with the Australian toiler. The first few years of agitation and organization for parliamentary representation were not productive of any very startling results, but in recent years the success obtained by the political labor movement in Australia has been little short of phenomenal. In every state except one Labor has control of the legislative machinery and in addition to their triumphs in the states, the political labor party has complete control of the Federal Parliament, in both the House of Representatives and the Senate, Labor has an absolute majority. Labor is in power, with a vengeance! We shall look at the results of these triumphs in a moment. Meanwhile, it may not be without interest to note that in almost every case the labor governments are composed of men who a few years ago were engaged at

their various trades and callings. Take the present Federal Government by way of illustration. The present Prime Minister of Australia is Mr. William Hughes. Mr. Hughes was, I believe, an umbrella mender in Sydney, N. S. W., prior to combining a legal career with that of politics. Mr. Frank Tudor, Minister of Customs, was a hat maker not so many years ago, whilst the present High Commissioner of Australia is Mr. Andrew Fisher, formerly a miner working in an Australian state. If political democracy, in the fullest sense of the term, be the goal of modern political laborism, then Australia assuredly has apparently reached its attainment. King Demos has well nigh been crowned!

Well, what has been the result of all this from the Socialist outlook? Practically nothing. One cannot be accused of exercising an unduly critical spirit in designating the whole parliamentary organization as being so exceedingly "sane, safe and moderate" as to constitute a positive menace to anything in the nature of a far-reaching social transformation. The whole movement in truth, is a vivid manifestation of opportunism, "in excelsis."

It is gratifying to be able to say that amongst the individuals constituting the Australian Labor Parliamentary parties there are some exceptions to what has been said above. There are men, for instance, like Frank Anstey in the Federal Party, who would be an acquisition to any bona fide labor movement. But they are few and far between; painfully few and far between!

I have said this parliamentary movement really came into existence after the maritime strike. To a very great extent it was merely an attempt to gain labor representation not, of course, for any social revolutionary end but rather to protect the existing unions and to obtain, if possible, such measures of reform for labor that would not seriously imperil the existence of modern capitalist society, and the nature of its origin partly explains its subsequent attitude and actions. There were, however, some exceptions to this. The Queensland Labor Party at the outset was, for a time, quite a militant Socialist organization and I doubt not but that other exceptions were to be found. But speaking generally, the whole movement might be summed up as pure and simple laborism in politics with all that that expression stands for. And that has been the history of the movement right through the years, for despite the earnest and, at times, enthusiastic efforts of the Socialists, the political labor movement in Australia remains a purely "safe" party, largely a machine of the labor politician, and there are no immediate signs of any change. Yet, perhaps that is an unduly pessimistic view to take. There is, and has been for some time, a growing spirit of disgust amongst the unionists at the weak and worse than weak attitude of the labor politicians towards the master class of Australia and all the conditions that the existence of a master class imply. If the political labor "bosses" are to be dethroned the movement will come from the more militant industrial workers.

For a number of years, the various Socialist organizations in Australia existed for purely educational purposes. Most of the members belonging to the Socialist parties were also members of the various political labor organizations. For quite a time the Socialists believed that by means of persistent educational work inside and outside the labor organizations that a Socialist attitude and tactic towards modern society might be developed. However, at length a

majority of the Australian Socialists decided to form an organization that would recognize the labor party not as a supporter of the working class but rather a "labor" party permeated with the psychology of the petty capitalist class. The result was the formation of the Australian Socialist Federation that stands apart from the labor parties.

However, regarding the general attitude of the labor parties toward modern society one would express satisfaction or dissatisfaction in keeping with their view of what such a movement should be. If opportunism, temporizing, and the placating of ignorance and superstition, in addition to the frantic desire to obtain votes without inquiring too closely how the votes have been obtained, if all this, plus the advocacy of nationalizing monopolies "preference to unionism" and an intense patriotism like unto that of the capitalist press, is considered right and proper in a party of Labor, well, then not much fault can be found with the political labor movement in Australia! On the other hand, if you believe that the political party of labor should be frankly militant and, in recognizing the part it has to play in assisting in the birth of a new society, that it should scorn to placate the ignorance and the superstition of the many, that principles are infinitely more important than votes; if this is your viewpoint, then you will have agreed with me when I described the political labor movement in Australia as constituting a positive menace to revolutionary thought and aspiration.

There are, however, an ever growing number of men and women in Australia who never fail to insist upon the necessity that exists for a militant political party on the political field behind which will stand the industrially organized workers, organized not merely to make a pretty display on Labor Day, or to exist as mere machines for the return of labor "statesmen," but organized to take part in the world-wide struggle for Industrial Democracy.

Orrick Johns, writing in Alfred Kreyborg's magazine, "Others," has this poem, which reminds us of certain so-called labor leaders:

They made a statue
Of a general on horseback,

With his face turned nobly
Toward the crupper * * *
'Twas true
Of him
Quite half the time.

Socialism and the Citizen Army

(AN ANSWER TO HENRY L. SLOBODIN)

By WILLIAM E. BOHN

IN his article in the January REVIEW Slobodin maintains that Socialism stands committed to "Universal military training and a citizens' army. "Socialism in all its aspects," he says, "is to me a definite and familiar thing." And the character of this familiar thing has been fixed for all time by the Germans at Gotha, by representatives of the second international in session at Stuttgart, Copenhagen, and elsewhere. A part of this definite and familiar thing, as Slobodin proves conclusively, is the notion that we should have universal military training. So he asks, in some bewilderment, "why do the Socialists of this country raise their voices against the traditional and established policies of the Socialists' movement?"

My answer must be short, for space in the REVIEW is precious. In the first place, whatever a distinguished thinker like Comrade Slobodin may think, the Socialist movement is a movement and so cannot be a "definite and familiar thing." Least of all could the opinions of a million Americans in the year 1916 be settled by a group of Germans in 1875, or even by a few hundred internationalists, including seven or eight Americans, meeting at Copenhagen in 1910. I would rather be a Tammanyite than a Socialist who believes in running the world as Comrade Slobodin seems to think it is run.

In the second place, we must keep clearly in mind that this approval of military service does not, in any sense, flow from the accepted principles of Socialism. We believe that the working class is being exploited and that by organizing itself politically and industrially it can put an end to exploitation. Any policy which will aid it in putting an end to exploitation is good; any policy which will hinder it is bad. In order to prove that universal military training should be advocated by Socialists, Comrade Slobodin would have to prove that it would help rather than hinder.

This he does not do. This he does not pretend to do. This the inditers of the page-long European resolutions did not do.

In regard to the European attitude two

things are to be noted. The first is that European conditions are quite different from ours. Germany and France are within sight of people regarded as enemies. The second is that for most European Socialists this resolution with regard to military service was merely a theoretical sop thrown to people trained by their governments to believe in militarism. There was never a practical possibility of inaugurating such a scheme as the Socialists had in mind. The workers of Switzerland have found their much vaunted system is the same in effect as any other military system. In 1905 the Socialists of Switzerland protested against the use of their army in the breaking of strikes. No doubt if this whole matter had ever got beyond the realm of involved resolutions European Socialists would have taken a different attitude toward it. In any case, they were advocating its substitution for a much more drastic military regime. They were urging less militarism instead of more when they agitated in favor of it.

In this country we face absolutely different conditions. We have now no general, or obligatory military system. Anyone advocating the European scheme is agitating for more militarism in the place of less. No one suggests for us a foreign foe at a distance of less than 3,000 miles. Moreover, American Socialists are now facing a practical situation. This country is on the verge of adopting some sort of military system. The popular mind is not made up in advance. There is tremendous opposition to militarism on the part of wide sections of the population. We control about a million votes. Our agitation may, conceivably, turn the scale in one way or the other. We must really stop to think what we are doing. We must have a definite picture of what would result from the introduction of this thing which some of us so lightly accept.

When the members of our party voted, 11,041 to 782 against allowing Socialist representatives to appropriate money for naval or military purposes they voted, of course, against this scheme as well as against any

other conceivable scheme of militarism. This action represents American Socialism at the present time. And in taking this action, I believe, American Socialists are abundantly justified both from the theoretical and practical point of view.

But we are now dealing only with this one plan, so-called universal service. I believe this plan to be bad, in the first place, because it would furnish no means of defense unless supplemented by all the main features of present-day European militarism. Ten million men with rifles would be as useless as ten million women with brooms—unless we had a strong navy, unless we had an elaborate system of coast-defenses, unless we had a tremendous artillery corps with big guns up-to-the-minute, unless we had about as many highly trained officers as there are at the present time in all the armies of the world put together, unless we had a great corps of inventors constantly devising new ways of dealing out death, unless our whole civilization were mobilized for war. If this present conflict has proved anything, it has proved that numbers of men trained to bear arms settle nothing. Fights are being won by masterful military organization and by the use of mechanical and chemical devices which have taken years of time, millions of money, and the best brains of three great nations intent on war. Were the Germans who met at Gotha in 1875 in favor of all this? And is Comrade Slobodin in favor of now? Is it not true that this scheme was thought out in the ancient times of small business and small armies and individualistic handicraft war, and that our blessed theorists have gone on chattering about it in the day of big business and big armies and war based on the machine-process?

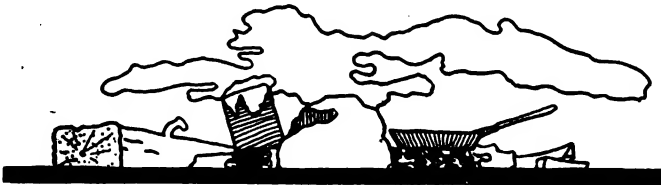
But the main argument against this scheme is of a different sort. It is precisely

the same one that is conclusive against any scheme of militarism whatever. Give a boy a gun, set him to presenting arms, right-wheeling and marching—and you make a soldier out of him. Anybody who knows modern psychology knows that this is just what you would expect. But we need not depend on the results of psychological experiment. Every boy who has ever served in the militia knows it; every person in the regular army knows it; everyone who ever had anything to do with any sort of soldiering knows it; every capitalist howling for military service knows it perfectly.

I know it from personal experience. I remember well the states of mind induced by drill in the old militia company. When our feet marched in step our thoughts soon began to march. As we learned to obey instantly without reflection the recipient, obedient attitude of mind became more and more natural and continuous.

We have all heard of the class-conscious soldiers who were going to refuse to shoot down strikers; where are they? Where and when was this much advertised military melodrama ever staged? It has remained a closed drama to this day; and it always will.

Yes, bearing arms induces the military, not the militant, state of mind. It makes men obedient and thoughtless, not to say careless of human rights and oblivious to the horrors of bloodshed. For us the important element in the matter is that obedient, thoughtless men are not good Democrats, not good Socialists. They are the worst material in the world on which to base a revolutionary movement. And bearing arms is bearing arms. The most important results are the same whether a man serves in a mercenary standing army, in a voluntary militia regiment, or in a "citizen army."



Homes for Yourself or Your Boss?

By J. A. MACDONALD

THIS is the story of denial, of foodless, shelterless, outraged lives, dark and hopeless as is the texture of the looted lives it aims to portray, but ending in promise.

Only a Dante, accenting the stygian portions of his *Inferno*, his pen dipped in the heart blood of toiling millions of earth's prostituted, could draw the full present picture. Ours can be but a suggestive outline, to which the reader must add out of his own experiences—all too common—the hunger pang deeper than the hunger for bread. Human longings and desires die hard, how hard only those who have themselves hungered in the wider sense can conceive. I will deal not with Hells, future or metaphysical, but with the hells of the here and now!

My story is that of the lumberjack as he exists—life in its higher and sweeter meanings is now impossible—in the cities of the Timber Empires of Northern Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan; in the camps where he toils that others may live; to where in the bread lines, no longer a Lumberjack, a producer, the curtain goes down over the derelict remnants of a sunless, hopeless, loveless, looted and murdered life.

Needless to say ours will not be the Lumberjack of the Maiden Writer Lady of Back Bay, Boston, building word halos over the cesspools of legal piracy, but the real lumberjack, strong in his vices and virtues, passionate and primitive—a man not a myth living in a world of illusion.

The Lumberjack is the pioneer of Empires for others. He is the miracle worker, the giant of the North. Moccasin-clad, Macinaw-shirted he goes into forests peopled by the animal dwellers of the wilderness only. To the thump of his axe and the whine of his saw cities are built, *but never for the Lumberjack!* These cities are for his bosses, his self-appointed masters, loved not wisely but too well. By his toil he feeds them foods that are to him a dream, he clothes their children, he buys costly textures for their women. Himself is mostly childless, shelterless, womanless, homeless. To him fatherhood is denied.

Through windows of homes made possible only through his sweat and agony, a

pariah, an outcast, he looks at happy wives and laughing children in the rosy glow of open fireplaces and the brighter lights of comradeship and home. To him home is a heaven distant and unattainable. Not knowing the gigantic murderous forces of which he is the victim he is despairing; or knowing, he curses an industrial system which makes the dollar standard and symbol of home, life and manhood. Inarticulate, mute, but dynamic of future action he wonders why idleness should be rewarded with smiles and luxury, and productive toil be cursed with agony, outrage and tears! The lack of dollars does not stifle his desires, longings and aspirations: these are deeper than any *venerer* code of morals or laws man made and man cursing. Strong, virile, red-blooded, is it to be wondered that his nature sometimes scorns unnatural laws the result of unnatural social and industrial conditions.

SOCIETY THE CRIMINAL.

Man can be studied only in the light of his environment. He without whose labor all homes were impossible, asks for home. This society denies him and drives him to the brothel, *and having driven, blames!*

The lumberjack is a social being. He longs for companionships. An industrial system founded on Dollaranity instead of Christianity, except as they can divert and destroy the latter to minister to the Dollar, drives him to the cheap companionships of the cheap lodging house and the saloon—*and having driven, blames!*

UNDERFED—OVERWORKED.

The lumberjack's life is a sordid, dreary, nightmare of underfeeding and overwork. There is no pen too vitrolic to outline the conditions under which the overlords of the Northern woods have sapped the lives of their workers. Horses are better cared for, considered more valuable. To them there is nothing cheaper than human flesh and blood. Men are fed like hogs. The Cochoran Outfit at Bena brags because it gives its men sugar *once a day*. Milk is never seen by the men in many camps. The hogs that are brought in camp are all belly, with buttons instead of union labels, and no

backbone, and the conditions under which the food is cooked often such as to preclude cleanliness. Dinner—or rather the lunch they call dinner—is generally served in the woods, with the men often knee-deep in snow and the temperature often 20 degrees below zero. A picnic with the knives and forks sticking to their lips!

THE LUMBERJACK'S "Home."

They are worked as the Southern Railway contractors used to work their mules, *before the mules got too valuable*. Some of the camps are as far as seven miles from the front and the men have to be on the job before daylight. Walking the distance from the camp to the job is not considered work—just exercise. After working till dark they walk back "home," some of them call it. It is their only substitute. Home does not, however, convey what the camps really are except in the sharpness of its every contrast. The principal difference between the "Lumberjack's home" and the orthodox hell is that instead of being filled with sulphur fumes, sorely needed, the lumberjack's hell is filled with vermin.

The bedding unchanged for a period often dependent on the number of years the camp has been in commission, is alive. After his first night in camp the lumberjack gets nearer than any inventor's model to being a perpetual motion machine. He is perpetually working all day and perpetually scratching all night. Staying awake all night to be awake early in the morning is no joke where they use lice instead of alarm clocks.

Otherwise the bunk houses are not all right: they are atrocious, damnable. Men are packed in them like sardines sleeping in the stench of drying garments, if they are armor-plated enough to sleep. There are often two men in a bunk: *A healthy man may be sleeping with a consumptive or syphilitic*. The bunks are two and sometimes three tiers high. The average camp bunk house is a breeding place, with all conditions right, for all disease germs that like filth. The air is disease-laden, murderous.

The wage for this work—and torture—is so low as to be almost unbelievable. Last season men were hired in Minneapolis and Duluth as low as five and eight dollars a month. Out of this the worker had to pay a dollar, or more, for employment fees, his railway fare to the job, and had to buy

clothing in the camp at prices that would open the eyes of a Captain Kidd to new methods of piracy, more effective and less dangerous than the old.

THE RAPE OF JUSTICE.

All laws of humanity, legislature and court have been trampled in the dust by the timber barons. The writer is open to conviction that there is in northern Minnesota, one camp which has conformed to the provisions of the law. For the boss law wears a smile. Law has a loaded club for the lumberjack. For him the beautiful mask is torn from the face of Justice and he finds her a repellent raped murderous hireling of his masters. Justice is a thing of loot and murder to the lumberjack and Liberty a myth.

As if to put salt on the wounds of the lumberjack and show the lumberworker their utter contempt for them the bosses in their kept press—many of them of the street-walker type—print a story of the lumberjack having gone on strike because the boss wanted to put bath tubs in the camps. That the boss is a wonderful fictionist is no new discovery for the lumberworker. The boss lies to him as to wages; he lies to him as to the camp conditions; he lies to him as regard the bunk house and anything or everything in connection with the job. The boss is often the kind of a liar who will not soil his hands with the truth even where a lie is unnecessary.

Yes, smug respectable timber baron robber, yours is a system of robbery compared with which highway robbery is respectable! Your luxury and idleness are foundationed on the degradation of the lumberworker. His labor is the foundation of your stolen empire. For you he carves the forest into homes. Himself has none! You scorn him and call him "Timber-beast." You have used all the forces of your laws to brutalize him. You have with the whip of hunger lashed him into your camps to be sucked of ambition, health, hope and life. After an industrial system fitted to be the nightmare of an idiot, has stolen all hope and initiative that made him man, you drive him out of your empire—really his—into the bread lines—a vagrant, hobo, bum to live as he can, to die as he must. This is the product of your vaunted industrial system, in its disregard for the life of the toiler, more barbarous than any savagery.

This is the full death flower of your civilization more ruthlessly savage than any barbarism.

Your strength has been the weakness of the worker, his lack of knowledge of his power and his lack of organization. A new era for the lumberjack is being born where his consciousness of power and his strength through organization will be your weakness.

Your czardom of outrage and abuse is doomed. The hands of your workers—strong hands and mighty to make or doom, now the hands of those who are beginning to think, are reaching for the power that is theirs!

The lumberworker—your past slave—is no longer unprotected from your rapacity.

The Agricultural and Timberworker's Organization of the Industrial Workers of the World is in the field with its motto: "An injury to one worker is an injury to all." *With the boss there will be no compromise, from the boss there will be no retreat.* The boss knows it as through putting the fighting force of this great organization of fighters behind the lumberjack, *wages have already been raised ten dollars a month.* The lumberjack knows it as he is, as the result, having a closer acquaintance with the lady on the American dollar than usual. He is now getting the kind of *results he can eat* and is hungry for more and organizing to get it.

Naturally and inevitably the boss is sorer than ever before at the I. W. W. His enmity—may we always be worthy of it!—is our title to the respect of the lumberjack. *A union the boss would like merits only hatred from the worker!* Our fight in the timber belt of northern Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan is the fight of the lumberjack. Our union is the lumberjack's union and no one knows it better than the lumberworker. That is the reason that he is behind us with all the strength of his manhood. The better fighter he is the quicker he is joining and the greater his efforts. The lumberjack will, through his organization on the job, dictate and demand where in the past unorganized, he begged, and met the fate of the beggar.

Forces so powerful, that even we who are on the firing line cannot fully understand their potential energy, are being marshalled in a struggle for higher wages, better camps and human conditions.

Students of contemporary labor history should keep their eye on the timber territories as where the worker has been most abused, he will become most powerful. Consciousness of his power is for the worker the beginning of wisdom and *who can set limits to the possibilities of an awakened working class?*

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THOUSANDS OF WOMEN ARE REPLACING MEN IN MANY FOREIGN FACTORIES AND ARE PROVING MORE SATISFACTORY TO EUROPEAN "BUSINESS" THAN MEN WORKERS

LOOKING 'EM OVER

By LIVE WIRE

News from England is that wives of trades unionists have a hard time existing on the "weekly separation allowance" paid them by the government while their husbands are with the army. "However," writes Freda Tcherkesoff, "wives of casual laborers are in clover. These revel in the weekly payments, and some have spent the money on drink." Which is certainly a working class commentary. It's the organized workers who have passed through strikes, lockouts, boycotts, riots, battles, whose pay is highest and whose wives live better than those of the unorganized.

After the war, will the program of labor in all nations be for repudiation of war debts? Already this question is bothering Wall street. What will the

working classes of the nations at war do about the staggering load of debt on their national backs, all to be sweated and groaned out in cash payment by the working classes? Fear of repudiation has already hit financiers. The story comes pretty well backed that the dinner Judge Gary, president of the U. S. Steel Co., gave to Ex-President Roosevelt, was for the one purpose of getting T. R. to let financiers understand if he is elected president again, he will use U. S. battle-ships to enforce collection of war debts.

"I don't believe your old bastard theory of evolution; I believe it's pure jackass nonsense. When the consensus of scholarship says one thing and the Word of God another, the consensus of scholarship can go plumb to hell for all I

care." This is from a stenographic report of one of Billy Sunday's sermons. There's nobody the famous bull-slinger hates so much as an evolutionist. A minister named George R. Wallace, whose home is in Toledo, gave in to the pleas of fellow ministers that he should join in giving a welcome to Sunday on the latter's arrival in Toledo. Wallace is known in the Chautauqua circuit, being a lecturer for the Redpath Bureau on scientific subjects. The famous bull-slinger, it seems, has heard about Wallace, and in the middle of a sermon, Sunday shook his fist into the face of the Rev. Wallace and shrieked: "Stand up, there, you bastard evolutionist! Stand up with the Atheists and the Infidels and the whore-mongers and the adulterers, and go to hell!"

Following in the feet tracks of the much esteemed Reverend Hillis as a trickster in other people's money comes now the Reverend Parkhurst, shown for trickster. Hillis has been a Rockefeller stool pigeon. And Parkhurst is a Hearst-Steel trust-Lead, South Dakota, stool pigeon.

A roughneck who belongs to the Transport Workers of America writes a poem in Labor Culture, official organ of his union. As a poem it stacks up good, and we run every word of it right here, under his title of "The Shovel Slave of the Sea":

Down in the dark below
 Stands the shovel slave
 In front of the fires
 He heaves and lives
 In the heart of hell.
 He is housed in a dirt damp cell,
 Given rotten rations he can't refuse,
 For he has no rights—
 He is a slave on the sea.
 That is the way it was
 Before the Federation fight.
 For Firemen's freedom on the foam
 Soon no filth can be found
 His berth will not be buggie and bare,
 There will be blankets and linen there,
 In his messroom his rations will be all
 right.
 For he is in a fight
 To better his working conditions,
 And he is a Union man on the main.

Gee, but Charles Edward Russel's kick shook loose a lot of cobwebs in the Socialist party. He breaks out saying if Germany wins this war, then the United States will have to settle with Germany, and the German way is to start a war and fight. And immejiate up jumps the born-in-Vienna Austrian, Victor Berger, and says there hain't nothing to be afraid of about Germany. All the intentions of Germany is peaceable—vy not, vy not? asks Victor the burgher of the Milwaukee Social-Democrats. O, very well.

We had tea with Jim Larkin the other night. Or rather, Jim had tea and we took java. We asked Jim about a law the city of Chicago council passed. It says every public and private policeman on duty at a strike must wear his star on the outside of his coat so everybody will know he is a bull. During the garment strike the cops laughed at the law. Aldermen tried to get the law enforced. The city law department said it was a bad law, unconstitutional. There's one way to get such a law enforced, Jim suggested. Let the street car men refuse to haul passengers, and the milkmen refuse to deliver milk, and the teamsters refuse to hitch up their teams, and the railroad men refuse to move trains. Something like that. The working class can enforce any laws it wants. That seems to be the Larkin idea.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., street car company agreed to arbitrate with its motormen, conductors and power house men. So the men called off a strike and went back to work. The company pulled a fake arbitration. Its spokesmen hemmed and hawed and tried to screw the workers down to what they were getting before strike. So the strike was called again. the line tied up, scabs imported, along with sluggers and gunmen, and the rioting started. At the present writing, street car transportation has gone kafluey in Wilkesbarre, and it looks as though one more corporation is learning that a union which has been on strike won't stand for one of those fake arbitrations.

INTERIOR VIEW OF STEEL TRUST PLANT AT BETHLEHEM, PA., WHERE THOUSANDS
OF FOREIGN WORKERS ARE OVERWORKED AND UNDERPAID

U. S. Steel Co. hollers it's going to shove up wages ten per cent. Oh yes! Oh yes! We've heard that noise before. We remember the Armour and Swift companies were going to raise wages right after the big stockyards strike. And we remember the cold figures brought before the industrial relations commission last year—figures taken off the employers' books—showed a drop in wages alongside a rising cost of living. On top the Steel trust comes that other faker, the Pullman Co., hollering about a ten per cent wage raise. Oh yes! Oh yes! We've heard that noise before.

Robert T. Lincoln, head of the board of directors of the Pullman Co., haunts us. Somepin' bogery and sceery about him. Think of having a dad like he had. If people ever turn over in their graves and groan after they're dead, then Abraham Lincoln surely moves his bones in

the grave and wonders to God how he was ever connected with the shrimp who's the head and front of the thieving, iron-handed Pullman Co.

Many a man out of a job works harder looking for a job than he would if he had a job. It's like the Butter Scotch Men we heard about. Sure, you musta heard about the Butter Scotch Men. They were little fellows. But they could never run until they got warmed up, and they never got warmed up until they ran.

Trade in Bibles is breaking all records, publishers report. Sales exceed normal by 50 per cent. American Bibles for Christmas business were printed and bound in 980 different styles and sold from 20 cents to \$50 a copy. War is hell, but it doubles American commerce in Bibles. What's the answer, Bohunk?

INSIDE

By Clarence Starr Camp

I AM in prison. I have a number attached to my name. I have been here several months, but I have no prison pallor, no lock-step, no hang-dog look.

There are several hundred other men here. Few of them possess the characteristics that go to make up the common idea of the "criminal."

A few weeks ago one of the institution officers was showing a number of visitors about the premises. They saw us marching to dinner. Something about our appearance seemed to astonish them. One of the visitors turned to his companion and said: "They don't look like criminals."

And that man's astonishment was marked in the faces of every one in the party. They all had come to the institution with the expectation of seeing a number of hard-looking, lantern-jawed, slope-browed convicts with short-clipped hair, a prison pallor and a haunted look in their eyes.

If they had have gone to some other prison where men are treated like animals, where there is no ventilation in the sleeping quarters, and where men are confined day in and day out in dark, damp, dirty cells, with nothing to read and nothing wholesome to eat, then they might have witnessed the kind of a sight they expected to see.

But when men are given a clean place to eat, work and sleep, plenty of fresh air, a school under competent instructors where they are given an opportunity for improvement while incarcerated, you will not see the things one is supposed by tradition to behold in men who are behind stone walls and iron bars. * * *

Over ninety percent of the men entering prisons are not criminals. I have seen men cast into prison branded as dishonest and depraved. I have seen them go out and make good if given a decent chance.

Having lived and worked among hundreds of so-called "criminals" for many

months, I am able truthfully to say that I have found them not unlike other men. We of the "inside" are, I believe, a little less truthful, a little rougher, a little less educated than the average run of men. But this is to be expected.

The majority of us, however, are not naturally vicious or dishonest. A small percentage of all prisoners are to be considered as belonging to a criminal class. Just what this percentage is it is difficult to estimate with exactness; it is, however, safe to place it under five per cent. Men in this category are the victims of an unjust economic system under which we are forced to exist.

Capitalism, by denying the workers the product of their labor, in forcing them into unemployment and poverty; thus causing men to steal rather than starve, is obliged to build strongholds into which to incarcerate its unfortunate victims.

It has been estimated by Mr. J. M. Tadlock, director of education at the Washington State Reformatory, a man whose broad principles and untiring efforts have meant a great deal to those with whom he has come into touch, that 88 per cent of all crimes committed by the inmates of this institution are against property, and 11 per cent against persons, most of the latter being sexual.

We feel the deep injustice of a system that gives to the employing class the best there is in life, while we who toil with brain and brawn must be content with the crumbs swept from the table of Capitalism. Many men there are who, while at heart honest and upright, have become criminals because the injustice and cruelty of the Capitalist system has refused them work, compelled them to go hungry, cold and homeless, practically forcing them into lives of crime. Very often they are flung into very hells of bastiles, ill-clothed, ill-fed, and ill-treated, and left there to concentrate bitterness and hatred in their hearts for society at large, and to plan means whereby they can further ravish the sacred domain of smug capital-

ism when they are again allowed to wander in the paths of "freedom."

The capitalist class is opposed to all modern and humane methods of dealing with prisoners. They do not strive to better the man whom they have placed in confinement. Their object is to vindictively punish those whom they term the "undesirables" of society.

Many temperance advocates and others have voiced the opinion that the evil influence of drink does more than all else to cause men to commit crime. I admit this in the abstract. Probably eighty-five per cent of all men sent to prisons were either intoxicated when they committed the crime, or were suffering from the evil effects of liquor. But let us look further for the purpose before answering the question in the concrete.

Capitalism, by throwing men and women out of employment, forces them into the clutches of poverty. Poverty breeds drunkards. Drink distorts the brain. A distorted brain is without the faculty of wise or strong reason. Therefore the criminal.

Do not be content to say: "Drink makes criminals." Say rather: "Capitalism, through poverty and drink, is the great perpetrator of crime."

It may be confidently claimed that over half of all crimes committed are the result of poverty. The law of nature does not provide that men be born criminals. Jefferson said that all men are born equal. I believe that every man is born with the equal right to labor as he sees fit, obtaining the full product of his labor; to own his own home, and to be able to breed children into a world where happiness and plenty should prevail. But every man is not born equal in brain and muscle. The man who digs the ditch fulfills a function just as imperative to the welfare of society as the man who manages a railroad system. This being the case he should not be forced to slave and sweat

through life for a mere pittance, and denied the rights of a free citizen in a so-called liberal civilization.

But this is not the worst of it. The Capitalist system of grab-all for the few who do not work expands the ranks of the unemployed appallingly year by year thus making it necessary to build jails, workhouses, reformatories, penitentiaries and lunatic asylums, which, as you doubtless have learned, are well filled.

Don't look at the man behind prison walls with that nasty, curious, astonished expression on your face. Do not say: "O, they don't look like criminals"!

We are not criminals. We are just human beings like yourself, with hearts to feel with, heads to reason with, and most of us possessing a deep desire to live honestly, decently amid edifying environments.

Probably no institution of its kind in the world is doing so much to educate and build up men, and thus enable them to withstand the unjust conditions of a perverted economic system, as this reformatory at Monroe, Wash. The overthrow of the Capitalist system, however, would make all this effort and expense unnecessary.

I am in prison. I have a number attached to my name. People call me a convict, a criminal, a depraved undesirable. Perhaps it is so. But I would kill myself willingly if I thought I was so depraved, so criminal at heart as to derive profits from the work of poor, weak, work-bent children, or to stand idly aside and smile depreciatingly at the tears of starving babes, or the wailings of widows whose husbands have been wantonly shot down in cold blood by the hired assassins of Capital.

Thank God! Not such a criminal as that!

Washington State Reformatory, Monroe, Wash.



SOWING WHEAT BROADCAST BY HAND

THE STORY OF BREAD

By Glenn V. Johnson

Courtesy of International Harvester Company Service Bureau.

HERE is a story more than fifty centuries long. For fifty centuries the world stood still—waiting to be fed.

Fifty centuries!—think of it—centuries of light, centuries of darkness. Great wealth sat in the high places, great poverty filled the lowlands; the few knew much, the many knew little; the thousands idled and were round and fat, the millions toiled and were cold and hungry; the world moved forward, yet the world stood still.

Man furrowed his brow, bent his back, and crumbled away before his time, all in an effort to scratch from the earth a few grains of wheat with which to keep the spark of life flickering in his starved and shivering body.

“Bread! Bread! Give us bread!” That was the cry. Year after year it was heard. But the world rolled quietly on its way, and the cry was not answered. The wise men were busy gazing at the stars, and those not so wise could not think of a way to more bread.

In the streets of London and Paris, and later, in New York, men, women and children fought for bread—just plain, common, everyday bread—the kind we place on our tables along with the knives and forks—the kind that is so cheap that hotels and restaurants forget to charge for it.

It seems rather strange that people should be forced to fight for bread. That is to say, it seems strange to us who live in this age of plenty. Oh, yes, it's true that our large cities still have their bread lines. But bread lines are not for the lack of bread. They are for the lack of something or other which puts up the fight that gets bread, and all that goes with it.

There is plenty of bread today, and it is cheap enough, too. Every bread line and every soup house is a sign that somewhere in our civic, industrial, or social machinery, something is out of gear.

But to go back to the days when people fought for bread—no farther back than your great grandfather and mine. They

DROMEDARIES ARE USED AS DRAFT ANIMALS IN SIBERIA

might better have saved their strength, for there was no bread to be had, for there was no flour, for there was no wheat, for there were no large fields planted, for there were no quick ways of gathering the harvests.

And all the while the world stood still. One can't move very fast, nor go very far on an empty stomach.

On a birthday, or a wedding anniversary, or Christmas, or some special occasion like that, can you imagine this conversation between a modern wife and her husband, as he grabs his hat and makes for the 7:08 that carries him to work?

"What shall we have for dinner today, my dear?"

"Oh, let's have bread!"

That's right, smile. But, in point of time, only yesterday, or the day before, to have had wheat bread on the table three times a day would have been to declare all days feast days.

Today, bread is so cheap, and there is so much of it, that the most abject poverty—the very end of the limit, as it were—is represented in the expression, "Not a crust of bread in the house." Given the acid test, this means that he who cannot afford bread cannot afford anything—a long step from the time when he who could afford bread could afford everything.

The world has moved some since it

ceased to stand still—waiting to be fed. You may not have thought of it in just this way—few of us have—but plenty of cheap bread oiled the wheels of progress for all time. And as the world had stood still for so many years, its release was a signal for leaps and bounds.

I was about to say that to know the story of bread is to know the story of the world. But suppose we interline this with the thought that to know the story of bread is to know the story of industrial and commercial progress. By its footprints we can follow the path that leads straight from serfdom to independence—from the man in a cave to the man in a skyscraper.

Ages of cultivation, and the experiments of thousands of unheard-of Luther Burbanks have given us the fine large grains which now go to make our daily bread. Enough of these grains were gathered from the wheat fields of the United States in 1910 to make nearly 700,000,000 bushels. Were all these bushels placed in freight cars, and the cars coupled together, there would be two mammoth trains—one reaching from New York to San Francisco, and the other from Regina, which is the capital of Saskatchewan up in Canada, down to New Orleans, in Louisiana, with several hundred cars backed onto the sidings.

Every morning the world wakes up hun-

gry. It has been doing this since the first woman first spoke to the first man. The morning of every day sees the world rub its eyes, stretch itself, push up the curtain, and ask for bread.

We have to learn to eat the oyster, and the olive and some other things better or worse. But we don't have to learn to eat wheat bread. It is the staff upon which strong nations lean.

We have mistakenly called cotton, king. It is not. Wheat is king, for it contains all the fifteen essential elements of nutrition, and food is more important than clothes. Were one compelled to go through life on a single diet, wheat bread would carry him farther and better than any other one article of food.

It was in the United States that wheat raising received its mighty impetus, for it was here the practical reaper was invented and perfected, which made great wheat crops possible, and cheap bread sure.

So why shouldn't we be great wheat eaters? The average amount of wheat eaten by every person in the United States is about five bushels a year. This, passed through the mill, comes out a barrel of flour, and then turned over to the baker is worked up into about two hundred and fifty loaves.

But America—large as she is, and great as she is, and much as she likes to boast—first in invention, first in agriculture—is not the only country where great train loads of wheat are raised.

The sun never sets on the harvest fields of the world. A writer, with much poetry and some truth in his soul, penned this: "The click of the reaper is heard round the world the year round." This is almost true, and therefore near enough for a poet—and the rest of us. What he had in mind was that every day in the year somewhere in the world, to use the words of the song we used to sing, they are "bringing in the sheaves." But the click of the reaper is not always heard. No, not always. It takes a lot of printer's ink and many strong rays of light to pierce all the far-off, dark places—little corners of the earth which for ages have stood still—waiting to be fed.

To follow the harvest year round the world, begin in January in the Argentine and New Zealand; in February go to East India, Upper Egypt, and Chili, and then

stay there till the end of March; with April, drop down into Lower Egypt, Asia Minor, and cross over to Mexico; May will shift to Algiers, Central Asia, China, Japan, and Texas; and in June the binder is at work not only in the fields of Turkey, Spain, and Southern France, but in California, where big machines are pulled by twenty horses or gasoline tractors, and in Tennessee, Virginia, Kentucky, Kansas, Utah, and Missouri; hot July is the busy month in the north of France, Roumania, Austria-Hungary, southern Russia and England, Germany, and Switzerland, and, returning to America, in Oregon, Nebraska, southern Minnesota, Wisconsin, Colorado, Washington, the group of Central States, New York, New England and eastern Canada; August is a little more quiet, but still plenty to do in Holland, Belgium, Great Britain, Denmark, Poland, the Dakotas, and western Canada, aptly termed "the bread basket of the world;" September brings harvest days to Scotland, Sweden, Norway, and northern Russia and Siberia, where some day enough wheat will be raised to feed the people of the earth; October continues the harvest scenes of these countries; November is divided between South Africa and Peru; December returns the traveler to his starting place—back to Argentine—and thence to Uruguay

and Australia for a prosperous holiday well earned.

Before a man can work well, he must be well fed; before he can be well fed, large crops must be planted; before large crops are planted, there must be a quick way of harvesting.

This is a philosophy so simple that a child can understand the truth of it. And yet the brains of the centuries never thought of this in just this simple way.

It is rather odd that people should be cramped with hunger, and yet not rise and say, "Here! we will find out what's the matter!" In this hour of system and the working out of the laws of economy, we are told to do the first thing first. The doctor relieves the patient, and then cures him. And so, in working out a plan for the progress of the world, it was essential that the world's people first be well fed. By skipping along down the years a goodly array of talent is seen doing about everything save the one great thing—finding a way to provide more bread.

Galileo was busy with the telescope and pendulum, and the poor farmer, Newton, saw the apple fall, and gave us the law of gravitation. The lid of a teakettle fluttered, as it had been in the habit of doing since the day fire was first kindled under water, but Watt was near and turned steam into power. In America, Fulton used this power to turn the wheels of a steamboat, and Peter Cooper, another American, followed Stephenson in England by putting steam into an engine called a locomotive. Printing was invented that the world might have more books to read; but man tilled the soil with a crooked stick and reaped the harvest with a sickle—just as had been the way from the days of Boaz—and only the few had time to read.

Scientists had time for the problem of the origin of man; but not for the problem of how to feed him. This was so all the way from Copernicus, the father of science, to Darwin, who was born the same year as McCormick. In the Old World, Darwin pointed back to the trail along which the human race had climbed; in the New World, McCormick pointed to the heights up which the race was yet to go.

All the thought of all the philosophers failed to contribute a mouthful of bread to the hungry; literature flourished as it never

THRESHING IN EGYPT

has flourished since; music marched from master to master, and poets sang their sweetest songs; art was born and nursed into everlasting life; soldiers fought and captured, and again fought and were captured.

Josiah Wedgwood was busy making beautiful plates in England, whither the art had drifted from Holland. But he soon discovered just ahead a greater task than plate making. He had to educate the public to the use of plates. It was a very difficult proposition to persuade men to buy plates from which to eat bread, when it was next to impossible to get the bread. It was very much like asking a man to spend his last dollar for a pocketbook in which to carry his money. Wedgwood furnished plates fit for the Queen. It was in doing this that he coined the word, "Queensware." But he could not furnish bread.

Truly, to borrow a line from Dickens, "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times."

So far as is known, Whitney's cotton gin is the only invention that ever actually brought on a war. It so increased the value of slave labor that the clash between the North and the South could not be longer staved off. If it is true that the cotton gin caused the South to take up arms, it is

equally true that the reaper caused her to lay them down again. To use the words of Stanton, Lincoln's war secretary, "The reaper was to the North what slavery was to the South." That is to say, the reaper released the young men of the farm for duty on the firing line without cutting off the supply of bread, just as the slaves worked the plantations of the South while their masters were away with the army of the Confederacy.

The reaper removed the hobble from man's right to the pursuit of happiness. It drove drudgery from the farm, and released two-thirds of the population for the shop, the store, and the office—and factory.

And so, to make a long story short, as everybody says but the story teller, the wheels of industry were set in motion, modern business was born, and commerce reached its arms around the world. American civilization pushed westward at the rate of thirty miles a year, and older nations awoke to greatness. Railroads came, cities were builded, and inventions multiplied.

Every tall building is a monument to cheap bread.

Were it true today, as it was a century ago, here in the United States, that ninety-seven out of every hundred people were kept busy raising enough to eat—were this true today, I repeat, how many skyscrapers, and railroads, and factories, and business houses do you think the remaining three people could operate? Broadway in New York, and State street in Chicago, and Market street in San Francisco would be little more than cow paths, along which a few traders played the game of barter and sell.

We owe everything to something else. Life is one long evolution, in the process of which none escape with their lives. But when we are really ready for a thing, we open our hands and there it is.

Follow a bit. An Italian, Columbus by name, sailing from Spain, found millions of new acres. Freedom, which exists only with the well-fed, hurried an old world people into a world that was new. McCormick, an American, put his reaper onto these acres. About the same time, Stephenson, in England, got up steam in the "Rocket"; and Faraday, also an Englishman, harnessed electricity ready for work. There was the line-up. The world was ready. A shout—and progress was off!

The business of railroads is to carry things from where they are to where they are not. And the business of the reaper was to give something worth the carrying. Railroads have been called "empire builders"—they carry settlers and the things they need and use into a new country, and then carry back the crops the settlers and things raise. The reaper had to precede the railroad, just as broad acres had to precede the reaper.

The Greeks and Romans were long on art, but short on bread. Sit tight, else the jar of the next statement will dump you out. A modern farmer, with the practice of modern scientific knowledge, and the use of modern machines, can with three months' labor raise as much wheat as could an old Roman had he worked ten hours a day, six days a week, for all the weeks of his three score and ten years. In the time of Nero it took four and a half days' labor to raise a bushel of wheat; when the reaper was invented it took three hours; and in the time of Wilson it takes ten minutes.

The smallest crop in a new country is not children, and so the reaper came at the right time.

The years have a habit of forgetting those who try—and fail. Somehow we remember only the successful. So we shall never know just how many tried to think of a reaper, or how few actually worked at building one.

But as the world grew older, the cry for bread grew louder.

Some sort of reaper was used in Gaul, and Palladius, four centuries later, described a similar machine. But they fell into disuse and disappeared.

In the twenty-second year of his vigor—1831, to be exact—McCormick pushed his first reaper out of the blacksmith shop on his father's farm in Virginia. Previous to this eventful year, there had been granted for a similar kind of machine forty-six patents—twenty-three in England and twenty-three in the United States. From this record it is seen that the entire credit for the reaper goes to the English speaking people.

McCormick, great as was his invention, and thoroughly as he believed in it, did not foresee that he was giving to the world cheap bread which was to turn the wheels of progress as they never before had been turned.

TURNING EIGHT 14-INCH FURROWS WITH A 45-HORSEPOWER OIL TRACTOR

Every great new idea that has benefited the world has had to fight for its life. First, we laugh; then, discuss; then, adopt. The leaders of one century are assassinated that their followers in the next may erect monuments to their memory. Yesterday, the authors of new ideas were beheaded; the day before that they were burned; and as a proof of how civilization has advanced, today we merely sick onto them the penny humorists.

It is so easy to follow along in the old, smoothly-worn rut.

One would naturally think that with centuries of poverty, toil, and hunger back of it, the reaper would have been welcomed with open arms, as it were. Farmers sat on the fence, watched it work, shook their heads, and went back to their cradles. And labor cried that the reaper was trying to rob it of the right to work. Work! Perhaps you do not realize just what that meant eighty years ago. In the hot harvest fields sixteen hours a day at a wage of three cents an hour.

Broad acres cultivate broad visions. Before one can do big things, one must think big things. Big farms followed the reaper. The cry of "Westward Ho!" was heard.

Civilization answered the cry, and farmers watched their acres broaden to "as far as the eye can see."

Men were set thinking. They mixed brains with seeds. Soon they found that hard thinking pays better than hard labor, and agriculture had its rise from "the phases of the moon" to an exact science.

The study of soils, seeds, fertility, insect pests, and the like was taken up, and farming became less a gamble with nature, and more a matter of knowing what to do and how to do it.

Ferdinand Kinderman, a Bohemian, regarded as the father of industrial education, introduced the study of agriculture into his schools in 1771. At about the same time France gave some small attention to the study of agriculture. The first agricultural school in America was the Gardiner Lyceum, established at Gardiner, Maine, 1821. None of these schools, however, did very much for the advancement of agriculture.

The world was waiting for the reaper. With its coming, and the improved farm machines and implements which followed, agricultural education slowly rose to a place of genuine appreciation.

TEXAS JUSTICE! 99 YEARS!

By NILS H. HANSON

WHEN reading this chapter of brutality and injustice, a couple of historical facts should be kept in mind. It should be remembered that the oppressors try at every opportunity to crush those most active in the struggle for a change of the present system to a better one.

Such was the case when the eight-hour movement was launched in the eighties. For their active propaganda the Chicago martyrs were hanged and others were given life imprisonment. Some were released a few years later "because," said the law then, "they were not guilty of the crime charged with." But those hanged could not be called back to life. Neither can the life of Joe Hill be re-called, though the fact remains that he was executed because he was a revolutionist.

Before we go any further let us also remember how they tried to get Debs, Haywood, Moyer, Pettibone, Mother Jones, Ettor and Giovanitti and Caruso; and how they are now keeping Ford and Suhr in for life-time imprisonment because of their organizing the hop pickers in California; the Lawson case in Colorado, and the James Schmith case in Aberdeen, S. D. It's a long line of names.

The above has only been pointed out, that we may more clearly understand that the doings down in the dark State of Texas are nothing new—and also that in the past the united action of the workers has opened up the prison gates, and let out into the sunlight many of those who were willing to fight the battles of labor, and whom the rulers saw were a danger and a menace to the present order of society.

CHARLES CLINE—AN AGITATOR OF THE SOUTH.

Undoubtedly, many rebels remember the lumber workers' fight in Louisiana, 1913. There were more than fifty in all who were tried by the Santa Fé judges. The court allowed only 36 witnesses on each side to be paid by the state. But there were almost 200 for the defense. Charles Cline was the man who then made a house to house canvas to raise the money with which

to feed and pay the expenses for those witnesses not paid by the state.

All his life Charles Cline—as well as Rangel—have been active men in the labor world of the southwest. Cline has been a leader in strikes, and has suffered with his class indescribable tortures at the hands of the masters and Kirbyites through the southern states.

This same Charles Cline has now for more than two years been imprisoned in the state of Texas. And he is still waiting for the workers—those whom he has fought for and is still willing to fight for—to come along and give him a hand and release him from the clutches of capitalism.

THE FOURTEEN MEXICANS.

In September, 1913, about twenty Mexicans were on their way to cross the border from Texas into Mexico. On the 11th of September, early in the morning, while peacefully camping, they were attacked by a sheriff and three deputies, and the city marshall of Carriza Springs, Dimitt county, Texas. The sheriff killed one Mexican, S. Lomas. He admits that himself on the witness stand.

Two deputies—one Mexican and one white man—were then taken prisoners by the rest of the Mexicans, who started with them to Mexico. They traveled all that day, and all the 12th, and part of the 13th, when they were overtaken by the sheriff's posse. They were then all made prisoners except three or four who were killed by the posse.

In the battle one deputy sheriff, Ortiz, was also killed. And for this fourteen men—four especially—were charged with murder. This deputy was the same one who previously had been taken prisoner by the Mexicans. The other deputy, the white man, Buck, was later the star witness for the state.

Charles Cline was not a bona fide member of that party of men on the way to Mexico to join the revolutionists in their fight for freedom. He happened to be on his way to investigate some labor trouble, and inadvertently he met the Mexicans, and was with them for a few days. But

as soon as the sheriff had killed Lomas, and the two deputies were made prisoners by the Mexicans, Cline left them, and was again left alone on his mission. But in the morning of the same day as the others were taken prisoners, the sheriff's posse met him also. He was soon offered his release if he would turn state's witness against the others. But this he refused to do. And for this, literally speaking, he has been sentenced to spend the rest of his life inside the dungeons of Texas.

The 14—Cline included—were taken to Carriza Springs and put into jail. A rush was made by the law-machinery of Texas. They were going to be tried all at once. But as they failed to get a jury qualified at Carriza Springs, a change of venue was granted and the trials commenced in Persall, Frio county. L. Gonzales was given 6 years, J. Serrato 25. Another change of venue was granted, and some were to be tried in San Antonio, Bexar county.

DECIDED BY THE MASTERS.

The following is a list of the men and the sentences they received. Most of the cases have been appealed, and one at least given higher sentence—that of L. Vasquez which was raised from 10 to 25 years. Some of the cases were appealed more than once, but that of J. M. Rangel was not appealed at all, owing to lack of funds.

J. M. Rangel.....99 yrs.	E. Alzalde.....15 yrs.
Charles Cline.....99 yrs.	Ortiz.....15 yrs.
A. Cisnero.....99 yrs.	P. Perales.....10 yrs.
J. Gonzales.....99 yrs.	B. Mendosa.....10 yrs.
L. Vasques.....25 yrs.	L. Mendosa, son of
	B. Mendosa..... 5 yrs.
P. Martinez.....25 yrs.	L. Gonzales..... 6 yrs.
Joe Serrato.....25 yrs.	D. Rosa..... 8 yrs.

With the exception of Charles Cline all of these men are now serving their sentences. Cline has had several trials, and he expects to get one more and be released. The first trial was Sept. 28, which resulted in a "hung" jury. The 12th-17th of Feb., 1914, he was tried again and was given 99 years. Case was appealed and reversed and new trial ordered. He was again up for trial Oct. 4th-11th, 1915, and was given life imprisonment.

CLINE AFTER SEVENTEEN WEEKS IN SOLITARY.

In "Solidarity" for June 27, 1914, Georgia Kotsch writes, in part:

"Listen to Charles Cline after seventeen weeks in solitary, suffering from an injury, in a cell so small he must lie with cramped limbs on his piece of canvas on the floor.

"What can we do for you, Cline?"

"If the boys outside could get together and get me a little chewing tobacco—"

"That was all he asked for himself. But

for the cause which has his devotion he said, 'Go out and tell the whole country the situation down here.'

"The boys on the outside—" continues Georgia Kotsch, "can they forget Charles Cline in his dungeon cell?"

"It was for organizing, for teaching working class solidarity that Rangel, Cline and their associates were apprehended and brought under the shadow of the gallows. What stupid Texas official dreamed that anyone would care?"

"We must put Rangel and Cline and their co-workers back upon the firing line for many more active useful years. We cannot afford to lose such men for our own sakes. 'The boys on the outside,' must, 'get together,' and carry the banner of labor's solidarity into Texas to replace the little red emblem stolen from the dead body of Lomas."

THE LAW.

The little red emblem referred to by Kotsch, must be the Manifesto of the Liberal Party in Mexico, which was found in the pocket of the dead Mexican. And that was the only evidence the state has been able to produce—resting on the law under which these cases have been tried. Of course, the real crime these men have committed is that they are rebels. Besides, they were charged with having murdered a deputy sheriff—after the sheriff and his posse had first murdered two or more of their number. And don't forget that nothing has been said in regard to the killing of the workers—by the officers of the law.

The law under which the state tried those cases was a conspiracy statute in regards to the invading of a foreign country, not in war with United States, and commit a crime therein of the grade of felony.

In the first place the whole thing should have been handled by the federal government. The State of Texas had no right to try these cases. And it has no right to continue to try Charles Cline—that is if we want to go by the letter of the law. But soon after the fourteen were arrested the U. S. government took the matter under investigation and refused to have anything to do with it.

MOVING PICTURES TO PREJUDICE WITH.

To prejudice the people of Texas and those who would probably be drawn as jury men, a moving picture was made up, with

the sheriff as hero—as is always the case. It was advertised all over Texas thus:

DON'T FORGET! DIMIT COUNTY SMUGGLERS MOVING PICTURE FILM. QUEEN PICTURE SHOW TONIGHT. 20 SMUGGLERS, 3 KILLED, 3 ESCAPED AND 14 CAPTURED. THIS HAPPENED SEPT. 14, 1913.

Then in smaller type was detailed a sensational account of the cases from the viewpoint of the prosecution, concluding:

"This show is taxing the capacity of show houses All Over the United States."

"ARISE TO THE CALL OF EMANCIPATION."

"Arise then and retaliate," says Charles Cline, lying in the dungeons of Texas.

I wish that every one who reads this would have an opportunity to spend at least twenty-four hours inside a jail in Texas.

Perhaps then they wouldn't need to be persuaded when it comes to give a helping hand to some of the "roll of honor boys inside."

As the world goes on and we see more and more men rotting in prison, we stop to wonder where it is all going to lead. We wonder if the workers will ever wake up

and recognize their strength and power. For many it is hard to fold their arms when knowing what their comrades and fellow workers are going through in prisons—for fighting *their battles*. And it is such men we want. It is men of action who are needed in this struggle for freedom. It is men with red blood and a punch in them that are wanted in the revolutionary army—or the industrial fighting machine.

Such men were the fourteen Mexicans. Such a man is Charles Cline, who is waiting for your assistance for his defense. Because of inadequate publicity and defense the other thirteen were railroaded—but don't let Charles Cline go the same way. As I mentioned in the beginning of this article, you have saved some men from prisons before, and you can do it again if you want to.

Charles Cline must have a new trial and be freed. He is too valuable a man to spend the rest of his life behind prison bars. "Send your mite, be it ever so small," to Truman Evans, Secretary Cline Defense Com., 2612 W. Houston street, San Antonio, Texas.

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BIG FOOT'S NEW WEAPON.

A STORY
of the
CAVE PEOPLE

by
Mary E. Marcy



THE great flood that came in the spring brought death and misery to the tribes of savages that lived upon the banks of the river. Many were drowned in the swift waters, while others were borne away and scattered in strange lands. A few members of the tribe of Cave Dwellers found safety in the trees near the old Hollow. Far below, many of their brothers and sisters, with the men and women of other tribes, clung to the great trees where they also found security.

Strong Arm, Quack Quack and little Laughing Boy were among these. With the Foolish One and the Hairy Man they lived in the great banyon until the river crept back into its old channel. Then they descended upon the earth once more and began their long journey toward the Hollow, where they had lived with a small group of Cave Dwellers, the people of their own tribe.

All the face of the world seemed covered with a layer of rich mud, deposited by the river. The sun grew warmer with every day and a hot steam arose continually from the earth. Strong Arm and his little band made their way slowly, for the moist air gave them a fever and weakened them. Always it was very difficult to find food, for the roots lay buried in the soft mud. It was necessary to search in the branches of the trees for the nests of birds, and occasionally they found a few gulls' eggs.

For two nights they had slept in the limbs of trees, while Strong Arm watched wearily lest an enemy approach.

Already at this early stage in their journey the rank grasses of the tropics were springing up. A thousand creeping things thrust out their heads from the mud and slime. And the tracks of the black bear, the woolly-haired rhinoceros and the sabre-toothed tiger were seen once more along the river bank.

Very cautiously this small band of savages advanced, for they had only rough sticks to use in defending themselves. On the third day they had traveled but a little way and of eggs they found none, nor any other thing. Their stomachs cried for food and they ventured beyond the skirts of the wood, where dangers lurked, seeking something with which to satisfy their hunger.

Strong Arm advanced, with caution, ahead of the little party. When he had gone but a little way, before him, from the cane, there arose suddenly a huge man. He was taller than any man among the tribe of the Cave Dwellers, and with a stout stick he struck Strong Arm a blow on the head that dashed him to the ground. Though the arm of the big man was swift, it was not much quicker than Quack Quack, who threw herself upon him from behind. Laughing Boy added his blows to hers, scratching and biting the legs of the stranger with all his young power, till he also lay motionless.

A soft movement in the cane announced the presence of another and more wary enemy. But the blows of Quack Quack, the Hairy Man and the Foolish One soon drove him from cover, where they beat him freely, till he threw up his hands in a gesture of submission.

Then, borne on the winds that swept the old forest, came a faint smell of fresh meat to the nostrils of the hungry group. The anger of the travelers was soon forgotten and Strong Arm now commanded the two strangers to lead them to the feast. With a great show of friendliness, they limped forward and conducted their victors to a fire that blazed above a pile of rocks.

And they poked away the coals that covered a basin fashioned among the stones, like a great oven. Covered with large leaves, lay the roasted body of a man, which the two strangers dragged steaming from the flames. Then the Cave Dwellers and the strangers seized each his portion of the meat and fell to eating. And the flesh of the roasted man seemed very good to them.

Till the new moon grew round and full, the Cave People and the Hairy Man remained with the strangers, while the water slowly drained off the swampy river banks and the way toward their old home in the Hollow became more safe.

They now had always the wonderful Fire with which to protect themselves against the forest animals. No caves there were and the trees abounded with the green snakes and many other enemies, but for all these the small group of men and Quack Quack, the woman, were not harmed.

Upon the rocks they kept the fire burning continually and at night they slept securely while some among them fed the blaze.

Very soon the Cave People began to call the shorter of the two strangers Big Foot, because his feet were very long. The other they called Tall, on account of his extreme height.

Although Strong Arm, Quack Quack and the Foolish One were from tribes strange to Big Foot and Tall, they were all able to understand each other perfectly, by means of the simple gesture language common to all tribes in the lower

stage of savagery. Thus, the Hairy Man, from still another tribe, had no difficulty in making himself understood, nor in learning the thoughts or wishes of his companions.

One day, when hunting, the little band came upon a flint pit. To the Cave People the old gravel bed meant nothing, but Tall and Big Foot became greatly excited, and they grabbed the flakes that had become chipped from the flint cores and dashed them violently against a great stone lying near. Faint sparks flew. Then Tall covered the rocks with the feathers of a dead fowl and struck among them with the flint flake. Soon the feathers were ignited by the sparks. And Strong Arm and Quack Quack marveled at the Fire Beast which the strange rock had been able to summon.

The tribe from whence Tall and Big Foot came, had long known the use of flint in kindling fires, and well they knew the treasures they had found. From them the Cave People learned, also, and Strong Arm and Quack Quack bore with them always thereafter, one of these strange and wonderful stones, with which they soon became able to call forth the Fire Beast to their protection.

More and more, as the days passed, Tall taught them wonderful things. The flesh they cooked remained sweet for many days and did not grow rank with time, as raw meat did. Thus a new hope sprang up in the hearts of the Cave People, for armed with these rude flints, they were able at any time to kindle a fire and protect themselves from the forest enemies. Also they cooked their food and, this made possible the long, dangerous journey to the land of their fathers.

In spite of the height of Tall and the long limbs and great muscles of Big Foot, they wished always to carry out the desires of Quack Quack. Not only was she a woman, and for all women they cherished a great tenderness, but also was she strong, and both these men were unable to forget the blows she had given them when first they had attacked the Cave Dwellers and their little band. To Quack Quack, therefore, they looked for commands and they obeyed her words and gestures, while they sought her good will. But in spite of all this, Strong Arm remained the leader over all, for he was

able to stand up before any man in the group, and the words which he spoke and the desires he made known were always for the good of the band.

So it came about naturally that when Strong Arm and Quack Quack signified their desire to return to the Hollow, which was the old home of the Cave People, that the Hairy Man, Tall and Big Foot gave heed to them.

And they all made preparations for the journey. The large bones which they had found, were made formidable, when they were cracked and split open at end. Also they gathered knotted limbs from the trees, which the Cave People were accustomed to wave savagely around their heads, crushing in the skulls of the enemy.

But they prized nothing so highly as the rough pieces of flint flakes which they dug from the old gravel bed. Wonder and awe they felt for these strange stones, and not a little fear. To them even inanimate things possessed life, and the small flakes of flint were only a new, queer sort of animal that had hitherto befriended them by calling forth the great Fire Beast.

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him and dragged his body to the top of a small, rocky hill. And they pulled out the loose stones, building a deep, basin-like oven, into which they put the body. This they covered with green palm leaves. Then a fire was kindled over this great oven and everybody made ready for the feast.

But the fragrant odor of roast meat reached the nose of the sabre-toothed tiger and he followed the scent till he came to the small camp. And all the stray members of the little band crouched low on the opposite side of the big blaze in mortal terror. For here there were no caves in which they could take refuge and their numbers were too few for them to fight the enemy safely in the open.

But all the loose stones they had dislodged and pulled out when building the great oven, lay about them. And they gathered them up and piled them high like a great wall, for they feared an attack from the rear. And the rude wall of stones rose almost to their waists.

Very warily the tiger crept up the hill and approached the flames. The wind bore the smell of the roasting meat

squarely into his teeth, and lured him on. But the wind carried, too, the thick smoke upon him, and he choked and paused to reconnoiter. As the wind died down he advanced hungrily, but the smoke and sparks from the flames sent him back to the foot of the hill.

The little band of savages watched him, while their limbs trembled and their hair stood on end. Between them and the tiger roared the tall sheet of flames, but soon he began to circle the hill seeking an easy way of attack. Below the rude wall, erected by them, the terrifying smoke and flying sparks no longer threatened. And he sniffed the air and advanced cautiously.

In the meantime, the small band of savages were rendered almost beside themselves with fear. Of weapons they had none. All their new sharp bone spears lay at the foot of the hill, with the great knotted clubs. The Foolish One started one of the big stones rolling down upon the tiger, but it passed instead of deterring him.

Then Strong Arm seized a large burning bough and hurled it straight into the great beast's face. But the tiger crouched low on the ground and the blazing torch passed over his head without harming him. Low he lay, with his long striped tail swaying to and fro, like the tail of a great cat. His eyes glowed with rage and fear and his lips were curled back in a snarl of fury.

Of all things in the old forest the strange, red, flaming fire alone had caused him to hesitate. The fierce unknown spat out a breath of hot smoke that bit into his muscular throat and choked him and the hot blaze held a menace that thrilled his long, lank body with a new fear.

Still he did not give up. Never in all his strong, free life in the forest had he ever given up. But he retreated to the foot of the hill, circling round and round it once more.

Long he continued, with his body crouched low, and his head thrown up, scenting at once the rich odor of the roasting boar, and the thick smoke, so full of strange menace.

Again and again he advanced, driven by the hunger within him, only to retreat because of the fear that would not be subdued. But as the sun sunk low in the west, the little band scattered the flames and dragged out the roasted body of the young boar. From this they tore, eagerly, great chunks of the warm and dripping flesh and devoured them and one and all they thought no meat had ever tasted so sweet before.

During the feast they watched the tiger always, and they laid new branches upon the fire to keep it alive. But ere any one was filled—as savages were used to fill their stomachs after a long period of fasting—Strong Arm made known his wishes. Soon everybody understood his desire to reserve a portion of the young boar, that, should they prove unequal to the task of driving off the tiger, they might fling to him and escape.

To his wise suggestion all listened and obeyed except Big Foot, who declined to relinquish his portion. It was only after Strong Arm had thrust him down the side of the hill, threatening to hurl him to the hungry beast below, that Big Foot yielded. Once more Strong Arm had proven himself the leader of the band. Once more had his words resulted in the welfare of the group.

For, the flames having subsided a little, the smell of the meat drew old sabre-tooth irresistibly, and he made a bold and sudden dash upon the band.

But Strong Arm was quick also and a yell of warning he gave, as he threw a blazing bough upon him. But the tiger leaped over it and made his way nearer. Now the others seized burning branches and hurled them, until he must step straight upon the glowing coals to advance. And the fierce fires under his feet and the sparks and flames about him, sent the old fear through his blood and the tiger down the hill and through the forest snarling and howling with pain. Long they hear his roarings re-echoing through the old woods, but when darkness came on they descended and gathered more branches and leaves to continue the fire throughout the night.

"A GHASTLY JEST, MR. WILSON"

Now that it has been proved that the navy league and many of those who are promoting war agitation profit directly from the making of munitions of war, an investigation is promised.

This is no time for such buncombe, Mr. Wilson.

The evidence is conclusive now. We do not want a whitewash.

We remember how years and millions were spent in investigating the same set of criminals by the Walsh commission. We remember how they were officially pronounced guilty.

Now you and congress want to award them millions in contracts in order to bribe them to provide employment for the workers and never mention the crimes already proved against them.

We don't want another investigation that will find them guilty of treason, then a suppression of the report, and a call for the workers to rally "to the protection and for their benefit."

Shoot them, Mr. Wilson, for the traitors they are. Confiscate the property they claim as theirs, then open the mills by the government and in behalf of the whole people, and quit playing into the hands of the wreckers of civilization.

From the *American Socialist*, Jan. 8th, 1916.

REVIEW readers will recall that the pure and simple political action Socialists fixed up the constitution of the Party a while ago. Any member of the Party found guilty of advocating working class violence should be expelled, according to the new section (Sec. 6) tacked on to the constitution. Since that time William D. Haywood was withdrawn from the National Executive Committee, state organizations have been split in two, charters of locals have been withdrawn and hundreds of members expelled from the Party, while hundreds more left in disgust. The membership has dropped over one-half since 1912 and the membership toboggan goes merrily downward.

The membership report by states just issued by the National Office shows that only six states increased their membership in 1915 and the loss alone from dues amounted to \$10,733.50 during 1915.

It happens, however, there are times when it is convenient for Victor Berger and his editorial phonographs to go ahead with advocacy of violence. In this case it fits in with Milwaukee politics. The *American Socialist* of Jan. 8th says this is

no time for a mere investigation of those who are making a profit out of war munition. Instead of investigation (which is political action), President Wilson is urged to direct action as per these words: "We don't want another investigation. SHOOT THEM, MR. WILSON, for the traitors they are. Confiscate the property they claim as theirs, then open the mills by the government and in behalf of the whole people, and quit playing into the hands of the wreckers of civilization."

Are we to understand from this that the Victor Berger brand of Socialism endorses violence for President Wilson but disclaims it for the working class?

It was Victor Berger who went on record, as a Socialist congressman, by proclaiming that if the MacNamara brothers were guilty of dynamiting acts, they should suffer the legal penalties.

Quiet, peaceful tactics of talk for the working class. Political action for the working class. That's the Berger program.

But for President Wilson and the American enemies of the German empire: "Shoot them." This is SOME program.

“Physical and Military Training”

By HENRY L. SLOBODIN

PHYSICAL and Military training for the working class is an old demand of the Socialist movement.

It was the demand of every International Socialist Congress. It is the demand of the Erfzut Program (platform) of the German Social Democracy and of every leading German Socialist, as Kautsky, Wilhelm, Liebuscht and others. Yet in advocating it I am taking my stand, not alone on authoritative utterances, but mainly on the interests of the working class, of democracy, Socialism and social revolution!

Armed force must be viewed as a means to an end. Armed force is a great social and political factor, greater than parliaments, greater than voting. As a social factor, as a political power, it is subject to the same struggle for its control between the dominating class and rising democracy as any other political power, as the power for the control of the government.

For the Socialists to declare that armed force is a bad thing and that Socialists should have nothing to do with it, is to take the position of the anarchists who declare that politics, voting and office holding are bad things with which no Socialists should have anything to do.

Armed force is good for the capitalist class and bad for the working class when controlled by the capitalist class. And in the control of the working class, armed force is good for the working class and bad for the capitalist class.

Certainly, physical control of arms by workingmen does not necessarily mean control of those arms by the working class. So long as the capitalist class will have control of the minds of the workingmen, it will also have control of the arms in their hands. But in this armed force differs in no respect from other political power in the hands of workingmen—voting, for instance. Yet the Socialists are in favor of enfranchising even the woman, although they know that the political power thus conferred on woman will be almost entirely and for a long time, controlled by the capitalist class.

And the Socialists are right. The future of Socialism lies in the lap of democracy. The great task before the Social-

ists is to REMOVE ALL THE POWERS OF GOVERNMENT, ARMED FORCE INCLUDED, AWAY FROM THE CONTROL OF THE RULING CLASS AND BRING THEM EVEN NEARER TO THE PEOPLE. The people will misuse those powers; the people will abuse them. This is all in the day's work. But what of it? Ignorance and corruption are factors in social life. But far greater factors are the class interests. If we Socialists trust that class interests must eventually teach the workingmen the right use of their vote, ignorance and corruption notwithstanding, we must also trust that the same great teacher will show the workingmen the right use of force.

The right use of armed force!

Can the Socialists really expect and hope from the future a realization of their aims without possessing armed force? Can they expect the working class to fulfill its historic mission with the force all in the control of the capitalist class?

I say “possessing armed force.” For a working class in possession of the armed force will most likely not have to use it. The capitalist class minus armed force becomes politically so insignificant that it will cease to be even an opponent to a working class enlightened as to its true interests and determined to carry through the social revolution.

We are told that training the workingmen in use of arms will foster the spirit of militarism. In some instances it will, no doubt. But this should be no more an argument against universal military training than that the argument of popular corruption is an argument against universal suffrage: than political corruption is an argument against Socialist political action.

Yet an armed people is the greatest, most effective preventive for militarism.

Militarism is an institution, with its own interests and aims. As such it seeks to dominate and control society. If there are other forces in society greater than its armed force and controlling it, then that society is not militaristic. And it is even more so in the case where the armed force is distributed evenly among the masses of the people. In a democracy in control of

its armed force, there is no military institution dominating *the* people and there is no militarism.

And United States is now confronted with the choice of either adopting universal military training or militarism. For who can now doubt that if the Socialist plan of an armed democracy is rejected, it will mean the increase of the standing army into millions.

Until recently, the capitalists were indifferent to the military establishment of the United States. But no more now. The capitalists know that the United States must organize a great military force and they will take care that they are in control of the same. And opposition to an armed democracy will work into their hands. The United States can and will maintain an army of one or two millions, composed of capitalists and their retainers. An army of two millions may be organized in this country, all composed of capitalists themselves, their domestics, superintendents, managers, foremen, clerks, and other reactionary elements. From the thirty million wage workers the capitalists will organize two million of the elements hostile to democracy and Socialism and make it a felony for all others to possess as much as a hunting knife. And some Socialists are right now working into the hands of the capitalists to carry out this plan, most dangerous to the liberties of the people. The people have conquered their liberties by armed force. And by armed force they will conquer still greater liberties. Was it not on the field of Greycy that the armed English yeomen dealt a terrific blow to the armor-clad knights of ancient feudalism? Was it not the citizen army of the medieval cities that wrested liberties from the barons? Was it not the invention of the Democratic weapon of gunpowder that led to the overthrow of the monopoly of farms by the barons and knights? So every step towards freedom was accompanied by the conquest of armed force by the rising class.

Consider the beneficent influence that universal military training would have on the physical well being of the working class. The youth that is now dwelling in the slums, factories and tenements; the youth that is now buried in the mines; the youth that is now isolated on the farms; they would be brought together on the fields and learn to know of one another. The young working-

men would have an opportunity to slough off the provincialism of his locality and broaden the horizon of his views of life. Bringing the workingmen together in masses has ever led to arouse their class-consciousness. The factory has done that for the workingmen. The spirit of sociality is aroused whenever men throng together for social work. There would be no better field for Socialist propaganda than among training companies. Indeed, that able Socialists are found in opposition to this great step forward of democracy, shows how sadly much there yet remains for teachers to learn.

It is argued that a "citizen army" would be worthless against a highly trained standing army as that of Germany. I deny it. The efficiency of the German army is due to the high efficiency of the German people and not to the military system. The military system is a weak point in the German army. A German "citizen army" would be far more efficient than its present system. It has been said, I think by Spargo, that democracies cannot be as military strong as aristocracies. This is erroneous. Germany and France may find an ancient parallel in Sparta and Athens. Sparta's military excellence remains still the marvel of ages. Yet, under the blows of adversity, Athens showed greater staying qualities than Sparta—France's democratic army shines in defeat no worse than Germany's in victory. The staying power of Germany's army in defeat has yet to be proven.

But why discourse of all this in a style of a military expert? What care we if universal military training is not the best military system for war and conquest? It is the best for democracy and peace. It is the best for freedom, freedom that has never espoused a timid swain; that never came to a people of itself, but had to be gotten by armed force; that never stayed with a people that was not always ready to protect it by armed force.

But it is noted that universal military training is distinct from universal military service, conscription—to the latter all Socialists should be opposed.

On the contrary, universal military training will obviate the necessity of conscription. The chief argument for conscription in England is that in the event of war a huge mass of untrained volunteers may be

made into a "uniformed mob," but not into a trained army. A people trained in arms will not need conscription.

Socialism stands for abolition of monopoly in arms and armed force; Socialism stands for democracy in arms and armed force.

Universal military training stands for the control of the armed force of society by

the people. It stands for physical well being of the people.

It stands for greater class-consciousness. It stands for control of war and peace by the people.

It stands for greater power, for greater liberty of the working class.

Socialism stands for universal military training.

The Cow Child-Herds of Australia

By JESSIE MACDONALD

CHILDREN of the working class in farming districts of New South Wales (Australia) are in hundreds of instances treated like chattel slaves. This state has a big dairy industry. In good seasons hundreds of tons of butter are exported to Britain and there is a big trade for this state's dairy produce within Australia itself.

As in other countries where capitalism is well developed, it is necessary for dairy farmers to exploit workers in this industry so that their profits may be assured.

The most scandalous phase of the dairy industry in the state of New South Wales and other states in Australia is in the employment of young children for milking cows. Life in rural Australia for adult wage slaves is so dreary, the conditions and wages so bad, that the average small (and big farmer) finds his own children the cheapest kind of labor.

These cow child slaves' lives are drab and dreary. Up at daybreak, many children of six to fourteen years, in wet or fine weather, from one week's end to the next, get the cows in to the milking yards, then milk from eight to fourteen cows each. Afterwards the little slaves feed calves and pigs, cut green fodder in winter, then having breakfasted on coarse fare, clean themselves and walk four or five miles or more to school, where they arrive at any time up to 10:30 a. m.

They leave classes about 3 p. m., walk back to the farms, some of which it would be a satire to call home, milk the same number of cows as in the morning, afterwards turning the animals into paddocks or feeding them when grass is scarce. Having had a meal themselves, the cow slave chil-

dren retire as early as possible, tired out in mind and body.

For five days a week they attend school. On Saturday and Sunday the farm work is continuous. For weeks together the mother and her young family (and the Australian bush woman is usually most prolific) do all the drudgery of a dairy farm while the husband and father is away at contract work or anything that will help to increase his profits.

The young slaves see cows, think and dream of cows and talk cows until they are grown up. In a school essay one of these juvenile farm hands wrote "The devil is a fair cow." To say a man is a cow constitutes a bush Australian insult of the worst kind. It is probable that in Gallipoli many brave Australian hired assassins are cursing the Turks as "cows."

When the cow slaves leave home they usually drift into factories in the city or into a life joyous and easy in contrast with the slavery of milking cows and feeding calves and pigs on a farm in the bush. Usually the girls on these chattel slave concerns are physical wrecks at 18 years, spiritless and listless as old hags, and with none of the joyousness of a girl on the threshold of life and love and happy adventure.

The dairy farmer is usually different only from an anthropoid ape in that he thinks: his thoughts being solely of cattle, pigs and the profits to be made from them. His wife is a morbid, child-bearing being whose life is one long round of nursing babies and slaving at the roughest work from daybreak until long after sunset.

Country school teachers tell dismal tales of their pupils' stupidity and dullness, their total inability to learn anything; also their

physical exhaustion even on arriving at classes in the morning. Humane school masters in the cow country of New South Wales allow the young slaves half an hour's sleep before beginning their mental tasks. The children benefit physically from this kindly practice, but the teacher makes himself disliked by visiting inspectors, for these schools show poor results—and the state wants results at any cost.

There is a delightful irony in the fact that education in all the Australian states is compulsory; irony, that is to say, in cow child slaves having to attend government schools when they are too exhausted from work to be capable of any mental effort whatever.

As in all schools run by the state for working class children, what is taught there is in the interest of capitalism, to make them efficient from the master class angle.

Australian state schools are secular. Although the superstition of religion is not taught, the worse superstition of patriotism is, and as in the U. S. A., saluting the flag of capitalism, in itself a religious ceremony, is part of school routine.

The Roman Catholic church has hundreds of schools all over the Australian commonwealth. The Catholic Federation, a well organized body, is endeavoring to gain a government grant for all their schools, as the children of the R. C. church are forbidden by their clergy to attend secular state schools. However, to the little cow slaves religion or sectarian teaching is alike. Taking their mentality from their environment, they are literally like dumb, driven cattle.

The social conditions of these rural chattel slaves are awful. They are housed like animals in overcrowded, ill-ventilated shanties, where unsanitary conditions are responsible for the blow-fly pest, which in these districts, during the long summer, is frightful.

While sex physiology is a subject severely tabooed in Australian state schools, though some medical men and women have tried to have it introduced—in dairy farmers' households children of the tenderest years become well versed in animal physiology.

As this is the one topic of conversation, other than milk and cows, it would be surprising if the young cow slaves were other than well informed on all that relates to the breeding of dairy stock.

The local state school teacher, usually a woman, boards with dairy farmers' families. She listens with amazement and embarrassment to the table talk, in which the youngest child milker joins. These juveniles have a knowledge of animal physiology truly astounding. Their parents would consider a knowledge of human physiology quite unfit for children and a subject out of place at school, where the same children in the cow districts are hopelessly dull. They are so physically exhausted from rough farm labor that it is a great mental effort for the average young cow slave to learn much more than reading and writing.

Milking machines are too expensive for the small dairy farmer in Australian states. He relies on unpaid child labor to make his surplus value, for he exploits either his own family or orphans boarded out to him from state controlled or Roman Catholic orphanages. The mentality of these unfortunate young chattel slaves is below normal in hundreds of cases.

A few philanthropists whom dairy farmers regard as mischievous Socialist agitators, occasionally write letters to the capitalist press complaining of cow child slaves' hard lives and their working conditions. The dairy farmer retorts that he has a right to govern his children and their working conditions as he pleases, and he objects to "socialization" of the country's important industries. He believes there is no country in the world where there is less female child labor in country districts than in Australia, a belief contradicted by statistics.

Boy slaves on a cow farm are liable for conscription under a Defense Act introduced into the Commonwealth Parliament by a so-called labor ministry. The ages for the military training of boy conscripts are from 12 to 18 years, when they are transferred to the senior cadets' forces. Who would be a boy in Australia, a working class boy, who begins to work at 6 years of age on a dairy farm? Or if he lives in a city, becomes a factory or shophand at 12, and is liable to be jailed if he misses his drill?

Note—The writer of this article was refused pictures of cow child slaves toiling in milking yards. The photographer who specializes in these pictures said: "It was inadvisable to supply them for publication as derogatory to the country."

CARRYING THINGS

By MAX ROEMER

EVEN in the very early days of primitive man, people had some sort of transportation; they had to carry necessary things from one place to another; they had to move from one place to another themselves.

Man's first means of locomotion, of passenger service, of moving from one tribe to another clan, from one hunting ground to another, was by means of his own feet. He walked. Many men never get anywhere today without using Nature's oldest passenger service.

People have always had to go where were the necessities of life, or have these necessities brought to them. Our early ancestors crept to the brook or spring for a drink of water, and our grandfathers and grandmothers carried water to their cabins or houses. The same was true of food and the things with which clothing were made and with which cabins or houses were built. Man's back was the original traffic department and man himself, the first power en-

gine. Now we turn on the faucet when we want a drink. I have often wondered why the breweries do not pipe houses with beer lines as the water companies pipe water lines. Doubtless they will if the dries do not win out before long. Then the man of luxury can have his Pabst on tap the whole year 'round without having to ring for "Hawkins" to bring it to him.

Long ago man learned to use rough sledges made of branches from the trees to transport things from one place to another. Then came the wheel, and along about this time wild oxen were domesticated, and wolves were tamed, and dogs and oxen were harnessed to the sledges or the two-wheeled carts and, behold! A revolution in the transportation industry.

And by and by man himself, climbed into the carts and rode about from one place to another. Then came horse power and boats propelled by oars or sails and the currents of rivers, and finally came steam and gas explosion engines. And now men have

learned to harness the great natural waterfalls and to make them turn the wheels that carry the wheat and flour, the cattle, the wool, the clothing and the coal from one end of a nation to another.

As one railroad man recently said in the *REVIEW*, every day those great delivery wagons—the railroads—pull up to the back yards of the cities of the modern world and discharge their great cargoes of food, clothing and fuel to supply the needs of the people.

And down deep under the surface of the earth gigantic pipe lines flow from one state to another over valleys and through mountain ranges, carrying oil to supply fuel for propelling the machinery of some of the shops and mills—great and small.

And thus water is borne into the houses of the people, and we no longer make candles or clean lamps, but merely turn on the light which comes to our very hands. Whole villages are now heated by one or two enormous hot water heating plants and a large portion of the garbage and waste material is carried from the houses to distant points where it is made over into fertilizer for nearby farms and truck gardens. We no longer carry "slops."

Your grandfather probably hitched up the buggy horse and drove fifteen or twenty miles when he wanted to impart a bit of news to one of his neighbors. His grandfather probably walked as far to see his friends. We call them up by telephone, or send telegrams, and now men are sending messages around the whole world by wireless and we have promise of an international telephone service.

I suppose the first man who built a second story to his house made a sensation in the early cities. Think of one room being piled on top of another! People doubtless came from miles around to see the new show place and talked about how crowded the world was becoming, and folks took their country cousins to see the new building along with the cemetery. Now we have flat piled upon flat, until the large apartment buildings are from forty to fifty stories high and one family living above another is one of the commonest sights in the big towns.

But people continued to pour into the cities and the streets which had previously been mere public highways began to be

strewn with street car tracks. And then somebody organized a company to build elevated railroads in order to relieve the street congestion. Next came tunnels and subway car service, and now New York City is being undermined to make a subway, or tube, *beneath* the old subway, while all the multifarious and complicated life of the city hums on above the hive of workers digging new tunnels and laying new tracks far below the sewerage systems, and the gas lines with the traffic of the old subway going on above, as usual. Probably corporations will be fighting for areo-service franchises next year.

And after all, when we consider the machine and transportation progress that has been made in the world, we will have to admit that most of it has been made for the sake of private gain, or profits first, and for service *afterwards*. Which causes one to wonder whether these grafting, stealing financial and industrial pirates who were able to appropriate the labor of workingmen have not been of real service in the world's advance. Not intentionally, to be sure, but entirely in the interests of themselves.



Personally I have always wanted to say a good word for the world's greatest thieves, for the oil hogs who have refused to be satisfied until they had garnered the oil of the different countries under one management, who have lied and bribed and deceived and murdered, in order to organize the big industries and to centralize them into a few hands, their own hands.

We must grant that they have stolen these railroads and oil wells and coal mines, these lands and forests, but they have hired men to *systematize industry*, to centralize production. Modern machinery has thrown the workers out of jobs and increased the loot of the big capitalists. But it *has* organized industry so that it will be possible for the working class to seize it and control it and run it in the interests of their own class.

Sometimes I think we are in the last stage of mighty concentration or socialization. Sometimes I believe that to fight the German system is as foolish as were the riots of the old hand-weavers who hoped to keep their jobs by destroying the new machines.

The only way to beat Germany is to become more German than the Germans themselves. The only way to avoid being Germanized is to adopt the German methods—*social* methods, and improve upon them.

Concentration and organization and socialization are coming. But it must be for the working class to say for whose benefit. So far every step in progress has been to the *profit* of the *capitalist* class at the expense of the working class.

It would have been a difficult, if not an impossible feat to organize the workers of the world for the control of industry a few years ago, because industry was so disorganized, so scattered; because classes were not clearly defined. Centralization has emphasized class lines. It has made the interests of the vast majority of the men and women in the civilized world today iden-

tical, because these workers are robbed of their products by so small a group of capitalists. The more national and international, in other words, the broader the scope on which industry is organized, the easier will it be for those who make things to take over these industries.

I have always admired the successful modern financial Bandits. They have so cleverly forced more brilliant men to do their dirty work for them. They have been filled with so colossal a greed that they found no rest, will find no rest, *can* find no rest, until the industries of the whole world are systematized, organized, for their own aggrandizement.

It is their ruthlessness, selfishness, utter lack of sentiment and mercy that has enabled them to accomplish some of these things. It is these same characteristics that will bring countless allies to the ranks of the workers every day, expropriated, stripped, robbed men and women who are thrown into the ranks of propertyless labor.

The giant robbers have organized the loot—or industries—into a few great centers. It ought to be easy for us to take back what has been stolen from us—what we have made with our hands and brains, provided we do not permit the *fighting instinct* to die out of us altogether. We want to encourage, use, limber up this instinct. We want to take it out into the fresh air and give it a little exercise occasionally. We want to strengthen it and train it and organize it.

That Fighting Instinct is a precious heritage handed down to us from our savage ancestors. Don't let it die out. Cherish it; nourish it so that when you are called upon to use it, it will be there healthy and strong. And so we will need to keep up our Fighting Spirit by practice. Practice will teach us the weak spots in the armour of the enemy and it will keep us in "condition" to take over and operate the industries when the opportunity comes.

Some Belated Information

By CHARLES PERGLER

CONCERNING the Bohemian Social Democracy the outside world has always been meagerly informed. Whatever information exists, always came through German-Austrian sources, and therefore almost inevitably it was biased and occasionally even intentionally unfair. This unfairness and misinformation is best seen in the claim, sometimes made, that Bohemian Socialists are chauvinists. It is time that the other side of the story be heard.

Since 1907, and prior to the war, universal suffrage was in force in Austria; thereby the Social Democracy became an important factor in the empire and its delegation in parliament one of the strongest. The annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina came in 1908; from that moment imperialism in its worst forms became rampant in the dual empire. War with Servia, backed by Russia, seemed inevitable even then, and was prevented only by Germany's open espousal of the Austrian government's cause and by Russian unpreparedness to meet these two enemies. This German assistance had this time, as almost always in the past, grave effects upon the situation of the non-German nationalities living in Austria, for the military clique governs its attitude toward the various Austrian nationalities in accordance with its militaristic aspirations and hopes. There are eight nationalities living in Austria, and neither is in the majority. Germany's help at this moment caused a recrudescence of chauvinism among Austrian Germans, especially, of course, the bourgeoisie, and with this came the usual persecution of Slav nationalities, manifesting itself more particularly in the closing of minority schools and the violation of the most elementary national rights. The German bourgeoisie was then in the grip of a powerful chauvinistic movement; and to our regret it must be said that the German Social Democrats of Austria swam with the current, instead of setting their faces against the violation of the rights of any nationality.

The fact is that the German Social Democratic movement of Austria is extremely

opportunistic. There have been occasions when it was hard to distinguish between an Austro-German Social Democratic deputy and an ordinary Bourgeois reformer. In this respect the German Socialists of Austria were Janus-faced. They knew that their extreme and absolutely inexcusable opportunism would be frowned upon by the International; so, when facing the International and talking for international consumption, they always endeavored to maintain an orthodox Socialist attitude; at home the story was different.

While they were in the same parliamentary club, the German and Bohemian Socialist deputies seldom agreed on questions of tactics. The Bohemians always demanded an intrasigent opposition to the government; they demanded strict adherence to the traditional policy of no political barter and trade. But they were in the minority and their opposition was frequently overridden. But they would not be forced to go to the Imperial Castle in dress suits to listen to the speech from the throne, a purely court function; such lackeyism was too much even for their sense of discipline, and so German Socialist deputies marched before Franz Josef without their Bohemian colleagues. When Comrade Pernerstorfer was elected one of the vice-presidents of the chamber of deputies, he participated in an audience with the emperor over the protest of the Bohemians.

Austrian constitutionalism even in peace times is still a sham and a fraud. Thus it happens that the party dominating Vienna, the empire's capital, has more than its proportionate share of influence. Until recently the dominating party were the clericals, led by Lueger and his mediocre successors. But the clerical party was known to be a giant with feet of clay. The claimants for succession were the German nationalists and the German Social Democrats. The temptation proved too strong for the Socialists and they compromised with the jingoes and chauvinists in order to win Vienna. They began to abandon the traditional Socialist demand of equal

rights for all nationalities. Some of the theoreticians of the movement, like Bauer and Renner, were forced to swallow their own former statements on the question of national rights. They changed front and commenced to evolve what they termed theories of assimilation, which is merely a euphemism for Germanization. This helped them to win Vienna in the parliamentary elections, but the price of victory was not only the compromising of real Socialist principles, but also the unity of the parliamentary delegation, for, in order to be rid of Bohemian criticism of their opportunism, the German Socialists refused to maintain the former Social Democratic parliamentary club of all Socialist deputies regardless of nationality, so that before the war in the Austrian parliament there was a German Socialist Club, a Bohemian Socialist Club and a Polish Socialist Club.

The extremes to which some of the German Social Democrats have gone in their chauvinism is well illustrated by the fact that some time ago several Social Democratic aldermen of Amstetten, in Lower Austria, expressed themselves in favor of the infamous Kolisko bill, which was designed to prohibit the teaching in any other language than German in the Duchy of Lower Austria, wherein Vienna is located. Vienna alone has about 400,000 Bohemians, who maintain a Bohemian school, the suppression of which is the aim of the bill.

The German Social Democrats of Austria have also made an indefensible attempt to disrupt the Czecho-Slav Social Democracy by organizing an independent movement of the centralists, so-called, who constituted themselves into an alleged independent Bohemian Social Democratic party. But there is a pitiful handful of these centralists whose "leaders" are little more than mercenaries in the pay of the Austro-German Social Democracy. In the last general parliamentary election the total vote of the Czecho-Slav Social Democracy was almost 400,000, while the centralists polled little more than 10,000 votes. This was in 1911; but even since then they have lost ground. They have, however, stopped at nothing in their attempts to down the Czecho-Slav Social Democracy. In Prossnitz (Moravia) they, and a handful of German Social Democrats, even entered into an election compromise with Bohemian capitalists against the Czecho-Slav Socialists.

It is utterly absurd to expect the Czecho-Slav Social Democracy to capitulate and to conform to impossible Viennese demands. Although the Germans in Austria are numerically the stronger nation, the German Social Democracy polled 540,000 votes as against 400,000 votes of the autonomous Bohemians in the last general election—considering the numerical strength of the two nationalities not much of a difference. In number of politically organized members, the Czecho-Slav Social Democracy is actually stronger than the Germans, having 140,000 members as against 130,000 politically organized German Social Democrats. An army of such strength cannot be induced to surrender, especially if it is conscious of the correctness of the principles it represents.

Said Ledebour in the German reichstag: "Internationalism does not lie in a denial of nationality or in considering national differences as something without significance, but such internationalism lies in the conviction that to every nation, small or large, must be guaranteed the right of self-government."

Said George D. Herron only recently:

"The Socialist is charged with hostility to patriotism. And of that which today takes unto itself the name of patriotism, the Socialist is indeed the enemy of enemies. Upon the patriotism fostered by international bankers and the manufacturers of armor plate; upon the patriotism perpetuated by the brutish and brainless ambitions of a parasitic military—that pampered and bedizened pauper of the body politic; upon the patriotism preached by a prostitute press and an unclean clergy; upon the patriotism now stirring mankind to a possible frenzy of extermination; upon the portentous hypocrisy that passes for patriotism today, the Socialist indeed looks with a loathing and horror that cannot be put in words."

"And yet, among all the parties and movements of the hour, it is Socialism alone that respects the individuality and integrity of the nation; that reverences the principle of nationality, and proposes to unite each divided people in a life of its own. Socialism comes as the savior of the nation which the capitalist political state destroys. Socialism will release all nationalities, each unto the expression of itself, and lead all into a brotherhood of the world."

"Socialism will give China to the Chinese, India to the Hindoo peoples, Egypt to the Egyptians, Persia to the Persians. Socialism will bid Poland arise, Bohemia go free, and Ireland to bloom again her golden age. Socialism will send such political vampires as the Hapsburgs and the Romanoffs, as the Turkish and the British empires, to their overdue doom. Every type of national being will be precious; will be invited to unfold itself in the fullness of its meaning and beauty. Socialism will not suffer that one people, anywhere in the world, rule over another people; nor suffer that any mere political state devour the soul and the substance of any nation's being."

The Czecho-Slav Social Democracy always has been and is now faithful to the sentiments thus expressed. The Austro-German Social Democracy is in this regard one of the recreant members of our international family, having gone over boots and baggage to the chauvinistic elements.

In the present war the Bohemian Social

Democracy is opposed to the war; it is uncompromisingly opposed to the imperialistic aims of the Austro-German-Hungarian combination. That much cannot be said of the German Socialists of Austria, who are completely under the influence of such men as Lentzsch and Cunow, with their disbelief in the rights of small nationalities and even with their belief that small nationalities have no right to exist (Cunow).

Bohemian Socialists believe that Austria has lost its right to exist. Those living in Europe are silenced by military despotism. But they have found their spokesmen in the executive committee of the Bohemian branch of the Socialist Party of America that only recently published a manifesto demanding an independent Czecho-Slovak state. Who shall deny that the Bohemians have less right to independence than the Finns or the Poles?

The terms Czech and Bohemian are used in this article synonymously.

Sounds Good to Us—"From a belated contributor receive a 'bone' to renew subscription that ran out last year. For many weary months have I been hunting the elusive job, and for the first time in many moons have I been enabled to keep a dollar after buying my oats, stableroom and harness. I want knowledge, and of the right kind, so that when I pass it on to the other mules, they too will begin to kick over the traces. Up to the present I have got that knowledge in your Review and I hope to get it in the future. In my wanderings I have managed to buy, beg, or borrow each issue of the Review since my subscription ran out excepting last July; so please, if possible, forward a copy of last July's issue and then start off with January. I am, as ever, a fighter for industrial democracy.—G. Kinniburgh."



From a Canadian Revolutionist—"Double my bundle for January. I intend to take a bundle of ten throughout the year, and more if possible.

"Will try and get a bunch around here to chip in and take a share of stock in the real publishing house, which is the best method available of helping the cause.

"From being a scientific Socialist, a member of the _____ of Canada, the REVIEW has developed me into a real class conscious rebel, and enthusiastic revolutionist. Keep on keeping on, comrades, yours is the biggest force making for a class conscious revolution."—H. G. B. H.

EDITORIAL

The Goose and the Golden Egg

THE working class is the goose that lays the golden egg of profits for the factory owner and the mill owner today. Do you think the mine owners would ever be able to declare any dividends for themselves if it were not for the work of the miners who get out the copper, the coal and the silver? Do you imagine the profits of the railroad magnates come from the shippers or from the railroad men?

Profits are not made out of the people who *buy* the coal from the mine owners; nor are they made out of the "consumers" who buy meat from the packing house corporations.

As a rule, commodities sell at their values. Meat generally sells at its actual value, that is for the amount of necessary human labor which it represents, be it two hours of social labor, or one hour or three hours of necessary human labor. The packing companies rarely charge the consumers more than the value of the beef or pork or eggs and butter which they sell.

The railroad magnates do not make their profit out of the *shippers*, because nine times out of ten the freight rates they charge or the passenger rates they demand represent actual hours of service on the part of the railroad workers. They charge the shippers the value of the service rendered by the railroad men who make the haul.

It is not the "consumer," the buying public, that lays the golden egg of profits for the big capitalists, but the working class.

You are the goose and your labor power is the golden egg from which dividends are made. It is a fairly good illustration to say that the "consumer," the buying public, merely cashes that check of profits for your employer. The consumer gets what he pays

for—he gets your product at its value and in this way your boss cashes the profits made from your products.

For example, say the railroad men put in twelve hours of work or service a day; the railroad magnates charge the shippers for this twelve hours of service, but the railroad magnates don't pay the railroad men the value of twelve hours of labor. Workingmen rarely receive the value of half their product or half their service. The railroad owners make their dividends out of the hours of labor for which you are not paid. You may receive forty cents an hour when the value of your product or your service, is two dollars an hour.

The shippers and travellers usually receive the full value of the service they buy. The "consumer" nearly always receives the value of the meat he pays for. It is the working class that is exploited. The railroad man receives the value of three or four hours of labor; the packing house employes receive one-fourth or one-fifth the value of their products.

Garment workers get \$4.00 or \$10.00 and \$20.00 a week for making things which have a value of from \$20.00 to \$100.00. Miners get \$2.50 a day for getting out coal valued at \$10.00 a day.

And all the value—the difference between the value of your product or your service, and your wages goes to the capitalist class in one form or another.

All the lawyers, the judges, the soldiers, the police and bankers, the highly paid advertising men, the advertising itself, the mayors and governors, aldermen and congressmen, senators and presidents—all these are paid from the unpaid labor of the working class.

These high salaried men are not paid out of your pockets, because the money never goes into your pockets. But out of the money your employer makes from your unpaid labor.

Not from your pockets, but from the wealth made by you, and not paid for, will the war debts be paid.

You are the goose that lays the golden egg of profits, you are the men and women who make all the wheels go around. The proudest railroad president is drawing his huge salary from your unpaid labor.

Will you never wake up and cease to lay this golden egg for those who toil not? You have only to fold your arms and the whole world must stand still; you have only to organize with all working men and women over the whole world to be able to shake off these parasites who are riding on your back and to seize the industries and run them for your own benefit—the benefit of the working class.

“You have nothing to lose but your chains.”

M. E. M.

FROM MARGARET SANGER

To My Friends and Comrades:

I returned to this country on October 6th—four days before William Sanger was released from jail. On the sixth of November, my little daughter died from pneumonia.

A few days after my arrival, I informed the United States Attorney of my presence, asking him if the indictments issued against me a year ago were still pending, inasmuch as the issue on which I am indicted—birth control—has been so thoroughly discussed during the past year in the various journals and magazines throughout the United States, and also inasmuch as no editors or publishers have been indicted. He replied that the indictments were still pending. The case was called for trial at the end of December and postponed until January 4th. It is now set for Tuesday, January 30, and will positively be tried on that date.

The opportunity was offered me to plead guilty, thereby ensuring my release after payment of a small fine. I refused to do this, because the whole issue is not one of a mistake, whereby getting into jail or keeping out of jail is of importance, but the issue involved is to raise the entire question of birth control out of the gutter of obscenity and into the light of human understanding.

The present indictments are based on twelve articles published in “The Woman Rebel,” eleven of which discuss birth control. The twelfth is a philosophic defence of assassination. My case differs from William Sanger’s in this respect—that these indictments do not (in my opinion) violate the law. No question of distributing information in regard to the prevention of conception is at present involved.

I shall go into court on January 30th without an attorney, because I cannot find any lawyer whose mental attitude toward this case is right.

I appeal to you to give me your moral and financial support at this time. Write letters to Judge Clayton, of the United States District Court, Post Office Building, New York City, before whom the case is to be tried. Write letters to newspapers. Hold protest meetings and send resolutions to your Congressmen and to the President of the United States. Raise funds for publicity. Address all communications to me at 26 Post Avenue, New York City.

MARGARET H. SANGER.

New York City, January 5, 1916.



BOOK REVIEWS



SOCIALISM AND WAR

NOW that socialism has failed in Europe, and there can be little doubt but that American socialism would have failed under similar conditions, it is very essential to study the problem of war in a more fundamental way, than is possible in the daily press and at public meetings.

It, therefore, is an important event, that a book has been published, dealing with the theory and practice of this subject. The name and reputation of Comrade Boudin guarantee, that "Socialism and War" deals with the problem in a thorough manner on good Marxian principles, his book on "The Theoretical System of Marx," originally published in this Review, ranging among the best in international literature. As it seems that this latter study has been more appreciated in Europe (German translation), than it has on this side of the ocean, I feel inclined to advise the comrades to read or reread this book, which will greatly add to the better understanding of "Socialism and War." Especially the chapter on "concentration of capital" and the remarks on the ideologies of the middle-classes, will prove of advantage to understand what is said now, about the ideologic causes of the war." The dealing with some of the fundamental features of modern imperialism in a publication some ten years ago, and especially what is said on the subject of waste, as a means to secure another respite for our bankrupt economic system, is very remarkable and has lost none of its value since that time.

The present book from the same author has certain shortcomings on account of its being prepared for oral delivery, and the first chapter, that is, "clearing the ground," rather than preparing the minds, might discourage the reader to his disadvantage.

The second chapter, however, gives a solid basis to the problem, and treats imperialism much more broadly than as a colonial problem, in its real meaning of a new phase in capitalism.

The fundamental change in society is symbolized by the supremacy of iron production over that of textiles, accompanied by the abolishment of free trade in favor of monopolies and of the bourgeois democracy and republicanism in favor of autocracy. The economic results of the "surplus production," more especially of iron and steel, and the necessity to get rid of these products in foreign markets of lower economic development, are so prevailing in our social life, that it requires a new orientation all over the line of our practical class struggle methods.

The third chapter on "ideologic causes" is a complement to the second and treats the same problem by the same Marxian methods from

the ideological side. There are given some very excellent historical comments. In view of much embarrassing phraseology on nationalism, dealing with "nature" and "instincts," it is refreshing to read what comrade Boudin has to tell about the historical development and the relative youth of the "nations" and national feeling. We remember, how in the Feudal Middle Age the economic groups were only small and at the same time the cultural unit embraced the greater part of Europe, controlled by the Christian church. It is inspiring to study the period of embryonic capitalism, in which at the same time that larger economic units were required, the cultural unit was broken by the Reformation, demanding freedom from Rome and independent national churches.

The outcome of this process was the development of national "states" and in this period of consolidation, capitalism had its first warlike period, to the effect of building up strong economic units with natural boundaries, sufficient raw materials, and outlets to the sea. The political form of this period is a strong absolutistic monarchy, which by no means is a feudal rest, but a new capitalist institution, required in this state of development.

After the consolidation of the nations as capitalist units, there is a relative peaceful period of internal growth, with textiles as the leading industries, and it is interesting to see how this period of free trade and liberalism, reflects in the political ideals of bourgeois democracy and republicanism and on the cultural side even, tends to dissolve the nation into a humanitarian ideal. We here have an example of how the ideas are not always slow followers of economic conditions, but may rush far in advance, to dissipate, when the economic conditions prove to have changed in another direction. Long before any real democracy was realized in practical politics, the imperialistic period was roughly settled with all ideals of bourgeois democracy.

The necessity to sell iron and steel to nations of lower economic development, changed free trade into monopolies, and at the same time this "physical necessity of selling iron and steel, was raised into a moral one." Nations and races are not longer considered on an equal footing; there are assumed to be superior nations and cultures and subject races. The utilitarian maxim of "the greatest good to the greatest number," falls before the philosophy of Nietzsche's the "grand race of supermen." The culture of the one race or nation must triumph, and its iron be sold all over the world. This struggle for world power does away with all ideals of democracy and republics, it demands a strong government and

Here's Health

strong militarism, not only in Germany, but all over the world, including the United States.

In the third chapter, dealing with the immediate causes of the war, statistical figures are given to show the increase in the production of iron and steel, especially in Germany. This means surplus production, and Germany plans of Bagdad railroad, which interferes with the interests of England as a world power, and demands the supremacy of Germany on the Balkans.

From that time dates the beginning of the entente between England, France and Russia and war becomes inevitable, unless one or another of the capitalist combinations should refrain from world power or labor should interfere. A series of diplomatic defeats for Germany, the victory of Serbia over Bulgaria in the second Balkan war, the prospective strengthening of Russian militarism by its reorganization, the growing force of France and England, the fear that Italy should withdraw and Turkey should be weakened to exhaustion, and at the same time the feeling of Germany at the height of its military power, leads to the fatal decision.

What is said about the position of Russia as being "purely nationalistic" is less convincing. For although Russia certainly has not yet consolidated as a national unity, it seems difficult to deny that its foreign policy has strong imperialistic features. The struggle for seaports is as well important from an imperialistic as from a nationalistic point of view and the policy against Persia and in Mongolia can hardly be explained as a purely national consolidation. In fact, as soon as capitalism has entered its imperialistic phase, no big nation can stay aside, although, of course, every country has imperialistic problems of its own brand, according to the state of economic development, as well as to the geographical and historical position of each nation.

But this remark does not affect the value of this chapter as a whole, in which excellent illustrations are given of the results of modern imperialism as a general world policy. And those who take the trouble of reading carephrases of the warring parties, "culture" and "liberty," both cover most direct material interests.

The last chapters, "War and the Socialists" and "Socialist Versus Bourgeois Theories," form together an attempt to give a new theory and practice for socialists as to this most vital problem of war and militarism.

Rejecting the purely humanitarian as well as the militarist standpoint, the author states that wars have been engines of human progress in the past. Socialists not only accept the necessity of revolutionary wars under certain circumstances, but even a bourgeois war against Russia has been approved by Marx and other socialists some fifty years ago. Comrade Boudin, however, proves in a very efficient way that circumstances have changed since that. What may have been true in the first period of capitalist development, when capitalism was progressive and had to be helped in its fight against feudalism, is no longer true today. To give his own words: "The

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CATARRH

time when the bourgeois could go to war for liberty and progress is past, never to return." Therefore, socialism has to be opposed to every war of aggression, even after such a war has broken out."

But what about a defensive war?

After stating that the socialist action in the present war in all countries has been on ordinary bourgeois nationalistic considerations, Comrade Boudin tries to construct the principles that ought to guide socialists in this matter. He points out that nationalism, as a bourgeois principle of human progress, is absolutely opposed to our principle of human progress by means of the class struggles. His comparison of both principles is very illuminating—the one leading to reaction and permanent war, the other to evolution and peace through the abolition of classes.

Indeed, the class struggle, as a philosophy of the history of socialism, based on private property, has to solve the problem of peace and war. Socialists, therefore, never can favor national wars. For them the class takes the place of the nation as a factor of human progress. Says Boudin: "National wars are always opposed to the class struggle from below." and "Nowadays no war could be planned that would serve to advance the cause of free institutions." "Every war means considerable strengthening of reaction, accentuates national divisions, etc." "The class struggle demands international peace, active, unrelenting opposition to war, irrespective of so-called national interests."

So far, so good; but after having done away with "national interests" we are taught that there are "complicating circumstances" which may lead us to participate in a nationalistic bourgeois war, though not guided by our own nationalistic interests. Not every defensive war is considered right. We are not to defend our government as such, nor even our territory or the world power of our bourgeoisie. But socialists are opposed to subjection of any kind; also of one nation over another. They believe in national freedom and "they are ready to go to war for it" when necessary, not only in order to save their own country, but they must be willing to save other nations that are threatened as well. This certainly means a big job, if we include in our protection also the less capitalistically developed countries. The principal reason given for this readiness to go to war is that subjection leads to strengthening of nationalism among the subjected nations and so indirectly to the weakening of the class struggle. After having rejected nationalism as a reason for labor to go to war, it is advocated to join war in order to protect our fellow workers against their own future nationalism. "We have to bear in mind, however, that every war between modern nations nowadays is bound to become imperialistic—to become a struggle for world power—no matter what the accompanying results to nationalism. To prevent our fellow workers from becoming reactionary when subjected we are urged to voluntarily participate in imperialistic wars of our masters.

This certainly is a fatal situation and Comrade Boudin, who perfectly sees the imminent

danger resulting from imperialistic war to socialism, has to take recourse to Utopian expectations that are in a strange contrast to the rest of his arguments. Labor is expected to support one or another capitalist war, "only as long as necessary for the purpose." Labor has to ask guarantees from their government "that war will not be turned into one of aggression;" labor has to keep up "educational propaganda" and a "special propaganda against a war of aggression;" it has to do its "regular socialist work" during the war, "keep on the class struggle," "prevent atrocities and passions," "terminate the war at the right moment," "secure a real peace," etc.

And when we have succeeded in all these superhuman efforts this will have been accomplished in order to prevent some of the wage slaves from getting another master, while we fear that these workers will have so little class consciousness that, being nationally subjected, they will stop fighting capitalism in order to give all their energy to some national action, together with their most direct exploiters. If nationalism is so much stronger than the class struggle, the experiment in joining a bourgeois imperialistic war will prove all the more dangerous.

It seems difficult to understand how a comrade with such a profound knowledge of historical conditions and who, no doubt, is one of the ablest interpreters of Marxian methods, should fail to draw the practical conclusion as to the present situation. Part of the trouble seems to be that Marx approved war, be it under fully different conditions. We are no pacifists, and as long as capitalism was fighting feudal influences labor could join in this fight; indeed, labor has done most of the fighting in bourgeois revolutions. This, however, was participating in a class struggle of a foregoing economic period, helping the capitalist class to become an enemy worthy of our defeat.

Now that capitalism is full grown and overgrown, we have to fight a class struggle of our own, and nothing but this class struggle has to solve the problem of war and peace. To join a capitalist war under present conditions

means to join our enemy, and it is utterly absurd to keep up the class struggle and at the same time to give it up.

But we are opposed to national or other subjection, Comrade Boudin objects. Indeed, we are opposed to a great many subjections, including class subjection, but we have our own methods in fighting them and should not rely upon joining our enemies. If there is national subjection, the socialists of the subjecting nation will have to join their oppressed comrades in fighting the government and this will be the only way of liberating them. If the subjected workers are not class conscious enough to join the general cause, we will have to double our propaganda and our action. But even under the worst circumstances a revolutionary movement against the oppressive government would have the support of the subjected workers.

All over the world we move from democracy towards reaction, oppression and militarism. This means that the "one reactionary mass" is going to be every day more according to practice when vital problems like imperialism are involved and we will have to arrange accordingly.

As I see it, the conclusion from the study of Comrade Boudin, which every socialist ought to read carefully, should logically be opposition to the bitter end to every bourgeois war in this period of capitalist development, be it aggressive or defensive; be it among full grown capitalist nations or against nations of a lower economic condition; no matter whether war is only threatening or has already broken out. And this opposition on class struggle principles will have to be organized in the only way labor can act—by using its economic power in public demonstrations and, if necessary, in strikes and revolt.—By S. J. Rutgers.

"Socialism and War" has just been published in New York at \$1.00 net. We have arranged for a part of the first edition, and while our present supply lasts we will mail the book to any REVIEW reader for \$1.00 or to any stockholder in our publishing house for 80 cents. Address Charles H. Kerr & Company, 341 East Ohio street, Chicago.

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INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

Glasgow Forward Suppressed by Militarists. The Glasgow Forward is one of the cleanest, clearest Socialist papers in the world. From the beginning of the war the Review has depended upon it for reliable information on the attitude of English Socialists. It has published articles of a particularly solid and convincing sort. Its editors have a way of getting hold of real material and publishing it in an interesting and convincing way. They have published definite proof of the interest of English capitalists in German munition plants. They have opposed pitilessly the immense profits made from the war by wealthy patriots.

Now, at the very beginning of the new year, comes the news that this paper has been suppressed by the English government. On Christmas day there was a meeting of labor unionists in Glasgow. The men were addressed by Lloyd George, minister of munitions. In defiance of the official censor Forward published a report of the meeting from which it appeared that the sentiment of the meeting was against the minister of munitions. The police seized the entire issue.

On January 4 the Labor members of the House of Commons asked questions about this example of militarism. Lloyd George answered that the paper had been suppressed because it discouraged recruiting and that it should have been suppressed earlier.

War "Socialists" Not Popular in Sweden. In Sweden there is a section of public opinion in favor of entering the war on the side of the Germans. Russia is the traditional enemy of Sweden. Some

persons see in a possible victory of the allies a danger to Sweden. Three Socialists, Gustav Steffen, Yngve Larsson and Otto Jaerte, wrote a book in favor of an anti-German policy. When they were called on by the Social Democratic Party to explain their activities they refused to give any explanation and were promptly expelled.

British Labor Against Conscription. On January 5 a limited conscription bill was introduced into the House of Commons by the government. This step was due to what was regarded as the failure of Lord Derby's enlistment campaign. There are supposed to be 5,011,441 men of military age in England, Scotland and Wales. Of these 2,892,263 enlisted, or attempted to enlist, between October 23 and December 15. About 500,000 were rejected for one reason or another. Of those who offered themselves 1,150,000 were unmarried, and 1,679,263 were married. Complete statistics show that a large percentage of married than of unmarried came forward. There are said to be about 500,000 unmarried men and widowers who remained modestly in the background.

The bill devised by the ministry is designed to overcome the modesty or lack of military enthusiasm in this half million men without families dependent upon them. It provides that those between the ages of 18 and 41 shall be compelled to serve. For obvious reasons the bill was so drawn as not to apply to Ireland.

At the time when this measure was introduced, a congress representing British labor unionism was in session in London.

This congress voted 2,121,000 to 541,000 against any form of conscription. By a vote of almost two to one a resolution was adopted recommending to the Labor members of Parliament that they vote against the conscription bill. Arthur Henderson, Labor member of the cabinet, served notice that he would resign his seat and appeal to his electors.

Edouard Vaillant. At Copenhagen the anti-military discussion centered about the Hardie-Vaillant resolution in favor of the general strike as an anti-war measure. Hardie passed away on September 26, and less than three months afterward Vaillant followed him. Hardie was the supreme example of a man of the people risen to intelligence and power; Vaillant was the supreme example of the professional intellectual, understanding the needs of the people and working with them. Tragically enough they both saw their famous resolution brought nought and died to the sound of booming cannon.

Vaillant was 76 years old. A brilliant student, he studied medicine in univer-

sities of France and Germany. Very early, while at Heidelberg, he joined the old International. He served during the Franco-Prussian war. After going through the siege of Paris he took a leading part in the short life of the Commune. As a result of this he was obliged to leave England. Later he returned and entered politics as a Socialist. He served several terms in parliament and otherwise took a distinguished part in the movement.

He was a scientist through and through. His mind was of the active dynamic sort. He was always clear in his theory and energetic in his work. So he was, considered as a personality, one of the most influential in all the international movement.

His death was not as tragic as that of Hardie. He had lived the full span of life and had accomplished great things. But his passing breaks one more link that binds us to the early days of the movement and removes one more of those on whom we could depend for council and inspiration.

NEWS AND VIEWS

State Office Socialist Party of Oregon

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Comrades:

On December 5th Comrade H. Scott Bennett of New Zealand spoke here in Portland. His address dealt with the general labor question in Australia and New Zealand, and tended to show up the fallacy many entertain regarding socialism and state capitalism. Here in Oregon we have quite a number of Socialists who seem to think that government ownership is about the next thing we want. It is true some entertain this opinion because they think government ownership inevitable. But, of course, granting it is inevitable, that does not make it a part of the Socialist program—or rather a part of what many of us think the Socialist program should be.

Comrade Bennett showed the tendencies toward the "servile state" in many instances, and emphasized the necessity of the comrades of this continent profiting by the lessons that they had learned, etc. In view of the fact that so many comrades here—as I presume all over the country—have read so much about the "Labor Government" of his country and had formed such erroneous conclusions, I consider that his lecture was the most beneficial we have had here for a long time. In fact, we have never had a more forceful and logical speaker than Comrade Bennett. I hope that he will be kept busy in this country as long as possible.

Yours most fraternally,

E. L. CANNON,
State Secretary.

Portland, Oregon, Dec. 30, 1915.

Found Guilty—Just as the February REVIEW goes to press we receive telegrams and letters from Socialist comrades in New Brunswick, Canada, to the effect that Comrade Wilfrid Gribble is going to be railroaded to the penitentiary unless quick action is taken. The letter which follows gives details and we sincerely trust that REVIEW readers will send their mite at once to help provide an adequate defense fund.

Comrade Gribble toured the Pacific coast in 1913 and many western comrades will remember hearing him. At the time of his arrest Comrade Gribble had made arrangements to lecture in Montreal and Buffalo, N. Y., where he had planned to put in a month's work.

Send your contribution at once in order to help lighten the load of our St. John comrades, who are standing by him to a man. International Socialist Review, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Comrades—You have perhaps heard ere this that our comrade, Wilfrid Gribble, of St. John, is in jail in that city awaiting sentence on two counts for alleged seditious utterances. It seems that on the evening of Dec. 5th Gribble, as usual, addressed a meeting in Socialist Hall. One Carney, a comrade from England, was in the chair.

In introducing Gribble, the chairman announced that he (Carney) had done a three-months' sentence in England for speaking against recruiting. Gribble, in commenting on

this said, "If the chairman has done time in England for speaking against recruiting he got what he deserved. We want no martyrs in this movement." He then announced his subject for the evening, "Production, Past and Present," and went on with his address.

In the course of his remarks he said, "The greatest kings of today are the great property holders. Crowned or titled kings are merely the puppets of the capitalist class. The most powerful kings at present are in the United States." After Gribble had completed his remarks Carney again spoke and said that in his opinion the recruiting motto, "Your king and country need you," should be changed to "Your king and country bleed you."

This, according to seven witnesses—four of them comrades, the other three non-Socialists—is the gist of what happened at the meeting.

One Geo. Worden attended and, as he at the trial admitted, got excited and at once wrote a letter to the mayor. He was then persuaded to lay an information against Gribble, signing same without reading it.

Worden was the one witness against Gribble. The defense called seven on Jan. 12th and 13th when the case was tried. The whole seven swore positively that the words attributed to the prisoner were not used by him, but were used by the chairman. The prosecutor's address to the jury was very fair. It is, however, by many of those present, claimed

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that the judge's charge was greatly biased against the defendant. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty on both counts. Twenty witnesses would not have changed the result. One jurymen was heard to remark during a recess, "If Gribble don't like this country, why don't he get to hell out of it"? This expresses the attitude of the jury. They were there to convict. Conviction was a foregone conclusion, not because of seditious utterances but because Gribble is a Socialist.

These are briefly the facts of the case. I personally attended the trial and assure you the foregoing is a mild presentation of the matter.

Gribble is one of the old warhorses of the movement in Canada. There is not a stain on his record as a propagandist. We can't afford to have him waste years of his life in prison.

The St. John comrades are standing by him to a man, but they are not financially strong enough to carry the whole burden. Funds are needed as an appeal from the verdict is being considered. Sentence will be passed Jan. 20th, so no time can be wasted. Contributions should be sent at once to Stanford E. White, 24 Main St., St. John, N. B., Canada.

Yours Fraternally,
Roscoe A. Fillmore.

From England—Comrade G. W. Brown, organizing secretary for the Southwestern District of the National Union of Railroad Men, sends in money order renewing their standing bundle order for the next several months.

Annual Stockholders' Meeting.—The annual stockholders' meeting of Charles H. Kerr & Co., was held at 341 E. Ohio street, Chicago, January 15th, 1916, at 3 p. m. Present Charles H. Kerr, holding personally 1236 shares of stock and 39 stamped proxies, Walter Lanfersiek, national secretary, holding one proxy, and the following stockholders owning one share each: Lawrence Christensen, Rudolph Borkenhagen, Ralph Chaplin, Marcus Hitch, D. F. Sager and L. H. Marcy. Total number of shares legally represented, 1282.

Several hundred proxies were received by Charles H. Kerr and other comrades present to be used at the meeting, but these proxies were not legal as they were sent in without the U. S. Revenue 10c stamp.

Charles H. Kerr presided and L. H. Marcy acted as secretary pro tem. President Kerr read the following:

Annual Report.—1915 was a perilous year for all Socialist organizations, the world over, and our publishing house was no exception. Through the greater part of the year, business depression and unemployment destroyed the purchasing power of a majority of the people who would in ordinary times have been purchasers of our literature. Moreover, the almost universal suspension of meetings at which Socialist literature is ordinarily sold was an additional handicap for us. Under the circumstances any profit on the year's business was out of the question. It was simply a matter of holding our organization together, and getting through the year with the smallest possible addition to our debt. The figures in detail are as follows:

December 31, 1915

ASSETS

Cash on hand.....	\$ 230.81
Books, bound and unbound.....	12,414.07
Electrotype plates	13,953.80
Copyrights	12,165.94
International Socialist Review.....	5,000.00
Office fixtures and furniture.....	485.00
Real Estate	450.00
Accounts receivable	619.08
Bills receivable	1,001.25
Total	\$46,319.95

LIABILITIES

Paid-up capital stock.....	\$41,160.00
Co-operative publishing bonds.....	620.00
Accounts payable	454.63
Loans from stockholders.....	4,085.32
Total	\$46,319.95

1915

RECEIPTS

Book sales	\$16,351.69
Review subscriptions and sales.....	8,342.97
Review advertising	1,706.58
Donations	620.40
Deficit for year.....	2,300.36
Total	\$29,322.00

EXPENDITURES

Manufacture of books	\$ 5,076.78
Manufacture of Review	5,871.81
Wages	8,408.07
Postage and expressage.....	4,259.31
Advertising	917.50
Review circulation expense.....	43.80
Review articles and photographs....	428.09
Authors of books.....	477.26
Books purchased	1,376.94
Rent	1,110.00
Taxes	44.51
Miscellaneous expense	772.82
Interest	25.59
Decrease in books on hand.....	509.52
Total	\$29,322.00

In my report of a year ago, I offered to give any sum up to \$1,000 as a contribution toward the deficit for 1914, and the probable deficit of 1915, provided other comrades would make up an equal amount. The contributions actually received under this offer have been as follows:

L. A. Jayne.....	\$ 2.30
C. Dunaway	1.00
R. G. Grey.....	2.50
O. J. David.....	1.25
E. C. Peters.....	5.10
Wm. Trognitz	1.00
Jacob Bruning	5.00
R. F. Pettigrew.....	10.00
N. F. Douglas.....	1.00
W. M. Sidwell.....	1.00
F. Filpus	1.00
C. G. Hubert.....	1.00
O. B. Miller, Jr.....	1.75
J. J. Peacock.....	5.00
J. A. Krohmer.....	4.75
E. E. Morrell.....	2.00

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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. But I found a cure, and I am ready to tell you about it FREE. Write me promptly.

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Total \$620.40

A more important help than any of these donations came to us in February, 1915, in the shape of a loan of fifteen hundred dollars without interest from Comrade Estelle Baker, the author of "The Rose Door." The comrade advises us that she does not expect to withdraw more than \$100 at a time. We used \$1,000 of the amount to pay off a loan from another comrade which had come due. The balance helped us as a cash reserve through the year.

The rest of the year's deficit was made up from the sale of stock in ten dollar subscriptions. Our capital increased during the year by the sum of \$1,330; in other words, we added 133 fully-paid stockholders to our list.

In our statement of assets and liabilities, it may be noted that we value our copyrights at \$12,165.54 as compared with \$8,752.74 at the end of 1914. It should be explained that in 1911, when the copyrights belonging to this publishing house were less valuable than those we now control, we valued them at \$16,975.83. We had several good years in which a profit was earned, and instead of opening a surplus account, we reduced the copyright account by the amount of the profits. We are now increasing it again instead of carrying over a deficit into 1916.

Capitalist prosperity, such as it is, has now returned, and if our sales the rest of the year had been as good as those for the last month, there would have been no deficit. But we still have to face the fact that only a minute fraction of the Socialist Party organization is at present active in the circulation of Socialist literature. My hope is that during 1916 some working plan may be devised for putting the Review and the standard Socialist books into the hands of the working people of the United States.

Charles H. Kerr.

Marcus Hitch moved the report be accepted; seconded by D. F. Sager and unanimously carried.

General discussion of good and welfare of the publishing house was then entered into.

Comrade Marcus Hitch made a motion which was seconded by Comrade Chaplin that all the old members of the board of directors except Comrade J. H. Greer, who wished to retire, be re-elected for the coming year. Upon motion being put it was carried unanimously.

Moved and seconded that Comrade Daniel F. Sager be elected to fill the vacancy on the board and upon motion being put it was carried unanimously. The board of directors for the following year are Jacob Bruning, Walter Huggins, Ralph H. Chaplin, Mary E. Marcy, Leslie H. Marcy, Charles H. Kerr and Daniel F. Sager. The stockholders' meeting then adjourned.

The directors' meeting was then called. Comrade Sager moved that the present officers be re-elected for the year 1916 to serve at the same salaries they are now receiving, seconded by Comrade Chaplin. Motion carried unanimously and the directors' meeting then adjourned.

A Washington Rebel—In renewing writes: "Must have the old 'red hot' REVIEW another year in order to prepare myself for the class war in 1916. It is the only preparedness we have any business to talk about."—Seb.

Iowa—Comrade Stephens renews his subscription for the sixth year and adds: "I have been a constant reader of the REVIEW for five years, and consider it the best magazine among Socialist publications. I would not willingly do without it.

From a Michigan Comrade—One of the Old Guard, who has read the REVIEW regularly for years, writes: "I am too old and perhaps will not live to read the REVIEW during 1916. However, someone else will read it if I don't. I am 78 years old and served four years in the western army during the 'sixties' through the battles of Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, and commanded my company the last six months of service. My pension for the first twenty-five years was \$4.00 per month. I am now living on a pension of \$30.00 per month, but it takes all of our money to buy bread and butter."—G. A.

From Yorkshire, England—"I have just received word of the death of my brother while serving with the British army in France. He received copies of the REVIEW until recently. Enclosed find my subscription for the best 'Fighting Magazine' of the working class on earth. Yours in revolt," F. C.

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HOW SHE STOPPED Her Husband's Drinking

Write to Her and Learn How She Did It

For over 20 years James Anderson of 49 Oak Ave., Hillburn, N. Y., was a very hard drinker. His case seemed a hopeless one, but 10 years ago his wife, in their own little home, gave him a simple remedy which much to her delight stopped his drinking entirely.

She also tried this remedy on her brother and several neighbors. It was successful in every case. None of them has touched liquor since.

She now wishes everyone who has drunkenness in their homes to try this simple remedy, for she feels sure that it will do as much for others as it has for her. It can be given secretly if desired, and without cost she will gladly and willingly tell you what it is. All you have to do is write her a letter asking her how she cured her husband of drinking and she will reply by return mail in a sealed envelope. As she has nothing to sell do not send her money. Simply send a letter with all confidence to Mrs. Margaret Anderson at the address given above, taking care to write your name and full address plainly.

(We earnestly advise every one of our readers who wishes to cure a dear one of drunkenness to write to this lady today. Her offer is a sincere one.)

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What a Young Socialist Can Do—Comrade Bumgarden of Zeigler, Ill., orders a bundle of 40 January REVIEWS and writes: "My little boy sold 20 REVIEWS one afternoon; send as soon as possible."

This young rebel has already done more effective work than some of the grown-ups who have been talking Socialism for 20 years, and have never circulated a piece of literature or attempted to take a subscription for a Socialist paper.

We hope to hear from other little Socialists who are "live ones."

From California—Comrade Redmayne of Alleghany sends in six big iron dollars and orders the REVIEW sent to six loyal comrades during the year of 1916. This is the kind of co-operation that counts, especially in California, where the party is cursed with co-operative land schemes floated by lawyer politicians, and to say nothing about the party sky pilots, who are thicker around the pie counter than fleas on a dog's back.

A "Live Wire" in Minnesota—Comrade H. D. Blair sends in twelve iron men for twelve yearly subscriptions. This is the kind of co-operation that counts. There are thousands of wage workers in this country who would subscribe for the REVIEW if our readers would take a little time and give them a chance to look at the REVIEW and be told what it stands for.

From a Canadian Red—"I came here eight years ago from California and homesteaded. It is a hard struggle. Some years we have small crops and low prices. Other years big crops and no chance to market. At the present writing elevators are filled up—no cars on railroads and navigation on the lake closed. Fine system we live under. Hoping my renewal reached you safely, I am, yours for the Revolution, W. D."

Rocky Ground in Canada—One of our revolutionary Canadian comrades in renewing her subscription to the REVIEW writes: "We organized a local with fifteen members a short time ago, but the local is practically dead. The members are content to read — and it is all they are doing for the cause.

"We have no factories here, our district is an agricultural one and the petty bourgeois farmers have all the qualities of their class, greed and selfishness. Prefer to go to the bar or the church than to go to a Socialist meeting. I hate the farmers more than the big bourgeois. They are real fetters on the social progress with their slave-wives, slave-children and their "homes," which are the sweat shops of the women. They have wooden heads and stone hearts and work sixteen hours a day on their land and in their homes.

"In closing, I want to tell you that the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW is the only magazine which comforts me. Giving hope and strength to live through all that is going on at this time."—M. N.

From a West Virginia Rebel—"My wife and I think the REVIEW is the best journal published. We have been very much interested in Professor Moore's articles.

"I wish every man and woman would read

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Robert Blatchford's 'God and My Neighbor,' which I received from the publishing house last fall."—J. W. Y.

From a Pennsylvania Rebel—Comrade Lentz of Westwood fires in \$6.00 for subscriptions and copies of "Savage Survivals," which is by far the most popular book the publishing house has brought out in many years.

From Indiana—Comrade Driver of Fort Wayne sends in five yearly subscriptions and secures \$5.00 worth of standard Socialist books. This shows what a live wire can do.

Socialist Scouts—Joso Leips, organizer and librarian of Local Kings County, New York, has organized a group which is called the Socialist Boy Scouts of the World. There ought to be a great opportunity in such an organization and we congratulate Comrade Leips. Comrades wishing to gain information on the Scouts may address him at 167 Tompkins avenue, Socialist Party, Brooklyn, N. Y. This is the same local that possesses the Marx School which is now taking up the works of Joseph Dietzgen.

From a Minnesota Review Reader—Comrade T. W. Sponheim of Fox, Minnesota, sends in his subscription for the following year and adds: "We are not wage slaves up here; we are small farmers who do our own work. When harvest and threshing are over, we haul our grain to town and sell it—wheat for 75 cents per bushel, while our flour costs us \$3.00 to \$4.00 per sack of 98 pounds. The milling companies get about \$1.75 per sack for grinding it, whereas 25 cents would easily cover the cost and yield a fair profit, so you can see what the small farmers of Minnesota are up against."

Printers' Industrial Educational League—To Members of the Printing Trades Unions: Fellow Unionists—For some years the question of closer affiliation of trades unions in the printing industry has been more or less discussed, but no action tending to bring this about has resulted. The idea seems to prevail that the unions cannot come together in closer affiliation until the international officers give consent. If this idea is permitted to dominate the membership, closer affiliation of the printing trades unions will never be effected.

There are two forms of closer affiliation. One (that apparently favored by the international officers) merely seeks to have wage scale agreements entered into and expire at the same time, and, in the event of lockouts or strikes, each union to guarantee its share in financing the same, etc.; the workers remaining divided along present craft lines, with all the separate headquarters and international and local offices to maintain at great expense, and the possibility of developing another set of paid officials to prey upon the already overburdened membership. This form of "closer

affiliation" would be of little or no benefit to the workers in the industry, but would, undoubtedly, give our so-called "high" officials a longer lease on their well-paid jobs.

The second form of closer affiliation proposes to eliminate all craft divisions and terms that now separate the workers into small isolated groups and bring them together into one industrial union for the purpose of promoting the common interests of all workers in the industry. This would, for one thing, do away with the numerous headquarters and international officials maintained at great expense to the dues-paying membership. This is closer affiliation in the real sense of the term, and will not be brought about by permitting the matter to rest in the hands of those whose material interests are promoted by perpetuating the present craft division. The closer affiliation having as its object the amalgamating of all craft unions in the printing industry into one solid industrial union can only be brought about by the dues-paying members of the unions.

Industrial conditions have changed, and are continually changing, and we must endeavor to conform thereto. All about us we see consolidations taking place in the newspaper and book and job industry, which means the elimination of many plants. This, together with continued improvement in machinery, development of new processes, speeding up, etc., displaces many workers, thereby greatly increasing the number of unemployed.

We cannot cope with industrial conditions divided, as we are, into small groups, each a law unto itself, seeking to promote its interests irrespective of and many times at the expense of each other; to say nothing of the fact that many workers in the industry are unorganized.

Our interests as workers are the same. All workers in an industry are integral parts of

that industry; the labor of all is essential to the production of the finished article. If we are necessary to the employer, then we are necessary to each other.

Employers sink their personal differences and organize in one union for the promotion of their mutual economic interests. But we, the workers in the industry, are divided and at war with each other.

Fellow trade unionists, if in the past, through our isolated craft groups, we have gained benefits for those eligible to membership, how much more could we gain by organizing *all* the workers in the printing industry into *one* industrial union!

Realizing the urgent necessity of closer affiliation that will result in the industrial organization of all workers in the printing industry, and that this can only be brought about through the efforts of the rank and file of the printing trade unions, a number of Seattle workers in good standing in their respective trades unions have organized the Printing Workers' Industrial Educational League for the purpose of carrying on a campaign of education for industrial unionism.

We call upon our fellow trade unionists in the United States and Canada to co-operate with us and establish branches of the Printing Workers' Industrial Educational League.

The Printing Workers' Industrial Educational League will, as its means permit, issue leaflets, devoted to industrial unionism, for circulation among trade unionists in the printing industry.

Industrial unionism must be developed from the bottom up; not from the top down.

Read, think and *act* with us.

Pass this to your fellow worker.

For information, address Printing Workers' Industrial Educational League, 424 Harrison Street, Seattle, Wash.

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"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?"

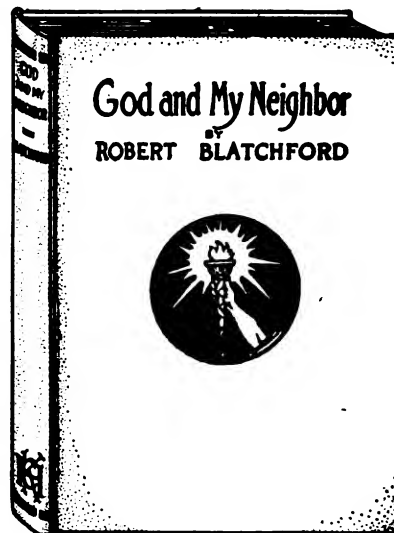
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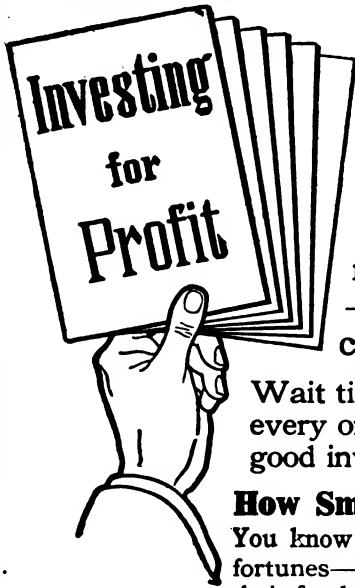
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THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

The
**INTERNATIONAL
SOCIALIST REVIEW**

VOL. XVI

MARCH, 1916

No. 9

**THE
ANTHRACITE
FRAME-UP**

THE miners, who are about to demand a 20% increase in wages in the anthracite coal mines, will appreciate the opportune appearance of Scott Nearing's new book, "Anthracite," at just this time. This work conclusively punctures the colossal frame-up planned by the coal barons to prejudice the public against the miners and make it (the public) the ally of these piratical millionaires in their scheme to soak the "consumers" something like \$23,000,000 on the pretense of paying the raise in wages asked.

Scott Nearing shows how the coal operators worked this same game in 1912 when the miners asked a 20% increase to meet the rising cost of living. At that time the coal operators actually did increase the wages of the miners a little over 5% which amounted to \$4,000,000 yearly while these same operators soaked the coal-buying public \$13,000,000 a year in increased prices claiming that this sum was to swell the coffers of the bloated miners.

In the *Chicago Tribune* for February 7th a full-page advertisement appears,

signed by officials of the Scranton, Delaware, Lackawanna, Dodson, Green Ridge, Kingston, Lehigh Valley, Philadelphia & Reading, Pennsylvania and other anthracite coal companies inside the combination. We quote in part:

"The miners are now demanding substantial concessions entailing such additional burdens upon the operation of our mines that we deem it our duty to frankly and fully lay before the public the problem which confronts us—a problem which will ultimately affect every user of anthracite coal. The demand, for 20% increase in wages, alone, will, in the aggregate, bring about an increase in the cost of anthracite coal to the consumers, exceeding \$23,000,000.

"Mining, though carried on by the most scientific methods, yields an exceedingly small return upon the actual capital invested, and while it is to be freely admitted that certain mines, worked under peculiarly favorable conditions, yield liberal profits, it is equally true that many anthracite mines, the product of which is needed by the public, are at present either operated at no profit, or with so narrow a margin of profit that it is a matter of indifference to the operator whether or not they continue to be operated.

"The average returns are too small to meet the increased cost of additional compensation to miners, or substantial changes in conditions of employment, without a consequent increase in the price of coal to the consumer.

"We believe that the users of anthracite coal are vitally interested in the readjustment of April 1, 1916, of the relations between the operators and the miners.

"Because of the extraordinary industrial conditions—caused by the war—the price of labor has rapidly advanced. A determined effort will be made by the miners to secure increased wages which would be unexpected and unwarranted in ordinary times. Such demands, if granted, would place a heavy and permanent burden upon every user of anthracite coal.

"We have conceived it our duty to inform the users of anthracite coal of the state of affairs, in order that an enlightened public sentiment may operate to fairly adjust the conditions, which will

arise, and which must be discussed and determined within the next few weeks.

"If, after such presentation, the users of anthracite coal say it is our duty to make a large advance in the income of the miners and others employed in the industry, and are prepared to meet the advanced cost of paying a higher price for coal, now is the time to say so, and we can meet the issue on that basis, but if the anthracite coal-using public is opposed to such concessions, its voice should be plainly heard."

On page 43 of his volume on anthracite, Prof Scott Nearing says:

"Anthracite is a concentrated, monopolized natural resource upon which tens of millions depend for fuel and tens of thousands for a livelihood. There is probably no resource of like value which affects directly a larger number of people. Many resources reach the consumer by a round-about way. The iron ore travels a long road from the blast furnace to the watch-spring. A white oak undergoes many changes before it appears in the dining-room table. . . . The relation between anthracite and the consumer is direct and immediate.

"Here are millions of people who depend for their fuel upon one resource. Are they in a position to say how much coal shall be mined and under what circumstances?

"Obviously they cannot. First, because the coal fields are privately owned under a system of property ownership that permits the owner to do practically as he will with his own. Second, because the virtual control of the anthracite fields is vested in a very small group of persons who make common cause wherever their interests are threatened!"

A man may inherit a barren tract of land which he holds only because it is believed to be so worthless that nobody will buy it, or another may purchase a hilly region for a shooting lodge at 20 cents an acre. Later, if coal is found upon these lands, the owners who have spent little money and neither labor nor brains in producing that coal, accidentally become monopolists of the coal on that land. These men proceed to hold up the public for what they now own and what the public needs. The men who give

value to the coal in the ground are the miners who dig it out.

Prof. Nearing says:

"Many consumers believe that the miner receives a major portion of the \$7.00 which they are called upon to pay for a ton of coal. They have been told repeatedly by the coal companies that if the wages of the miners are raised, let us say 10%, a corresponding increase must be made in the price of the product in order to recompense the coal companies for the increased cost of production. As a matter of fact, the mining costs constitute a comparatively small element in the price of a ton of coal."

One company described in the Federal Report on Anthracite Prices, Nearing quotes, produced coal "at the colliery in 1912 at \$2.215. In other words, in 1912 the 8,671,013 tons of anthracite produced by this company cost, on the average, \$2.22 at the mine. The company reported in that year a total of 27,463 employes. The \$7.00-ton of stove coal purchased by the consumer in New York or Philadelphia actually cost the coal mining company a little over \$2.00."

"This illustration is only one of a number of instances declared in the report to be typical which the investigators brought to light in the course of their researches. The coal at the mine costs less than \$2.25, average, per ton . . . and no effort was spared to load on the cost account every item it might be asked to carry."

"The entire cost of the coal on the cars ready for shipment from the mines is only a little over \$2.00, or less than one-third of the price paid by the consumer." This included "taxes," mine rents, insurance, law expenses, real estate department, sinking fund and extraordinary expenses, the cost of maintaining the "New York office," etc.

Nearing says that of what is called the "mine cost," only a quarter goes to the man who does the mining." This means that the miners receive less than a tenth of the value of their product.

Prof. Nearing continues:

"It is evident from these figures that people must give over the idea that the miner is the chief beneficiary of the price paid for coal. The mine workers of all descriptions get only a quarter of it. Mine profit, selling cost, and railroad

freight rate cover two-fifths of the price of the coal to the consumer. . . . The amount taken by the operator and the railroad is greater than the entire labor cost of each ton of coal, or even of the total mine cost of the coal. . . . When the consumer pays \$7.00 for a ton of stove coal, he is paying a far larger part of his money to the operator, the railroad and the retailer than he pays to the miner." **And the miner produces the coal.**

According to the U. S. Census Bureau report, published in 1902, one-third of the anthracite workers received less than \$1.50 daily, more than four-fifths of them received less than \$2.50 and over nineteen-twentieths of them received less than \$3.50 a day. (Nearing's Anthracite, page 100.)

The Coal Strike Commission summed up its opinion regarding the hazards of the anthracite industry by stating:

"We find that it should be classed as one of the dangerous industries of the country, ranking with several of the most dangerous."

In its statement of operations of the Wilkes-Barre Company, issued its report showing that the expenses of doing business for that year were \$3,750,000 less than receipts. The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western wound up the same period with a surplus for the year of \$4,013,171, a total of 33.17 per cent earned on stock. Only a few years ago the Lackawanna paid 53 per cent on stock. The Lehigh Valley surplus has mounted up to \$25,000,000.

Now the Review is little concerned with the consumer, as such. Socialism demands that the men who mine and haul the coal receive the social value of their product instead of the stockholders, retailers, railroad companies, real estate owners and bankers.

As Prof. Nearing proves, the coal operators possess a monopoly of the necessity commodity, anthracite coal, and they propose to milk the public for all the traffic will bear. They doubtless sell their coal above its value. But this excessive price does not necessarily work any particular hardship to the working class as a whole, because the wages of the workers are determined—to a large extent—by the cost of living, and wages are only higher in

the United States than they are in Mexico, where there are no monopolies, because of the monopolies in this country.

However, we are interested in seeing the anthracite miners win a larger part of the value of the coal they produce. We want them to ultimately get ALL of the value they create.

The miners will need the support of every Socialist and every rebel in gaining their demands for a higher wage on April 1st. The truth about the coal operators' contemplated hold-up will show the public just what these pirates are trying to put over. Get every Socialist and labor paper in your State to take up this point. Write letters to the capitalist papers. Order a copy of Scott Nearing's

book on "Anthracite" (price \$1.00, net), and get and give the truth about the anthracite fields to the public.

The coal mines must belong to the people who work and the people who work the mines must receive the value they produce. Show this to the miners while they are talking of asking for a larger part of their own product. Help them to get that 20 per cent wage increase in April and to learn to stand together to demand ALL the value they create as soon as they are organized.

In the meantime, get the facts before the public, and the miners may be strong enough to force the coal robbers to disgorge a little of their ill-gotten loot, and yield them higher wages.

Flashes From The Rails

WHAT do the signs mean? Is this to be a red letter year for the American working class?

Revolution—terrific working-class power—lurks behind that threat of a combination of the United Mine Workers with all railroad brotherhoods.

Of course, those of us who know the higher-ups of the miners and higher-ups in the rail unions, we know the danger to the railroad and mine bosses is not a real or a close danger, in spite of the fact that the highest officials of the firemen and trainmen are said to be negotiating for the combination.

But look at it!

How could the combination lose?

If the 500,000 railroad brotherhood men join hands with the 250,000 men of the mines, who can stop them from winning their demands?

The fires would be banked in thousands of factories without coal.

Great cities would lose food supplies.

Warehouses would be stormed by mobs.

Such pressure would come hammering on the rail and mine capitalists that those hogs of money would loosen up and pay the wage and hour demands of the strikers.

Beyond this possibility of 750,000 workers forcing their claims on the industrial masters of these respective fields lie still other possibilities.

Such a winning would send a thrill of power through the whole 30,000,000 wage slaves of the American working class.

A combined strike of miners and rail men would knock an enormous hole in the profit machinery of those two fields.

Feeling among the workers, "discipline," "esprit de corps," would never again be what it once was.

Winners of such a strike would ever after be daring, determined, upstanding men, hard to control.

So the managers, lawyers, retainers, diplomats and labor skates are out en masse to beat the proposition of a joint strike of miners and rail men.

They probably will beat it.

All that's needed to stop a joint strike in this situation is to reach a few officials.

In the railroad unions, it is particularly easy to get results through the higher-ups.

This is the dramatic time, however, to catch a vision of the power of the working class.

Another set of leaders and another policy—that's all the rail unions and miners need.

The power is there.

Only the hands controlling the machinery won't use it.

Some day will come along a set of officers and a policy, watched by a rank and file membership of determined men—and they will see that the machinery of power in the brotherhoods and the miners' unions is used.

All the time there is a chance that this very year will see the rank and file of these organizations forcing their officers into the use of a new weapon: joint general strike of the two great fundamental industries of transportation and fuel.

History is a long line of surprises.

Who knows what is coming next?

Who knows but the insolence and arrogance, the sap-headed stupidity and greed of the interests controlling transportation and fuel, may over-reach to the point where even the union officials of those two industries are ready for a big smash?

All the news, all the inside dope from those camps, is that the union heads are by turns disgusted and bewildered by the negotiations of the managers and corporations.

Toward the end of February, the advice is: Look for anything because anything may be looked for.

There are tremendous possibilities of a red-letter working-class year.

Watch the taffy newspapers are handing about railroad men. They're aiming now to get the good-will of rail men, so they will have willing ears, ready listeners, if a big strike comes. Hearst papers are handing out con headed: "The Silent Heroes of the Throttle." Railroad managers are praised for efficiency, while the engineers are praised for being heroes.

"The engineer alone knows how many hairbreadth escapes from wreck and calamity are due to his iron nerve, his steady eye, and cool judgment," says a Hearst editorial. This is the same Hearst who fought the Western Federation of Miners and established industrial feudalism in Lead, S. D., where lead mines yield the Hearst estate \$12,000,000 a year. This is the same Hearst who brags in his own papers that he attends dinner parties at the house of Steel Trust Gary and that he has Steel Trust Gary to dinner at his house.

Then a lot of other newspapers have been running an editorial about a raise of wages lately given to the locomotive. When the \$7,000,000 freight and passenger rate raise went into effect in middle west states, this editorial was widely printed. It told of how wages of trainmen and enginemen have been raised and raised and raised, until now they lead lives close to luxury, but the poor locomotive has never had any raise of its wages.

All this stuff is being fed out to the reading public to lay the way for possibilities during a strike.

If brotherhood officials opened their mouths and broke loose with the real truth about the centralized ownership and colossal swindlings of the railroad game, there would be some offset to this fakery in the newspapers.

Not anywhere in the world of capital or of labor is there more curious suppression of news than that practiced by the railroad brotherhood officials.

Sometimes it seems as though the more we read official journals and magazines of the engineers, firemen, conductors and brakemen, the less we know.

Never have we heard any explanation from Warren S. Stone why he keeps out nearly all real news from the engineers' official journal. Maybe Stone blames it on the editor. Wherever the fault is, the game is a bad one.

It is impossible for rail men to learn by word of mouth from their delegates to conventions or from their members on committees all the official transactions, all the news of official actions. Most any glib politician of a delegate or commit-

tee member knows how to explain by word of mouth an official action it would be hard to tell about in black and white in an official report.

As a sample, take the big western arbitration wage hearing that ran six months and closed last April. Look through the engineers' brotherhood magazine and see what you find about it. Almost nothing. A few dribbling paragraphs. But no news.

In public statements, Warren S. Stone often knocks the newspapers and says they're controlled by the railroads and don't give the railroad men a fair shake when it comes to complete and accurate news stories of what is going on among the brotherhoods and what is doing in railway finance.

Yet what is Warren S. Stone's magazine doing in the matter of reporting the news? Isn't it doing precisely what the railway-owned and railway-controlled newspapers are doing in shutting out news?

Wouldn't it be convenient for any average railroad brotherhood member to be able to turn to back numbers of his brotherhood publication and find there all the facts, a full and complete report of what happened at that six month wage hearing?

Why should the engineers' brotherhood spend tens of thousands of dollars for the collection of material attacking the frenzied finance of the railways and then never print a line of all the live, spicy information?

The bill for services of experts, accountants and economists ran over \$60,000. Warren Stone himself was presented a mass of facts on stealings of public lands by railroads. And yet not a line of all this has been printed in the official

magazine of the engineers' brotherhood.

Is it any wonder that railroad men are turning to other sources of printed information to find out what is really and actually happening?

With brotherhood officials establishing a censorship that doesn't even make a pretense at giving vital and up-to-date information, is it at all strange that rail men go elsewhere to see what is the big news and the big developments in the rail world?

James W. Kline is his name, and he's president of the International Brotherhood of Blacksmiths and Helpers. He has published a pamphlet explaining exactly what he means about money being used by the Illinois Central and of the Carmen's international, and John Harriman system railroads to choke off the strike of the federated shopmen. A "sell-out?" Yes. "The money was there, all right, if they could find anyone to take it," wrote Kline in a letter to vice-presidents and business agents. "I had the chance myself at one time, and I know if they would give it to me, they would give it to others." Kline points out how William H. Johnston, president of the International Association of Machinists, kept away from the strike zone, and how Johnston joined with M. F. Ryan, head of the Carmen's international, and John J. Hynes, head of the railroad sheet-metal workers, and how these three jammed through an order calling off the strike without a referendum and over the protest of men on strike. It's live reading. Maybe there was easy velvet for some labor skates. The Illinois Central alone lost several million dollars on the strike. Kline's office is in Monon Bldg. Chicago. His pamphlet is a humdinger.



IN A BARBER SHOP

By Jack Preston

I T was shortly after my conversion to Socialism. My barber had sold out and a new one come suddenly in his place. The newcomer appeared to be a nice sort—we chatted a little in the post office, shortly after his arrival. But I had been wanting for a long time to give my patronage to Jack Rock, and here was my chance.

The hour came when I could not allow my hair to grow any longer. While hesitating as to the best course of action, an inspiration descended upon me: I would buy a new mug. Obviously this was the way out.

Jack greeted me with a broad grin as I entered the shop, and when I unwrapped the new shaving cup and brush he haw-hawed.

"Well by gosh," he said.

It was my explanation which started a conversation resulting, a year later, in his becoming a proletarian.

"I hadn't the heart to do it, Jack," I went on. "Only my initials are on the cup, and being a new man, he'll never guess whose it is. You know how bad I've wanted to come over to you and——"

"Aw, shut up," he interrupted, jabbing the clippers into the back of my neck.

This was his way of saying he understood.

My predicament had been simply that of a small-town business man. I had begun patronizing the other barber before Jack set up in a shop of his own, and couldn't leave without losing a customer.

Rock was silent quite a while, but I knew he was not peeved. I knew it by the quiet sighs that escaped him.

"Jack," I ventured, by and by, "how are you getting along, anyway?"

He put on a brave face.

"Making a living, Ed," he replied. "I suppose that's about all anybody's doing these days."

I made no further comment at the moment. My eyes found an object upon which they rested in a sort of fascination. It was the rows of individual mugs reflected in the mirror. There seemed to be something about them that demanded my attention; an idea became vaguely associated with them, as they reposed there, row upon row, their bright gold letters standing out gayly. This idea was like a name that just eludes the tongue.

Jack's words were fitting through my brain: "Making a living." In his case what did that mean? Poverty, practically.

Mrs. Rock had to carry water in from a pump because her husband could not afford to have the town water system connected with their home. The children had to suffer all the inconveniences of outdoor sanitary arrangements, etc. Their table was poor. In short, life was a flat and tasteless thing to them, except for the love therein; and even this was diluted with worries and debts, the result of past sickness.

My eyes wandered back to the rows of shaving mugs, and I thought what I saw was an hallucination. The gold letters on the middle row took form, as plain as day: "C-O-O-O-P-E-R-R-A-T-I-O-N." There were too many O's and R's, but otherwise the formation of the magic word was correct. Jack must have seen the high light in my eyes, for he stopped work a moment.

When I showed him what I saw he did not seem impressed. His only remark was to the effect that I had missed my calling.

This was my night for inspirations. Another came along most obediently. Doubtless it was to quite an extent the outgrowth of much recent reading in the direction of economic reform, and these shaving-mugs and sighs of Rock's merely supplemented it.

"Jack," I said, in a matter-of-fact tone, "if you could get a job in a big barber shop here in town, one that had no competition and need never fear bankruptcy, would you be willing to work for a salary sufficient to keep you comfortably and not complain?"

He clipped a wisp of hair above my crown and grinned at me in the mirror.

"Quit your kidding," he said. "On the square," he added, after some deliberation, "you're not thinking of doing anything rash with your surplus capital, are you?—buying up one of these chances in the whisker combine, or anything? Because if you are, figure on a salary for yourself of about five a week—when business is good."

"I'm only exercising my imagination," I assured him. "Answer my question, and don't be afraid to stir up your gray matter a little."

He smiled, as he seldom did at sarcasm directed against himself. Jack always was a peculiar fellow.

"Ed," he said, "honest, I'd work forever for fifteen a week, or so, if I was always sure of getting it and didn't have to worry about off-seasons. I'd scratch scalps and boil faces and sling lather till hair had ceased to sprout. So help me, I would."

His tone and manner implied that he meant this.

Apparently I went off on a tangent. "Isn't it queer how everybody's always talking hard times these days?"

"Don't mention it," he said. "It's got my goat. There's no sense in it—and yet I do it myself. Something's wrong—somewhere. Yes, sure. But fellows like me haven't time to find out; we're too busy digging in dark corners for nickels and dimes."

"And look at us other business men in town," I continued. "We're at the same game. Grubbing along, we are; refusing, half the time, to exchange civilities—and yet down in our hearts we're sorry for each other. That's a fact, Jack. Don't you suppose I want Billy Munson over here to make ends meet? Don't you reckon the smiling looks and pleasant words of his little kiddies make me feel like a criminal whenever I've succeeded in putting one over on Billy?"

The barber was nodding.

"I got you. The new sud-slinger, now, for instance—"

He came to a halt. "Damn it," he exploded, "what's a fellow to do?"

My eyes sought the shaving mugs again. I pointed to them through my shroud.

"There's the answer, Ed," I declared, preaching to myself as well as him.

He grinned at me rather idiotically.

"The other three fellows have a bunch to match it," he said.

"Just what I was thinking," I returned. "This is a sample of what might be—and what isn't. The idea of cooperation is filtering into the minds of men, but it's so adulterated with the selfish individualist concept that it only makes social friction the more violent; it makes *cooperative competition*. Here you have a certain collection of cups. Bob Singer has another collection. Sam Clay a third. And the new man a fourth. The trade of you four barbers among the local merchants will be divided according to these collec-

tions. Your sympathies will go, in great measure, along with your patronage. So it is in every business under our present system. Thus *classes* are formed. The system by which we eke out an existence necessitates patronage of certain individuals or collections of individuals, and avoidance of others. In time we begin to think this the natural thing; and there we have the foundation of all our class distinctions—the cause of immeasurable misery in the world. It is the outcome, when all is said, of our illogical competitive notions.”

His look was so peaceable (he told me later he had been pitying me) I was encouraged to proceed:

“Why, Jack, we might better go back to the stone age and begin all over again. * * * Certainly a change will come before long, or you and I and the other fellow will not be able to exist at all. The world produces more than ever it did, and yet the struggle for a livelihood becomes more strenuous every year. You know I’m speaking the truth.”

He plastered lather over my mouth, but I blew it in his face and went on:

“Back to the big barber shop. There ought to be only one in this town.”

“I agree with you,” he rejoined quickly, holding the razor close to my throat.

“I’m glad you do”—I looked at the shiny blade. “And, Jack, there’s only room for one general store, properly run; one up-to-date blacksmith shop, and so on through all the businesses. We ought to get together, we men and women of the twentieth century; open our eyes, extend our arms, and try seriously to make life a more rational, less barbaric affair. We ought to cooperate—not like these mugs up here, in classes, but like—” I glanced about me for a simile. “Like the teeth on that comb of yours; each tooth pushing his way through obstacles by the side of his brother; all working in the same general direction, and getting somewhere—instead of this crazy pulling and tugging against each other, the while the thieves come in and rob us all.”

The barber shook some powder over me.

“Sounds pretty fair, Ed,” he admitted, “but how would you work it?” Quickly he added: “By the way, when that big shop you talk about is started, count my application in. Do what you can for me. When a fellow works for somebody else he can shake hands with the boys around town as though he meant it. He can cut out the four-flushing and be really friendly.”

He stood waiting for my reply—and my forty cents. I cannot forget the ridiculous, half apologetic expression of his face as he took my money. Every barber I have ever “patronized” has worn the same guilty look. And this has always puzzled me somewhat. But then I often feel the same way while paying other creditors, too. I am inclined to attribute the feeling to my views on money—a medium of exchange which I believe should not exist. It is concentrated hell, mental misery, unimpressionable mercilessness, and should be displaced by labor-checks of some kind. That, of course, would only be possible under a new economic system.

These thoughts flashed through my mind as I gave Jack a parting thrust.

“There’ll be no steady job in the big shop for a fellow who thinks first of himself, as you’ve just done. What you ought to say, Jack, is: ‘How can I help this thing along?’—instead of appealing for a ‘pull.’ Keep your eye on those shaving mugs up there. They’ll come smashing down some day—all but the gold letters. And the new shelves will accommodate *everybody’s* cup. Good-day.”

“Wait a minute,” he called. “You forgot something.”

“What was it?” I asked, feeling in my pockets.

“Your own mug,” he said. “I don’t want it on my rack.”

He was in earnest. He was sore. . . .

When finally I went back it was on Jack’s invitation. He had been studying Socialism.



BASKETS, CUSHIONS OF HEMP AND RAFFIA, NEEDLEWORK AND ARTICLES FABRICATED FROM COCOANUT SHELL AND HUSK (INCLUDING THE BOHOL MUTT) ARE TO BE SEEN IN THIS PICTURE OF SCHOOL-MADE PRODUCTS FROM THE PROVINCE OF BOHOL.

Philippine School Craft

By MARION WRIGHT

WE learned in a previous article on the Philippines how naked, head-hunting savages have been tamed by the civilizing influences of good roads and baseball. Naturally it was the men and large boys of the native tribes who were most interested in these things and we shall now consider what the women folk and children of school age were doing while their big brothers learned to play baseball and to push a wheelbarrow over the public roads.

The Filipinos are said to be the "quickest" people in the world. And they are quicker to learn music and handicraft work than they are to slip out of the jungle and ham-string an enemy. The Philippine Constabulary band, led by an American Negro, is held by many qualified to speak with authority to be the

best band in the world. There are bands in the Philippines in which each instrument is hand made by its owner and the native collection of reed instruments is a delight to the most exacting master of music. At the time of the American occupation "After the Ball" was the national air of the Philippines. When the American military bands landed with their up-to-date, stirring airs, the native musicians would follow them for miles to learn the tunes. Few of them could read a note, but it is said that in less than a week the "Goo-Goo" bands could play "Hot Time in the Old Town" better than the white men. And the women folk are brighter than the men.

Early in the American occupation of the islands the public school teachers who were brought over from the United States observed the extraordinary aptitude of

Filipino children for handicraft work requiring both patience and skill. There was also a lack of enthusiasm for too much book "learnin'" on the part of the pupils who could not speak a word of English. So the teachers wisely decided to give the children something to do with their hands as well as with their heads.

As a part of the "busy work" which was introduced into the schools as a means of catching and holding the attention of the pupils, doll-making, stick-laying and hand-weaving of an elementary nature were early resorted to. At first this work was quite crude and the products far from possessing either the qualities of beauty or utility. But it was not long before the young people, of their own volition, began fashioning articles which were neat in finish and artistic in design, though even now constant effort has to be exercised on the part of teachers and industrial supervisors to prevent the use of inharmonious combinations of colors, or of excessively bright shades. The savage loves his red and green and yellow and he is not particular how it is combined. It must be loud, and the louder it is the better it pleases him.

A factor which has exerted a strong influence in developing the handicraft work of Filipino children has been the industrial exhibition which has been held for the last eight years in Manila by the Bureau of Education. These exhibits have steadily grown in size and quality until at the exhibit last year sales amounting to \$37,000 were made.

The little red school houses in the outlying districts act as collection centers for the marketable wares manufactured by people in the immediate vicinity. These are sent on to Manila and taken in charge by the Bureau, where they are arranged for sale to the many tourists and travelers passing through Manila.

Many of the articles exhibited are standard in manufacture and design, their popularity resulting solely from the superiority of the raw material used and the excellence of the workmanship and finish. Such standard made articles are furniture, needlework, baskets, etc. But each year also sees the introduction of many new and typically Philippine novelties as well as the further development

TYPICAL WORK BASKETS MADE IN PHILIPPINE PUBLIC SCHOOLS. THESE ARE WOVEN IN THE NATURAL COLOR OF THE MATERIALS AND ARE STRONG, OF PLEASING DESIGN AND VERY USEFUL.

and perfection of those introduced in former years. These articles are the products that most interest the tourist.

Some years ago an American teacher received a picture post card which showed a rather humorous Bilikin in plain black and white. A Filipino teacher asked to take the picture to school with him and in a day or two returned the picture to the American with a large Bilikin carved out of a cocoonut husk. From this the famous "Bohul Mutt" toy of the Philippines was developed. These sell in considerable numbers each year at the Manila carnivals.

Among the carved articles which are popular with visitors to the islands are the glove and collar boxes, novel in form and upon which are represented original Philippine designs. Canoes are also carved out of fine hardwoods with del-

HEMP NOVELTIES MADE IN PHILIPPINE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

icate and intricate carvings along the entire length. Then there are Filipino dolls of cloth and paper pulp, dressed in typically colored costumes of the country, miniature Igorot weapon sets made of steel and nara wood, which illustrate the primitive instruments used for warfare and self-protection among the wild tribes of the mountains.

From the Visayan province of Capiz and from the Bicol province of Sorsogon at the southern end of the island of Luzon come abaca (Manila hemp) slippers beautifully and delicately woven—dainty articles for the bed room. Almost all over the islands a native fern is found called "nito," which, when split and cleaned, furnishes an excellent ebony-black weaver for decorating fans, basket rims and swagger sticks. The nito is sometimes woven about the edges of vetter fans to prevent that part of the material from unravelling and to add a touch of color.

A passenger on a trans-Indian steamer once remarked that he would afterwards be able to tell whether or not a traveler had ever been to Colombo by observing whether or not his mantel piece harbored an ebony elephant. The reason for purchasing these carved elephants in such

large numbers is that they are easily packed in trunks and suit cases and are unbreakable.

The trade schools of the Philippines have also taken advantage of this preference of the tourist for something in the carved and polished wood line that will pack easily and safely. Among these may be numbered dumb bells, gavels, and Indian clubs of turned wood, smoking sets, paper knives, picture frames, tooth pick holders, tabarets and blotter pads, made of wood deftly shaped and fashioned. But the most highly prized curio of the Philippines is the justly famous lanete carved boxes and chests from Ilocos, covered completely with carving. Then there are cribbage boards and checker boards made in light and dark hard-woods cleverly inlaid in true mosaic style.

Still more odd are the tree fern vases, bamboo vases uniquely carved, Igorot statuettes of wood and stone representing the "anitos" or gods worshipped by them. Many other articles could be named but it will suffice to say that practically anything one could imagine in the novelty line can be turned out in excellent shape by the school children of the Philippines.

IRISH CROCHET HANDBAGS MADE IN THE
SCHOOLS OF ALBAY. THE IRISH CROCHET
INDUSTRY, INTRODUCED BY THE PUBLIC
SCHOOLS, HAS BECOME A REMUNERATIVE
HOUSEHOLD INDUSTRY IN ALBAY.

PERSISTENT PROSPERITY

By SCOTT NEARING

MEN in past years have thought of prosperity as a highly desirable but equally uncertain state of the business world. There were good times and bad times as a matter of course. In the good times business prospered. In the bad times it languished. Profits in good times were high; in bad times they were low. Flourishing business and substantial profits to the business world spelled prosperity.

No one questioned the reasonableness of intermittent prosperity. Acquiescence in the idea went so far that the political economists shaped it into a general principle, and conned the term "residual claimant" to describe the profit-takers, who took what was left over after rent, interest, and wages had been paid to the landlord, capitalist, and laborer.

The past few years have witnessed a determined endeavor on the part of the business world, to perpetuate prosperity, the idea being, that it is not possible to have too much of a good thing.

The attitude of the business world on the question is well illustrated by the stand taken by a large Eastern railroad during the severe business depression in 1913-14. The first move of the railroad was to lay off a portion of its working force. Men from every department were temporarily or permanently unemployed, and many assistants in other departments were put on part time. Thus the first move of the road in its curtailment of operating expenses took the form of discharged labor.

At the same time, a considerable number of passenger trains were discontinued. This involved a loss of service for the public.

Curtailment of operating expenses took the form of disemployment and decreased service. During the period of industrial depression the usual interest was paid on the bonds of the company and the usual dividends on the stock. Apparently the owners of the stock did not expect to participate in the losses incident to hard times.

One of the officials of the company, on

the stand before the State Railroad Commission, was asked if he did not consider it reasonable that the stockholders should bear a portion of the burden of hard times. He replied that he did not. The stock of his company, he said, partook of the nature of bonds, and those who invested in it might reasonably expect to receive the dividends in good years and in bad years alike.

The desire of the railroad to give its common stock the stability and value of a bond was only natural. Many of the great insurance companies and banks had reached a point of business certainty. Why should not the railroads do the same?

The answer, in one large instance, comes clear and decisive. The railroads can, and they will. The railroads carrying on the anthracite coal business have succeeded in perpetuating prosperity. Thus far, in the encounters with the ups and downs of the business world, they have succeeded in taking advantage of the ups and warding off the downs.

An effective combination was formed by the anthracite roads in 1898. Previous to that time, the individual railroads held great areas of anthracite coal lands, but all efforts at combination had met with failure. With the combination of 1898 went an absolute control of the anthracite business, vested in a small, closely interwoven group of railroad interests.

Here, indeed, was a basis for continuous prosperity. Forty million people in the United States depend more or less on anthracite coal for fuel. Practically all of the anthracite coal in the United States is in the northeastern corner of Pennsylvania. The combination of Anthracite carriers held nineteen-twentieths of the unmined coal, and nearly nine-tenths of the annual production. A valuable resource, concentrated in one small geographic area, dominated by a harmonious group of coal carriers—what greater guarantee of perpetual prosperity could be hoped for?

The possibility of persistent prosperity seemed a certainty, and the results have

more than justified expectations, as may be seen from the following table of common stock dividends:

COMMON STOCK DIVIDENDS PAID BY THE ANTHRACITE CARRIERS, 1898-1913, PER CENT.†

Year	Reading	N. J. C.	Lehigh Valley	Lackawanna	Delaware & Hudson	Pennsylvania	Ontario	Lehigh Coal & Navig. Co. P. & R.
1898	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
1899	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
1900	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
1901	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
1902	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
1903	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
1904	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
1905	3 1/2	4	4	17	7	6	4 1/2	20
1906	4	4	4	20	7	6 1/2	22	30
1907	4	4	6	20	9	7	22	30
1908	4	4	6	20	9	6	22	80
1909	4	4	6	85†	9	6	22	25
1910	6	12	6	20	9	6	22	25
1911	6	12	10	55¶	9	6	22	15
1912	6	12	20	20	9	6	22	15
1913	8	12	10	20	9	6	2	20
1914	8	12	10	20	9	6	8	20

*The Central of New Jersey paid regular quarterly dividends of 2 per cent in 1902, but none are shown because of a change in the date of the annual report.

†Not including a 10 per cent stock allotment at par.

‡Including a 15 per cent stock dividend.

§Not including a 10 per cent stock allotment at par and a 15 per cent scrip dividend.

¶Including 35 per cent in guaranteed 4 per cent stock in Lackawanna Railroad of New Jersey.

||Including a special dividend of 10 per cent.

A monopoly like that enjoyed by the anthracite carriers guarantees prosperity to the stockholders. It has little or no effect upon general prosperity and adversity. Times are good and times are bad, just as they were before 1898. More bad times come; they bring a burden with them. Who shall bear it?

Well, who is there to bear it?

Three parties are interested in the anthracite or any other business: The employer, the worker, and the general public. The employer's prosperity being assured, the hardship of adversity must be carried by labor in lessened earnings or by the public in increased prices. Theoretically this should be true. Practically, things have turned out just that way. Prices have increased, and the worker has work when times are good and no work when times are bad. He is hired by the day, week, or month, and as business slacks off he is "allowed to go."

Some industries are able to ask the public to share adversity by paying higher prices. Other industries are not able to do so, but in all the industries, the extent of unemployment, which is an irreducible factor, is an excellent measure of the condition of the industry.

The heaviest burden; that is, the burden which involves the greatest hardships, is shifted to those least able to bear it—the laborers. The industries are stabilizing prosperity for the stockholders, but they are doing it at the expense of the man and the family of the man whose time and energy make industry possible.

The risks of industry, the burdens of economic uncertainty, and the losses incident to the dislocations of the industrial system are borne in the first instance by labor. The first appearance of hard times is followed by a decrease in the working force. The least curtailment in orders leads to part-time work. Wage rates are not cut—that method is crude and disastrous—but men and women are laid off temporarily and permanently. Bonds still draw their interest; the dividends are paid on stocks; and labor waits for a job. The defender of property income will say at once—"If there is nothing to do, why pay labor?" The counter question is obvious. "If there is nothing to do, why pay capital?" "Ah," responds the properties interests, "you can get rid of the laborer by firing him, but the investment still stands." That answer carries with it the essential distinction in priority between the position of the property owner and of the worker. Mines, railroads, factories, and machinery, cannot be laid off. Through good times and bad they are a fixed charge, unless the business wishes to face bankruptcy proceedings. The most important obligation of a modern business is the interest on its bonded debt. Wages and salaries may stop, but interest on bonds must continue if the business is to remain solvent.

Interest has always been looked upon as a fixed charge. Modern business is going farther and placing dividends on the same basis. Huge surpluses are used to keep dividends intact. Meanwhile labor is employed when times are good, and dismissed when times are bad.

Through the evolution of the industrial system, property income has become a first charge on industry. Instead of being the residual claimant, instead of taking what is left after other charges are paid, property rights have fastened themselves upon industry to such an extent that the owner of capital, like the owner of land, can demand and obtain a royalty (interest charge)

which must be paid before any other claimant to income is satisfied.

Thus, landowners, the owners of bonds and mortgages, and in later years, the owners of stocks as well, have saddled their property ownership claims on society. They are possessed of the vitals of present-day economic life. Armed with title deeds to natural resources and to machinery alike,

they are in a position to dictate terms to the remainder of mankind. Before a tree can be cut or a ton of coal mined; before a wheel can turn or a locomotive speed along the steel pathway; before a wage earner can raise a hand to labor for himself and his family, the property owners must be assured that they will receive a specified and assured rate of return on their holdings.

A SONG OF REVOLT

Air: Scots Wha Hae

By Wilfrid Gribble

Workers, rise in ev'ry land,
Clearly think and firmly stand,
Snap wage slav'ry's galling band,
Cease to bow the knee.

Sure the hope within your view,
For your babes, your wives and you—
To yourselves and class be true.
Rise for Liberty!

In yourselves the power lies,
In your manhood's pride, arise!
Strike, by every hope ye prize!
Would ye not be free?

Long ye've borne sore toil and pain
For king and master; worn their chain,
Deeming ev'ry hope was vain
For a nobler fate.

"Tis to you we call to-day,
"Fling those galling chains away.
If ye only will ye may,
Will ye longer wait?"

Naught there is your power to stay,
The world is yours whene'er ye say,
Even should it be today—
Make the world your own.

As a class you must unite,
Workers' power is workers' right.
Workers' hope is workers' might.
That, and that alone.

By your parents' arduous lives,
By your toiling, careworn wives,
By each soul which bravely strives,
Rise! Be men! Be free!

WILFRID GRIBBLE

Stories of the Cave People

THE FIRST PLANTING

By MARY E. MARCY

WHEN the great flood, which Little Laughing Boy imagined covered the face of all the land, had subsided, and the roaring river fell back into a portion of its old channel, the survivors of the clans turned their feet toward the homes of their fathers.

There were many changes. Strange things had occurred. Hundreds of members of the various hordes had been lost in the flood; the river bed itself had been twisted into a new and alarming shape so that, on the other side of its bank, trees had been torn up and the waters had eaten into the earth and lapped the foot of the low hills; the old Hollow was filled with many tons of new black earth and many of the caves were buried beneath the soil deposited by the river.

The Hollow had been the home of the Cave People, of Little Laughing Boy, his father, Strong Arm, and his mother, Quack Quack. They had escaped during the flood with the Foolish One, a member of their own tribe, and had been joined later on by the Hairy Man, a survivor of the Hairy Folk. And they had clung together during their dangers and journeyings for mutual strength and protection.

When they had encountered Tall and Big Foot, of one of the man-eating hordes, their numbers enabled them to overcome these powerful enemies, who joined the band and fed Laughing Boy his first taste of roasted human flesh. These men also taught the Cave People the wonderful power hidden away in the flint pit, which they had discovered; how two pieces of this strange rock could call forth the protecting fire when struck sharply together, and how thin pieces of this same rock made wonderful knives with which to hack and slay the enemy. Indeed, it was the insistence of Big Foot in carrying away several pieces of this new rock that caused the others to do likewise, altho it was a long time before any of them returned to the flint pit and

began to use flint regularly in making weapons.

In spite of the large number of men and women and children who lost their lives in the great flood, this was a time of progress, a time when all the tribes learned many new things. The surviving Hairy Folk were thrown with members of the tribe of Cave People—and learned the use of fire. The Tree Dwellers were forced to walk upon the ground and learned new methods of fishing and hunting from the Cave People, the fashioning of rafts made of bamboo poles bound together with tough grasses and wild vines, which one could propel in the water by paddling with the hands.

The Tall People, who contributed a meagre knowledge of flint, gained the use of the bow and arrow from their old enemies, the Dart Throwers. It was a time when men learned much. Of course, many of these things were forgotten in the days of ease and plenty, until the children of the members of the tribes discovered or invented or were shown them all over again in the years that followed.

Strong Arm and Quack Quack and Laughing Boy, in company with the Foolish One and Tall and Big Foot and the Hairy Man, followed the shore of the river in order to reach the home of the Cave People. Scarcely a sound they made, as they wound their way thru the heavy grasses that sprung up, with the magic of the tropics, from the rich soil left by the flood.

Of food there was now every day a greater abundance. Fruits ripened and grew luscious over night. Hundreds of fish were left in shallows by the receding flood where they could be gathered by hand. And it was impossible to avoid stumbling over the egg-filled nests of the gulls and the oo-ee-a.

Also there were unknown dangers, and Tall grew ill with a fever that made the touch of his hands like the flames of the protecting fire. And although Big Foot and Quack Quack brought him every day

fresh fruit and other food, which they sometimes roasted in the coals, he drove them away. Steadily he grew worse until madness came into his eyes and his voice rose above the quiet of the night and Laughing Boy grew fearful in spite of the friendly fire. For the roars of the sick man, Tall, echoed through the woods and the forest enemies would hear and approach.

But Tall could not be restrained. A new strength that comes with the fever fed his veins, and a night came when he thrust his companions from him and disappeared, screaming into the woods. They never saw him again. For as he ran, his wild cries filled the night and the very branches of the trees seemed to waken with the tumult.

Then came the grim howl of the hyena and the soft fall of padded feet upon the earth. Down the gulley a strange voice arose. Life stirred in the bushes and the hair on the head of Laughing Boy rose in terror.

Farther and farther receded the wailings of the sick man till at last a howl re-echoed in the darkness that brought the band of tribes people huddling together in fear. For it was the cry of the sabretoothed tiger. Came then a stillness with only the voice of Tall driving the sweat out upon their bodies.

And while the little band fed the friendly fire and gathered near its protecting flames, they waited for the end of the sick man. It came at last, one long scream of agony, when the greatest enemy of all the hordes came upon him.

Big Foot knew and Strong Arm knew and the others of the tribes knew also that the danger to themselves was over for the night, but long they crouched in the light of the flames, ears twitching, nostrils quivering, like images of bronze frozen with fear.

* * * *

Many other adventures befell the mixed group from the different clans, on their journeyings toward the Hollow which had been the home of the Cave People. There were dangers encountered and evaded or overcome in every hour of these eventful days. But at last they reached the ridge above the edge of the Hollow. Quack Quack and Strong Arm and the

Foolish One and the others climbed the hill and gazed over into what had been once a lovely valley. But much of this lay filled with the soil left by the flood. Tall grasses waved in the breeze, and many new blossoms lifted their heads. And nearly all of the old familiar caves were filled with mud and covered up.

It was all very queer. And while they proceeded with caution, as men going into a strange land, the brush before them parted and they beheld the grinning features of Big Nose and Light Foot and behind them others of the Cave People, and a fuzzy woman from among the Hairy Folk and strange people and former enemies from the other clans, all of whom had escaped the flood and wandered back toward the dwelling places of their tribes.

And Strong Arm scooped out the soil that had been washed against the opening of a high cave upon the hill and entered it to rest after his long journey. And he dug with his hands into the soft earth, for he remembered the tubers he had buried there one day when he had been hunting with the men of the tribe, for he was hungry. And lo! *many* juicy tubers he found where he had buried only two or three. And Strong Arm and Quack Quack ate of the potatoes, while, for a Cave-man, Strong Arm pondered deeply on these things.

He thought much of *one* tuber and how it had made *many* tubers, and recalled the words of his father, who had spoken of the *mother* potato. Then he felt Quack Quack at his side and forgot the matter and fell asleep.

Necessity has been the great spur to the progress of mankind, and it is probable that over and over again, in the early stages of primitive culture, the use of fire was discovered and lost and forgotten and regained before men realized the need which fire supplied. It is almost certain that the art of pottery was discovered and lost and rediscovered times without number. It is equally certain that it took primitive man many, many long, dark years to learn to plan for the periods of want and famine.

In tropical countries, where food was to be had in abundance almost the whole year around, no necessity arose for the

raising of crops. Man would never have felt the need of learning to cultivate food stuffs in this environment.

Savages had only the vaguest notions of the relation of cause and effect. It was necessary for buried tubers to sprout new potatoes year after year, for the plants to multiply before their very eyes and the *necessity* of planting food to have arisen before the relation of sowing and reaping could begin to mean anything to them. Only then did *planting* assume any tribal significance.

Doubtless it was in some semi-tropical country that the discovery of Strong Arm first began to make an impression upon the awakening minds of the early savages. Buried sweet yams and others of the potato family which had multiplied and become many yams or potatoes, must have been a wonderful windfall when discovered by the half starved tribes, in the midst of a long season of want. The cause of their growing would then be carefully observed by the clans.

Be sure that it was necessity that forced the first early savage to sow and bury against the days of coming hunger. Man did not take naturally to work. For several hundreds of thousands of years he dwelt in tropical or semi-tropical lands, where food was usually plentiful, it was only an urgent need that forced him to sow and till the soil. Before that time he had dwelt in the continual problems of the day and had been compelled to give no real thought nor plan for the morrow.

* * * *

Strong Arm slept in the cave with Quack Quack after their long journey back to the home of their fathers. And he dreamed a dream wherein he saw Tall, the great man from the strange tribe, alive and walking about, just as he had done before the sickness came upon him when he had wandered out into the night and met the sabre-toothed tiger.

And in his dream Strong Arm saw Tall stand before his cave and thrust many tubers in the ground where one tuber had been. And when Strong Arm awoke he told Quack Quack and his brothers and Laughing Boy of his dream in the few words he knew and in signs and pantomime.

And so much Strong Arm wondered that when he ate of the fish that had been roasting, he removed one fish from the ashes and carried it to his cave, where he buried it in the soft earth. Then he took the bones of a young boar and buried them also, for when these bones are cracked the marrow is very sweet to eat. He desired one fish to grow into a hundred fish and the bones of one wild pig to become a whole forest of bones.

And he tried to tell these things to the tribe—to say that perhaps it was the Spirit of Tall which would come in the night and make many fish out of one and a forest of bones from one young boar. The Cave People came and watched him at his labors and chattered and gesticulated and wondered.

And in the morning they gathered about to eat of the many fish which Strong Arm hoped to find in the earth in his cave, and to crack the bones and partake of the marrow. But there were only the fish and the bones which Strong Arm had planted and he sat down upon his haunches and wept bitterly. The Cave People were disappointed, and Big Foot mocked him.

Perhaps Strong Arm was one of the first experimenters. He did not give up altogether. Occasionally the thought of many little tubers grown from one big tuber, would seize hold of him, and one day he buried a yellow yam, which resembled our sweet potatoes, and turned up the ground the next day only to find that it had not become a whole dinner of sweet potatoes. He was not sure that Tall, the dead man, or the Spirit of Tall had anything to do with these things. Tall had not returned again to Strong Arm in his dreams. It was all very strange. Strong Arm did not understand. Everything was mysterious and confused.

Another time he buried several tubers. The day following he dug them up, but he forgot one or two of these and when, after some time, he jammed about in the soil again, he found a whole armful of tubers. The miracle had come back again. And Tall, or the Spirit of the dead man, had not returned to make possible the wonder. The miracle was stranger than ever.

Almost Strong Arm evolved an idea,

an idea that tubers (or potatoes) planted in the earth in the sun, and left for a whole tribe of suns, might in some mysterious manner beyond his understanding become the mother of many potatoes.

* * * *

Then the Hairy Folk descended from the ridge, upon the Cave People. They came with long spears in their hands and cries of death in their fuzzy throats, and Strong Arm and the Cave People gave them to battle. Many were killed and Big Foot roasted the body of one of the enemy upon the coals and the Cave People ate the hairy man with much zest and relish.

And the stomachs of the Cave People were distended with the feast and Strong Arm strutted and danced about the fire with those who had accomplished the

victory. And he forgot all about the idea he had almost achieved, about the planting of potatoes and the making of more sweet yams.

So the discovery, that was only half a discovery, was lost to the tribe for many years. Doubtless if you had reminded him of it and he could have spoken to you in a language you would understand, Strong Arm would have replied that there were the Hairy Folk and the Dart Throwers to be annihilated, the children of the tribe to be protected and food to be provided and that he had ceased to think of such foolish things as the sticking of fat tubers in the ground in the hope of making them the mothers of many little potatoes, and anyway, these were strange things past all the ability of any man to understand.

ELECTRIC PLANTS

Drawings by Edna Hood Lissak

By ROYAL DIXON

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PEOPLE in general have long contented themselves with assigning a very limited amount of vitality to plants. In fact when a few of the more advanced naturalists and scientists began to set forth the theory that an electric current, such as causes the muscles of an animal to contract, would perform the same miracle with plants, the public said, "Preposterous!" But today we know that there is no established line of demarcation between plants and animals. If, then, there is no line of differentiation, and if we concede that even man himself is a walking electric dynamo, it is not astonishing to learn that plants are also electric batteries. And this fact is fast being accepted by the more advanced thinkers of today; if any one doubts the electrical powers of plants, he

may easily prove the theory for himself.

There are always electro-motor activities in plants. They are mainly due to the chemical differences in the different layers of cells, and, according to Dr. Biedermann, "they have been observed, not only as responses to mechanical stimulation, but as accompanying manifestations in the assimilation of carbon dioxide in the regular process of plant nutrition."

Some electric plants are weak, others are strong. Perhaps the strongest, that is in the sense of electrical vibrations, is the sensitive plant (*Mimosa pudica*); others, such as iris, nicotiana, nasturtiums, and practically all the meat-eating plants, such as the "Venus fly-trap" and the "sundew," afford splendid examples for experimentation. If any of these be placed "in connection with a galvanometer by means of electrodes attached to leaves on different sides, and one side of the plant be exposed to sunlight while the other side is kept shaded, then within from three to ten seconds after exposure to sunlight there will be a flow of electricity from the lighted to the shaded parts amounting to .005 to .02 volt. This continues for about five minutes, when the magnet begins to swing back and shows an opposite current of considerable magnitude. The manifestations are similar to those of tetranized nerve."

A better understanding of the electrical qualities of plants will, no doubt, explain many of the hitherto mysterious habits of meat-eating plants. Especially will this be true of such terrible and uncanny plant monsters as the "devil's snare" of South America, and the mammoth *Utricularia*, or fishing plant, which lures minnows and small animals into its voracious mouth, and suddenly, as if an electric button were secretly pressed, closes in upon its helpless prey. In other words, it fishes with a net electrically wired! Strange as it may sound, this plant safeguarded itself by means of its electrical



THE EAST INDIAN TELEGRAPH PLANT

currents ages before we used the electric burglar alarm and door bell. Were it not for this protection, the plant could not live and hold its own in such an animal infested region as it needs for its fishing ground.

There is one form of the *Utricularia* which has little hollow roots through which many tiny minnows are lured in search of food. But lo! these tiny creatures become hopelessly entangled among the paralyzing electric threads and soon fall victims to the plant's satanic scheme. The hypocritical ingenuity of this plant is best shown by the exquisite flowers which stand up above its death wires, like Mahomet's coffin, miraculously suspended.

Many strange stories are told of a Vampire Vine, commonly known as the "devil's snare," which grows near Lake Titicaca in South America. This uncanny vine is like a huge snake and it is supposed to be able to capture wild animals as large as dogs and suck the blood from their bodies, just as an insect-eating plant catches a fly and draws nutriment from the carcass. The "devil's snare" is continually reaching out its huge white arms which draw in every living thing that comes within its reach. This plant thrives in the inland region of the Nicaragua Canal; no good photographs have yet been made of it. The many weird and strange stories told of its diabolical habits, how it paralyzes everything that comes within its grasp, are no doubt explainable by attributing to it the possession of an enormous amount of electrical power.

For horror, this electrical flesh-eating plant has no equal. According to Mr. Stead, "It is found in the deep, swampy regions, and the natives call it "the devil's snare." In form it is a sort of vegetable octopus, or devil-fish, and it is able to drain the blood of any living thing which comes within its clutches. It was first discovered by a naturalist, Mr. Dunstan, while engaged in hunting for botanical specimens. He heard his dog cry out as if in agony from a distance. Running to the spot from which the animal's cries came, Mr. Dunstan found him enveloped in what appeared to him a perfect network of what seemed to be a

fine, rope-like tissue of roots and fibres. The plant, or vine, seemed to be entirely composed of bare, interlacing stems, resembling, more than anything else, the branches of the weeping-willow denuded of its foliage, but of a dark, nearly black hue, and covered with a thick, viscid gum that exuded from the pores." Mr. Dunstan tried to free the dog by means of a large knife, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he finally succeeded in cutting the fleshy fibres of the magnetized plant. The dog was so weak and exhausted that he could scarcely stand when freed, and Mr. Dunstan saw, to his amazement, that there was blood on the dog's body, while the skin appeared to have been actually sucked or puckered in spots."

Mr. Dunstan said, that in cutting the vine, the twigs curled like living, sinuous fingers about his hands, and that it re-

VENUS FLY TRAP. ONLY THE SMALL SPINES ARE IRRITABLE, AND OTHER PARTS MAY

quired terrific force to free himself from the plant's electrical grasp, which left his hands red and blistered. He found out little about the nature of this strange electrical monstrosity, as the difficulties in handling it are extreme. No doubt, a more complete understanding of electrical plants in the future will explain the mysterious powers of the "devil's snare."

A very peculiar plant, and one which has tremendous electrical powers, is the "telegraph plant" (*Desmodium gyrans*). It is a native of India, and each of its leaves is composed of three leaflets; the larger one stands erect during the day but turns down at night, while each of the smaller leaflets move day and night without stopping. They describe by means of jerking motions complete circles, not unlike the smaller hand of a watch.

In my recent book, "The Human Side of Plants," I have devoted a chapter to plants as weather-prophets. There is little doubt that, at no distant date, the United States Weather Bureau will adopt the novel and efficient method already in use in London, of forecasting the weather by means of the "weather plant" (*Abrus precatorius*). A number of scientists believe that by means of this augural plant it will be comparatively easy to predict cyclones, hurricanes, tor-

nadoes, earthquakes, and even volcanic eruptions.

Botanists have long been aware of the fact that by close observation of the leaves of the *Abrus precatorius* conditions of the weather may be correctly foreseen. This plant is so keenly sensitive to all electrical and magnetic influences that even the slightest change in temperature is immediately discernible by the movement of its leaves, whose prophetic qualities were first brought into prominence by an Austrian baron, Professor Nowack. His discoveries were made known to the public about twenty-five years ago, when specimens of the plant were shown and weather predictions made for two days in advance. So very accurate were most of these forecasts that not only botanists but the leading scientific thinkers of the world became interested.

How great an influence electricity exerts upon all forms of plant life, to what extent its presence is responsible for the growth and development and physical activity of the plant, remains a question up to the present. It is certain, however, that there is a degree of electric power in every kind of plant, and that all plants are susceptible to the influence of electricity in the performing of their functions.

Uncle Sam's Open Shop

By JOHN MARSHALL

SOON after Hitchcock was appointed Postmaster General by President Taft, he inaugurated, as the Post Office employees termed it, "The Hitchcock economy policy." He went into office determined to eliminate the deficit which amounted to millions of dollars yearly. At the expiration of his term the surplus amounted to several hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Burleson, the present Postmaster General, has followed very closely "The Hitchcock economy policy." At the end of the fiscal year 1914 the surplus amounted to almost four and one-half million dollars.

Classes of Mail Used by Big Business and Workers

To understand who paid the deficit it is necessary to know what percentage of the different classes of mail is sent by big business and what percentage is sent by the working class.

About ninety per cent of the first and second class mail, such as sealed letters, newspapers and magazines, belongs to big business.

Third class mail, such as circulars or advertising, practically all belongs to big business. The workers have nothing to sell, except labor power, consequently

they have no need of advertising. About the only time the workers ever use the third class mail privilege is when they send mimeograph copies announcing union or lodge meetings or the proceedings of such meetings.

Fourth class mail, which is known as domestic parcel post mail, including merchandise, books and catalogues, is almost exclusively big business mail. During Christmas is about the only time the workers ever use the parcel post privilege.

Until a few years ago catalogues were rated as third class mail. Under this rating it cost the big mail order houses thirty-two cents to send a catalogue weighing five pounds. Since the parcel post, when the rates on fourth class were lowered, the post office department has very kindly transferred catalogues from third class to fourth class mail. Now it only costs seven cents to send a catalogue weighing five pounds anywhere in the first zone. By this change the big mail order houses are saving millions of dollars.

About ninety per cent of the registered letters and money orders are sent by the working class. When big business sends money they write a check on the bank. The working class, having no bank account, puts the money into a letter or buys a money order. The only time that big business ever registers any mail is when it sends valuable papers.

Increasing the registered mail from eight to ten cents and raising the rates on money orders was one of the first orders issued by Mr. Hitchcock after being appointed Postmaster General. Then he sent out an order to all superintendents in the Railway Mail Service "to take up the slack." The superintendents began squeezing the clerks until conditions became unbearable.

The Railway Mail Clerks' Association, which is controlled by the Post Office Department, would not do anything for them. The clerks began organizing a union barring all officials of the department. Locals were organized in St. Paul, Minn., Chicago, Ill., Syracuse, N. Y., and another in Massachusetts.

Hitchcock Breaking Up the New Organization.

To destroy the new organization the Post Office Department issued the following order:

"Sir: You are requested to notify all clerks in your office who are members of secret organizations within the service that the department regards membership in such organizations as inimical to the interest of the government. All clerks when they enter the service take an oath to well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office to which they are appointed and to perform all the duties required of them and to abstain from everything forbidden by the laws in relation to post offices and post roads. It is incompatible with their obligation to the department that they should assume another oath with a secret organization in the service which may at any time interfere with the obligation which they have assumed upon entering the service.

"This is not to be construed as interfering with any right which a clerk may have of acting personally and individually with reference to organizations outside the postal service. Yours very truly,

"C. P. Granfield,

"First Assistant Postmaster General."

Then Mr. Hitchcock dismissed from the service all the officials of the new organization. After the organization was destroyed some of the dismissed officials were reinstated.

Speeding Up System

After Congress passed a law automatically promoting clerks and carriers of one hundred dollars per year from \$800 to \$1,100 in first class offices and from \$800 to \$1,000 in second class offices, the Post Office Department inaugurated what it termed a merit system. In reality it was only a demerit system. There are demerits for failing to ring the time recording clock, for being late, for being absent without permission, for making an error in assorting mail, for talking disrespectfully to your superiors, etc., etc. A certain number of these demerits is sufficient to cause a reduction of salary or even dismissal from the service. The only way to receive merits is by speed tests. If an employee handles more pieces of mail per minute than the

standard set by the department, he receives merits. If he handles less than the standard he receives demerits. All the employees are compelled to work at the highest speed to hold their salary and job.

Blacklist

When a clerk comes into the postal service he is given one of the state schemes. He must memorize every office in the state given to him. The number of post offices vary in the different states from two thousand to five thousand. He must be able to pass an examination in speed and accuracy, in which county every post office is located. Then he must pass another examination, in speed and accuracy, known as the "stand point." That is, he must know which road and train running through the state will take a piece of mail to its destination in the least time. Some post offices have as many as twelve to fifteen dispatches in twenty-four hours. It requires from two to three years of hard and continual study to become a proficient mail distributor. This study must be done on the clerk's own time. Whenever an employee is dismissed from the service for talking disrespectfully to his superiors or any other cause, he is blacklisted in every post office in the United States. He becomes an outcast. He might as well be thrown in the midst of a desert. All the years of hard study amounts to nothing.

Reduction in Salary and Dismissal of Old Employees.

During the summer of 1914, eighteen employees were dismissed from the service and thirty were reduced in salary, in the post office at Washington, D. C. The age of the dismissed employees ranged from forty-six to eighty-one. Some of them had served the government for fifty-one years. A little later in the year the

same thing occurred in the Chicago post office. Not being able to stand the high speed tests set by the department, they were given a reduction in salary or thrown on the scrap heap to shift for themselves.

Until about one year ago the collectors, the men who collect mail from the street corner mail boxes, were old men in the service. They had worn themselves out carrying the sack up and down the street. Rather than join the unemployed army they took the collection cart. The Post Office Department issued an order that all collectors must report for carrier duty. Those who were unable to carry the districts allotted to them by the department were given a two hundred dollar reduction in salary and sent back on the cart. And yet the Post Office Department opposes every measure introduced in Congress to pension the superannuated employees.

Arresting and Jailing Clerks and Carriers for Quitting the Job.

Only a few months ago twenty-eight clerks and carriers of Fairmont, W. Va., tendered their resignation in a body under the pressure of treatment by the postmaster. The Postmaster General, Mr. Burleson, had them immediately arrested and thrown into jail on the charge of conspiracy to delay the mail. These clerks and carriers belonged to organizations that were controlled by the Post Office Department. The organizations would not do anything for them and, rather than submit to the tyranny of the postmaster, they quit the job.

Increasing the rates on working class mail, squeezing, speeding and tyrannizing ever the employees is the method by which the deficit has been paid in the United States Post Office Department, *government owned and controlled.*



FANTINE IN OUR DAY

By EUGENE V. DEBS

THE reader of "Les Miserables" can never forget the ill-starred Fantine, the mournful heroine of Hugo's immortal classic. The very name of Fantine, the gay, guileless, trusting girl, the innocent, betrayed, self-immolating young mother, the despoiled, bedraggled, hunted and holy martyr to motherhood, to the infinite love of her child, touches to tears and haunts the memory like a melancholy dream.

Jean Valjean, noblest of heroes, was possible only because of Fantine, sublimest of martyrs.

Fantine—child of poverty and starvation—the ruined girl, the abandoned mother, the hounded prostitute, remained to the very hour of her tragic death chaste as a virgin, spotless as a saint in the holy sanctuary of her own pure and undefiled soul. It was of such as Fantine that Heine wrote: "I have seen women on whose cheeks red vice was painted and in whose hearts dwelt heavenly purity."

The brief, bitter, blasted life of Fantine epitomizes the ghastly story of the persecuted, perishing Fantines of modern society in every land in Christendom. Everywhere they are branded as "prostitutes" and shunned as lepers. Never was the woman born who could sink low enough—even in the upper class—to be called a "prostitute," and the man who calls a woman by that hideous epithet bears it upon his own forehead.

Why are the Fantines of our day charged with having "gone wrong" and with being "fallen women"? Not one in all the numberless ranks of these sisters of ours who are so despised by the soulless society of which they are the offspring has "gone" wrong, and not one has "fallen" to her present debased and unhappy state. If there is on earth a woman who has "fallen" in the sense usually applied to women who mortgage their honor in the battle for bread I have yet to see or hear of her.

There are certain powerful social forces which in the present order of things make for what is known as "prostitution," but

it is to be noted that there are no "prostitutes" in the upper classes of society. The women in the higher strata may be sexually as unchaste as they will, they are never "prostitutes." The well-to-do woman, not driven by these forces to sell her body to feed her child, may yet fall into the grossest sexual immorality through sheer idleness and ennui, but she has not "gone wrong"—no one thinks of her as a "fallen woman," or dreams of branding her as a "prostitute," and unless she is flagrantly indiscreet in the distribution of her favors her social standing is not materially affected by her moral lapses.

But let a poor shop-girl, a seamstress or a domestic servant—in a word, a working girl—commit some slight indiscretion, and that hour her doom is sealed, and she might as well present herself at once to the public authorities and have the scarlet letter seared into her forehead with a branding iron. She may be pure and innocent as a child, but the "benefit of the doubt" never fails to condemn her. She has "gone wrong," is now a "fallen woman," and the word "prostitute," coined exclusively for her, now designates the low estate which is to be her lot the rest of her life.

A rich woman may sink as low as she can—and a woman can sink very low in the moral and spiritual scale without necessarily indulging her carnal appetites—she is never a "prostitute." She does not sell herself from necessity but indulges herself from desire and therefore is not a "prostitute."

"Prostitution" as generally understood has economic as well as moral and sexual significance and application. "Prostitution" is confined to the "lower class" and bears a direct and intimate relation to the exploitation of the "upper class."

The Fantines of modern society, the "prostitutes" of the present day are wholly of the working class; the segregated area is populated entirely by these unfortunate sisters of ours, and the blasted life and crucified soul of every

mother's daughter of them pleads in mute agony for the overthrow of the brutal, blighting, bartering system which has robbed them of their womanhood, shorn them of every virtue, reduced them to the degraded level of merchandise and finally turned them into sirens of retribution to avenge their dishonor and shame.

As these lines are being written the report of the Vice Commission of the State of Maryland appears in the press dispatches to inform the public that investigation of vice recently concluded in the great cities of that state discloses the fact—not at all new or startling to some of us at least—that many of the girls who “go” wrong and recruit the ranks of the “fallen” women have been seduced and ruined by their employers, bosses, and other stripes of “superiors” of one kind or another, AS A CONDITION OF THEIR EMPLOYMENT. Countless others, cheated of their childhood, pursued from birth by poverty, were doomed before their baby-eyes opened upon a world in which it is a crime to be born, a crime punishable by cruel torture, by starvation of body and soul, and by being cast for life into a den of filth to glut the lust of its beastly keepers.

The innumerable Fantines of our day, found lurking like scarlet spectres in the shadows wherever capitalism casts its withering blight of exploitation, are typified in the child of the garret described by Hugo, the child of slum and street: “There was in her whole person the stupor of a life ended but never commenced.” It is these deflowered daughters of poverty, robbed and degraded, that are forever “dropping fragments of their life upon the public highway.”

The story, inexpressibly pathetic, is a commonplace. It has been repeated a thousand times in every tongue. Here it is again as told by a writer of today: “She has been fatherless. She has gone hungry. She has known bitter cold, shame, rags, scorn, neglect, want in all its forms. She has needed dolls, flowers, play, songs, brightness, sympathy, care, love and has

been given the stone of hard labor instead. Of all the blessings to which childhood is entitled this child has been robbed. In the brief life of this child there is pathos, endurance, long-deferred hope, experience that scars, denial, self-pity, hunger of the spirit, STARVATION OF A CHILD'S SOUL FOR LOVE, HOME, HOPE, HELP.”

Fantine is the greatest character in fiction and the highest type of social martyrdom. The face of Fantine, in which we behold “the horror of old age in the countenance of a child,” is the mirror which reflects society's own sin and shame.

The Fantines have been raped of their virtue, robbed of their womanhood, dishonored, branded, exiled; the ignorance of childhood is with them still, but not its innocence; they have been shamelessly prostituted, but they are not prostitutes. They are girls, women who have walked the path of thorns and briars with bare and bleeding feet; who know the ways of agony and tears, and who move in melancholy procession as capitalist society's sacrificial offering to nameless and dishonored graves.

The very flower of womanhood is crushed in capitalism's mills of prostitution. The girls who yield are the tender, trusting, loving ones, the sympathetic and unsuspecting, who would make the truest of wives and the noblest of mothers. It is not the hard, cold, selfish and suspicious natures that surrender to the insidious forces of prostitution, but the very opposite, and thus is the motherhood of the race dwarfed and deformed and denied its highest functioning and its divinest expression.

The system which condemns men to slavery, women to prostitution, children to poverty and ignorance, and all to hopeless, barren, joyless lives must be uprooted and destroyed before men may know the meaning of morality, walk the highlands of humanity, and breathe the vitalizing air of freedom and fellowship.



A Revolutionary Proposal in Scotland

(SCOTTISH WORKERS DEMAND THE MANAGEMENT OF MUNITION WORKS)

William E. Bohn

ON January 1 the Glasgow Forward was suppressed. This measure was taken because the Forward told the truth about what Scotch workers said to Lloyd George on Christmas day. This story is one of the big, dramatic stories of the struggle between capital and labor. It proves that the workers of Glasgow have clear heads and strong hearts. I wish the workers all over the world could read it as it is told in the Forward.

A big evening meeting of Glasgow unionists had been arranged for Lloyd George. He was to explain why, under the provisions of the Munitions Bill, it is proposed to "dilute" skilled labor with unskilled at reduced pay. At the last moment the government officials got scared and postponed the meeting to Saturday morning, a time when many workers could not attend. Those who did attend gave the Minister of Munitions such a reception as he will not soon forget. While he stood on the platform waiting to address them they sang two stanzas of "The Red Flag." Every statement he made was met with questions or protests.

But the whole attitude of the union men toward the union-wrecking government was best expressed at a meeting which was held at Parkhead Forge, apparently on the same day. The shop stewards, as they are called over there, were in session when Lloyd George arrived. Mr. "Davie" Kirkwood presided. Following is the tale of the meeting as given by the Forward:

"The Chairman said: 'This is Mr. Lloyd George. He has come specially to speak to you, and no doubt you will give him a patient hearing. I can assure him that every word he says will be carefully weighed. We regard him with suspicion, because every act with which his name has been associated has the taint of slavery about it, and he would find that they, as Scotchmen, resented this, and

that if he desired to get the best out of them, he must treat them with justice and respect.'

"This reception seemed to flabbergast the Minister of Munitions. He spoke about our brothers in the trenches, of the number of new factories, of big guns to blow the Germans out of France and across the Rhine, and of the need for unskilled labor being used for work on which skilled labor is now employed.

"When he finished Kirkwood asked if he was prepared to give the workers a share in the management of the works? *They, as Socialists, welcomed dilution of labor, which they regarded as the natural development in industrial conditions.* They were not like the Luddites of another generation, who smashed the new machinery. But this scheme of dilution must be carried out under the control of the workers. They recognized that if they had not control, cheap labor would be introduced, and unless their demand was granted they would fight the scheme to the death.

"Mr. Lloyd George here interjected some remarks to the effect that the workers were not capable of managing workshops, to which Kirkwood hotly retorted: 'These men, for whom I ask a say in the management, carry the confidence of the workers, and have confidence in themselves. They brought out the men of the Clyde in February in defiance of you, in defiance of the government, in defiance of the army, and in defiance of the trade union leaders. They not only led them out, but they led them back victorious. They let it be known that if their demands were not granted, masters might force them to the workshops, but could not make them work. Who run the workshops now? Men drawn from the ranks of the working-class. The only change would be responsibility to the workers, instead of to the present employers. If production was to be im-

proved, the benefit must go to the workers.'

"Mr. Lloyd George stated that this was a revolutionary proposal, and the present was not a time for revolutions, when the country was engaged in a life-and-death struggle with a foreign foe.

"'Ah,' said Kirkwood, 'you are thinking as a lawyer. It takes engineers to reason out an industrial situation like the present one. The settlement of it would

affect engineers, not lawyers. This war has proved conclusively to the workers that one engineer is worth a hundred lawyers, even of your kind.'"

This fine declaration of class-consciousness left the Minister of Munitions without an answer. There is no answer to it that he or any other representative of capitalism would dare to give. Let us make it current around the world: "One engineer is worth a hundred lawyers."

Democracy of Arms

By HENRY L. SLOBODIN

FROM so many sides are the shafts of criticism and scorn hurled at me that I must again revert to the subject of universal military training in order to meet my critics in a fair field.

Among others the New York *Volkszeitung*, than which there is no better Socialist paper and with whose editorial war policy I am in complete accord, is unconditionally opposed to any sort of military training. It is all militarism. The *Volkszeitung* lectured me severely. The *Volkszeitung* makes these points:

1. The International Socialist Congresses did not mean the United States when they passed resolutions favoring universal military training.

2. In Europe the Socialists are in favor of universal military training in order to overthrow militarism. We have no militarism and we need no universal military training.

3. Oh, look who favors military training: Seth Low, Roosevelt, Mayor Mitchell and the like. Proof enough it is against the interest of the working class.

4. The Swiss military system is just as bad and reactionary as others.

1. If the International Congresses did not want to include the United States, they could have said so. Anyhow, it does not make much difference now what the Second International said on the subject. My reason for mentioning it at all is in order to silence the cry: "Put him out!" which some Socialist organizations and newspapers raise

against everyone who favors military training. Universal military training is the policy of International Socialism. The Socialists who are against it must explain.

2. I have said before and I reiterate again that while the European Socialists advocated universal military training in order to destroy standing armies and great arma-

ments, the American Socialists will have to resort to universal military training in order to prevent standing armies and great armaments. The choice is not between NO ARMS AT ALL, or universal military training, but between a Capitalist Reactionary Constabulary of a million or two millions riding rough-shod over a defenseless, disarmed nation on one hand, or the PEOPLE IN ARMS—an Armed Democracy—on the other. Shall the Socialists betray the people in this crucial hour?

3. It makes no difference that Lows and Roosevelts are in favor of universal military training after the Swiss system. They were also in favor of some of the immediate demands in the Socialist platform. It proves nothing. And the argument is provoking. Suppose I said: "Look who is against preparedness for the United States—the German military staff. You ought to be ashamed to be in such company."

4. I did not know enough to say that I am in favor of the Swiss military system, and I did not say it. But the Editorial Omniscience of the *Volkszeitung* condemned the Swiss system on hearsay.

I will let a letter of a Swiss Socialist published in the New York *Volkszeitung* answer this point:

THE SWISS MILITIA.

The New York *Volkszeitung*, number 23, designates the Swiss militia as a class army. Against that we have to say the following:

The writer of these lines belonged 12 years to this army and refutes decidedly this designation even though it comes from comrades. The relation between the soldiers and the officers of our company (Guard No. 5) was, during the entire time of my service, in every respect an ideal one. Our colonel was an official of a neighborhood community.

Nobody will be able to deny that in Switzerland it is possible for every common man to become an officer, if he will—or can—devote enough time and money for his education. Unfortunately, this is impossible in most cases for the poor people. The greater number of Swiss officers come, therefore, from circles that have little understanding for the suffering and want of the people. Yet it is in place here to add that the officer, who had charge of the personal guard of the German Kaiser during his visit in Switzerland, was a comrade.

We admit that the majority of Swiss officers belong to the bourgeois and reactionary parties. This, however, by no means, justifies the degradation of the entire Swiss army as a capitalist tool and the underestimation of its worth for the people.

Any Swiss recruit who follows attentively the military instructions and gets an idea of the great army maneuvers, manipulations and orders, will admit that in case of necessity the under-officer could assume the duties of an officer and qualified soldiers the duties of under-officers. This is said to take place even in the German army while in action, which constitutes its superiority over other armies.

The fact that each soldier has his rifle in his possession at his home and it is possible for him also to have possession of the ammunition, cannot be viewed otherwise than as tending to strengthen the will of the people and their rights. The people are thus enabled, even without professional officers, in the event of an invasion of their rights, to protect them very effectively.

The misuse of some small bodies of soldiers of the Swiss army against striking workmen has precipitated events which must have proven to the country's ruling powers that it would be inadvisable to repeat that experiment. And even this is no ground for calling the Swiss army a capitalist army! The idea that an army should be composed of comrades only is very naive. And arms in the hands of the people is better than none. No one should believe that the phrygian cap (the cap of liberty H. L. S.) could be made of velvet and pulled over the head of the ruling class with silk gloves. Yet it is difficult to judge and is quite doubtful whether the Swiss military system can be copied in this country."

Here is an example of plain wholesome common sense which our brilliant leaders will do well to emulate.

Comes Comrade William E. Bohn and uses me severely and sarcastically for viewing the Socialist movement as a "definite and familiar thing," rather than be afflicted with such a view, Comrade Bohn would have joined Tammany Hall.

I can see at a glance that Comrade Bohn has a bad case of dialectics. To him the universe is a phantasmagoria of crazy atoms or ions. Nothing is familiar. Nothing is definite. What was yesterday is no more

today. What is today will not be tomorrow. If you meet Comrade Bohn and greet him, "Hello, Bohn," the answer is likely to be: "What you now behold is Bohn only for deluded minds like yours. In fact, this a congerie of ions, whorls of atoms, never resting, ever changing. I would rather be a Tammanyite than a Socialist who believes in running the world as you seem to think it is run."

Perhaps Socialists are no more bound by the resolutions of the Second International, but why does Bohn deem the referendum of the party of greater binding force? So low, however, has the Second International not fallen in the eyes of Socialists that reference to it should be deemed worse than belonging to Tammany Hall. To me it seems that, while the Third International will have to find new ways for many things, it will have to go many times to its predecessor to learn many a thing, even at the risk of appearing definite and familiar.

That universal military training has been regarded by European Socialists as a sop to militarism may be in one sense true. Certainly, we cannot imagine any use for universal military training in a Socialist commonwealth. But so is every immediate demand in the Socialist platform a sop to capitalism "thrown to people trained by their government to believe in" capitalism.

Comrade Bohn says: "This country is on the verge of adopting some sort of military system." Does he think that the Socialists can prevent it? "Our agitation may, conceivably, turn the scale in one way or the other." Exactly. We may help to bring about a National Constabulary of a million or two men. Or we may compel the arming of the nation, of the people. The Socialists will not betray the people. But our stupidity at this crucial moment would be worse than a crime.

Comrade Bohn is confusing universal military training with universal military service. I am for the first and am opposed to the second. I never said that I am in favor of the Swiss system for this country. To me it seems that universal military training is a preventive against universal service, conscription.

Comrade Bohn speaks with authority on military matters. The individual no more counts. It is all organization, etc. I could quote any number of high military author-

ities for the view that in modern warfare the individual character and intelligence of the soldier count more than ever before. Bernhardt's writing of *Training and Education* speaks of the "heightened demands which will be made on the individual character of the soldier"; of "the necessity of independent action by the private soldier in the thick of the battle, or the lovely patrol in the midst of the enemy's country, as much as by the leader of an army, who handles huge hosts." Again he says: "The necessity of far-reaching individualization is universally recognized. The old traditions die slowly." And finally: "on the whole, it has been realized that greater individual responsibility and self-reliance must be encouraged." (Germany and the Next War, Charles A. Erow, New York, 1904, pp. 206, 7 and 8.) Jean de Bloch expresses a similar view in *Future of War*. It is really remarkable what great military talent the war has developed in the Socialist party of the United States. I am about the only Socialist who confesses ignorance of military matters. It is fortunate for Germany that some of these parlor warriors do not offer their services to the allies. There would be nothing to it.

Comrade Bohn winds up with the argument that bearing arms induces a military state of mind, discipline makes of man a machine, etc.

To offset this, I will refer to Comrade Spargo, who contends against universal military training with the argument that, given arms, people will be prone to use them in their private quarrels, strikes, etc. If they had arms, the strikers of Lawrence, Mass., Paterson, N. J., and of other numerous places would have surely used them, says Spargo.

Now both contentions are in a measure correct, no doubt. What Bohn says will happen in some cases. What Spargo says, in others. These are merely the defects of democracy which in time will be eradicated. You are not going to reject higher wages because some workingmen will spend the additional pay for drink; or shorter hours, for the reason that some workingmen will spend more time in saloons. We are dealing with the great movements and aspirations of democracy for the control of all social forces, armed force included, and we cannot pause long over petty objections.

Comrades Bohn and Spargo are an instance of moral reaction against the horrible slaughter in Europe. But their revolt is entirely emotional and they should not venture to deal with reason. They will have nothing to do with arms and adjure all Socialists to follow their example. Now, on cool reflection, they will have to admit that "nothing to do" people are nullities so far as the affairs of the world are concerned. If only Comrades Bohn and Spargo

could get one capitalist to pair off with each Socialist whom they will convert to their philosophy of non-resistance. Nothing would please the capitalists more than the spread of the non-resistance idea among the most revolutionary classes of society.

Fortunately, there is no chance for that. The people in their own way and their own time, are much wiser than philosophers and book sharps. Democracy is on the march. Democracy of arms is coming.

WAR NOTES FROM PODUNK KORNERS

Reported by **Sam Slingsby, Secretary**

SI PLUNKWELL remarked at his Emporium saloon, last night, that when the war was over there'll be but one head, one tail, one tongue and one drink for Europe.

Deacon Longbeak replied: "I don't care about the head, tail or tongue, but I should like to know what the drink's goin' ter be. If it's champagne water, my wife won't object to goin' over there with me, providin' my congregation puts up the expenses and that they don't form a trust on the fizz stuff in the meantime. She's religious, but she jest dotes on sparkling waters."

"Do you think Europe will be socialist, individualist or anarchist after the war?" asked Squire Troothe.

"Probably syndicalist," answered Si.

"I don't believe it," said Hank Mawl, the leading blacksmith of Baldask county, "Europe's too religious an' ignorant for that!"

"Be careful what you say about religion," warned the Deacon.

"I was referring to the Greek church and the Mohammedan religion," claimed Hank.

"Oh! In that case I agree with you. But if you were referring to Christianity . . ."

"Do you know why Henry Ford's peace mission failed?" asked Si.

"Because bullets are the playthings of the bourgeoisie," exclaimed the Squire, "and it has just begun the game."

"Why do the Socialists and syndicalists go to war?" asked the Deacon.

"Because they have to," replied Troothe.

"Not in England," objected Hank.

"England too, now, that they've adopted conscription," stated the Squire. "The union men who struck for less hours and more wages did more to stop the war than any one else I know."

"You say one tongue will be spoken, Silas?" inquired Mawl. "Will it be German or English?"

"Sorter half and half," Si replied. "There is need of a single language, a world tongue; it won't come all at once, but the war will help by abolishing a good deal of dago talk. United States of Europe voting for president every four years, speaking one language, and abolishing state religions would be a step ahead for the middle class, but not for the upper or ruling class."

"How about the laboring men? Where do they come in?" questioned Mawl.

"Just like they do here?" said Troothe. "Their fight has little to do with the wars of nations, except that the more you educate the masses, the more revolutionary you make 'em. Russia's so ig-

norant it doesn't count as much as Turkey or Greece."

"Then you believe in revolutions as the means of progress?" asked the Deacon.

"Revolutions bring man in better accord with nature and that constitutes progress," calmly remarked Troothe. "At least that's the definition Bob Ingersoll gave it."

"But not Matthew Arnold," objected the Deacon. "He said progress came from the predominance of the intellect over the passions."

"You're gettin' in purty deep water for me," claimed Si; "but go on, I can stand it, if Hank can."

"Arnold did nothing for progress; Ingersoll did a great deal. But the revolution caused by Darwin is the greatest of all," stated the Squire.

"Helen Keller says she honors the man who invented the potato more than she does Napoleon Bonaparte," put in Si. "She doesn't credit war with much importance as to being the cause of progress."

"Shut up, Si" exclaimed Hank. "Don't you know she's went and jined the I. W. W.!"

"What? That infidel organization?" questioned the Deacon. "You know the Bible says: 'There's none so blind as those who won't see.'"

"She's just getting her eye-sight," said Troothe. "She sees that it is a revolutionary organization. All advance comes from creative men and women who fight to conquer nature, to pry into her secrets and take advantage of the knowledge gained to make life easier for mankind. Leisure and liberty create intelligence and productiveness. High wages and short hours establish leisure and Miss Keller is for the organization that best fights to secure that blessing for labor. She's not a member, because she doesn't work."

"She's lucky, then!" said Hank. "I wish I didn't have to, either. I'd get drunk every day, wouldn't you, Si?"

"I don't know about that," answered Plunkwell, quizzically. "But I b'lieve I'd rather git drunk than go to war; it's less destructive, more creative, more'n accord with the laws of science, music an' art; more I. W. W. like . . ."

When Si paused for lack of words, Hank Mawl took occasion to ask admiringly, "Where di you ketch on to all that lingo, Si?"

"From hearin' the Deacon and the Squire here disputin' over the European war."

Just then Sally Sheep entered to get a pail of beer and the conversation drifted onto the eternal subject of woman—a subject where there's usually much spoken, little said.

Chicago Suburban School Strike

By PETER LIVSHIS

THAT four hundred pupils should have left the Henry Clay school in Chicago suburbs, as reported by all newspapers, is encouraging. And it is suggestive, too, that at the outset they were aided by their parents. Both struck for a new school building in the place of the present one, which they protested to be an old, insanitary firetrap. And the result after a few days was, they won!

Yet, even if the strike had ended in failure, in which the parents might have been arrested for the violation of the com-

pulsory education law, why should this news be encouraging all the same? Because while, casually noted, it appears to be purely local, still, more closely examined, it becomes significant in the forecast of future possibilities. Co-operation of mothers and children in a strike in the field of public education, this is something new. The attention of mothers, roused to activity for their children's welfare, may be followed by the desire for greater sympathy and helpfulness between them and teachers in the education of children. And, further, in the long hidden struggle

with the Board of Education, recently brought by Margaret Haley of the American Federation of Labor, to public view, the teachers may be strengthened greatly if they are able to enlist the assistance of mothers and perhaps of scholars in liberating schools from the undesirable influences that control the Board of Education.

Nor is that all. Mothers, having advised and organized children to strike, they have unconsciously taught them the rudiments of direct action. A few of them graduate, enter the labor world, and, having already understood the value of strikes or co-operation, will be prepared to join unions. Others, should they become high school students, may feel bound to preserve the initiative for the organization of self-improvement. For there exists and is now developing among students various systems like "Honorary System," "Student Government," and others. A few of them have certain attributes of a judicial intermediary between students and teachers and principals. These constitute a danger to the liberty of students.

All told, the strike, despites its local importance, has its own influence which may reach far. For it will possibly react in various directions from the mothers, pupils, and teachers upon others more or less connected with it. It puts the Board of Education, guilty of slowness and neglect in remedying school conditions, under the heavier burden of disrepute, though this board was shrewd enough to yield promptly to the strikers. It also may stimulate the interest of the teachers in the union for themselves. No doubt it may gladden certain students who were

expelled for being members of secret societies and so violating school rules; they themselves are not to be blamed for being ingrained with ineradicable "gang instinct." It may render determined young workers, like seceders from the Hebrew Institute, for instance, who were unjustly refused a hall for their speaker after it was rented to them, and who have now established their own school—The Workers' Institute. May not this case be indicative of the trend of future school strikes? Children, with the help of mothers—and teachers?—may also create for themselves more adequate schools. This is a problem for the future; but all such suggestive incidents are worthy of our thoughtful consideration.

Optimism, however, must be restrained in weighing the strike. Such strikes are very rare—involving only a few individuals, a class or a school. In spring it usually happens that a class of pupils, no longer able to resist the spring fever, gayly run out for a lark or play "hookey" for a day or so. And, just one strike made the Board of Education sit up and take notice took place in 1908, when children went out in sympathy with the teamsters who were on strike at the time. Afterwards a number of parents were fined twenty dollars a piece. But what needs demonstration here is that a sporadic strike, a local skirmish, is often not inconsequential. For it may incite different units of progressive discontent to some sympathetic movement for freer education or whatever happens to be its desired object. Events, therefore, are often more powerful propaganda of concrete action than pamphlets or unions.

From a California Reader—Comrade Gibbons of Richmond writes: "I wish to commend the scientific articles in the REVIEW. Only as science displaces superstition does the race make progress, and by encouraging the scientific attitude among its readers THE REVIEW is helping to lay the foundations for democracy that shall be."

From a Construction Worker

By ALBERT LOHSE

WE left the Milwaukee Employment Agency, sixty strong, to relay steel at River Junction, Minnesota. An extra coach was coupled on to the regular 8:30 local, which stopped at almost every cornfield along the line.

The coach was so small that it was impossible for any of us to secure a much-needed nap during the journey. We arrived at our destination at 2:30 the following day, tired and half starved. We immediately set about building fires, while some of us went to sleep in our side door sleepers. We were informed that, this being Saturday, we would not begin work till Monday at 7:00.

These palace cars which we were to inhabit had long outlived their usefulness and were, hence, transformed into bunks for the workers. Most of us were to re-lay steel or were put to surfacing.

Our bunk cars were 30 feet long and 8 feet wide and the ceilings are just high enough to permit a six-foot man to walk about without bumping his head. Our cars were magnificently furnished with twelve bunks and three cotton blankets apiece. The bunks, being made of canvas, were hard and very cold. There was no dressing room. We usually slept in our clothes on account of lack of bedding.

There was a decrepit stove, nail kegs for chairs, and a kerosene lamp, for which we were allowed one quart of kerosene a week. Some of the boys were discovered coating their bunks with this precious fluid, a proceeding to which others immediately interposed serious objections, as we were forced to purchase any extra kerosene consumed from our own pockets.

The cars were seldom ventilated and never scrubbed, partially on account of the cold. Most of these workers are so inadequately clothed and shod that they chill easily and are susceptible to every disease.

During January many of the boys were badly frost-bitten, as the thermometer

registered 29 degrees below zero. And then they had to spend some of their precious dollars for ointments. One of the men froze his feet so badly that he could not walk for a week and, as he was no more use to the company, the boss furnished him with a pass to Chicago. This pass was only forthcoming when ten or twelve big huskies handed out some straight talk to him. After deductions for bills, which had accumulated against him, the poor crippled fellow had not a cent to his name.

Conditions are so crowded and unpleasant and opportunity even for reading or writing so negligible that there are frequent quarrels. The man who has the loudest voice or the longest arm is usually the one who talks the most.

I rarely meet a Socialist or an I. W. W. among these men. They know next to nothing about economics and are usually old party partisans.

There are from sixty to sixty-five of us on this job and not one snap job in the bunch. This system is laying 90-pound steel—the very heaviest kind of work, done in all kinds of weather. All the men receive \$1.35 a day for nine hours work. They must be strong, husky and active. Old men are not shipped. If one happens to slip through, he is soon told to “beat it down the line.”

Men are constantly coming and going. The heavy work and poor pay does not appeal to them after they have a few meals and a little change. But, when time “lost” is counted, a man is lucky to have a five spot if he stays a month. And there are no “passes” out for US.

The employment agencies thrive on us as each and all has to cough up one dollar for a chance at the job. Down-and-outs are preferred, as they have to buy shoes and clothes from the company, which charges twice as much and often more, for shoddy things, as we could get good ones for elsewhere.

At six a. m. Cook pounds on a rail with a king bolt. Thus are we summoned from the arms of Morpheus, and sixty

hungry slaves pile up to sit down to cheap pork sausage and heavy, hot cakes. This is on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays we sit down to heavy, hot cakes and cheap pork sausage. Dinner usually means Red Hots and cabbage, or beef heart and turnips or liver and onions.

The toughest old horse obtainable is served to us on the Lord's Day. At Sunday supper the *piece de resistance* is made up of all the week's left-overs thrown into a tub and chopped up into Hash De Luxe. This dish is generously seasoned with spices. Why? I am sure you could never guess. We pay \$4.00 a week for grub. Two dollars a month would be more in keeping with what we receive. And no matter how often we lose time, through the fault of the company, the board bill, like Tennyson's brook (wasn't it a brook?) goes on forever.

In spite of kicks on the grub, we work so hard that we are always lined up ten minutes before Cook sounds the alarm; for the ones who get there first get all they want, while those who come later take what's left. They all eat like starved wolves. Fletcherizing is entirely dispensed with in the Construction Camp.

Some of the men actually go to church on Sunday, probably to thank the Lord that they are well and at work on the "magnificent steel arteries of this great and glorious nation."

Our drinking water is hauled to the camp in a large 2,000-gallon tank. A two-inch gate valve allows the water to run into a cider barrel, which has not been cleaned since this camp started work December 9th.

When we want a drink we dip our buckets into the barrel and there you are! That the buckets are those used in boiling out clothing makes no difference; **CAN make no difference.** If we don't like it we can quit.

We generally spend our evenings in the bunk cars. Sometimes there is a dance in a nearby small town. But these grizzled veterans are too tired and too poorly dressed for such occasions. So they prefer the saloon, where they can find warmth, rag-time and drinks as long as their money lasts.

Their favorite literature is Dr. Jones'

Almanac, the Gazette, matrimonial weeklies and current magazines and books. If you try to read you will hear the man with the loudest voice and emptiest head pounding with a spike maul to emphasize his words. Some knock the Socialists, or the I. W. W., or all the trade unions. I have often heard them say they would not belong to any union to support a bunch of fake labor skates.

There are many accidents on this main line, due, chiefly, to the speeding up system in vogue. There are many sharp curves between La Crosse and Winona and you sometimes pump the hand cars almost up to the fastest of trains. Many a time we have just been missed by a locomotive passing at 40 miles an hour.

One big accident that occurred in this district happened because a brake rod broke. There were insufficient men at the division point to properly inspect rolling stock. "Safety First" signs are spread along the line. They should read "Profits First."

Driving these spikes into frozen oak ties requires some experience as well as brawn, but as the men constantly come and go, they put on almost anybody to drive spikes, and there are many accidents. Knocking off bolts is also prohibited by law. It is so dangerous to all within range. But every day men go to their bunks injured in some way, and there is no hospital car—no First Aid even. Engines—great giants—pass up every day, drawing eighty cars or more. Draw bars are taxed to the limit and often give way beneath the strain.

Here men can have no interest in their work. If the Straw Boss is away they miss spiking all the ties possible. They don't care a rap for Safety First. All they are interested in is 5 o'clock, or, better still, pay day, so they can beat it. They figure that somewhere, somehow, there is a better chance for them in the world.

Here are the general conditions the unorganized men must endure. They cannot get even a decent existence under present conditions. But it will be a fertile field for the I. W. W. to work in. The men are dissatisfied and the time is ripe now.

Minor in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.
"WHAT HAVE YOU GOT AGAINST ME?"
"NOTHING; BUT OUR MASTERS HAVE OR-
DERED US TO FIGHT."

FROM FOETUS TO TRENCH

By GUY BOGART

THAT rampant militarism, cunningly foisted upon American workers, with rigid control of the individual from foetus to trench, is a part of the scheme of capitalism, is patent to students of the daily news. Not that the masters intentionally reveal their program, but the perfected plan casts shadowy outline through disconnected news titbits thrown out to satisfy the cloyed appetites of our sensation-craving public. Carefully considered over a period, especially of the last year, these scattered tissues take form in a hideous monstrosity of preparedness little guessed by the slumbering proletariat.

Was the wide publicity given the Bollinger baby case in Chicago a spontaneous outburst of interest in something new? Does agitation from New York city to Los Angeles for military training in the public schools mark the end or the beginning of the extension of military schooling of the

youth? Has the Boy Scout crime against our youth grown in the noxious atmosphere of capitalism to no avail? Have Billy Sunday, Sammy Gompers, Herbert Quick, Teddy the Terrible, Jane Addams, Elihu Root and thousands of the classes they represent, united on the idea of a program of preparedness accidentally? Why the sudden interest of the war department in the physical welfare of the nation's children?

The westward-moving star of capitalism's empire is in the process of making a meteoric leap to shed its lurid glare over the slaves of King John II and King Pierp II. And it is the blood-red star of Mars.

Alexandra Kollentay names the present European carnage merely the first of a series of bitter struggles for the world markets. The United States will emerge from the present conflict as the money center of the world. Though staggering under

heavy war debts, the workers of other lands will be driven to recuperate the powers of aggression once more for a powerful coalition against the "Yankee Hog," a fit emblem for the ruling power of this land of the black international flag of piracy.

Realizing the impending conflicts, practically every man in American public life took up the shibboleth of "preparation for peace," which is preparation for war. The exceptions, outside of the Socialist Party—which is of the world and not of America—can be counted on the fingers of one hand. There is Henry Ford, that splendid type of Count Tolstoy's man, who will do anything for the working man but get off of his back; the "Peerless One" from the Chatauqua, one of America's most picturesque fighters of windmills; David Starr Jordan, one of the world's greatest thinkers, who sees everything about war but the cure—and will someone please name the fourth on this roll of honor?

Capitalism's puny puppets in congress are going to give a lesson in solidarity the workers would do well to emulate. There will be pyrotechnics in plenty to enliven the little pretense of autonomy and to furnish campaign documents. President Wilson, before writing his third annual message, called in Representative James Mann, Senator Gallinger and other Grand Old Patriots into consultation. Mann stated that "everybody is for preparedness," and that he was "perfectly willing to consider preparedness in a nonpartisan way."

Yes, we will prepare. But how get the men? The Dick militia law, framed under the administration of the Bloody Hunter, has prepared the way to collect necessary cannon food in case of extreme unction, as the clergy might express it. It is better, however—and oh, how easy—to hoodwink the Dubb fraternity through the infection of patriotism for a bit of cracked junk, blinding their eyes to the skull and cross bones emblazoned on the colored rag floating above it, and for that hoary and fatal myth, "the fatherland."

T. R. is "agin" the Teutons and advocates changing the motto on our coins to read, "to hell with the hyphen." Billy Sunday, not to lose any of the advertising value of the crusade, joins the jingo chorus with "It's poppycock to talk peace without preparedness. The nation ought to be pre-

pared to fight whatever it has to." There now! The strenuous one of the church and the 'angle mingle their common atavistic hysteria for the common good of the plutocratic beasts of the Wall Street lair.

The special leagues for preparedness are fighting the President for his "inadequate" plans of defense. Out in Los Angeles poor doddering old Harrison Gray Otis, groping in the haze of senility, without brains even to be diplomatic, tilts the lid just a bit in an editorial captioned, "Merely a Beginning," in which he avers:

"When Mr. Wilson contemplates 400,000 men for his army of citizens, he makes a start in the right direction. Out of that number, perhaps, in case of an emergency, the country might get a nucleus for an army and a few trained officers for the 4,000,000 who will be needed."

Hudson Maxin, expert butcher machine builder, in a speech at Kansas City, furnished the information that "our little poorly-equipped army would make just about one good day's killing." (Like the prospects?)

Napoleon in the later years of his military excesses said a boy could stop a bullet as well as a man, and the youth of France, scarce strong enough to bear the muskets, were given the death sentence of conscription, just as certainly and as justly as the capitalists of Utah murdered Joe Hillstrom and will murder millions of boys in the next few years unless checked by the revolution of the slaves.

So the plutes of the plunderbund of the stars and stripes have turned to the boys. Why not? They are so gullible and trusting!

D. I. Woods of the War Department finds that of the 2,278,588 who enlisted on the union side of the Civil War, all but 118,000 were less than 21 years old. The list is as follows: 25, 10 years old; 38, 11 years; 225, 12 years; 300, 13 years; 105,000, 14 and 15 years; 126,000, 16 years; 613,000, 17 years; 307,000, 18 years; 1,009,000, 18 to 21 years.

The Boy Scouts organization (which we have been so solemnly assured is a non-military organization), dresses the boys in war uniform and teaches them above all things the dog-like obedience of a "good soldier," together with such other mental and physical gymnastics as will equip them

for the service of the masters in field and trench.

The present European war has stripped from the scout movement the flimsy lie that it is a peace organization. In England alone, for example, there were at the outbreak of the war more than 150,000 members of the Boy Scout patrols and 50,000 were mobilized before the outbreak of hostilities. There were 20,000 assisting the metropolitan police, 20,000 doing duty as orderlies and about 20,000 doing coast patrol duty in regular military fashion. They were working at first under the personal supervision of their founder, Gen. Sir Robert Baden-Powell, who as a spy and a general utility man has been serviceable to the war machine of Great Britain. He talked for publication quite a bit before the censorship was set. He praised his boy soldiers who were withdrawn from their school work and homes to serve "the king." He spoke of "their first war," and swells with pride in his statement that "the government has recognized officially the scout dress as a uniform and the scouts are, therefore, regarded as servants of the state, just as our soldiers and sailors are."

In spite of the boys in the scout movement and the many school cadet corps, the millions needed for the slaughter to protect the interests of the ruling class requires yet more boys offered to the bloody sacrifice that will make the stench of Ludlow and Calumet pale into insignificance. Henry L. Stimson, Secretary of War under Taft, recently said the training of the citizens of the United States from boyhood in the use of rifles is imperative.

"Mayor Mitchell," says the *New York World*, last August, in an editorial, "is coming home from camp full of zeal to train boys in the public schools. The Board of Education is said to be in accord with his views, and military training may become a part of the education of the 450,000 boys for whom the city will provide schooling this fall."

Secretary of War Garrison in a speech in New York, advocated training in all the universities, colleges and schools to supply the men "needed for first line duty for any military emergency." Get the idea? Your boys in high school and college will be the first to feed the hungry cannon their feast of quivering clay.

"I want the War department," con-

tinued Mr. Garrison, "to have the names and addresses of all men who have received a military training, so they can be reached if necessary. I want the universities, colleges and all schools to co-operate with the War department in listing available trained men." ALL is a big word. The news dispatches say Mr. Garrison, "was cheered by 500 bankers, lawyers, business men and politicians at the luncheon. There is the line-up of the patriots who want your boys trained from *birth* to make good soldiers to protect their financial holdings that belong justly to the slaves of this and other countries. How many of those 500 who cheered our war head would be found in the trenches with your boy and mine?"

Perhaps some of the voters of Los Angeles, in the long list of candidates didn't attach any importance to the inconspicuous entry, "A. J. Copp, Jr.," in the race for the Board of Education. Now they understand. This is Major A. J. Copp of the Seventh Regiment, N. G. C., and a drill team expert. Let us hope he is interested in education, but we doubt it. The major bided his time and suddenly startled the city with a full fledged plan for compulsory training of the 5,000 high school boys of Los Angeles. He says he, "has promise of hearty support of his plan from the War department." The boys are to wear khaki suits "similar to those worn in the regular army." (Nothing like getting them used to the badge of infamy.) "How to dig trenches," is one of the features of the Copp plan and while "the boys are learning the fighting side of the war game," the girls are to be trained as nurses.

Bourgeois club women have amused themselves greatly in fighting over the plan, passing resolutions for and against the scheme, but the Chamber of Commerce has come out flatly for the whole program.

Just at this juncture comes another discovery—that children of these United States of Rockefeller are underfed, weak and uncared for. Judge Henry Neil, father of mothers' pensions, proposes that the War department investigate the cause of child poverty. Great heavens! Where has the judge been all these years? He said in Los Angeles: "They make a class that are not only unfit to fight in any army, but they are so low in vitality that they are unable to feel loyalty, patriotism, and cannot be depended upon." (Well, there is some vir-

tue in poverty.) So we must have paternalism under the management of the War department, for "the first requisite of a successful army is a healthy family, well fed and well housed." He says army officers are "greatly alarmed" at the type of man the grind of the capitalist system has produced.

So you see the outline. From the earliest age train every boy in the proletarian and even in the middle class homes, for cannon fodder, care for these war machines by housing them and fattening them properly for the slaughter. Is this all the program? No, we must go back to the foetus.

Babes have been allowed to die—and perhaps even mercifully assisted—for many years under such circumstances as the Bolinger baby. Newspapers have known many such facts. Why did the wide publicity and the convenient "precedent" become established at this present time if not as a part of the war plan to rear proper cannon fodder.

Do not mistake me as condemning what was done in that Chicago hospital. I endorse it all. One mother has signalized her right to motherhood in the real test of love. It is a wholesome indication that public sentiment has advanced so far that the majority of people favor the suppression of the defective. Now for the next step to destroy the system that makes de-

fectives. We are glad to see the government investigate the poverty of children, the propagation of the unfit and all similar problems for the physical uplift of the race.

But what a travesty on the barbarism we call civilization that a powerful government takes up these problems only in the interest of the war god as a part of an infamous plan to "capture the markets of the world" from a torn and bleeding group of rivals.

In the midst of it all there stands the one lone enemy of war that can force peace upon the world. Abolish the cause of war. Let us as revolutionists refuse to waste our energies in any reformatory peace palliatives. We must educate the proletariat to the enormity of the scheme that is being worked out to govern birth and life from infancy to old age in the one interest of making soldiers. A system of military service more thorough, more drastic and more demoralizing than that of any old world nation, either ancient or modern, is being developed. Gradually, step by step, the chains are being fastened upon us. Break the bonds today! Strike while there is time. See that the school boards of the nation do not make our school training camps. Keep your eye on congress this winter. Billions of dollars and millions of men are required for the program, and the workers must furnish all. Will we?

From Baltimore—"I heartily wish every comrade would take the REVIEW. It never fails to leave one with a sense of broadness and courage, and through it we seem to touch hands with other comrades all over the world."—M. S. B.

SOCIAL SUICIDE

By WALTER S. HUTCHINS

(Socialist Candidate for Governor of Massachusetts)

THIS article will consider some phases of Social Evolution, or changes in society brought about by the present system of wealth production and distribution. Through all previous ages of class rule, whenever a disagreeable effect made its appearance in society, this effect was attributed to the presence of witches and devils. On the other hand at such times as the ruling class neglected to gouge the last farthing from the exploited, and therefore produced satisfactory conditions, it was regarded as an answer to prayer. But since the writing of the famous works of Darwin, Wallace, Buckle and Marx, which give so clearly the underlying causes for well known effects, the idea has grown that for every effect there must be a cause, regardless of whether that cause has been discovered or not, and just so long as the cause remains the effect will also be present.

So there must arise in the mind of the thoughtful the question just how we are to discover the cause or causes of all the growing troubles which in the present stage of social development make their appearance as tho sprung by an unseen force right out of the dark. At almost any time regardless of whether we happen to be looking or not, there comes upon us as though dropped from the clouds, such things as, world-wide industrial depressions, world-wide unemployment and world-wide wars. To ascertain the cause of all these things is enough for one lesson, now that we understand, that, until the cause is removed the effect must continue. Surely the recent effects have been startling and they are growing worse.

As the ever growing army of the unemployed is closely identified with modern industry we might as well start in right here. Two essential characteristics of modern machine production under private ownership are, first that machinery displaces labor, and second that the

wages of the worker will not and cannot buy back the product of that worker. But all these characteristics were present at the very start of machine production, and without causing any such continuous, ever-present numbers of the unemployed as we have at the present time.

The lesser number of dis-employed, however, are readily accounted for when we stop to think that up to even the end of the first decade of the present century, workers were building, always building something. Also the farther back we go in the history of machinery, the smaller were the machines. But the great relief to unemployment was the building of the tools of the present profit system. The greatest expansion started about the middle of the last century when, in this country, the workers built something like 3,000 miles of railroad a year from 1850 to 1865 and 10,000 miles a year from that time till 1900 and at the same time were built all the great modern cities like New York, Chicago, Boston and a thousand others of smaller size; all the factories, all the machinery, all the habitations. While these workers were building, say a railroad, they received wages, spent those wages in the market and put no goods back into the market to sell. Thus was employed a vast number of workers, all building and consuming, but putting no things back onto the market for sale.

Through most of these years also there was a frontier extending from way north of the Canadian line almost to the Gulf of Mexico and just beyond was land, free land or at the most, very cheap land. Whenever the factory worker became displaced or was good and sick of his job, all he had to do was to get a camping outfit and rough it for a while. For a long time he could, and thousands did, escape to this frontier, escaped from the smoke, the noise, the worry from the high cost of living, for their entire lives provided they did not live too long.

It is true that even during this period

while so many workers were busy building things new, that once in a while a time of industrial depression would come. Most of the college economists of the period noticed that about once in twenty years such hard times were bound to make their appearance and many ingenious theories were brought forth to account for them. So sure were the high brows that the system of producing wealth was a thing eternal and that the sources of wealth with which their colleges were endowed were founded upon exact justice that it never occurred to them for a minute to examine that system for a possible flaw.

The educated vied with each other in attributing this very objectionable effect (panics) to sun spots or some other equally foolish thing. The real reason for the depressions in the last century was that the factory system had caught up *with the means for distributing the product*, when a depression would appear and last until better means of transportation had enlarged the radius around the factories over which the shoddy goods could be sold. Not knowing just when this time would arrive the factory owner waited while to see if the market had really been enlarged, when he got on a hustle to build his mill larger. Then with large numbers of workers building something, consuming from the market, times again became good.

By the end of the first decade of the present century the entire "civilized" earth, so to speak, had been covered with railroads. Then it was that railroad building stopped. Just as soon as the factory system had caught up to this market the building of factories ceased and for the very same reason, that is, that the earth had been covered with shoddy goods from factories already built, and there was no reason why more should be built. The sign for this period was the same as always came when the factory system caught up with the means for getting rid of products, and this hailing sign was our same old friend, the industrial depression. But as the means of transportation had covered so much territory and could not expand quickly, the industrial depression showed signs of out staying its welcome. In fact, it appeared to

have moved right in and taken the very best room in the house, for the purpose of settling down for good. Yes, this one would have every appearance of really being the last depression were business carried along on ancient lines.

But notwithstanding the opportunity of reducing wages afforded by hard times, the depressions are far from welcome to the machine owners. When the mills are silent, profits also disappear. To be sure, the spectacle of six million husky workers standing idle in the streets looking for work, in need of food, clothing and shelter, with winter right at the door did at first, look like a chance to get hands without paying wages at all. But as wage-less workers are also poor purchasers it only required a second look to see that without paying wages the mills must still remain closed because of no market.

This was the real psychological time when the factory system should have been made social property. Had it been taken over then little damage would have resulted, for this was a world problem and only could have been accomplished by a world-wide movement with a revolutionary force behind it. The only ones that could have done the trick were asleep at the switch. So the problem was left for the rulers of society to make another grist of profit from. How was this to be accomplished when industry was near a standstill?

It came about in something like this way. As this system required many workers being employed at something besides making food, clothing and shelter, all that was required after these workers could no longer be put to building the new, was to put an equal number to making something of no use and some more to destroying these useless things, then these workers could purchase what the factory worker made and-could-not-buy-back, with wages he could get, while several million men were walking the street jobless. Laughable as it might seem, that was the only solution and it had to be applied promptly, for the profit system begins to crumble as soon as profits cease. Nor did the world have long to wait for the ruling classes to act after the crucial moment had arrived. Back of the ruling class were the life insurance companies,

banks and other financial institutions forcing the present rulers to acknowledge quick when these institutions are in peril.

Europe being of an older capitalist development than America, all social forces there must have been intensified to a greater degree than in this country. The workers in Europe have for many years been busily engaged in the making of these useless things. Now the same force is producing the same effect in America. No longer are workers building railroads or factories for making useful things. The only factories now building are ammunition mills. Right before our very eyes the factories that were already built for making useful things are being changed into shrapnel shops. Wherever this product is used, unspeakable misery comes upon mankind.

And let it be remembered that as the system had already become dominant by the end of the first decade of the present century and no great number of workers employed at building the new, there was no other way for the system to continue. Today, close the munition mills of this country and the industrial system would be flat. Millions of people would be in a starving condition. The ruling class is already preparing the children to use this product. The boy scouts and the proposed military training in the schools are the opening shots of what is in store. The cause that has already smashed civilization into shreds in Europe is today working right under our very noses, the same course that brought war on more than half of mankind.

From this time on till the close of the profit-taking system, every machine improvement, displacing as it will, more and more labor, taking away jobs and purchasing power, will increase the necessity of the system producing more shrapnel. No remedy has yet been proposed but for the workers to take over this great shrapnel system and turn it into a system for making food, clothing and necessary things. To continue this private ownership is to make war, dreaded war as chronic as unemployment has been of late years. To continue the profit system now after tendencies are thus shaping themselves is simply to commit *social suicide*.

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EDITORIAL

How the Farmer Is Exploited

Some of us who have studied only the first part of Volume I of Marx's Capital, forget that when this greatest of all economists wrote Volumes II and III he elaborated on his theory of value.

Because we have been students of only a portion of the writings of Marx, some of us have claimed that the man who owned a farm and worked it himself and sold his product to some warehouse company, or to some speculator, sold his commodities at their value and was, therefore, not exploited in any way. But we were wrong.

As a rule, said Marx, commodities on the average exchange at their value. But by this he did not, by any means, mean that when a farmer sells a thousand bushels of wheat to one man, who in turn sells to a customer, who re-sells to some one else, who finally sells out to a third or fourth buyer—Marx did not mean that all these perfectly useless individuals *added any value to that wheat*. But they sell it at a profit.

Now since these speculating purchasers have not added any value to the farmer's wheat, either the first purchaser bought the wheat from the farmer *below* its value or the final purchaser paid for it at *more* than its value.

The man who originally bought the wheat from the farmer added no value to the wheat, nor did his customer, nor his customer's customer, etc., etc., add any value to the wheat. But the wheat may have sold finally at fifty cents a bushel more than the original purchaser paid for it, because when it was finally sold there was a greater demand for wheat. On the other hand, wheat occasionally sells below the price paid to the farmer for it, because of the sudden termination of war, etc., etc., or a decrease

in the demand for wheat. Supply and demand, we know, affect price, but not value, so that in war time, for example, the farmer may receive a price that is more than the value of his product.

Marx explains in Volumes II and III of Capital that brokers, middlemen and merchant capitalists, etc., being, on the whole, unnecessary, produce neither commodities nor any value.

On the average, he says, commodities exchange at their value—that is the consumer usually buys commodities at their value. He nearly always receives the value he pays for; he gives gold, or its equivalent, representing so many hours of necessary social labor, in exchange for commodities representing an equal amount of necessary social labor.

Commodities usually sell to the consumer at their value. Wheat brokers and wheat and other grain speculators get their profits out of value either produced by the farmer who works his farm, or from value produced by farm tenants or farm laborers, because these products are sold to these speculators *below* their value.

One speculator buys corn from a group of farmers at 40 cents and re-sells it to another speculator at 46 cents, who disposes of it to a third for 50 cents, who finally sells it to the mill men (who use it as raw material from which, say, corn flakes are manufactured) at 55 cents.

On the average these mill men buy the corn at its value; the various speculators have never seen the corn, never moved the corn, added not one particle of value to the corn. The first speculator in this case, bought the corn from the producing farmers at something like 15 cents a bushel *below* its value. This 15 cents of which the pro-

ducing farmers were exploited, is divided among the three speculators. Nobody is robbed or exploited but the actual producers of the corn.

Among capitalist farmers the same conditions prevail as in other fields of investment. Unless the capitalist is able to make his capital bring him the average rate of profits, he seeks other fields in which to put his money.

Capitalist farmers hire farm superintendents, overseers, farm laborers to work their lands or let their farms to farm tenants at a cash rental or for a portion of the tenants' products. Like the capitalist who, for instance, invests his money in a packing house, a mine or a woolen mill, these capitalist farmers have to divide the value appropriated from the labor of the workers, with the *middleman*. The capitalist farmer pays his workers the value of their labor power, but far less than the value of their products. On the average, these products are sold to the final buyer at their value. The capitalist farmer divides the surplus value, produced by the farm tenants or laborers, with the broker, the speculator, the storage companies.

The small farm owner, who works in the fields beside his hired "hands" is an exploiting capitalist as far as he pays his workers wages and appropriates their products. The surplus value or profits he is able to extract are represented by the difference between what he pays for the labor, and cost of machinery maintenance, repairs, taxes, etc., and the price he gets for the products of his laborers.

Occasionally buyers' associations grow so powerful that they demand so great a share of the surplus value produced by the farm workers that the farm owner, or fruit grower, or truck gardener, is unable to appropriate any of this surplus value produced by his laborers and he ceases to use his land in raising that particular product. This has been true in the case of many small capitalist fruit raisers. Apples rot upon the ground in Michigan and in many other states because the commission houses are so organized that the fruit farmers have no other market, and the price they offer for apples or peaches is so low that after the farm owner has paid the laborers to pick and pack the fruit, there is no surplus value left for himself.

Farmers in Different Classes.

Farmers cannot be lumped into one industrial class as politicians are so fond of doing in this country. To speak of, the "farmer" means nothing definite today. We read about the brother of ex-president Taft being a "farmer." But we are informed that this wealthy gentleman does not even superintend the work on his great capitalistic farm. Mr. Taft is an exploiting capitalist who appropriates the surplus value produced by his laborers and tenants.

As the industrial capitalist who employs workers to produce furniture, cloth, machinery, is compelled to *divide* this surplus value with the wholesale merchant, the jobber and the retailer, so even the millionaire capitalist farmer, Mr. Taft, sells many of the farm products, expropriated from his farm laborers *below* their value. Both classes of industrial capitalists have to *divide* the surplus value with other groups of capitalists.

Socialists are not in the least concerned with helping the industrial capitalists. neither the mighty Tafts nor the town farmer who hires two or three men who run his farm by the aid of additional men in harvest time. This small town farmer also sells the product of the farm workers *below* its value. We do not grieve to see the expropriator expropriated—the robber robbed. We are concerned only with seeing to it that the working class receives the value of its products.

The small farmer who owns or is paying on a farm, who works his farm himself ought to be interested in the revolutionary movement. He exploits no one and sells his products below their value.

On the other hand, we hear a great deal from the farm owner who works a little and hires two or three men. His complaints fill the country newspapers from Maine to California. It is true, that he sells the products of his farm below their value. But his only concern is to secure higher prices for these products, not the payment to his laborers of the value of the things they produce, the wheat they grow, or the fruit they raise. He desires to make more money from the labor of others. If the workers received the value of their social products, the question of land ownership would become a minor one. Ownership would not then mean opportunity for exploitation and

nobody would care to own land so long as he possessed an opportunity to produce and to exchange his products at their value.

In an industrial democracy it need not be a matter of serious moment that one group of workers finds it necessary to labor upon inferior land. We cannot all sow and reap of the best. Men and women will be recompensed according to the necessary number of hours they work and not upon the amount of wheat they raise upon a certain piece of land. For the same labor will produce twice the crop of wheat on rich land as upon poor land.

Every group will, of course, be advised by national experts as to the best crops to plant, the fertilizer needed, and on the thousand and one questions that are constantly increasing as farming is being reduced to a scientific basis.

If a group spends a certain amount of necessary labor on a piece of land according to advice of expert agronomists and the crop is entirely lost because of frost, floods or drought, this farming group will not be forced to beg for a living the remainder of the year. The local loss will be borne by the whole nation and every bushel of wheat will represent a little more *social* labor than it would have meant without the failure of local crops.

The whole wheat product will represent *all* the necessary social labor expended in producing it. Every year there will be failures of farm crops for one unavoidable cause or another, but the hours spent in farm work by the group of workers whose labors have proved fruitless will, without doubt, be included in the total number of hours spent in farm production by all the workers. Because the labor of *all* will represent the socially necessary labor embodied in the wheat crop, potato crop or corn crop.

In this way the farmer who works poor land will receive the same payment, per hour of labor, as the man who works the most fertile land. The total product will represent the total number of hours necessarily expended in the production of a commodity, and men will be paid according to their labors.

In this way groups of farmers will be practically insured against crop failures. Modern machinery will abolish all farm drudgery. The income of farm workers will be assured, as will be the income of all other necessary workers. Equal necessary effort, equal labor will mean a like recompense in every branch of industry. Exchange will be based upon labor for labor; service for service.

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INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

Brighter Outlook for the International.

The good news about the growth of the German minority is full of meaning. Hitherto Socialists have had to content themselves with vague hopes. We have known that things must come right. With human nature as it is the class struggle must go on. In each nation there must be in time a rebirth of opposition to capitalist industry and capitalist government. And with this must come a rebirth of international solidarity. But now we have a more definite basis for confidence. There are fewer than a hundred voting members of the group in the Reichstag. We know now that nearly half of these are against the war and have courage enough to be counted against it. In England, Russia and Italy the chief groups of Socialists have been true to the International from the beginning.

With these facts in mind, it is possible for American Socialists to picture the next gathering of the world's proletarian forces. The first international Socialist congress after the conclusion of peace may be a stormy gathering; but it is clear now that there are in the world enough tried and true internationalists to dominate the situation. There have been mistakes enough made. There will be much to rebuild and much to create anew; but the majority of delegates will be men and women who believe in standing with their brothers of all lands against international capitalism. They have been tried in fire. They know now more of the weaknesses of the working class and the strength of the enemy than they ever knew before.

The new International which they will build will be a more solid structure than the old one.

Good News From Germany. We have all taken for granted that the German Internationalists are in the minority. In the Social Democratic caucuses they have usually mustered about a third of the votes. It may be that reports have been deceptive. It may be that party members have gradually been waking up to the actual state of affairs. At any rate it is now clear that the real Socialists either are now in the majority or are in a fair way to become so.

The *New York Volkszeitung*, the best informed paper in this country on such matters, has made a calculation on the basis of all sorts of information collected since the outbreak of the war. There have been many mass-meetings, conferences of local or regional committees, and declarations by special groups. The *Volkszeitung* has carefully calculated the numerical strength back of each of these manifestations. It has, moreover, taken into account the amount of anti-war sentiment represented by each of the Socialist deputies in the Reichstag. As a result of this careful survey it makes the definite statement that the majority of German Socialists are against the war and the voting of war budgets.

The most recent events in Germany strongly confirm the conclusion of the *Volkszeitung*. The Reichstag met on the 9th of December. Scheidemann and Landsberg represented the Socialist group in the discussion. Scheidemann put to the

Chancellor the much-advertised question as to the terms upon which the government would be willing to conclude peace. Von Bethmann-Hollweg practically refused to answer. He said that no patriotic German would ask the government to commit itself in advance of actual negotiations. Let the enemy make a proposal and the German government will discuss it. Scheidemann and his supporters pretended to be entirely satisfied with this reply. Landsberg's address was, in large part, a glorification of German military success.

Before the opening of the sessions the Socialists had been in caucus for about a week. There had been long and bitter debates on the attitude to be taken. The minority group varied in strength on various motions, but in most instances it had about forty members in favor of its program. The men made a special attempt to have one of their number appointed to take part in the formal discussion. Before the war it was customary to have both Revisionists and Revolutionists so represented. Since the beginning of the war this custom has been given up. The majority refused the request of the minority on the plea that no division must be advertised in public. So those who remain true to the International were officially muzzled.

But on the 21st of December the official "Socialist" bureaucrats had the surprise of their lives. Twenty Socialists voted against the granting of the budget and 22 left the chamber. Here are the names of the 20: Bernstein, Bock, Buechner, Cohn, Dittman, Geyer, Haase, Herzfeld, Henks, Horn, Kunert, Ledebour, Liebknecht, Bruehne, Schwartz, Stadthagen, Stolle, Vogtherr, Worm, Zubeil. Immediately after this decisive action 65 members of the group met and passed a vote of censure on the heroic twenty. Later the Executive Committee of the Party passed a similar motion. Haase and the other representatives of the minority were not present when this action was taken. Immediately after the decisive action, Haase resigned his position as chairman of the Socialist group. It is reported, too, that the opposition Socialists have formed an unofficial organization to formulate their views and defend themselves against at-

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tack. This organization is called the Socialist Union (Vereinigung).

All of these events have been strenuously discussed in the press and in party conferences. Perhaps the most notable events since the vote was taken were the meetings of the district committees of Leipsig and Berlin. In both of these meetings the action of the twenty in voting against the budget was almost unanimously approved.

A large part of the discussion centers about the question of party unity. Carl Legien, it is reported, made a formal demand in a caucus of the Socialist group that the now famous twenty be expelled from the Party. On the other hand, Otto Ruehle, one of the twenty, said in an article published in the *Pirnaer Volkszeitung* that division of the Party is the logical result of division in the parliamentary group and is, moreover, a result devoutly to be wished. Others on both sides respond that division is not necessary. Chief among these is the *Berlin Vorwaerts*. Vorwaerts maintains that the minority of representatives really represent the majority of members. It is quite probable that when the first Party congress meets the International, anti-war Socialists will be in the majority. Hence it is not for them to advocate division at the present time.

Whatever may happen in the future, American Socialists send greetings to their German comrades. The carnage goes on. Every day thousands are being added to the millions killed and wounded. But for the international movement the worst is over. The second International broke down in the sense that it ceased to function. The groups composing it lost touch with one another and became mutually suspicious. But we know now that the stuff the organization was made of still exists. Most of the parts of it have not lost their character or purposes. Bring them together again and it will be possible to rebuild better than before.

Manifesto of the French Socialists. The annual congress of the French Socialist Party met at Paris on Christmas day. There were 280 delegates present. They remained in session for four days and had warm discussions about the party's attitude toward the war. But I do not know

what really happened. Neither do many others except those who were there. The sessions were held behind closed doors. Each evening a formal statement was made to the press that So-and-so had presided and the war had been discussed. Even *l'Humanite* published nothing more than this.

After it was all over an English correspondent sent to *The Labor Leader* a story of a bitter struggle on the part of a minority. But no matter how the minority exerted itself it made little showing when it came to the voting. The official resolution was adopted by a vote of 2,736 to 76 with 102 abstentions. (The delegates had votes in accordance with the number of members they represented.) It will be noted, however, that the drafters of the resolution had some fears about what the minority might do after the congress.

Following is a digest of the resolution adopted with the most significant passages quoted word-for-word: The French Socialist Party is engaged, with the rest of France, in the prosecution of a defensive warfare. It will continue to do its part until French territory is freed of invaders and until the conditions of permanent peace are established. These conditions are the restoration of liberty to the small peoples and the establishment of justice on the basis of universal, obligatory arbitration of international differences. Among the oppressed populations to which liberty of action must be restored is that of Alsace-Lorraine. The Allied Powers should proclaim their freedom from any desire for conquest or annexation of territory and thus secure the advantage of moral support on the part of neutrals.

"The Socialist Party of France knows that as long as the iniquity of capitalism exists with its consequent competition and development of colonialism and imperialism we shall have also the danger of war. But the world faces this alternative: Either it will continue the practice of war with all its burdens of armaments and destruction or the nations will usher in an era of arbitration by limitation armaments, by the democratic control of treaties, by the abolition of secret diplomacy, by the nationalization of the in-

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dustries of war, by the establishment of a power prepared to enforce judgment against recalcitrant nations by taking economic or military measures."

The Germans are told that in making war they are defending themselves against destruction. For their part French Socialists declare that they have no designs whatever against the existence or prosperity of the German people. But we have in mind to aid in the destruction of Prussian militarism by putting an end to its reason for existence. With the establishment of international arbitration there will be no excuse for any military system, least of all for one like that of Germany.

The French Socialist Party declares its willingness to re-establish relations with the German Social Democracy as soon as German Socialists have returned to the principles long held by the International. Among these are: The repudiation of imperialism, affirmation of the right of peoples to determine their own political affiliations, opposition to violations of international law. "We see no use in an International without principles, without ideals, without a soul.

"How can Socialists claim to stand for a regime of international peace if, having had a chance to stop the flood of war they did not even oppose to it, the inflexible clearness of opinion which one owes to the truth?

"The French Socialist Party considers the division between German imperialist Socialists and the minority a good omen. The growth of this minority will save the honor of International Socialism and prove the salvation of the German nation. It is within the power of German Socialism to hasten the re-establishment of the International."

The Congress directs the Socialists' deputies in the Chamber and the Socialist members of the cabinet to do their utmost to aid in the national defense in order that the war may be brought to the speediest possible close and international relations thus be placed permanently on a basis of peace and justice.

The Congress wishes to impress upon all Socialist deputies, party officials and members that absolute unity of action is now more essential than ever.

Ride Whiie You

British Labor Against Conscription. During the last days of January a Congress of British labor unionists met in Bristol. There were more than two million men represented. In the action taken, therefore, English labor spoke officially. The majority of those represented are not Socialists. They are not opposed to the war. Many of them are not even opposed to the existence of capitalism in any consistent or conscious way. But they are all fighting for better conditions and with true British doggedness they refuse to stop fighting enemies at home because they have been made to think they have an enemy abroad.

They are against the Germans, it is true. They began by adopting a resolution to support the government in its war. Then they went at the real business in hand. This was to make opposition to the government's conscription law. A resolution declaring conscription to be "contrary to the spirit of British democracy and full of danger to the liberties of the British people" was passed by a vote of 1,796,000 to 219,000.

With only a single vote in the negative they passed a resolution calling for amendments to the munitions bill designed to prevent "the pretext of war being used for the greater coercion and subjection of labor."

The Congress also passed a resolution demanding: (1) Drastic reduction of armaments by agreement of all the European powers; (2) an international agreement that no power should acquire territory without the consent of the inhabitants; (3) parliamentary control of foreign affairs.

A proposal to oppose the conscription measure with the general strike was promptly buried. And in general the delegates acted much as the members of other similar British congresses have done. But the published reports give the distinct impression that the chief energy and enthusiasm were directed against English capitalism rather than against German militarism.

"Read The Colonizer about lynch law and negro peonage, twins of the big plantation system. Send a dime."

C. D. RIVERS, Summerville, Georgia

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NEWS AND VIEWS

Propaganda Inside—A comrade from the state penitentiary writes: "I reach twenty fellows in here with my copy of the REVIEW every month. They are all studying Marxian Socialism. These men begin to see the cause of the world's misery and their own as well." We hope all of our friends inside will start study clubs. We may as well begin to make the penitentiaries institutions of learning wherever we can.

The College Graduate—"After I hoboed around in the country from my seventeenth to my twenty-third year, I went up to Alaska, saved up \$1,200, went to the University of California for four years, graduated two years ago, taught in a small high school in Arkansas for two years eight months at \$700 per year, and now I am clerking. I was married last spring in Pennsylvania. All so-called 'professions' are overfilled, be it in medicine, law, engineering or teaching. From 700 graduates of the University of California in 1913, only about 200 graduates got positions in their respective callings the following year. The rest had the privilege of going home, being star boarders, or else going out dish washing, as some of my class-mates did in California. All this talk about the financial value of a college education is mere humbug. The 'learned' professions are more crowded than the field for unskilled laborers, and salaries are lower than of the skilled mechanics as a rule, for the first ten years."

St. John Jail—Comrades, allow me to correct any false impressions which may be conveyed by Comrade Fillmore's letter re my arrest and imprisonment, published in February's issue of the REVIEW.

At the meeting mentioned I had no intention of censuring Comrade Carney, my blame of him being entirely ironical.

In addition to the words mentioned by Comrade Fillmore, I stated: "There are no martyrs in the Socialist movement, but there are fighters who receive hard blows."

The word "martyr" conveys the idea of an individual who is a patient sufferer on the behalf of other people, with a tendency to a strong pose of self-abnegation.

Personally, I have no use for that sort of individual.

Comrade Carney is by no means a man of that stripe; he is a gallant, uncomplaining fighter in the ranks of the revolutionary working class, because he realizes that the fight for working class emancipation is *his* fight, and the blows that he has received—and they have been many—he has taken with a smiling face.

But of course he *did* deserve those blows. The *fact* that he received them is the *proof* that he deserved them. I am doing two months in jail—I deserve my punishment—I requested much more, and should in that case have deserved it.

A comrade in the Canadian West, Comrade Reid, has just been sentenced to fifteen months'

imprisonment for the same offense as I received two months (oh! the intelligent and impartial administration of capitalist "Justice"). Reid deserves his punishment.

The working class deserves any treatment that the capitalist class has the will and power to inflict on the working class, so long as the workers, in the weakness of ignorance, submit, but when the workers, in the might of their numbers and intelligence, arise, then the capitalists will deserve any treatment that the workers choose to administer to them. Speed the day.

An appeal has been made on my behalf in the REVIEW. Please call that off, as my sentence, being short, we are making no appeal to a higher court.

Reid, however, has a long sentence, and we must free this able and devoted comrade as soon as possible, and, if any rebels across the line have a little to spare, I suggest that they forward it to A. McLean, secretary S. P. of Canada, Socialist Headquarters, Avenue Theater, Vancouver, B. C.

Contrary to a letter I have in my possession from a "prominent" member of the S. P. of A., *our* fight on this side of the line is *your* fight also, and it is a hard fight just now, comrades, a very hard fight, for we are few in numbers and widely scattered, and in addition, the section of the capitalist class with which we in Canada have to deal is specially vindictive because of the family quarrel they are indulging in just now.

Yours in Revolt,

WILFRID GRIBBLE.

At Last Ludlow Is Atoned For—Labor has come into its own and Jawndee has crowned it with the full product of its activities. Generous is the oil monarch and wise are his hirelings. It all happened in California during the glad Christmas season. The good news was flashed to the world in the January issue of The Standard Oil Bulletin. President D. G. Scofield of the "Standard Oil Company of California" (see attorney general) incubated the marvelous idea. I'll keep you in suspense no longer. "The Order of Service" has been organized, and all who have been continuously employed for a period of ten years ARE TO BE PRESENTED WITH SERVICE PINS. "There is no caste in the order," says President Scofield. The pin "is a testimonial of merit and efficiency, for the continuous employment of any one person for ten years or over, assumed that the service rendered has been satisfactory and well performed." There are various grades of the pins and after one of the slaves has toiled fifty years his decoration will contain five chip diamonds.

"Praise John from whom OIL blessings flow."

Let us PREY on the Dubbs.

The blood of Ludlow is wiped away.

From a Washington Lumberjack—I just finished reading the article by Fellow Worker Bose on the "Lumberjack in the North" and

will say that conditions among the loggers here in western Washington and Oregon are better than those surrounding the workers he writes about. While it is very true in some localities that the mattresses are sold time and again, still the men do not have to sleep on balsam boughs and hay.

While it is true some of the camps have poor sleeping quarters, the majority of bunk shacks are 32 feet long and 10 feet wide, with double berth bunks accommodating ten men. We go to work at 6:30 in the morning, have one and a half hours for dinner, knocking off work at 4:30 or 5 at this time of the year.

Most men haul the men in and out on logging trains. Wages are from \$2 to \$4.50 per day. I should say the average wage is around \$3. Of course, more organization is needed.

Slave drivers exist in all localities and I have heard many a foreman say that he would not only make the men run from one tree to another, but would make them throw their tools before them. Oftentimes the men come in at night with their shirts saturated with sweat. Whenever a record is made for one day, the bosses expect the men to do it every day. I worked in one camp where the men got to bucking one another, with the result that they got out 3,000,000 feet of lumber in record-breaking time and the camp had to shut down until the mill caught up. The men thus threw themselves out of work. Of course, the "boneheads" knew no better, but let us hope that they will learn in time.—D. R.

A College of the People—"We are gratified to announce to our readers at the opening of the new year that The People's College, organized by the workers of the world, is building up rapidly and making brilliant progress in its correspondence courses and in every department of its excellent work. The college is maintained by the College Union, consisting of a membership interested in and pledged to working class education, each member paying a dollar a year for a period of five years for a life membership, during which he or she receives the College News, the monthly publication, filled with vital matter relating to the education of the masses, as a means of their emancipation.

"The People's College is tainted by no ruling class subsidy and subject to no restricting or contaminating influence whatsoever. It is in the fullest sense a people's school. It is owned and managed by the workers themselves and the truth is taught and the facts are sought without fear or favor.

"Every worker in the land, however remotely he may be situated, can become a

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Mr. H. C. Atteberry, Lilac, Neb., writes: "I have used sample box of *Cranolene*. It has done me more good than anything I have ever used. Enclosed find \$5 to pay for the good you've already done me." Postal will bring you FREE what Mr. Atteberry gratefully paid \$5.00 for.

member and give himself the benefit of a thorough course of his own choosing by correspondence by addressing The People's College, Fort Scott, Kans. This is the school of the toiling and producing millions and it is destined to become the greatest school in the world."—Eugene V. Debs.

A New Zealand Socialist Secretary, when ordering his bundle of REVIEWS, writes: "We are fighting a strenuous battle here against military conscription, which the ruling class would force upon us; with pen and tongue, in the face of the unanimous advocacy of the conscriptionist cause by the press, we are determined not to permit Prussianism to enter this country. An inventory of flesh and blood—called by our rulers a National Register—has disclosed the disquieting, to our jingo-ruling class) fact that 77,000 men of military age decline to do military work. Sixteen thousand of these are young single men who have simply answered "no" to every question involving military duty. The total population of New Zealand is only a million, so the percentage of those who refuse to bend to the war god is high enough to give us Socialists great hopes for the future.—G. W."

From Rebels East and West—Comrade Gayburd of Roxbury, Mass., sends in six yearly subs, and fellow-worker Burpee of Alleghany, Cal., fires in a list of fifteen yearlies, and adds, "Count on me to support you in making the REVIEW popular in this camp." This is the kind of co-operation that counts. If one rebel out of ten who takes the REVIEW would get on the job, we could meet the 100,000 mark by the end of the year.

What a Live One Can Do—The following extract from a letter written by a REVIEW reader in Pennsylvania shows what a "live" one can do when he gets on the job: "I thought I would get up a little bundle myself among my fellow-workmen who are not in the local, and here is the number, 31. Got to see some of them just long enough to say a few words and some of them I got by 'phone. This we expect to keep up for the year 1916. I know the REVIEW will move some of the old prejudiced ideas which they are carrying around at the present time." All of this illustrates the fact that one "live" Socialist on the job is worth a hundred "Me-Too" Socialists who imagine they have no time to read Socialist literature or even pass along a leaflet to the other slaves on the job.

From a Live Comrade at Indianapolis—"Sold the twelve REVIEWS I ordered the first day I received them, and found three parties who, after reading the February number, wanted the January issue also. It is hard to get \$1 for a yearly subscription, but no trouble

to sell copies for 10 cents each. Please rush another bundle of ten."—L. H. S.

Saskatchewan, Canada—"A friend has given me the REVIEW to read and I am pleased with it. The Joe Hill affair, as the REVIEW showed it, should stir the heart in every workingman in America if he only knew and could understand Cause—Effects—Remedy, which would be 'Scientific Socialism Applied.' Send me the REVIEW and Ancient Society. Here is another sub also."—P. J. H.

Sacramento, A. W. O., sends us resolutions on the Ford and Suhr case. They are asking a pledge from all the members of the working class to refuse to rest until these comrades are released from prison. Keep this in mind and do all you can to bring pressure to bear in this case.

From Pittsburgh—An audience of fifteen hundred people at the Lyceum Labor Forum last Sunday unanimously endorsed a resolution requesting Congress to print enough copies of the report of the Industrial Relations Commission to supply the demand. The resolution was introduced by Earl O. Gunther. Several hundred workers also signified their willingness to write to five friends in different parts of the country to take the matter up with their congressmen.

Art. 2, Section 6—This is to call your attention to a proposed national referendum looking toward the annulling of Sec. 6, Art. 2, National Constitution, Socialist Party, submitted for seconds by Local La Crosse, Wis., and published in the American Socialist of Jan. 1st. But they neglected to publish the comment which accompanied our resolution, copy of which follows:

"The control of the Socialist Party by the reactionary element has resulted in a condition of inertia. The Socialist Party should be the organized expression of the revolutionary socialist movement, based solely on the class struggle. To make of a revolutionary party a pink tea affair and to exclude from its councils and from participation in its efforts all live-wire revolutionary socialists is party suicide. As long as we retain in our constitution the section named we are a legitimate subject for ridicule."

I am certain the International Socialist Review is in complete accord with this local in wishing to annul this abortion in our constitution, and I am calling the matter to your attention now in an endeavor to enlist your help in the way of publicity. Now that we can secure an opportunity to vote on amendments to the constitution on request of 8 per cent of the membership, we may be able to bring this matter before the comrades if we can secure their attention.—A La Crosse Comrade.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT

How to Get Socialist Books at Cost

For the benefit of new readers of the REVIEW, I shall explain briefly the plan on which our publishing house is organized. It is incorporated under the laws of Illinois, with an authorized capital of \$50,000, divided into 5,000 shares of \$10.00 each. Of these 4,116 have been issued, and 884 are still in the treasury. Of those issued I personally own 1,234, a few comrades own from two to 35 each, while about 2,800 are owned by as many different comrades, who have invested just \$10.00 each.

No dividends have ever been promised and none have been paid, since our aim is not to make profits, but to circulate the greatest possible amount of the best Socialist literature at the lowest possible prices. The personal advantage to each of our 2,800 stockholders is that he has the privilege of having any of the books published by us mailed to him at any time on receipt of the retail price less 40%, or of buying \$20.00 worth of our books by express, charges prepaid by us, for \$10.00. He can buy for others as well as for himself, and as a matter of fact, most of our books are sold to or through our stockholders.

We publish most of the really valuable books by Socialist writers in the English language, including the works of Marx, Engels, Dietzgen, Lafargue and Labriola. An illustrated catalog with full descriptions of these books will be mailed on request. The easiest way to get a good Socialist library is by becoming a stockholder in our publishing house.

But the privilege of getting lower prices on books was a secondary motive with most of the 2,800 comrades who have become stockholders. The important consideration with them was to stimulate the circulation of real Socialist books. Of the books which we retail at 50c each and mail to our stockholders for 30c each, the greater part, if the question had been left to capitalist publishers, would either never have been published at all, or would have been sold at not less than a dollar net, and thus have been kept out of the reach of most wage slaves. Our low priced Socialist classics are sold wherever the English language is spoken. In Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and even England itself, our Marxian literature has helped build up revolutionary movements that have stood firm against all attempts at compromise with capitalist reformers. And here in the United States our literature has prepared the way for the Socialist Party and has constantly strengthened the revolutionary element within the party.

In 1913, the last calendar year not affected by the European war, we circulated Socialist literature to the amount of \$46,872.95, and earned a few hundred dollars above expenses, which we applied to reducing our debt. Since the war began, we have had a hard struggle to meet expenses, and this condition is likely to continue while the war lasts. When once the war comes to an end, all signs point to an enormous increase in So-

cialist activity all over the world. We must prepare for a big expansion in our literature at that time, and more capital will be urgently needed. We must begin to raise it now.

Books at Less Than Cost to New Stockholders. There are three distinct elements in the cost of publishing a book. Take, for example, one published by us to retail at 50 cents. Before a single copy can be sold, there is a necessary outlay to the author or translator, the typesetters, and the electrotypers, amounting to \$200 to \$400, and there is no possible way of telling in advance among how many copies this expense will be divided. If it turns out to be less than 3,000, we lose. Next, there is the actual cost of paper, presswork and binding for each copy, about ten cents. Third, there is the inevitable "overhead expense," including rent, wages of office force, interest on borrowed money, postage and advertising. The items under this heading amount each year to more than the manufacturing cost.

\$15.00 Cash Buys a Share of Stock and Books Listed at \$25.00. Under this offer we get for the books merely the second item of cost explained above, omitting the first and the third. We can afford it only because we do not pay dividends, and in the long run the saving of interest on the \$10.00 paid for a share will make up for the loss on the books. A considerable number of comrades have accepted this offer, and they have, without exception, been well pleased with the books. The trouble with this plan, however, is that few wage-workers can spare \$15.00 at one time.

An Installment Offer. We now make practically the same offer, of books published by us to the amount of \$25.00, with a \$10.00 share of stock, and we ask only \$6.00 in advance, \$10.00 more to be paid in monthly installments of \$1.00 each. Under this plan the cost to the purchaser is \$1.00 more, which barely pays the cost of the labor involved in carrying an installment account. The stockholder gets the full set of books at once, and the stock certificate when his payments are completed. This is the biggest opportunity ever offered to get a really good Socialist library on easy terms, and I

hope several hundred comrades will take advantage of it at once. The offer is open to Locals of the Socialist Party or of the I. W. W. as well as to individuals. Start a library at your headquarters, or put the books on sale at retail prices, using the profit on sales to pay the installments as they come due.

A Suggested List of Books. For the benefit of comrades not familiar with our books, who feel uncertain as to the best books to select, I suggest the following list, but the purchaser is at liberty to make his own selection from our catalog and order list, which will be mailed on request. Note, however, that the offer does not apply to books in the catalog marked with a star (*), which indicates that they are books of other publishers, on which we can allow stockholders only 20% discount. My suggested list is as follows:

Anarchism and Socialism, Plechanoff.....	\$ 0.50
Art of Lecturing, Lewis.....	.50
Capital, Marx, three volumes.....	6.00
Class Struggle, The, Kautsky.....	.50
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Materialistic Conception of History, Labriola.....	1.00
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World's Revolutions, The, Untermann.....	.50
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Remember that \$6.00 sent now, with your promise to pay \$1.00 a month for ten months, brings you this set of books. Expressage in the United States or Canada will cost you, according to distance, from 35c to \$2.00, not more. For postage to foreign countries add \$2.00; to Alaska or U. S. colonies, \$3.00.

A complete financial report, showing the receipts, expenditures, assets and liabilities of the publishing house will be found on page 505 of last month's REVIEW. Any other information desired by any one considering the purchase of stock will be furnished on request.

A Personal Word. I have carried on my own shoulders the financial responsibility of this publishing house since the first of 1886, when it was founded. I can not look forward to many more years of active work. Practically all I have is represented in the 1,234 shares of stock which I still own. My associates in the office are without capital, but have the experience and ability to continue the work successfully provided the necessary capital can be raised. My hope is to raise it all from the sale of single shares to readers and friends of the REVIEW. In this way the permanent control of the publishing house can be kept in the hands of the co-operating stockholders. A prompt response to this announcement will, within a few months, put our enterprise on a thoroughly secure basis, and will equip the publishing house for doing a bigger work during the critical times that must follow the European war.

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A short time before he died, the first edition of Governor John P. Altgeld's "Oratory" was published. It was immediately recognized as the best treatise of its kind ever published and this first small edition very soon sold out. A second was not printed, and through a strange oversight, the book became almost forgotten, except by the few who owned much-prized copies.

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—THE—

Universal Kinship

This is the most important of the works of J. Howard Moore, author of our recent books, "The Law of Biogenesis" (50c) and "Savage Survivals" (\$1.00). "The Universal Kinship" has been out of print some years; we have now in response to persistent demands issued a new and very attractive edition. The book includes the following chapters:

The Physical Kinship

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The Evidences of Organic Evolution.
The Genealogy of Animals.
Conclusion.

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The Conflict of Science and Tradition.
Evidences of Psychical Evolution.
The Common-Sense View.
The Elements of Human and Non-Human Mind Compared.
Conclusion.

The Ethical Kinship

Human Nature a Product of the Jungle.
Egoism and Altruism.
The Ethics of the Savage.
The Ethics of the Ancient.
Modern Ethics.
The Ethics of Human Beings Toward Non-Human Beings.
The Origin of Provincialism.
Universal Ethics.
The Psychology of Altruism.
Anthropocentric Ethics.
Ethical Implications of Evolution.
Conclusion.

Mark Twain, the greatest of American writers, said in a letter written shortly before his death: "**The Universal Kinship** has furnished me several days of deep pleasure and satisfaction. It has compelled my gratitude, at the same time, since it saves me the labor of stating my own long-cherished opinions, reflections and resentments by doing it lucidly and fervently for me."

Jack London says: "I do not know of any book dealing with evolution that I have read with such keen interest. Mr. Moore has a broad grasp and shows masterly knowledge of the subject. . . . And then there is his style . . . He uses always the right word."

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THE SOCIAL EVIL, by J. H. Greer, M. D., paper, 10 cents.

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IS THE BIBLE TRUE?

This is the chief subject of debate today 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."

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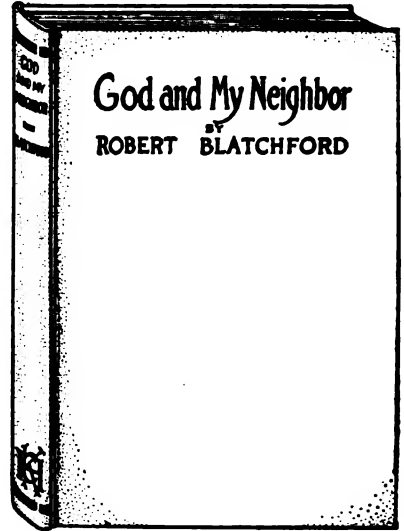
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The
**INTERNATIONAL
SOCIALIST REVIEW**

VOL. XVI

APRIL, 1916

No. 10

BLEEDING MEXICO

By DAVID BRUCE

(The author of this remarkable article writes: "This is my third attempt to get some stuff through to the Review, and the good God alone knows if this will get out of the country. It is strictly against the law down here to send out articles uncensored. I'd as soon lose my right arm as allow these fellows here to censor my stuff. I believe I am spotted anyway. The penalty if caught is instant deportation at the nearest port of entry or the firing squad. I have no firing squad ambitions.)

MEXICAN LIBERTY BELL
It First Rang Out for Liberty in September, 1810.
In 1896 It Was Removed to the National Palace.

WALL STREET WANTS INTERVENTION BEFORE THE EUROPEAN WAR IS OVER. If intervention comes now while the hands of France and Britain are tied, the American interests have more chance to get all their feet in the trough.

Mexico is an immensely rich country. It has well been called the treasure house of the world.

It heads the nations in the production of silver.

It is second (next to the U. S.) in the production of copper.

It is third in the production of oil, and its oil wells have only begun to be developed.

It is fourth in the production of gold. Its agricultural resources can hardly even be estimated. They have not been developed in the past because the owners of the great haciendas would not permit it.

The northern country is the last great cattle range. It soon will be feeding beef to the world.

The west coast is a garden that makes California seem a desert, and along which, I believe, every fruit in the world can be grown.

The people, the plain people, forget these things. But the Interests don't, not for a minute.

There are Americans at work just now buying up every acre of Mexican land they

can lay their paws on. Naturally they can buy it cheaply just now; naturally much of the selling is done by owners who have tears in their hearts.

If a real revolution of the people should not come, and intervention should, so these birds of prey would be permitted to go ahead, they'll own the whole blamed country by the time this is over. And they'll have bought it at bargain prices in the time of Mexico's agony, and will be holding on to it by grace of the government of the United States.

Magon said that Mexico never would know herself until the people won back the land. There will be no land left for them to win unless the people rise.

Incidentally, Mexico is NOT a Spanish-American republic. It is a mixture of a lot of weird things, and its population today consists of 6,000,000 odd Indians, 6,000,000 odd half-breeds, and about 2,500,000 whites, or gentlemen claiming to be whites.

Ever since Cortez, Mexico has been an exploited country.

First it was the Spaniards. Then it was the whole boiling of the nations of western Europe. Now it is the Americans chiefly; the British next, and the French a bad third.

Between them, these three countries have seized all the oil wells, all the silver and gold mines, all the copper and zinc mines, all the good lumber in the country, and have secured a controlling grip on the banks and railroads. Therefore, of course, these three nations have been the real rulers of the country.

In the oil fields, what was inevitable in view of the American and British oil monopolies happened. There was war between Standard Oil and the Cowdrays, a war of bribery, of nasty, mean underhandness.

When the revolution broke out, this war took a new tack. Cowdray would back one faction; 26 Broadway promptly backed the other. Cowdray had the British government protest something; 26 Broadway had the heavy hand of the American government displayed. The Guggenheim interests, the silver and lumber trusts, took a similar course.

The revolution thus was quite pleasing in its initial stages to the Big Interests. Each one had pleasing visions of the side they had backed winning, and of new con-

cessions, new loot. But when they discovered that they could not, with all their money, control the revolution, when money began to drop, when property was destroyed, the Big Interests began to squeal like stuck pigs.

It is they who are squealing now.

And the question I wish to ask even those who bow down before the god of property is this:

Did not the Big Interests lose for themselves and for all their countrymen the right to squeal over the destruction of property the day they first gave money to a revolutionist, the day they first took sides? Wouldn't you feel that way about it if you were a Mexican?

These questions are for property worshippers alone, however. The thing for the American people to remember is that it IS the Big Interests who are doing the squealing. It is they who are digging up stories of outrages, that usually happen in far places. It is they who raise such awful yelps about the death of an American, to whom they would have refused a job or a crust of bread while alive. It is they who—at a very late date, if all they say be true—have discovered that the Mexican people are starving, and it is their newspapers which doubtless have been weeping buckets of tears over that just now. It is they who want "benevolent intervention."

If I saw any hope that "benevolent intervention" would do one iota of good for the Mexican people, I might hold my peace. But I cannot.

What could it do? Set up a Diaz-like dictatorship, upheld only by American arms. Any improvements accomplished under such conditions would be swallowed with the bitter gall that only the conquered know, with the hate with which German was swallowed in Alsace. And when the American troops were withdrawn, the improvements would be torn down, not because they were improvements, but because they were the handiwork of the conqueror. Retrogression instead of progress!

And would the American troops be withdrawn? Or would they find the leaving of Mexico as hard as they now are finding the leaving of the Philippines?

I am very much in earnest about the situation here. I want to do what I can to prevent any chance of intervention, and I know that the pressure of intervention is

being increased steadily at Washington, and that if Wilson does not yield it will be made a campaign issue.

In his speech at Indianapolis last January, President Wilson said:

"Until the end of the Diaz reign, 80% of the people of Mexico never had a look-in in determining what their government should be.

"It is none of my business, and it is none of yours how they go about the business.

"The country is theirs. The government is theirs. The liberty, if they can get it—and God speed them in getting it—is theirs. And so far as my influence goes, while I am president, nobody shall interfere with them."

I believe that is a correct quotation, although I would not swear to it, and it seems to me that it puts the truth very clearly in all the words necessary. But since then the situation has been clouded up by the various gentlemen who have interests there, and who seem to have brought Wilson around to thinking that the business of the Mexicans IS his business. I wish Wilson would repeat that message, that promise, to-day, and would insert in it this sentence:

"THE FOOD, IF THEY CAN IT—

AND GOD SPEED THEM IN GETTING—IS THEIRS."

For the food is right here in Mexico. It may be there are some cities, some districts, without it. But there is enough food in Mexico today to feed the entire population.

Of course, it may be that the Big American Interests do fear an immediate rising of the people. And I know that they fear the possibility of that, and long have feared the possibility of that, with a deadly fear. They are not afraid of organized military bands, which can be treated with, and which, as a last resort, can be bought. But they have feared the rising of the whole people with the shuddering fear that shuts its eyes before the coming of the feared. They have admitted its possibility, but never its probability.

Assuredly, if a rising be near, they have cause for fear. For, if the people rise, much blood will be shed and much property destroyed. When a people long oppressed, long held in darkest ignorance, once feel the power of killing those who held them down, it is likely to go to their heads, and they to excess.

The question is: Is it more worth while

to permit the sudden shedding of a river of wealthy blood and destruction of property in order to free a whole people, or to prevent this and by so doing perpetuate a system that takes its toll in men, women and children, in art, education and progress, ANNUALLY?

It seems to me there can be only one answer.

So I choose the side of Revolution. Two years ago, if someone had asked me whether I favored peaceful evolution or red revolt, I think I should have answered "peaceful evolution" without a moment's hesitation. Now . . .

Well, take the Colorado situation: Was violence justified there?

I think it safe to say that the real Mexican revolution started considerably over four years ago with the writings of a group of journalists headed by Magon.

This beginning was intellectual only, and affected only the intellectuals. It never touched the 80%. Perhaps some whisper of it penetrated to mine or hovel. But if so, I am sure the peon who heard the whisper shuddered and shrank away from this attack on established things, which, being established, must assuredly be right, and which unquestionably would punish this sacrilegious writer in a fearsome way.

Then, four years ago, Madero crossed the Rio Grande, and a revolution of action was begun.

(We will leave the state of Chihuahua and parts of states bordering it out of this for the present. I'll deal with them later.)

But Madero's rising was in no sense a rising of the people. Madero was not of the people. He was a rich man, of a powerful family, who, having seen the light (and, perchance, some misty something to his own advantage) promised to give the people freedom. His followers were a small number of intellectuals and men of wealth like himself, and a band of adventurers ready to follow any flag if the rewards promised seemed great enough. But the people did not rise. The people were too awed, too afraid, too crushed, too used to the darkness of the pit of ignorance wherein they had been held, to be able to come at once into the light.

Madero ruled, and was assassinated. But the people did not rise. Came other leaders—Huerto, Gutierrez, Carranza, Villa, Zapata. None of these are leaders of the people. They are leaders of organized bands of armed men. True, many of these men and their followers represent the people, many more than in Madero's day. I grant they may mean to free the people, according to their several lights.

But here I want to ask the question, which is the most vital one to Mexico today, a question that ought to be put to every American who has anything to do with the Mexican question, or who even considers that question:

Can anyone free a people?

I do not believe so; I believe a people must free itself.

Do you remember the French revolution? Do you remember how, preceding it, Prince and Duc, Comte and Vicomte, rose in revolt "to free the people"?

And the French people were not freed?

Were not freed until the day that the wolf, Hunger, took them by the throat and they rose in their might and freed themselves through a river of blood!

Has ever a people been freed by different method? Has ever a people, long oppressed and kept ignorant, found the courage to free themselves until they knew the wolf?

I think not.

Chihuahua is a state of mountains and plateaus, of cañons and vast spaces, remind-

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A WEALTHY MEXICAN AND HIS FAMILY

ing one more of Arizona, New Mexico or Colorado than of Mexico. Its geography and climate has had its influence on the people, who always have been freer of spirit than those of the rest of Mexico. Also, outside of the mining districts clustered around the city of Chihuahua, the population is sparse. So it came that here in the north the revolution was a success almost from the beginning. To a great extent the people rose. The government was overthrown, a new government established. The land was seized. The peons were given freedom, and acquired shoes and meat and good clothes. Schools multiplied at an astonishing rate.

The new government was, and is, stable. That is: it is stable to this extent: There is no one within this territory so far as I know who wishes to raise the banner of revolt. Of course, it is open to attack by Carranzistas and the Huertistas and Cientificos, who recently have gathered like buzzards at El Paso. But internally, the state is at peace, and the people, with more money in their pockets than ever they had before, have been going about their business, planting their crops and refusing flatly to work for American mine owners at the wages offered.

Chihuahua knows no starvation today, al-

though the drop in money, due to Villa's defeats, has hit them hard. Still, even with the peso worth only two and nine-tenth cents, the people have more money than they had six years ago.

These facts regarding Chihuahua have helped to strengthen my opposition to intervention.

Granting the influence of geography and climate here, which is lacking in the south, surely what has proved possible for the Mexicans of the north is possible for the Mexicans of the south. But it can become so only thru their own exertions.

There are 150,000 men now under arms in the republic of Mexico.

There are 15 million Mexican people.

Keep these figures in mind and then face the big fact that the Money Power in the United States has a greater grip on the country and on the freedom of the people than has the Money Power in France today. It is true that because of the traditions of the country, the Money Power in the United States has been afraid to work openly. But it has worked, and during the last fifty years it slowly has tightened its grip, and has stolen right after right of the people, while at the same time it has laid the foundations of imperial power by hav-

ing more and more "rights of property" written into the statutes.

NO NATION CAN HELP ANOTHER NATION TO DECIDE A MORAL QUESTION BY THE USE OF FORCE, ANY MORE THAN ONE CAN RE-

DEEM A DRUNKARD BY BEATING HELL OUT OF HIM.

Therefore the people of Mexico should be left strictly alone to straighten out their own morals, as President Wilson promised they should be left alone last January.

The Railway Workers' Power

By W. W. CRAIK,

Of the Central Labour College, England

The Need for Power

It should now be a self-evident truth that the workers of all branches of our industrial system require organization because *they need power*. They need power in order to resist and remove the yoke of capitalist oppression. The isolated individual is powerless. He can *find power only as an associated individual*. He can become strong only in and through powerful organizations.

The Need of Increasing Power

Capital grows in magnitude. As it becomes bigger it presses more heavily upon the workers. In the railway industry this process of growth is well marked. The many small railway companies that once existed have become absorbed in a few large concerns. The system of railway working has become so perfected, by means of machinery and science, that the railway workers can be exploited much more intensely. Wages have fallen, on the one hand, in relation to the prices of food, clothing and shelter, while, on the other hand, they have fallen in relation to the greater expenditure of energy through speeding up. It follows, therefore, that the workers employed in the railway industry *require increasing power* in order to effectively meet the increasing pressure.

The Road to Power

Organizations are not ends in themselves. They are *means* to the end of a fuller and freer life. The mere existence of a certain kind of organization does not justify its existence. The test of justification is: How far can that form of organization

meet the needs of men? If this test is not fulfilled, then, no matter how hoary the structure may be, no matter what may have been its merits in the past, the hour of its dissolution has sounded.

The National Union of Railwaymen is a modern form of industrial organization. It marks a departure from the old and still existing type. It is an advance upon that type. It was not created out of the brain of any single individual, but has been begotten by the conditions of modern industrial development. The logic of the N. U. R. is the logic of the industrial process.

So long as men are blind to the realities of their experience in the present, just so long do they oppose the old to the new: things as they have been to things that begin to be. Sooner or later, they are compelled to awaken to the necessity which is no respecter of human prejudices or ancient institutions, and to adopt that which they previously despised and rejected. These delays are wasteful. Working-class education shortens the process of transition.

Craft Unionism Examined

At the present time the dispute has developed between the old order of organization and the new; between organization upon the basis of craft and organization upon the basis of industry. Apart from the miners, who stand pledged to the new policy, the conflict has become acute between the craft unions and the National Union of Railwaymen. The N. U. R. is an organization based upon the principle of *one union for all workers engaged in the railway industry*. The craft unions, on the other hand, are based upon the prin-

principle of separate organizations according to the special detail operations in which the men are exclusively engaged, and regardless of the other detail operations with which they are directly connected. That is to say—whether masons work without or within the railway industry, they shall all be organized in the masons' union; whether coachmakers work without or within the railway industry, they shall only be eligible for the coachmakers' union; and so on.

An industry is distinguished by the fact that it turns out a particular *product*, which is sold by the owners of that industry, and from the sale of which the profits are derived. Each industry embraces a greater or lesser number of processes, all of which represent successive stages in the production of the finished commodity. The latter, then, is the final result of a whole series of connected operations. *It is a common product, the product of the common labor of all workers within the industry.*

The *lines* of craft run *thru* an industry, cross its boundaries and extend into other industries. On the other hand, *the new principle* of organization describes a *circle*, identical with that described by the single industry which turns out a single commodity.

For example: A bricklayer building the walls of a workman's dwelling is engaged with carpenters and others in the Building Industry in turning out a saleable product—a house. A carpenter, engaged upon the Railway, works in co-operation with bricklayers, blacksmiths, platelayers, drivers, guards, and others in the Railway Industry, to produce the saleable finished article—*Railway Transport*.

So much for the productive side of the process. Organization upon the basis of industry harmonizes with the groupings of production. *It organizes men as they work. It combines in organization those workers who directly combine in production.* Organization upon the basis of craft, however, splits up into independent sections the directly cooperating producers. It takes to pieces that which, in production, is an organic whole.

How Workers Are Exploited

There is, however, another side of capitalism to be considered. Under this system, *the producer is exploited*. He must not only expend labour for the production of

some service or article. He must, at the same time, allow the owners of capital to appropriate the greater part of the value which he produces, without return. He is an unpaid worker to that extent. This unpaid labour of railway workers, for example, is the source of the railway companies' profits.

Now, just as the commodity is the result of the common labour of all sections of workmen in the same industry, so are *the profits* realized in money thru the sale of that commodity, *extracted from the common unpaid labour of all the directly-combining sections*. It is not the capitalists of the building industry who directly exploit the masons, carpenters, plumbers, etc., working in the railway industry. It is not the capitalists in the industry producing coaches or other vehicles directly for sale, who exploit the workmen making coaches for railway companies. If the railway companies bought their coaches from the concerns in the coach-building industry, then certainly the workmen building these coaches should belong to the *single union* organizing that industry. Where, however, they are employed in the railway industry, they should belong to the N. U. R.

Organization upon the basis of industry not only organizes men as they work, but organizes them also as they are immediately exploited. It adapts itself to modern capitalism in two ways: to the *collective production*, and to the *collective exploitation*. It is the economic fact of exploitation that compels men to organize at all. Organization upon the basis of craft, however, dismembers the collectively exploited whole. It cuts in pieces the various members, tears sections of workmen out of their industrial context, and destroys the force of the totality. By dividing men in that way, it weakens their resisting power.

Craft Union Anarchy

The president of the N. U. R. cited the case, at the Trade Union Congress (1915) at Bristol, of a certain railway shop where 216 grades were employed by a single railway company, and for which 82 craft unions catered. That is craft unionism in all its anarchy! Is such a state of affairs worthy of preservation? Is it a condition of organization that is likely to secure the best for every one of those 216 grades?

The only people that are served by this senseless situation are the railway companies who realize that so long as we are divided, the more easy it is to defraud us. When the N. U. R. is sought to raise the status of shopmen upon the railways, in the course of negotiations, it is the representatives of railway capital who at once point out such cases as the one referred to above, and who give it as a reason why they cannot negotiate shopmen's conditions with the N. U. R.. It is for the shopmen to make such a reason impossible.

The craft union representatives, in opposing the policy of the N. U. R., have urged as a reason for that opposition the low rates paid to artisans upon the railway as compared to the rates prevailing for the same class of work outside the railway. That is true, but what does it prove? It proves that there has been something wrong with the craft unions that now claim these men. It is only the existence of the N. U. R., and the fact that the N. U. R. has begun to organize these men, that makes it possible even for these craft unions to bring forward the claim. If shopmen are wise, they will join the organization that can give them the greatest power, and, as a consequence, the greatest results.

Scientific Organization

It has been urged by certain craft union leaders that the N. U. R. policy will split the workers into small groups. What is that policy? *The substitution of one single union in place of the 82 unions* in the illustration given. Is that splitting into small groups, or is it not precisely the opposite?

Railway companies do not run their business on craft union lines. They each have one single composite control over the whole industry. They unite all their departments on the basis of industry. The organization of workmen which is to be systematic and successful is the one that embraces the workers of all departments under one single control.

The craft union representatives say "Let us federate!" But why, if craft unions are all powerful, should there be any need for federation? *Either the craft union is powerful enough, in which case federation is not required, or federation is required*

because the craft union is not powerful enough. This plea of federation proves the *weakness* of craft unionism. As for federation, it is only a half-hearted attempt at unity, and gives no guarantee of united action, for the reason that it leaves the craft autonomy of each union undisturbed. Federation, time and again, has broken down because one or two craft unions backed out. It allows a minority to frustrate the aims of the majority. There is only one way to permanently unite, and that is—to act as one.

That way is the way of *organization by industry*. Instead of fostering a state of things which allows one section to be pitted against another section in the same industry, either in the process of negotiations, or in a strike, it gives to each section the united support of every other section.

Get Together

We invite our fellow-railwaymen employed in the shops, and in other branches of the railway industry, to consider this question: Which is the most powerful union? The craft union catering for only *one department* in the railway industry, or is it the N. U. R. catering for *every department*, and capable of *paralyzing every department* of that industry? Which is the most effective in negotiating your claims? Is it by means of 82 different craft unions negotiating separately with a single railway company, or is it by *the single union representing every grade of worker in the employ of that railway company*? There can only be one reasonable answer: the answer, that all those who in common are subject to the oppression of railway capital, should, in common, resist that oppression.

The times are troublous, and the future is full of momentous issues for the workers in general. In the battles that will be fought, the victory can alone be to the scientifically organized unions; to the organizations founded upon an industrial basis. Let not the fog of prejudice bedim our eyes, but let us now marshal together, and stand together *as railway workers*, ready to fight with modern equipment against a common enemy and in a common cause—One in production!—One in exploitation!!—One in organization!!!



COMPANY OWNED SHACKS IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF SCRANTON, PA.

In the Anthracite Hills

By ROBERT MINOR

Courtesy of the Newspaper Enterprise Association.

BEFORE starting for the anthracite coal fields to investigate and picture for the REVIEW such conditions as might account for a threatened strike of tremendous size, I cast about New York City for a "tip."

"WHY, THEY HAVE PIANOS IN THEIR HOUSES!" exclaimed one wealthy coal stockholder. They imagine that big war profits are accruing and they greedily snatch for a part. They are making a good living and more; now they want money to blow in on luxuries."

In the outskirts of Scranton lies the little mining settlement of Underwood. Winning the confidence of a mine mule driver, I went to visit some miners under his guidance.

The first home I entered was that of a Pole, living in a company house.

"Have you a piano?" I asked. He looked at me quizzically.

"This ain't no place to keep a piano," he said, pointing to the front door, where a split up the middle admitted both daylight and whistling wind.

It was cold inside. The back door was a barn door, so crudely hanging in its place as to show a bit of landscape thru the crack.

The house is built of one thickness of lumber with a little plaster inside.

The miner explained that he papered the house and partly floored it himself, the place as turned over to the renter by the company having the bare earth for a portion of its floor.

These company houses—each four rooms and a lean-to—are built in a dismal row, all exactly alike.

MINERS' "HOMES" NEAR HAZELTON, PA. NEIGHBORHOOD HYDRANT AND ITALIAN CHURCH. NO COMMUNITY IS TOO POOR TO SUPPORT A FAT PRIEST

Asked where his water supply was, the miner opened the door and pointed down the hill to a pump.

"That is the water supply for eight houses," he said.

Sewage systems are unheard of. The vast majority of the houses would just about do for barns. They are not rented to "laborers," as "laborers" (miners' assistants) are not able to pay the rent.

When the union itself tried to get the Underwood miners to wait, they threw down their tools, left the old union, and called upon Joseph J. Ettor of the I. W. W. to organize them.

So, it isn't a desire for "pianos and such" that causes the trouble in the coal fields.

But, as one Irish miner said to me, "Ain't a miner got a right to a piano?"

It is well worth noting that the I. W. W. is organizing in unorganized towns, often where the workers permitted the old union to expire because of their lack

of faith in its ability to accomplish anything for them. Since August, 1915, the I. W. W. has kept organizers and speakers in the Scranton district. The results were shown in the first I. W. W. convention at Old Forge, on Sunday, Feb. 6. Ten towns and twelve locals and branches were represented by 46 delegates.

The strike thruout this section has been on for over four weeks. The coal barons at Durrea, Dupont and Old Forge have thrown up the sponge, settled with the I. W. W. and the miners are back again on the job. At Greenwood there are several hundred still out. The spirit of solidarity among the Polish and Italian miners is splendid. About one hundred men have gone back into the mines under the protection of deputies, but there were very few miners among these scabs.

In a report of the Greenwood strike, the *Scranton Times* of Friday, Feb. 25, prints the following:

"There is a very peculiar situation in

"HUNKY-DORY," A MINING SETTLEMENT NEAR HAZELTON. "MINERS' COW" IN THE MAIN STREET

Greenwood, as shown by the duebills of the striking miners, most of their laborers receiving more money."

A duebill, it may be explained, is a bill to the miner, showing amounts due to him after the company has deducted all the charges against his earnings.

"The laborers won't work for less than two dollars a day, and miners who showed duebills at the meeting yesterday had anywhere from 31 cents to \$19.38 coming to them.

Anthony Petrosky, who is number 159 on the company's roll, worked eight days. He was out of the mines several days because of the death of a child at his home. It was the intention of Petrosky to pay something on the funeral account when he received his wages. His duebill showed him entitled to \$2.51 for the eight days. He told his story at the meeting yesterday.

"Ludwig Cling was another to tell his story during the session. There are seven

in his family, and he has been mining for some time. His number is 160. His earnings for two weeks amounted to \$24.31. The deductions included three kegs of powder, cost of sharpening tools, ton of coal, and \$14, which was paid his laborer. His balance was 31 cents.

"Some of the duebills shown at the meeting yesterday follow, most of them being for two weeks' work:

"Miner No. 157 earned \$7.67, and the deductions were \$7.75, leaving him in debt 8 cents to the company.

"Miner No. 159 worked eight days and received \$2.51, and one ton of coal. Claims to have been cheated out of \$17.91. Same miner for a previous two weeks received 8 cents.

"Miner No. 518 worked nine days, got out ten cars of coal and earned \$38.51. The deductions were \$40.49, and his net earnings were \$8.02. His laborer received \$14."

Under the company store system, a very

COLLIERY AT LUZERNE, PA.

close imitation of chattel slavery was shrewdly maintained. A trip thru the anthracite hills brings one into contact with men who, in the old days, worked years for coal companies without once receiving a piece of actual money—always in debt to the company without hope of release or even the power to rebel. They simply were doled out what a black slave received before the civil war—their board and clothes.

The strike of 1900 swept that form of slavery away—ALMOST. It still persists in the Scranton region among the smaller coal companies.

The regulations abolishing the system are now evaded by the simple means of putting those miners who do not trade at the company store to work in places where they cannot get out enough clean coal to make a living. Of course, the miners are “free” to trade where they please.

But why do the miners want more money? Strikes of the past have raised their pay about 26 per cent.

Inquiry brings out that the cost of household supplies in the region have increased in the same time between 40 and 50 per cent. Rents have gone up 40 per cent in Scranton in the past 15 years, according to the miners’ figures, and they say the companies charge employes 75 per cent more for their household coal.

It is easy to see where the 26 per cent wage increase goes.

Mine jargon divides the miners into two classes—“pets” and “suckers.”

The “pets”—who, the miners claim, are chosen for their loyalty to the union—get jobs at “robbing pillars,” which means tearing out the solid masses of coal which are left standing till the last to hold up the roof. This enables the favored one to make \$75 or \$80 in two weeks.

* * *

“I want to fight!”

This is the answer I got from a hard coal miner to my question as to living conditions in the anthracite fields of Pennsylvania. This man has been working

"NOONDAY NIGHT"
MINERS AT WORK IN "NATIONAL COLLIERY" NEAR SCRANTON

near Wilkesbarre and living in a company house 18 years. He has four children.

"What do you want to fight about?" I asked.

"For straight pay for every pound of coal I cut, instead of being docked a quarter or a half-car for a few fragments of rock in the coal."

The man who said he wanted to fight was in a saloon, drinking beer. I wondered whether to take him seriously. Then he invited me to his house. After ten minutes in that windy shack, let to him by his employers, I wondered why he didn't spend ALL his time in the saloon! He was a very sober fellow.

The liquor question is made much of in that district. Some of the miners' union organizers told me a crusade against alcohol is strongly backed by mine operators every time there is a threat of labor troubles.

"It's to give the men something to blame instead of the boss," said one. "The operators pick any movement that has a respectable look and back it up, trying to make the miners place their hopes there instead of in the union.

"Right now there is an evangelist going at it hammer and tongs, diverting the men's minds from the impending strike."

"What makes you think it has anything to do with the proposed mine trouble?" I asked.

"Because all the coal operators are footing the bills for the revivals."

The whole of life there seems to center around coal. Even the medical profession is not untouched. The compensation law of Pennsylvania requires the companies to pay the medical expenses of an injured miner to the extent of \$25. or for a major surgical operation, \$75.

The miner is to receive 50 per cent of his wages for the time he is incapac-

tated after the first 14 days.

Well, the companies hire the doctors, many of whom, the miners say, are so solicitous of their employers' interests as to declare the injured men capable of working at the end of the first 14 days, so he receives nothing.

But why are not these difficulties attended to by the conciliation board appointed for that purpose? They are—IN THE COURSE OF TIME. That is, a miner complains of injustice of treatment or unfair discharge and waits for a decision several months. When the decision finally comes, even tho it may declare him in the right, the miner generally receives no compensation for time lost.

It seems as tho all the machinery of law and agreement, built to protect the coal miners, either clogs or breaks down. He clings to the last reliance in which he has hope—the union.

Southern Folk-Poem

On off days, the working class men in the mountains of Tennessee sing this:

"The rain it rained and the wind it blew;
 "The hail it hailed and snow it snew;
 "And I was 400 miles from home."

"When I die, bury me deep;
 "Tell all the gamblers I'm gone to sleep;
 "Put a pair of bones in my right hand
 "And I'll throw a seven in the promised land."

"I was drunk last night, my darlin';
 "I was drunk the night before;
 "But if you'll forgive me, my darlin',
 "I'll never get drunk no more."

NATIONALISM, INTERNATIONALISM AND THE WAR

A View From England

By H. CARPENTER

THE question of the relations of Nationalism and Internationalism has occupied the attention of socialists and others during the war, and it is likely soon to become a burning question. There are mainly two schools of thought on this subject, those who hold that Nationalism and Internationalism are harmonious and complimentary, and those who hold that they are antagonistic and mutually exclusive. Immediate discussion in the light of the probable effects of the war is necessary, and it is with that object that the following is written.

During wartime the warring nations are more or less knit together by mutual self-sacrifice. The situation has been and is becoming ever more a competition between the workers of the belligerent countries. The workers of one group of allies are straining every nerve to produce more in the shape of munitions, guns, food, etc., than are the workers of the opposing group. This they all do in the name of nationalism and as a temporary necessity, which will disappear at the end of the war.

Once the war is over, it is thought that this fierce competition will cease and that they will be free to declare again for internationalism without foregoing the belief in their own nationality. It is this pleasant picture which I think to be wholly false. In my opinion there will be no reversion to "pre-war conditions."

We are now living in that phase of capitalism called Imperialism, with its accompanying fierce competition between nations (or rather empires) for markets and opportunities for overseas investments. This imperialism will receive a tremendous impetus from the war. What are likely to be the conditions during and after the conclusion of the war? These are discussed in the columns of the finan-

cial newspapers and every day in the columns of the *Times*, *Standard*, *Westminster Gazette* and *Morning Post* and in *Le Journal*, etc., in France. According to these papers there is to be a fierce and unrelenting financial and economic struggle between the allies and the Germanic powers. The *Morning Post* has an article on the "Coming Trade War" practically every day. Economic conferences of the allies are taking place, and tariff conflicts are being prepared. Britain has officially taken up this attitude by Mr. Runciman's declaration of economic war upon Germany, to be engaged in after peace. We have also the Trading With the Enemy Act, which is intended to operate during peace as well as during war. The Central powers are also preparing and have formed a Central European Economic Alliance. It will be the aim, therefore, of all the countries to put forward the whole of their available energy for the struggle. So will begin the War during Peace.

Now, all this cannot be without vital effect upon the international working class movement. The movement has to meet the fact of the new imperialism with its tremendously keener competition between the nations.

During the war a worker is called unpatriotic if he asks for higher wages, or if he resists the abrogation of trade union rules regarding restriction of output, working hours, or the introduction of cheap labor. In other words, any working class action which improves working class conditions as a consequence hampers the country in its fight with the enemy, and is therefore called unpatriotic. Economical production, from the national standpoint, means the worker producing the greatest value for the least subsistence that is consistent with his continued

and efficient existence as a worker. This has been the case in all the countries at war. The French workers, who have allowed this process to go on practically without protest, are held up as models of patriotism to the British workers, who have made some resistance to this process of self-abrogation.

In the coming economic war the victory will go to that nation or nations which produces goods most economically, consistently with efficiency. The two factors in production are technique and labor. In the days of peace to come, along with the increasing keenness in competition will go a practical equality in technical opportunities and conditions between the nations. This has come about through the gradual catching up to the older industrial countries of the newer countries in the last few years. Previously some countries, by reason of their superiority in this direction have not had to put so much pressure as others upon the other factor in the cost of production, labor. With the practical equality in technique and the increasing intensity in national competition will come increasing pressure on the worker in order to decrease the cost of labor, and therefore, of the cost of commodities. Decreasing the cost of labor, whether it be by the introduction of women's labor, speeding up, or by any other means consistent with efficiency, will be one of the chief methods of the future economic competition between the nations. The cry of "unpatriotic workers" will therefore not cease with the war. It will become "unpatriotic" to ask for increases in wages, or in any way to ask for those things which improve working conditions, but increase the cost of production during peace as it now is during war. Restriction of output, and strikes will probably meet with the greatest denunciation, for it is just because these are the most powerful weapons by which the workers maintain or improve their conditions, that they will be a serious impediment to any nation which tolerates them. Warning voices have already been raised on this point.

The following are examples of tendency of thought in progressive British capitalist circles. Mr. W. H. Cowan,

M. P., a well known business man and manufacturer, says the following in an article on the "Problem of the British Worker" in the *Daily Telegraph* of the 1st Feb., 1916: "As a first step towards increasing our manufacturing productivity as a nation, we must consider the productive capacity of the worker, and the steps which may be taken wherever necessary to remove any restrictions upon it which may exist. First among the considerations that enter into this subject is the physical strength of the worker and his power of enduring prolonged exertion. * * * Trade unionism must be re-educated, and in the development of British business the trade unions must be called into close cooperation. * * * If the labor of the worker is restricted the amount paid for that labor can only have the effect of adding to the cost of the article. In engaging in any kind of international competition, almost the most important consideration is to be able to offer the foreign consumer a cheaper article than can be produced by rival countries."

Let us agree that trade unionism must be re-educated altho on lines quite different than will suit our worthy capitalist! Another big business man, S. J. Waring, says the following: "There is every ground to hope that the future good sense of the working classes and of their leaders will bring them to realize that in this age of international competition a country can only maintain a dominant position by remembering that our progress and position in the industrial and commercial world can only be maintained by being able to keep down the cost of production." Thus we have the challenge thrown down.

To assure against the future dangers to British capitalism in its international economic war, we shall certainly have an attempt to make compulsory arbitration, the illegality of strikes and conscription, which now exist as "temporary" war measures a permanent part of the industrial system. We also have "Compulsory Economy" and Mr. Asquith's "requests" to the workers not to ask for increases of wages.

What will be the position of the working class movement when this is the state

of affairs? It will have the choice between two courses. On the one hand it could, in each country, acquiesce in this cheapening of its labor and consequent decline in comfort and general standing as human beings. This course will be necessary if the nation is to maintain a "foremost position in the world." It will be the course of nationalism. It will be a choice, however, which would destroy all hopes of improvement of conditions, and strengthening of industrial organizations. By destroying the *raison d'être* of the workers' organizations it would destroy the movement itself. There will be great temptations to adopt this course, however, for the whole of nationalistic feeling will point that way. It will be argued that any improvement in conditions finally reacts against the workers by allowing the "foreigner" to capture the trade. We can trust the politicians to find plenty of arguments to seduce the worker into this line of action. They can, and always do, find such arguments.

On the other hand, the working class movement in each country could challenge these encroachments upon its standard of existence and aim at an ever-increasing standard, forced by means of its own organization. This is the method by which alone it can develop and strengthen itself. Experience has shown that it is only by struggle that a vigorous and living movement can take the place of a nominally organized but inert mass. It is also the only road that can lead to Socialism. This course can only be adopted, however, if the workers decline to regard the economic supremacy of their "own" country as more important than the strength and development of their organizations. It will involve an ever-increasing resistance to the produc-

tion of cheap commodities, and as such a continual exposure to the charge that such action weakens the nation's position in the world market. Further, it will necessitate a trust in the despised "foreign" worker to adopt organization for the improvement of conditions, for it will only be by a corresponding "unpatriotic" action upon their part that the threatened capture of trade will not take place. This course, therefore, leads directly to anti-nationalism and Internationalism. The latter necessitates the former.

We have, in the past, mostly conceived the choice between Nationalism and Internationalism as being one made by deliberation according to our theories of Socialism. It seems, however, from the foregoing that the adoption of Internationalism and Anti-Nationalism will be a sheer necessity imposed by the conditions which will exist after the war. The only alternative will be the death of the movement. Internationalism will for the first time appear as a practical policy, and cease to be merely a pious aspiration.

Of course, the issue of the future will not be clear and frank as it is here put. If it were, of course, victory would be certain, as victory would always be certain in working class questions if the issues were clearly cut. But as before, the question will be befogged by side issues and political and economic poison-gas of all kinds. The sugaring of social pills will become even a finer art than has been attained in the past under the direction, in England, of Mr. Lloyd-George. We can trust the capitalist class to reach the last word in this particular department of government. I hope we can also trust the workers to refuse to be tempted.



STORIES OF THE CAVE PEOPLE

By Mary E. Marcy

SOMETIME before the Cave People discovered the use of the bow and arrow, they had learned to make clay pots or bowls. For many years the tribe lived in the tropical lands where the bread fruit ripened nearly the whole year round, and where nuts were plentiful and tubers and sweet yams were often to be found; where there were more nests than there were trees in the forests, filled with treasures of fresh eggs; and there were fowl and fish. As much as the horde loved to eat the wild duck or the cocoanut, or even the wild honey, one and all knew that when the hot sun beat down upon bare brown skins in the heat of the day during the summer there was nothing in all the valley so sweet as a drink of water.

One could go without food for many suns, but if one day passed without fresh water for the members of the group, fevers came upon them, the strange fevers that caused them to do many foolish things.

At first no member of the tribe willingly journeyed far from the source of fresh water, for they had nothing with which to carry water from one place to another. Then they used cocoanut shells, and some-

times the shells that lay upon the banks of the great river. But these held little and were easily upset.

Then some one discovered that the hollow joints of the giant bamboo were more easy to carry and held more water, and these became the first water jugs of the clan.

Later, when it became the fashion for men and women to decorate themselves with the skins of the animals they had slain, they found that there are many uses which hides may serve.

The cave people wore no clothes, but bound over their shoulders they bore great weights of skins and hides, of heads and tails, of bones and teeth, as a mark of their skill and bravery in the hunt. Great teeth cunningly fastened together made necklaces that spoke every day more loudly than a man's voice of what that man had done.

But as pride grew in these emblems of prowess, little by little the people of the tribe began to use these hides for other things. They found that, with holes punched along the edges, thru which a thong might be drawn, as a gathering string about a handbag, these skins made water bags that one could carry on a far journey,

taking with him drink for a whole day. But it was only when the sun beat down like the flames of the fire that they thought much on these things. Then thoughts of water and the milk of the cocoanut were never long absent.

It was at the time of the year when the scorching rays of the summer sun had licked dry all the little brooks and most of the springs that Laughing Boy and Web Toe, he who could outswim the fastest fishes, planned an excursion over the hills in search of wild honey.

They were 14 years old and stood straight and brown and almost as tall as the men of the tribe, but they had not yet learned to have care for all the dangers that lurked in the unknown ways, as older men.

They were proud of the wild skins that lay hot and heavy on their shoulders and the teeth that made chains about their throats. They were never done showing the trophies they had gathered in the hunt to their young companions. And they boasted much, for they were more strong than the other boys of the clan.

Laughing Boy was proud of his water bag which, when the thong was tightly drawn and the bag was filled with water, spilled scarcely a single drop, while Web Toe beat much of the time upon his drum or tom-tom which he believed made the most beautiful music in the world. This tom-tom he had made by stretching the soft skin of some small animal over a willow branch bent and fastened in a circle.

The older members of the tribe were stretched in the cooling shade near the river bank, or sleeping the sleep that comes from much eating in the cool of the caves. But the children and the youths romped about, vyeing with each other in games of sport and in feats of strength. Among these Web Toe and Laughing Boy were easily the victors, throwing their boomerangs and their stone weapons further and with greater accuracy than any of the others.

Laughing Boy had now smeared his whole chest with the deep vermilion juice of "the Make Brave" plant and Web Toe had gouged holes in both ears, from which hung half a dozen shells and cougar teeth and they strutted about in the glory of their strength and budding manhood.

But at last they stole away from the others and softly made their way thru the thicket and on up and over the hill to the

high places, where the dry grass crackled and rustled beneath their scurrying feet. Laughing and chattering they ran, flinging care and caution to the winds, racing to see which would be the quicker to reach this point or that, and again speeding on to make the giant banyan trees.

Here they paused to rest and to laugh softly, and the cunning of all wood creatures came back to their straggling senses and they proceeded cautiously, chattering more softly and laughing more quietly.

Laughing Boy carried his stone weapon and his water bag, which bulged with ample fullness, while Web Toe brandished his tom-tom in one hand and his stone sling in the other. Only now he made not a sound with his beloved music box. It was a time to avoid the creatures of the forest, tho, all were sleepy and lazy from abundant food and the warmth of the sun.

They jabbered of the "sweet, sweet," meaning wild honey, which they meant to take back to the tribe and with which they intended to show the other youths how much more clever and courageous they were than the other boys in the clan.

With every gay and confident step as they advanced up the small plateau the land grew more parched. Laughing Boy, who saw things that escaped the eyes of Web Toe, pointed to little hollows now and then which had been dried by the sun, and when Web Toe, soon grown thirsty, sought to take his bag for a drink, Laughing Boy shook his head. "No," he said, and pointed to the sun high overhead. He meant to save the water for the journey caveward.

Berries they ate and nuts gathered hastily on the way, and when they neared the tall cocoanut palms both boys, forgetting the dangers that might beset them, dashed their heavy weapons to the ground and rushed forward. In a few moments both were encircling the straight, tall trunks of the trees with their arms and, climbing up them in a sort of walk, their toes pressed close and almost clinging to the bark. Soon the great nuts were tumbling to the ground and the boys slid back to refresh themselves with the sweet of cocoanut milk.

But the thicket parted and an angry and suspicious black she-bear lumbered toward them with two curious, tumbling black cubs at her heels. It was no time to dispute for the possession of their weapons. It was not the time to pause for a drink of cocoa-

nut milk, and so, with a pretense at nonchalance, as tho they had seen nothing and had no concern in the two rollicking cubs, Laughing Boy and Web Toe glided toward the thicket. They knew that females of every species are eager to contest the right of all ways when accompanied by their young. And their courage lay with their stone weapons.

The black bear sniffed angrily and slowly followed the boys. Her little red eyes rolled wickedly. The two curious cubs dashed on ahead to learn what manner of beast these new animals were. And mother bruin quickened her pace.

Her heart was running over with fears for her young and she considered that particular part of the woods her own domain. A deep humming filled the ears of the boys as they broke into a run and Laughing Boy cried softly, "sweet, sweet," for he smelled wild honey.

The cubs ran still faster for they remembered the feasts they had enjoyed when, guided by their mother, they had last visited the wood. With the old bear close behind, Laughing Boy flung himself out and upward, grasping the tough vines of the "oo-oe" in his hands and pulling himself up on a large stone slab, where he lay panting for breath.

Web Toe scrambled up a slim pine and wedged himself between two slender forked limbs. There he huddled, peering about in fear of new dangers. But he saw nothing and, presently, grown bolder he looked down at the bear which stood on hind legs gazing angrily up at him. Now and then she would run away and dash back, jolting the tree and setting the branches a-quiver.

Web Toe forgot all caution and jeered down at the enemy. He pulled his tom-tom around and over his shoulder and beat it triumphantly with his fists while the black bear tried to climb the tree and failed, because it was slender of trunk.

Laughing Boy lay on the smooth boulder, flat upon his belly, making no sound. Not a muscle betrayed him. Only his eyes moved following the movements of the black bear. Apparently she had forgotten all about him.

He wanted to call out to Web Toe to be silent. Web Toe seemed to think the matter was a joke, but Laughing Boy knew better. It was true he and Web Toe were at the moment safely out of reach of the enemy's claws, but if she remained on

watch how would they get down to earth again?

All that afternoon Web Toe was compelled to cling to the fork of the pine tree. Soon he grew quiet, for he remembered that safety lies in silence. He folded his arms about a branch and made himself as flat and inconspicuous as he could.

The cubs curled themselves up at their mother's feet and went to sleep and, at length, close to the pine tree, she also seemed to doze.

It might have been possible for Laughing Boy to slide down the opposite side of the boulder and steal away unnoticed. Who can say? It may have been a fear of the long journey back to the cave people alone that deterred him. Anyway, he clung to the rock and waited. A long drink from his water bag relieved his thirst and he, too, fell asleep. But there was no drinking for poor Web Toe. He had only his marvelous tom-tom in place of a water bag, and his lips grew parched and he longed to scream from fear and thirst.

After a long time darkness came and at last the moon arose, and still the two boys neither moved nor spoke. The cubs awoke and stretched themselves and moved about, and at last the black bear arose also and led them away to some hidden spring known only to herself.

Then, very cautiously, Web Toe slid to the ground and called to Laughing Boy, who joined him, and together, with great fear in their hearts, they turned their faces homeward.

And all that fearful, weary way Web Toe thought of new dangers



and of cool springs and Laughing Boy's emptied water bag. Never again would he go honey-hunting or any other sort of hunting in the dry season without water at his side. And when at last they reached the dwelling place of the tribe Web Toe ran to the spring and threw himself into the water and drank until he was near water-logged.

And so Web Toe became the great waterman of the tribe—another great waterman, who spoke always words of warning of the terrible things that may befall boys and girls and men and women, who journey far from the spring without a bag of water.

Stories he told the people of the tribe on his return with Laughing Boy of how, sick of thirst, he had faced the black bear and driven her before him. But he had nothing to prove his words, for Laughing Boy returned also empty-handed.

It was adventures like this that taught the Cave People and all the other tribes to travel close to the water's edge. And so it was that when the Foolish One made the first clay pot, the people praised him and called him Wise.

The clay pot was the accident of a fool. Many great discoveries have been the accidents of other fools. For wise people do always everything as nearly as possible as their fathers have done and new things are only learned thru departures into new ways.

The Foolish One had discovered the use of fire by playing with a burning branch ignited by the lightning in the forest. A fool bestrode the first wild horse and rode upon its back. Nearly always it was the fools who did things first. Wise Men were too wise—they had seen too many fools die of their folly.

The fingers of the Foolish One were never idle. He made many things and he

pulled as many to pieces again. The people of the tribe had grown very skillful in weaving baskets from tough grasses. They even made hats to keep out the sun and later they wove willows into rude roofs, which they patched with clay from the river banks to keep out the rain.

The baskets which they made were almost water-tight and the Foolish One made many baskets. Each time he worked harder and wove these baskets more tightly, but they all leaked when he filled them with water from the spring.

One day he made a basket shaped like a bowl and lined it with clay; then he wove the grasses upward like the neck of a large bottle, dipping his fingers inside to plaster it with more clay, for he wanted to surprise the folk with a basket that would carry water without leaking. But when all was done he forgot his plans and went swimming in a pool, and when next he saw the basket he tossed it into the fire, so sure was he that it would leak as all baskets leaked.

And there, in the red flames, beheld by all the members of the tribe, lay the marvelous basket with its clay lining. And soon the grasses of the basket burned away and when the fire died down the Foolish One saw the clay lining lying among the coals. It was round and firm and almost perfect in shape. He peered into it and running to the river, filled it with water. And, marvel of marvels! the clay had grown hard in the fire and the first jug the tribe had ever made or seen or dreamed of, held water, from which there leaked not one single drop.

For a long time the Cave People made their jugs by lining baskets with clay and burning off the grasses, leaving the jugs unmarred, till they learned newer and better ways of making pottery.

THE STATE

By Robert Holder

AMONG the many problems which the present war has brought into being, there are none claiming more attention, or monopolizing so much space in both the Capitalist and the so-called Socialist press, than the functions of the State, and the duties the people owe to it. In my opinion this question of the State and the relations of Labor towards it is one which will be thrust upon the Trade Union movement in the very near future, and the sooner the rank and file make themselves acquainted with the origin and functions of the States, the more competent will they be to deal with the question when it arises.

The conditions arising out of the war have brought about the interference of the State in spheres of our social life which were previously undreamt of. Leading articles in *The Times* advocate Government control of industry, and the suspension of ordinary business relations, because "in the face of the supreme competition which this war is, the other domestic competition loses all virtue and becomes a curse." In short, what is good in times of peace becomes a curse in times of war and *vice versa*. There was also an interesting article in *The Daily News and Leader*, August 29th, 1914, entitled "The Shipwreck," by A. G. G., in which the writer declared that "the individual has gone under. There is only one life—the life of the States—that concerns us." Further, we find members of the Labor party appointed to and accepting State positions, and Trade Unions suspending their rules and customs in industry. In fact, it is being generally advocated that everybody should become "servants of the States," and if people will not submit voluntarily, then compulsory measures are recommended.

When we see all this commotion in high places it behooves the rank and file of the Labor movement to inquire very carefully into this "life of the State," which has suddenly become so precious as to require the co-operation of everybody to save it. More especially should the rank and file be on their guard when we consider such a significant passage as the following, which appeared in the leading article of *The Times*, June 14th, 1915. "Employers should become managers of the State, and workmen should feel that they are really industrial soldiers in the service of the State for war purposes. The militant side of Trade Unionism disappears with the abolition of spoils to fight over, *but without prejudice to its restoration when the spoils reappear.*" (Italics mine.)

All this goes to prove a keen desire on the part of the Capitalist press for the suspension of the struggle between Capital and Labor, in order that this "life of the State" may be saved; but it also proves something else, viz., that the "life of the State" is not the life of the working class, because in the first place the conditions of their lives are still ignored (except in so far as they compel attention by means of their organized strength), and secondly, the old struggle of trade unionism for a better existence for the workers is to reappear once the "life of the State" is out of danger. But this fact of there being two lives—the "life of the State" and the life of the working class, contradicts the popular view of the State being the people, the nation, the community, etc.

In order to solve this contradiction, it is necessary to inquire into the origin of the State, and to discover how it arrived at its present capitalist form. Of course, one

can only deal very briefly with this in the space of a short article. History shows us that the institution known as the State has not always existed. People have been so long accustomed to the political form of society that they never think of the existence of a previous form. Mankind originally were wholly dependent—the same as undomesticated animals—on Nature for food, but in the course of time man gradually began to rise above this animal basis of existence; first, by means of the discovery of fire, then the bow and arrow, until finally after a long period of time he attained to the level of agriculture and the domestication of animals. This early life of mankind is known as Primitive Communism, and the first form of social organization of which we have any definite knowledge is Gentile society. It corresponds to a material condition where a definitely settled life had not commenced. The unit of this society was the Gens, which consisted of a number of individuals bound together by ties of kinship, and tracing their descent from a common ancestor (whereas the unit of modern political society is the private monogamic family). No matter how elementary the social organization, representatives would be necessary, but in Gentile society men and women lived on a basis of equality, and they all participated in the election of their representatives, who if they did not render satisfaction could also be deposed by them. Thus we see Gentile society was a pure democracy based on the common ownership of the means of securing food and shelter. Where all rule nobody rules.

With still further development in the means of obtaining food, population increased; the various tribes began to jostle each other for space, finally leading to war and the plundering of one tribe by another. Agriculture and the domestication of animals enabled the social groups to produce more than was necessary for their immediate wants, and with the manufacture of iron and the invention of the phonetic alphabet, all the principal elements necessary for the development of civilization were at hand; they needed only to be further extended, but to carry forward these developments was more than the untrained barbarians were prepared to voluntarily undertake. To get over this difficulty coercion was necessary, and coercion of the most ruthless character was employed. The first

social group reached the point where it produced a surplus product above its immediate requirements, trading sprang up, and the possibility of a leisured class who could live on this surplus presented itself. This possibility became an actuality, and we get one section of society living upon the labor of the others. Thus slavery as a social institution was established, the communal basis of kinship with its Gentile form of organization and its equality of social relations being superseded by slavery with its political form and the domination of man by man.

The leisured class required some means whereby it could maintain its rule, and these means were established in the form of the State. The public offices of Gentile society were converted into private powers of the ruling minority, who used these powers to keep the dispossessed members in subjection. We are now in a position to see the difference between Gentile society controlled by the social group, and modern political society governed by a centralized body called the State. Political society is based on territory and property relations; individuals vote according to where they are domiciled. The women and a large number of the adult males have no part in the election of representatives, and the State powers are separated from the control of the social group. We find that it is with the appearance of a leisured class who live on the surplus product of the social group, and thereby convert it into their private property, that the social institution known as the State appears. Private property and the State go hand in hand. By means of the State, the ruling minority, through their monopoly of the social product, dominate the whole social group. There have been three main epochs in the evolution of the State:

1. Ancient civilization—based on slavery.
2. Feudalism of the Middle Ages—based on serfdom.
3. Capitalism—based on wage-labor.

All these epochs have something in common and also their own peculiarities. One general characteristic is the presence of inequalities within the social organism, and of institutions for preserving these inequalities; this function is known today as "the maintenance of law and order." The ruling minority not only use the State powers to maintain their position within the social

group, as is seen whenever Labor makes a fight for a better share of the "spoils," but they also use the army and navy to obtain spoils outside their own particular group, in the form of colonies and a larger share of trade on the world market. This all goes to prove that the State is nothing more than the private power of the ruling minority, disguised as the public power of the whole nation, and it follows that this "life of the State" which is monopolizing the attention of the press, and the majority of the so-called Socialists of Europe, according to the respective State under whose rule they happen to be living, is nothing more than the life of the ruling minorities of the respective European nations, which they have endan-

gered through their mutual competition for "the spoils" of the world market.

In deciding what the attitude of Labor and Socialist movement should be towards the State, it is essential to remember that the State with its political form of society has not always existed, that it only came into existence under certain conditions at a specific stage in human development; from which it follows that it will disappear again at another stage when conditions make its existence no longer necessary. In the words of Thomas Carlyle, "we must some day, at last and for ever, cross the line between Nonsense and Common Sense; from Political Government to Industrial Administration."—*From Plebs Magazine.*

Fallacy of Government Ownership

By F. EPH

IS government ownership a step towards Socialism, or is it a step away from Socialism? With the historical data we have on hand regarding the foundation and rise of the political state with its function of keeping down class conflicts, such a question ought not to be pertinent among Socialists. But it happens to be the barrier that stands in the way of a constructive program of Socialism. On the answer to this question will depend the form of working class organization and their tactics. If government ownership leads to Socialism, then the working class political party is all sufficient; if it does not, then the greatest strength lies in the industrial organization of the working class, with the political party as a shield.

To Socialists there can be only one answer to this question and that is, that government ownership, or political ownership of any kind, is not a step towards Socialism, but will be used by the ruling class to keep the proletariat in the chains of wage slavery. Of course, not all the ruling class are anxious for government ownership, because it may mean the elimination of some of them, but sooner than get off the backs of the working class, they will turn the reins of production over to the government. This will happen when the organized proletariat

becomes too rebellious to be held in check by private ownership, when private property is in danger of being overthrown.

It will not be enough to answer this by saying that if we have Socialists in the political offices that they can utilize the ownership by the government as a stepping stone to Socialism. Can the Socialists use a class government, a government that is the result of class antagonisms, to further the cause of the revolutionary proletariat? The men holding the political offices do not represent the power behind the government. That class in society that holds the reins of economic power also holds the reins of political power. Can we without a force capable of coping with that class on the industrial field institute Socialism by going behind their backs via the government ownership route? Experience will prove that without that force our political representatives will be blown away like chaff by the capitalist class. Leave that class secure in their ownership and they can laugh at the puny batterings on the fort of capitalism by the political party.

The Socialists only reason for capturing the political offices is to use them at present as a public rostrum of agitation, and to finally abolish them, they being unnecessary with the working class in the ownership of

the means of production. The function of the political party is destructive, while the function of the industrial organization is constructive. The very nature of the present class state makes it impossible that it become constructive. Its function is the reconciliation of classes, while the purpose of Socialism is to abolish classes. The instituting of government ownership does not abolish classes, rather it keeps the capitalist class secure in their exploitation, and perpetuates a class society.

Has, for instance, the government ownership of the post office department taken the postal employes out of the category of wage slaves? Far from it. It has intensified their wage slavery by keeping them in abject subjection. It has been a paternal despotism and the government would crush its slaves under the iron heel if they rebel, as I could show you by numerous illustrations. The government slaves seek reforms from Congress. They get some of them. The department heads interpret these as they see fit, and introduce a few "reforms" of their own. And then the government slaves wait another year and try to get Congress to nullify the "reforms" of the department heads. Well, the same old story is gone over year after year, with the department holding the whip hand, to which fact the government slaves never get wise.

Have any of you Socialists agitators ever noticed how conservative the government employes are? Did you ever stop to consider why? If despotism does not breed rebellion it breeds servility. And the government slaves are in a condition of servility that the capitalist class would like to get the rest of the working class bound in the same way. If other groups of workers are put under government ownership or control it will have the same effect. The nature of man's condition is reflected in his actions. Government ownership breeds conservatism, reactionism.

The old argument of the cheap method of production carried on by the government

will not stand the test of Socialist economics; that is, scientific economics. The wages of the working class are determined by the amount necessary for their subsistence. Wages represent the value of their labor power. Now if the cheap production of the government were carried on, on a larger scale it would not materially benefit the workers; all it would do would be to cheapen the value of their labor power. Cheaper subsistence for the working class means cheaper wages for them. The keen competition of the labor market would regulate that.

All these various government ownership and municipal ownership reforms do not benefit the working class. They eat the life out of the Socialist movement, they paralyze the working class, they dissipate all their energy in wild goose chases that do not help the cause of Socialism one iota. They allow a few intellectuals to cherish the hope that some day they can sit at the political trough thru the gullibility of the rank and file.

Socialism stands for working class ownership, collective ownership, anything less than that is a compromise. And Liebnick said that compromise is a sign of weakness. Socialists have nothing in common with the capitalist class, but the government ownershipists have. Government ownership and capitalism are not mutually antagonistic, but Socialism and capitalism are.

If the working class are forced to accept government ownership it means the rule of the iron heel, the end of what few liberties we have today, and the complete subjection of the working class. We are strong when we stand for nothing less than Socialism. Then we can make real headway, then we can gain the confidence of the working class. Socialism is the same the world over and any injection of reforms becloud the real issue that confronts the working class, and that issue is the uncompromising surrender of the capitalist class and the ushering in of economic freedom—of Socialism.

THE WAYS OF THE ANT

By Frankenthal Y. Weissenburg

THE ants belong to the same group of insects as the bees, wasps, sawflies and others.

Everyone is familiar with ants; they invade all lands and regions, from the dry deserts to the damp forest, from the timberline of mountains to the lowest valleys and among the dwellings and habitations of man. They seem to thrive in all kinds of environment and multiply enormously, so that they outnumber all other terrestrial animals.

Many insects never see their young, others may see them, but do not care for them; others, like the bees and wasps, put food into the gaping mouths of their babies, but have no further association with them. The ants, however, stand alone among insects in their very intimate relations with their progeny, from the egg to the adult. They are constantly transferring their young from one part of their nest to another in search for the right degree of moisture and temperature. In the warm part of the day the young will be transferred near the surface, but at night they will be carried down again away from the cool air. The adults are continuously cleaning the young, caring for the eggs to prevent mold from growing on them, helping the callow ants to emerge from their cocoons, bringing food, cleaning, enlarging and reconstructing the nest, and doing thousands of things to contribute to the comfort, growth and happiness of the community.

Like the honey bee, ants are social; that is, they live in colonies or communities, where every individual ant works for the good of the whole and not for itself alone. In other words, they have adopted the principle of co-operation; instead of working *against* their fellow-beings, they work *with* them. A colony of ants furnishes an illus-

tration of a more perfect communistic society than any ever established by man and perhaps a more amicable one than any he will ever be able to organize.

Some of the many ant species operate dairy farms, some do their own cereal raising, while others are still in the capitalistic state and are slave-holders.

The cows of the ant people are represented by little insects called aphids (plant lice), which suck the juices of plants and, on account of their great numbers, often cause considerable damage. They secrete a sweet liquid known as honey-dew, of which the ants are very fond.

It is interesting to watch the ants collecting the honey-dew from the aphids. An ant approaches a louse and gently stroking the latter with its feelers the aphid exudes a drop of sweet material, which is quickly gathered up by the ant. After this has been repeated several times the ant hurries down the stem of the plant to bring its sweet load to the nest.

In order to get the best results and to secure a good number of milk-cows, the ants collect the eggs of the aphid in the fall, carry them into their own nests and care for them during the winter. In the spring the newly-hatched aphid-calves are carried by the dairy ants to good pastures, such as willows, rose trees, cabbage plants, etc. The ants are rather persistent in pursuing their work and overcome many difficulties put in their way by man. So, if the owner of a weeping willow tries to protect his tree by painting a ring of coal-tar around its stem, the ants undo his attempt by building a road of little earth crumbs over it.

Various kinds of ants milk various kinds of aphids and thus we see amongst ants a creature kept and used regularly for a

certain purpose, like domestic animals are among ourselves, and this, as far as we know, is unique in the animal world.

Many observations have been offered to show that there is also a most intimate relation between ants and many kinds of plants. A number of plants not only offer special inducements to attract ants to them by affording favorable nesting places, but also offer the ants delectable food in the way of sweet floral nectar. In return for the domiciles and the food, the ants are supposed to protect their plant-hosts from certain insects and other animal enemies; their relationship is therefore one of mutual benefit.

The harvesting ants not only gather grain planted by man, but do also their own sowing and, like a thrifty, provident farmer, make suitable and timely arrangements for the changing seasons. In the spring they select a fitting space near their habitation which is cleared of all obstructions and the surface leveled and smoothed to the distance of three or four feet from the colony. Having planted the grain, the ants tend and cultivate it with constant care, cutting away all other grasses and weeds that may spring up amongst it; also all outside of the farm circle to the extent of one or two feet more. The cultivated grass grows splendidly and produces a heavy crop of small, white, flinty seeds which, under the microscope, very closely resemble rice. When ripe it is carefully harvested, the seeds are carried into the granary cells and the straw is thrown beyond the limits of the farming district. When the grain gets wet in the store, the ants bring it out to expose it to the sun and bite off the sprouts where they appear. Some species bake also bread, thus conserving their supply of grain more securely. The grain is chewed up by the ants and small, flat pies made, which are left in the sun's rays to bake.

Ant-slaves are ants themselves, tho they belong to another species than their masters. The latter raid the nests of their weaker neighbors and carry off the larvæ and pupæ, which afterwards they hatch out in their own nests. These ants are therefore born into slavery and it is nowhere recorded that ants capture grown-up slaves. The born slaves are not ill-used by their masters, but treated in every respect as well as tho they belonged to the community in which they have been born; they do not even seem

to realize that they are outsiders. The motive of this kind of slave-holding appears to be the wish to get additional help in order to make the community more powerful.

There are, however, some species of slave-making ants that are accustomed to do only a certain amount of work for themselves, while others even have to be fed, and are often carried by their slaves. The latter, of course, do also all the regular household work, feeding the young, bringing food to the nest and so forth.

When Huber, the great observer of ants and bees, placed thirty specimens of this latter kind of slave-making ants in a box, with some of their larvæ and pupæ and a supply of honey, but without any slaves, more than one-half of them died of hunger in less than two days. The others were languid and without strength and appeared not able to do anything, considering their condition. Huber at length gave them a slave. This individual, unassisted, established order, formed a chamber in the earth, gathered together the larvæ, extricated several young ants that were ready to quit the condition of pupæ and preserved the life of the remaining masters.

In honor of the ant race it must be said that this way of managing their affairs is an exception. In general they are true to the principle, "One for all; all for one." The bible-word that, "Who does not work shall not eat," is strictly carried out by them. The great scientist, Buchner, considered this latter attitude a selfish one. If this be the right adjective, then we must invent a new one for the behavior of the slave-holding ants.

Nowhere in the ant world do we find conditions like they are in our own capitalistic world today. Where a small minority holds in mental and physical bondage, abuses and exploits without mercy a tremendous majority of the human species.

While comparing the ways of the ants with our own, we must not forget that the former cannot make use of tools and machinery and yet they secure wonderful results. What could they achieve in co-operative ways if they had steel as hard as millions of their fists, lungs as strong as a railroad steam engine and shoulders as large as ocean vessels?

In case a part of the ants habitation has been destroyed by an outside cause, there

is not a clique that first considers whether it will bring enough profits to reconstruct the damaged part, without regard that a great number may be without shelter and a good deal of the larvæ be exposed to cold. Or, if the summer was particularly good for collecting supplies and the grain harvest is also a heavy one, there is not a bunch of idlers that corner the so-called "wheat market" in order to make more profits.

We cannot learn from the ants how to make profits, but rather see how well everything runs, when everyone works for the common good and no profits are made. All in all, we must hide our faces from a small creature that we often crush under our feet.

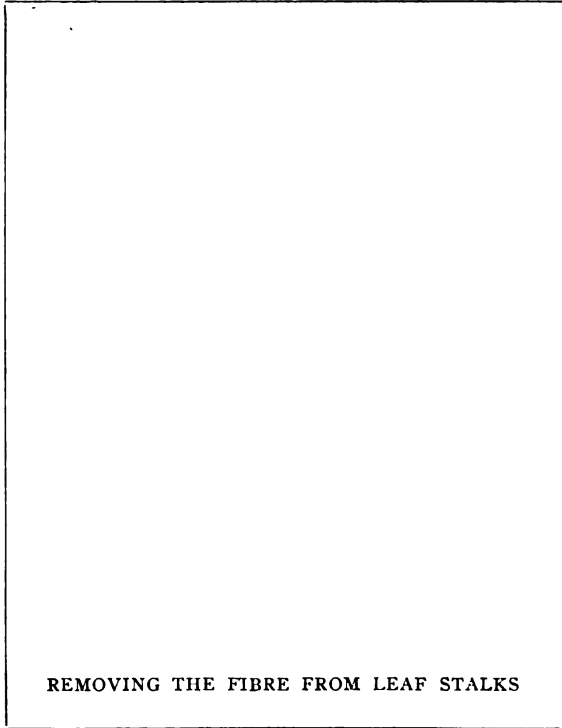
But let us return to another interesting species, the foraging ants of such tropical countries as Brazil and western equatorial Africa. In the latter country these are also called "driver-ants," because when setting out on their invading marches they drive every living thing before them, from the elephant to the smallest insect, including man. They build no houses or nests of any kind and carry nothing away, but eat all their prey on the spot. It is their habit to march thru the forests in a long regular line about two inches broad and often several miles in length. If they come to a place where there are no trees to shelter them from the sun, whose heat they cannot bear, they immediately build underground tunnels through which the whole army passes

in columns to the forest beyond. When they grow hungry, the long file spreads itself through the forest in a front line and attacks and devours all it overtakes with a fury that is quite irresistible. Every animal that lives in their line is chased. The lion and gorilla fly before this attack and the black men run for their lives. The snake, after having killed its prey by crushing it in the great folds of his body, leaves it lying on the ground and does not return until, having made a circle of a mile or more in diameter around the body, it is assured that no ant-army is on the march. Only then it dares to swallow its prey and risk the dangerous period of sluggish inactivity which is necessitated by the process of digestion.

When the driver-ants enter a house they make a clean sweep. Cockroaches are devoured in an instant. Rats and mice spring around in the room in vain. An overwhelming force of ants kill a strong rat in less than a minute and a few minutes later its bones are stripped. In this way the huts of the natives are freed from the vermin several times a year.

Concluding, we may add that the ancients were already keen observers and admirers of ants, of which the following bible passage by Solomon gives evidence:

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise; which, having no guide, overseer or ruler provideth her meat in the summer and gathereth her food in the harvest."



The Making of Binder Twine

By J. B. F. CURTIS

FARMERS in America doubtless will recall that binder twine as a staple article of commerce had its beginnings along about 1880. Experiments with machines which bound grain with twine began several years before that; a few twine binders were successfully operated.

From the beginning of these experiments twines of various kinds were utilized, principally consisting of small cords composed of two or more strands and made from Kentucky or other soft fibres. It was very difficult to secure binder twine of the proper quality. Naturally the first experiments were made with types of twine and cord then in use, but it was found that something more than strength and uniformity of size was required for use with the successful binder. In order to work well on the knotter, the twine must possess a firmness or coarseness in order to strip from the hook

after the knot is formed. It was found that a very soft twine which was strong enough to do the work would cling so tenaciously to the knotter hook that when the bundle was discharged the twine would break instead of stripping off the hook.

William Deering was one of the first to make field experiments with the twine binder. The question of twine suitable for this work was found to be difficult of solution. Nevertheless Mr. Deering went ahead manufacturing twine binders while he devoted much attention to finding a practicable binder twine.

A manila rope was untwisted and strands used and it was decided that if the rope yarn could be spun small enough a successful twine would be the result. A manufacturer of manila rope was persuaded to try spinning the rope yarn to half its usual thickness. It was discovered that this made an admirable twine for use in the bind-

BUNDLES OF SISAL LEAVES.

ers. The binder twine sales now amount to over \$20,000,000 annually in the United States.

Manila fibre at this time commanded a high price, and sisal, which had begun to interest rope makers, was attracting attention, and was much cheaper. The sisal strands were shorter than the manila strands, but after some machinery adjustments the manufacturers were able to produce a perfect sisal binder twine. Manila binder twine is still used, altho sisal has usually been able to command the market, owing to its low price. A satisfactory fibre was discovered in New Zealand, but it does not possess the lasting qualities of manila and sisal.

The manila fibre of commerce is the product of a plant or tree found in the Philippine Islands, which country alone produces that plant. Efforts to cultivate it in other countries have so far failed. So that America is compelled to look to the Philippines for her necessary supplies of this fiber, which is most important in the manufacture of rope and many other forms of cordage.

The manila plant is identical in general appearance with the banana tree. The trunk consists of a cluster of from twelve to twenty leaf stalks which spread out into a crown of huge leaves rising to a height of from 12 to 25 feet. These leaf stalks overlap each other and grow together so tightly

as to give the appearance of a solid trunk from six to twelve feet in height. It is from these stalks or layers that the fibre is extracted and not, as many have supposed, from the leaves. The manila plant does not thrive outside the volcanic zone. Volcanic ash appears to be its natural home. It is cultivated in the Philippine Islands with great success on the sides of mountains and hills.

There are a few large manila plantations, but the great bulk of the fibre is produced from small parcels of ground cleared out of the jungle, frequently containing five or six acres and often less. The land is largely owned by wealthy merchants who arrange with the natives to work these small tracts of abaca. One man may own a large number of these small fields of cultivated ground. The native usually takes care of the field, strips the fibre on shares and receives one-half of what he produces.

The work is still done in a very crude manner, with tools of the most primitive sort. The principal article of equipment is a heavy steel knife from twelve to sixteen inches in length. The handle acts as a lever and is fitted into a fulcrum at the inner end of the handle near where it connects with the steel knife. A piece of very hard mahogany wood is made to exactly fit the edge of the knife. This block is placed on the top of a convenient log or section of a large

DRYING MANILA FIBRE

bamboo tree. To this same log is fastened the fulcrum in which the knife is operated. As a rule the edge of the knife is provided with notches like saw teeth. The edge of the knife is held down on the hardwood block by a spring pole which is connected with the other end of the handle by a thong, the amount of tension on the knife being regulated by the size of the pole.

When the strip or layer from the plant is drawn under the knife only the fibre is pulled thru; the pulp and skin of the strip being scraped loose from the fibre, fall in front of the knife. The strip is usually held more easily by the operator by the use of a small stick of hardwood around which the strip is wound. A reverse movement is necessary in order to clean the end originally held.

The operator places the cleaned fibre on a convenient pole, from which it is taken by the women and children and spread out over bamboo poles in an open spot where the sun dries it in a few hours. The work of cutting the plants, separating the strips and carrying the strips to the apparatus above described, is usually performed by the workman's wife and children, who also spread the fibre and gather it after it is dried.

Frequently the distance to the field, or laté, to the village is so great that the fibre stripper and his family leave the village

and remain in the laté for two, three or four days at a time. They improvise temporary shelter from branches of palm trees and the leaves of the manila plant. The machinery of production is so easy to carry about that only a small number of trees are cleaned on one spot. The raw material is not brought to the worker; the worker goes to the raw material. The average day's work for an expert stripper is about twenty-five pounds.

Large prizes have been offered to inventors for the production of a machine that would clean manila fibre, but none has reached a point where general introduction is possible.

The native men are of cheerful and kindly disposition, who marry and nearly always raise a large family of children. The man is neither cruel nor arbitrary. At the beginning of his domestic career he builds a typical Philippine native dwelling. The wants of the natives are few. A very small amount of cotton cloth provides clothing for the entire family. In many instances the women manufacture fabrics from which a large part of their clothing is made. These fabrics are made from either very fine manila fibres, or from the fibre of the pineapple plant.

Fish is the principal article of food and is abundant and as free as the air; rice, which they buy, and fruit, of which there is

and plants ranging in height from ten to thirty feet. This jungle is cut and the wood burned in order to prepare the land for planting. After the land is cleared, sisal plants of two years' growth, previously started in nurseries, are set out—1,000 plants to the acre. There is no further cultivation necessary except the occasional cutting of the undergrowth, which is usually cut twice a year.

In about three years, when the plants reach maturity, the cutting of leaves begins. Only the under or mature leaves are taken. It is possible to cut from twelve to twenty leaves from each plant. The leaves average a little less than two pounds in weight.

There is no particular harvest time; on the contrary leaves are cut every week in the year. Each leaf is handled individually, first cut from the plant, then the spines removed from the edge of the leaf, then the leaves packed in bundles of about fifty and carried to the edge of the plantation or to the nearest tramway.

From there they are conveyed to the cleaning plant, which is centrally located on each plantation. There the leaves are put thru the cleaning machine at the rate of about 3,000 per hour. The fibre, after it leaves the machine, is carried into the drying yards and is spread on galvanized wire where it dries and bleaches in the sun, after which it is gathered and taken into the warehouse, where it is pressed into bales in the same form in which it reaches the mills.

It is startling to realize the immense amount of human labor embodied in a hundred pounds of sisal. When this fact is considered, it would seem that sisal sells for a very low price on the market. Binder twine has to be sold cheap to the farmers. It is evident that sisal can only be successfully manufactured when the plants are raised in a country or countries where wages are a very negligible quantity. It can now only be carried on, the fibre can only be profitably raised, in undeveloped, tropical countries where living is very simple, very cheap and where natives can be procured for very little outlay. The population of Yucatan is not great and wages are certainly not attractive to immigrants. Every laborer is employed. These natives are the Maya Indians, the descendants of an aboriginal race which has left behind it proofs of a higher type of civilization than was found in other parts of the western

PREPARING THE FIBRE FOR SPINNING.

always a plenty. The natives raise hogs and chickens, but these are considered articles of luxury. It is claimed that fibre strippers can secure all the wants of themselves and family by working three or four hours a week. As they pay no rent and very little for food and clothing, and have neither gas nor coal bills to pay, they are perfectly content to lay up nothing for a rainy day, which seldom comes.

Sisal Fibre

The plant from which sisal fibre is produced is known in Yucatan as henequen. It comes of a species which, when transplanted to our greenhouses are usually called century plants. Plants resembling sisal have frequently been found in tropical countries, but it has always transpired that they grow too rapidly to produce the necessary tensile strength and that they die while comparatively young, necessitating the frequent and very expensive renewal of plants. Yucatan produces a very large proportion of sisal fibre that reaches our markets.

The northern part of the peninsula is a flat, low country, barely twenty-five feet above sea level and is a solid ledge of lima rock, originally of coral formation. In its natural condition the whole surface is covered with a jungle growth of tropical woods

WINDING TWINE INTO BALLS

hemisphere, possibly excepting the Inca Indians.

The natives are amiable, cleanly and capable. The plantations are usually large and somewhat isolated on account of their size. The plantation consists of several thousand acres of land, only a part of which is cultivated. The buildings are usually situated in the center of the plantation. On the larger plantations there are usually several hundred families of natives.

Usually the manager of the plantation is the local magistrate, and this clothes him with authority. The planter permits the workers to work small plots of land to raise their own food.

There is a law which prevents a workman from leaving his employer while in debt, and this law, if construed and manipulated to the disadvantage of the workmen, could easily make slaves of the men.

The best machinery has been installed in the cleaning and pressing plants. Thousands of miles of narrow gauge tramways have been laid thru the plantations, making the transportation of leaves economical. Everything possible has been done to get the greatest possible results from the limited amount of labor at their command.

In 1886 it was seen that the manufacturers of twine binders would have to manufacture binder twine. The machine depended upon the necessary accessory, and several plants were erected within the next few years. Mr. Deering was one of the first to erect a mill. Manila and sisal were the fibres used most extensively from the beginning, it having been discovered that certain promising twines were entirely consumed by grasshoppers and other insects.

Doubtless few of us realize how important a product binder twine is today. If no harvesting machines were manufactured for a whole year, the farming community would, undoubtedly, be put to some inconvenience, but would manage to get along without serious loss. On the other hand, if the supply of twine for one harvest were suddenly to be cut off, it would mean not simply a national, but an international calamity, as it would be impossible to secure men enough to gather the crops.

(We are indebted for cuts and much of the data used in this article to the courtesy of I. H. C. Service Bureau of the International Harvester Co. of America.)

How to Build Up the Socialist Movement

Roscoe A. Fillmore

THIS is the query on the lips of many today. We can't down it and to deny the facts when we know there is something "out of kilter" is not the part of wisdom. We must face the issue. We, whose merciless criticism of the shams and hypocrisies of modern society has become proverbial, must pluck from our vitals the cancer that is threatening our further existence as a working class movement. To do so, as we have numberless times said of the evils of modern society, we must get at the root of the trouble, the basic cause. When we have located the cause we must "cut it out," regardless of how many reputations are smashed and members or voters lost.

We used to point with pride to the enormous organization to which we belonged. Even though many of us felt forebodings when we noted the various symptoms of reform politics, compromise and mushroom growth in many countries yet we stilled the doubt and exulted in the apparent growing spirit of revolt among the workers. We shut our eyes to the facts just as a large number of comrades are still doing.

Then came July and August, 1914, and our enormous organization of slaves went down like a house of cards. Founded as we claimed on Internationalism our "Internationalists" flew at each others' throats in true cave man fashion at the behest of the same masters against whom they had organized to fight. Something was wrong and terribly wrong with our Internationalism. What and where is and was the trouble?

Some say with many flourishes that the Germans alone are responsible—that outside Germany the International still exists, while the Germans tells us that the Socialists of the world sprung at their throats and they are compelled to fight in self-defense. Others see Socialism spring into "power" as the result of victory for England or Germany, according as their sympathies lie. And so the wrangling goes on to the infinite amusement and profit of the master class. For while we slaves do the fighting and suffering, the masters of all

countries wax fat at our expense. They are particularly jubilant today for they have laid the spectre that has for long years haunted them—the solidarity of the workers of the world. And, ye gods! the old slogan of racial and national hatreds without the redeeming feature of a single original idea or catch cry has been sufficient.

So complicated has the situation become; so many and divers are the opinions expressed pro and con that the squib anent the farmer who for the first time saw an elephant is applicable to the Socialist party in most countries. "There ain't no such thing." True, there is an alleged party collecting dues and sending out "organizers," many of whom are absolutely guiltless of any knowledge of Socialism and are put on the platform merely because they have big reputations and can "lead" the slaves. How many of them can elucidate clearly the Marxian law of value and thus show the worker just where the robbery takes place? How many have digested "Value, Price and Profit" or "Socialism, Utopia to Science"? How many of them could take the platform against a good capitalist economist and hold their own? A very small percentage, if we are to judge by the slush that is their stock in trade. If it's sentiment that we want the workers to learn, then these fellows have the goods, but sound economics—never.

The Socialist press is very largely filled with articles that attempt to prove Germany a large size edition of hell, and Russia the fountain of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or vice versa. England and France, we are told, are the world's democracies, or, perhaps I should say, the world's second best, the "good old U. S. A.," of course, leading the parade. While we are reading this cheery news a four-line item over in the advertising matter informs us that all militant anti-militarists in France were clapped in the democratic French prisons the moment war was declared, where a good many of them still languish. The British, not to be outdone in the good work of democracy, suppress all periodicals that refuse to bow to Kitchener and the war office; tie the workers in actual peonage in the munition factories; make a dead letter of the few

privileges the workers have won by a century of industrial fights and finally sends an army of conscripts to the field to fight for "God, Liberty and the H'Empire." Russia quite suddenly becomes one of the hopes of the world democracy, having exported, we are led to believe, all her un-democratic institutions to the lands of her allies and the United States, where they are being used with unvarying success from Ludlow and Paint Creek to Salt Lake City and Youngstown. The movement is wasting precious time trying to prove one or the other of the combatants the guardian of all our liberties—whatever they may be—and Socialist education is forgotten.

The fact of the matter is, whether we like it or not, that we have brought with us into the movement many of our old concepts, our old ideas, relics of the days when we believed in heavenly spooks. We look to *leaders* to free us. And we have been and *now* are preyed upon by an ever increasing number of middle-class sentimental asses who have imbibed of Plato, Ruskin, Emerson, Carlyle, Bellamy and Tolstoy and mistaken their mouthings for revolutionary shibboleths. These people are well meaning in most cases. This is, however, immaterial. *Results*, and naught else, count. And the one result of their activities is confusion and more confusion.

We have had lots of these people on this side the imaginary line, and our first precaution has always been to get them on the *outside* of the party and *keep* them there. Only on the outside are they *harmless*.

These are the people who spend precious time proving the post office and Panama canal Socialist enterprises. From this type come suggestions that the class struggle, that impregnable fortress of the revolutionary workers, be dropped as obsolete, because, presumably, it is unpopular in the drawing rooms of the ultra respectable middle class. In the next breath they tell us that Socialism is appealing to the middle class far more than to the slaves, which is another way of saying that the class struggle *has* been dropped at least from the propaganda they have carried on. To be brief, they would sugarcoat the pill so effectually that the masters might some day step down gracefully and fall in line!!! We are getting yards of this sort of thing in a supposedly Socialist press.

Why doesn't Socialism appeal to the

workers? I reply—it does when propagated. But it is seldom propagated and almost never by these disciples of the old bourgeois philosophers. In fact many of them are continuously doing all possible to emasculate the revolutionary work that is being done by a worker here and there. It is they who, after joining the organization and pledging themselves to support none but S. P. candidates, at once begin to agitate for the breaking down of the pledge and insist that they be allowed to vote for "Progressive," Labor or other "red herring" candidates. It is they who agitate for a union of the S. P. with the radical and reform elements, for "something now." It is they who are so busy today apologizing for the "war-socialists" of Europe. And last, but not least, they are but the counterparts of David, Sudekum, Vandervelde, Semat, Guesde, Hyndman and the rest of the traitorous bunch across the water. They are but paving the way for a complete casting aside of Socialist principles and are prepared to step down, in the event of the United States becoming involved, and say, as did their European fellows—"We don't believe in war, but now that the H'Empire is in danger we must do our bit for our country."

Since the above lines were written several months ago they have been proven right up to the hilt by the appearance on the platform of a number of "Socialist Leaders" advocating "Preparedness." And, as in Europe, they can go the masters one better when they start. The danger of us losing "our" country was never so fully expatiated upon by the Navy League. And many even of those who are opposing preparedness are doing so from the usual slushy, sentimental motives—preparedness means war, they say, and "somebody might get killed, don't y' know." What the hell do we care about the killings in war? Aren't we killed in droves and armies every year in industry, and just as unnecessarily as in war. Aren't the police forces of New York and many other cities on this continent being drilled in the use of machine guns to mow down those who have escaped the railway smashes and mine and powder mill explosions and feel the spirit of revolt stirring? Killings are as common as cabbages in peace as well as in war. We workers who are in revolt object to war because it makes us pawns, puppets, cannon-fodder at the pleasure of the class we hate. We do

not object to the killings on moral grounds. We know no morality but that of revolting slaves—the act or institution that injures our interests as workers is immoral—decidedly so. That which helps us in our fight is moral and right from our viewpoint.

We object to war because it undoes the work we have done very largely. It makes cave-men of the best of our class. It arouses the blood lust that is our heritage from savage, animal ancestors. And it will take us several generations to wipe out by education the racial and national hatreds between the workers of the countries involved that have been aroused to satisfy the masters' lust for profits. It is injuring our class and our chances of successful revolt for a long time to come. That's the reason we oppose war and the only argument that's worth a damn. The ordinary man in America doesn't care who is getting killed in Europe—superficially considered, it doesn't affect him—in fact, it has made business good. But show the American slaves that they will have their share of it to do to the glory and profit of their masters sooner or later if they leave those masters in the saddle and you are doing something against war, against preparedness, and helping to knock the underpinning from beneath the beast, Capital.

An ever-increasing number of us believe that the time has come for a house cleaning. The truth is the only salvation for the Socialist movement today. We must find the seat of the trouble and cut it out. Half-way measures are of no use. Mistaken ideas of gratitude will not save us. When we find a traitor he must do his dirty work on the *outside* from now on, whether he be a traitor from lack of knowledge or from the fact that he has secured a more elaborate meal ticket, and even though his work in the past has been good. Individuals don't count—*results* do. How are we to save the movement and make it a powerful weapon towards the freedom of the workers? There is very little, if any, excuse for its existence as at present constituted. Bryan or Roosevelt can make a far better job of the "something now" business than the hot air artists of the S. P. So what's to be done?

When all's said and done, the one function of the Socialist movement is to educate the workers. We don't know anything about

the coming revolution. It may come all unexpectedly at the close of the war. If, as seems likely, the golden age for capitalism is yet to come as a result of the war, then the Social Revolution is perhaps a century in future—perhaps several of them. That is immaterial in so far as this discussion is concerned. Our function is to educate. Educate and then *educate* the workers. The revolution will come as the result of the growing inability of capitalism to provide us with the means of life coupled with the intelligence that we and those who come after us display in revolt. Without working class education, class rule can continue in some form or other indefinitely. It's up to us.

Peanut politics will not bring the revolution. Can you imagine a Hillquit or a Stitt Wilson precipitating the revolution! Peanut politics will play a more contemptible part every day as the revolution progresses. The efforts of middle-class reformers to win to power on the back of an unenlightened and uneducated so-called Socialist movement will spread confusion. We hear talk of "winning" this or that state for Socialism next year or the year after. Australia and New Zealand were "won" for Socialism of the same brand some years ago and today they are as loud in their jingoism and their "love of the H'Empire" as any other people. They are forcing conscripts to go to Europe to fight for the capitalists of Britain. The so-called "Socialist" or Labor government is, of course, a capitalist slave driver, as are all other governments, past, present or to come.

As these "Socialists" win small political battles by stultifying Socialism, their opposition to the real, sound propaganda becomes more pronounced. They have tasted of the sweets of office and are unalterably opposed to any line of action that will lose votes and thus hurl them from the honey pot. We have even now reached this stage of the game. The professional office seekers are coming our way. They will swamp us. Indeed they already have.

We are at the parting of the ways. We can go on, and even though we be but a few, carry on the propaganda of the class struggle and thus perform our function as revolting slaves bent upon winning our freedom, or we may by leaving the class struggle and its solid footing become a bunch of crawling worms overjoyed at being allowed

to gather a few of the political crumbs that fall from our masters' table. In Europe the majority decided on the latter course. They had very little time to consider when the matter came up for decision. *We are better off than they. We can see the blunder they made and avoid it if we are wise.*

Those who are made for office, those who want "something now" should get into the Bull Moose, W. C. T. U., or Associated Charities. They are mis-fits in a real Socialist movement and if they don't see this for themselves, well, they should be *shown*. Ours is not a Socialist movement while this element is in the saddle. They will ride the party to hell for the sake of a single tax reform. If they must make a noise let them line up *outside*, where their disorganizing propensities are harmless.

Revolution will never come as the result of the election of a mayor in Podunk or a whole gross of them. Political campaigns are mighty handy—they get the crowd—therefore, we are on the right tack when we get out, put up candidates and force those standard bearers to point out to the workers their slave position and the *only* remedy, *working-class ownership* of the means of life. While we confine our efforts to this sort of work, which is not spectacular and will not get us office for some time to come, we are performing our function as grave diggers to capitalism. Every slave who is persuaded to think of his position is another grave digger. We will have an organization that will be a strong nucleus for the workers to rally around when "The Day" dawns. The man who is caught by high sounding and meaningless oratory is not dependable. He will help us to roll up a big vote today and tomorrow if the Bull Moose offers a little better line of guff, he, of course, is caught. In the meantime we have only fooled ourselves.

Peanut politics is a strictly capitalist game. Even though we had something to win in the game—which we haven't—all authorities to the contrary notwithstanding—we couldn't win for we don't know the game. The masters and their henchmen have us beaten to a frazzle—and then some. The efforts of even the best of the "Progressive and Constructive" socialist politicians on this continent are pitiful in the extreme when compared with the work of a Roosevelt or a Bryan.

Some day a desperate worker will throw

a brick at the gunman who is trying to crack his head and the Revolution will be on. Then where will be our peanut politicians who have "won" for socialism in the Podunk municipal council; where will be our schemes for the catching of votes, our bids for the support of all the quack reformers and fakirs of present day politics; our constant juggling and re-juggling of obsolete platforms and policies to hoodwink the workers that they may be "led" easily? Where then will we find the elements who announce in sonorous phrase from the public platform their willingness to "die for the cause of the working classes?" The affair in Europe points the way. They will desert like rats from a sinking ship.

The "Statesmen," the "Constructive" politicians, the noted individuals, all these and many more will be found in the camp of the enemy. For the Revolution is not going to be respectable, my friends. When it comes as come it will eventually—the slaves are going to do the job—not the fellows with the well manicured hands and the roll of capitalist ethics but the mud sills. Only they possess the incentive. They are going to be utterly devoid of respect for Law, Religion and Morality as at present taught. Those who then stand in the way must take the consequences. For it is a law of nature that "They may take who have the power and they may keep who can." We, the workers, when we have learned to exercise our brains in our own interests as we have developed our brawn in the service of our masters, will be able to take and enjoy all the good things we have produced so abundantly. Preparedness? Yes—preparedness to carry on and to a successful conclusion the class war—the war of the workers vs. the shirkers. In that war we must eliminate all the useless elements, all that acts as a drag upon us, we must scrape the barnacles off.

Words of praise from the henchmen of the master-class for our peanut politicians and their antics are becoming more frequent every day. *When the masters praise us there is something wrong with our work from a working-class point of view. They joy in seeing the workers deluded for therein lies their (the masters') safety.* If we would carry on the class war successfully lets, for a start, cut out all in our platforms, policies and tactics that the masters

can, by any manner of means, find reason to praise. (*The master's fear class education of the workers. Class education is our key* to the mastery of the world we have made. *Let's use it and refuse all substitutes. The world for the workers—and soon.*)

Drawn by K. R. Chamberlain.

From *The Masses*.

PATRIOTISM

The Editor, the Munition Maker and the Investor: "Outrage! American Killed in Mexico! War!"

HOW TO FIGHT ON THE JOB

THE REVIEW is constantly receiving letters from the men in the conservative *Railroad Brotherhoods* and other obsolete trade unions, asking how to go to work to wake up the men to the necessity of organizing into an *Industrial Union*.

Every rebel wants to make his educational work as effective as possible. He wants to send home the new ideas and point out new methods of warfare for the working class, so that they will count in the struggles of labor against capital.

Above all things we need to remember that no man can win a fight against the railroad corporations or the steel owners or the mine operators *alone*; and if he were able, such a fight would not mean much of a victory to the working class. To accomplish anything, we need *education, organization and numbers*. The first need, which it is up to the Man on the Job to supply, is *education*.

Every rebel, every class conscious worker in the old craft union must become a propagandist, an agitator for socialism and industrial unionism, an educator. And the best place in the world for agitation and educational work is *on the job*. A railway engineer, who has been railroading all his life, and has belonged to his union, can do a lot more good for industrial unionism and socialism right on his run than he could by quitting his union and his job. His work throws him in touch with scores of other railroad men. Their defeats are his defeats; their needs his needs. When they are betrayed by high officials and petty officials, he, too, is betrayed, as long as he is on the job.

Here is an opportunity for him to point out how much money the men are wasting annually in paying high salaries to traitors; to show how arbitration has always worked out to the profit of the companies, and to point out what industrial unionism, organized industrial unionism, with every man working on the railroads and running the trains, in one union, means.

Most of us are willing to do the *big* things in the labor movement. We would

like to feel that we had been the instruments thru which the men or women in our line of work had become class conscious, had organized themselves into a working class union. But these things are not done by one man or one woman.

It is not talk alone, nor even books, that can make a workingman see the advantages of industrial unionism over sectional unionism. But it is talking to intelligent fellow workers on the job, and reading about these things and arguing about them and discussing them *in the light of things happening every month in the old craft unions*, that educates men.

You will find the brakeman who believes in arbitration changing his mind, if you keep after him and he sees himself and his comrades being betrayed thru arbitration year after year. And when he finds that the arbitrators, supposed to be representing the railroad men, has been appointed an officer by one of the inimical railroad companies, he will begin to see that the railroads are only rewarding a faithful servant of the *railroads*—that the union official has been representing the interests of the companies instead of the men whom he was appointed to serve.

The miners who understand socialism and industrial unionism know that time contracts work out to injure the miners. You can't always convince the man working in the shaft beside you by words, but when he goes out on strike, and when you go out on strike, and you show him that the miners in the next state or county are working double shifts to get out more coal (which will enable your bosses to hold out and defeat your strike), he will know that you are right.

Nearly all the old union papers and almost all officers will tell you that it is a good thing to have the mine operators collect the miners' union dues. It is a good thing for the mine owners. When they take the union dues out of the miners' pay envelopes and hand them over to the union officials, the mine owners expect some return from the union officials, and *they have always gotten it*.

Of course, the mine owners prefer to

have nothing at all to do with unions or union officials, but if there must be unionism, it is better for the mine owners to collect the dues and give them to the officials so that they (and your officials) can force you to stay in the kind of an organization that the mine owners want—that they can control thru the union officials.

Show the miners that the check-off merely means that the boss forces you to stay in the union and hands your money over to the union officials—for value to be received.

Union officials continue to sign up the miners' contracts whereby if they quit work without official endorsement, to go on strike, they can be blacklisted or fined, and when one group of miners goes on strike, the miners in a nearby point keep on working, so that the owner of the struck mine will not lose any profits or *any strikes*.

The check-off is a conspiracy of the mine owners and the union officials against the miners. Don't it look that way to you? Tell this to the man in the shaft beside you! And make him a propagandist for working class unionism, too.

There are a few deluded persons who imagine that the way to get industrial unionism (One Big Union) is to play union politics and put new men in the jobs of the present office-holders. These men do not believe in trusting things to the rank and file. They think they know better than Jim, or Tom or Harry what Jim and Tom and Harry ought to have. They don't think it is necessary to educate the rank and file. They believe they can join hands with a few other union men and grab the offices and then give you what you ought to have.

We believe every rebel unionist, every socialist and industrialist should attend his union meetings, should watch carefully the tricks that are being put across by the politicians, and to back up the officers who are really trying to serve the working class. You can make the floor of your union hall a platform for class unionism, the kind of unionism that puts all men into one great fighting organization and gives them a chance of victory when they fight the bosses.

Try to be as impersonal as possible, but point out to every member present just what is being done, and urge the matter of industrial union education, of buying socialist books and magazines for the union halls. Pick out the most intelligent men in the local and talk to them. Get them to thinking and reading and discussing conditions in the old craft unions.

We don't believe it is worth while to spend all your energies trying to play politics to put new men in the offices of the old ones. You do not want to trust to officials—not even yourselves. And remember that the man or men, who struggle for ten years to get an official position in a union, will have forgotten all about everything but the job by the time he gets it. All his talk in the union will *have to be on how to get office* instead of *how to secure a real fighting organization for the men*.

If you spend all your energies in planning and scheming for office, you will have no time for educational work, and the real rebel rarely has any chance for election anyway, because he is spotted at once as a disturber. Men high in office in the railroad brotherhoods, who serve the companies well and union officers who have made such a condition possible, will see to it that the rebel who looks for office quickly loses his job on the road.

And it would help very little to put a sprinkling of revolutionary men in the offices of the old craft unions. They would be *framed-up* and gotten out in short order unless they had a revolutionary rank and file to back them.

And a revolutionary rank and file would demand a real union. Real unionism does not mean *dividing* the workers into tens of hundreds of small isolated groups, each supporting half a dozen well paid officers, or more. Unionism means *union—one union*. Craft unionism means that the working class has been *divided* up instead of *united*.

Every organization that divides the workers, instead of uniting them, is an organization that benefits the capitalist class, because it helps to keep the workers separated into crafts, so that they cannot fight together, strike together, work together. It keeps the workers from

rushing together into great all-embracing industrial unions of each entire industry as they would do if there were no craft-dividing unions.

But we can't have industrial unionism just because you and I want it. A good many workingmen and women would want it, fight for it—and perhaps get it—today if they knew how. It should be our *big* task, our great work, to educate these men and to add them to the great army of rebels who will go out and get

new recruits during the coming months.

We suspect there are going to be some interesting and shameless new stunts pulled off in connection with the anthracite miners' and the railroad men's demand for more wages and a shorter workday. Keep your eyes open and show the men around you just how they will be flim-flammed again.

One place to educate and plan for working class organization—real class industrial unionism—is *on the job*.

LABOR NOTES

"After Youngstown—what?" is the question.

If nothing else was shown by the Youngstown flare-up, it did give an inkling of what a powerful drive the workers of one community can make against their masters if the proper events come along to touch off and set in motion the working class forces.

Complete and thoro organization of all steel and machinery workers of the United States into one big union is being advocated by steel and machinery workers who feel the possibilities in that industry.

They point to towns like Bethlehem, Gary, Youngstown, where a single corporation or set of interests controls the town.

In such towns craft lines have been wiped out to the extent that all the workers in the town have one master, one payroll. Whether they are puddlers and machinists, classified as "skilled" workers, or whether they are blast furnace and rolling mill men or punch press hands, rated as "unskilled," they are tied together by mutual interests actually closer than any bonds that existed between workers in the first days of old-fashioned craft unions.

One payroll for all of them and one payer for all the payees at these modern industrial centers of steel and machinery.

One high barb-wire fence surrounding the shop where they all work for wages.

One set of time-keepers, recording the

hours and wages to be entered on the payroll.

One row of gates and one huddle of roofs thru which they go to work and under which they go thru the motions specified by one central efficiency office.

So, why not one big union of all the steel and machinery workers in all the steel and machinery centers of the United States?

One master, one payroll, one high, barb-wire fence, one set of time-keepers and efficiency engineers, one set of gates and roofs, at Gary, Youngstown, Bethlehem.

Why not combat the centralized organization of the masters of steel and machinery with one central organization of all the workers in that industry into One Big Union?

Is there any fat-headed fool running loose anywhere who would deny that once such an organization was formed among the workers, it could enter demands for higher wages, shorter workday and better conditions—and enforce its demands?

Why not One Big Union of all the steel and machinery workers of the United States?

That speech of Matthew A. Schmidt is worth reading twice, keeping awhile and reading again. We live in an age when "bullcon" is glorified and bunkshooters get away with big bluffs. Here, though, was a real man, spurning freedom in the

sense that any man is free who is outside of prison.

Here he was, this Matthew Schmidt, practically opening the door, stepping into prison, closing the door of his own cell house.

Months and months the Burns' detectives and pussy-foots, agents and emissaries of all kinds, had tried to break his will, cow him, coax him, change his mind. It was no go.

He told the same story last as first. Burns and the pussy-foots and all their games and schemes were foiled.

He was charged with aiding in the murder of those who were killed in the explosion that wrecked the *Los Angeles Times* building. He explained to the court:

"I have said my case was not a murder case. No one really believes that it is. I want to give you some facts not brought out in the evidence. A few days after I arrived here from New York, Guy Biddinger, formerly a Burns man, came to me and asked why I did not get in and get some of the reward money. He said: 'They don't want you, nor do they want Kaplan. They want to hang Tvietmoe and Johannsen, and you can help them and then you will be free.'"

He pictured the very judge who was to sentence him. He showed the forces behind that judge. He discussed the Zeehandelaar letter, in which the manufacturers' association of Los Angeles is shown on signed admissions to have been active in extra-legal operations in drawing the grand jury to indict Schmidt. Of this the speaker said:

"Your Honor ruled that such a letter was not material to the case, nor could you well do otherwise. The forces back of my prosecution would have pulled you from this bench and besmirched your name even as they secured my conviction."

However, there wasn't much that was personal back of Schmidt's speech. All his references to himself are as though

he was a leaf in a storm, one wave in a great sea, one working class finger on millions of hands. Look at the poetry and the historical perspective in this:

"In the industries of this country more than 35,000 workers are killed and 700,000 injured each year—and all in the name of business. Who ever heard of a district attorney attempting to protect these victims or to obtain for them redress, unless, perchance, the employer happened to be a political enemy?"

"If for the moment we grant that all of the explosions recited here were caused by the iron workers, what do we find? For every ounce of steel, and for each broken bolt or rivet, I can show you a dozen lives snuffed out that profits might not be disturbed."

Here he was, facing life sentence to prison. And he turns with mingled sneers of contempt and feelings of pity for the people of the community sending him to prison:

"I understand the despair and horror that haunt the poor victims of the rotten industrial centers of the East. And I know the sacrifice made by their families and friends that they may bring their shattered lungs and wasted bodies to this land of balm and blossom, only to find that they must pay tribute to men who have capitalized their misfortune. It was almost wholly from this latter class of vultures that I was compelled to select a jury."

Great orations are spoken only on great occasions. Around the head and mouth of Matthew Schmidt when he stated cause why he should not be sentenced surged the vast forces of working class strife and desire for more of life.

If appeal is denied and "Schmiddy" goes to the California penitentiary as a "lifer," he will be remembered. Outside the fight will go on one way or another to spring the penitentiary doors and set free a hero who hates to hear anybody talk about heroes.

EDITORIAL

Benson and Kirkpatrick.—The referendum vote of the Socialist Party of America on candidates for President and Vice-President has resulted in the nomination of Allen L. Benson and George R. Kirkpatrick. The latter, widely known as the author of "War, What For?" has a long and honorable record as a Socialist teacher and agitator, dating

back to the days when such work offered but a precarious living even to the ablest speakers. He has from the start kept in constant touch with the real workers, the rank and file of the movement, and he is thoroughly grounded in Socialist theory. He is an effective speaker, and should make an ideal candidate. Comrade Benson, on the other hand, is almost an unknown quantity,

so far as party work is concerned. He first came into prominence some ten years ago, as editor of the *Detroit Times*, a reform newspaper. He is a clever and forceful writer, and soon after he became a party member, propaganda leaflets from his pen were circulated in immense quantities from the national office of the party. Since then he has become widely known thru his writings in *Pearson's Magazine* and the *Appeal to Reason*. To our mind, a serious defect in his propaganda has been a constant advocacy of "public ownership," with little insistence on the control by the workers of the conditions under which they work. That is to say, his appeal has been rather to the middle class than to the wage-workers. More recently, his writings have been almost wholly in opposition to war, and along this line he has done excellent work. Now, as our presidential nominee, he has a tremendous opportunity. He is a man of unquestionable ability, and we hope he will conduct this year's campaign in a way that will leave the Socialist Party stronger at its close.

The Road to Ruin.—Today "public ownership," with the owners of property owning the government, appeals to the immediate material interests of merely certain little capitalists who are being squeezed by the big ones. Tomorrow the big capitalists, themselves squeezed by competition from over the sea, are likely to fall in line for it. If the Socialist Party were to make "public ownership" the keynote of its propaganda, we might temporarily attract a million middle class voters, who would later desert, upon realizing that the old parties were going to do what we could only talk about. Meanwhile we should be losing the confidence of the wage-workers who want to control their working conditions, no

matter whether their "boss" is a capitalist corporation or a capitalist government. The issue of the future is the right to organize for workshop control. The road to ruin for the Socialist Party is to commit itself to an extension of the powers and functions of government without provision for control of working conditions by the workers. Its road to usefulness lies in close cooperation with all revolutionary industrial organizations, and in loyal support to such organizations in the intense struggle with state capitalism that is not far distant.

The Wastes of Competition.—This is a subject of which our propaganda in the past has had much to say. Our arguments were unanswerable, except in one way. The capitalists have found that way; they are stopping the wastes. It is in Europe, not here, that the biggest advance has been made; because in Europe the stress of necessity has been keenest. And this process of eliminating waste has not stopped and will not soon stop. Every day of war increases the burden of debt on the warring nations. It is becoming evident that this debt can never be paid by ordinary methods of raising revenue, and the only alternative to chaos will be the direct exploitation of labor by the European governments on a colossal scale. That is to say, State Capitalism is almost here as a result not of applied theories, but of economic necessity. When the war is over, and these highly organized industrial states enter the world market, how long will American capitalists be able to extract their customary rate of profit from the railways and the big industries of the United States? Is it not evident that they will soon have to call in the aid of their government to modernize their organization?



INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

The Dilution of British Labor. An important aspect of the war is summed up in this new term, "dilution." It doesn't mean that labor is to be diluted with rest, but rather that union laborers are to be diluted by an admixture of non-union. This is what the union men of England and Scotland have foreseen from the beginning. The fight against it is so important that I shall here go into the whole matter in some detail. Let all our war-patriots ponder the results of war in the labor world. Incidentally, it may be remarked, this new development has an important bearing on the status of craft unionism.

War affects the conditions of labor in various ways. First of all, hundreds of thousands of the youngest and strongest workers are rapidly withdrawn from the labor market. Their places in factory and mine are filled, so far as possible, by the hiring of other men not drawn to the field of battle. Some few of these may be equally skilled with those who have been removed. But the supply of highly skilled and efficient labor is soon exhausted. Then the unskilled or less skilled are pushed into the vacant places and rapidly given whatever training is necessary. Next, the women and children are called in and set to do all sorts of machine work. The skilled laborers who remain are given oversight over groups of these latter.

In the second place, there is a great shift in the nature of the national industries. There is less demand than in normal times for various sorts of luxuries.

But there is a sudden increase in the demand for arms, uniforms, military stores, etc. A factory hitherto devoted to the turning out of baby carriages is rapidly remodeled and turned to the manufacture of torpedoes or small arms. Some skilled workers find themselves suddenly unskilled. That is, they can no longer find places in which there is call for their particular sort of skill. So they must take whatever offers.

Now, according to craft union standards, English labor is the best organized in the world. The English unions are the oldest and the richest. They have, moreover, developed the most respectable and efficient leadership of a certain type. Their leaders are, for the most part, conservative enough in their outlook on life, but they have been long in positions of trust and they are perfectly able to stand up against English statesmen and capitalists and represent their case according to their lights.

Under war conditions the union members saw approaching the end of all the advantages they have been fighting a hundred years to achieve. Mr. W. Stewart, writing in the *Glasgow Forward* about the recent trade union Congress at Bristol, says: "The Bristol riots of 1831, more than any other event, determined the passing of the Reform Bill some months later. But that was a long time ago. * * * What a tremendous road we have traveled in a hundred years! It is marvelous! The working-class have, in a century of progress, turned a complete somersault, and have come down

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in the exact spot from which they started. Well, not the very exact spot, but a little behind it. They have got "conscription." This sort of reflection is going on everywhere in England, and with regard to many features of the labor situation.

And there is one aspect of the case which makes it particularly harrowing to the union officials. The ancient distinction between skilled and unskilled is rapidly fading. The fiction is that the operators of certain machines get their "good" wages because they have acquired a rare sort of skill. And now it is proposed to place day-laborers and girls at those sacred machines. The whole structure of unionism as built up through all these years has seemed to topple.

And there is no doubt that the danger to working-class conditions is a very real one. All experience leads the British workers to think that the common laborers and women set at the machines will be given the lowest possible wages. In fact, they are, in general, paid just about the sort of wages that common labor has received for years past. No one would be simple-minded enough to think that when the war is over these workers will be turned out and replaced by union men at union rates. This is just what caused the trouble when Lloyd George made his famous visit to Glasgow at Christmas time. He told the workers that the government loves them and will see that everything is set right again once peace has been declared. And those dour Scots told him they didn't believe a word of it!

It will be remembered that it was at Parkhead Forge that the Minister of Munitions was told some wholesome truths. And the speaker was a certain Mr. David Kirkwood, chairman of the shop stewards. It is a pleasure to record the fact that Mr. Kirkwood won his point. Following is his proposal on behalf of the men. This proposal was agreed to by the company and approved by the government.

Position of Parkhead Workers on Dilution

Your SOLE desire is increased output.

You are perfectly satisfied with the labor you are receiving from the skilled workers, so far as it goes.

You have no objection to the price that is being paid to labor for the munitions which we are producing.

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Writes **Libby Culbertson MacDonald**, ex-President National Rationalist Association: "The whole world loves a lover, but it loves a laugh as well. You certainly give us a plenty to laugh at in the Life of Jehovah. . . . You have accomplished an Herculean task, for which humanity is grateful."

Says **Eugene V. Debs**: "It is a book unlike any other ever written about the mythical monster hailed as the great Jehovah in the dim ages of superstition's starless night, and still worshipped with blind idolatry by millions of priest-ridden victims of mental blindness and moral degeneration. . . . Your sense of humor, of the ludicrous, is in refreshing evidence, while your wonderful imaginative powers are given free rein and if your reader, however, void of the sense of the ridiculous, fails to chortle with merriment and alternately explode with laughter under the influence of your masterly ridicule, he is certainly a fit subject for the undertaker."

Walter Holloway, President Rationalist Association of North America, writes: "Besides having many a hearty laugh at the expense of the jungle god and his fantastic fellows, I find my knowledge of the times and conditions out of which the Bible grew, greatly increased. I never before so fully realized how much richer the 'holy' book would have been had the Talmudic and Apocryphal writings been included. What a pity God repudiated so much of his writings! . . . Friend Tichenor has more humor than Jehovah and has done us a service in restoring the discarded stories. We may now know God for the rare bird he really is."

Ex-Senator E. A. Dague of Iowa, Says: "I read this history of the life and exploits of Jehovah of the Old Testament with intense interest and keen amusement. The author is a naturally gifted humorist and an expert in the use of sarcastic language. While he faithfully retells many of the exploits of Jehovah as given by the writers of the Bible, doing no injustice to the statements made by them, he puts the narrative in such words as to make the reader laugh until his sides are sore."

Says the noted writer and novelist, **George Allan England**: "Let me thank you and express my appreciation for the keen satire, cutting analysis and profound skill with which

you cut through the shams and errors of religious stupidity and bigotry in your 'Life of Jehovah.' Your trenchant pen dispels the darkness of ignorance as the sun puts to flight the owls and bats of night. More power to you, and a wider field to your labors!"

Martin L. Bunge, editor the Freidenker, Milwaukee, writes: "I have received and read the wonderful book by Henry M. Tichenor, the 'Life and Exploits of Jehovah,' and have recommended same to German Turners and Free-thinkers in 'Freidenker' of Feb. 13, 1916, and 'Amerikanische Turnzeitung.' I wish that millions may read this book and not only laugh about Jehovah's ignorance and awkwardness, but resolve that they will do all they can to liberate our civilization from the spectres of barbaric ages, from the fangs of organized superstition and systematized hypocrisy."

Dr. T. J. Bowles, of Muncie, Ind., writes: "I wish I knew what to say to the American people about your Life and Exploits of Jehovah, but all the languages of all the tribes of all the nations of the earth do not contain words to express my appreciation of this most valuable work of all the centuries. Voltaire and Thomas Paine were among the greatest benefactors of the human race, and achieved immortality by emancipating civilized men from the worship of crucified saviors, holy books and divine revelations, but your book will completely emancipate all rational men from the tyrant in the sky who has poisoned all the fountains and springs of life."

The publisher of the book, **Phil Wagner**, of St. Louis, backed by years of experience and criticism, says:

"I have been in the publishing business a good many years and I believe I know a good thing when I see it and Tichenor's 'Life of Jehovah' certainly takes its place in the front ranks of the world's most classic works of satire. I do not hesitate to predict that it will be read and enjoyed and laughed over by generations to come, and, I believe, is destined to free more brains from the chains of priest-craft and superstition than any work hitherto produced. Where others have disputed and denied, the author of the 'Life of Jehovah' simply satirizes; he uses caustic rather than logic; Jehovah, as he puts it himself, is 'laughed out of court.'"

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Our suspicion that under the cloak of patriotism cheap labor will slip in arises from the fact that, naturally, cheap labor is welcomed by employers.

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1. That the income of the new class of labor be fixed, not on the sex, previous training, or experience of the worker, but upon the amount of work performed, every effort being made to secure the maximum of output.

2. That a committee appointed by the skilled workers be accepted by the employers, with power to see that this arrangement is loyally carried out. Failing agreement between employer and the committee, the matter to be referred to a final tribunal, mutually arranged, or, failing agreement, appointed by Board of Trade.

3. That a record of all past and present changes in practice be handed to the convener of shop stewards and by him remitted to the district office, to be retained for future reference.

4. That all skilled and semi-skilled men who were engaged at the engineering trade in the service of the firm immediately prior to the war be granted a certificate to that effect.

5. No alteration shall take place in this scheme unless and until due notice is given to the workmen concerned and the procedure followed as prescribed by Clause 7 of Schedule II of the Munitions of War Act, 1915.

The principle underlying all of this is that workers are to be paid, not in accordance with their classification as skilled or unskilled, but according to the amount of work they turn out. The scale of the skilled, reckoned not by the day, but by the amount of product, is to be applied to all.

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of large concerns at Newcastle-on-Tyne. The following articles of this scheme are designed to protect the men against reductions in wages.

Wage Provisions at Newcastle-on-Tyne

1. Where semi-skilled or unskilled labor is employed on work identical with that undertaken by skilled labor, the time rates and piece prices and premium bonus times shall be the same as that hitherto paid for the operations when performed by skilled labor.

2. Where skilled labor is at present employed, such shall not be displaced by less-skilled labor unless other skilled employment is offered to those about to be displaced.

3. Where skilled labor is transferred to any other work the earnings of such skilled labor shall not be less than that hitherto paid to such labor so transferred.

The following provision against speeding up is a part of this agreement: "It is agreed between the men and the firm that repetition work in the scheme of dilution shall not be subject to change of prices or time limit during the war. No time limit shall be recorded during the war for the purpose of being made the basis of prices or time limit after the war, and such men as have hitherto been employed as machine inspectors on that work be transferred to productive work."

So far as the groups involved in these agreements are concerned, the war may be a well disguised blessing. It is evident that they are fearless and wide-awake in defending their interests. Opening the eyes of large sections of workers to the more or less fictitious nature of the distinction between skilled and unskilled may result in great good.

It must be remembered, however, that dilution has already taken place on a large scale all over Britain, France and Germany. The number of workers who have been able to defend themselves against the disastrous effects of it must be comparatively small. By the millions women, boys, and common laborers are doing what has hitherto been paid as skilled labor and doing it at common labor rates. The result will probably be just what David Kirkwood and his fellow Scots foresaw. It may mean the end of the old form of unionism. And there may be a long interim of non-unionism.

Conscription of Wealth. Usually such notes as these deal with events. But sometimes an idea is more important than

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an occurrence. Such is the notion that is taking hold of English Socialists at the present moment. The English now have conscription. That is, the government assumes the power to seize the bodies of its male citizens and consign such as it sees fit to the trenches. Cabinet control over flesh and blood is complete. You may be a pacifist. You may believe this war is unjust. You may not hate the Germans or wish to destroy them or anybody else. The government asks no questions. It takes you from your home, gives you a gun and a little discipline and sends you out to kill. England must win; therefore the English government must be given first claim to the bodies of young men.

Now, it is evident to all that something besides bodies are essential to victory. The war is costing England nearly 20,000,000 dollars a day. Wealth is needed in unprecedented quantities. The present method of getting hold of the necessary wealth is to issue bonds. Rich men lend money to the government on these bonds. Then they sell the government arms or supplies, get back what they paid for the bonds, and lend it over again. The continuation of this process is mortgaging the whole national existence for indefinite ages to come. The process is an unpleasant one for the nation. But somehow money must be got.

And there is another angle to the matter. Even with money in hand the government finds it difficult to secure sufficient stores. Prices are soaring. England is owned by a very small class, mostly the representatives of ancient families. Tracts which supported goodly populations three or four centuries ago are given over to shooting preserves. An effort was made recently to call out the Scotch Highlanders, and it was discovered that there are practically no Highlanders. They have been driven from their hillsides. England could support more people; that is, could furnish more food, if the land were in the hands of the government or in possession of small farmers. Here is another thing the government needs.

So the Socialists have had an idea: "Conscript wealth; conscript the land." Robert Smillie, not a Socialist, gave this

idea dramatic force recently when he declared in a great meeting in Glasgow: "It is damnable that Lord Derby, who has not sacrificed one acre of the land which he holds, should have the power to say to other men, 'Come or I will fetch you.'"

Referring to this sentence, the *Herald*. London, editorializes: "Lord Derby's position is to be regarded as a typical, not a personal, one. No one will deny that he has labored patriotically according to his lights. What he fails to realize is the anomalous position of the whole class to which he belongs. * * * How the whole system of property which sustains the landlord and the capitalist strikes the worker is, we imagine, quite unrealized by landlords and capitalists. * * *

"The frame of mind of a man who, remaining in security and comfort at home, can force others into the midst of death, destruction, mutilation and terror, is so extraordinary as to defeat comment. * * *

There is one thing which the rich man can do to save himself from the reproach of letting others perish in his interests. He can strip himself of all pomp and luxury, and reduce his way of living to that of the private soldier. He must not, he cannot, ask his fellow-countrymen to give up their blood * * * and then to return, such of them as can hope to return, to a Britain as unequally divided as ever, as shamefully exploited as ever, and far less free than the Britain they went out to save.

"But, if the rich man persists in refusing the sacrifice * * * let him be compelled. Let his broad acres be conscripted; they are of less value than the men who are being conscripted now."

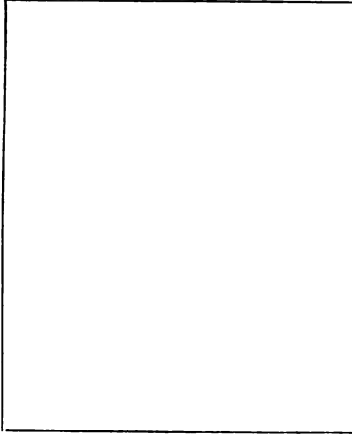
Thus far, it should be added, the rich men in question have modestly failed to come forward with their sacrifices. In Scotland a public-spirited statesman suggested a way of hastening enlistment. "Let each landlord," said he, "promise each soldier a homestead of ten acres if he returns from the war to claim it." Not one landlord came forward with a single ten-acre plot to place upon his country's altar. Even the fanatical hatred of Germans does not carry the propertied classes so far afield as that.

"Let us not," says the *Herald*, "in the midst of the great war, forget the war that we know so well to be greater still. Great Britain is not owned by the British; it is owned by the landlords." And so, we must add, is Germany.

The Herald Coming Back. The foregoing paragraphs lead one to talk of the *Herald*. As a great daily and a very small weekly it has had its troubles. But the war is bringing it back to its rightful position. George Lansbury is its editor. John Scurr is a regular contributor. William Dyson draws for it some of the best cartoons in the world. Its line is not so much fighting against the war as fighting for British labor during the war. And it can fight.



BOOK REVIEWS



Socialism in America: By John Macy, author of "The Spirit of American Literature." Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. Price, \$1.00 net.

Without exception the best history of the Socialist and labor movement in this country yet published. In this little volume Mr. Macy has accomplished wonders in eliminating the irrelevant. He has touched only upon the phases of Socialism germane to the class struggle. This book should be in the library of every Socialist party local in America. It points out clearly the reform, confusionist tendencies in the party and to what this trend would inevitably lead. It is an inventory of those things we have accomplished and the dangers that surround us in the bogs of reformism; it is not only these things, but a prophecy and a warning. Read this book. It will help to clarify the issues before you today and help to put the Socialist movement on a clear basis of the class struggle.

Capital Today: A Study of Recent Economic Development. By Herman Cahn. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Cloth, \$1.50 net.

Superficial writers, some of them claiming to be Socialists, often come out with the assertion that Marx is out of date by reason of the immense development of capitalism since the publication of "Capital." The present volume is the best possible refutation of such statements. In it Comrade Cahn has applied the discoveries of Marx to recent economic phenomena and has thus accomplished two important things: he has shown that the Marxian theories are confirmed and re-enforced by the new facts of recent development, and by the aid of these theories he has made intelligible to ordinary readers an immense mass of important facts which have hitherto been both complicated and baffling.

Space forbids a summary of the entire work, and we shall confine our comment to the author's analysis of one phenomenon, the extraordinary increase of what he calls "money of account," that is to say of bank deposits payable nominally in gold or its equivalent in bank, or treasury notes. These deposits in banks in the United States in 1863 amounted to \$394,000,000. In 1913 they had increased to \$17,936,000,000. The money in circulation for redeeming these deposits amounted in 1863 to \$675,000,000, nearly double the deposits. In 1913 it amounted to \$3,720,000,000, only a small fraction of the deposits. And since 1913 this discrepancy has been increasing faster than ever, so that the whole banking system is fast drifting into a state of insolvency.

Why does this "money of account" always increase from year to year, and much faster than the gold supply? Our author gives the explanation. The daily deposit in bank made by each active capitalist (individual or corporation) includes not only values which will later have to be withdrawn to pay for labor, materials, or other expenses incidental to the productive process, but also a SURPLUS produced by labor, for which the capitalist will never have to give any equivalent at all. Part of this surplus may later be withdrawn by the capitalist or by the stockholders of the corporation for personal expenditure, but a large portion of it remains, if not in the original bank, then in some other bank to which it is transferred by check, as loanable capital. It may be lent and repaid repeatedly, but once created it never disappears, unless through the bankruptcy of some bank or borrower, and the proportion of bankruptcies in the United States during the last fifty years has not been great enough to retard to any extent the growth of this "money of account." So it keeps on growing.

As to the outcome the author has his predictions, for which we refer the reader to the book itself. Whether we accept these conclusions or dissent from them, "Capital Today" is well worth reading, and we consider it the most important addition to the literature of Socialism that has been made for years.—C. H. K.

Anthracite: A new volume on natural resource monopoly, by Dr. Scott Nearing, of the University of Toledo, author of "Wages in the United States," "Financing the Wage Earner's Family," etc., etc. Published by The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia, Pa. Price, \$1.00 net.

The facts contained in this volume refute the statements of the coal operators who have instituted an advertising campaign against the anthracite miners who are demanding a 20 per cent wage increase. Every socialist should have a copy to equip himself for helping the miners win this fight.

NEWS AND VIEWS

The General Executive Board of the Industrial Workers of the World will convene in Chicago, Monday, April 3, at headquarters, 164 W. Washington street.

To Improve the Review—Comrade Hilary of Canada sends in \$3.00 for renewals and adds: "The only way I know you might improve the REVIEW would be to enlarge it and give us more of it." If every REVIEW reader will round up on yearly subscriptions during the next three months, we could easily enlarge the REVIEW.

This Hall Is Collectively Owned by the Miners of Huntly, Auckland, New Zealand.

The Broken Hill Miners of Australia are out on strike, 6,000 strong, for the purpose of securing a 44-hour week. The REVIEW received a cablegram from W. B. Barnett, general secretary, requesting us to notify the miners of America. We immediately notified the U. M. W. of A.

If the strike succeeds, it will mean that a 44-hour week will be established in Australia. The miners are showing a splendid spirit of solidarity, but we regret to note that the Engine Drivers' and Firemen's Association are scabbing on strikers. So much for the beauties of craft organization. The most effective spot to hit the boss is to strike at his bank roll, which means striking on the job.

The Gold Miners of Leadhills, Scotland, have just finished their six-month strike. They won an increase in wages, and all the men are to be taken back without discrimination. An agreement was sent signed under protest, which will no doubt be taken up for future consideration.

These gold mines are the oldest in Great Britain and are located in the highest hills of Scotland. The miners own one of the oldest circulating libraries in Europe.

The strike was supported by all the forces of labor. The Scottish Miners' Federation donated a large sum, as well as other miners' organizations.

From One of the Old Guard—"I have been a member of the party for over ten years, spent lots of money, a good deal of it when I really could not afford it, but my enthusiasm is gone. The reason is the leaders who run the party are too liberal with the money they get from the Jimmy Higgins; most of it is produced under hard circumstances. It is money, money, money all the time and debts piling up all the time from one end of the party to another. Considering the caliber of the speakers they cost too much money, and I, for one, have got tired of going in my pocket to make up the deficit. A dollar for literature is more benefit than \$2.00 spent on some "fly by night" speaker. Fraternaly yours, G. B., Montana."

Gustavus Myers Honored—Owing to the array of original facts pertaining to the early history of Canada appearing in the "History of Canadian Wealth" by Comrade Myers, he has been elected a Fellow of the American Geographical Society. It is a great pleasure to us to see one who has contributed more than any other Socialist to the literature of our American movement recognized by men so high up in the field of learning. Such writers as Comrade Myers are rarely appreciated during their lifetime. The American Geographical Society is a happy exception.

"Democracy on the March"—Comrade Henry L. Slobodin has been discoursing for several months through the pages of the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW. He has been taken to task for his advocacy of universal military training and makes his come-back at his critics in the March REVIEW, winding up thusly:

"Democracy is on the march." "Democracy of arms is coming."

Wonder if democracy in economic social relations is coming? Why not look and seek for that goal while we are at it?

When the cowboys and bad men of old used to roam the wooley west with their shooting irons, they had "democracy of arms"; but democracy in the cattle industry was not developing because of it.

When our savage and barbarous ancestors of long ago all possessed their little clubs and spears and bow and arrow, they had "democracy of arms"; but democracy in economic relations was not the thing that was then developing because of that.

I understand that Comrade Slobodin is a scientific socialist of the Rand School. Then let us suggest to him that democracy in economic relations is the king democracy that will determine the nature of the democracies in practically all the super-structural social relations, once it is attained. Economic bed-rock, its arrangement, development and organization is the thing to consider first, and work into the super-structure from the foundation.

Any so-called "political democracy," "religious democracy" or "military democracy" is but a hollow sham so long as we have not attained democracy in economic relations.

Socialism and War

By LOUIS B. BOUDIN

Author of "The Theoretical System of Karl Marx."

A brilliant and adequate Socialist interpretation of the Great War by the foremost Marxian scholar in America.

This book develops a theory of the economic basis of Imperialism that is at once original and satisfactory.

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A short time before he died, the first edition of Governor John P. Altgeld's "Oratory" was published. It was immediately recognized as the best treatise of its kind ever published and this first small edition very soon sold out. A second was not printed, and through a strange oversight, the book became almost forgotten, except by the few who owned much-prized copies.

It is now out in book form again, well printed on good paper, bound in cloth. It is written for the man or woman who has something to say and wants to know how to say it effectively in public.

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Social development started with "democracy of arms." Where are our military Socialists anyway? Marching backward?

Would further suggest that democracy in economic relations does not grow out of "democracy of arms." IT NEVER HAS. That is the point.

To hell with military training. *Let us have ECONOMIC TRAINING.* We do need it.—Proletaria Bill.

Our War Element—Why not, as a New Year's resolution, propose an amendment to the Socialist party platform, National and International, that will prevent and do away with our pro-war element?

What shall we do with our pro-war comrades? Having held various discussions with many of them on war, I find that some favor it. But so far as I can see, there is no "justification of war" from a Socialist viewpoint. When you have chosen a cause, which you know is just, live for it and, if need be, die for it. The time came in Europe at the outbreak of this European war for the Socialist party of all the warring nations to emphasize this principle.

"Socialism and Opposition to War!" To live for it and die for it. I maintain that if only 1,000 Socialists or so had stood ready to be court-martialed and shot down in the streets of Berlin, and likewise in Vienna, Paris, Petrograd, and all other important cities of the warring nations wherever the Socialist party was strongest, the emperors, czars and kings would not have held the iron hand as they do today, and in all probability the world conflict would to some extent have been avoided.

Now, the question is, What shall we do with our pro-war comrades? How can we, the Socialist party of the United States, avoid repeating, in case of war, the error of our European comrades? Furthermore, what could we do with such Socialists in time of a social revolution? Why not make them class conscious today? They ought to decide which side they are going to take, now or never, when they join the Socialist party.

I deem it would almost be best to be out and alone than in the party with a pro-war division.—F. S., Chicago.

What About War Plans?—A comrade in Billings, Mont., writes us a very interesting letter this month, in which he points to a very significant fact. Are capitalists who are putting their moneys in munition factories and plants, for making of guns and other weapons of warfare—are these capitalists expecting to allow their plants to lie idle after the European war is over? This is a very interesting point. Perhaps it is a great factor back of much of this talk for preparedness. Of course, these capitalists desire to continue the manufacture of arms and ammunition. Continued wars will be most profitable to them. Think this over and talk it over with your friends.—S. F. H.

BED WETTING IN CHILDREN AND Water Troubles IN OLD PEOPLE
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Elizabeth Gurley Flynn is on a lecture tour. The following are her subjects:

I. W. W. History, Structure, and Methods.
 Solidarity—Labor's Road to Freedom.
 Lessons of the Lawrence and Paterson Strikes.
 Misconceptions of the I. W. W.
 Violence in Relation to Labor.
 Sabotage.
 Women in Industry.
 Small Families a Working Class Necessity.
 The Mexican Struggle for Freedom.
 Patriotism and Preparedness.
 Labor's Prisoners in the U. S. Today.
 She will speak throughout Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, Iowa and Missouri.

Labor organizations desiring to secure dates should write to Wm. D. Haywood, room 307, 164 West Washington street, Chicago, Ill.

Margaret Sanger of New York is going to deliver three lectures in Chicago, beginning April 25th. Every rebel will want to hear her. Announcements regarding place and hour will be made in the newspapers, as well as from the various radical platforms.

From a Rail Slave—A railroad company in the state of K—— is so much interested in its men that it has representatives attend all meeting held by the various orders of the trainmen and, like wolves in sheep clothing, send the railroad officials a report of all business transacted at railroad employees' meetings.

When a brakeman or fireman joins either one of those two orders he is called up the next morning and discharged. Of course he is supposed to be joining a secret order, but railroad spotters are on the inside and, in many instances, hold official positions.

When some important matter is referred to the members to vote upon (like whether they should join the Southeastern Association, for example) they are sent ballots by the secretaries to vote and sign their names instead of being allowed to vote by secret ballot as it should be. It is needless to say that the men never vote against the railroad company's interest.

Some of these hirelings have the nerve to attend state legislature meetings and back up the company in increasing tonnage and double headers.

This road incidentally is being made a kindergarten for other railroads that pick the best men from this road, which breaks them in. Just as soon as these men learn the servile working conditions they join the brotherhood, get fired and go to another road to work. Some day this railroad that fights organization will wake up to the fact that it has been worked good and proper by other railroads.

And its slaves will also wake up by becoming class conscious Socialists.

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PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT

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Book Paper Going Up. There has been a sharp advance in the price of book papers, so that all future editions of books will cost us much more than past editions. For this reason it may be impossible for us to keep the above offer open many weeks more. Better accept it at once if you want to make sure of a Socialist library. On paper-covered books the rise in paper will make even more difference, since on these the paper used is the largest element in the manufacturing cost. We hereby withdraw all offers of our paper-covered books in large quantities at less than our regular stockholders' prices. We also give notice that it is uncertain whether we shall during 1916 reprint more than a few of the propaganda pamphlets now on hand when our present supply is sold out. If YOUR

Local wants paper-covered books to sell during the campaign of 1916, better order now; a little later the ones you want may cost more or may be unobtainable.

Ten Cent Books. To our stockholders and to Socialist Party Locals we will sell the following ten cent books while they last at \$5.00 a hundred, or at six cents each in lots of 10 to 99 copies. Cash must accompany order, and we will pay postage or expressage. The titles of which we still have a considerable quantity on hand are as follows:

Crime and Criminals, Darrow.
How Capitalism Has Hypnotized Society, Brown.
Industrial Socialism, Haywood and Bohn.
Marxism and Darwinism, Pannekoek.
New Socialism, The, LaMonte.
No Compromise, Liebknecht.
Our Mental Enslavement, Caldwell.
Question Box, The, Eastwood.
Revolution, Jack London.
Right to Be Lazy, The, Lafargue.
Rights of the Masses, The, Brewer.
Study Course in Scientific Socialism, Local Puyallup.
Shop Talks on Economics, Marcy.
Social Evil, The, Dr. Greer.
Socialism Made Easy, Connolly.
Socialist Movement, The, Vail.
Socialist Songs With Music.
Socialists, The, John Spargo.
Strength of the Strong, The, London.
Value, Price and Profit, Marx.
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Wolves, The, A Fable, Wason.

We will mail a sample-set of these 22 books to one address for \$1.32.

Fifteen Cent Books. We have a limited number of copies of the following titles, which we offer for a short time to Locals and to our stockholders at \$7.50 a hundred, or 9 cents each in smaller lots; we pay postage. It is uncertain whether any of them will be reprinted in paper covers:

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Socialism, Utopian and Scientific, Engels.
What's So and What Isn't, Work.

Twenty-five Cent Books. The titles of which we have any considerable supply remaining are the following, which we offer to stockholders and Locals at 12½ cents when included in an order accompanied by \$10.00 or more; 15 cents in smaller lots:

Common Sense of Socialism, The, Spargo.
Class Struggle, The, Kautsky.
Debate Between Mann and Lewis.
Eighteenth Brumaire, The, Marx.
Principles of Scientific Socialism, Vail.
Sabotage, Pouget and Giovanniti.
Socialist Argument, The, Hitchcock.
Socialist Dialogs and Recitations.

For \$1.47 we will mail a sample set of all the 15 cent and 25 cent books named above.

Five Cent Books. We are discontinuing the publication of these entirely. We have a few hundred copies of Richardson's "Introduction to Socialism," 64 pages, which we offer while they last at \$2.50 a hundred; also a few hundred copies of Charles H. Kerr's "What Socialism Is." Price, while they last, \$1.50 per hundred. We have also a few hundred each of the following 5 cent books,

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Woman and the Social Problem, Simons.
Economic Evolution, Lafargue.
From Revolution to Revolution, Herron.
The Man Under the Machine, Simons.
The Mission of the Working Class, Vail.
Origin of Great Private Fortunes, Myers.
Socialism and Primitive Christianity, Brown.
Rational Prohibition, Young.
How I Acquired My Millions, Corey.
Why I Am a Socialist, Herron.
Intemperance and Poverty, Twining.
Socialism and the Home, Walden.
You and Your Job, Sandburg.
The Philosophy of Socialism, Simons.
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 Eighteenth Brumaire, Marx.
 End of the World, Meyer.
 Ethics and the Materialist Conception of History, Kautsky.
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 Evolution of Man, Boelsche.
 Evolution of Property, Lafargue.
 Evolution, Social and Organic, Lewis.
 Feuerbach, Engels.
 Germs of Mind in Plants, Francé.
 God's Children, Allman.
 High Cost of Living, Kautsky.
 Human, All Too Human, Nietzsche.
 Law of Biogenesis, Moore.
 Life and Death, Teichmann.
 Making of the World, Meyer.
 Marx He Knew, The, Spargo.
 Memoirs of Marx, Liebknecht.
 Marx vs. Tolstoy, Darrow and Lewis.

Militant Proletariat, Austin Lewis.
 Origin of the Family, Engels.
 Out of the Dump, Marcy.
 Positive School of Criminology, Ferri.
 Puritanism, Melly.
 Rebel at Large, Beals.
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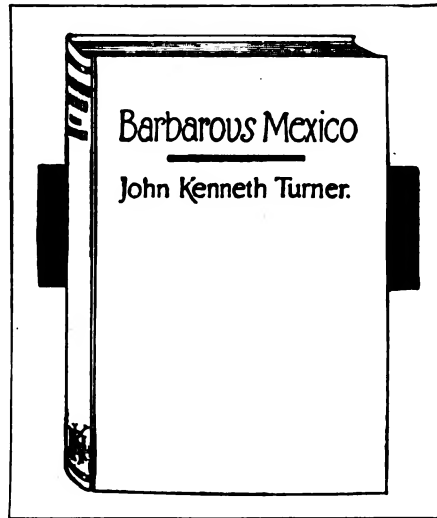
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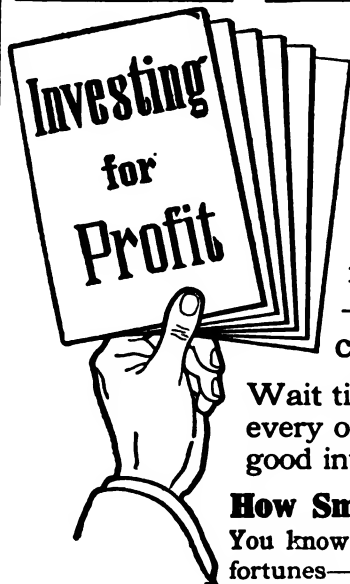
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OR

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GOVERNMENT

By Carl Sandburg

The Government—I heard about the Government and I went out to find it. I said I would look closely at it when I saw it.

Then I saw a policeman dragging a drunken man to the calaboose. It was the Government in action.

I saw a ward alderman slip into an office one morning and talk with a judge. Later in the day the judge dismissed a case against a pickpocket who was a live ward worker for the alderman. Again I saw this was the Government, doing things.

I saw militiamen level their rifles at a crowd of workingmen who were trying to get other workingmen to stay away from a shop where there was a strike on. Government in action.

Everywhere I saw that Government is a thing made of men, that Government has blood and bones, it is many mouths whispering into many ears, sending telegrams, aiming rifles, writing orders, saying yes and no.

Government dies as the men who form it die and are laid away in their graves and the new Government that comes after is human, made of heartbeats of blood, ambitions, lusts, and money running thru it all, money paid and money taken, and money covered up and spoken of with hushed voices.

A Government is just as secret and mysterious and sensitive as any human sinner carrying a load of germs, traditions and corpuscles handed down from fathers and mothers away back.

From New York Call.

HANDS 'ROUND THE WORLD

Hands 'Round the World

By C. A. MILLER

Have you heard the song of the mighty shells
That sail thru the billowless blue?
Have you thot of the tale the cannon tells
And the message it sends to you?
There is no horror of death or hell
That is worse than the bullet's whine;
No pain or anguish that tongue can tell
Unknown to the firing line.

And the men that fight and the men that fall
Are the sons of the working class;
Brothers and Comrades, one and all,
Trode down like the helpless grass!
Crushed by the system of greed and gain—
The rule of profit and spoil—
"For King and Country?" alas, how vain,
Is that boast for the Sons of Toil!

A country in which they are robbed and ruled
And trained to fight like dogs;
By the same old gags, forever fooled
And slaughtered like helpless hogs.
Must we fight forever the senseless wars
Of a heartless ruling clan?
Must we bear forever the bloody scars
That were borne by the Son of Man?

Ah, yes, we must fight, and fight again,
'Till the lesson at last is learned,
And the weapons that now we wield in vain
On the ruling class are turned.
Oh, let us fight, if we must fight,
And fall, if we must fall,
Beneath the banner of human right,
For the equal rights of all.

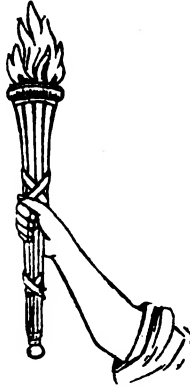
Hands 'round the world! We are comrades, all
Who toil for our daily bread.
Hands 'round the world! Let the system fall
That covers the earth with dead!
Hands 'round the world—our banner red—
The red flag! Wave it high
And swear by all of our martyred dead
Beneath it to live or die.

The
**INTERNATIONAL
SOCIALIST REVIEW**

VOL. XVI

MAY, 1916

No. 11



THE BATTLE CRY OF A NEW INTERNATIONAL

By S. J. Rutgers, Holland

THERE is a dawn of hope; there is new life among the ruins of Europe; there is the actual beginning of a new International! There is only a beginning and it is concealed by the hatred of the old party leaders, but it is living and it is growing. It stands for the new facts on the old fundamentals. Its revolutionary spirit takes its force from the solid ground of economic facts in the never-resting class struggle.

The first meeting of French, German, English and comrades from other belligerent and neutral nations during the war, at Zimmerwald in Switzerland, was a promise, was the beginning of a new understanding. But the resolution adopted by the majority of this Zimmerwald Conference proved to be a compromise, was confusing by its statement that the right of self-determination of peoples must be the indestructible foundation of national relations. And what was still worse, the accepted resolution did not indicate a definite method of fighting, did not come to a clear understanding that our only hope is in a series of mass actions on

the industrial as well as on the political field.

In compromising with those who did not even recognize that a split in the old parties is inevitable and necessary, that a reorganization of the old International with the old leaders, who surrendered to the enemy when their resistance was needed most, is impossible, the Zimmerwalder Conference lost its practical influence. It was a first symbol, a hopeful effort, a historical event, if you like, but not a BANNER around which to gather the defeated and scattered troops to inspire enthusiasm for a new fight.

The results soon proved its failure. The minority group from Germany, as represented at Zimmerwald by Ledebour and Hoffman, to whose influence much of the compromising was due, made a declaration in the German Parliament, which showed better than discussions could do, the failure of the Zimmerwalder compromise. Altho they voted against the war credits, as promised in Zimmerwald, they declared at the same time, that in this war, because there

were no rebellious soldiers in Germany, the German military forces gained a most favorable position, etc. This, of course, means, that French and Russian Socialists should have to support their governments; it means Nationalism instead of International Solidarity.

This illustrates the inadequacy of the *majority* resolution of Zimmerwald and it teaches us, for the hundredth time, the lesson that compromise is a bad policy for Socialists.

THE MINORITY.

There, however, was a minority at Zimmerwald who made their own resolution, which was voted down by the majority because it meant a split in the old parties, a new International, and a new revolutionary fighting tactic.

This minority kept together also after the Conference, publishing International pamphlets (International Flugblatter (I. F.), address: Fritz Flaxten, 23 Rotachstr. Zurich, Switzerland), and its policy is embodied in the minority resolution as presented to the Zimmerwalder Conference and officially approved by groups in most of the European countries (see below). There soon will meet another Conference in which there will be no compromising and in which no doubt a fighting resolution will be adopted: the resolution of the left wing of the Zimmerwalder Conference.

In each country, and we may expect also in the United States, there will be a group supporting this policy, fighting for it Internationally. And our INTERNATIONAL REVIEW, which always took the part of uncompromising class struggle and of revolutionary mass action, will no doubt be in the front line, will no doubt become the rallying point for those, who, not satisfied with theoretical discussions only, will prepare for a practical fight against the new form of Imperialistic Capitalism, together with those of our European comrades who remained International Socialists in the storms of an intensified class struggle.

The minority resolution of the so-called Left Wing of the Zimmerwald Conference has already been accepted and signed by the following groups: A delegate from the revolutionary Socialists in Germany, representing the group of "International Socialists of Germany"; a delegate from the revolutionary Socialists in Switzerland; the Central Committee of the Socialist party in

Russia; the Executive Committee of the Socialist democrats of Russian Poland and Lithuania; the Central Committee of the Social Democrats in Lettland; Ungdomsforbund der Schwedischen and Norwegian social-democrats.

The Social-Democratic minority party in Holland (S. D. P.) also accepted this program as a basis for co-operation at a second International Conference.

The Resolution reads as follows:

The world war, now ruining Europe, is an imperialistic war, waged for the political and economic exploitation of the world to get hold of markets, raw materials and spheres of investment, etc. It is a product of capitalist development, which, at the same time that the world management becomes international, leaves in existence the national capitalist states, with their conflicting interests.

When the bourgeoisie and the governments try to mask this character of the world war, by presenting it as a war, forced upon the nations for national independence, the means deceiving the proletariat, because this war is waged for the very purpose of subjugating foreign people and foreign countries.

As fraudulent is the legend about a defense of democracy in this war, for Imperialism means the unscrupulous supremacy of Big Capital and political reaction.

The overcoming of Imperialism is only possible by doing away with the antithesis, from which it originated, which means Socialist Organization of the Capitalist Society, for which objective conditions are ripe.

At the beginning of the war the majority of the labor leaders failed to apply this only possible tactic against imperialism. Overwhelmed by nationalism, carried away by opportunism, *they surrendered the workers to imperialism the very moment of the outbreak of the war and abandoned the fundamentals of Socialism, thereby giving up the real fight for proletarian interests.*

Social patriotism and social imperialism, as accepted in Germany, not only by the openly patriotic majority of the former Socialist leaders, but also by the center of the party around Kautsky, in France by the majority, in England and Russia by a part of the leaders (Hyndmann, the Fabians, the trade-unionists, Plechanow, Ruban-

owics, the group Nasche Djelo), form a greater danger to the working class than the bourgeois apostles of Imperialism, because they mislead the class-conscious workers by abusing the Socialist flag. *The uncompromising fight against Social Imperialism is fundamental to a revolutionary mobilization of the proletariat and the rebirth of the International.*

It is the problem before the Socialist parties, as well as the Socialist minorities in the now Social imperialistic parties, to awake and to lead the mass of the workers in a *revolutionary struggle* against the capitalist governments, to conquer political power for the Socialist organization of society.

Without giving up the fight for every inch of ground under present Capitalism, for every reform that will strengthen the working class, without denouncing any means of organizing and propaganda, the social-democrats, on the contrary, will have to use all of the reforms in our minimum program to *intensify* the present *war crisis*, as well as every other social or political crisis of capitalism, to an attack on its foundations. When this struggle is fought *with Socialism as its issue*, the workers will become un-accessible for a policy of subjugating one people by another, as the result of continuing the domination of one nation by another, and the cry for new annexations will not tempt because of any national solidarity, which has now led the workers to the battlefield.

The beginning of this struggle forms *the fight against the world-war, to end the general murder as soon as possible*. This fight requires *the voting against war credits, the giving up of any participation in capitalist governments*, the criticism of the capitalist, anti-socialist character of the war in Parliament and in the legal, and if necessary, illegal press, the uncompromising fight

against social-patriotism and the use of *every action among the people, resulting from the war (misery, losses in the war, etc.) to organize street demonstrations* opposed to the government. It requires the propaganda of *International Solidarity in the trenches*, the support of *economic strikes* and the endeavor to enlarge these, whenever conditions are favorable, into *political strikes*. *Civil war, not civil peace*, is the issue.

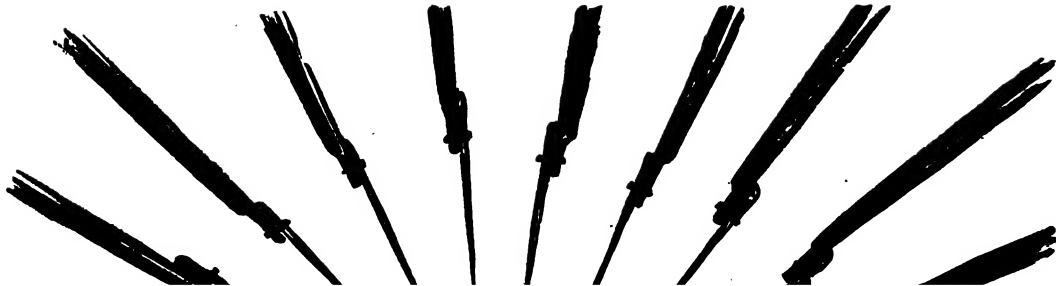
Contrary to all illusions, as to the possibility of getting a permanent peace or a beginning of disarmament by whatever decree of diplomacy and governments, the revolutionary Social democrats must show the workers over and over again, that the *social revolution* alone can bring permanent peace as well as the liberation of the human race.

* * *

American Comrades! This resolution breathes the fighting spirit of a new generation.

It means a fight against Imperialism and Patriotism, against the defense of capitalist Fatherlands; it means a fight against "socialistic" imperialism and "socialistic" patriotism as well. It means intensifying our economic action to a series of mass actions, street demonstrations and industrial strikes, as a means of disorganizing the capitalist state and strengthening the power of labor. It means the social revolution as a practical issue of the class struggle; civil war till the final victory.

This always has been the spirit of our INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW. Maybe some of our comrades have temporarily lost somewhat of their self-confidence and fighting spirit. Those have been mistaken. There will be new life, new and bigger fighting, new methods in future. Don't stay behind; be in the first ranks and others will follow. Conditions are ripe, where are the hands to reap the harvest?



—New York Call.

WAR IS —!

WHEN THEY ASK YOU

IN just a little while your boss is going to tell the newspaper publishers and his paid servants, the congressmen and senators and aldermen, the governors and mayors, that unless you will consent to work longer hours or for lower wages, he will have to close down his factory, his mine, his shop or his mill.

He will say that the German workers or the English or French workers are working for lower wages than you receive and he will appeal to you to produce more for lower pay.

He will say that unless you do these things the "barbarous" Germans will take away his business by selling the thing you produce at a lower price than he can sell them—at a profit to himself.

He is going to beg you to be Patriotic—and protect his business against the English or the Germans.

And the Germans and French and Bel-

gian and English employers are going to appeal to *their* working men and women to save "their country," and the business of *their* employers from the French or the Americans or the Germans.

And in every land they will appeal to your Patriotism.

All over the warring nations of Europe the Capitalist, or employing class, is talking of commercial war to follow the present military conflict.

In every country they say the whole life of the nation will depend on whether the workers of that nation will work for lower wages or can be forced to work for lower wages.

Now if the German workers yield to pressure and accept lower wages and longer hours the German employers can afford to sell their commodities at lower price than the American and English employers.

Then suppose the English workers offer

to work for less than the Germans and the American workers decide to be very "patriotic" and work for less than the English, what will happen?

The same thing will happen as occurs when many men are fighting for jobs today: men offer to sell their labor power below the prevailing wage scale to get jobs. The higher priced men are let out and the lower priced men get the jobs. But along comes the unmarried men, and the unorganized workers who work for still lower wages, and the men who cut the prevailing wage scale find wages lowered.

And this keeps on. The bosses always looking for lower wages and more profits and the spineless, brainless workers competing with each other to see which can work for the lowest wages and get the job. The struggle never ends and this is why wages stick just around the barest cost of living in the unorganized industries.

But the employing classes, especially in Europe, have already announced that they mean to make this a national issue, a national struggle for the business of other nations.

And what are the French and English workers, the German and Belgian and American workers going to do about it?

What are you going to do about it?

The bosses are going to threaten you with losing your jobs, unless you will work for lower wages. They will appeal to you to save your country, commercially—and their businesses. They will try to force lower wages upon you.

They will appeal to the Patriotism of fake labor leaders like Sammie Gompers to get the craft unions into line for wage reductions.

Now this is what we all need to remember: that working for lower wages will injure the working class. It will set the pace for our French comrades, our German and English fellow workers and help to force them to accepting lower wages. And the lowering of wages will never end.

Every time a group of workers maintains its wage scale or raises it, it will spur our "foreign" friends to do the same thing.

They have fought and are fighting the great war for the benefit of their national exploiters. We must urge them not to fight their commercial battles and prove them-

selves "Patriotic" spineless tools of the capitalist class.

For such a fight we need—not individual struggles, nor craft strikes nor even national industrial union battle alone—we must have some sort of real international working class organization for carrying on agitation and educational work, for communicating with the various national groups so that they can act together on the industrial field and maintain and raise their wage scale, expose the "Patriotism" bred of a creed for profits and to organize and educate the international working class for the revolution.

If all the machinists and electricians, the moulders and machine builders, the miners and the railroad men, the boilermakers and producers generally, declare they will go on general strike rather than submit to a wage reduction or longer hours of labor, if they demand even higher wages and revolution, they can force the capitalists of every nation to grant all their demands. They can gain time and strength and experience and knowledge for the revolution.

The REVIEW is going to jump into the fight now. We are going to try to get in touch with the national labor organizations as soon as possible with a view of getting them to take a stand for raising wages in the interests of the workers instead of permitting them to be lowered for the benefit of the capitalist class.

The ruling classes are going to do all they can thru Church, Press, School and College to arouse the nationalistic pride of the workers. By every means they will seek to inspire hatred in the minds of the workers in each country for the workers in every other country. They will call this "Patriotism."

Patriotism means the sacrifice of those who produce—for the benefit of those who rob and exploit them.

The capitalist class is the same in every country. It will sacrifice millions of useful working men—in war, in factory, mines or mills—for the enrichment of the non-producing property owners.

The working class has no country. The employing class has stolen them all. And so our battle cry should be:

To the bitter end for the working class, but not one life for "Patriotism."

From *The Masses*.

WHADDAYE MEAN 'OUR BOYS'?

"Our Boys! I tell you what, there's nobody in the world like 'em!"

Marching Through Mexico

By JOHN KENNETH TURNER

THE time has come for the real American rebel to show himself and prove his courage.

The first revolution of this century **WORTHY OF THE NAME OF REVOLUTION** stands in imminent and terrible danger of being crushed under the military heel of the "Land of the Free."

There are readers of this magazine who believe that nationality, at least as a general thing, is not worth fighting for. But there may be instances where a struggle to maintain nationality is flesh and blood of the world struggle for true liberty. There is at least one such case—the case of Mexico.

Are your opinions formed and your emotions controlled by the daily press, in spite of your knowledge that it habitually colors

and manufactures "news" to serve special interests?

Have you swallowed the tale that Mexicans are not human, like the rest of the world, that they are all thieves and cut-throats, fighting only for loot and the love of it, and that we ourselves are **MORE THAN HUMAN**, appointed by an all-wise God to go down and "straighten 'em out"?

For such parlor radicals as believe the American conquest of Mexico is inevitable and, therefore, not worth opposing, I have no respect. I contend that no reactionary thing is inevitable—unless it is due to the weakness or cowardice of the very "revolutionists" who fancy themselves as carrying forward the true banner of liberty.

I do not claim to be an authority on any

other subject except Mexico. Believe me when I tell you that there are just as brave, humane, intelligent, self-sacrificing, well-informed and REVOLUTIONARY men at the head of the Mexican Constitutionalist party as are to be found in the United States; that our military officers who would be given the job of "straightening 'em out" are SAVAGES in comparison with the men they would straighten out; that, on the day Wilson ordered troops across the line, the Mexican Revolution had clarified itself to a greater extent, and was nearer an ultimate triumph, than at any previous time during its five years heroic uphill fight against the combined plots of the modern Holy Alliance, composed of Mexican emigrés, American financiers, and British oil men—and that the invasion was ordered for this very reason.

Are YOU one of those to be taken in by the argument that the "punitive expedition" is *necessary*, either as a means for guarding our border, "maintaining our national honor," or enforcing the inviolability of our soil?

To guard our border is to guard our border. Twenty-two thousand men were "guarding our border," but when the test came they were asleep!

How much national honor is there in chasing a fleeing and discredited bandit? Even were he caught it would not restore the personal honor of General Pershing and Colonel Slocum, who, in the face of repeated warnings, failed to prepare against his attack.

As to the inviolability of our sovereign soil, how can we talk of such things when hundreds of our marines are treading the sovereign soil of Hayti, shooting and bludgeoning the Haytiens at the behest of J. P. Morgan; when a company of our marines are quartered upon the sovereign soil of Nicaragua, protecting a Morgan-imposed dictator against the fury of an outraged populace; when we hold the Philippines in face of an overwhelming dissent of the inhabitants? To say nothing of our ruthless violation of Mexican soil two years ago, and its violation today!

A year or two ago a company of Canadian soldiers fired on a party of hunters on the American side, killing one or more. Did we invade Canada on account of that?

Would Americans look with complacency upon the landing of a Japanese army in

California because of an anti-Japanese riot in San Francisco?

As a "punitive expedition" merely—the thing that is solemnly pretended to be—nothing could be more ridiculous than our present Mexican invasion, *even from the point of view of one who cares nothing for the sovereignty of Mexico.*

President Wilson, after grooming Villa for a year, had been forced to drop him suddenly—for reasons that need not be gone into here. Villa was angry at Wilson and at all Americans; for the Americans he knew had backed him side by side with Wilson. Villa's armies had just been scattered by Carranza. Villa's last chance was to provoke intervention and call the people to his banner as the savior of Mexico. That German agents furnished a part of the motive there is every reason to believe. Previously German agents had paid Huerta to try to provoke intervention, so that the United States would be forced to use the munitions that are now going to the Allies.

So Villa rode north, dodging Carranza armies, boasting that he would attack the United States and provoke intervention. He reached Columbus—and found Colonel Slocum asleep.

It is the first principle of warfare to avoid doing what your enemy wants you to do. Why, then, did Wilson do what Villa wanted him to do?

The second step in our farcical enterprise was to give Villa a start of six days and ten hours before sending the army after him, thus insuring that he would not be caught, at least not for a long time.

"Get the army across the line; that's the essential thing," the interventionists whispered to one another. "Once get the soldiers across, and you can leave the rest to us—and to them."

So the army went across—and Funston established his remarkable censorship.

Why? Surely not to prevent the facts from getting to Villa; for Villa was already in the mountains, far from any telegraph. Again why? There can be but one reasonable answer — TO PREVENT THE FACTS FROM GETTING TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Yes; leave it to Funston—and us!

Funston put 13,000 troops over the line. Funston raised an issue over the use of the Mexican railroads. Tho we were as-

sured there would be no "interference with Mexican sovereignty," Funston wanted to take the railroads of Chihuahua away from Carranza, change the Mexican engineers, trainmen and telegraphers for American engineers, trainmen and telegraphers, change the Mexican guards for American guards, police the stations along the way with American soldiers—in brief, *to take away completely Carranza's means of transportation and communication in the northern part of the Republic!*

Funston was not satisfied with the privilege of transporting supplies over Carranza's railroads. He wanted to TAKE the railroads. Why? "Military necessity," answered Funston. Military necessity in the job of catching Villa? Or in the job of beating Carranza, when the hour is ripe to throw off the mask?

Leave it to them—our soldiers! Pershing put a regiment of negro cavalrymen at the head of his expedition. March 29 these black riders "surprised" a town and killed 60 Mexicans. April 1 they "surprised" another town and killed between 30 or 40 Mexicans. The censorship prevents us from knowing just what happened at these encounters. But even the censored report itself convicts our glorious army. *This report says that not one American was killed in either engagement.*

THEN THERE COULD NOT HAVE BEEN A BATTLE. THERE COULD NOT HAVE BEEN RESISTANCE. IT MUST HAVE BEEN MURDER AND MASSACRE IN COLD BLOOD.

Meanwhile, they helped the thing along at Washington. Congress helped by rushing through the preparedness bills and a bill immediately adding 20,000 men to the regular army.

President Wilson helped—by fooling the American people and trying to fool Carranza. His old clever, hypocritical way.

Wilson, at the start, gave out the "assurance" that there was no intention of infringing upon the sovereignty of Mexico. Words as empty as if they had come from the Kaiser in the act of landing an army in New York. As a conservative weekly magazine says: "By whatever NAME you call it, this movement of troops is war."

When the Jingo sheets became indiscreet in their manifestation of glee, Wilson denounced them, charging them with trying to bring about a condition that may lead to

war—*knowing that no act of theirs, nor all of their acts together, could lead so directly to war as his own act of ordering the troops into Mexico.*

Wilson well knows that these self-righteous poses of his—and these solemn promises—will not prevent war, and that they serve a certain necessary political end. **THEY PAVE THE WAY FOR BLAMING THE WAR ONTO CARRANZA WHEN IT COMES.**

Finally, Wilson tells the American people, over his own signature, that "*the expedition into Mexico was ordered under an agreement with the de facto government of Mexico.*"

No more brazen falsehood—no falsehood more easily provable as such—was ever uttered than this. The expedition was ordered the day following Villa's raid and before ONE WORD had been heard from Carranza on the subject.

After Carranza learned that Wilson was determined on the invasion, whether or no, Carranza, with the patience and forbearance he has always preserved toward Wilson, offered a *proposal looking toward an agreement.*

THE ADMINISTRATION LYINGLY PRETENDED THAT THIS PROPOSAL MEANT CONSENT.

Carranza proved that it meant nothing of the sort, by renewing the proposal and asking for a definite agreement, or protocol, in which would be set down in writing the precise purpose of the expedition, and setting a limit upon the time and the territory to be covered as well as upon the number of troops to be used.

At the present writing the administration has corroborated all the other evidences of its insincerity by refusing to sign such an agreement.

Therefore, one month after Wilson's order to invade Mexico, Carranza had not yet consented to such an invasion, and had not entered into any agreement regarding it.

Should Carranza's proposed protocol be signed by Wilson, I do not believe that it will be with any intention of respecting it. President Wilson's WORDS about Mexico have always been fine. Because of his fine words—and because he refused to recognize Huerta—Wilson has fooled many people, even some Socialists. Had I followed Wilson's ACTS regarding Mexico any less closely these three years than I have, I my-

self might be deceived into thinking him only a blind and blundering tool. BUT I COULD FILL THIS ENTIRE PAGE WITH INSTANCES OF WILSON'S DAGGER THRUSTS AT MEXICAN SOVEREIGNTY AND MEXICAN DEMOCRACY, EVEN WHILE THOSE FINE PHRASES WERE STILL TREMBLING ON HIS LIPS.

"Punitive expeditions" have been employed in history many times as opening wedges for wars of conquest. I denounce the present "punitive expedition" as but the culmination of a series of outrageous interferences with Mexican sovereignty, perpetrated with a view to saving American concessionaires from a just accounting with the rising revolution.

I denounce the watchful waiting of Woodrow Wilson as a deliberate, cunning and hypocritical watchful waiting for A TIME THAT WAS RIPE to restore the Mexican grafters with the approval of the American people.

As a political wizard, seeking re-election, President Wilson played his trump card when he denounced the pro-intervention agitation as a conspiracy "for the purpose of bringing about intervention in the interest of certain American owners of Mexican properties."

Intervention cannot be brought about by these men—except as they operate through President Wilson. WILSON IS THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY AND NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES—AND THE ARMY IS MASSESACREING MEXICANS ON MEXICAN SOIL. I, in turn, denounce President Wilson himself as the Machievellian ringleader of the very conspiracy that he denounces.

I hesitate to praise individuals, especially individuals who hold the reins of government. But in this crisis it is only just and fair to say that our invasion of Mexico is the best evidence that Carranza remains true to the cause he represents.

Wilson has never loved Carranza—because Carranza had steadfastly refused to be dictated to by Wilson. After Wilson's recognition of Carranza—forced by the Pan-American diplomats—Wall Street would not loan Carranza one dollar, *overwhelming evidence that Carranza refused the Wall Street terms.*

The organized wage-workers of Mexico

are for Carranza to a man. Carranza has assisted the workers to organize and has helped them win their strike. One year ago, May 1, Carranza presided over an International Labor Day celebration of workmen in the Mexican capital; he is probably the first head of any government ever to have done so radical a thing. Carranza is dividing up millions of acres of lands, and had instituted almost innumerable steps looking toward the democratization of industry and finance, as well as of government.

I do not speak of Carranza alone, but the party of Carranza; for the Constitutionalist Party has proved itself bigger than any one man.

There are American Socialists who have inclined toward derision of the Mexican Revolution because its program is not an exact copy of the platform of the American Socialist party. That the Constitutionalist program is not more revolutionary than it is not the fault of Mexicans, but of Americans—of American Socialists.

The Constitutionalist party has practically obliterated the organized Mexican Reaction. Privilege in Mexico has found its last refuge in the Foreign Interests. The leaders of the Constitutionalist Party have long desired to treat Foreign Privilege precisely as they have treated Mexican Privilege. Why have they not done it?

ONLY BECAUSE WHAT WE BOASTINGLY TERM THE REVOLUTION IN THIS COUNTRY IS SO WEAK AND COWARDLY THAT IT DOES NOT PREVENT THE CONSTANT SHAKING OF THE AMERICAN MAILED FIST IN THEIR FACES.

Carranza has whipped the Mexican Reaction. Do you expect him to whip the American Reaction also?

So I say that the Cause of Mexico in this crisis is the Cause of all true Revolutionists everywhere.

So I say that, so long as Americans who call themselves "revolutionists" offer no more vigorous opposition to their government's interference with the Mexican Revolution than they have to date, I, for one, will confess to a hundred times more respect for the Revolution and Revolutionists of Mexico than for anything claiming the name of Revolution to be found in the United States.

No American who loves liberty can go to Mexico and fight for it—unless he fights on the side of Mexico.

I am not advising Americans to go to Mexico to fight against the United States. It would be more effective to give Wall Street's Government something to think about at home.

I have personal knowledge that leading men of the Constitutionalist party are looking to the American Socialists as their last

hope to prevent this country from launching a war to smash the Revolution and restore Privilege in their country.

If just cause for insurrection ever CAN exist in the United States, it exists now. American Socialists who criticised their European comrades for failing to stop the Great War can never again hold up their heads if they fail to employ every effective means for preventing a war of their government upon Mexico.

Will the Rail Strike Be Side-tracked?

By JACK PHILLIPS

THE biggest and most powerful labor unions in the United States will come to a show-down and go thru a test this spring and summer.

The liveliest question today in the organized labor world is: Will the four big railroad brotherhoods stick together in a joint national movement and by force of industrial organization compel the railroad companies to establish an eight-hour day with time and a half for overtime?

Rank and file members of the big brotherhoods are ready for any tactics that will win.

It is almost universally conceded that if the 380,000 members of the brotherhoods walk out and stay out, with transportation tied up from coast to coast, there will be nothing to it. Railroad companies would not be able to go into the labor market and hire enough strikebreakers to properly man the roads. There are no laws of civil or military service by which the strikers could be conscripted for railroad work. Neither the national congress nor the president, during a quadrennial election year, would take any action to force an immense body of influential voters to work, even if they possessed that power.

It's all in the cards for the rail men to win—if they are ready to strike in order to win.

What will happen? Will there be a strike? With the rank and file roused to a

fighting point by the treacherous arbitration tricks of the past and by a rotten payroll game, will there be a strike? And if not, why not? And in the event that no strike takes place and the brotherhoods take what is handed to them, as in previous years, what will be the accruing result in the organized labor world? Will it push along industrial unionism and a wider, surer, solidarity of railroad labor all the way down the line from engineer and conductor to shop man, track man and car cleaner? Or will the rebellion of the rank and file die down and railroad labor, like stock yards cattle, be led forth to more slaughters by arbitration in future years?

These are the questions and thoughts rail men are talking these days. It's a big show-down; everybody's watching. Let's see how some of the upstanding facts look.

The grand chiefs and high men of the four rail unions are all men of peace. None has directed a strike.

Talk they understand from much experience. Action—direct action—direct economic pressure they understand only in theory. They are familiar with the operation of grievance committees and boards of mediation, conciliation, arbitration, and all the other ations.

Talk? Yes, they are there with the talk. Speeches, arguments, quizzes, public hearings, formal press statements, piles of statistical documents—these the brotherhood

grand chiefs understand from experience. But how to slacken all work, stop all wheels, end all passenger and freight traffic on a transcontinental railroad system, this they do not understand from experience. It has never been done. If it is done this year it will be for the first time. And the direction of such a huge strike will be in the hands of men who have never talked strike and who have never thought out loud in strike terms.

It is of significance. It does mean something, that every time a railroad company manager or press agent lately has accused the brotherhood officers of plans to call a strike, the brotherhood officers have hotly denied such intentions. The grand robberies of passengers and shippers through robbery fares and rates based on a robbery capitalization—the huge con game by which railroad multimillionaires are made—the fact that railroads are owned and manipulated by financiers whose morals are the same stuff as pickpockets, porch climbers and dark alley sluggers—these conditions do not find voice among the railroad brotherhood officers. They always keep inside a certain limit of polite respectability. Keeping off from strike talk and steering away from calling railroad finance by the name of robbery, they maintain a status with all that section of the public who wish to be known as nice and decent. In other words, the leadership of railroad unions today is not one of agitation or rebellion. It is completely lacking in the drive of fighting, passionate, protest which must furnish motor power for any big movement of the troops of labor, or putting it another way, the railroad brotherhood officers are not working class men and when it comes to the vital tactics by which labor must win, they look like a bunch of quitters.

That the railroad brotherhoods, and notably the engineers, have come to be called "the aristocrats of labor," is not accidental. The epithet circulates and goes, not merely because the engineers are the highest paid workers in railway crafts, but also because there has been an aloofness, a nose-in-the-air manner, a see-who-I-am way, about the engineers as an organization.

Recordbreaking salaries is not the cause of this feeling. If the grand chief of the engineers or the firemen can fill his job, prove his loyalty to the working class, he is worth the \$10,000 a year he is paid. The

same goes for the \$7,500 a year heads of the trainmen and conductors.

Because these high salaries are paid these railroad brotherhood officials is taken as all the more reason why they should personally be free from fear of being broke and without money. Their bank accounts have put them into a class where they don't need to be afraid of strike tactics, where economic independence should render them the more able to think in strike terms.

Running thru the magazines of the railroad unions these days is the loud cry that the companies are outplaying the unions in "publicity." Newspapers, news articles and editorials hostile to the unions are quoted. "Lies, lies and more lies" is the frantic answer of the rail editors of the rail union official journals. Says the Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen's Magazine for April on page 329:

"The press agencies, of course, are controlled by Big Business and the combined railroad corporations constitute a very prominent and very important factor in Big Business and hence the press agencies help circulate this stuff with the result that references to it appeared in the press in all parts of the country."

The "stuff" referred to by the firemen's magazine was a charge in the New York *World* news story that President W. S. Carter of the firemen "is the man who is universally credited with being the originator and organizer of the plan for a country-wide strike on steam railroads."

To be exact and precise, getting down to real fundamentals, if you want to make a railroad brotherhood official hot under the collar, accuse him of planning a strike. If it happens that the strike is to be directed against a bunch of conspirators, thieves and absentee landlords, if the strike is to be aimed at a plunderbund of looters who have grabbed natural resources, patents, and vast tools of transportation for purposes of exploiting labor and the traveling public, that doesn't make any difference. In the code of honor of a railroad brotherhood official the worst accusation you can hurl at him, second only to stealing and downright dishonesty, is the charge that he is an agitator and a disturber of the public peace, plotting a strike of workers against capitalists.

Almost it raises the question: Can an organization be called a labor union if its

officials blush and get mad and holler when they are accused of nation-wide strike tactics? Again, says the firemen's magazine, on page 328 of the April number:

"A great publicity machine has been created by the railroads and this publicity machine has the free and full co-operation of all the newspapers, magazines and other periodicals that are controlled by the 'invisible government.' The methods to which we refer can be classed as the most dishonorable known to the journalistic profession. Thru a liberal use of the sharp practice strategy known only to unscrupulous journalism, utter falsehoods are told with a plausibility that easily misleads casual readers into accepting them as truths, libel action being guarded against by the adroit use of terms such as 'alleged,' 'it seems,' 'it is reported'."

Now this big kick is all perfectly true. There isn't a doubt but the newspapers and magazines are in total a great publicity machine obedient to the will and wish of the railroad managers. And every time they have a chance to slip the knife into railroad labor and turn the edge of news stories against railroad labor and for the railroad managers, they will do it. From the New York *World* in the east, through the *Tribune* in Chicago and on west to the *Otis Times* in Los Angeles, the newspapers will deliver a bat in the jaw and a kick in the pants to organized labor; railroaders, ironworkers, hop pickers, or workers in the textile or any other craft or industry.

It's nothing new to hear that the press is against labor. The peculiar feature of this wail from the firemen's magazine now is that it comes at this time. What's the reason the firemen's magazine has gone along year after year without raising a kick against the tactics of the press whereby the public has been fooled into belief that rail workers are ingrates if they rebel and strike? Doesn't President Carter of the firemen and every brotherhood official know that for years and years it has been the persistent set policy of the railroad-fed press of the United States to print stories and stories about what a happy-happy lot of cocky daisies the railroad engineers and trainmen are?

Why, of course, Carter knows that. Warren Stone, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, knows it.

And yet, on looking thru back files

of the official magazines of these brotherhoods, it is a hard job to find printed protest against the rotten, reptile, railroad-fed press of the United States. Why silence year in and year out and now a sudden burst of anger against the railroad-fed daily press?

Look thru the files of the official *Locomotive Engineers' Journal* for last year. For five months last year an arbitration board sat in Chicago passing on the demands of the engineers and firemen of 98 western railways. It was the greatest arbitration hearing of a cause between capital and labor that the world had ever seen. Month by month there ought to have been pages and pages of information printed in the *Locomotive Engineers' Journal* telling all about what was going on at that arbitration board. It wouldn't have cost any more and it would have been a favor, a decent thing to print summaries of all important statements of facts, figures and arguments before that board. During three of the five months there wasn't a half page about the big Chicago arbitration hearing. One month there was a page. Another month nothing.

To be exact, as a publicity machine in the service of the railroad men who pay dues and hard cash to keep up publication of the *Locomotive Engineers' Journal*, that magazine published under the direction of Warren, Grand Chief Warren Stone, was a failure and a fizzle for fair.

Stone gave the arbitration board a list of the land stealings of American railroads. The list told of millions of acres of stolen land now held in fee simple by the rail corporation. It was a hummer of a list.

But outside of a dozen or two of people present at the arbitration hearing, the statement didn't get very far. The railroad-fed daily press wouldn't print it. There was one good place Stone might have published it and that was in the *Locomotive Engineers' Journal*. Did he? He did not. So it looks either as tho the official brotherhood magazine suppresses news of vital interest to railroad engineers or else Warren Stone isn't very anxious to stir up hatred in his own ranks against the predatory capitalists and absentee landlords who own the American railroads.

Also it happened that Charles Nagel, a St. Louis corporation lawyer, himself a railroad director, sat in the capacity of "fair and impartial umpire" on the arbitration

SOME OF THE BOYS

board. After the rotten decision handing down a wage raise of \$500,000 where \$45,000,000 was asked for, came along, Stone and others let out a howl that it was dirty trickery done by railroad-fed Nagel. The record of Nagel as railroad lobbyist, attorney and director, was attacked by Stone. Was it published in his own official journal? Not so anybody could notice it. The railroad-fed daily press didn't give any wide circulation to Stone's innuendoes that Charley Nagel was a crook. It might have been expected that this live snappy news would be printed full and fair in the *Locomotive Engineers' Journal*. But there was nothing doing.

On the face of some things that have happened there is plenty of basis for the accusation against rail union officers that they are quitters and four-flushers at the publicity game.

At the precise moment when they are logically expected to step to the front and hurl decent challenge and manly defiance at the conspirators, thieves and absentee landlords who own the American railways, they turn tail and run. There is one press association in this country which is not railroad-fed. It is ready to serve 700 after-

noon papers and will print and send out over its leased wires the most radical sort of statements, when those statements connect up strictly with the news of the day. Of course, many of the railroad-fed newspapers which get this wire service don't print all the news that comes ticked off on the wires. But the point here is that the railroad brotherhood officials have chances for the "publicity" they hunger for and they don't utilize those chances. One of the best recent instances is what happened March 30. The combined brotherhoods that day made history. For the first time since a railroad whistle ever blew over American prairies, the combined railroads of the United States were served with a notice by the combined brotherhoods of all train and engine men of the United States. The railroads were asked to join in a collective movement and make reply to the demands of the brotherhoods of an eight-hour day and time and a half for overtime. It was the psychological moment for the brotherhood officers to voice publicly from coast to coast the magnificent rebellion and manhood of the rank and file of the brotherhoods who are ready for strike tactics in order to enforce their demands. And here's what hap-

pened. The United Press asked Warren Stone at Cleveland for a statement and he took it into his ample and bulging head that what most needed covering was "the constant circulation of reports that 300,000 employes were ready for an immediate strike." So he opened his ample mouth and said:

"Those reports are probably circulated to affect the stock market. There could not possibly be a strike short of 90 days from now, even though one were contemplated, which is not. It would take nearly 60 days to get a referendum vote on a strike. The executive committee of the brotherhoods can't call a strike. Should the railroads refuse to grant the demands, arbitration would be the next logical step."

During May and June three of the big brotherhoods hold conventions. At those meets, agents of the railroad companies in all forms and shapes will be busy. Nothing but an aggressive leadership acting in clear understanding of and close sympathy with the aggressive rank and file who want real action and not talk, will be able to defeat the railroad agents, the "company men."

Already there are telegraph stories of the engineers on the Union Pacific thru some sort of official action withdrawing from the concerted movements of the brotherhoods. Maybe it's true, maybe not. It would be natural for such stories to start and be spread by the railroad-fed press. It would be the first step in rousing suspicion and dissension with a view of splitting the biggest and most powerful combination of skilled workers operating a necessary public monopoly ever seen in the history of the world.

Just what did Warren Stone and W. S.

Carter mean in early 1915 when they argued before the western railway arbitration board that unless the arbitration ended with some real pay raises for the men, it was good-bye for arbitration. They practically served notice on the companies that the temper of the workers was such that they never again would accept an arbitration if they were tricked in 1915.

But tricked they were. They were trimmed and soaked for suckers and come-ons, out-talked, out-played, whipsawed.

And Tim Shea, vice-president of the firemen, gave out a wonderfully pointed and brilliant interview in January at Chicago. He said that the workers are thru with arbitration and this time they wouldn't wait for arbitration, but on the refusal of their demands they would walk out and leave the dickering and the talking to come afterward. He said strike tactics would come before arbitration jockeying.

Yet now comes Warren Stone, the labor leader with a corporation lawyer manner and vocabulary, stating explicitly to the United Press on March 30, that "should the railroads refuse to grant the demands, arbitration would be the next logical step."

If all of Stone's natural leanings were known to be for strike in preference to arbitration, if he favored direct action instead of mediation boards and state legislatures, there might be reason to suppose that the United Press misquoted Stone. On the face of everything, the dope seems to be that Stone and other forces at the top of the brotherhoods are heart and hand, hoof and heel, with those railroad managers and those railroad-fed newspapers who are clamoring for arbitration.

A few months will tell the story.

THE TREASURES OF COAL

By Georg Lidy Weissenburg

WHEN we refer to coal as the black diamond we usually have in mind its important usefulness as a source of heat and as a means of producing power through the aid of the steam engine. However, this unpretentious black crystal also contains many other elements which are of immense value to mankind.

In order to better understand how these treasures have been collected and stored away we must turn our eyes to the by-gone history of the planet upon which we are living and ask ourselves the question, Where does coal come from and how has it been created? When men first found these black stones they did not know what to make of them. It is said that monks of the cloister Klosteroda, in the duchy of Limburg (Holland), around the year 1100, who were the first to discover that coal could be burned, tried unsuccessfully to find an explanation for this curious phenomenon. Athanasius Kircher pronounced coal to be solidified, but still burnable lava, and wrote a big folio book about the terrors of the underworld.

Around the year 1700 a Swiss, named Scheuchzer, came nearer to the truth by describing coal as wood that had turned to

stone. He was the first to find a petrified giant salamander, which he took for the skeleton of a man that was drowned during the deluge, as described in the Bible. Then the theory of the naturalist Buffon was in vogue for a long time, contending that coal was the petrified mud of all kinds of sea plants, which had been washed to certain localities and gradually covered with ground.

It was reserved for the microscope to bring light to this question. In 1883 it was first applied on discolored coal and the following modern theory was adopted: At the remote time of the world's history called the "carboniferous period" there were extensive swamps, with luxurious growths of vegetation of quite a different character from that of the present day. Thick accumulations of a kind of fern-like palms and shave-grass (horse-tail) of a tremendous height fell down time after time and thus large quantities of vegetable matter collected in much the same way as peat is formed at the present day. These became covered by the sedimentation of clay and sand and so were preserved.

With a slow and continual sinking of the area, owing to the movements of the earth's

crust, a great thickness of alternate layers of sand, clay and vegetable matter was piled up. Under this enormous pressure and with various chemical reactions in the presence of water, acting for millions of years, the sands have been turned into sandstone, the clays into shale and the vegetable matter into coal.

Coal is found as beds or seams, varying in thickness from a fraction of an inch to thirty feet or more, interbedded with sandstone and shales in the rocks of various geological periods. Trunks and roots of fossil trees are frequently found in the rocks of the coal measures.

Recently Dr. Bergius, of Hanover, Germany, by subjecting peat or wood to high pressure in a closed receptacle, heating it to several hundred degrees, obtained real coal in an artificial way.

Coal confirms the theory that nothing is lost in this world. Chemicals, liquids or anything else may change their form by burning or evaporation; the ashes and the smoke or the vapors are simply the divided elements of the former product. So when we place coal in our stoves we receive the heat of the sun rays that have been absorbed and stored in the plants and trees some millions of years ago. By means of the steam engine, which turns the dynamo, we produce electricity, and with the electric lamp we even reclaim the daylight of by-gone ages. The illuminating gas, which also comes from coal, gives the same result in a simpler way.

Now the vegetation of the coal age, no doubt, included all kinds of flowers of all colors of the rainbow and of various scents. The fruits they carried were probably sweet and nutritious, while many leaves and roots contained juices of healing power. The extraction of these most valuable gifts of nature means lifting the real treasures of coal.

This has been attained first and most completely in Germany, the homeland of applied chemistry. This country has advanced so tremendously over the rest of the world that it practically enjoys a complete monopoly in everything that is derived from coal tar.

The first measure to divide coal into its original elements is dry distillation, as applied in gas plants. What it has taken nature thousands of years to produce, modern science reclaims within a few hours in the gas oven which is used in the production of

illuminating gas. The gas oven is an iron tube in which coal is heated under the exclusion of air. In this way the coal is not burned to ashes as it occurs in the open air, but a number of different gases and vapors are developed, while the solid which remains is coke.

When the vapors are cooled down in the condenser we obtain three main products: a thick, brownish-black substance, the tar; then a watery liquid of a piercing smell, the ammoniacal liquor, and finally, a gas that does not change its form—the well-known illuminating gas.

The next process to bring the hidden treasures to light is to gradually subject the tar to temperatures of varying degrees in a closed iron receptacle of cylindrical form. The escaping vapors are again cooled down and condensed. If the heat does not go beyond 170 degrees, the condensed vapors yield a light-brown, thin liquid, the so-called light oil.

The next stage of refinement of the light oil yields the so-called hydrocarbonates of the group of benzols. The most important of these is benzol, used as a fuel for automobiles, aeroplanes and airships, substituting benzine, which is derived from petroleum. The further treatment of benzol furnishes the material for the aniline dye-stuff industry.

Of the remaining hydrocarbonates of the benzol group we may mention saccharin, which has a 400 times higher sweetening power than cane sugar but has no nutritive value. Right next to this comes one of the

most terrible explosives, namely, trotyl, which is used for shells and shrapnel. Such contrasting factors are sleeping within the innocent coal.

The second distillate is prepared by heating the tar to a temperature between 230 and 270 degrees, yielding the liquid carbonic acid and the solid naphthalin. The first named is a well-known disinfectant, and so are lysol and cresol, which are made from it. The pure, crystalized carbolic acid called phenol yields on one hand the yellow explosive, picric acid, to inflict horrible wounds, and on the other hand, the so-valuable antiseptic, salicyclic acid, to heal

them. The solid naphthalin, when melted, is equal in quality to benzin for driving explosion motors. It is also the raw product for a great many different dyestuffs, of which artificial indigo is the most important one.

The two last distillates, the anthracene oil and the heavy oil, are obtained by heating the tar above 270 degrees.

What finally remains of the tar is pitch, which is about half the quantity under process. Pitch is often converted into saturated felt for roofing and soft pitch for paving; some of it is used for varnishes and as a binder in briquettes. It is also employed instead of oil to keep down the dust on streets and roads.

The anthracene oil and heavy oil are used as preserving fluids against rotting of railroad ties and other wood exposed to rain. They are also used as fuel for the Diesel motor, the most economic engine in existence, which has made possible the long-range submarine and airship.

But this is not all. From the anthracene oil is separated anthracene, from which is manufactured a bright red color, called madder-red, and also a number of other comprising the group of alizarines.

Without going into further details of the aniline dye industry, it may be said that any kind of material, be it silk, cotton, wool, linen or paper, is nowadays dyed in all colors of the rainbow by dyestuffs obtained from coal. The fez of the Turk, the poncho of the Argentine gaucho, the finest Persian rugs and cheapest jute carpets, the uniform of the highest general and the lowest soldier, the silk garments of the queen, the hat of the beggar, the cowl of the monk, and the purples of the cardinal,—are all dyed and beautified with the marvelous products gathered from lifeless coal.

However, modern science was not satisfied with this. From benzol has been isolated the odor of the sweet-scented jasmine; from carbolic acid has been lured the aroma of Woodruff of May-wine fame. In this line we may mention the artificial scent of vanilla, the modest violet, terpineol, heliotrope and also rose oil. Of course, artificial perfumes are much cheaper than the natural ones, and, we dare say, just as good to tickle the nerves of the nose. So, for instance, natural vanilla has cost about \$900 per pound, while coal gives it to us at less than \$4.

Here are some of the medicines made from coal: Salipyrine, salol and aspirin, which latter is used for rheumatism and neuralgia. Then the fever medicines: antipyrin, pyramidon, antifebrin and phenacetin. A few years ago a cure was worked out from benzol against syphilis—this disease of diseases—by Professor Ehrlich, of Frankfurt, which called Salvarsan, commonly known as 606.

About twelve years ago it required some 20,000 oxen to produce one pound of adrenalin, which is used to regulate the pressure of the blood. In 1904 the chemist Dr. Stolz, of Hoechstser Farbwerke, extracted this important stimulant from coal tar and it is known commercially as suprarenin.

Leaving aside the illuminating gas, which is too well known to need describing, we come to the third product of the splitting process—ammoniacal liquor. This is a combination of nitrogen and hydrogen, which by treatment of steam and lime can be transformed into ammonia gas. In this gas we

have in a changed form the albumen created during the carboniferous period. By a further treatment with sulphuric acid we obtain a white crystal, the sulphate of ammonia. This is put on the fields as fertilizer and thus the plants digest the so-long stored albumen, thereby adapting it again to human use.

These are some of the treasures extracted from the black diamond up to the present day. It has been said that Germany made, before the war, upward of 1,200 coal-tar products. During the war she has been credited with having elaborated about a hundred more, among others, artificial rubber, and one is said to be food. Why not? Probably the future will hand us some more of the wealth of the past.

However, only a small fraction of the world's coal output passes through the coke oven and only a few of the above mentioned treasures can be extracted except in Germany, where the coal-tar industry was born and is being carefully developed.

THE EXILED BELGIAN WORKERS IN ENGLAND DURING THE WAR

By Camille David

THE emigration of a part of the Belgian population during German occupancy of their country will stand out as one of the most curious and interesting incidents of the European war. Flying before the German invasion, nearly one-sixth of the civil population left their homes and chose the adventures of exile rather than the brutal yoke of the enemy. In this study we shall concern ourselves especially with the workers who took refuge in England.

The causes of their flight are various. From the beginning of the war, Belgium, submerged by wave after wave of German troops, witnessed the closing of its factories, its blast-furnaces and its mines, as these waves advanced. The mobilization of the Belgian army had moreover suddenly snatched thousands of workers out of the

industries. Still, in spite of the scarcity of labor, the factories were continuing to run after a fashion. But it was only the last quiverings of life in a dying industry. Certain large factories of the Charleroi district, which in normal times employ 2,000 laborers, were compelled to operate with 200 of the least vigorous men. On August 16, 1914, in the valley of the Sambre, I was shown a factory of 1,200 workers which had only 18 left. Some factories had indeed tried to hire women, but this resource was not sufficient to sustain the life of the industry.

The region of Liège resounded with the roar of cannon, and not a single factory was running. Upon the fall of Liège the battle line widened, it ascended the course of the Meuse and the Sambre, continuing up to the Borinage and the vicinity of Mons.

Fire and pillage advanced, drove back the frightened population, traced for the German armies a road red with blood and with the flames of houses. If the factories suffered but little from the invasion, the little houses of working people were the special targets of the German fire.

The population in flight, the roads of communication destroyed or monopolized by the armies, the factories under military occupation, how could industrial life have continued?

With the Germans in occupation of the southern half of Belgium, a sort of lull ensued. Little by little the people returned to the fields of disaster, to weep over the ruins and hope for revenge and liberation in the near future. Unemployment continued, of necessity. Moreover no decisive action had as yet brought victory to either side. Anvers was still holding all Germany in check.

But then came the fall of the intrenched camp, the retreat of the Belgian army, and the flight of the inhabitants of Anvers. Those who had fled from the devastated district and had taken refuge in Flanders, continued their flight, some embarking for England, others going to join in France their countrymen who had been driven like cattle before the German waves. Several thousand passed into Holland.

During the active period of the war in Belgium and France, that is to say, during the months of August, September and October, 1914, nobody thought of working. And when the occupation of Belgium became an accomplished fact, other elements came into the problem which made it impossible even to consider resumption of work. The invader requisitioned the raw materials in factories and warehouses, dismantled the machinery, and shipped it into Germany. Here are to be found, without doubt, the principal causes of the industrial crisis in Belgium, a crisis not yet over, and of the emigration of part of the working class.

There are other reasons besides. The treasuries of the labor unions contained at the end of the first week of war only about \$12.00 per member, so that it was impossible to pay out-of-work benefits. The money would not have lasted two weeks. Only benefits for sickness and accident continued to be paid.

Thrown on their own resources, the

workers dreamed of following the example of those who had left their native country. England attracted them irresistibly. Wonderful stories were told of it. Workers were welcomed there with open arms and were paid fabulous wages—so it was asserted. And then the exodus began.

Contrary to the general belief, it was not the aristocracy of labor which first migrated, but rather the poorest class. The workers who had a little money, and who, in general, looked for a short war, remained in the country for weeks longer. The flood of refugees that poured over Holland and England during the first months of the war was composed principally of fugitives from Anvers and from a certain part of the province of Liège. For the most part they were not workers definitely classified, and when this was the case, the trades were not those especially in demand in England.

But life in Belgium became harder, the difficulty of getting food increased. The war, instead of being short, showed itself destined to be long. Savings were exhausted, and compulsory unemployment weighed heavily upon the workers. The heads of the unions carried on an active propaganda to induce the laborers to go and work in England where hands were needed for the munition factories. It was, therefore, a duty, a patriotic duty, for the workers to migrate, if they wished that Belgium be freed. It was then that little by little the industrial regions of Liège, Anvers and Charleroi were drained of their best workers.

A large proportion of these workers landed in England. Thus, from January to March, 1915, the average arrivals were a thousand a day. The German authorities in Belgium, who had done all they could to impoverish the country industrially, became excited over this continual emigration, and all the more so because the workers remaining in the country refused to work for them. They closed the frontier, and the number of arrivals in England dropped abruptly to 300 a day, diminished from day to day, and finally became insignificant. Not only did the Germans close the frontier in a military sense, refusing passports (which for that matter could be dispensed with); they organized patrols and veritable man-hunts in the zone fronting on Holland. They even erected miles of electrically charged wire barriers, which caused the death of

certain mistrust that the English laborers saw foreign workers taking places by their sides, and conflicts threatened to break out pretty much everywhere.

Out of the 250,000 exiles—this figure includes women and children—it was estimated that about 10,000 laborers were able to work in the munition factories. A certain number of other laborers found work in other industries, but their number is relatively small.

These 10,000 laborers, belonging to the metal-working industry, had to be grouped into a special organization of their own, such as they had in Belgium. In view of this, the Central Belgian Metallurgists' Union sent a delegation into England headed by W. Eekelers and Longville. They, assisted by the Belgian Socialist deputy, Emile Royer, at once put themselves in touch with the English official bureau, already mentioned; it approved their plan of establishing a special organization which should take into its hands the defense of the interests of the exiled Belgian workers.

many Belgian workers. There perished, before the eyes of his wife and child, Camille Fromont, an active member of the Anvers Central Section of Metallurgists. The German authorities hunted down the heads of the unions and imprisoned them.

The number of Belgians who took refuge in England is estimated at 250,000.

Disembarked in England, these exiles, for the most part without resources, fell into the hands of relief committees; they found themselves tossed about from bureau to bureau in a strange land, and confronted with insurmountable difficulties. Their ignorance of the English language, of the laws and customs of their adopted country, left them lost in the streets of London. Unable to make inquiries, transplanted suddenly into unknown surroundings, the workers experienced for the most part a great disillusionment. The English government had indeed, with the co-operation of the Belgian consul, Mr. Pollet, established a special bureau to find work for the Belgian laborers. But this official bureau, a sort of section of the so-called "Board of Trade," or Labor Exchange, quickly found itself swamped. Its methods of organization and of working, inspired, of course, by English precedents, were unintelligible to the Belgian laborers. It merely placed them in jobs, and when this was accomplished, left them to their own resources. However, admirably conceived, this organization did not meet all needs.

On the other hand, it was not without a

The first thing to do was to smooth over the difficulties which were arising between the English trades unions and the Belgian laborers. It was necessary to put the latter on their guard against the possible encroachments of the munition law, encroachments which often were unintentional, but which were costly to the workers. It was necessary to familiarize them with the countless legal restrictions which arise from the necessities of national defense. It was necessary to defend them against the possible abuses of employers. It was necessary to protect them by taking advantage of the extremely complicated English labor laws. It was necessary to organize into a single body all the Belgian workers scattered to the four corners of England. But it was not possible for a Belgian organization to establish itself on English soil; the law of the country forbade it. On the other hand, in order to have any strength, it was necessary to lean upon one of those labor organizations, so strong and so wonderfully fashioned, which are found in Great Britain. Conferences were held between the delegates of the Central Belgian Metallurgists' Union and the Amalgamated Society of Engineers (A. S. E.), the powerful English organization. The negotiations were friendly, and their first result was the dis-

appearance of the suspicions which had existed against the Belgian workers. But time was pressing, and as the A. S. E. could not act without the consent of its sections in Canada, Australia and New Zealand, the Belgian delegates put themselves in touch with another great labor organization, the "Workers' Union."

It should be understood that this is the Workers' Union that was founded May 1, 1898, by Charles Duncan, a member of Parliament. It receives into its organization of over 150,000 members, all English workers whose occupation does not permit them to enter the regular trade unions. It is the most Socialist organization in England.

An understanding was quickly reached, on the following basis. The Workers' Union was to put at the disposal of the Central Belgian Metallurgists' Union its offices and equipment, was to pay benefits direct, and was to concern itself with the defense of the Belgian workers before the courts. As compensation, the "Central Belgian" was to turn over fifty per cent of its receipts to the treasury of the Workers' Union; the remaining fifty per cent to be paid into the treasury of the "Central Belgian" upon the return to Belgium. And, starting from June, 1915, the Central Belgian Metallurgists' Union became a section of the Workers' Union.

Immediately the secretary, W. Eekelers, set to work. There was certainly need of it. Everything had to be done in the way of organization. Nevertheless, after three months of existence, the new organization had succeeded in organizing more than 1,500 metal workers into 16 sections. Today, it numbers more than 4,000 members and 29 sections. These are established in the principal industrial centers, such as Acton, Alexandria, Barrow-in-Furness, Birmingham, Coventry, Erith, Hayes, Ipswich, Letchworth, Newcastle, Portsmouth, Richmond, Sheffield, Westminster and Edmon-ton.

Since September, 1915, an official organ, *I.e. Metallurgiste Belge*, published in French and Flemish, has appeared regularly each month.

Still in touch with conquered Belgium, the "Central" continues there an intense propaganda for the migration of the workers. The emigrants, when once they have crossed the frontier into Holland, are received by members, entertained gratis and

transported into England on the same terms. If without resources, they receive help in the form of money. Work is found for them and they are distributed into the factories according to their trades. In this way up to date more than 600 workmen have been placed.

The "Central" takes care that the hiring of the workers is done according to the English laws, it intervenes in conflicts with employers, and defends the workers gratis before the courts.

The question of workshop casualties is very complicated in England. As is well known, insurance is compulsory, and is at the employers' expense. But the regulations in case of accident are not always easy to follow. The worker is obliged to bring two witnesses of his accident. If no one was present, the employer is obliged to prove that the accident did not take place in his factory. On the other hand, a worker disabled by accident who returns to the factory after weeks of unemployment and resumes his customary occupation has no claim to any insurance indemnity. For lack of understanding the English language, several Belgian workers lost their rights to benefits under the law. At present the worker who has met with an accident fills out a simple form which he transmits to the secretary of his section, and the "Central" undertakes his defense. At Richmond, for example, for a case of death, the maximum indemnity, \$1,500, was obtained.

The Munition Law provides that night work must be paid for as double time. Work after noon on Saturday is figured as follows: the first two hours at 25 per cent extra, the remaining hours at 50 per cent. Sunday time is counted the same as night, that is, double. Certain interruptions occurred, chiefly in the Belgian factories established in England. After intervention by the "Central," everything became normal again.

The Belgian soldiers who come into England for their furloughs, and who are old members of the Belgian "Central," receive a benefit of \$2.50.

A bureau for sending money into Belgium has been started, and is proving very useful. These remittances, intended for the wives or children of the workers established here, diminish proportionately as the misery which reigns in the invaded country is alleviated by the relief committee. More

than \$24,000 has been sent thru the "Committee for Relief of Belgium," which has realized a considerable profit thru the discount on foreign exchange; this profit has been applied to the work of feeding the population. The remittances have been made without expense for the members of the "Central." At an average charge of one penny, the bureau undertakes to send into Belgium postal cards, and, in evasion of military rules, letters for the families of members.

The "Central," moreover, undertakes to bring into England the wives and families of exiled workers. Regular payments are made by members to the different committees appointed to provide aid for soldiers, such as the "British Gifts for Soldiers," and special committees aiding prisoners of war and soldiers on furlough.

Many public meetings are held in the industrial centers.

Grammars and dictionaries are sold at reduced prices to members who are endeavoring to learn the English language, which will bring the workers of the two nations closer together.

Relations with the trades-unions are ideal. The early disputes have disappeared. Several sections, like those of Latchworth, Coventry and Richmond, are affiliated with the trades councils.

Finally, as a result of its ever-growing influence, the Central Belgian Metallurgists' Union has succeeded in raising the wages of its members to the extent of 35 per cent for machine workers and 20 per cent for hand workers. From this fact, in the shops at Richmond alone, the Belgian workers have profited to the extent of over \$20,000. The Belgian workers, who labor more rapidly than the English workers, found that certain Belgian employers wished to diminish the piece-work scale by 20 per cent. This is forbidden by the Munitions Law. The "Central" intervened successfully, for it makes it a point of honor not to allow its members to play the part of scabs or "black-legs." Carrying further its sentiment of justice and gratitude toward the English workers, it points out those who work below the scale.

Non-unionists are greeted cordially and advice is given them gratis. As no other Belgian union is operating in England, the "Central Metallurgists'" has welcomed into its body unionists of other trades, on the

same terms as its own members. This affiliation is, of course, only temporary, and upon the return to Belgium, the sums paid by these members will be turned into the treasuries of their respective unions.

The success of the organization is considerable. It has enlisted members of a great variety of trades and occupations. In its organization are Catholics, Liberals, Socialists. Several of its new members were, before the war, bitter opponents of any union movement.

A section has been organized in France. The members of an English section who remove to France are admitted there to all their rights as members. The same with those who leave France and establish themselves in England. The success of this useful work is partly indicated by the fact that the net receipts for 1915, after deducting the expenses of organization, printing and propaganda, amounted to over \$6,000.

* * *

How does this organism function? The new member applies to a branch secretary, who fills out his application card. He soon receives a membership card indicating his name, his number, and the name and address of the secretary, in order that the member may always know where to address him. This card also indicates the payments of dues as made from time to time. These payments, according to the Belgian system, are receipted for by adhesive stamps. That is a novelty in England, where the receipt for dues is made by a simple signature, a defective method. Thus several English organizations have asked for information about the stamp system.

The member pays dues of 20 cents a week. This entitles him, apart from the advantages above mentioned, to the following benefits:

- Strike and lockout, \$2.50 weekly.
- Blacklisted, \$3.75 weekly.
- Permanent disability from illness, \$150.
- Accident, \$2.50 weekly.
- Sickness, \$1.75 to \$2.50, according to age.
- Legal assistance.
- Life insurance for self and wife.

* * *

Upon arrival in England the Belgian laborers, accustomed in their own country to low wages, are overwhelmed with surprise at the high prices paid here for labor.

The average wage of a qualified worker is \$20.00. However, this scale is not uniform; each district fixes its wages. Thus they are higher at London and Coventry than at Ipswich or Newcastle. Certain Belgian and French employers desired to pay Belgian wages. That did not succeed, and they were obliged to yield and accept the English scale. The highest wages are paid at Letchworth, but the output is enormous. A single factory with 1,200 laborers produces 33,000 three and a half-inch shells a week.

A certain number of Belgian women refugees are also employed in munition factories. At Richmond alone there are 300. These are working-women from the National Arms Factory of Herstal (Liège). Their wage varies from \$10 to \$20 weekly. The labor of women is regarded on the same footing as that of men. They belong to the "Central Metallurgists'" with the same rights as men.

Out of these wages the members of the "Central" give up a total of about 50 cents a week, for dues and various payments to enterprises for the common benefit. By reason of the absence of canteens, the workers are obliged to make their purchases hastily outside of working hours, and they

find that they are invariably obliged to pay higher prices than their English comrades.

The question of lodging has not yet been solved satisfactorily. It is on record, for example, that a landlord at Erith charged four laborers \$5.00 a week for room only, while the rent he paid for the entire house was only \$2.75. The question of co-operative housekeeping is one that as yet has been impossible to consider.

The Belgian laborer is an enormous worker. If he produces and even over-produces, as a matter of patriotic duty, it is none the less true that a real danger is involved in this fact. Overwork exhausts his strength to such an extent that in certain regions a general enfeeblement of the working element is observed. In one factory a man is known to have died of exhaustion at the end of three months. He worked 120 hours a week!

Some workers forget that the body is only a wonderful machine, and that when the gearing is once worn out, it is done with. The appetite for great gains fascinates them and they forget that when the war is over it will still be necessary to work. The union is opposing this tendency to excessive production, which inevitably results in exhaustion.

STORIES OF THE CAVE PEOPLE

By Mary E. Marcy

FOR many years the Bow and Arrow Folks had been the most ferocious as well as the most skillful of all the tribes that dwelt in the heart of the luxuriant lands along the banks of the Father of Rivers. Every other tribe had long since learned to hate and fear them beyond any other living creatures.

The Bow and Arrow Folks might wander whithersoever they wished, might drive the Hairy Folk and the Tree Dwellers and the Cave People from the places that had known them, might bring death and destruction in their train, provided only that they traveled and fought in numbers and bore wide quivers filled with very many of their magical stinging darts.

Up to the appearance of the Dart or Arrow Throwers, with their marvelous weapons, the Cave People had always been able to meet their human foes on terms nearly approaching equality. The Hairy People and the Tree Dwellers, and even the man-eaters, had all to come to close quarters in their life and death contests. Then there was much to the advantage of the Cave People, who were of heavier build and who possessed greater strength and speed of limb than any of their man enemies. None of these was able to shoot a dart across the river into the breast of an enemy.

But the Arrow People were more fearful than the great saber-tooth himself. One

could dig pits, covered with branches of leaves in the hope that they might stumble into these and hence be dispatched to the long sleep; it was quite as likely as not that the Arrow People would not approach near enough to fall into them.

When the Arrow People came whooping over the hills sending down their rain of arrows into the flesh of the Cave People, Strong Arm had gathered his small band about the big fire where they had crouched low. But even the protecting blaze could not prevail against the invaders. Their darts flew through the smoke and the flame and pinned more than one of the Cave People to the earth.

And when Strong Arm was wounded so that blood dripped red from a hole in his breast the Cave People flung themselves into the brush and made their way on their bellies as silent as snakes, far out beyond the old hollow. With much caution they gathered together about some grey stone boulders that banked the wild berry thicket.

Then it was that some one silently gathered twigs and leaves and dead branches for the making of a fire. And a youth struck a spark from his flint stones and by the light of the flames the Cave People saw and were astonished that it was One Ear who had come back to his own people.

No one of the older members of the tribe had forgotten One Ear nor how he had lost

one of his ears when he was only a small boy not many moons from his mother's breast. It was this way:

One Ear had wandered from the caves and beyond the space where it was safe for the children of the tribe to go alone. No one marked his ramblings and he chattered and scampered about, plucking the red blossoms of the eegari and chasing birds from their nests in happy content. But he had not gone far when he heard the grunt of the wild and hairy hog which was thrusting her short tusk into the soil for tender roots. A litter of small black pigs followed close to their mother's side and set up a mighty squealing when they beheld in One Ear a possible enemy.

Immediately the old sow turned upon One Ear and bit at his feet and snapped at his legs and tripped him. Then she flew upon him with the wild fury of the forest mother who believes her young to be endangered. One Ear raised his own voice in yells of terror and threw up his arms and rolled into the bushes and sent his small brown feet kicking with mighty show into the face of the foe.

And the uproar increased while the blood poured from the side of the boy's head whence the wild sow had torn his small ear in her attack. Soon the mother of One Ear and other members of the tribe of Cave People appeared with their long bone weapons in their hands and killed the hog and carried back as many of the young pigs as had not scampered away in the conflict. And there was much feasting in the Hollow that day and a great noise from the wails of One Ear, whose wounds were many times licked and plastered and caressed by his distracted mother.

And so the boy came to be called One Ear. It was impossible to forget one so distinctly different from other members of the tribe of Cave People and so, when One Ear was later captured by the Arrow Folk during a raid made on the people of the Hollow, One Ear was long mourned and thought of by the tribe.

Now he was come back to his own people. And in the light made by the flames of the fire, the Cave People saw that he bore many of the strange darts that the enemy had used with so much skill and accuracy. The Cave People were almost afraid of him, but One Ear at once showed himself friendly and busied himself in helping to build cov-

erings of sticks and brush and leaves to form huts for the tribe.

The night was very dark and the Cave People were worn and weary and very much afraid. They knew very little about the life and the woods and the things that surrounded them. When a man stumbled over a loose stone and slipped and fell, the Cave People believed that some of the tribe's numerous enemies had wrought the evil.

Little they understood of the causes of the natural events that occurred around and to them. And so they peopled the woods, the Hollow, the night and all things with spirits or evil ghosts that sought to do them harm.

There were terrors everywhere, both the enemies which they could see and the enemies which they could not see. The enemies who dwelt in the dead tree trunks that lay upon the ground over which they stumbled, the spirits who were hidden in the stones that scratched their feet, the evil magic-workers who entered their stomachs and made them sick and haunted the feet of the unwary to cause them to faint before the blows of the Arrow People and who sent men and women upon the Long Sleep from which their spirits arose to prowl about over the lands.

Primitive men knew nothing about natural laws. They had no ideas about what caused the rain; therefore, they thought someone made it rain. They knew nothing about the melting of snows upon the mountain tops that flowed downward, swelling the Father of Rivers far beyond "his" banks and thus causing the floods; therefore, some evil enemy wrought the disaster.

They knew truly that men and women

did not altogether die. All men possessed two selves—the self with whom you might fight and dance, whom you might touch and see and smell in the light of broad day. Then there was also a spirit self, who came to you in dreams and who worked evil or good unto you.

When a child was lost in the wood and devoured by the wild enemies of the tribe, the people knew that it was an evil spirit that had lured his footsteps into the danger.

It is true, too, that they believed in good spirits; the spirits who sent rain when the earth was parched; the kindly magic-makers who delivered an attacking enemy into your hand to his own disaster, who stood beside you unseen during great dangers and thrust forth obstructions in the paths of those who would take you unawares.

But considered in a broad way, from the viewpoint of primitive man, the world was peopled chiefly with enemies who were down upon you at the slightest opening, who might anywhere and in the strangest form imaginable pounce upon you to your own destruction or disaster.

It cheered the Cave People greatly when they saw that One Ear had returned to the tribe bringing some of the magical arrows, so effectively employed by the Dart Throwers. They believed that the bone javelin of Strong Arm possessed some of the strength and skill of this mighty cave man; they knew that the dried head of the green snake which had been killed by Big Foot and a great boulder were filled with his valor and his wisdom, for they had seen Run Fast elude the wild boar with this snake head in her hands, if any one thing was sure in all the muddle of strange things and stranger events in this world, it was that weapons or adornments or tools, acquired the characteristics of their owners, and that these characteristics might be transferred to him who was fortunate enough to secure them. The darts or the arrows of the Dart Throwers brought skill to the holders and so the Cave People were cheered when they beheld the darts in the hands of One Ear.

All through the night, as they huddled and shivered in the shadows, the Cave People kept the big fire burning and listened for the Arrow People. It was when the moon rode high in the heavens that the soft wind brought the scent of the enemy approaching with quiet and with caution. With quiver-

ing nostrils Strong Arm, who, in spite of the pain he suffered from his wounds, was the first to smell the coming Arrow Throwers, gathered the tribe behind the protection of the giant rocks.

And when they advanced within the circle of light thrown out by the flames of the fire, One Ear drew his great bow to his shoulder and sent arrow after arrow into the gleaming breasts of those who made the attack, until the Arrow people were confounded and afraid and fled away in the night whence they had come.

And for days there was peace and the Cave people encamped themselves near a fresh water hole and built more mud caves and huts of the branches of trees. But evil spirits hovered over Strong Arm and entered into him and gave him fever and sickness and pain from the wound in his breast, until at last he died in the night and his Spirit passed out of his body. So thought the cave dwellers.

And they mourned for Strong Arm, both in their hearts and with loud voices, for they knew that his spirit would hover about to see what they said of his words and his deeds and they desired very strongly to please and propitiate the Spirit of Strong Arm, for he had always been a powerful and wise man, able to help those he loved and bring evil to those whom he had hated. And they wanted to win the support and friendship of the Spirit of Strong Arm in order that it might work good in their behalf.

So even Big Foot, who had always feared and envied Strong Arm, spoke loudly in his behalf, saying "Brave, Brave, Strong, Strong," and he screamed as though he had lost his best friend. This was all done to show the Spirit of Strong Arm in what high esteem Big Foot held him.

The Cave People chopped up the body of Strong Arm and roasted his arms and his legs and his head on the coals so that every member of the tribe might acquire some of the noble virtues of the mighty chief by eating a portion of his body. To Laughing Boy was apportioned the hands of his father, and he ate them, stripping the flesh from the bones so that his own hands might become skillful and quick in killing the enemy. The remainder of the body of Strong Arm was laid in a cavity in the earth, along with his sharp bone javelin, and

his stone knife and his flint; and food also, which they knew he would need in the Spirit Land where he had gone. These things they covered with earth and leaves and weighed them down with heavy stones so that neither wild boar, nor any other wild animal might devour the remains of Strong Arm.

And in the night the Spirit of Strong Arm came back to his people in their dreams, telling them many things. Once he appeared in a dream to Quack Quack, with his bone javelin in his hands, and the cry of danger upon his lips and a long arrow thrust in his hair. And Quack Quack and the Cave People knew that this was a warning to them that the Arrow Throwers were again stealing upon them to drive them from their new land, so they gathered up their bone weapons, and the bow and arrows which One Ear had brought, and their knives and their adornments, and wandered toward the North in the hope of escaping.

But the Hairy Folk fell upon them, and the Man-eaters and the Tree People nagged them and stole their food and wrecked disaster at every step, so that there was no peace, only constant fighting and death and terror in all the days.

So the Cave People traveled wearily and furtively, ever farther North, where the fruit grows only in one season and the cold descends over the earth for a long period of the year, and where men are only able to survive by learning new things and new

methods of keeping food against the barren days.

Then, more than in all the previous history of their lives, the Cave People began to progress, began to plan, to build, to preserve and store food and finally to bury one tuber in order that it might become the father of many potatoes; to salt their meats so that they would not spoil and finally they discovered that skins used formerly only as a means of adornment, or decoration—skins which had formerly been merely visible proof of a man's skill and valor in the hunt, were a warm and comfortable protection against the cold days which had come upon them in the strange new land.

Many died and many fell in the long wars that the Cave People fought during their long journey to the North country, but One Ear grew strong and wise and tall in his young manhood. And, because of the things he had learned from the Arrow Throwers, he became a leader of the tribe, which he taught also to hurl the death-tipped darts, both to bring down the beasts of the forests and for the protection of the tribe in battle with its human enemies.

And so the cool climate and the changing seasons drove the Cave People to learn, to discover, to invent. And for the first time they began to consider the earth and to subdue a little of it for their own food and clothing and for their own shelter and security.

THE CRISIS IN THE SOCIALIST MOVEMENT

By J. O. Bentall

BY THIS time nearly all the opinionated Socialists and non-Socialists have given this waiting, anxious world the correct judgment of the German Social Democrats who voted for the war budget instead of letting their bodies be pumped full of steel.

The question has almost split the Socialist party and has been a side-splitter to the Capitalists.

And, do you wonder?

The power, the influence, the numbers, the acts, the ideas and ideals, the position and fame, the vigor and courage, the successes and hopes, the conquests and victories of the Social Democrats of Germany made them the object of the tensest attention of all civilization at the critical moment of the latest world catastrophe.

Here was a Party that represented a movement over half a century old, a movement made up of heretics and fanatics unlike all others since the world began, heretics and fanatics whose earmark was the advocacy of justice and whose power was in reason and science.

From a handful of persecuted, jailed and executed wage slaves the party had grown until it could muster four million votes and elect one hundred ten members to the Reichstag.

This was no small business.

And, during all the years of development and in its vast literature of propaganda this party had advocated disarmament and stood as a stone wall against militarism and war.

It had held that the workers hold no grievance against each other and that if the masters want war let them fight it out themselves. It had held that all wars have been in the interest of the master class and that the only reward the workers received was privation, suffering and death.

Four million voters with one hundred ten members in the Reichstag took this position.

No wonder the world stood breathless when the Kaiser asked: "Will you now vote for war?"

They hesitated a moment. Again the spokesman for the master class asked: "Will you now vote for war? Say yes." "Yes."

One hundred nine said yes. A lone fellow said "No," and it wasn't worth while to shoot him. He was harmless.

The soldiers who had held their guns ready to fire set them down and the Kaiser curled his mustache, while the beasts of war licked their chops like jackals over a fallen prey in the forest.

So the Social Democrats voted for the war budget and the rank and file of them enlisted to shoot down good Social Democrats of France, of England, of Russia, of any country in all the wide world—all in the interest of the master class.

Now when these one hundred nine voted for the war budget, was that the thing to do?

Why, certainly.

You could not expect them to be willing to be shot down for having been foolish for over fifty years. This was no time to face guns and put on bravery and jump into heroism. They did the logical thing. What else could they do? It would have done no earthly good to have refused and been killed. The world was not ready to declare the war off and go to their funeral.

Now it is easy to go over the ground and see the mistakes of the German Social Democracy. In doing so it is not for us to blame the German Party but to put ourselves wise.

Here are the facts: The German Social Democrats worked year in and year out for political success. They said, let us educate the workers to vote right. Let us elect our men and become strong in the Reichstag. Let us win in the battle of the ballot.

They put up marvelous campaigns. They increased their vote by millions.

They elected an unexpectedly large number to the highest legislative body of the empire. They went after a certain thing and got it. They succeeded in what they set out to do. It was a wonderful success.

But they set out to get the wrong thing.

They set out to get a man with one leg, and one arm, and one brain lobe. They got him.

But in the fight with another man who had two legs and two arms and complete brain lobes he fell and fell badly. It was to be expected.

Had the Social Democrats of Germany paid as much attention to the development of industrial power as to political power, the present war could not have been pulled off.

The propaganda was one-sided. Their organization was one sided.

With organized labor practically under their control the Social Democrats should have declared boldly that they were in charge of all the activities of the workers, industrial and political, to direct and develop in every expression of working class effort the giant organization that meant power unconquerable.

Come away from words now and put this into concrete form. I mean that the Socialists should have organized to take complete control and make all workers realize that there was room for all, and scope large enough for all activities.

That the workers must secure their own raw material and their own industries as fast as they can. That they must secure their own points of distribution and control the means of transportation. That they must act in unity in cases of strikes and lockouts. That they must feed the workers in periods of industrial war and starve the masters into submission. That they must refuse to build up an army and a navy, and deny the masters their services in shipping material or making implements for war. That the munition plants be destroyed and battleships sunk. That if the masters begin slaughter the workers will tear up bridges and railroads and blow into atoms powder houses and gun factories. That bread be refused the emperor and all his family, the officers and all the

soldiers until they join the workers in peace. That all the members of the master class be notified that if they begin murder they will be the first to enjoy it.

So that when the Kaiser representing the master class declared war the Social Democracy could have called upon four million to say "No, there shall be no war," to say "No" with set faces and hard fists and ready hands. To say "No" by stopping traffic in war material and supplies. To say "No" by surrounding the legislative chambers and protecting their members in the Reichstag. To say "No" by shattering every fort and smashing every gun.

Four million men in Germany could have done all this without any great loss of life. These four million with the millions in France, England, Russia and the smaller countries could have put a stop to the war when it began and saved the lives of twenty million slain in battle and a hundred million worse than slain at home.

But the German Social Democrats were afraid they might offend some thin skinned Sunday School girl or some middle-class business man. It sacrificed everything to policy and depended on politics.

So we don't blame the one hundred and nine for not being willing to be shot for being foolish for the last fifty years.

All this comes to us on this side of the water as a lesson whose text is dripping with the blood of the workers on the other side.

The question is, what shall we do in face of it all? Shall we go on and serenely call for votes and neglect all else? Shall we tell the capitalist bloodhounds that we want to help them get a small army and a small navy and increase it as we go along for "defense?" Shall we continue to spend time and money to send men to Congress to tell the plutes there that we think they are nice and that we are ready to help them defend "our" country in case of need?

Criminals of all criminals are those who are supposed to be Socialists and have their eyes open and know better and still stand with the capitalists in their murder plots against the people.

That war is a future certainty in this

country cannot be escaped. What the President and congress are doing now to carry out the wishes of the masters is what the Reichstag in Germany did for many years prior to the war.

This is the time for the socialists to consider the war budget—not five years from now when the masses will be at blood heat in face of trumped up causes for war that may look good to the public at large. And at such a time martyrdom is a futile mockery, and no one can see it for the smoke of battle.

We have a million voters in this country who can be educated in the right direction. There is another million who will follow in opposition to war. If it be treason to serve notice on our government and the master class that we will frustrate their militaristic exploits and put a definite stop to their plans for murder, let them make the most of it.

This is a good time to fill the jails with such traitors. This is a good time to shoot a few of them. This is a good time to have our press suppressed and our speakers hanged. It would mean something and the people would probably arise and take sides. We could probably make the capitalists so busy with us that they would find little or no time for their buncomb preparedness.

Every socialist paper should come out boldly advocating these direct and definite methods. Every socialist speaker should "talk right out in meeting" what we propose. The socialist party should come out with a manifesto declaring that it means business and will use all means in this business.

If we begin now as Socialists to organize for the purpose of becoming a power and not only a political party, we can do anything we please. If we organize now to take full charge of all working class activities, putting the workers who are socialists into the harness in every department of industry, so great an army will rally to our ranks that the plutes will not dare to make as much as a toy pistol or a firecracker.

To stop making guns and cannon, snells and bullets, forts and battleships now—that is our business. To start telling the plutes not to use these implements of murder after they have them

ready will be like pulling the trigger with the muzzle at our own head. That's what the German Social Democrats did.

The duty of the Socialists at this time is clear.

First, to create an anti-war psychology in press, in speech, in campaigns.

Secondly, to organize and crystallize the anti-war sentiment into militant, fearless working class organization that can and will take charge.

Thirdly, to acquire power by acquiring actual industries one after another, beginning with the food industry and continuing along the lines of greatest needs.

The organization formed to do this must be wholly made up of socialists, socialists who stand together on the rock foundation of the class struggle. Half baked socialist politicians should be tabooed. Don't let them in.

This organization should be the Socialist movement in action. It should use every kind of action that would bring results. It should put no limit to the means employed to gain working class advantage.

If the Socialist party could and would function as a department of the real Socialist movement in organized form, good and well. To leave the whole business of the Socialists to the Socialist party is a crude absurdity. That's what they did in Germany and other warring countries. The Socialist party is too narrow and too small to handle all the business of the working class. We must have an organization that is commensurate with the duties and responsibilities of the socialists as a whole.

And we have no time to lose. Tomorrow we should be ready to send our delegates to the munition shops and tell the engineer to shove in the throttle and shut down the infernal business of making death dealing stuff. Tomorrow we should go to the plutes and tell them that bread is more necessary than guns and that clothing is in greater demand than battleships. Tomorrow we should be in position to serve notice on the master class that we are not going to wait till they have the biggest navy in the world and the greatest army and the largest supply of war material before we put in our protest, but *now*; put in the protest,

not in paper wars, but in direct demands backed by power to secure them.

Wilson, the president of the plutes, is now calling for a navy that will cost one billion dollars a year. The army to be increased to similar proportions. After the plutes get a couple of million young fools drilled to murder with shining weapons in their hands, we will have a swell time to handle them.

Start now.

This is the crisis in the socialist movement.

Stop the coaling of all the present war vessels. A good job for the general strike.

Stop making of shells and guns right now. Again, to use the general strike

would look good.

The masters have gone at this war business too boldly. They are too raw. We must meet them. If we help them get ready we will have made ourselves ready to help them in the coming bloodshed.

If we refuse now to help them they can't get ready and we will be ready to save ourselves from destruction.

The socialist movement is the only power apparent in this country to save us from the fate of Europe. The call goes forth for one big united body of the working class to crystallize into power our demands for peace and justice for ourselves, our children and our children's children.

What Kind of Organization?

By J. V. Wills,

General Secretary, Building Workers Industrial Union, England

HOW to make ends meet is the problem which confronts every worker owing to the enormously increased prices of food, etc. The purchasing power is determined by wages, and to get a correct view of the problem we must analyze wages into categories, i. e., the nominal and real wages. Nominal wages represent the amount of money received per week; real wages, the amount of the necessary commodities of life that the money will purchase.

Now, while the prices of commodities have risen, wages have not risen to the same extent. In many instances indeed they have remained stationary. This means that the real wages of the workers have been reduced, and consequently their standard of livelihood has dropped.

If the individual worker approaches the boss and asks for more money in order to meet the increased prices, what happens? The usual reply is, "If you are not satisfied there are others who are willing to take your place at the same money." This is sufficient to show that the individual working man is no match for the individual capitalist. But because the workman can find

no redress as an individual, his case is not at all hopeless, for while one boss is more than a match for one workman, he cannot beat a number of workmen who are properly organized and have united demands.

These few words show the necessity for the workers to organize with their mates if they ever hope to improve their position. Æsop, in one of his fables, says, "While you can easily snap a single piece of wood if a number of pieces are tied together securely it is almost beyond human possibility to break them."

Having agreed that organization is necessary, it is now our purpose to find out what sort of organization is required. Trade unions have existed in the building industry for a large number of years, but when their strength is tested they prove a lamentable failure. In the building industry men labor in a co-operative manner. The employer organizes the workers upon the job for the purpose of producing profits. That is, he insists that all sections shall work harmoniously and co-operatively, in order to produce wealth for his benefit. Yet in spite of this lesson all trade union effort to organize the building workers in the past

has been upon lines which divide the men into craft unions. As a result we get the weakness and other evil consequences that sectionalism produces.

When a dispute occurs with an employer the workers are often defeated by one section remaining at work when another has gone out on strike. No one will deny that those crafts remaining at work are really blacklegging quite as effectively as the professional blacklegs. From what cause does this deplorable state of affairs arise? It is not because those who stay at work are not imbued with the same spirit of unionism as those on strike. Neither do they wish to see the strikers defeated, for they are generally the first to resent having to remain at work. It is because sectionalism cannot supply that concrete cohesion required effectively to combat the growing combination of capital.

It will be a surprise to many to know that there is not one union in the building industry whose friendly benefits are solvent! Hence the unions have to resort continually to levies in order to meet their increased liabilities. Bad as this position is, it is made worse by the fact that practically the whole of the vitality of the various unions is absorbed in administering these friendly benefits.

Again, building workers are spread all over the United Kingdom; in many small towns and villages the number of men engaged in the building industry does not amount to more than 200 or 250. Now, to organize these men on craft lines means that a branch of each union must be established in each of the small towns. This means, of course, that the carpenters, bricklayers, masons, painters, plumbers, plasterers, laborers, and so on are all split up into small factions. By this method there is not the slightest hope of ever being able to effect any considerable improvement in the conditions of labor or wages. *This fact alone explains why three-quarters of a million of building workers remain unorganized in this country.* For the above reasons it was necessary for building workers to look for a better form of organization than craft unions. That is why the B. W. I. U. was brought into existence.

Industrial Unionism Necessary.

Now what is the meaning of an industrial union as applied to the building industry? It means that every worker in the building industry should belong to one union. That the laborer (who requires just as much housing, clothing, food and recreation for his wife and children as other people) should belong to the same organization as the mechanic. They both need to organize for the improvement of their conditions; and it is only by working together in one union that both can be uplifted. The grievances of the laborer must become those of the mechanic, and the grievances of the mechanic must become those of the laborer. The highest paid must unite with the lowest paid to secure the better pay desired for all. "An injury to one must be the concern of all."

Many will say there still exists a great cleavage between the so-called skilled and the unskilled. That we readily admit; but if that cleavage is to be removed, if we are to arrive at a stage when the identity of interests is realized by all, we must meet in the same branch room, hold the same ticket, and assist in building up the same union. That alone will make true progress possible.

The railway men have already realized how powerful it is to be organized in this manner; the engine-cleaner and the engine-driver unite to fight for a common cause. The miners do likewise, and secure to the membership of their union all those who work in and about the mines. The success of this policy is proved by the fact that both of these powerful sections have already received considerable advances. The building workers, on the other hand, are still dragging behind, asking and not receiving.

If one union is good for the railway men and miners, it is good for the building workers. Not until recently have the building workers had an opportunity of organizing in this manner. They should do so now by joining the *Building Workers' Industrial Union*—the only organization in this country that admits ALL building workers to its membership.

THIS IS A COLBORNE ROTARY AUTOMATIC PIE MACHINE
UNDER ACTUAL OPERATION IN THE PIE PLANT OF THE
PITTSFORD PURITY PIE CO., OF INDIANAPOLIS. THE
GIRLS ON THIS MACHINE ARE TURNING OUT FROM 600 TO
800 PIES PER HOUR.

AUTOMATIC PIE-MAKING

By Dudley Foulk

WHEN I was a boy, and when you were a boy or a girl, one day in the week was set apart by our mothers and grandmothers, set apart and devoted to the solemnities of bread and PIE-MAKING. It was conceivable that Wash Day be held over in times of rain, sickness, flood or earthquake. Mending, ironing and cleaning days might be switched around in the weekly calendar in response to urgent expediency. Only Baking Day was unalterable and absolute. Saturday was held sacred to Pies and Bread as regularly as the weeks ran round.

When grandmother died, Aunt Bina baked pies for the funeral supper and when Aunt Bina passed out, mother and the other aunts came forth on the sixth day of the week to provide Uncle John and his youngsters with pies for seven days. Babies were born and people passed away, but in every "respectable" home PIES WERE BAKED ON SATURDAY.

I well recall the delicious kitchen savors of the Sixth Day, when the fragrance of pies arose like incense before the altar of some high, gastronomic god.

And pie-making was some job in those days. We children usually picked the currants and cherries, and gooseberries, the blue-berries and strawberries. Sometimes we were marshaled into the kitchen or snared to pit cherries on the back porch. Sometimes there was apple and rhubarb paring and slicing for the girls.

No man will forget the flavor of the pies of his mother's baking just as no woman can ever forget the weary hours of back-breaking, life-sapping, flesh searing labor she spent, week after week, month after month, year after year, over red-hot stoves in kitchens that were themselves like ovens—to produce those pies.

And so we want to be glad of the new division of labor that is becoming both possible and general thru the invention and introduction of AUTOMATIC PIE-MAKING MACHINES. Already a large percent of the pies eaten in the United States are made by automatic pie-making machines. Gigantic pie factories now rank with the vast laundries and enormous bakeries that divide the labor of the home, as the mills and shops and factories and

machines have revolutionized the labor of men. Gas and electric lighting, municipal water supply, municipal sewerage and steam heating have come to lighten the burdens of the home.

Clothing is made in mills and factories, fruit is put up and preserved by machinery, huge soap-plants have been built, carpets are woven by machine instead of by hand labor, and hundreds of other branches of home industry are now conducted outside the home.

The automatic pie-making machines are bound to some day take the drudgery out of Saturday just as machine steam laundries are making Wash Day and Ironing Day periods of calm and pleasure instead of aches and confusion.

Somebody has computed the figures and claims that any number of wives of farmers have baked, individually, pies sufficient, if piled flat, one on top of another, to tower above two of the tallest buildings, set end on end. And every one of these pies represented an appalling amount of human labor.

It would take a large-sized family, possessed of enormous appetites for pastry, over sixty years, to consume the number of pies baked in a single day by the Case & Martin Pie Company, one big concern located in Chicago. This company bakes from 20,000 to 30,000 pies by machinery every working day in the year. Under the old home production method, it would take sixty housewives, baking ten pies a week, one year to make 30,000 pies. This institution has given 6,000 housewives, who baked on the average five pies a week, "free Saturdays" by taking over a part of the

labor of the home.

And this is only one concern in a single city. Probably the Moody & Waters Pie Company of Chicago, supplies as large a number of pies per year as the Case & Martin people, and these are only two of the larger pie-making companies in this city.

The bakery of the John R. Thompson Company, owners of a string of dairy lunch rooms and restaurants extending all over the United States, is looked upon by advocates of the new automatic pie-making system, as one of the model plants of the world. It represents modernization in pie-baking to the most advanced degree.

The Colborne Manufacturing Company of Chicago, makers of the best and most modern pie-making machinery, claim that "five girls at \$20.00 a month and one forewoman, at \$32.00 a month, run one of the large Colborne Automatic Pie Machines and manufacture all the pies made."

They say that if *skilled* bakers were employed instead of these unskilled girls, the labor bill would amount to at least \$432.00 per month against the \$132.00 now paid, an increase in wages alone of \$300 a month, even if the automatic machines were still used but operated by *skilled* labor.

If the Colborne automatic machines were discarded and the old hand methods restored, an enormous addition of labor cost would be the result—"for these automatic pie-making machines can turn out, with six unskilled girls at the helm, from 1,200 to 1,800 pies per hour."

MACHINES MADE BY COLBORNE MFG. CO.

The automatic fruit strainer, made by the Colborne people, which prepares the fruit for the pies, not only strains, but removes seeds and peelings from cooked fruit, while their automatic apple slicer does this work more uniformly and more speedily than can be accomplished by the most skillful operatives.

Their automatic cherry-pitters pit 4,000 pounds of cherries every day, a labor which it would require many efficient and experienced women to perform in the same period of time. Their automatic plate washers clean up the dishes and remove the need of human dish washers.

THE ABOVE PICTURE SHOWS THE COLBORNE LARGE AUTOMATIC PIE MACHINE IN THE CASE & MARTIN BAKERY.

COLBORNE LARGE AUTOMATIC PIE MACHINE IN OPERATION IN THE PIE BAKERY OF A. HAGAMAN, ALBANY, N. Y. TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN HUNDRED PIES PER HOUR MAY BE MADE ON THIS MACHINE WITHOUT TAXING IT.

The Colborne Crust Roller saves the flour dusting in which hand bakers indulge to prevent the dough from sticking to the boards and rolls the dough to any uniform thickness desired with breath taking speed (just as wet clothes are wrung thru a clothes wringer). Their rotary pie machine rolls the dough, dampens the lower crust, trims the pies (to any size desired) and turns out an hourly average of six hundred pies when operated by three girls.

The Automatic Pie Machine, the most modern product of the Colborne Company, is practically automatic in all its operations. It will turn out thirty completed pies, with top crusts, per minute. It rolls the upper and lower crusts, dampens the lower crusts, to cause the uppers to stick to them, trims the pies and delivers them complete, ready for the oven. When this automatic machine is operated by six unskilled girls it turns out from 1,200 to 2,000 pies per hour. Automatic pie-markers decorate the upper crust of these pies.

We may expect the machine to further invade the field of baking from now on. The small bakers and small bakeries are

disappearing before the onrush of the modern factories. They cannot compete with hand labor against machine production. They are becoming every day more and more obsolete.

Hand weaving was compelled to yield before the machine. Human energy in the glass blowing industry is rapidly passing; machine molding is taking the place of the old-time molders. Specialization is the order of the day and the specialist in the field of production can only establish himself by eliminating competition, by making commodities representing a smaller amount of human labor thru the use of modern machines.

And modern machinery requires more and more capital with every improvement that takes place in the machine. The more automatic the machine the more will it eliminate skilled labor and even unskilled labor.

As the machinery of production grows more automatic, in this and other similar fields, production will ultimately doubtless resolve itself into being carried on chiefly by the chemists and mechanics aided by a few unskilled workers.

COLBORNE AUTOMATIC PIE MACHINE 20 FEET LONG, 5 FEET HIGH, WEIGHS 6,000 POUNDS, CAPACITY 30 PIES PER MINUTE, OR 43,000 PER 24 HOURS.

Socialists and Militarism

By WILLIAM E. BOHN

THIS article is only in part an answer to the one by Comrade Henry Slobodin in the March number of the Review. I return to this subject of militarism, and especially to the notion of the citizen army, because in relation to them our American Socialist Party faces a great opportunity and grave danger. It is more than ever necessary that we should think straight with regard to these matters. It is quite possible that our million votes may have a decisive influence on the nation in its present crisis. Among the farmers and members of the middle class there is a determined opposition to any extensive military equipment. A sharp campaign by the Socialist Party would add largely to this opposition.

Our referendum on the subject proves that the great majority of our members are opposed to all forms of militarism as a regular feature of the life of this nation. Everywhere I go I find that our members are quite clear in their opinion. But our agitation is slow in getting under way. We are against any form of militarism, but not enough against it to make a great stir in the world. So it is necessary to return to this subject again and again.

Comrade Henry Slobodin's two articles on the subject prove how dangerous it is to trust even the most brilliant leader with regard to a matter so vital in the life of the working-class. In his article in the January Review Slobodin maintained with great vehemence that American Socialists "stand committed in favor of universal training and a citizen army." His reason, given at great length, is that European Socialists from 1869 to 1907 passed resolutions in favor of this thing. I answered in the February REVIEW that the Socialists of the United States are obliged to decide for themselves in the year 1916 what is opposed to the interests of the working-class and what is not. In the March REVIEW Slobodin acknowledges that "perhaps Socialists are no longer bound by the resolutions of the Second International." Imagine what must be the effect on non-Socialist working-class readers of

such a reversal as this. The necessity of thinking clearly before we write was never better demonstrated.

Another point in Slobodin's more recent article shows the danger of controversial writing with regard to so grave a matter. I took occasion to remark that if the nation goes in for preparedness at all it will probably go the whole length, in fact, not to do so would be foolish. This remark I supported with the further one that at the present time military efficiency depends upon equipment and organization, "the mobilization of the national life." In reply Slobodin quotes from Bernhardt three or four phrases to the effect that "heightened demands" are now made the "individual character of the soldier." Of course, everybody knows that Bernhardt's book was written to show that the whole nation, its industry, its education, its agriculture, its transportation, etc., must be directed toward military ends if the nation is to succeed in modern warfare. But it is a pity that Slobodin did not read the paragraphs from which his phrases were selected. In one of them he would have found the surprising information that demands are made on individual character because of "the immensity of the armies, the vast extent of the spheres of operation and fields of battle, and the difficulty, inseparable from all these conditions of giving direct orders." In the following paragraph he might have learned that "It is one thing to lead 100,000 men or perhaps 200,000 men in a rich country seamed with roads, and concentrate them for a battle—it is another thing to manoeuvre 800,000 men on a scene of war stripped bare by the enemy." Bernhardt goes on from this to argue that peace manoeuvres must be prosecuted on a scale hitherto unthought of. One wonders what Bernhardt would think of Slobodin's army with its weapons behind the kitchen stove.

Or again, how can we be helped in our thought by knowing that a writer believes in "universal military training," but not "universal military service?" Where and

when is training to be received if there is no service?

In conclusion Slobodin acknowledges that I am right in supposing that any sort of military training induces a military, not a militant, state of mind. And still he is in favor of such training. Or at least he is willing to use his influence in favor of it and urges other Socialists to do likewise. He even goes so far as to compare the effort to secure it to the effort to secure higher wages.

But this is enough of mere controversy. Comrade Slobodin nowhere in these articles places his argument on the basis which seems to me fundamental to working-class thought. It is necessary to stop answering him in order to discuss the really important aspects of the question of militarism.

Let us regard the matter briefly from two points of view. As Socialists most of us believe that the chief features of our political life are causally related to our form of industrial organization. War is a continuation of policies pursued during times of what we please to call peace. Our economic organization is a very complicated one and human nature is actuated by complex motives. Nevertheless, I think most of us agree that the important wars of the present time are caused directly or indirectly by the character of our economic organization.

If this is true, how should we act toward the proposal to spend part of our national energy in the acquirement of military organization and equipment? Each one of us possesses a certain amount of social influence. Our Party possesses great influence. Each one is in control of his own influence. Co-operatively we control the influence of our Party. How shall we direct these influences in the face of the present crisis?

If our economic organization is the chief cause of war at the present time, the simple, obvious thing for us to do is to direct our influence against the continuation of this cause. Once get the majority of people to see this cause, and understand the possibility of removing it, and we shall have gone a long way toward making war impossible. Every bit of time or energy

which we devote to fostering war or the preparation for war is deducted from the sum total which we can devote to the effort to abolish it—if it does not, in fact, furnish an impulse in the opposite direction.

Or look at the subject in a still simpler manner. The working people of the country are the great majority. They are surely the main source of additions to "our" national wealth. Under present conditions they suffer much from economic, political and social restrictions. Socialists are, for the most part, working people and now and always give evidence of a purpose to reconstruct society, or influence the evolution of society, in such a way as to give the working people a maximum of human possibilities.

Now military organizations and operations under modern conditions have universally a certain character. They make for authority on the part of the ruling classes and submission on the part of the common soldiers drawn from the working classes. This statement holds true of professional armies like that of England, of conscript armies like that of Germany, of citizen armies like that of Australia, and of militia bodies like our own state organizations. That it will continue to hold true is indicated by the very nature of military operations. All human experience goes to show that democracy and the militarism of the present and immediate future cannot be mixed.

Such knowledge of human nature as is possessed by every normal adult leads us to take for granted that a ruling class used to command and a working-class used to obey will remain indefinitely in their respective positions. Therefore, it is evident that militarism in any conceivable form will tend to keep the working people in their present position with all the economic, political and social restrictions which belong to it.

This very simple and obvious course of reasoning leads to the conclusion that Socialists, organized as they are for the purpose of freeing the working class from its present restrictions, must, of necessity, oppose militarism with all their might.

LABOR NOTES

The Passing of the Telegraph Operator

THE scientific monthlies are now enthusiastic over the latest improvement in sending telegrams which, they claim, will make the telegraph operator unnecessary.

Striking efficiency, they say, has been reached in telegraphic communication thru the development of a new transmitting and receiving mechanism which is rapidly being put into use in large cities thruout the country.

It is a printing telegraph system of pronounced flexibility which materially increases the traffic carrying capacity of existing wire facilities. Altho the apparatus is complex in itself, its operation is said to be so simple that it will obviate the need of employing telegraphers and will resolve the work of receiving and sending messages to the simple routine of operating a typewriter keyboard and tearing off one communication after another as they are printed on a roll of paper.

In this way a girl entirely unversed in the Morse code and the use of the telegraph key, but experienced as a typist, is made just as capable of sending a telegram from New York to Chicago, or to some other point, as if she were a veteran telegrapher.

To the telegraph operators this is important, for notwithstanding the fact that heretofore this class of skilled workers has been much in demand and has been able to maintain a somewhat higher wage scale than unskilled laborers, all the years these men and women have spent in learning this trade and in becoming expert or skilled in it, will count for nothing. They will have to begin all over again and find some new field for their labors.

Thus we have seen the *beginnings* of the passing of the molders, the glassblowers, the typesetters, the railroad engineers, to some extent, the boilermakers and the car builders, the stenographers, who are slowly yielding before the dictagraph, and a host of others.

During periods of great expansion, of building, constructing, or during a period of "war orders," the pinch is nowhere so greatly felt, but the scale is everywhere

downward for the skilled trades. New demands create new trades—temporary trades—during boom times, but the inevitable reaction is bound to come.

The telegraph companies appreciate the possibilities in cutting the wage scale on operators, altho the typists will need to receive nearly as much as the former operators, as the latter were badly underpaid—but the important phase is the high speed transmission and great volume of traffic that may be handled over *one line* by use of this invention.

Altho not representing the limit of flexibility of the system, quadruple-duplex operation is made possible. By this is meant that four channels in each direction are provided on a single line.

Forty-five words a minute is the average transmission now. Under the new system 180 words may be sent in each direction over a wire in one minute, or a total of 360. *Popular Mechanics* says:

"The instruments included in the new equipment consist essentially of a tape perforator, electric transmitter, a distributor, a receiving printer, and an automatic controller. To understand the operation of these devices it is first necessary to differentiate between tape transmission and the old method. The code used is known as an equal-letter, five-unit plan. Each individual signal requires exactly the same line-time for transmission and consists of five units, whether it represents a letter or a figure. A narrow tape is punched crosswise, each line of holes representing some specific character. This is done by a small machine fitted with a standard typewriter keyboard. When the letter "A" is struck, the tape is perforated with five holes representative of that letter in the code. An average of about 45 words a minute are punched in this way. The tape, as it is perforated, is extended to the transmitter. Fingers in this instrument pass through the holes and operate a series of levers which set up in turn the proper combinations for the signals.

"Positive and negative impulses sent out by the transmitting mechanism actuate the

printing receiver at the other end of the line and cause the message to be typed out. Every function performed by the printer is controlled by the perforations in the distant tape, even to the extent of line spacing and carriage shifting.

"This explains roughly the manner in which the telegraphing is done. The most salient feature, however, is that not merely one message may be transmitted in each direction over a line in this way, but four messages in each direction, or a total of eight, simultaneously. This obviously requires the use of a battery of four transmitting and receiving instruments. The device known as the distributor makes this possible by alternately connecting first one and then another of the transmitting and receiving instruments for a brief flash in which one signal is sent. Thus in sending four distinct messages, a single letter of the first, second, third, and fourth is sent successively, and the routine then repeated. From this it may be seen that when a signal is being sent from one transmitter to a receiver, the other three senders and printers are not literally in operation."

A Shower-Bath of Paint

A MACHINE that paints several chairs or tables in the time that an ordinary workman would take to paint one—and paints them better—is now being successfully used by furniture-makers. It is an application of the familiar paint-sprayer or "air-brush," adapted to do fine work by being driven electrically. A contributor to *The Edison Monthly* (New York, November) notes that while scenery, newspaper-illustration, and possibly, it is whispered, somewhat of serious art, have prospered of late through the medium of the air-brush, the use of the contrivance as a paint-dispenser on a scale purely vulgar and commercial has been reserved for recent days. He goes on:

"Perhaps it would be more correct to say that its application in this connection was but experimental. And no doubt it would have continued so had the experimenters, as at first, persisted in the use of

non-electric motive power. Happily, however, the irregularities and jolts of the former drive were found unnecessary and the device supplied from the Edison mains has made its way into an important number of big furniture-establishments.

"The air-brush itself looks remarkably like a Colt revolver, trigger and all, excepting, naturally, a peculiar barrel-tip quite as deadly in suggestion as the remainder of the mechanism. Introduced at the breach, the paint-screen finds itself suddenly whirled toward this peculiar opening by seventy pounds air-pressure turned on immediately behind the paint-tube. The result, a fine and what would seem a waterish spray is emitted to cover with unbelievable rapidity the chair or whatever else is subjected to its attentions. With either paint or varnish the machine works fully 300 per cent faster than the fastest workman."

Imperialistic Socialism

By Henry L. Slobodin

SOcialists never tire repeating that social development is the most complex phenomenon in the range of evolution. Yet, in practice, they frequently forget this proposition and act as if the transition from theory to practice is the simplest thing. Our experience, however, is that things generally, and things social particularly, look startlingly different when realized from what they looked when merely written in a program.

I have now in mind the Socialist attitude towards nationalism. On paper, the Socialists solved the problem of racialism or nationalism, with one grand sweep of the hand. The working class knows no nationality. The solidarity of the interests of the capitalist class of all countries on one hand and of the working class of all countries on the other became an axiom. There was no other division to be recognized. The class struggle superseded the national struggle. So it was on paper.

In reality, the thing took quite a different aspect. When the idea of international class solidarity was first put forth, it found Europe partitioned largely among several big nationalities, with many small nationalities squeezed into them as raisins into a cake. Germany and Italy were in the period of unifying and coalescing their Germans and Italians, respectively. This work they speedily accomplished. And there you had Russia sprawling over one-sixth of the land area of the globe, covering Russia proper and also taking in Poland, Lithuania, Estonia, Finland, Oukraina, Caucasus and numerous races like the Jews, without any definite territory of their own. Austria was a crazy-quilt of nationalities and races, with the German and Magyar nationalities dominating all. Germany had part of Poland under its thumb, to say nothing of the Jews, Wends, Letts and Slavs in Prussia.

The Germans in Germany and Austria, the Russians in Russia, while economically oppressed, were nationally a dominating race. Their language, religion, literature and customs were protected and fostered by their respective governments. Demands of national self-expression, freedom of language and religious worship would have been superfluous in the program of the German or Russian Socialists.

But there were dozens of nationalities scattered over these empires whose language was officially banished; whose literature was proscribed; whose religion was oppressed. For these nationalities national self-expression, freedom of language and religious worship were immediate, living problems. With these problems pressing upon them, Poles, Jews, Oukrainians, could no more think of other social problems than a person lacking air could think of athletic exercise.

Such were the national conditions to which the Socialist movement at the outset addressed itself.

How did these aspirations for national freedom, known in Europe as national self-determination, stand the acid test of the class struggle?

In the concert of Socialist powers the German Social Democracy played the first fiddle. Completely satisfied with the conditions of their own national existence, they could afford an attitude of lofty contempt towards national aspirations. Predominating not only numerically but economically and politically as well, their advice to subject races was—become assimilated. The Russian Socialists were not slow in imitating a worthy example. Assimilate became the order of the day for subject races. On the fringe of every oppressed nationality there was always to be found a group of "assimilated," Germanised or Russianised, members of their own race. They formed a group of

“assimilators” who joined in the advice of the dominant nationality—become assimilated. This meant that the German solution for oppressed nationalities was—become Germans. The Russian solution was—become Russians. And the class struggles were claimed by these assimilators as a basis for their demand.

Why, they said, obscure the great doctrine of class solidarity of the working class of all nations by national issues?

Moreover, it was said, the existence of diverse nationalities was conducive to race hatreds and wars, not to speak of religious hatreds and wars. With race and religious diversities eliminated, the class struggle will be fought on clear lines. The elimination of race differences appeared to the “assimilators” as a measure of progress and they refused to be swayed by sentimental motives.

Almost every Polish or Jewish Socialist knows that, in his young days, he assumed the attitude of lofty contempt toward the aspirations of his race for national and religious freedom.

This is the way some Socialists attempted to carry out the great and, to them, simple idea of class struggle through the diversities and complexities of nationalities and religions.

How did it work in prosaic reality?

It will be admitted that tolerance is not one of the besetting sins of Socialists. The Socialists were sincerely and honestly indignant at the ignorance and superstition of small nationalities which insisted in obtruding their national struggles where the class struggle alone was in place. There arose a kind of imperialistic Socialism which demanded what in theory it claimed to be, a “nation-less” organization of society, but which, in reality, could not avoid being, as they well knew, a German, or Russian, or English society, with all other nationalities and races completely absorbed and assimilated.

Imperialism is the attempt of a dominant race to extend its dominion over other races and assimilate them wherever possible. It matters not whether it is done in the name of “the white man’s

burden,” “kultur,” or “Socialism.” Imperialism can achieve its dominion only through oppression and violence, altho the violence need not be of physical nature.

That there was a strong tendency on the part of the great powers in the Socialist movement to do violence to the small nationalities cannot be denied. And the Socialist movement deserves all the more credit that, notwithstanding strong pressure, it refused to be bent in that direction. One has only to recall the attitude of many Russian revolutionaries toward the first Jewish programs in the eighties. They excused them, and almost hailed them as a manifestation of “the uplift of the people’s soul.” The idea being that the people will first try their hand on the Jews, then turn on the Tzar and then on the capitalists. And the Jewish “assimilators,” standing amidst the wreck and ruin of their own race, repeated dazedly —“the uplift of the people’s soul.”

The unreality of Socialist imperialism made it impossible for this method to emerge from the domain of theory. It would be going too far afield to discuss here whether the amalgamation of all races into one would, from a bio-social point of view, be for the benefit of mankind and civilization. The fact remains that, all the theories of amalgamation to the contrary notwithstanding, the racial and national tendencies show, with enlarged opportunities, diverging rather than converging characteristics. Not alone historic nations, like Poles, Bohemians or Jews, show a determined desire for national existence and self-determination, but even the smallest races, to the world at large obscure and unknown, are now heard from, one after another, coming out with demands for freedom of national existence. When the Lithuanians demand to be distinguished from the Poles, the Letts from the Lithuanians, the Oukrainians from the Russians, only an ethnologist could orient himself in the grounds for these claims. Yet all of them, as well as the numerous tribes inhabiting Caucasus and the Balkans and the Armenians and the Arabs, all clamor for

national freedom and self-determination. From all corners of the globe we hear, in tongues whose existence we did not suspect, the same cry for national or racial freedom. And when, in a given territory, a voice is heard in one tongue, voices in a dozen other tongues suddenly break out, each clamoring to be heard on its own account. Tongues and customs considered dead these thousand years are now being exhumed for modern use so as to furnish a given racial group with a racial livery.

The Jews are turning back to the use of ancient Hebrew; the Irish to the Gaelic tongues.

There is no reason to believe that this universal outbreak of nationalism and racialism lacks the elements of historic permanency. At any rate, it is real, and when theory and reality meet in conflict, it is not reality that steps aside. And the Socialist movement will not sidestep reality for the sake of a theory. It is not a question whether Socialism should

favor nationalism or racialism. The question is whether Socialism will recognize a fact.

And why should not it?

What anti-national Socialism offers, under the guise of revolutionary Socialism, is imperialistic Socialism. The choice is not between revolutionary Socialism and nationalistic Socialism. The choice is between imperialistic, oppressive Socialism on one hand and libertarian, emancipating Socialism on the other. True, international Socialism lies with the latter. Because it will recognize the right of all races and nations to equality of freedom and self-determination, Socialism and the class struggle will, for that reason, be none the less revolutionary and international. The fact remains that the very word international implies the existence of diverse nations. The class struggle will be fought on clear lines, not when there will be no nations or races, the wildest of chimeras, but when national and racial oppression will be removed and all nations afforded equal rights.

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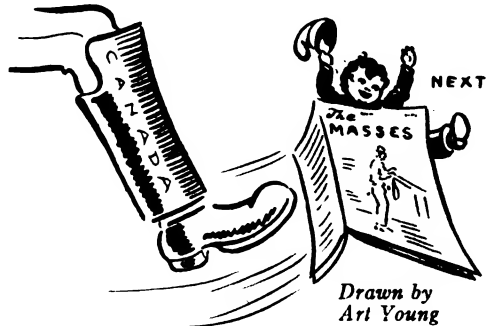
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- - -

NEW YORK



EDITORIAL

POWER

It is Power that makes the wheels of industry revolve, that makes trains of cars loaded with food stuffs, cloth and clothing, with fuel and the other necessities of life, to climb the mountain roads and rush down over the plains, to the back gates of our cities to supply the needs of the nations of the earth.

It is Power that digs canals, lifts the steel girders to build bridges that span the rivers; Power that transports men from one land to another, that carries the workers from their homes to their places of employment, that sends the news from one end of the world to another, that lights our cities, carries water into our homes!

Power that removes sewerage and garbage from millions of flats and houses, that builds and weaves, that sows and reaps, that fills our harbors with ocean liners and dots the seas with vessels laden with all the things needed by mankind today! Power! Steam power, gas explosion and water power united with the brain and hand power of the workers of the world!

It was a great step forward when early man threw the burden from his own shoulders and first hitched his ox and his horse to the plow; when he allowed the water in the mill pond to turn the wheels that ground his grain, when he set aloft a crude windmill to pump his water.

But it was steam power, harnessed to new and gigantic machines, that made the railroads, steamships, modern shops, mills and factories possible. Horsepower and the reaper and binder set free many of the laborers on the farms, so that workers were available for the growing industries in mill and factory. And steam power and the gas engine have taken the jobs of still more

farmers during the past few years and sent them toward the industrial centers looking for jobs.

In the old days man worked unceasingly to provide for his own wants and the needs of his family. In the good-days-a-coming, POWER, outside of man, will accomplish all the drudgery of the world's work. Capitalists today see this and are planning to monopolize the world's greatest natural power to their own profit.

The REVIEW has received a letter from the Committee of Industrial Relations, Washington, D. C., to this effect. It says:

"An enormous grab at the public wealth has recently been made by big corporations with the help of the United States Senate.

"The Shields Water Power bill, which has passed the Senate and is now in the House of Representatives of Congress, is the worst attempt to get the natural resources of the people into private hands that has been pulled off in years.

"Unless the people back home beat this iniquitous grab in the House of Representatives, the biggest remaining source of public wealth will pass into the hands of private privilege, WITHOUT COMPENSATION AND FOREVER.

"THE BILL WILL GIVE AWAY ALL THE WATER POWER OF ALL THE NAVIGABLE RIVERS IN THE UNITED STATES. Write quickly and protest to your congressman."

* * *

There is only one known kind of natural power that pours and pours and will continue to lavish its strength, ready to be harnessed by the hand of man to fetch and carry at his bidding, to dredge and drain and irrigate, to blast and lift the ore, to

push the farm machines, the cars, the ships, to plow and plant, to reap and stack, to thresh and grind and bind! Power to spin and weave, to cut and sew, to feed and kill and pack! Power, in short, which, if controlled by the working class, will ultimately accomplish most of the world's work and liberate man from excessive and degrading toil.

Water power is the one great natural force that continually renews itself. Water expands and evaporates, is crystalized and condensed, going round and round in a continuous circle of perpetual force or motion. It IS Perpetual Motion! Nature herself lifts into the heavens, day after day and year after year, oceans of water, to send it tumbling down in springs and rivers and floods to refresh the thirsty earth and to supply sufficient power to carry the BURDEN of the labor of the world. Man has only to stretch out his hand and catch and conquer and harness this fugitive, titanic force.

Here is the Power that shall free man from moling in the mines, shall turn him from prison factories and mills, as the farm machine has partly freed him from the soil. The Force is here. We have Electricity to transmit it. All we need is the organization of the working class to take control and use this Power in the interests of the people who *make* things, instead of for the benefit of those who *take* things.

In private hands the water power of the United States, harnessed and developed, will bring to its owners an almost limitless economic advantage. The capitalist class is depending upon the workers to develop this power, to direct and utilize this power—for the benefit and profit of this class. Congress will probably endorse the action of the Senate and give away this greatest of all ungarnered forces—to private individuals.

But it will not be forever. The greatest machine the world has ever invented, run by whatsoever power you will, is still made, operated and controlled by the hands and brains of Labor. Without these hands and brains, machines are but dead lumps of iron and steel; Power is but coal or oil beneath the surface of the earth, or water tumbling down the slopes of mountains in spring and river.

It is the hand of the Worker that guides these things, that directs their force, that utilizes them. And these hands can *hold*

these things, can *keep* these things whenever they are organized into a working-class union determined to overthrow the wages system.

Congresses and Senates may give; it remains always possible for the organized workers to take back again. Capitalists may own—but it is the workers who operate. The hands of the workers open the throttles and throw the switches. All they need is organization to enable them to take the world for the workers.

Workers of the world—you are at the helm. Your hands are on the levers of the world. Power is yours to command. Organize and you can do all things.

(M. E. M.)

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., Required by Act of Congress of August 24, 1912
Of International Socialist Review, published monthly at Chicago, Ill., for April 1, 1916.
STATE OF ILLINOIS,
COUNTY OF COOK—ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Charles H. Kerr, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor of the International Socialist Review, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 448, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Charles H. Kerr & Company, 341 East Ohio street, Chicago.

Editor, Charles H. Kerr, 341 East Ohio street, Chicago.

Managing Editor, Mary E. Marcy, 341 East Ohio street, Chicago.

Business Manager, Leslie H. Marcy, 341 East Ohio street, Chicago.

2. That the owners are (give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock):

Charles H. Kerr, 341 East Ohio street, Chicago.

(All others hold less than 1 per cent each.)

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are (if there are none, so state):

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is _____ (This information is required from daily publications only.)

CHARLES H. KERR, Editor.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23d day of March, 1916.

MICHAEL J. O'MALLEY.
(My commission expires March 8, 1920.)

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

The Internationalism of Capital.—Such internationalism as we have is a product of capitalist development. In the early days of the war it became clear that one result of it will be the creation of new international units. We may see the world divided into three great empires, controlled by the Central Powers, the Entente Powers, and America. Or, to speak more exactly, we may experience a half competitive, half co-operative, control of the world by the capitalists of these three power groups. There will be changes, of course. Fifty years change friends to enemies, and occasionally a decade will suffice. But the world as it will be at the close of the war seems now to be taking rather definite form.

The Central powers were, as always, the first to make their organization effective. Even before the war the Germans had organized the Turkish army, officered it and prepared themselves to make it a part of their military machine. As soon as the Austrians began to suffer defeat the forces of the dual monarchy were treated in the same way. Then they began to win. The agricultural, mineral and industrial resources of all territories within the iron ring have been centrally administered to ward off economic exhaustion. Fighting as separate units, as mere allies, the Central Powers would have been defeated long ago.

During the past two months there has come evidence that the Entente Powers have learned the lesson. During the last days of February there assembled in Paris delegates from the two houses of the English parliament to sit with similarly

chosen representatives from the French Chamber and Senate in an international parliament. *L'Humanité* reports that little was done except to provide for a combined effort to maintain credit. To be sure a certain degree of military unity had been provided for at an earlier date. But, according to the French view, the final result was a sense of common interest.

Just a month later occurred a conference of the prime ministers of Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium and Serbia. Terms of peace were discussed and it was again decided that no country would offer separate terms to the enemy.

A hundred years ago the English were taught that it was a matter of duty to hate a Frenchman as they did the devil. If France ever regains her position of military dictator on the continent, they may have this doctrine revamped for them. But this seems improbable. The old wars brought about no such co-operation as we see now. And this drawing together of peoples cannot be without results. If French and English statesmen get together, why should not French and English labor unions do the same thing? Some may say that they have already done so. They have hardly done so in anything but vague language and their sentiment. They have never mapped out definite policies as have the capitalist statesmen. Capitalism is far in the lead.

The Socialist International.—Camille Huysmans, secretary of the International Socialist Bureau, has seen the necessity of defending the inaction of that body.

Apparently a little more has been done than is commonly thought. In any case, it is evident from the statement that the weakness of the Bureau is but the weakness of the movement itself.

This explanation was made at the annual congress of the Dutch party. The Bureau has done two things: (1) it has called various group meetings of socialists of allied or neutral countries; (2) it has called to the Hague, its present seat, representatives of the various parties in order to keep in touch with the movement. These activities have been carried on by the Executive Committee, for it has not been thought wise to call a meeting of the bureau as a whole. Certain of the parties, it has been generally understood, would refuse to meet the delegates of enemy countries. Therefore a general meeting, thus incomplete, would have been worse than none. The French even refused to send a delegation to talk over the situation privately with the Executive Committee.

The proposals for peace recently advanced by the French Socialist Party, according to Huysmans, give ground for hope. On some such basis representatives of the French and of the German minority may be able to get together. Then it may be possible to have a general meeting. The explanation concluded with the somewhat worn formula that "the International is not dead."

Strictly speaking, the Bureau has done nothing but seek for the basis of an international understanding. The reason this has not been found is that, with things as they are, it does not exist. So the Bureau is not to be blamed if its showing is a poor one.

The Division in Germany.—The Socialist group in the Reichstag is now definitely divided. On March 25, Hugo Haase, until recently floor-leader of the group, made a stinging speech against the war. "The Socialists of all countries hate war," he cried, "we want peace." Philip Scheidemann shouted that the Socialists would never desert the government. There was a great tumult. Haase was forbidden to proceed and, with 18 other deputies, he withdrew. Thereupon the group held a meeting and expelled the rebels.

The reports that a new party has been formed are evidently the result of some misunderstanding. A new party could not be formed over night. But from this time on there will probably be two groups of Socialists in the Reichstag. It is much better to have it so.

The Socialists of Austria.—We are all badly informed about Austria. Practically no reports on the social and political conditions in that country circulate in the press. From time to time letters and unsigned manifestoes have been published, but they have given so dark a picture that they have naturally been discredited. In general one gathers from them that whereas the German Socialists have supported the government and gone in jingoistically for the war, the Czechish comrades have, for the most part, opposed both government and war. This may be partly due to the fact that a victory for Germany will mean further suppression of non-German nations of Austria-Hungary, while a defeat may mean greater liberty for them. But the Germans and non-Germans have long had separate Socialist parties and there is nothing new about their taking opposite sides.

The most recent manifesto contains stories of iron despotism and cruel persecutions. Men have been shot or imprisoned when they asked for peace. Both local and national governments are carried on without reference to the will of the representatives of the people. In order to beat down Czarism, Austro-Hungarians are forced to submit to tyranny as terrible as any that ever disgraced Russia. Discussion of conditions has become an impossibility and only the return of peace can reveal to the outside world what is now taking place.

In the face of this the manifestants cry out: "No solidarity with the ruling system in Austria," and to the slogan of the government, "Hold out to the end!" they answer "We will—for our own principles!"

French Socialist Party. In the face of great difficulties the French party is maintaining its organization. This is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that a densely populated section of northeastern France is in possession of

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the Germans. Before the war, according to *l'Humanite*, the party was composed of 83 departmental sections. All of these have been retained. Departments occupied by the enemy are represented by groups which have migrated within the French lines. Before the war there were 75,312 members. In 1915 there were 24,638. The great falling off is due to military service, death and poverty. In 1916 the number of the previous year has at least been maintained.

The enthusiasm of party workers increases, and the influence of Socialist thought is said to increase.

Labor Conditions in France. In England the government and the capitalists are barely succeeding in "muddling along" through the mess they have got into with the workers. In France it is different. There not a strike has occurred, it is said, since the war began. Investigators sent by Lloyd-George returned with a golden report. "The spirit which dominates the nation has prevented difficulties arising in the manufacture of war materials," it said, and "the increased production is due to one cause only—patriotic enthusiasm."

The second part of this picture is denounced as false by M. Merrheim, secretary of the Metal Workers of France. "The workingmen cannot help themselves," he affirms, "for the simple reason that the great majority of them—probably about 80 per cent—are men under the colors and are subject to military discipline in the factories." Any man who objected would be sent to the front. The manufacturers are making great fortunes, for there is not even the show of limiting some of them that we have seen tried in England. Children and women work night and day. The unions have protested and urged governmental directors, but with no effect. Wages have gone down about 40 per cent, while the cost of living has advanced more than that.

But even now the capitalists are unhappy. They fear the return of peace. There will be, they think, lack of labor, lack of capital, lack of transportation facilities. And when these patriotic workers become mere civilians again what will they do?

In an effort to find out, the Federation of French Manufacturers and Merchants invited Joubaix, Secretary of the Federation General du Travail, to make a speech. He did so. He said that after the war hours must be shortened, unions must be recognized, and in general the workers must be treated like fellow citizens. M. André Lebon, for the Manufacturers, said he did not agree with all this, but that some sort of peace must be patched up between labor and capital or class war would soon follow the international one.

The striking thing about all this is that we have almost identical reports from the warring nations. One capitalist is, after all, astonishingly like another capitalist.

A Strike in Scotland. It is said that 80,000 workers are out along the Clyde. Apparently these are the same munition workers who have all along been trying to protect themselves against the dangers of "dilution." Just why the strike was called does not appear clearly in the cablegrams. The operation of their agreement with the employers affords plenty of opportunity for quarrels. Probably the men's committee was ignored in the ruling on some point.

Strike in Australian Mines. It was announced in last month's REVIEW that the silver miners of Broken Hill, Australia, are out on strike. The Broken Hill workers lead a hard life. The rainfall, about 10 inches, leaves the place a desert. The gases in the mines are so poisonous that it is impossible for the men to work an eight-hour day and maintain their health. This was officially determined by a government commission. So the men are striking for a 44-hour week. That is, they want Saturday afternoons off.

The government is proposing a four-day week, with, it is to be supposed, four days' pay. An attempt to arbitrate was about to be made when the latest papers left Australia (end of February).

SOCIALISTS CHALLENGED I challenge every Socialist, Radical, Single Taxer, or Reformer to send ten cents (money refunded if dissatisfied) for my book, "Why Things Happen to Happen." Are you sure you're right? W. Harry Spears, Hamilton, Ohio.

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NEWS AND VIEWS

Putting One Over the Miners

AFTER viewing the recent convention of the U. M. W. of A., held in the city of Indianapolis, Ind., we can but look upon the administration with suspicion. After wind-jamming the slaves, who were sent there as representatives of the miners, they tell them to return home while the officials beg, barter and compromise at the feet of the capitalist class.

Oh, you United Mine Workers of America!—you who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. You, who have sent hundreds of thousands of dollars into the Russianized state of West Virginia to be spent by a bunch of labor fakirs and industrial traitors, revelling in drunken debauchery and compromising our every effort!—when will you wake up? Oh, you miners of the competitive states! You furnish the money and the traitors spend it, and at the same time you boast of what you have done for West Virginia. While you have done some good, we are honest enough to admit, there is a great wrong you have done also. You have permitted us to be dominated over and overrun with every type of industrial traitor and labor fakir in the union.

You have also permitted thousands of dollars of your money to be spent in political campaigns that were detrimental to the cause of industrial freedom.

Every time we make a move to better our conditions the Czar from Pennsylvania puts in his oar. We cannot recall any official of our own district organization even for embezzlement or crooked dealings of any kind, because of the interference of the representatives of the International Union. We furnish the money for the advancement of the union and our money is being spent to crush organization. We would do well to investigate this matter for ourselves and not leave it up to the International Union to do so.

We, in West Virginia, are getting tired of being called the pull-back of the organization when we, who put up the money are alone responsible by putting our money in the hands of official pirates and compromisers to be spent in fighting us instead of being used to further the cause of organized labor

in West Virginia. But we are fast coming to our right minds in the Russianized state of West Virginia, and if the policy of the union is not changed in the near future, there will be more secessionists in West Virginia. We are tired of being robbed by the officials of our own district who are backed up by the officials of the International Union, and if there is not something doing shortly, there will be another step made toward the advancement of the *one big union*.

FRED MOONEY.

From One of the B. of R. T.

IN answer to your article on the general strike in the railway service, in which you ask the question, "Who is going to put the brakes on?" I believe I, a train service employe of fourteen years' experience, can give you a good answer. First, I wish to say I am and have been a member of the B. of R. T. for ten years and I am a close observer.

P. H. Morris rendered valuable service to the General Managers' Association. After delivering the 100,000 trainmen bound by contract to the general managers he attempted to deliver them politically thru the Railway Employes & Investors' Association, but he failed to make a go of it. But he had a safe henchman, Lee, in charge of the industrial organization. Well, you know the general managers remembered his service and promoted him to the position of an assistant to one of the vice-presidents (7th, C., B. & Q.). Lee is on the job. There is more democracy in Tammany Hall than in the B. of R. T. Anyone familiar with the workings of the organization knows this. Lee is at the head of the machine thru patronage and the good wishes of the general managers. His moral function is to control us.

Well, the men are restless; they know they are getting it in the neck. The general managers and the big capitalists know better than the men that a political revolution is at hand, so the henchmen, consciously or unconsciously, are going to be a factor in assuring a return of Mr. Wilson and, of course, a vindication of his military policy.

In other words, I believe a grand opportunity is here offered for an American political trick.

Samuel Gompers got the provision in the Clayton Bill to prevent certain funds from being used to prosecute unruly labor leaders. Pure bunk! Again, the Seamen's Bill. But the S. S. China cleared from Frisco the other day with 143 chinks and 14 Filipinos, because the Wilson administration agreed with the master not to enforce it. Wilson has done nothing for the workers. Now the trick—a threat to call a general strike. Lots of press agent work. "The consumers and the public would suffer, etc." Presto! Enters Mr. Wilson; a grand-stand play; talks rough to the general managers; forces what would look like a good settlement a week or so before election and then a mad attempt to be made to rush labor to put the hero back on the job.

Would not a few concessions from the general managers be worth trading for a military machine capable of enforcing the Dick military bill? Then Wilson would give labor what they voted for—the bayonet. He let Ludlow go by; why won't he give labor what they want? Both the Republican and Democratic parties are committed to the military machine. Therefore, the masses must be delivered up for the success of the force that is to keep the machine-displaced slave in trim to die by slow starvation. Here is a live chance for the smooth political trickster to prevent such a political revolution as occurred when Lincoln was put on the job. Do you see now who will put the brakes on? And by and by, as the automatic machine makes tramps of the workers, the big capitalists will have the military machine to do as the capitalists of Europe are today doing.

A COMRADE.

The Cave Stories—A California comrade, in sending in a subscription, writes: "If possible, begin with the October number, as I want all of the Cave Stories. They jolt every time." —W. M. B.

Oregon—A comrade writes: "Times are hard, but I have taken the REVIEW so long that I can't get along without it, but do not change the name of the REVIEW. It means just what it says. Other Socialist (so-called) magazines and papers have come and gone, and we appreciate the fact that the REVIEW has been on the revolutionary firing line all these years." —W. G.

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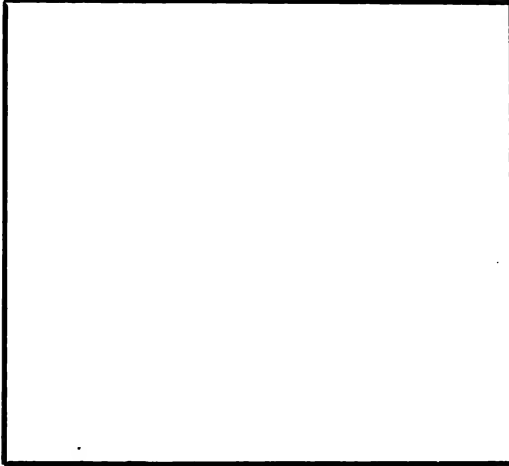
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Notice to Canadian Comrades—Comrades passing through Guelph should take time to drop in and shake hands with our comrade, James Smith, who runs a Socialist news stand opposite the Grand Trunk Railway Station in the King Edward Hotel block. You will receive a warm welcome and will also have an opportunity to purchase a lot of Socialist literature.

From a War Widow—"My husband was in the army for four years, and my son served during the Spanish-American war, so I have had enough murder in my family. I am now trying to eke out an existence on \$12.00 per month pension. I herewith enclose my mite, as I missed your REVIEW so much."

Millers Miners' Union—At Millers, Nevada, No. 264, Western Federation of Miners renews their standing bundle order for another year and their secretary, Mr. H. A. Beckmann adds, "the boys certainly enjoy your magazine." You miners who read this, as well as the REVIEW regularly, should get busy in your union and round up a regular standing bundle. It will not only help the REVIEW, but will also help you to "wise up" the boys.

On Unity—I wish to call the attention of the readers of the REVIEW who are members of the Socialist Party to the coming Unity conference with the Socialist Labor Party. The membership of the Socialist Party passed the referendum to hold such conference by an overwhelming vote, thus indicating their desire to do away with the present disgraceful

gates to conventions as would a state organization of equal numbers. This plan would give these revolutionary Socialists representation in proportion to their strength, whereas, if they joined the Socialist Party as individuals, as our bourgeois opportunists of the Milwaukee stripe would be only too eager to have them do, it is plain that they would be in a hopeless minority everywhere, even with the support of the radical element of the Socialist Party, and could consequently not express themselves.

It might be urged that this having two autonomous Socialist bodies in the same federation would cause trouble, but it certainly couldn't cause as much trouble as the presence of two Socialist parties in the field is causing the movement. Then again, the Socialist Party itself is composed of autonomous state organizations, differing greatly in policy with regard to tactics—from the Berger-Wisconsin organization to the states of Washington and Oregon. Indeed, "state autonomy" was the original compromise on which the Socialist Party was founded, as any student of party history knows. The unity plan on the federative basis would therefore introduce nothing new in the way of organization.

I can understand, of course, that the opportunistic wing of the Socialist Party will fight the federative plan, and try to "starve" the intrepid rebels of the S. L. P. into joining as individuals, in despair. This only emphasizes the duty of the radical element of the Socialist Party to fight for the federative plan, and thereby secure unity on the only possible lines. The real reds of the S. P. should make the federal plan of unity an issue in every branch or local meeting of their respective organizations, and try, by getting resolutions passed setting forth and supporting the federative plan, to secure its adoption. The membership of the party must get busy if we are to have even formal unity in the movement. Yours for Unity, Clarence Hotson.

* * *

When Mr. Gideon, of the Advisory Board of the National Education Association, called at the office of the REVIEW this month in his campaign to secure simplified spelling in the periodicals, he told an amusing story of a particularly pompous business man in this city whom he had tried to enlist in the interests of the association.

"I might, I say, I *might* persuade myself to permit of the use of simplified spelling in such words as—as—'thru' for through, or of 'catalog' for catalogue, my dear sir," this as from one conferring royal favor.

"But I should draw the line. I should find it necessary to draw the line in the spelling of—well—Heaven—for instance. I could never yield that point, my dear sir. Never! I should never permit this to be desecrated to 'Heven.' No, my dear sir. I should *insist* upon Heaven remaining as it was spelled—ages ago—by all the saints and the prophets—*H-E-A-V-E-N.*"

All of which was, of course, somewhat beside the point. Who ever heard of *any* of the saints or prophets writing or even *speaking* in English?

Metal and Machinery Workers—I noticed an article in the REVIEW in regard to a steel and machinery workers' union. It has been suggested that we make it metal and machinery workers. This would take in men who are employed at all classes of metal and machinery work, which would be all the more powerful. I do not think it would be wise to leave out the brass workers or any others who may be employed at metal work of any kind, and as we have a metal and machinery workers' charter here in Cleveland, Ohio, and a few of us are paying dues to hold it, what is the matter with making Cleveland the headquarters and working along the same lines as the agricultural workers' organization of the I. W. W.? I have heard so much talk about what we are going to do and what we would like to do. We could keep on talking about it forever and we would be in the same place we are at present. Come on, now, fellow-workers. Action is the slogan of today. Let us do it right now. We have the charter and let every worker who is interested in this move transfer to or join this local without delay. All who are willing to get into action, communicate with Solidarity, 112 Hamilton avenue, room 301, Cleveland, Ohio.



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Quantity Discounts Withdrawn. We have been allowing stockholders a discount of 50 per cent on orders accompanied by \$10.00 or more. This discount is withdrawn for the present, and until further notice no one can buy our books at better than 40 per cent discount. Cash must accompany order, and we will pay postage or expressage.

Book and Stock Combination Offer Withdrawn. For the last few months we have been offering special inducements to *new* stockholders in the shape of books at *less than cost* with a share of stock. The increased cost of book paper compels us to withdraw this offer. In future no one can buy our cloth-bound books, transportation charges prepaid, at better than 40 per cent discount, and no one but a stockholder can have this discount. But any one can become a stockholder by paying \$10.00, and we will, if desired, accept this \$10.00 in ten monthly installments of \$1.00 each, and allow the 40 per cent discount as soon as the first payment is made. A booklet, "The Story of a Socialist Publishing House," explaining in full detail how our company is organized and why Socialists should subscribe for stock in it, will be mailed free upon request.

Classics of Science Free to REVIEW Hustlers. As announced on a cover page of this month's REVIEW, we have purchased a large quantity of the best scientific works in the English language to give as premiums to those who send us new subscriptions for the REVIEW. The books are by great English scientists, and need no testimonials. The titles and subjects treated are as follows:

The Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection; or the Preservation of Favored Races in the Struggle for Life. By Charles Darwin.

The Descent of Man; and Selection in Relation to Sex. By Charles Darwin. Explains how free selection on the part of the female improves the species.

First Principles. By Herbert Spencer. The Unknowable, the Knowable, the Indestructibility of Matter, the Persistence of Force, the Law of Evolution, etc.

Education; Intellectual, Moral and Physical. By Herbert Spencer.

The Data of Ethics. By Herbert Spencer. Ways of Judging Conduct, the Physical View, the Psychological View, the Sociological View, the Psychological View, the Sociological View, Altruism Versus Egoism, etc.

Fragments of Science. By John Tyndall, F. R. S. The Constitution of Nature, Radiation, Reflections on Prayer and Natural Law, Science and the Spirits, Scientific Materialism, Spontaneous Generation, etc.

Other Worlds Than Ours; The Plurality of Worlds Studied Under the Light of Recent Scientific Researches. By Richard A. Proctor.

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Socialist Books for the Campaign. These are a necessity, first because the profit on the sale of books at a meeting makes all the difference between success and failure

in covering the cost of the meeting without a heavy tax on the few most active workers who become responsible for the bills; second, because to sell a man a good Socialist book does far more toward making a Socialist of him than the most brilliant oration or lecture. The speaker's phrases are soon forgotten, while the book continues to do its work. Here are some of the books that we are still able to supply in fairly large quantities for the campaign of 1916:

Breaking Up the Home. By Mary E. Marcy. Shows that machine production is breaking up the home as an industrial unit, that capitalism is destroying the homes of the workers and that Socialism aims to preserve them. 5 cents.

How to Kick. By Robert Rives LaMonte. A discussion of working-class tactics, showing the need of both industrial unionism and political action. 5 cents.

The Shrinking Dollar. By Phillips Russell. A popular and forcible yet thoroughly scientific discussion of the "high cost of living." Illustrated, 5 cents.

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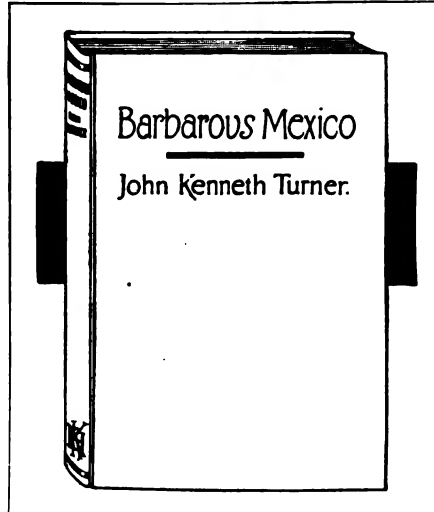
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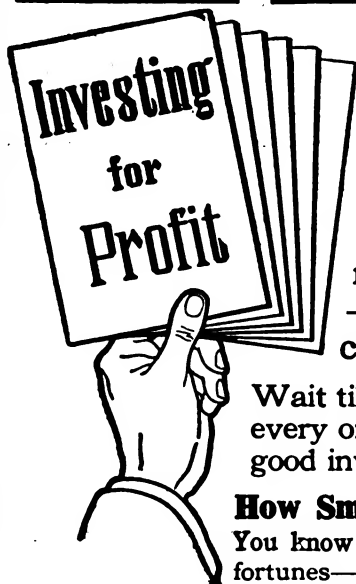
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The True Spirit of Preparedness!

From Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Employer (to militia officer)—“Here, take him and make a soldier out of him. Let's get ready around here.”

Secretary Glenn of the Illinois Manufacturers' Association announced he had made plans to arrange for a large number of employes of every manufacturer in the association to be in line in the great Defense Parade.—From Chicago Herald.

CARL SANDBURG

READY TO KILL

By Carl Sandburg

Ten minutes now I have been looking at this.
I have gone by here before and wondered about it.
This is a bronze memorial of a famous general
Riding horseback with a flag and a sword and a revolver
on him.
I want to smash the whole thing into a pile of junk to be
hauled away to the scrap yard.
I put it straight to you,
After the farmer, the miner, the shop man, the factory
hand, the fireman and the teamster,
Have all been remembered with bronze memorials,
Shaping them on the job of getting all of us
Something to eat and something to wear,
When they stack a few silhouettes
Against the sky
Here in the park,
And show the real huskies that are doing the work of the
world, and feeding people instead of butchering them,
Then, maybe, I will stand here
And look easy at this general of the army holding a flag
in the air,
And riding like hell on horseback
Ready to kill anybody that gets in his way,
Ready to run the red blood and slush the bowels of men
all over the sweet new grass of the prairie.
—From Chicago Poems.

WAR IN MEXICO.

711

The
**INTERNATIONAL
SOCIALIST REVIEW**

VOL. XVI

JUNE, 1916

No. 12

THE PITTSBURGH STRIKES

By DANTE BARTON

THE United States Steel Corporation went to the front for the Employers' Association of Pittsburgh on May 2. Repeating the Homestead tactics of 1892, its armed guards, thugs, special policemen and detectives fired volley after volley from riot guns and repeating rifles into the crowds of strikers and sympathizers—men, women and children—killed three, fatally wounded three others and seriously wounded from forty to sixty more.

Following that open violence, the Steel Corporation and Employers' Association invoked the legal process of Pittsburgh to put the wrong persons in jail. Dragnet warrants brought in the leaders of the unorganized numbers of the workers. They were thrown into jail and kept there without bond and without trial by the most arbitrary seizure of power.

There had been no violence in the Pittsburgh industrial district until the strike, which originated in the Westinghouse Electric Company's plant in East Pittsburgh, had spread to the Edgar Thompson Works of the Steel Trust—a Carnegie branch in Braddock. Realizing that their men were going out, the steel corporation officials began importing the coal and iron guards from Gary, Ind. These men arrived on Saturday, April 29. Several of them boasted that they had been in the employ of the Rockefellers in the Ludlow massacre in Colorado. For ten days before the fight at the Thompson Works, about 60,000 workmen and working women, from skilled mechanics to unskilled laborers, had been out on strike. Beginning on April 21 in the Westing-

house Electric Company in East Pittsburgh, the strike had spread rapidly until it included all of the 40,000 employes of the various Westinghouse plants. Within five or six days partial or complete strikes had seriously crippled or tied up 23 other industries scattered throughout the entire Pittsburgh district. The Pressed Steel Car Works and the National Tube Company of the United States Steel Corporation became involved in big strikes later in the week.

This great strike in the Pittsburgh district centers in the demand for an eight-hour work day. It is part of the great industrial movement of the workers throughout the nation for the eight-hour day. The demand among practically all the workers of Pittsburgh and Allegheny County has not been lessened or affected by the shooting of the workers in Braddock. The consent of the Westinghouse strikers to accept the mediation offered by Patrick Gilday, chief of the mediation and conciliation board of the state department of labor and industry of Pennsylvania, was in no sense an offer of arbitration. The workers declared that the eight-hour day was not a subject of arbitration. They demanded it as of right.

But back of the eight-hour day demand is the realization by the workers that the opportunity of labor to assert itself to control its own pay and its conditions of work and of life is here now in the United States. Practically without organization—there were fewer than 1,000 members of the American Federation of Labor among the 40,000 employes of all the

Courtesy of the Survey.

JERUSALEM COURT OR BOWERY, McKEESPORT.

Russians, Austrians, Poles, and Bohemians, Russian, Polish, and Galician Jews, German, Hungarians, and Negroes, were residents of Jerusalem. One Irish family for full measure.

Westinghouse plants—the workers of all grades and of both sexes threw themselves into the strike movement. Workers of all nationalities acted with solidarity. The great mass of them were still getting low wages; but they and the skilled mechanics, and some favored few workers receiving as high as from ten to even eighteen or twenty dollars a day for long hours of overtime in the manufacture of war munitions, joined simultaneously in the strike for the eight-hour day.

Gains of big and increasing importance have already been made by the workers. Starting with practically no organization, great numbers of the strikers have joined the International Association of Machinists and other unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. Andrew T. McNamara, an organizer for the Machinists, and Patrick J. Kelly, of the Machinists Local No. 6 of Pittsburgh, estimated that in the first week of the struggle 4,000 machinists, skilled workers, had left the several plants involved in the strike. Requests for many hundreds of these machinists to go to work in other cities had been received. For a year the Westinghouse employers had advertised

for skilled workers, and in a day they lost more men from their labor market than they had added in the year.

Until the new demand for labor, and especially skilled labor, in the Pittsburgh district had arisen along with the mad scramble of the mill owners for war profits, the condition of the great army of the workers in the district had been frightful. A survey of a typical residence section of the unskilled mill workers was taken very recently under the direction of the Rev. C. R. Zahnizer, Secretary of the Christian Social Service Union of the 500 Protestant churches of the Pittsburgh district. This section is known as "the Strip." It is in the heart of Pittsburgh. It extends from 11th street to 34th street and lies between the Allegheny River and the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks. In the whole of it there is only .57 of a square mile, and a little more than half of it is occupied by great industrial plants, a big Carnegie plant being one of them. In the less than $\frac{1}{4}$ square mile left for the dwelling of the poor, more than 15,000 persons live. An intensive study of the half block between Smallman street and Mulberry alley and between 31st street and 32nd street showed 43 industrial homes, of

Courtesy of the Survey

FOUR BEDS IN A ROOM; TWO IN A BED.

The young fellow at the table was writing home. Before him were pictures of his mother and sisters in immaculate costumes.

which 32 kept boarders. In 32 houses, containing 177 rooms, there were 110 members of the several families, and 174 men boarders—a total of 284 persons living in 177 rooms. Eight families, each family living in three rooms and keeping boarders, averaged six persons to a three-room apartment.

From January 1, 1915, to September 15, 1915, the average rate of wages paid to the 155 men living in that half block was \$10.40 a week. But the average pay received by each of the 155 men was only \$4.66 a week, as the men were given employment for only four-ninths of the time.

Such terrible facts of brutalizing poverty and oppression are entirely ignored by the Westinghouse and Steel Trust and other Pittsburgh industries who have been advertising in the Pittsburgh newspapers that now there are hundreds of thousands of dollars, and millions of dollars in wages being lost to the workers of Pittsburgh because of the strikes. The wage earners remember the many millions of wages they did not get when the masters of the plants and the tools kept them from work and forced them to the most miserable wages and to the terror of unemployment. You hear on all sides

from among the workers of Pittsburgh the expressed determination no longer to permit their lives and their earning power to be at the mercy of those whose caprice or selfishness or incapacity had subjected them to such degradation and misery.

But the industries of Pittsburgh are under the shadow of the Steel Corporation with its long workday and its ferocious prohibition of organization among its workers. About 70 per cent of the workers for the Steel Corporation still have the straight 12-hour day. The banks, the politics and the general industrial life of Pittsburgh look to the United States Steel Corporation for their orders. An Employers' Association, succeeding an earlier Manufacturers' Association, was formed within two days of the strike and walkout in the Westinghouse plants. A few of the smaller employing concerns told representatives of the International Association of Machinists that they would gladly grant the eight-hour day, and some few already had it, but they were afraid of the power of the steel trust and the allied big interests. The Employers' Association adopted resolutions to fight the demands of the workers. It did not publish the names of its officers, but it delegated Isaac W.

Frank, President of the United States Engineering and Foundry Company, and president of the Frank-Kneeland Company, to be its spokesman. The Steel Corporation kept out of this Association, but gave the direction to its activities.

Mr. Frank talked to the writer of this report with the same ferocity and violence with which the Steel Corporation acted at its Edgar Thompson Works in Braddock. In the presence of his partner, Mr. Edward Kneeland, Mr. Frank told the writer that the man whom he held chiefly responsible for the eight-hour day movement and other demands of the workers "should be assassinated." Becoming frightened then at his own indiscretion, he said that his statement had been very "unrational" and that he did not mean it. The Steel Corporation has also expressed regret at the death of the men its guards killed, though it still has the guards at its plant, and a compliant district attorney, R. H. Jackson, has issued wholesale warrants for inciting to riot and for being accessory to murder against the workers whom the guards wounded. The coroner, a person named Jamison, has committed these men and one woman to jail without bail until he may be pleased to summon a coroner's jury to hear their side of the case.

There was no violence attending the strike until the Steel Corporation acted. The only semblance of violence occurred on the first day of the shutting down of the Westinghouse plant when a crowd of from 500 to 700 of the striking men marched from East Pittsburgh to the Westinghouse Air Brake plant in Wilmerding, about a mile away. They went to encourage the workers there to join them in striking for the eight-hour day. They marched through the company's plant—whether being first taunted by the guards, accounts differ. At any rate, no serious injury was done to property or to persons. But the men and women in the Wilmerding plant all walked out. Until the fatal day of May 2 at the Edgar Thompson Works, the strikers and men who had been locked out by the panic or the cunning of the various industries were remarkably quiet and good natured. They met peacefully in mass assemblages and listened to addresses of leaders or stood in the streets and most of them evidently

stayed in their homes. There had been parades with and without bands. On Monday, May 1, crowds totaling from 3,000 to 4,000 marched from Wilmerding, Swissvale and East Pittsburgh to the Edgar Thompson Works in Braddock. The greater number stayed on the hillside overlooking the works and about a half a mile from it. Toward the late afternoon several hundred persons of the crowd went into Thirteenth street along the high board fence built there, and into the tunnel leading into the plant. They met no resistance and going through the works succeeded in causing probably one-half of the 10,000 or so employes of all grades to quit work. The company then banked all the furnaces and declared the plant shut down.

It was the next day, along about one o'clock in the afternoon, that the first shooting by the guards occurred. There was another fight between two and three o'clock in the same afternoon.

As usual in cases of such confusion, stories vary as to how the fighting started. The testimony of many of the men in the street is that the crowds were walking along in the street hurraing and urging the men in the works to come out and join the strike. Many of the workers from the inside were trying to get over the fence to unite with the crowds and company guards were pulling or driving them back. The firing of guns and the throwing of stones by the men, who later tried to storm the fence and were shot down or driven back by the guards, came in a pell mell of action.

The crowd of strikers and bystanders was entirely undisciplined and unled. It included very few organized labor workers. That it was not a "mob" intent on murder or other violence was shown by its general character, as it included many hundreds of women and children. Several of the women were wounded. The firing was done through the high board fence along Thirteenth street. A concrete wall surrounds all other sides of the works. While from fifty to sixty strikers and lookers-on were shot down, not a guard or company official or other person was injured. But immediately state troops were sent for by the sheriff and were sent by the Governor.

It is notable that the ten policemen of

North Braddock, comprising the entire police force of that borough of Allegheny County, had refused to take any part in guarding the Edgar Thompson Works and in being in readiness to shoot down their fellow citizens. "For the honor of the Borough," as the Borough Commissioners said, those ten policemen were afterward discharged.

Following the shooting by the guards and special police, many of the leaders of the strikers, most of whom had not been near the scene of the trouble, were arrested and put in jail on charges of being accessories to murder. John H. Hall, Anna Bell, Henry H. Detweiler, R. W. Hall, George Zeiber, Frank Imhoff, Geo. Cregmont, Joseph Cronin and Fred H. Merrick were the victims of this perversion of the due process of justice, whatever may have been its standing in the due process of Pennsylvania's trust-made criminal law. John H. Hall had been one of the organizers of and leaders in the "American Industrial Union," a federation of some hundreds of the otherwise unorganized workers within the Westinghouse plants. His discharge for that activity had been one of the immediate causes of the strike. Anna Bell, a young

woman who had worked nine and one-quarter hours a day at the standard wage of \$1.10 a day, had led most of the 2,000 to 3,000 women and girl workers out of the plant on the first day of the strike. Fred Merrick had been active for years in Pittsburgh as a Socialist speaker and writer and newspaper man. At a mass meeting of the workers, the first day of the strike, Merrick had shown a shot gun and had spoken of the constitutional right to bear arms. There was no advice to use arms and no other reference to their possible use, even in defense, at any of the public meetings. On the contrary, it was pointed out at all the meetings that now, with an absence of strike breakers and with a greater labor demand than there was a labor supply among the skilled workers, the workers had only to stand together until the desire of the mill owners for their abnormal quick profits had forced them to grant the eight-hour day.

The growing solidarity of the labor movement was shown in the concerted action of skilled and unskilled, including the women workers who, wholly unorganized, are especially exploited in the Pittsburgh plants.

LOOK at what money and newspapers can accomplish. The cry for Mex intervention never came from the American working class to start with. Nor from the Mex working class. It's money and newspapers spreading the scare.

Workingmen get on street cars after breakfast and look over the morning papers. The first thing nearly every day is a new Mex outrage on the front page. Indifference grows to a resentment.

"I don't care about Mexico" changes to "If somebody wants to lick Mexico, let 'em." With younger men gone dingbat over military uniforms and glory, it gets to be, "I'm ready to go down there and make the greasers respect the American flag."

Money and newspapers—handle these two forces properly and you make crowds of people think what you want thought.

Hearst has 1,016,000 acres of Mex land. Otis of Los Angeles has Mex land. And the Rockefellers.

Yet on most any streetcar you can run across mutts in overalls who don't own

a foot of American or Mex land and they're all ready to go down and fight Mexicans and raise the values of Hearst-Otis-Rockefeller land in Mexico.

Notice how slow the working class has been to get mad at Mexico. Day after day dirty lies packed on the front pages of newspapers. Day after day, "More Americans Killed." A great cause with great fundamental principles behind it would, under such an agitation, raise armies of millions. Mexican intervention being a little cause with only a Rockefeller itch, an Otis thirst and a Hearst hunger behind it, money and newspapers have to blow hard to raise what sentiment they do.

To conquer Mexico and lay it subject for proper Hearst-Otis-Rockefeller exploitation would take an army of 500,000 men. This is the Hearst estimate and agreed with by the Chicago Tribune and Los Angeles Times.

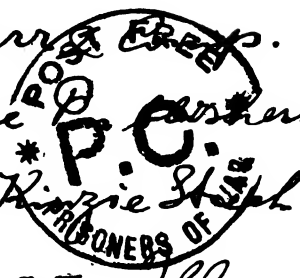
That's all they want—500,000 working class men and boys—to die for grabbers and speculators.

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THE FOLLOWING LETTER FROM A GERMAN COMRADE, NOW A PRISONER OF WAR, CAME TO US IN AN ENVELOPE AS REPRODUCED ABOVE.

F. Zach, P. Of. W. 22246 Camp VI.,
Compound 1, Hut 49 Peel,

Isle of Mann.

March 29, 1916.

Dear Comrades:

I am writing to you as requested by my other P. of W. comrades and fellow workers, who have to suffer for not our own faults. We have started to re-read the cheering-up REVIEW and we want you to know how it does cheer us up, especially, as there are so many books on patri-idio-tism, on which line we are not so very fond and when we read the old REVIEW we cannot get away from it; it kills this monotonous time. I have been a regular subscriber until September last year, but not being in a position to buy new ones, so I would kindly ask you herewith if you will do me and other comrades the favor of sending some back numbers. I have to close my letter, as my space is limited.

With international greetings.

Yours fraternally,

(Signed) FRANK ZACH.

Straight Talk to the Rails

By CLARENCE S. DARROW

Extracts From Address Delivered at an Open Meeting of Railroad Men in Chicago,
April 30th.

YOUR organizations have generally been considered the aristocracy of labor. This is one reason why you have so much trouble in fixing your hours and pay. If you are weak when it comes to fight, you have to first ask yourself the question whether you are in any way responsible for this weakness.

As a matter of fact, the *real working* people are those who are interested in higher wages—they have not been in sympathy with the locomotive engineers and it is pretty hard for people who work to accomplish much without the aid of their fellow workers.

One of your speakers has just said that the wages of *locomotive engineers* were less than the wages of *hod carriers*. Of course it does not take much of an apprenticeship to carry mortar. One is obliged to learn how to walk on a ladder and that is about all. We cannot envy a hod carrier, and if the hod carrier's wages are high in comparison with the locomotive engineer's, there must be a reason for it.

That reason is found in the different organizations. A hod carrier is a working man and he knows it. He makes his fight as a working man. He is not proud. He knows that his job is not a good one and that the main part of it is manual labor. He understands, too, that if he cannot carry a hod, he can do something else. He is not afraid to take a chance. If he refuses to carry a hod, he does not feel that

his life employment is gone, but that he could pick up something else and do it.

The locomotive engineer spends many years as a fireman, hoping that some day he will become an engineer. He could be an engineer much quicker, but it is not always easy to get a place. All the time he is a fireman, he is looking forward to a better job and when the job comes he feels that he is settled for life and has not very much in common with the rest of the workingmen.

A locomotive engineer is not a high-brow who can live without working. He is so much of a working man that he cannot get a high-brow's wages and he is so much of a high-brow that he cannot adopt a working man's methods, so he gets it going and coming. He is like a bat—neither an animal nor a bird.

The engineer comes largely from the farm and the wages he gets either as engineer or fireman are better than the wages he got as a farmer and he judges the question of wages and hours largely from the farmer's standpoint. Then, again, when he wears old clothes on the engine and he gets home at night and dresses up he may be a mayor of a country town, often an alderman or an influential citizen,—many times one of the best paid men of the town, faring better than the small merchant. In a way he is the envy of the town, for he can come to Chicago nearly every day, go down to the stock yards, and look at Marshall Field's store and the Masonic

Temple. The other citizens cannot come unless they pay their fare and they cannot afford to do that very often. The engineer feels that he is interested in prosperity in his town and its general welfare and is a respected citizen who has much to lose.

He is not a working man and cannot be classed with working men. He is not affiliated with the general organization of labor. *He operates alone and the rest of the organizations leave him alone.* His actual running hours are generally not very long and the people in the rural community consider that he is having a vacation when he lays off in town. Likewise the city people think he is having a vacation when he lays off in a country town. He has been paid better wages than the other train men and most manual laborers, so that he may be sort of a connecting link between capital and labor—interested somewhat in both and not very much in either, but when a man by profession is allied with both sides, he generally chooses to consider himself one of the aristocrats, because that is easier and so the engineers are the aristocracy of labor or the friends of capitalism, which ever way you wish to put it. In this way he gets the advantages of neither and the disadvantages of both.

If the miners, for instance, cause a strike to be called, he sees no reason why he should not want non-union men to take the places of strikers. He is not affiliated with them and has nothing in common with them. Of course, when it comes to the miner's turn, he sees no reason why he should help the engineers. The employer has learned that by giving higher wages to the engineer and separating him from the rest of his fellow men, it makes him save. He can afford to pay something for insurance and on this basis the engineer receives a certain percentage in extra salary.

Of course, the engineer cannot be expected to receive the salary of the president of the road, or their general counsel, or even their superintendent, but he can get more than the switchman, or the brakeman, or the trackman, so he stands neutral in the real controversies and conflicts of labor.

An engineer has had a long job of waiting and considerable service before his promotion. He has often bought a home on the installment plan and some times has bonds and money in the bank. His wife belongs to the whist club and his children

are well clothed and go to a good school. He cannot afford to risk this for some other person's troubles, or even for his own. He feels that at his time of life, that if he cannot be an engineer he cannot be anything and he naturally prefers to dicker and haggle for better wages rather than to set his price and refuse to work unless he gets it. The engineer's position is not an easy one. He cannot possibly place himself in a class with the laborer, so he gives up the dangers incident to strikes and does the best he can.

In the early days of the organization, the engineers were willing to take a chance; they did take a chance and what they got was due largely to the chance they took. No one gets anything of any importance without taking a chance. They have to be willing to live or die, according to the fortunes of war.

I have no special knowledge as to what course the engineers ought to pursue under their present demands. It is easier to advise a strike, but no one should take that responsibility without understanding the situation and I do not pretend to understand it. I do know, however, that the fortunes of the engineer are in the end *bound up with the fortunes of other working men and they will not prosper and ought not to prosper unless they are interested in those who are less fortunate than themselves.*

They cannot well expect other working people to help them unless they are willing to make sacrifices for the men who get less pay than they are getting. Of all the men who are engaged in labor, no class stands in a position where they are able to demand as much as the engineer. In a way this ought to make them conservative but they ought to understand their power. They ought not to make unjust demands, but at the same time they ought to stand for justice for all working men.

The railroads are the nerve centers of the country. If it were possible to organize all the railroad men into a *thorough union*, it would be *difficult* for the companies to *resist a demand* that was *not outrageously unreasonable*. No great city could live unless the trains ran in and out. All business is dependent upon the railroads. The railroad owners have learned this long ago and they generally fixed up their tariff rates, charging what the traffic would bear.

Of course, the farmer is helpless and the city dweller is helpless without the railroad. All modern life is built on them. The cities are absolutely dependent upon them. Country towns, and even the farms, have grown and developed with reference to their connection with railroads and as a consequence an ocean of stocks and bonds representing at least twice the value of the roads has been issued by promoters and jobbers and the people pay tribute on those stocks and bonds.

The railroad employes have the same advantage as the owners. The cities, country, villages and farmers are dependent on them. Unless they run the trains, business is paralyzed. It is an enormous power to be placed either in the hands of the owners of the roads or on the operators of the roads, but these powers should not be left entirely with the owners. With a thorough organization of railroad men interested in all the working people, almost any reform could be brought about. With a body of men operating the railroads who are interested purely in their narrow selfish end, nothing of any general importance can be done. The railroad men have a great responsibility, not only to themselves, but to their fellow workers.

If the conditions of life are ever materially changed it will probably come through the railroads, for nothing else reaches all life like the railroad—nothing else can produce such quick and far-reaching results.

I am quite sure that no one who works ever got what he earned. Neither the capitalist nor the laborer are entirely responsible for this, but working men have constantly improved their conditions through their organization and by their willingness to make a fight when fight was needed.

Whatever the engineers are fit to do at the present time, should be done, not alone

in view of their own wages and hours, but with regard to every other workman. You get better pay and shorter hours than most men who labor and therefore your responsibilities are greater than that of other men. You probably do not receive what you really ought to get and you will not receive it until you understand your relation to all the rest and are willing to take your share of the burden with the rest.

As a class you are more intelligent, better skilled and better paid than other laborers. This makes it easier for you to help in the general cause and the more the condition of labor in general is improved, the more will your condition be improved—better wages and shorter hours and better organization will increase production not only helping the working man but the employer, too.

When it comes to making a fight for better conditions, your employers naturally look over the field carefully to see what your resources are. The strength of each working man is mainly in his organization and the strength of each organization is largely in his relation to the other organizations.

I have no doubt that the engineers could get better wages and shorter hours if they were properly organized and if they really meant to make their demands so that their demands would be felt, but largely this question is up to you. It is a question for the individual engineer and for the organization of which he is a member. As far as the engineers alone are concerned, I would not be especially interested in their cause; but so far as they are a part of the general cause of labor and especially that great class who are badly underpaid, I am interested. I would like to see you improve your conditions and also work as hard for the general improvement of conditions as you do for your own.

THE EVERY WOMAN COMPANY.

ONE NIGHT STANDS

By EVELYN TOBIAS

THE dainty blonde girl from Cleveland, Ohio, who appears every night in the Everywoman Company, gazed sadly from the window of the train that was making its way slowly thru a wide expanse of rushing waters, from Vicksburg, Mississippi, toward Natchez, and sighed heavily.

"And to think that I refused to study stenography and broke into the theatrical profession because I wanted to *travel!*" She threaded her needle and viciously attacked a hole in the heel of a gauzy silk stocking.

"And I thought the stage would be more of an adventure than making hats for Bloom & Son," wailed her pretty companion.

The leading lady, the Everywoman of the cast, who has reaped a host of eulogistic press notices from Jersey City to Spokane, leaned across the aisle and grinned.

"I wanted to *earn* my living. So I guess we all got what we were looking for."

"But how could I know what I was go-

ing up against?" asked the girl from Cleveland. That all happened two long seasons—*ages*—ago. I was young then. For nineteen lovely years I had slept in the same clean bed, in the same comfortable home and eaten three square meals every day. I had never taken a bath in a pint of water and I did not know what it was to climb into a strange bed at one o'clock to be forced out at 4 a. m. or 5 a. m. to make the only train that would get us to the next date in time for the performance."

The slow-moving train that was laboriously threading its way thru the spring flood that covered the railroad tracks to the body of the car, came to a sudden and unexpected halt.

"We're stuck. Here's where I make my *will*. You may have my diamond ring," groaned the auburn haired girl to the Girl from Cleveland, "and I'll leave my clean combination suits to Miss Porter."

"I don't wish you any ill-luck, but I could contemplate, almost with serenity, the demise of anybody who offered to be-

queath me clean underwear this trip. I ought to have five or six bundles of clean things awaiting me at Natchez. But will they be there? Something tells me that, having collected payment in advance, certain young women at Mobile and Montgomery have developed an overwhelming desire to keep my things. I've had several bundles following me around from town to town, always a date or two behind," sighed Miss Porter.

The girl who played the part of Modesty laughed, "You will have *some* express charges. Better buy new things. It will be cheaper in the long run. That's what I'm going to do."

The girls, joined by other members of the Everywoman Company, gazed dolefully at the water rising all about the train. A lazy Mississippi youth rowed leisurely up to get acquainted with the strangers and Miss Porter produced a kodak and took one or two snap shots for the *Review*, seated in the boat, while part of the Everywoman crew rowed to the telegraph station and wired for a "feeler" engine to go ahead of the passenger to make sure that the tracks had not been washed away.

FRANCES SIMPSON AS "MODESTY."

Families along the river bank had moved upstairs, where the drab frame houses possessed two stories; others were on the roofs where the children clung together fearfully. A battered chicken coop, containing several cackling hens, floated down stream, a black cat meowing dismally from the roof.

"Nice, cheerful place to get swamped in," groaned the Girl from Cleveland. "If some horny-handed farmer lad would only rescue and propose to me, I'd leave this life of toil and uncertainty and settle down to ease and luxury as a rural bride."

* * *

But the advance engine and its crew moved forward thru the rush of waters and the train bearing the Everywoman Company proceeded slowly. At six o'clock it crawled into Natchez and the company scrambled madly about to find rooms. Unfortunately the Elks were holding a convention. This meant standing room only at the performance, but the present concern of the players was *rooms*, beds and meals.

This is one of the recurring daily problems that One Night Stands entail.

THRU MISSISSIPPI FLOODS.

Sometimes there are rooms at the hotels and sometimes not. Then boarding houses are requisitioned when possible, or private housewives appealed to.

"What time do you-all get in nights?" asked one grim, suspicious looking woman at Little Rock, who had been asked to rent a room for the night.

"We have to wash up after the show. O! About twelve o'clock," replied one of the girls.

"Humph! Humph! No, I ain't got no rooms to rent. This is a respectable place. I don't want no such goings-on in my house," snapped the woman as she slammed the door.

"O Lord! She thinks all we have to do is to ride around in limousines, drink champagne and blow money, I suppose. Now, where *shall* we go? I'm dead tired, dirty and hungry. And first curtain only two hours away."

But at eight fifteen the curtain arose, as curtains all over the United States have regularly arisen on the first act of the Everywoman Company, a first class Broadway production, for the past four years. Some way, some how, every member of the cast has found lodging, eaten some sort of a supper or lunch and been on hand to do his or her part.

Miss Edna Porter, who has been Leading Lady in Everywoman for four years, is a socialist and one of the most beautiful and brilliant young women on the American stage today. From its long run in New York this play has been everywhere a pronounced success. It has been so successful that several companies have been organized to tour the country, making jumps of first a week and three or four days and finally doing the best one, two and three night towns in the south and middle west.

Miss Porter was one of the originals in the Broadway production and has been writing us some illuminating letters on Doing the One-Night Stands.

This spring the Everywoman Company has traveled through miles and miles of Mississippi swamp lands, nearly all of which was submerged owing to the spring floods. But they have not missed one engagement out of one hundred and fifty-six towns and over two hundred performances.

Miss Edna Porter tells an interesting story on Miss Morrison, daughter of Lewis Morrison of Faust fame. Jumping from

town to town as rapidly as the companies do in short time stops, it is necessary for the performers to keep a route card before them to know where they are.

Miss Morrison, who was playing in Texas, jumped into a cab awaiting her before her hotel and commanded the cabman to take her to the station.

"Where are you going?" inquired the Jehu.

Miss Morrison looked puzzled. "I don't know," she said, "but we leave from the station where we came in yesterday."

"Well, where did you come from?" persisted the cabman.

"I don't *KNOW*," groaned the actress, "and, what's more, I don't even know where I am at this minute."

Miss Porter writes that anybody who believes the actress, the actor or the crew who make One-Night Stands does not belong to the working class has another guess

Photo by Moses & Sons, New Orleans.

EDNA PORTER AS EVERYWOMAN.

coming, as these dates are just 'one problem after another, with never a dull moment.'

"Verdun may fall and Berlin provoke a revolution; floods may rise and floods may fall; sickness may come and sickness may go, but the curtain goes up at 8:15 and Everywoman goes on forever."

No two towns mean the same problems, although every new point means finding rooms, unpacking, getting mail, looking for laundry, sending telegrams, tracing missing necessities, finding places to eat, buying necessities, etc., etc.

Nearly everywhere the whole town combines to "do" the company. The natural prey of the small town restaurant, laundry, store and hotel is the One-Night Companies, which have to accept what is offered and cannot remain to fight over an over-charge, a lost piece of laundry, or to effect any sort of retribution upon the Hold-Up Crew. The whole company has to pay and get on to make the next date.

"Pull," of course, puts anybody to the top at once in any field of endeavor, but the road of the ordinary actor and actress is a rocky one. If you work very hard, possess an iron constitution and show marked ability and remarkable personal charm, you may land an engagement with a Broadway production. But if anybody imagines this is a Bed of Roses, he is bound to find the surprise of his life, especially if the show proves a hit and is sent out on the Road.

When a company is making One-Night Stands, for example, there is always flood, fire and late trains to contend with. Bed at one and rising to meet a train at five, six or seven o'clock would send a group of factory workers on strike before the whistle blew. And sometimes this happens three or four days running.

On Easter Sunday the members of the Everywoman Company were at the depot to catch an eight o'clock train for Omaha. Worn out with long jumps the preceding week and two performances on Saturday, they hoped to reach Omaha in time to clean up and rest up for the evening performance. Some of the cast hoped to attend Easter afternoon service.

But the train was two hours and forty minutes late! Everybody had given up their rooms and there they sat at the depot, worn and sleepy, All Dressed Up and No Place to Go. At Omaha they had barely

time to snatch a bite and dress for the evening performance as the train arrived at seven o'clock.

It is cold cars one day and hot cars the next; late cars one day and floods the day after, and there are more varieties of rain and storm and trouble than you could imagine in a week.

The Everywoman Company declared that there is more good food spoiled in poor hotels and cafes and restaurants than a layman would believe—served, half-cooked, poorly-cooked, over-cooked, burned, cold, dirty and many other ways. But the actor always has to pay.

A sick thespian means Pay Day for the Quack Doctors. One may examine you and diagnose your case, prescribe and relieve—your pocket book at Louisville. The next medic will do his best and worst at Memphis, and at the third and fourth stop they take what you have left.

One girl in the Everywoman Company rose at seven to undergo a nose operation. The Company left at nine o'clock. She barely caught the train. During the week following three other physicians treated her.

If you oversleep, or the hotel clerk forgets to call you, or the alarm clock goes on strike and you do not wake up in time to catch the Company train, you do your best to catch another. One time out of a hundred, perhaps, there is a way of making connections. Sometimes you can hire an automobile and sign away what salary you hope to collect before the close of the season.

They tell us that the actress rarely gets away without leaving something behind for folks to "remember her by," stockings, laundry, clocks, umbrellas, books, slippers, night gowns, tooth brushes, toilet articles, rubbers, etc., etc. And she recovers these about once in a lifetime. So that professional people usually count these left-behinds as donations to the powers that prey.

When things are stolen from the company it is almost useless to appeal to hotel managers. A young girl in the Everywoman Company was robbed of a purse containing \$120. She asked the hotel clerk to have a search made for it. The request was refused, but the hotel night detective was sent to search among the company. Needless to say the purse was never recov-

ered. Another dramatic contribution to the Hold Up Crew.

The actress on the road can have one never-failing "friend." Dramatic companies are not annoyed so much as the musical companies, but some "Johnnies" are hopelessly hopeful and optimistic, especially when father happens to have money and an automobile. They cannot imagine how any girl can resist a machine.

"They accost us on one corner, circle the block, engineer a flank movement and so on till we reach our hotel or boarding house," writes Miss Porter, "and they are as hard to lose as a California flea. Hope springs *infernal* in their breast, where they seem to do their thinking."

"If the Board of Health Inspectors would take a look in at the dressing rooms of the small town theaters at which we make One Night Stands, they would often find them without windows and ventilation of any kind. They make some factories look like palaces in matters of sanitation."

* * *

Fortunately the day is past in which professional people considered themselves in a class above other workingmen and women, and when they were too proud to join a union to force better conditions. But until they organize as a class they may expect these conditions to grow worse every year.

It is rumored that members of some of the best productions in America are considering affiliation with the American Federation of Labor. While this might not mean all we could wish in the way of organization, this might immeasurably strengthen the position of the players. Particularly is this true should the A. F. of L. decide to help them to enforce their

demands and protests as the Building Trades back up the demands of their fellow workers.

The Chicago Hod Carriers, unskilled and often "foreign" laborers, work leisurely only eight hours a day, and they receive a daily wage of \$5.76. Organized by themselves they would possess very little power, as their places could be filled in case of strike in a very few days or hours. But they are organized *with* the Building Trade workers, who at any danger menacing the wages, hours or working conditions of the Hod Carriers threaten to tie up all the construction work in the city of Chicago.

An injury to the Hod Carriers means antagonizing the entire trade.

If a few professional men and women attempt to fight the employers or managers *alone*, they are doomed to failure. If they affiliate with other labor organizations, or are able to form a complete organization of their own profession, they can accomplish great results.

The statement has been made that the "White Rats have unquestionably done more than any other organization of actors since Thespis stood on the back of a cart."

The Actors' Equity Association has been formed for the purpose of causing "its members to take such lawful action as in the discretion of the Council shall benefit the profession."

"To protect and secure the rights of actors, etc., etc."

* * *

Our advice to the actors is to co-operate and organize with every other member of their profession, and with other trades as widely as possible. Strength comes thru union.

THE SOURCE OF RELIGION

By J. Howard Moore

RELIGION is a strictly human infirmity. No other animal has it. It originated far back in the past, when the human world was young and the mind just beginning to open. It is an anachronism today, with our science and understanding. It survives solely by the force of tradition.

Religion came out of the brain of the savage. It has been revised and revised, in adaptation to the changing knowledge of men, but it has always retained the unmistakable earmarks of its genesis.

Religion has had a natural origin. It has been produced, like everything else, in the laboratory of this world. Nothing is above Nature. There is no such thing as the supernatural. This is one of the glories of modern science—the discovery that everything on the earth is a part of the earth and shares in its nature the general nature of the earth.

We used to talk about "Man and Nature"—as if man were not a part of Nature; and about "Man and the Animals"—as if man were not an animal. But these ideas are passing away forever. There is not one law for the insect and another for the philosopher. The earth is a unit. The human body is made of the same matters as those that sing in the streams, and roar in the winds, and sleep in the everlasting rocks. The human brain is a tissue which a hundred million years ago lined the mouth-rooms of worms. Some one has admirably defined man as an animated carrot. Chem-

ically considered, he is but an inglorious gruel of sand and sea-water.

The primitive mind was steeped in supernaturalism. Everything was supposed to be caused by spirits. When a tree fell in the forest, it fell because some spirit threw it down. Gravity had nothing to do with it. If the tree fell on some one, it was supposed to have been thrown that way on purpose by an evil spirit. When a man got sick or lost his mind, it was because some evil spirit had wormed its way into the man and pushed the rightful spirit out. There were no microbes among savages. In the Bible and other primitive books we read constantly of the "casting out" of evil spirits. Instead of anti-toxins, primitive doctors used magic, vile drugs, and noise to drive out the spiritual interlopers.

During all the earlier ages of the world man's great and abiding anxiety was to act in such a way as to gain the favor of the good spirits and to outwit the evil ones. Ghosts, gods, goblins, spirits, demons, fairies and what not, swarmed about him from his cradle to his grave. He prayed and offered sacrifices; he sprinkled himself with holy water; he sang praises; he built temples; he prostrated himself in fear and supplication. It is pitiful to think how much time and money and energy and agony man has used up escaping the creatures of his own imagination.

To a savage, things are what they seem to be. He doesn't trouble himself to go behind appearances to find causes. The

sun actually rises and sets, as it seems to do. The earth cannot turn round on its axis, because it is flat, and because we would all fall off on the under side.

Religion is a child of wonder. It is the first roughdraft of man's explanation of the universe. The sub-human mind takes things for granted. It is without curiosity. Man's mind asks *why*. Religion is an unsuccessful attempt to put two and two together. Man saw a black thing running by his side, and he wondered what it was. He bent down over the pool to drink and he saw something down there looking up at him, and his wonder deepened.

To the savage, a shadow is a reality, and the image he sees when he looks into the water is one of his souls. The Greenlanders believe that their shadow is one of their souls. The Fijians call it "the dark spirit." The Basutos (Africa) are careful when they walk near the water to see that their shadow does not fall in, for fear the crocodile will get it and pull them in with it.

The savage knows nothing of the undulatory theory of sound. He never even suspects that the air is a substance. But he does believe that back of everything that happens is a spirit. Echoes are the voices of spirits calling from the invisible world to their friends here in the world of matter.

Savages are reluctant about having their picture taken. They believe that photographic impression is something taken out of them. Maybe it is their "life," and the loss will prove important in time.

Dreams are actual experiences to the savage. In sleep the soul leaves the body and wanders in the spirit-world. This spirit-world of the sleeper evolves later into the future world or heaven of more advanced peoples. If it had not been for the phenomenon of dreams, it is doubtful whether man ever would have succeeded in inventing the belief in a hereafter. Death to the savage is an "eternal sleep," when the soul leaves the body for good, and wanders endlessly among the spirits of invisible spheres.

Hell was the headquarters of the evil

spirits. It had to be located somewhere, so it was placed in the earth. Heaven was up among the stars, and was supposed to be only a few hours' journey above the earth. According to the ancient Hebrew conception, the sky was the metallic floor of the celestial regions, and the stars were the openings thru which angels and prophets came and went in their journeyings between heaven and earth. The rain did not come from the sea, but from these "windows of heaven," which were opened now and then. At the time of the Flood these windows were fastened open for 40 days, and the water poured thru until it was 4 or 5 miles deep all over the earth. Whatever became of all this water no one has ever yet made plain.

The idea of hell is rapidly becoming extinct. It is too repellant for anything but a very dull or a very cruel mind. We hold on to heaven because it is pleasant. But it must not be overlooked that heaven and hell are twins. They came together out of the same womb of primitive superstition. They rest on identical foundations. Man is a comical animal. He thinks he is logical.

The human mind is in its infancy. Man is a recent species. Mankind will live for *millions* of years. The short past is as nothing compared with the almost-endless ages to come.

Religion is essentially pre-scientific. It will pass away. It represents a certain stage of mental development. It has been tinkered with and tinkered with, until it is about ready for the scrap heap. The more men know of chemistry and physics and evolution and natural law, the less use they have for supernaturalism. No true scientist can pray. Prayer is unscientific. No evolutionist can believe in the divine origin of anything.

Religion has had a natural origin, like coal, and rock salt, and mountains, and river valleys, and everything else. It has been made in the laboratory of human feeling and imagination. The gods did not make men; men made the gods.

THE LEFT WING

Imperialism

By S. J. RUTGERS

NOTE: Dr. S. J. Rutgers, who has been for years associated with the best known socialists of Holland and Germany, as a member of the uncompromising Social Democratic Party of Holland, and who is in close touch with the European comrades who are planning for a new Socialist Conference, to be wholly International in its aims, has consented to write a short series of articles for the REVIEW, of which this is the second. His general subject is the attitude toward Imperialism and toward Internationalism of the LEFT WING, or revolutionary group, in each of the Socialist parties in Europe today. These groups seem to us to contain within themselves the only hope of a real working class International. We want every reader of the REVIEW to read these articles carefully, and discuss them with comrades who have become discouraged and left the Socialist Party. We believe that an overwhelming majority of American Socialists will welcome the plan of action suggested in these articles, and will desire to swing the Socialist Party of America into line with the new International that is even now taking definite form. We believe these articles will prove to be the most valuable series we have ever published in the REVIEW. They will put the American comrades, who want a revolutionary organization, in touch with the comrades across the ocean who have like aims and a more definite program.—EDITORS.

THE editors have asked me to give more information about the principles and action advocated by the European Socialists of the Left Wing, who signed the resolution printed on page 648 of the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW for May. In so doing, it is of foremost importance to make clear what these groups understand by *Imperialism*.

This is not so simple as it may seem, and the dictionary will not help. For Imperialism is a living conception, that has already an evolution of its own, and that will broaden its meaning until it has taken definite form in the heads and hearts of the workers.

Originally the word Imperialism was used in the more restricted meaning of foreign colonial expansion in its modern form, resulting in monopolistic tendencies, and in the investment for export of fixed capital such as steel and machinery, instead of textiles and other commodities for direct consumption. This form of Imperialism attracted general attention in Europe, where it originated, and it soon became clear that foreign aggression was not simply a colonial problem, but that Imperialism includes a number of tendencies in modern capitalism that materially affect the relations of social classes. Imperialism means not merely an aggressive *foreign policy*, but an aggressive *home policy* as well.

In Europe it had already been noticed that for some ten years preceding the present world war there had been an absolute stagnation in political reforms. After a period in which some political results, some so-called social laws, were secured, there followed a period of reaction. Not only did the bourgeoisie refuse to make any further concession to the working class, but some of the advantages already granted were actually withdrawn. The greatly admired social laws in Germany, for example, enacted some forty years ago, have recently been mutilated, by taking away from the working class the greater part of its influence over the management of the funds.

It has become evident that the significance of European parliaments is on the decline, while the importance of the executive and the senate is generally increasing; that there is a growing tendency among the judges to exercise political influence, and that the police grows more powerful and more brutal. Wherever there was a clash between military and civil government, the latter has had to back down, and attacks on free speech and a free press are more frequent. There was a general reaction all along the line, and back of these reactionary measures were the same interests that cause foreign aggression—namely, big capital and monopoly.

It was gradually realized by close ob-

servers of these tendencies among the European Socialists, that foreign aggression and home aggression were two faces of the same monster. They came to see that Capitalism, under the absolute rule of highly concentrated and monopolistic financial interests, means a new phase of development with new forms of the class struggle; it means the broadening of the class struggle into an international world struggle. It is this new policy of the capitalist class, under control of financial, monopolistic capital, that European Socialists now mean when they speak of Imperialism. In this sense Imperialism is *the* present day form of the class struggle.

Among the characteristics of this new class-policy in Europe are: Agressive, brutal home policy; no results from parliamentary action; declining influence of congress with increasing power of the executive; brutal police; reactionary judges; growing influence of militarism; attack on free speech and a free press.

But that is exactly what you have in the United States!!—in a form and an intensity that puts Europe in the shadow!!

All the symptoms of your own case lead to this one diagnosis: *Highly advanced Imperialism of a special American variety, with retarded development of foreign aggression.*

No one can fail to see this, and to me it was a kind of revelation, because it solved at once a problem that has been haunting many of us over in Europe.

Most of the European Socialists who were interested in American conditions reasoned as follows: In Europe we have succeeded in getting some social reforms, and we expect gradually to get more, together with a development of democratic influence on the government. In the United States, conditions being economically more advanced, and democratic forms better developed, the result should be: more political reforms; yet we observe that the results are, on the whole, negative. Then we shrugged our shoulders and murmured something about the difficulties of so many different languages, corruption, etc., but we knew that these were by no means a satisfactory explanation.

Now as soon as we realize that present-day capitalism has *not* a growing tendency

for social reforms and democracy, but that, on the contrary, the old middle class democracy is on the decline, and social reforms, as a means to keep labor quiet and content, have lost much of their attraction to capitalists, the American situation loses much of its mystery.

European Left Wing Socialists had already emphasized, over and over again, that in fighting the power of Big Capital, the labor politicians as such were powerless, and that labor can gain only by putting its organized mass-power against the capitalist power as organized in trustified industries and in the State. These smaller groups of European Socialists had, however, a hard job in fighting their own official party leaders. This all-day fighting did not leave much time to study American conditions, and moreover the outbreak of the war meant a temporary disorganization of the Left Wings.

Since then there has been a readjustment, and the war, which was the practical, tho horrible proof, that the official parties were wrong and the principles of the Left Wing were right, has clarified the problem, and has already produced a new literature and a start towards the consolidation of future tactics in the class struggle.

At the same time the interest of European Socialists in the problems of the United States, now that it prepares to enter the field of world politics, has increased; and we can now understand, that *because* the United States is ahead of Europe in industrial development, your home policy must be brutal, and social reforms are lacking. Far from expecting more political reforms and more influence of the workers upon the government than is found in Europe, and far from expecting a less brutal suppression of the workers in this so-called "democratic" country, it proves logical to expect a more complete failure of middle class democracy under the iron heel of financial capital. Even without much aggression in the direction of foreign colonies, Imperialism, being the latest form of the capitalist class struggle, must put its mark on all of *your* social institutions as well.

The American comrades will realize that, in the more fundamental sense of the word, Imperialism has already developed in your country, even farther than it has in Europe,

and that the stagnation of your political party is due to this development. In recognizing this will be found the only hope for getting out of the dead-lock.

Nevertheless the United States shows signs of a new life. Mass action, which in Europe, up to now, has been advocated without much result, has grown up in the United States out of the practical facts—not as a theory, but as a necessity of working class conditions. Spontaneous mass actions on the economic field, and a general recognition that the future belongs to a higher form of organization along industrial instead of craft lines, may be considered as the more positive and hopeful results of Imperialistic development in the United States.

That American comrades have not hitherto recognized Imperialism as the basic cause of the difficulties in carrying on the proletarian organization along the old lines, is due to the fact that Imperialism in America has not shown its most familiar face of foreign aggression. This, however, has only been a temporary phase, caused by the big possibilities in developing your own "new world." Now that your masters have decided to embark upon world politics, the last excuse for not recognizing actual conditions has disappeared, and even those who still imagine they have some political "democracy," must admit that the coming wave of militarism will sweep away all that may be left of the old methods and old ideals.

That foreign aggression and militarism are on their way in the United States, no one can deny. Preparedness overshadows all other problems, and there is not the least doubt about the meaning of this "preparedness." Your government has already tightened its grip on Haiti and on some of the "independent" republics in Central America; it has already practically decided upon intervention in Mexico. The fact that your president dreads the consequences of his "punitive expedition," knowing that real intervention at the present moment might mean the defeat and annihilation of the present army of the United States, may give some delay, but will not alter the final results. It is typical of the unscrupulous methods of Big Capital, that they would not hesitate one moment to sacrifice the nation's army, and even some of their own temporary interests

in Mexico, in order to stimulate the necessary national feeling and militaristic spirit at home, and to secure their future interests, not only in Mexico, but in the world at large.

If you wish to know what will be your future politics, you have simply to watch the activities of your bankers. The fifty million dollars invested in the "American International Corporation," organized by the National City Bank, affiliated with the Rockefeller interests, is of more importance than all the acts of Congress in a whole session. The increasing number of branches of United States banking houses, in foreign countries, are the forerunners of Imperialistic capitalism, and pave the way for this aggressive form of capitalism, as missionaries did for the old style of colonial exploitation. The fact that each university is requested to send two graduates to be trained at the National City Bank for well-paid jobs in South America and elsewhere, illustrates the interests of the middle class in Imperialistic policy. There can be no greater mistake than to think that behind preparedness are *only* the interests of armament manufacturers. Those interests may be powerful; they could not dominate the whole nation, if it were not for Imperialism, binding together the different groups of capitalists with a new strong *ideology of world power*.

It is disappointing to see the lack of understanding among the workers, just at the time when the forces of aggression are organizing efficiently. Take for example the "International Trade Conference," where hundreds of bigger and smaller manufacturers came together with the big banking interests to discuss ways and means for the better exploitation of the world, and especially of South America. It was certainly touching to hear these big bankers explain that their patriotic aim was to stimulate American industry, that they wanted to give good service for small profits, etc. Of course these passages in the speeches were for the public and the press, none of the interested parties being fooled by them. And altho not on the official program, there arose at this meeting a gentleman who had general attention and sympathy, showing a picture, on which were indicated in brilliant colors the big part of the total product that went to labor, and relatively small parts left to the differ-

ent forms of profit. And he proved that in Europe the conditions were not quite so hard for capital, and that there was not much in foreign trade and foreign markets unless this big share of labor in the United States could be reduced considerably. General applause followed, altho the chairman explained that this gentleman was out of order, meaning that such a truth should not be spoken out loud. This incident gives an excellent illustration of the fact that a reduction of the share of labor in its product, which means *home* aggression, is another face of that same Imperialism that prepares for *foreign* aggression; both faces together showing the new and brutal form of the class struggle.

There has been a lack of understanding and an almost criminal lack of interest among the workers of the United States as to Imperialism, probably because it was supposed to be a special European problem.

Many Socialists did realize that the problem would come to America some time, but it was not thought very actual. As soon, however, as you see Imperialism in its broader sense, and in the light of your own American conditions, it becomes the most important problem in actual tactics; it means moreover for you a chance for the rebirth of your own Socialist movement.

This is so all-important, that in our next article it will be necessary to prove more completely, that the broader conception of Imperialism, as understood in Europe by the Left Wing, is no mere clever piece of construction, but that it is based upon and grows out of solid economic facts.

NOTE.—The address of the Left Wing of the Zimmerwaller Conferenz was misprinted in the May issue of the Review and should read Fritz Platen, Rotachstr., 28, Zurich, Switzerland. There is another typographical error at the top of page 648 in the declaration of Ledebour and Hoffman, who voted against the war credits because there were no *foreign* soldiers in Germany, which is a nationalistic argument and accepts the principle of defending capitalist fatherlands.

Soldiers in the Factories

By JACK CARNEY

IF ever there was a need for class organization instead of craft organization, that need is clearly demonstrated in Great Britain today. The British working class has recently been put under the control of the military authorities.

The Military Service Act was passed and the working class was powerless to prevent it. There are today in Great Britain twelve hundred labor unions, each union having its own executive committee and its own set of officials. The result is, instead of having an organized labor movement, we have a disorganized working class.

When British Conscription was made the law, the working class should have revolted. It was clearly the only thing they could have done to help themselves. But, thanks to their reactionary leaders, they calmly accepted the situation with the result that the propaganda and educational work of the last twenty years has all been thrown away.

The labor leaders assured the rank and file that conscription was for military

purposes only. Yet we find, despite all the talk and cry for men, that the workshops are gradually being filled with *SOLDIERS*. These soldiers will not strike, because if they do, they are sent back to the firing line.

It would be well if American comrades would take note of this and do something to dam the tide of militarism in this country.

During March over 15,000 Glasgow munition workers came out on strike. Their Manifesto, printed in part below, speaks for itself. You will notice that soldiers are now being used at six cents an hour, thereby reducing the wage standard of the other workers. As the soldiers refused, or perhaps feared to join the union, the other workers struck against these conditions:

MANIFESTO FROM PARKHEAD
FORCE ENGINEERS *

TO THEIR FELLOW WORKERS

Fellow Workers—We stopped work on Friday, March 17th, and have been on strike since.

During the eighteen months of war our Shop Stewards have given every possible assistance

towards increasing the output. The Convener, Bro. David Kirkwood, has been specially active in this respect, having, with the approval of the management, used all his influence in removing every cause of friction and even in finding the ever necessary additional labor.

About two months ago the Commissioners appointed by the Government to introduce the scheme for the dilution of labor to the Clyde area visited Parkhead. We received them in the most cordial manner, and an agreement was made by which the employers pledged themselves not to use this scheme for the purpose of introducing cheap labor and also to give a committee appointed by the skilled workers an opportunity of seeing that this pledge was kept. But immediately after our consent to the scheming was obtained a new spirit was felt in the workshops. Soldiers, mostly Englishmen, were brought in, and these refused to join a trade union.

An agreement existed to the effect that all men employed must be trade unionists, but in the case of the soldiers the foremen did not apply this rule, as they did with other tradesmen engaged, and we had no means of enforcing compliance with it. In one shop, known as the 15-inch shell shop, over 100 men were put to work at lathes turning these shells and at horizontal machines boring these shells at a rate of sixpence per hour. Machines of this type have always been manned by tradesmen who received the standard rate of wages for engineers in the district. In another shop, known as the Howitzer shop, women were introduced, and on our Shop Stewards visiting this shop to ascertain the conditions of female labor the management strongly protested and contended that Bro. Kirkwood or any other Shop Steward had no right to discuss the question of wages or conditions with the women workers. Previously our Chief Shop Steward had perfect freedom to visit this shop if he felt it necessary to do so.

Next came instructions to our Chief Shop Steward, Bro. Kirkwood, that on no account was he to leave his bench without permission from the management during working hours. All these things and various smaller changes made it obvious to us that our trade union representatives were to be bound and blind-folded while the trade by which our means of life are obtained was being reduced in the interest of capitalists to the level of the most lowly occupation.

We submitted our grievance about the introduction of non-union soldiers to the Board of Trade, but, so far as we know, our complaint was not noticed. We directed the attention of our paid officials to the cheap labor in the shell shop, but they have failed to protect us. Therefore, when the restriction was imposed on our Shop Stewards, we felt that our only hope lay in drastic action by ourselves.

Fellow workers, we are fighting the battle of all workers. If they smash us they will smash you. Our victory will be your victory. Unite with us in demanding that during the present crisis our Shop Stewards in every workshop where dilution is in force shall have the fullest liberty to investigate the conditions under which the new class labor is employed, so that

this may not be used to reduce us all to a lower standard of life.

The Government arrested men and fined them in fines of \$25 to \$125, but this failed to drive them back to work. So on March 24th the leaders, or active strikers (*not* the official leaders) were arrested and deported. All were sent away and told to keep away from Glasgow on pain of death.

So these fighting strikers are now free to work, *if they can get it*. But no employer will hire them. Their position is worse than that of the men in prison, for they, at least, do not starve. These rebels must starve if they do not get work of some kind. They are under police supervision and must report to the police twice daily.

At present the Military can order any one to be "lifted" at any time, without trial or charge, and can send them wherever they think fit. Great Britain is certainly a good ally of Russia.

When I left Scotland at the beginning of May there were over 20,000 jute workers out on strike in Dundee. But the military authorities were in a quandary. They could not drive them back to work. Arresting a few workers would not intimidate the others. It is plain to be seen that *economic power is the power*.

If the workers of Great Britain had been industrially organized, this European war would never have taken place. At the first sound of battle, the transport workers and engineers should have "downed" tools; but their antiquated methods of organization made that impossible.

Today the workers of Great Britain have lost any liberties they may have possessed. Under the Munitions Act, a worker cannot leave his employer unless he obtains a certificate. An employer cannot hire a man without a certificate. The worker is helpless.

Much has been said about the trades unions being too old to be destroyed. Unless they *are* destroyed, I see no hope for the British working class. They will have to fight their future battles, not on lines of *craft*, but on the lines of *class*. Their present federations are of no use to them. They must be scrapped. To fit themselves for future action, they will have to organize in *one big union*.

JOLTS AND JABS

By Jack Phillips

THERE'S a scare, a fear, a shiver of dread, in the American business world. It is not a bugaboo, a bogey, a straw man or a shadow the business world is in shivers about. It's a real power, a real threat, a big strong club in the air. And if it comes down, this big strong club, it will mean hell in the United States in the sense that General Sherman said war is hell.

A general strike on the railroads of the United States—a tie-up of all the freight and passenger traffic of this country from coast to coast—that's the scare. A universal strike of the railroad brotherhoods, acting in a joint movement—that's the big strong club.

If it comes it will be the biggest strike in numbers of men and values of property involved that has ever been seen in North or South America. Also it would be the greatest railroad strike the world has ever known.

What are the betting chances for a

strike? How real is the danger? Why won't the railroad managers and the railroad brotherhoods sit down together and talk it all over together and some way or other get together on a working agreement, just as they have always done in the past? Here's the big reason:

In every recent arbitration in the railway world the workers have been handed a lemon, trimmed for suckers, ushered out of the door with many rich compliments and a kick in the pants. The old feeling of ten and fifteen years ago about arbitration has changed. Arbitration is a fake and a fraud. It's a game where money, politics, manipulation, counts. That's the way many railroad workers look at it.

Starting in June it is announced railroad managers and the officers and delegates of railroad brotherhoods will meet at the same time in New York and hold conference. The details of the conference have not been

announced. Just how they will parley and dicker is not known. All that is definitely understood is that one grand talkfest will be on.

A tallowpot we asked about it said he guessed it would be a "grand rag-chewing match."

The publicity bureaus of the brotherhoods seem to think it's very important to get before the country a detailed statement of their case with a lot of statistics disputing the statistics of the railroad company publicity bureaus.

W. Brotherhood officials in a few statements imply that the important thing is to show by figures on hours and wages that the brotherhoods are right and the railroads wrong.

This line of argument will lose. When it comes to arguing statistics on hours and wages the publicity machinery of the railroads will back the brotherhoods off the boards.

The brotherhoods will get "public opinion" their way only by big simple appeals.

The fundamental demands of the real live wires who are behind the rebellion in the brotherhood is for (1) the eight-hour day, and (2) a larger share of the stolen swag and mass of loot called "dividends" and obtained by reckless, crooked financing of railroad corporations.

Unless the rail men make the nation see that a bunch of plundering thieves and rioting burglars and cunning manipulators are running the railroads for the robbery not only of the public, but of the railroad workers—they won't get far.

Already the railroad-fed press has made a lot of people believe that the owners and managers of the railroads of the United States are all patient, intelligent toilers, wrestling with difficult problems of transportation and exacting from the public only a fair and decent return.

The collective and capitalized thieveries of Jay Gould and Edward Harriman, and the known, questionable operations of J. P.

Morgan & Co., the Rockefellers and Jim Hill—these are pretty well forgotten because a railroad-fed press has pictured these men as heroes. At the same time year on year it has pictured the railroad workers, the trainmen and enginemen as the happiest, high-wage-earning lucky devils, aristocrats of labor.

This crust of false sentiment built up by years of careful publicity work, the rail brotherhoods will have to break through. It can't be broken through by statistical arguments on tables of hours and wages.

It's twenty-three years now since there has been a big railroad strike involving more than one road and more than one railroad craft. During these twenty-three years there has been much talk, much legislative action, much political maneuvering, many full crew bills, many 50-car train bills—and no direct action.

The question is whether an organization which has had no practice in direct action for so long a period of time is any good at all in any kind of direct action.

At the recent Chicago conference the newspapers quoted President W. G. Lee of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, and President William S. Carter of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, as retracting their utterances that a strike would probably be called.

These officials, along with Grand Chief Stone of the engineers, dropped all strike talk.

If the newspapers quoted them correctly, the chances are that the skids are greased for another arbitration—and another flim-flam.

It would have been easy for these brotherhood officials to have gone on record in the newspapers in some way to indicate that there will be industrial war, economic rebellion, widespread railroad revolt, unless the 8-hour day demand is granted. No such utterance came from any of the rail brotherhood officials. The whole look of it is that they won't strike unless they get slapped violently across their noses and insulted beyond endurance.

Will they back down, compromise, and get trimmed for suckers again?

Or is the rank and file membership making itself felt so that there will be some sort of a settlement this summer that rail

men feel is a credit to their manhood?
What's coming?

THE mouth of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., opened May 15 at the international convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of North America. And the mouth spake many words and threw out this:

"As we face the great industrial problems which are arising daily it seems clear that the only hope of their permanent and satisfactory solution lies in the widespread acceptance of the doctrine of the brotherhood of man."

This hits us the same way as advice from a bigamist that we should have only one wife, or the counsel of a murderer that it is not beautiful for men to kill each other.

With John R. Lawson under sentence of a life term in the gray walls of Colorado state's prison, what business does John D. Rockefeller, Jr., have to open his mouth and blatter about the brotherhood of man?

In a nation where drunken gunmen kill and burn women and children as at Ludlow, by what laws of social discourse is the sanctioner of those drunken gunmen permitted to prattle about the brotherhood of man?

A pickpocket addressing a Y. M. C. A. convention on the beauties of honesty, or a burglar telling a Sunday school class it's wrong to burgle—either one of them looks as good to some of us as John D., Jr., opening his mouth on the "brotherhood of man."

Warren S. Stone, grand chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, followed John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Both spoke on the subject: "Spiritual Forces Creating and Solving Modern Industrial Problems." Somebody ought to have been on the program to spout on: "How to Drive a Small Water Wagon Through a Large Hell."

PREPAREDNESS.

HEP—HEP—WATCH YOUR STEP. Under cover of war scares and "preparedness," employers have the chance now to build military machines for crushing labor strikes.

Notice Swift & Co., the Chicago pork packers. They have organized a military battalion. Regular army rifles and cartridges have been stocked up and the battalion will go on a strict regular army footing. If war breaks out between the United States and some other nation, then the sausage millionaires will offer their battalion as a gift to the nation.

This is where our modern industrial feudalism resembles the medieval feudal lords who in war time offered the king and nation each so many cohorts of warriors.

If stockyards workers get tired of one of the lowest miserable wage scales in this country and go on strike—well, Jack, what would Swift & Co. do with its battalion of soldiers?

There is a good "press pearl" in the *Manufacturers' News*, organ of Illinois Manufacturers' Association, commenting on Swift & Co.

"Other employers intend to follow the example of Swift & Co.," it is stated. "A large downstate agricultural implement factory is securing data preliminary to organizing military companies among its employes. The manufacturers are patriotic. They are gratified when their men join the state militia. Many of the owners and executives of manufacturing plants are in the national guard regiments. Last summer many leading industries throughout the state sent some of their best men to the military encamp-

ment at Fort Sheridan. Felt & Tarrant Mnfg. Co. sent half a dozen men to the military school of instruction. So did the Link Belt Co., Chicago Surface Lines, Chicago Telephone Co. and a long list of other employers. They paid salaries to their young men while they were drilling and encouraged them in every other way. This is real patriotism."

DUN'S and Bradstreet's are both reported to give out these figures. Profits of 334 corporations for year preceding May 1, 1916, were \$440,606,361. Fourteen powder and munitions companies divided among their shareholders \$140,000,000.

Yet the *Manufacturers' News*, official organ Illinois Manufacturers' Association, has the nerve to say that the flood of strikes and factory troubles around Chicago in May was caused by "spring laziness" and the "latent gypsy blood in all of us."

And the view of a Chicago manufacturer told to a reporter run this way:

"War order factories in the east paying high wages have drawn off some of the cream of Chicago's labor. The Remington Arms Co. of Bridgeport, Conn., has been paying Chicago machinists 10 cents an hour bonus in order to have machinists on call. Several hundred have left Chicago to take eastern jobs at 75 cents an hour. For weeks these machinists, while working for the International Harvester Co. and other concerns, were paid 90 cents a day by the Remington Arms Co., with the understanding they would quit Chicago the day they were called for eastern jobs.

"It used to be easy to hire hundreds of strikebreakers. Now it's hard to fill places of strikers. Even some of the professional strikebreakers have quit their connections with private detective agencies. Munitions plants need guards. Many of the best operatives who went from city to city in the employ of Jim Farley are now getting the highest pay they have ever drawn keeping watch on suspicious strangers around munitions plants."

GUY BIDDINGER, the guy who did the dictograph work for Detective Wilyum J. Burns in the gathering of so-called evidence against the structural iron workers who are now in Leavenworth federal

prison, is under indictment for crooked work in Chicago.

Before the g-r-e-a-t Wilyum J. Burns picked up Biddinger, Guy was a deteckatuff sergeant in Chicago.

And he was some deteckatuff, this Burns star.

A mass of evidence backed by eleven witnesses back up indictments, four of which charge bribery, two alleging operation of a confidence game, and one alleging the assisted escape of a prisoner.

This is the kind of Honest Man—Gentleman of Integrity—Righteous Protector of Society—Defender of Legitimate Business against Violence—on whose evidences the ironworkers' union officials were convicted.

A. WATSON ARMOUR, speaking for the biggest meat house in the world, says Armour & Co. never pay unskilled labor less than 20 cents an hour. Working steady 52 weeks a year, six days a week, 10 hours a day, the unskilled labor hero working for Armour & Co. thus would earn \$624 the year. And as it costs \$800 a year for the elemental life necessities of a worker with wife and two children, we see where the unskilled stockyards worker gets off. At the time A. Watson Armour offered the public this important information, some of his fertilizer plant slave men and women and girls were on strike. He pointed to the 20-cent-an-hour wage to prove he's a good fellow and the beef trust is good to its slavies. None of the Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian preachers had the nerve to stand up and publicly yell to A. Watson Armour: "Say, where do you get that stuff?"

MAURICE L. ROTHSCHILD, boss of the largest men's clothing store in the world, State street and Jackson boulevard, Chicago, has spilled the beans on the minimum wage game. After signing a three-year contract with the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, Rothschild gave a reporter a statement why he did it.

The pay raise for three years will cost \$125,000 extra payroll money for Rothschild the next three years. Does he stand to lose \$125,000 cash for the privilege of signing a labor union contract? He says not.

"I did it for selfish reasons," he told a reporter. "I get more work from my people when they are satisfied. It pays to have workers satisfied. I pay more than the market rate for labor and in exchange their good will makes them give me more than an ordinary return of labor.

"There is no charity about what I have done. I run a business where it pays me to have all the good will and skill the workers are capable of."

He pointed out that tailors pressing trousers and coats are more liable to spoil goods if they are getting low wages and don't like the boss.

"My workers are handling stocks of value," said Rothschild. "It pays me to have them satisfied while handling the stock.

"I have no fear as to how the minimum wage will operate. Henry Ford began paying his men \$5 a day. It was called a rash experiment. But Ford found that his men worked harder and did better work than ever before.

"It's the same with Hart, Schaffner & Marx. Disaster was predicted for them when they signed the protocol.

"But with a 10 per cent raise in wages, Hart, Schaffner & Marx got 25 per cent more work from their employes."

OVER 7,000 workers for Hart, Schaffner & Marx, the biggest men's clothes makers in the United States, have their labor prices fixed for the next three years. No matter what happens, their contract with their bosses says there shall be no raises in the price of labor.

Through their organization, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, these 7,000 workers have established a

minimum wage of \$9 a week for all women on machine work and \$8 a week for all other women workers. Minimum for men is \$12 for machine workers and \$10 for others.

These minimum wages are a lot better than those paid to unskilled workers in general in garment shops, department stores and factories, though, of course, a wage is not a wage until it's paid. It is yet to be shown that this minimum wage is not on paper but actually goes into the hands of the wage slaves who are to spend it.

Sounds good and looks good—this minimum wage. It's easily seen, however, that what is a minimum wage this year may not be a minimum wage three years from now. If the cost of living goes up 20 per cent the next three years, as it has done before in a three-year period, that will certainly be one cheap-looking fizzle of a minimum wage. What this ends with is the question: Why should any labor union sell the labor power of its members for so long a period as three years?

EACH of the 30,000,000 wage earners of the United States loses on the average about nine days every year on account of sickness, according to U. S. Health Bulletin No. 76. Overwork and underpay are the chief causes of bad health, it is stated. "Adequate diet" is lacking among millions. Food prices are so high that underpaid workers don't have what they need to nourish their bodies.

These solemn declarations in a federal government bulletin corroborate all the terrible indictments of the ordinary citizen's life as compared to a soldier's life in the ads of the army recruiting offices.

If we want to prove this is a hell of a country to live in for a workingman, all we have to do is point to government reports.

Who and what is to blame?

Well, Francis Patrick Walsh, the Kansas City lawyer who headed the U. S. Industrial Relations Commission, says: "I hold labor responsible."

Right!

Let labor organize and battle on the industrial field, using direct action, as well as on the political field in legislative action, and there would be more to eat.

STORIES OF THE CAVE PEOPLE

THE FIRST PRIEST

By MARY E. MARCY

ALTHOUGH Strong Arm, who was the wisest and strongest and swiftest man among the Cave People, had been dead, and in part eaten and in part buried beneath a great pile of earth and stones, the Cave People felt sure that he had not remained dead.

More than one of the members of the tribe had seen him fighting and hunting, eating and dancing, during the dreams that come in the night, and so they believed that a part of Strong Arm, the spirit or ghost part of Strong Arm, still lived. Again and again he had appeared to them in the spirit, or in dreams, to advise them about the things the tribe intended to do.

The Cave People were unable to understand these things and there was nobody to tell them that dreams were not of the world of reality. And so they believed that Strong Arm still lived, and that other dead men and women and children of the tribe still lived in the Spirit World. It was true that the spirits of these dead did not appear in the broad light of day, but the Cave People believed that they haunted their old grounds, invisible to the eyes of their tribesmen.

They believed that the spirits of the dead may return to befriend the members of the tribe, or to hinder their enemies, provided, always, that the members of the tribe enlisted their aid and their affections.

Now Big Foot, since there was no longer the wise voice of Strong Arm, nor the mighty strength of the old chief to enforce the good of his people, set himself to become the leader of the Cave People. He slashed his hairy thighs with his flint knife to prove how brave he was, allowing the gashes to become sores in order to prolong the evidence of his courage. He strutted about and waved his poison-tipped arrows when the young men refused to listen to his words. Also he rubbed the noses of all the women of the tribe and sought to caress them, attempting to drive the men of the tribe from the new nests, or caves or huts, which they had built in the far North country so many moon journeys from the old hollow where little Laughing Boy was born.

Big Foot boasted with a loud voice and bullied the children and spoke soft words to the women, while he glared at the young men and urged them into the forest to hunt for food. Always he kept his poisoned darts at his side and he managed to secure for himself the tenderest portion of the young goats which the people had discovered leaping and running wild amid the sharp slopes and crags of the mountains.

So the tribe grew weary of his sorry ruling and there was much fighting and discord, which laid them open to the attacks of their many enemies.

Without doubt Big Foot was possessed of much cunning, for while other men of the tribe were as strong of limb and as fleet of foot, Big Foot was more powerful than they. Longer was his arm because he had learned first how to make and to wield his great bow and arrows almost as well as young One Ear, who had escaped from the Arrow Throwers and returned to his own people, the Cave Dwellers, bringing knowledge of the weapons of these strange enemies.

The Cave Dwellers had paused in their journeyings and battlings northward, on the banks of the lake that shone like white fire when the sun beat down upon its rolling surface. The way was new to them and unknown dangers threatened everywhere and they had utmost need to walk warily, lest a new tribe descend upon them with some new weapon of destruction and turn them back into the dangers they had outstripped.

Instead of holding the people together with wise words and instead of preparing to search out the lands to prepare for the strange evils that lie in wait for primitive man whenever he travels beyond the ways of his experience, Big Foot caused nothing but conflict. It was only his superior skill in the use of the flint-tipped arrows, which the Cave People were acquiring very rapidly, that prevented him from being slain by the members of the tribe.

Then it was that One Ear dreamed a dream. He thought that his spirit had journeyed far into the spirit world where it encountered the spirit of Strong Arm. And Strong Arm had spoken with One Ear, sending words of wisdom to the peo-

ple of the tribe. He had called Big Foot the enemy of the Cave People. And when he wakened in the morning, One Ear remembered his dream. So he gathered all the people together and told them these things. And no man or woman among them knew that he spoke only of a dream. They believed that the spirit of Strong Arm still lived and that the things in One Ear's dream had actually occurred.

So the Cave People chattered together and gesticulated and stole the fresh meat Big Foot had hidden in his cave and menaced him from cover by shaking their clubs and growling like angry dogs. Big Foot fled to his branch hut, where he glared at the members of the tribe and waved his long arrows.

The Cave People had long respected the words of Strong Arm and when they heard what he had spoken to One Ear in a dream, they hated Big Foot more fiercely than ever.

At last Big Foot returned to the people of the tribe, many of whom were sitting about a wood fire, and he spoke to them, trying to gain their good will and attempting to show them that none was so swift, so strong or so brave as he. But the people screamed "Strong Arm! Strong Arm!" to remind Big Foot that the old chief had spoken against him.

And Big Foot grew frantic with the rage that came upon him. He seized the club of Strong Arm which had been given to Laughing Boy in order that he might derive from it some of the virtue of bravery which his father, Strong Arm, had possessed. Big Foot spat upon it and crushed it beneath a great stone, when he hurled the shattered fragments far out into the green waters of the lake.

All the Cave People shivered with fear, for they thought this was a very foolish thing. They believed that the spirits of the dead grow angry when their weapons are broken or destroyed and they felt sure that the spirit of Strong Arm would punish Big Foot for the desecration he had worked on the club of the old chief.

But Big Foot was too angry to be afraid. White foam appeared upon his lips when he thought of the spirit of Strong Arm he longed for a tangible foe, with flesh upon his bones that he might crush, with red juice in his skin that he might spill, with ears and a nose that he might bite and twist and tear. He desired an enemy into

whose soft belly he might hurl one of his sharp arrows.

But there were only the Cave People beside him and the menace in their eyes and their lips, pulled back, snarling from their teeth, made him afraid. So he lifted up his voice in a frenzy of hate and scorn while he called the name of "Strong Arm! Strong Arm! Maker of lies;" he called him, and "Fool! Coward! Weak One! Baby!" and "Snake-that-crawls!" while he made violent gestures of hatred and disgust.

The Cave People watched him fearfully. To them it did not seem the part of wisdom to mock and defy the spirit of Strong Arm, which still lived, tho his body had perished. Something was bound to happen. Strong Arm had never permitted any man to speak thus of him when he was living in the flesh and they did not believe his spirit would endure insult from Big Foot. Indeed, yes, something was sure to happen.

But it was not good for the whole tribe to be punished or blamed for the foolishness of Big Foot. This they knew and they made haste to put wide distances between themselves and him, pursuing their own work or their own ends with much ostentation as far as possible removed from his presence. If the spirit of Strong Arm was hiding in the valley and had chanced to overhear the evil words of Big Foot, no flat-headed savage among the tribe wanted Strong Arm to fancy he had anything to do with these things. They washed their hands of the whole affair and departed from the immediate presence of Big Foot.

The more Big Foot raved, the oftener One Ear called upon the spirit of Strong Arm, crying:

"Brave one! Wise one! Swift of foot" and "Give us of thy counsel!" And the Cave People began talking in loud voices of the good deeds of their old chief, of his courage and strength, of his wisdom and his "Eye-that-never-slept."

While Big Foot defied the spirit of Strong Arm, One Ear and the Cave People sought to propitiate him with loud words of admiration and some flattery.

"Stronger than the hairy mastodon" they called him and "Father of all the lions." He could outleap the mountain goat and outclimb the longest armed ou-rang-ootang. His voice was like the thunder and his breath like the winds that bend the trees on the river banks.

They felt more certain than ever that

something was going to happen. They expected the spirit of Strong Arm to make it happen. But they did not desire to share in untoward events if a little information given to the spirit of Strong Arm could prevent this thing.

But the day passed, and the sun slid down the wings of the sky into the red fire of the lake, and still Big Foot strutted about with loud and boasting words. Still the Cave People waited and hoped, and were afraid.

And that night the spirit of Strong Arm again appeared to One Ear in a dream and his voice was fierce with anger against Big Foot and, in the dream, he counselled One Ear to tell the Cave People to push Big Foot from the tallest crag along the mountain gorge so that his body would be crushed upon the sharp stones below.

In the morning One Ear told these things to the people of the tribe and they drank the words of Strong Arm eagerly, begging Big Foot to join in a hunt for the wild goat amid the slopes of the mountain. But Big Foot was afraid and hid in his hut, making queer mouthings and snatching food from the children and waving his sharp arrows.

So the Cave People gathered about One Ear urging him to meet the spirit of Strong Arm once more and to ask for more wisdom on how to dispatch the evil man who brought dangers and conflict to the tribe.

Again in the morning One Ear called the people together, saying that the spirit of Strong Arm counselled the people to build fires about the hut of Big Foot in the night so that he might be destroyed.

And so, when darkness wrapped the valley in her soft folds, the Cave People stole from their shelters, each bearing branches and glowing coals from the camp fire, which they hurled in the door of Big Foot, with stones and spears so that he might not escape and injure the tribe.

The night was black and Big Foot was unable to hit the people with his sharp arrows. Coals were thrown upon the dry thatch of his hut and soon the flames encircled him with their burning tongues.

And when it was discovered that his body was burned to ashes and that the spirit of Big Foot had escaped, the Cave People rejoiced in their hearts. But their lips were dumb. For the first time they spoke well of Big Foot, whom they hated in their hearts. For was not the fate of Big Foot proof of the foolishness of speaking

ill of the dead! Was not the victory of the Cave People who had spoken well of Strong Arm proof of their wisdom in these things?

The Cave People believed the spirit of Big Foot would be actively inimical to the tribe, just as they believed that the spirit of Strong Arm had proved itself to be the friendly father of the people.

And One Ear continued to dream dreams, which he related to the Cave People, giving them words of wisdom and courage from the spirit of Strong Arm and evil words from the spirit of Big Foot. Thus they grew to believe wondrous things of Strong Arm. His virtues grew with the passing of the suns, just as his strength increased and his wisdom was extolled until he became almost a god to the people of the tribe.

And when ill befell the Cave People, One Ear told them it had been caused by the evil spirit of Big Foot and when they escaped from these evils, he reported how the spirit of Strong Arm had befriended the tribe. Always was One Ear dreaming dreams. He told how the spirit of Strong Arm had counselled the people to make of Big Nose their leader and chief, which they did.

As he grew in years and in power, One Ear demanded that the best joints of meat, the warmest place by the fire, the safest

cave or hut, be his portion. These things he declared were the commands of Strong Arm.

And so One Ear became a great man of the tribe. When the forest fire swept the plains and drove the wild fowl and the forest animals far inland, and brought famine to the Cave People, One Ear reported that the spirit of Strong Arm had done these things to punish the people because they had not brought young fowl, of which he was very fond, every day to One Ear.

Thus One Ear became the first priest of the tribe, protected before other men in order that the good spirits might not take vengeance upon the tribe should ill befall him. People brought him sharp knives and soft skins with which he made himself warm when the far northern winds blew cold in the winter time. And One Ear said good words to the great spirits for these bearers of gifts, so that they might be prospered and escape the sharp tooth of the crocodile.

By and by there came other dreamers of dreams who spoke with the great spirits and also brought messages to the people. Strong arms of the tribe clashed and there were great battles among the Cave People, till the Pretenders were slain, when once more peace and harmony reigned within the valley upon the shores of the great lake.



WHAT ABOUT THE EIGHT-HOUR DAY?

By W. J. L.

THE eight-hour movement for the Rail Slaves has been and is an important question right now. It can be viewed as being a vital issue with three factions of the people, i. e., the Employes, the Railroad Companies and the so-called Public; but the writer of this article is not involved in this movement. My sole interest is absolutely for *MY CLASS* only—“*THE WORKING CLASS*”—because it is our class that does all the useful work of the world; without us the world would perish. We make all the food, all the clothing, all the houses, construct and operate all the lines of transportation and communication on both land and water; in fact, it is we alone that are responsible for all human progress; therefore, it is no more than right that we should be the sole possessors, and enjoy that which we create. All others are parasites on society. They deserve no consideration and should be swept into oblivion.

But what about the eight-hour day and time and one-half for overtime that the Slaves of the Rail are asking for?

Judging from past history, and looking at everything as it has developed so far in the present movement, the Star of Hope does not shine any too bright for their immediate future.

This eight-hour movement has been looked forward to by thousands of these oppressed members of the Working Class, as an oasis in the desert to the weary traveler; but the workers are easily misled and have been for thousands of years. They have been educated to depend on leaders, instead of leading themselves; and there is every likelihood that history will again repeat itself. The long-expected has happened, according to press dispatches; the Big Chiefs of the four Brotherhoods, and the General Managers of the Railroads which met in Chicago on April 27th, decided to hold a *SERIES* of meetings in New York City, commencing in June, for the purpose of seeing if they could agree to *ARBITRATION* as being the means whereby to settle this controversy between the men and the Railroads. It seems that they (the men) did not get enough of the

ARBITRATION medicine the last time. They want to get “Gold-bricked” again; of course, it won’t make any difference to the higher-ups whether the men win or lose; their smug jobs and fat salaries will continue just as long as the *RANK* and *FILE* can be fooled, and continue to remain in these crafts and pay big assessments.

However, if the men do get worsted in this skirmish, it may be for the better; who knows? It will be practical education for thousands of the *RANK* and *FILE*, and will start them to do their own thinking for the future. The ground will be better prepared to receive the propaganda seeds, of the real, true *INDUSTRIAL UNION* which is to come.

The only visible sign of progress in this present movement is the coming together of the four *MAIN BROTHERHOODS* in a Mass Movement, covering all the Railway lines throughout Canada and the United States, making their demand, or rather request, simultaneously, instead of separately, on individual systems, as heretofore; which indicates the trend toward *INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM*. But the Leaders are pursuing the same tactics as of old; juggling a lot of data and statistics, and trying to win the public sympathy, instead of organizing the men and conquering by economic power. What business is it of the public anyway?

It is *OUR* labor power we are selling, not theirs. There is only one way to win—take it—“*MIGHT MAKES RIGHT.*”

Well! What is the use of saying anything more about the failures of Craft Unions and Brotherhoods? Let us be optimistic and look to the future. This has been discussed for years; thousands of the *RANK* and *FILE* of these Orthodox Organizations are dissatisfied, and are ready and willing to receive the message of their only hope—“*REVOLUTIONARY INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM.*”

“*THE ONE BIG UNION*” is the only solution that will solve this Industrial warfare that is going to continue between the Masters and the Slaves until the Working Class organize as a *CLASS* and take possession of the Earth and all the machinery

of production and distribution, and for the first time in the history of the World, FREE THE HUMAN RACE.

The Capitalist system is based on the profit system. There can be no peace between the Capitalist Class and the Working Class as long as this system lasts; for it is to the interests of the Capitalists to pay their wage slaves as little as possible, and to get the highest efficiency of production; while it is to the interest of the worker to do as little as possible and get the highest wages they can. Therefore, this identity of interest between Master and Slave which the Capitalist Class and the Craft Unions teach, is a fallacy, pure and simple, and is only propagated for the purpose of more easily robbing the workers of the product of their toil.

It is this profit question, or rather the amount of the Workers' product that the Capitalist Class desire to rob them of, that is the cause of all this contention. The Capitalists and the Craft Unions say, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work." Who is to decide what is a fair day's work for a fair day's wage? So far it has never been settled. They are trying to solve it in different ways, i. e., by Arbitration, Strikes, Lockouts, Policemen's Clubs, Bayonets and Bullets; but it is not settled yet.

"THE ONE BIG UNION" is coming to teach the workers to organize as a CLASS,

regardless of Race, Creed, Nationality or Sex, and that their only enemy is the class that rob them at the point of production—THE CAPITALIST CLASS—whether domestic or foreign.

This Union is going to organize the Workers of the World on a Class-Conscious Revolutionary basis; not merely for the purpose of gaining or securing a few demands as a temporary palliative for our economic ills, but to destroy the Capitalist system, which is the root of all this struggle between the two classes—the Workers and their Masters—and in its place establish the Industrial Democracy where work and worth will go hand in hand and LABOR will reap its full reward.

Fellow Railroad Workers, consider this matter wisely and help organize for the best interest of your Class. The Capitalist Class want to perpetuate the Craft Union and destroy the Industrial Union. That alone should be sufficient reason for you to join the "ONE BIG UNION," because if the O. B. U. is against his interests, it must stand for yours; so don't be a coward, because the new movement is not popular—IT WON'T NEED YOU WHEN IT IS—DO IT NOW. Agitate—Educate—Organize.

You have nothing to lose but your CHAINS. You have a WORLD to GAIN.

FIFTY Mexicans were brought in to the Illinois Malleable Iron Works, 1801 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, in April, to take the places of citizens of the republic of the United States who were on strike.

If there's got to be war between greasers and gringos, why not start it in a case like this rather than down on the Rio Grande where the Hearst-Otis-Rockefeller combination wants a war?

MELBOURNE BRANCH OF THE AUSTRALASIAN SOCIALIST PARTY.

Australia and the Political Power of Its Working Class

By JESSIE MACDONALD

WORKERS who think economic conditions better in Australia than in America would be disillusioned quickly on arrival in Australia. Capitalism exploits the wage slave class here as in older countries.

It is true that trusts have not such a grip on the industries of Australia; and machinery, not yet developed as in America, does not compel speeding up and efficiency of wage slaves to the same cruel and inhuman extent as in the land of Rockefeller, J. P. Morgan and other big capitalists, representing the trusts of America.

An eclipse of the sun or moon is gradual; the shadow of the eclipsing body creeps slowly, but surely. So with capitalism in Australia. Its evil power is developing slowly, but surely. It is sixteen years since the five states of Australia and the island of Tasmania federated into the Commonwealth of Australia. New Zealand, two lonely islands in the South Pacific, some 1,749 miles southeast of Australia, declined for commercial reasons to come into

the Federation, and is itself a Dominion of the British Empire. Both countries have universal suffrage; but the working class are no better off with their political power than without it. The reason is obvious: Capitalism governs, and *not* the working class.

The latter, when class conscious, are antimilitarian, but since August 4, 1914, the labor governments of the states and the Federated Labor Government have been the obedient servants of the British parliament in raising 300,000 men for service in Europe.

It was a Federal labor government in 1912, two years before the present war was declared, that brought in the infamous and undemocratic conscription act, going one better than the conscript countries of Europe, in compelling boys from 14 to 18 years to train for military service.

Adult males up to the age of 45 are liable to conscription in defense of the commonwealth on invasion of the country by "an enemy force." Although men and women

have political power, the majority were too indifferent to protest during the period when the conscription act was being debated in the Federal parliament. After it was passed, and mere children were compelled to attend drill, parents, Socialists, and anti-conscriptionists made a stir, but too late.

A pamphlet, "The Crime of Conscription," written by Harry Holland, a one-time editor of *THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST*, dealt with the clauses of this act, and showed the working class how members they had elected to the Federal parliament had betrayed them. So much for political action and votes for women.

As a matter of fact, Australia, tho nominally self governing, is merely a pawn in the game played by Britain against her commercial enemies. Capitalists move the pieces in the international game of chess.

At the present moment the alleged Labor Prime Minister of Australia is playing the part of White Knight. From umbrella maker and president of the Waterside Workers' Union, "little Billy" has become a statesman flattered by the capitalist press of Australia, which erstwhile gave him the icy eye. Now it extends the glad hand and it would need a stronger mind than his to withstand the fulsome flattery poured over him on his visit to London as the capitalists' representative of Australia.

The king has received him at Buckingham Palace, he has interviewed and been interviewed by capitalists' representatives; he has visited his old school in London and admonished the wondering, wide-eyed school children to be good and tell "as few lies as possible," advice discounted by the fact that as the representative of the Australian people of both classes, his whole triumphal tour in England is a series of Gargantuan lies and misrepresentations.

He represents the capitalist class all the time. He has done with the working class who put him into the Federal parliament, and betrayed them shamefully.

One hardly recognizes in this Australian Prime Minister the energetic soap boxer, who, on Sunday afternoons in the Sydney domain used his gift of satire, his knowledge of Bible texts and his native vigorous criticism against the master class.

As the representative of capitalism, William now quotes scripture against Socialists and the I. W. W. Prior to his depart-

ure for London he referred to these working class organizations as "swine" who should have devils cast out of them. He is now a splendid jingo and brilliant recruiting agent. The working class, who elected him to the Federal parliament fairly gasped on reading what he said to a gathering of the master class prior to his departure for Canada and London. As Socialists and the I. W. W. have been jailed for public protests against child conscription and recruiting of men for slaughter on the battlefields of Europe, this Labor (?) Prime Minister's utterance reads strangely.

He said: "To Australia the war has a terrible significance. On its outcome depends our continuance as a free and liberty loving people or the inauguration of an existence as a subjugated, conquered and military oppressed people. Australia, this grand country of ours, is one of the stakes in the game. Nay, it is the greatest stake, for if the Allies lose we immediately become a province of Prussia and all our religious, social and political ideals which we have industriously built up will vanish as a dream and we will pass under the iron heel of Prussian militarism."

The absurdity of this hot air is shown in the actual policy of the conscription now in Australia.

Much has been made of the number of men who volunteered for service in Egypt and the ill-fated Gallipoli expedition.

But the capitalist press in Australia and abroad say nothing of men being dismissed from factories and workshops and compelled to join the expeditionary forces to avoid starvation of themselves, their wives and children. One example will show the state of the labor market in this country of universal political suffrage.

Representatives from the Trades Hall (Melbourne) waited on the Federal treasurer in regard to the action of the state government in dismissing about 1,500 workers from the railway department, but their requests for financial assistance to be given by the state, in order that these men might be reinstated, have met with expressions of sympathy, but nothing more tangible. A third deputation waited on the Labor Minister, who promised to bring the representations of the deputation under the notice of the cabinet, and to ask his colleagues to deal with the unemployment problem as a whole.

In the meantime the cost of living has increased enormously. At the Commonwealth Arbitration Court a capitalist judge said, "This is the first time the court has been asked to fix the living wage of a clerk. Any married clerk who lived on the same regimen in 1915 as he did before the war would find it very difficult to make ends meet on ten shillings (about two dollars and fifty cents) a day.

"No one who is not extravagant lives in these days just as he did before the war. A saving can be effected in many cases by following the king—no alcoholic liquor during the war. Our brave soldiers and our Allies are fighting for us on low wages, hard conditions, poor food, long hours, offering life itself if necessary.

"Money is needed for the war and to help those who fight for us, and it is not too much to expect those who cannot or will not enlist to put up some sacrifices."

The judge himself gets a fat salary for telling a union of clerks this sort of stuff, but his description of the conditions of our brave soldiers is equally true of wage slaves the world over—low wages, long hours, bad conditions, and often sacrifice of life itself.

In this land of political freedom of the proletariat Socialists have been jailed for advising their own class not to enlist for foreign service, editors of militant labor papers threatened with fine and imprison-

ment for hindering recruiting, and the Federal postoffice has even held up bundles of Socialist newspapers and magazines. The dope of patriotism is preached to working class children in the state schools, and they are compelled to salute the flag of capitalism once a week. Their young minds are chloroformed with just what the capitalists holding Australia in pawn want the future wage slaves to learn and to know.

Science and economics are not taught to working class children and the dope of religion is administered to them. Organized religious bodies, like the Y. M. C. A. and the Salvation Army, have only to ask and thousands of dollars are poured into their funds. Added to all this the Roman Catholic Church is spreading its octopus-like tentacles over Australia, building convents, schools, churches, and a university college at an alarming rate.

Under all these conditions, is it surprising that the working class in Australia is no better off than elsewhere?

To the optimist, however, it is satisfactory to know that even in Australia the truths of Socialism are spreading, though slowly. Socialists have no doubt that their propaganda will gain in strength after the subsidence of the war fever and when peace is declared. In the meantime even in so-called democratic Australia, Socialists have a big and a tough fight in endeavoring to overthrow capitalism.

EVERYBODY in Illinois takes the state board of arbitration for a joke. Lately the board has issued a report which shows that the board takes itself as a good deal of joke. A press forecast signed by its secretary has this one:

"Referring to compulsory arbitration as a means of settling labor disputes, while the report says it has many advocates, it is also pointed out that the best thought along this line does not conclude this to be the solution, as cases can be cited where strikes of a serious nature have taken place in countries which have a 'Compulsory Arbitration' law, and that as a means of maintaining industrial peace, they have not proven satisfactory."

All right in every way except that it won't work—hey?

THE PRODUCTIVITY OF LABOR

By L. H. M.

PEOPLE to whom we say that the work of the world can all be done in four hours a day, if all able-bodied adults perform a useful service in society, have laughed at us in the past. They have said this was impossible and we had no way to prove our theory.

We argued and explained and told them how much wasteful labor was performed in society as organized today. We pointed to ten grocery stores and ten dry goods stores where only one of each was actually needed.

We counted up the numbers of lawyers and advertising workers, the preachers and useless printers and advertising specialists, the middle-men and brokers, who only force themselves between the productive workers and the retail men, who exhibit wares to those who buy shoes and clothes and furniture, hats, etc., etc. We contended that nearly all of these millions of people were an unnecessary expense to society and could be better used in productive labor or in performing some useful and necessary service.

No matter how well we argued, even some workmen and women themselves always replied that "it could not be done," that "it never had been done" and that we were crazy to suppose all the feeding, clothing, warming and sheltering of the people of the earth could be accomplished in four hours work a day by all healthy adults working at useful toil.

This was last year. Then we were unable to prove our theories. Our opponents had the best of us when they said "it had never been done." Today we show them that it is being done and that our arguments have become fact, have been proved by the most advanced nations of the earth—are being proved over and over again every day.

Read these figures, facts and proofs and rub them in the noses of any square head, who, in future says the working class has to sweat in factories, mines and mills eight and nine and ten hours a day as it does now.

The population of Germany before the war was 65,000,000 people, about half of

whom were children, youths and girls too young to work, old men and women beyond the age of working ability, and physical incapables. That is, probably about half of the actual German population was engaged in production and distribution and useful service before the war.

Out of this group of 32,500,000 capable men and women, at least 6,500,000 were called to arms during the present war, while an equal number have devoted their entire time and energies to feeding, clothing (and nursing the wounded of) this group, in manufacturing trucks, automobiles, Zeppelins, aeroplanes, ammunition, battleships, submarines and the "munitions" of war. Thirteen millions of the very cream of German industrial male life has been utterly removed from constructive industry; two-fifths of the entire German workable population, including the women, have been removed from all useful labor in the fatherland—the best men, the strong men, the young men—13,000,000 of them thrown into vast machines of destruction, while the three-fifths, or 19,500,000 remaining workers, most of whom are women, are feeding, clothing, and taking care of the German people.

Out of the five-tenths of the German people who are capable of working and fighting, two are now engaged in war and in providing for those engaged in war and the manufacture of munitions. Three are now running the great German nation, are become the mainstay of 65,000,000 German people.

(Incidentally it occurs to me that this would be a glorious time for that three-tenths to go on a general strike, but we will discuss that in another number.)

Now we need to remember that these 19,500,000 workers, who are supporting Germany today are not SKILLED workers, are not, in most cases, even *experienced* workers. Many of them are the wives who have been forced from their homes and thrust into a job by the government, after some slight instruction.

The workers who are maintaining Germany today are the least capable, the weak-

est, the least skilled 13,000,000 of the 35,000,000 available working men and women who were in Germany before the beginning of the war.

These people are working under great handicap. They are producing cloth with new machinery, from new raw materials. They are using new materials to make oil, and other food stuffs, substituting strange menus from stranger products. During war times when nations lack some of the raw materials with which commodities were produced in times of peace, new methods have to be invented and devised to meet the demands and necessities, new machinery has to be made and new systems learned.

Every one knows that mothers are an uncertain element in industry. For purely physical reasons, child-bearing women are less stable in the factory and mill than are men. There are bound to be periods when it is humanly impossible for them to work.

And in Germany, as well as in France, today the work of these nations is being done chiefly by the women, who form a large portion of the productive three-tenths.

Before the war the population of France was estimated at about 40,000,000. About ten per cent, or 4,000,000, were called to arms, while approximately an equal number have been engaged in feeding and clothing these men and in supplying them with arms, guns and ammunition, so that the percentage of workers in France, who are become the mainstay of France, who feed and clothe and house the French nation, is about the same as it is in Germany.

Now, nearly all of these workers are unskilled, inexperienced, uncertain. They are laboring under the greatest difficulties. In France, which has been invaded by the German armies, they have been compelled to build new factories, plant new fields, institute a hundred new methods of production. In Germany, owing to the embargo placed upon goods formerly shipped into this country, they have been compelled to build new plants for making new products.

And in spite of all these handicaps, these new methods of production, these new experiments, three-tenths of the entire population of these two modern countries are supporting these countries.

THE TOOLS OF PRODUCTION.

All of this goes to prove the old Socialist theory that the tools of production are the world's great history-makers, that the progress of mankind depends almost wholly upon the tools man uses in supplying his necessities.

Only modern industry with factory, mill, and shop production, could liberate men from their tools so that they could be spared to wage this gigantic war. Only modern machinery could make possible the support of nations with such large armies in the field, because *labor has become so enormously productive*, by the use of modern machinery in the productive processes, that a relatively small percentage of the population can now feed and clothe a whole nation, almost *indefinitely*.

Not only that, but in the decade preceding this war the greatest minds in both these countries, particularly in Germany, have been engaged on the problems of how best to *destroy, to kill and murder* the enemies across the border, rather than on how to lighten the burdens of those who work. These minds have been occupied in the invention and the preparation of instruments of havoc; they have sought to gain the greatest amount of murder and destruction with the least possible element of human effort in order to spare their soldiers.

They have produced *labor-saving* devices to build trenches, to load trains, to load and discharge guns, to erect fortifications, instead of producing labor-saving machinery to shorten the hours of the workers who *produce* food to feed, clothing to cover, houses to shelter the people of these nations.

Some effort has been spent on machine or factory improvements in industry to lower the *cost* of production, but the most brilliant men, the men most profitably rewarded, most honored in both France and in Germany, have been those who invented and manufactured labor-saving killing-machines for use in war time. All scientific knowledge has been subordinated to militarism.

During the war the labors of the workers have also been augmented by a large number of men being employed in supervising the distribution of foods, clothing, coal, etc. A vast national bookkeeping supervision and guarding of provisions has

arisen, with its vast army of official distributors. And all the people so employed are unable to form a part of the producing population already so overburdened.

Clergymen and college professors and magazine editors are proclaiming that the war cannot go on, that it is humanly impossible for the warring nations to support such vast armies in the field. Our answer is that the war is going on and may continue to last for years because modern industry, with its gigantic machines, has so increased the productivity of labor that a *quarter of the population can support the nations in war!*

This is a situation fraught with importance. After the war is over the capitalists of England, France, Belgium, Austria and Germany are going to intensify the exploitation of labor in order to meet the war debts. Bigger machines, more automatic machines will be used in mills and factories in order to eliminate the cost of human labor. Within a few years the productivity of labor will increase by leaps and bounds. One man will be able to support twenty men by the use of modern machine production. More men will be liberated from the factory, land, mill and mine. Will the workers become enslaved by toil while those unable to secure jobs starve or become soldiers?

Capitalists will find themselves driven to the last extremity to perpetuate Capitalism—the Profit System. Their workers will continue to increase the surplus products (which they need but have not wages enough to buy); capitalists will be compelled to improve their methods of production to meet the competition of capitalists in France, England or Germany. And these new methods mean less labor for more products.

Where are the capitalists going to sell these streams of products? The working

class will have less and less money to buy them.

Without doubt the capitalist class of the modern nations will demand enormous armies and navies to gain new territory, new markets, new places in which to sell the commodities the workers are pouring forth. This will utilize a part of the workers no longer needed in industry. It will mean war upon war, with the workers used as mere pawns in the struggle their masters *will be driven to wage if they are to hold the markets in which to sell commodities and to gain new ones for the increased wealth the workers will be producing.*

They will try to prolong, may even succeed in prolonging capitalism by keeping a large portion of the working class of one nation at war with the working class of another nation.

One worker under “favorable” conditions now probably produces enough to support half a dozen people. Under the new national capitalist competition, he will, by the use of improved machinery and new methods of production, be able to produce enough to support a dozen or even a score. This means that the day is past when men and women need to slave to feed and clothe themselves.

We believe that the proportion of productive workers is going to decrease enormously in the next few years. More and more people will be of that class which lives off the workers.

Now is the time to strike. The capitalist classes are at war with each other. The workers are waging this war for them. The workers will be asked to wage the next war, and the next. We must show the workers what Militarism and Imperialism mean. We must organize them to arise, as the people have arisen in the past, to demand that these wars cease—to demand and take the world for the workers.



THE BROOM CORN INDUSTRY

By W. W. PANNELL

A COMPARATIVELY few years ago, and for centuries antedating, brooms were made of the branches of trees, shrubbery of various kinds and even certain kinds of weeds bound together on long poles. The cave man probably used the same kind of a broom to sweep the cob-webs out of his cave that the peasants of Europe used a few years ago, and still use to some extent. However, the last few years has seen wonderful development in the production of the common broom. At first manufactured of any kind of material that came ready to hand, the broom has become a commercial product and is now manufactured exclusively as a product of the broom corn plant.

Broom corn, from which staple is manufactured the common broom of commerce, is grown extensively in Kansas, Oklahoma, Illinois and other states of the Southwest and Middle West. It is one of the family of sorghums, which also includes kaffir, milo, etc., and is grown exclusively for the "brush" that shoots out at the top of the stalk corresponding to the "head" of kaffir or milo. Two varieties are grown, the standard and dwarf, each of which requires a slightly different method of harvesting.

The methods of planting and cultivating broom corn are principally the same as with the other members of the sorghum family. The seed is planted in rows about three feet and a half apart to admit

of cultivation by machinery. The cultivation being the same as with Indian corn and other staple crops grown in rows.

The harvesting stage is the most important one in the production of the broom corn crop and upon the success of the time and methods of harvesting depend a large part of the price the farmer will get for his product. If the brush is harvested too green it does not have a firm "handle" or "color," as the broom corn experts say, and if it gets too ripe it turns "red" or "rusts" thereby depreciating in monetary value. The ideal is a "brush" that is ripe enough to be firm and have a strong "handle," yet minus the "red" or rust color that accompanies the over ripe condition. Therefore harvesting is usually staged when the broom corn has reached the desirable degree of ripeness, and at the this time the farmers hire all the labor they can get for a few days in order that the work of harvesting may be carried on as expeditiously as possible.

Dwarf broom corn is harvested by "pulling" or "jerking." To do this the "brush" is grasped in one hand and the top leaf or "boot" in the other and the "brush" extracted by pulling outward and downward. The "brush" is then laid on the ground, or on broom corn stalks broken down for that purpose, being later loaded on wagons and hauled out of the

field. The methods of harvesting standard broom corn are similar to those employed in harvesting the dwarf variety, with the exception that the stalks must be "cut" or "broke," this being necessary on account of its great height and because of other characteristics.

There are two methods of "curing" broom corn and getting it ready for market. Either it is hauled out of the field immediately after it is "pulled" and "shedded," or it is allowed to remain in the field until dry enough to "rick." The first method is called "shed curing"; the latter "field curing." The sheds are merely roofs under which the broom corn is laid in tiers on "poles" placed in the shed for that purpose. This allows the air to freely circulate through the broom corn, "curing" it without "weathering." The most up-to-date farmers follow the "shed method" of curing broom corn and the prices of "shed cured" broom corn are higher than those on "field cured."

The prevailing method of marketing broom corn is to sell to traveling representatives of factories or wholesale broom supply houses at a fixed price per ton for "brush" to be delivered at the nearest railway station. Numerous co-operative organizations have been formed to deal direct with the manufactures; however, the greater percent of the broom corn is still marketed through the middleman. In the future "direct selling" may revolutionize the entire broom corn market, but at present direct selling is the exception and not the rule.

The prices paid for broom corn are based on a certain market standard which is known to broom corn planters and buyers as "the demands of the market." The "demand of the market" is a medium sized brush of a greenish color, such as is used in the common household broom. Of course, whisk brooms and brushes of various kinds are manufactured of different qualities of broom corn and often sell comparatively higher than the standard broom; but as long as the manufacturer controls the broom corn market, the farmer will find it profitable to produce the article upon which the manufacturers base their market prices.

No article on the broom corn industry

would be complete without mention of the great army of migratory "broom corn pullers" that depend on this industry for a livelihood. They are the same class of "down-and-outs" as the wheat harvesters, cotton pickers, etc. Unorganized, they accept whatever wages the farmers will pay them and although the farmer is exploited unmercifully by the banker-merchant-landlord class, for a great many of the broom corn farmers are renters, he in turn acts as a petty "lord" over the "broom corn pullers."

Organization is one of the strongest weapons that the broom corn farmer can use in his own behalf. Fragmentary co-operative organizations have already shown the advantage of co-operative over competitive efforts in the marketing of farm products and hundreds of new organizations are being organized in the Southwest. With a federated organization of sufficient latitude to embrace the entire broom corn industry and control its products, the farmer will be enabled to receive at least a larger share than at present, of the profits accruing from the sale of the manufactured products of the broom corn plant.

As for the migratory worker, whom we are just now considering as a "broom corn puller," organization is also the weapon that will enable him to wrest from the farmer a part of the profits that will be the results of collective marketing.

EDITORIAL

The Time to Strike Is Now

Not for many years have capitalists been so anxious to cut out quibbling with the working class in America, and get down to *production and profits* for the owning class.

The New York *Call* declares that there are two hundred thousand people on strike in New York. The binder twine workers, and the garment workers, the machinists, the waiters and men and women in a score of other Chicago industries, are out on strike, or going to walk out.

Mr. Armour, of packing house fame, is reported to have said in the *Chicago Tribune* that only a few of his packing house employees had struck for higher wages. He also declared that certain Chicago manufacturers were paying 10 cents an hour to unemployed workmen who would call and wait at their plants on the chance of being needed to go to work. Think of it! Instead of workmen waiting anxiously to apply for jobs, they are now actually being paid good money to be on hand in the event that they may be wanted!

Mr. Armour complained bitterly that under such conditions it was no wonder that men and women were striking for higher wages. He seemed to feel that this was a great wrong done to the packing house owners.

A well-known New York comrade assures us that the new manufacturers of war munitions refused to erect new plants for making these goods until the English and French governments came across with the actual cash to pay for the erection of their new factories and plants. Before they would agree to make the machinery and munitions of war they had to receive a present of the most modern and perfected plants free of all value received, by France and England.

These munition manufacturers are piling up profits as they have not done in many years. They are frenziedly trying to increase their output and thereby their profits. They are offering an unprecedented price (or wage) for the labor power of the worker.

The United States, as a result of the war in Europe, is today enjoying a most prosperous period. Employers of labor are "voluntarily" raising wages—in order to prevent their employees from leaving to get higher wages elsewhere. They are evincing an unusual eagerness to listen to and discuss and rectify the "wrongs" of the workers—in order to keep them working—and producing profits for the employers.

The railroad corporations are spending thousands upon thousands of dollars trying to influence the railroad men and the "public" into believing that they cannot give the men who haul the trains and *run* the roads a raise in wages and keep on paying their usual dividends (on watered stock) while all the time they are trembling inwardly for fear the men will stop running the trains, go home, fold their arms and demand an eight-hour day and higher wages.

And the railroad men are shivering and discussing and wondering whether they shall accept what their bosses decide to give them or whether to risk a strike—just as some other timid union men are wondering whether they dare demand something from those who exploit them.

THEY NEED YOU NOW

If you workers will just stop and consider for a moment, you will realize that today your masters desire and need your labor power more than they have done for many years. By employing you, your

bosses are able today to make ten per cent, fifty per cent and one or two hundred per cent profits where they made five, ten or twenty per cent two years ago. They are piling up wealth in unheard-of quantities today, but they do not want to yield the workers a cent more for producing this wealth.

But the employing class needs your labor power to make these enormous profits. They *must* have you in order to take advantage of the war needs of Europe. There are not, for the first time in twenty years, enough workingmen and women to go around in the capitalist plants and mills and factories.

The employers are bidding against each other to secure *your labor power*. This is *your* chance. Now, while the employers see great and unheard-of opportunities to make big profits, is your opportunity to better your *fighting* organizations. The bosses will hire anybody today. You may even speak out in meeting and talk organization and actually organize yourselves into a real working *class fighting industrial* union with less opposition, less self-sacrifice today than you may ever have an opportunity to do again.

Now is the time to organize and to organize into industrial unions, to throw down the barriers between the crafts and get together in unions of your whole industry. Now is the time to get all your fellow-workers in the union. *Now* is the time to join your comrades, hand your demands to the boss, go home and take a vacation. You don't have to throw bricks this time. You don't need to struggle with the police this time. Just appoint one of your members to write to the "short-handed" factories that are running day and night trying to fill orders and ask them what they will pay you per week.

If your bosses won't stand for a real union, go some place else and get a better job and organize there. If they hear you, and your fellow-workers, are going to work for somebody else, they will grant your demands so quick that it will surprise you.

They have an opportunity *today* to make *double* profits, provided *you* will keep on working. Why not shorten your work day when they need you so badly that they will lose these profits if you go on strike?

Organize your *industrial union* and submit your demands and take a vacation till they are granted you. And *perfect your organization* to carry on the class struggle to abolish the profit system.

The Chicago milk wagon drivers went out on strike one morning in April and before noon the big milk companies had given them all they asked for because they knew the men could get jobs somewhere else.

This is the "good time" before the deluge that is going to follow the war. You can organize now to hold your own and to gain in strength in the future.

Now is the time to perfect a real fighting working class organization!

Socialism and War

By LOUIS B. BOUDIN

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A brilliant and adequate Socialist interpretation of the Great War by the foremost Marxian scholar in America.

This book develops a theory of the economic basis of Imperialism that is at once original and satisfactory.

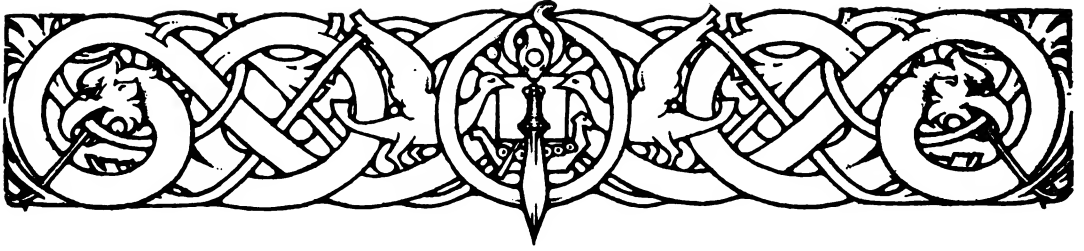
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INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

The New Socialist Group in the Reichstag.—March 24, 1916, may prove to be one of the big days in the history of German socialism. It was a great day when the Marxians and Lasalleans came together nearly fifty years ago. Since then a split has seemed out of the question. When Karl Liebknecht was in this country he laughed at the suggestion. And there is even now no division in the party organization. There cannot be, without the action of a party congress. But there are now two socialist groups in the Reichstag, and a division of the party seems certain. Strange to say, this prospect is hailed with relief by the majority of both factions. It was on March 24 that the two groups parted company.

On this great occasion it was Haase who spoke for the revolution. The vote was to be taken on a preliminary plan for a new war budget. Scheidemann announced that the Socialists would vote yes. There was evidence of discord in the socialist group. Finally Haase arose and said that he and a group of his friends would vote no. Great consternation everywhere! As Haase went on to give his reasons he was interrupted with epithets and protests.

His argument was to the effect that the government is a class government in war as it was in peace—therefore, a Socialist cannot support it. This argument, so far as the astonished majority permitted it to proceed, was a perfectly simple statement of well known facts. The poor have suffered every privation, said Haase in effect, and you have not provided relief.

Freedom of speech has not been restored, though you have promised it. The labor unions are prevented from carrying on their work. In many ways you have refused to recognize the equality of classes before the law.

Your war policy is plunging Europe into poverty. Even now, if the war is concluded, we shall have to labor four months out of each year to pay the interest on the public debt. Thus far the German army maintains its advantage. The German government may well take the first step in the direction of peace. But you refuse to call a halt. We Socialists detest war, and we demand peace. If this war were fought honestly in defense of the empire, as you pretend, it would have ended before this. "For the workers, it is the most terrible tragedy that they are forced to bear arms against those to whom they are linked by a great, common ideal."

At this point an opponent cried, "We do not want to hear this speech!"

"You do not want to hear the truth," continued Haase. "Nevertheless, you can not deny that which has been long recognized among capitalists who are not the beneficiaries of the war, that this struggle is based on a delusion. It is clear that none but fools or knaves can hope for world domination."

Soon after these words were uttered the bold orator was forced to leave the speaker's stand. But he had already said the essential things, the things which should have been said, in another form, to be sure, on August 4, 1914.

"THE ARMY GIRL"

WHAT happens to a young army officer who desires to perform a real service to society, to invent constructive machines rather than engines of destruction? When he determines to build, rather than pull down?

And what happens to "The Army Girl," his young and generous-hearted sister, when she falls in love with "The Man Who Mends the Boats," and discovers that he has been courtmartialed for striking an army officer, is proud of arraying the Working Class against the Owning Class, when he advocates desertion from the army and denounces the whole military system?

And what do they do with Anne, the little working girl, who has been seduced by an officer at their own post?

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Kate, "The Army Girl," bubbles with interrogation points. She determines to learn who builds the cities, makes the clothes and pays the bills. And when she does learn, she discovers that the Worker, the Agitator, the Army Deserter—even the Convict—may be the torch bearers of the world!

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Scheidemann then arose to express his surprise and to renew his pledge of patriotism for the majority of socialist deputies. Otto Ruhle then declared, for himself and Liebknecht, that they maintain the principle, "For this system, not a man, not a penny."

When the vote was taken twenty men voted no and fourteen withdrew. Those who had the courage to rebel openly against party discipline and stand up to be counted in the negative were: Lieb-knecht, Ruhle, Bernstein, Bock, Büchner, Cohn, Dittman, Geyer, Haase, Henke, Herzfeld, Horn, Kunert, Sedeborn, Schwarz, Stadthazen, Stolle, Vogtherr, Sturm and Imbeil.

After the session of the Reichstag the Socialists held a caucus, the last one of the famous 110. By a vote of 58 to 33, with four abstentions, Haase and his supporters were expelled from the group. Immediately 18 of these met and formed a new group, the *Socialist Labor Association*. Ruhle and Liebknecht do not belong to this organization. The former, it seems, is definitely and consistently opposed to all war; the latter holds that the present war has been from the beginning a war of conquest on the part of Germany and that it could have been prevented by the German government. The 14 deputies who withdrew at the time of the vote issued a statement in which they explained that they are one with the 20 in principle, but that they feel obliged to yield to party discipline.

Since the end of that stirring day in March the outlines of the situation have become quite clear. The party executive committee, by a large majority, denounced the action of the 20 and did all that it could to read them out of the party. *Vorwaerts*, in a splendid editorial, came to their defense. In the opinion of the official organ, what has happened has been inevitable for months past. Nothing but good, it seems to the editor, can come from the clearing of the atmosphere.

Bernstein, in an article in *Vorwaerts*, takes up the reproach that the Socialist rebels are aiding the enemy. "In the other countries," he says, "there are capitalists and proletarians." The former will not, in the long run, be pleased by Haase's

speech. It is the proletarian-democratic hosts who will hail it with joy." He then goes on to develop a line of thought which will be of great interest to American socialists. He tells of the tour of Comrade Kollantay through this country. German-American Socialists, he says, cannot be accused of sympathy with the Allies. Their vigorous peace propaganda frees them from any suspicion of this sort. And among these, wherever she went, Comrade Kollantay found that Karl Lieb-knecht was regarded as the hero of the war and the representative of socialism as it was known before August 4, 1914. These American Socialists of German birth, thinks Bernstein, furnish the best proof that Liebknecht, Haase and the rest of the 20 are in the right. I hope that many of our German-speaking comrades may learn of the fact that their opinions and activities have given support to the real Socialists of Germany during these trying times.

KARL LIEBKNECHT

The Strike on the Clyde—One cannot help wondering if a German submarine has not torpedoed the official English sense of humor. Lloyd-George and his helpers have flattered the Scotch munition workers, and scolded them. At one moment these men have been worthless wasters, at another the fate of the country has depended upon them. In the midst of the excitement long agreements have been signed by men and employers. But the scolding, the flattery and the agreements, all together, are not able to maintain a state of calm for more than a few days together.

The men can't get a raise in wages, tho the fate of the country depends on them, and employers break the agreement when they have a mind. REVIEW readers will remember how David Kirkwood spoke up for the men of the Parkhead works, Glasgow. An agreement was drawn up and signed. The process of dilution was to be carried on carefully, according to rule. The outspoken Mr. Kirkwood, as chairman of the shop stewards, had been in the habit of looking into complaints in all departments. In some department not his own there was a complaint. He investigated and made a protest. The employers forbade him to go outside his own department. The men got excited. Several hundred of them met and, entirely of their own accord, went out on strike. They knew they were acting contrary to the provisions of the Defense of the Realm Act. Immediately Mr. Kirkwood and half a dozen other shop stewards were "deported." That is, they were sent to other cities and set down to shift for themselves. Naturally they had great difficulty in finding anyone who would hire them. There is a strong suspicion that they are being boycotted.

This was at the end of March. The leaders advised the men to go back and they did so. Their grievances are to be taken up by a commission. In the meantime, a large number of Glasgow workers were demanding an increase in wages in order that they might keep up with the high cost of living. The Productions Commission gave some of them such a small increase that the whole affair was turned into a cruel joke. On March 31

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I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write today.

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a large mass meeting was held on Glasgow Green and on April 16 another one.

And so the tale goes on. The war has not brought the classes nearer to an understanding. The men's side of the news is suppressed, but events go to show that a deep sense of bitterness is growing deeper all the time. And yet the same sort of patriotic talk is kept up. If the country is such a grand one to fight for and the rulers are so eager for mutual understanding, the men would like some proof now and then. It all reminds one forcibly of Haase's speech of March 24. The workers of Essen ought to be able to understand the situation of those on the Clyde—even if Lloyd-George is unable to do so.

A British Socialist Split?—On April 24 the cable brought the news that the Easter conference of the British Socialists had resulted in a division. The meeting took place at Salford, and, according to the published story, thirty delegates withdrew to Manchester and held a conference of their own. These thirty were evidently the war Socialists. They are said to have issued a statement to the effect that their rebellion is due to "a pernicious national pacivism" in the party.

Trouble of this sort has been brewing in the B. S. P. since the beginning of the war. *Justice*, the official organ, has been pro-war and anti-German. The majority of the members have evidently been in favor of the hitherto accepted policy of opposition to capitalism and war. The antagonism within the party has grown increasingly bitter. Now, apparently, it has resulted in a division. Taken in conjunction with what has occurred in Germany, this event is very significant.

French and German Socialists.—The National Committee of the French Socialist party has just decided to stand by the decision of the annual congress against participation in a meeting of the International Socialist Bureau. This decision is based on the conviction that they cannot meet the German war Socialists as comrades.

About the same time that the decision was reached *l'Humanité* published an editorial of greeting to the German Socialist

minority. This action shows clearly in what form the chief problem of the third international will present itself. When the war is over the French, the English, the Italians and the Russians will oppose the admission of Scheidemann and his friends into the international body. If there is at that time a separate body in Germany made up of Socialists the problem will be greatly simplified.

The Irish Revolt.—If it is true that the Irish may be expected to revolt once in every generation, they could have found no time more favorable than the present. They had, a few weeks ago, as good a military organization as they can expect to build up, England was at war, and the Germans offered help. So if an Irish revolt is ever justified by mere prospect of favorable conditions, this one just put down may be said to have been justified.

For just one week, April 25 to May 1, there was a grand fight in Dublin. Seven leaders issued an eloquent Proclamation of the Irish Republic in the name of the Provisional Government. Reliance was placed in the Irish Republican Brotherhood, the Irish Volunteers and the citizen army. But the Sinn Fein is given credit for the uprising.

There is something antiquatedly dramatic about the story of those seven days. The chief public buildings were seized. The post office was made army headquarters. Paving blocks and overturned vehicles were quickly built into barricades.

But the soldiers soon concentrated. A few machine guns did the necessary work. The eager patriots escaped with difficulty from the back doors of buildings which were falling about their ears. A few hundred soldiers and patriots were killed. Many more were wounded. Then the commander-in-chief, our own James Connolly, ordered his followers to submit.

Boatloads of Irish were sent to England. Seven of the leaders were shot. Others were sentenced to long terms at penal servitude. The whole thing was over in a week and Ireland seemed worse off than ever.

Now, to be sure, the government talks of giving the tragic island home-rule. And there is indignation everywhere over the sudden execution of seven brave men.

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The Ancient Lowly

A History of the Ancient Working People from the Earliest Known Period to the Adoption of Christianity by Constantine

By C. OSBORNE WARD

Nearly all the ancient histories in the libraries are the histories of kings and their wars. The ancient historians despised the people who did useful work; their praise and their attention were reserved for the soldiers. The real story of the working people of Egypt and India, of Greece and of the Roman Empire was lost or buried out of sight.

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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After all, England may have been scared into doing something for Ireland.

In this country we have felt that this rebellion must, on the inside, have seemed something more than a romantic adventure. For James Connolly was in it. James Connolly has one of the best minds the working class has produced. He is not the man to fool away the lives of his fellows. From this side, judged by the glimpses given by the correspondents, the whole thing looked a foolhardy adventure. But to the men and women who did the planning and laid down their lives, it must have offered some prospect of winning the long-sought freedom.

One cannot but recall, however, how much more terrible the great Dublin strike looked to the world of English capitalism. Cessation of work was a more powerful weapon than the rifle, the union was more effective than the army, and solidarity with English workers furnished a better defense than street barricades.

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Civilization is the measure of man's control over nature. The great issue involved in Birth Control is conscious control of the process of birth.

A most stimulating article on *Birth Control and Democracy* in the current issue of the NEW REVIEW discusses the social and progressive aspects of the question.

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The great classic on Birth Control is Dr. Wm. J. Robinson's book, *The Limitation of Offspring by the Prevention of Conception*. Dr. Robinson was a pioneer in the movement for birth control in this country. The book sells for \$1.00 net.

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NEWS AND VIEWS

disprove the fact that "there are over 250,000 abortions each year in this country and 50,000 girls and women dying directly from results of abortion," also that "Nation-wide abortion is not a condition to come. It is already here."

"If newspapers should make it a practice to print all the facts of the community relating to birth control—all the terrible facts in every case that comes to light—it would be easy to establish clinics in every community for giving scientific knowledge to girls and women who wish to stop the coming of unwelcome babies. Every city has its stories of the babies not wanted, but the truth about these babies is terrible reading.

"I am reliably informed that there is a record in the coroner's office in Cook county of a case which illustrates my point. The inquest was over the body of a woman who had four children. In her attempt to get rid of the fifth child, an unborn child, she killed herself.

"Her husband was the chief witness at the inquest. He stated that he was employed by Sears, Roebuck & Co. as a shipping clerk. His wages were \$13.50 a week. On these wages it was hard for the family to pay the food, rent and fuel bills of the house, and the woman told her husband she simply must not have another baby because it would be taking food from the mouths of others. By what law of God or man does anybody say a woman under these conditions shall not have access to knowledge of how to stop more babies from coming to her underfed family?

"More than 10,000 young unmarried mothers come to Chicago each year and leave in the hospitals and foundling homes of Chicago babies not wanted, babies not wished for. I am told that this figure of 10,000 is a conservative estimate and that officials of the Curran commission on state charitable institutions stated at the opening of their inquiry that there are probably more than 15,000 unmarried mothers who come to Chicago each year.

"The actual figures of this point would be of help to the birth control movement. They would convince doubters of the extent to which birth control is now already in practice to the profit of quack doctors and shady maternity homes and with pain and anguish to young women and girls, victims of ignorance."

During one week in Chicago Comrade Sanger received letters from 4,300 persons.

She left Chicago for Indianapolis to address The National Conference of Charities and Cor-

MARGARET SANGER.

Margaret Sanger's Western Trip—Hundreds of working men and women welcomed Margaret Sanger during her brief stay in Chicago. The first meeting was held in the West Side Auditorium, which was packed to overflowing. The second meeting was held in one of the largest theaters in the loop district and standing room was at a premium.

The aristocratic Woman's Club refused to hear her message and one Chicago newspaper accused her of preaching nation wide practice of abortion. In reply she challenged them to

rections, which is now in conference. From there she will go to St. Louis, St. Paul and Minneapolis and thence to the Coast.

We feel sure all western comrades will give her a royal welcome for the splendid propaganda she is carrying on.

Letters addressed to Comrade Sanger, care THE REVIEW, will be promptly forwarded.

Chicago Strikes—15,000 workers at the International Harvester Works are out on strike. They went out unorganized. THE REVIEW will have a complete story of the strike in the July number.

One thousand express drivers have tied up all express business. At this writing it looks as if the clerks, sorters and checkers would join with the drivers. They are over-worked and under-paid and are at present unorganized, but the spirit of solidarity is running strong among the slaves.

Ten thousand garment workers are again out. Eight hundred cigar makers went on strike yesterday, the 17th, and 1,000 electrical workers will go on strike today for a 30 per cent increase in pay.

As we go to press word comes in that all freight handlers employed in railroad warehouses are going to join with the express drivers. More power to them! The only way to get shorter hours and more money in the pay envelope is to go after it. The only place to stab a big, fat, juicy corporation is in the pocketbook.

Angered Rail Employe "Jimmies" Up 24 Trains—Nine passenger trains, carrying more than 1,000 passengers, and fifteen freight trains of about forty-five cars each were held up at the New York Central interlocking point at the Calumet river last night for three hours, when a nonunion maintainer "jimmied" the trestle.

During the difficulty between the railways and the telegraph operators and other branches of workmen, nonunion maintainers have been in charge of the switch control stations. The station maintained at the Calumet bridge is said to be the largest in the world, and is so delicately adjusted that the touch of a button handles the complex switching arrangement.

At 7:30 last night the nonunion maintainer was informed that it would be his last night, because the union employe would resume his place today. In a few minutes the process known among railroad men as "jimmying" had been accomplished, and the huge, delicately adjusted mechanism was out of business (Chicago Tribune). Here is a question we want to ask: If one railroad worker had as much power as this nonunion man, what couldn't all the railroad men do if they decided to fight? They might be able to make two good jobs out of one bad one. Do you get it?

Don't Like the I. W. W.—Here is a clipping from a Chicago daily newspaper that will give our craft union friends something to think over. The question is: Why does the boss prefer the A. F. of L. to the I. W. W.? We think we remember hearing Bill Haywood say: "When the bosses praise us we will know we have ceased to be of value to the working class." How about it, Old Timer?



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"A strike started yesterday by employes in the Messenger restaurants was settled today when Samuel Messenger signed an agreement with the Chicago Federation of Labor, whereby he is to pay the union scale of wages and conform to union hours. The strike was called by the Industrial Workers of the World, and Mr. Messenger refused to have any negotiations with that organization, it is said. Instead, he called his cooks and other employes into a conference and arranged to treat directly with the Chicago Federation of Labor. The announcement of the settlement of the strike was made by Ben F. Parker, president of the Chicago Waiters' Association."

A Washington Red sends in three big iron dollars for sub. cards and says: "I always pass the REVIEW along after reading it from cover to cover, as it opens the brain cells."—R. C. Holbrook.

Straight From the Shoulder—The following letter received from a West Virginia Rebel has a punch which we feel sure will be appreciated by REVIEW readers, who, by the way, are the best bunch of rebels on earth. "Please find enclosed \$1.00 for which send me twenty copies of the May REVIEW, if possible by return mail. It is hell around here and seems to be getting worse all the time and I want to do my little part to help along. I got fired trying to organize an Industrial Union, but by God I am going to fight back some way or other, to let them know I am not crushed yet. I organized a Socialist Local the other night and have another on the way. Also am receiving names for industrial organization. Please send REVIEWS by return mail if possible so I can sell them and order more. Believe me, I am going to do my damndest to smash this rotten system of capitalism which is crushing every worker and his family in the world and I do not give a damn who knows it. I have not got the vocabulary to tell you my regard for the REVIEW. I get it every month."—Yours for the Revolution, H. A. L.

From a Wood Carver—I sold ten REVIEWS in the shop last Saturday. The only trouble was I should have had more. Send on another bundle of twenty as I am going to sell the REVIEW in the union hall Thursday night.

I have a brother in the war in France. He belongs to the Canadian contingent and I want him to get his REVIEW. If you think you can get it through to him I will gladly defray all expenses."—Yours for the Revolution, J.

Henry Dubb and the Review, Twin Falls, Idaho—Comrades: "Enclosed find confidence paper to the extent of one dollar; please send twenty copies of the last issue of the REVIEW. I do not see how anyone who claims to be a Socialist can be without the REVIEW; to me it is the most welcome guest that visits our home. If the REVIEW and the masses cannot open the eyes of Henry, you can put him down as impossible, and as Comrade Debs said: 'Gabriel's bugle would not be sufficient to stir him on the day of resurrection.' With the best of wishes for a big increase in the circulation of the REVIEW, I remain, for the cause, F. Olson."

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Mexican Editors Jailed—Charged with having used the mails "to incite murder, arson and treason," Ricardo Flores Magon and his brother, Enrique Flores Magon, editors of "El Regeneracion," a paper published in Los Angeles in the interests of free land and free men in Mexico, recently have been arrested and jailed. This is the third time the Magons have faced the penitentiary, for twice they have been convicted of breaking the neutrality laws and have served terms in the state prison of Arizona and the federal penitentiary on McNeil's Island. In a revolutionary career of twenty years, ten of which have been spent in the United States, they have passed more than five years behind the bars. "Justice and not bullets, is what ought to be meted out to the revolutionists of Texas; and from now on we should demand that the persecutions of innocent Mexicans should cease. And as to the revolutionists, we should also demand that they be not executed. The ones who should be shot are the 'rangers' and the band of bandits who accompany them in their depredations. Enough of reforms! What we hungry people want is entire liberty based on economic independence. Down with the so-called rights of private property; and as long as this evil right continues to exist we shall remain under arms. Enough of mockery!" These utterances constitute the counts against the Magons; and these, with one or two others of a similar nature, are quoted in the grand jury indictment against them. And for this they face from two to five years in the penitentiary! In answer to this campaign of suppression a Workers' International Defense League of Los Angeles has been organized. The league has taken charge of the Magon case and has set itself to put up the heavy bail of \$10,000 demanded by the court for the temporary release of the prisoners, and to raise the greatly needed funds for their defense. Attorneys Ryckman and Kirk have been engaged as counsel, both of them veterans in fighting the battles of the workers—the latter, indeed, having served six months in jail for his activities in the San Diego free speech fight. The treasurer of the league is J. D. Kaufman, 621 American Bank Building, Los Angeles.

Emanuel Julius is ready to send you a copy of "The Pest, and Other One-Act Plays." These plays break the great American commandment: "Thou shalt not commit irony." Emanuel Julius' plays are readable, entertaining and thought-provoking. Send **ten cents** at once to

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DER IMPERIALISMUS, DER WELTKRIEG UND DIE SOZIAL-DEMOKRATIE
Von Herman Gorter

This is a German edition of a most important book which we had hoped to publish in English during the summer of 1915. After the book was in type, the author felt obliged to insist on suppressing the edition for reasons of his own. He has now sent us several hundred copies of this edition in the German language, published in Amsterdam. Every German-speaking reader of the REVIEW should read and circulate it. Price 25 cents; to our stockholders, 20 cents, postpaid.

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KARL LIEBKNECHT in Germany and Bernard Shaw in England are easily the two biggest Big Brothers in Europe.

Each in his own country accuses his home government of its crimes.

And Liebknecht in Berlin raps the German imperial government much harder than the Milwaukee Leader.

This paper is telling the truth about the knock-kneed king of England and the bullet-headed czar of Russia.

But it keeps silent about that paralytic mastoid, the Kaiser of Germany.

How and why is the Milwaukee Leader gagged and muzzled from printing the truth about the Kaiser?

Czar Nicholas and King George are oppressors, but the Kaiser—ho hum!—we won't say anything about the Kaiser.

Before the European war, the Kaiser was regularly ragged as a vicious tyrant. Now he gets apologies and vindications.

Liebknecht in Berlin has more nerve challenging the Hohenzollerns than the Socialist mouthpieces of Milwaukee.

MILK wagon drivers of Chicago pulled off a little rebellion in May and shoved up their wages from \$19 a week to \$22. It roused the criticism from some quarters that milk wagon drivers now have a higher average income than lawyers. Query: Even if true, why shouldn't a milk driver get more money from human society for his service than a lawyer for his service? Or, if debating clubs or nail keg philosophers want to take up the question, let it be put this way: Who's the most useless? Milk wagon driver or lawyer?

HERE'S one the printer will have to set in bold-face slugs of some noisy font of type. It's from *The Conveyor*, dipped out of an article entitled, "A Definition of Efficiency," by J. Seton Gray:

"Use the word 'Why' often. When working at a job, ask yourself, 'Why is it necessary that this should be done?' Get into the habit of using 'Why' at your work throughout the day. It is only by asking and answering yourself that you will learn that efficiency means the use of the head. Get your brainbox working, and let your head do some of the work instead of your body."

Hallelujah! Now everybody—altogether:
USE YOUR HEADS!

A Wholesale Co-Operative Grocery Business to supply locals, co-operatives and individual members throughout the country has been started by Chicago comrades. We are numerous enough to support such an institution and with our right support it is bound to be a success and become a great benefit to us all. Without the capitalist drain of interest, dividends and profit it is free to be of full use to us all and to enlarge and expand. Manufacturing should follow as a natural result. Comrades desiring further information should address Socialist Exchange, 2659 Fullerton avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Washington Anti-Militarists—The special convention of the Socialist Party of the District of Columbia, called to consider the validity of compulsory military enrollment according to the constitution of the United States, Article 13th, met at headquarters with thirty-two delegates present, representing eight locals of the D. C., and two Virginia locals.

A motion was then put and carried, that those socialists of the district who were willing to make the test of the validity of compulsory military enrollment, by refusing to give their names and other necessary requirements to the enrolling officer, would be sustained in the courts, morally and financially, by the Socialist party of the District of Columbia.—Ellen Wetherell, Washington, D. C.

Comrade Richardson of Mart, Texas—This is to apprise you of the death of our good comrade, U. M. Richardson, who succumbed

after a lingering illness of several months' duration. He will be remembered by many comrades and others as having been active in the movement for a better day for several years and of managing to a successful issue one or more big encampments at Rockdale, Tex. He will be missed by his many friends and relatives, and the socialist movement loses one of its staunchest and most ardent and active adherents and workers in this section, through his regrettable demise. His work and efforts will live and thrive in the development of the seeds he has sown for the enlightenment and emancipation of humanity from ignorance, superstition and slavery.—Fraternally, C. L. Vincent.

Trimmers—too many trimmers talking revolution. And what's a trimmer? He isn't the sort of man Martin Luther meant when he wrote Erasmus:

"You desire to walk upon eggs without crushing them and among glasses without breaking them."

As the historians report it, Erasmus answered: "I will not be unfaithful to the cause of Christ, at least so far as the age will permit me." To which Luther replied: "I will go to Worms though devils were combined against me as thick as the tiles upon the housetops."

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VOLUME I, entitled "**The Process of Capitalist Production**," is practically complete in itself. It explains the thing which, up to the time that Marx came on the scene, had confused all the economists, namely, **Surplus Value**. It explains exactly how the capitalist extracts his profits. This volume might be called the keystone of the Socialist arch. 866 pages, **\$2.00**.

VOLUME II, "**The Process of Circulation of Capital**," explains the part that the merchant and the banker play in the present system, and the laws that govern social capital. Unravels knots in which previous writers had become entangled. 618 pages, **\$2.00**.

VOLUME III, in some respects the most interesting of all, treats of "**The Process of Capitalist Production as a Whole**." Predicts the rise of Trusts and makes clear the cause of pauper and industrial crises. Shows how the small capitalist is swallowed. Explains for all time the subjects of **Land, Rent and Farming**. 1,048 pages, **\$2.00**.

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PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT

Books for the Campaign.—The Presidential campaign of 1916 is now on, and the next few months will be the most favorable time in four years to get American working people to read about Socialism. The veteran Socialist workers know from long experience that the results obtained from the mere holding of meetings amount to little. People listen to the speakers; then go away and forget all they heard. The work that counts at a Socialist meeting is to induce the listener to buy a book in which the essential principles of Socialism are clearly explained. If the speaker can connect his talk with a good book and induce his hearers to read it, there will be a good chance of their coming into a real understanding of the principles of Socialism, so that they may be counted on our side in the class struggle from that time on.

Propaganda That Pays for Itself.—It costs money to hire speakers, rent halls and print leaflets, and always it is not those who can best afford it but the most enthusiastic workers who "dig up" for these campaign expenses. But the sale of books at meetings pays for itself, and even helps pay the other expenses, so that it relieves "Jimmy Higgins" instead of taxing him.

Good Books Scarce This Year.—The National Office of the Socialist Party has been crippled in its work by the debt recklessly piled up in the campaign of 1912; it has virtually abolished its book department, and has few books suitable to sell at meetings. Our publishing house has a limited supply of some of the best books, but our plans for this year's campaign have been upset by a sudden rise in the price of book paper to almost double the former figure. This fact, together with the probability of new issues coming to the front in the near future with the quick development of American Imperialism, makes it seem unwise for us to enlarge our stock of books at this time. We have, however, just finished printing new and attractive editions of two of the best possible books for sale at Socialist meetings.

The Communist Manifesto, by Marx and Engels, first published in 1848, will

never be out of date while there are wage-workers and capitalists. It is at once a scientific analysis of capitalist society and a bugle call: "Workers of the World, Unite." You can read it a hundred times and find food for thought each time. Induce a wage-worker to begin studying it and he will take his stand with his class if he has brains to understand. The only trouble with the "Manifesto" is that it requires close study to get at the meaning. The average man needs something simpler first. We have it.

Shop Talks on Economics, by Mary E. Marcy, one of the editors of the *Review*, is THE book for a beginner. It talks to him about every-day material things, about his job, his pay envelope, the things he makes and the things he buys with his wages. It shows him why it is that the capitalist gets so much more for doing nothing than he gets for hard work. It shows him that the only way to get more is to UNITE and ORGANIZE with other workers. In short words and short sentences it helps him understand what SURPLUS VALUE is, and how he makes it and the other fellow gets it.

Ten-Cent Books.—The two books just named sell for ten cents each. Other books at the same price that are good to sell at open-air meetings are:

- Class Struggles in America, Simons.
- Crime and Criminals, Darrow.
- Industrial Socialism, Haywood and Bohn.
- Marxism and Darwinism, Pannekoek.
- The New Socialism; LaMonte.
- No Compromise, Liebknecht.
- Our Mental Enslavement, Caldwell.
- The Question Box, Eastwood.
- Revolution, Jack London.
- The Right to Be Lazy, Lafargue.
- The Rights of the Masses, Brewer.
- Study Course in Scientific Socialism.
- The Social Evil, Dr. J. H. Greer.
- Socialism Made Easy, Connolly.
- The Socialist Movement, Vail.
- Socialist Songs With Music.
- The Socialist Movement, Spargo.
- The Strength of the Strong, London.
- Value, Price and Profit, Marx.
- Why Catholic Workers Should Be Socialists, Mary E. Marcy.
- The Wolves, a Fable, Wason.

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cept that for \$2.00 we will mail a set of the 23 books and will include a year's subscription to the **Review**.

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BOOK REVIEWS



Plain English: By Marian Wharton. Published by the People's College, Fort Scott, Kan.

The plainest of "Plain English" is taught in the new text-book of this title, issued by the People's College. It is a splendid volume of more than 300 pages and is the work of Marian Wharton, who has charge of that department and who has no superior, if she has an equal, in that line.

The book is a marvel of clearness and simplicity. Each lesson treats of a special subject and is complete. Anyone who can read can understand it.

"Plain English," in a word, is a revolutionary text-book, and not a mere treatise on how to use words to conceal thoughts. It is the first volume in the series to be issued by the People's College, and to constitute the proletarian literature, self-inspired and self-produced, true to truth and free from all ruling-class taint, that is to dispel the darkness of ignorance and superstition among the workers, as the mist vanishes before the sunrise, open their eyes and attune their hearts to their common kinship, develop their capacity to think and act for themselves, inspire them with high ideals and resolute purposes, and fit them by education and organization for the mental, moral and spiritual mastery of the world.—Eugene V. Debs.

The Air Trust: A novel by George Allan England, author of "Darkness and Dawn," "Beyond the Great Oblivion," "The Afterglow," etc., etc. Published by Phil Wagner, of the National Rip Saw, St. Louis, Mo.

Here is a novel that carries the monopolistic principle to its logical conclusion. Comrade England says: "Granting the premise that some process might be discovered whereby the air supply of the world could be controlled, the Air Trust logically follows." In this amazingly original and interesting story, the capitalist class secure complete monopoly of the air; all political rights are denied; the working class, in order to escape absolute slavery, are forced into a violent physical revolution, from which it emerges triumphant. Many points of this novel are based upon things comparatively new in the world of science and invention, and hence particularly interesting to Socialists. A book well worth while.

The Life and Exploits of Jehovah: A clever satire, by Henry M. Tichenor. Published by Phil Wagner, St. Louis, Mo.

Here is a book over which the progressive, the radical, the free thinker and the Socialist will enjoy many a hearty laugh. It bubbles over with the finest kind of humor and may be able to kill off many a superstition through a smile that would not yield to a year of heated argument.

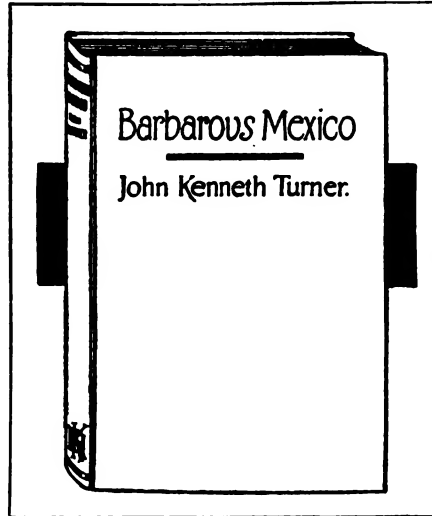
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Researches in the Lines of Human Progress: From Savagery Through Barbarism to Civilization

One American and only one is recognized by the universities of Europe as one of the world's great scientists. That American is LEWIS H. MORGAN, the author of this book. He was the pioneer writer on the subject. His conclusions have been fully sustained by later investigators.

This work contains a full and clear explanation of many vitally important facts, without which no intelligent discussion of the "Woman Question" is possible. It shows that the successive marriage customs that have arisen have corresponded to certain definite industrial conditions. The author shows that it is industrial changes that alter the relations of the sexes, and that these changes are still going on. He shows the historical reason for the "double standard of morals" for men and women, over which reformers have wailed in vain. And he points the way to a cleaner, freer, happier life for women in the future, through the triumph of the working class. All this is shown indirectly through historical facts; the reader is left to draw his own conclusions.

Cloth, 586 large pages, gold stamping. Until lately this book could not be bought for less than \$4.00. Use coupon below, and we will mail the book to YOU for 50c, provided you send \$1.00 *at the same time* for a year's subscription to the **International Socialist Review**.

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