

To All Ohio Comrades:

Debs' Defense and Campaign Subscription Lists have been mailed you.

Return the lists with remittances to the State Offices.

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

The Ohio Socialist

Official Organ of the Socialist Party of Ohio

Entered as second-class matter Feb. 21, 1917, at the Postoffice at Cleveland, Ohio, under act of March 3, 1879.

No. 25.

CLEVELAND, O., WEDNESDAY, JULY 17, 1918

108 \$1.00 A Year

A CALL TO ARMS

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

To All Ohio Locals.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The State Office has mailed to all locals, branches, members at large and Ohio Socialist readers new Debs Defense and State Campaign Fund Lists. Circulate these lists with all possible energy. This case is the supreme test of the traditional rights of free speech in America. It will require thousands of dollars to win it. We must not lose it. Place a list before every worker you know and ask them to subscribe.

Speakers are also being engaged who will tour Ohio in the immediate future. Locals must arrange meetings for these speakers. Letters to all locals asking for dates for speakers are being mailed. Do not fail to make arrangement for one of more meetings. Get busy. The campaign is on. Debs must be defended.

H. WAGENKNECHT,
State Secretary, P. T.

WARNING

Only Forty Days More

IN WHICH TO GET SIGNATURES ON OUR NOMINATION PETITIONS

Comrades—A word of warning and advice. The Socialist Party's Nominating Petitions must be filed with the Board of Elections before September 1. This means we have got to hurry if we are to get on the official ballot next November. The question is: Are you getting your lists filled with the names of bona fide voters? That is the all important work before us now. Get the lists filled.

Now then—the State Petitions must be returned to the State Office by July 23rd. Remember the date and be sure to mail them in time to reach us then. We will count the signatures and deliver the lists to the proper authorities. Be sure to have more names on the lists than are actually required for some names may be thrown off for some reason or other. If the lists lack enough names the State Office will send locals more lists.

Then number of names required in each county are shown below. Keep this list for reference:

County	Number Signatures Required	County	Number Signatures Required
Adams	58	Paulding	50
Allen	143	Perry	83
Ashland	67	Pickaway	65
Ashabula	129	Pike	87
Athens	101	Portage	77
Auglaize	72	Preble	64
Belmont	169	Putnam	67
Brown	61	Richland	123
Butler	185	Ross	101
Carroll	39	Sandusky	91
Champaign	71	Scioto	184
Clark	104	Seneca	112
Clermont	79	Shelby	63
Clinton	62	Stark	317
Columbiana	173	Summit	328
Coshocton	76	Trembly	133
Crawford	30	Tuscarawas	139
Cuyahoga	1304	Union	60
Darke	109	Van Wert	77
Defiance	62	Vinton	29
Delaware	74	Warren	66
Eric	74	Washington	109
Faifield	97	Williams	69
Payette	59	Wood	112
Franklin	56	Wyandot	51
Fulton	56		
Gallia	52		
Geauga	77		
Guernsey	96		
Hamilton	1206		
Hancock	101		
Hardin	86		
Harrison	45		
Henry	59		
Highland	78		
Hocking	54		
Holmes	38		
Huron	62		
Jackson	62		
Jefferson	127		
Knox	83		
Lake	56		
Lawrence	74		
Licking	146		
Logan	79		
Lorain	151		
Lucas	511		
Madison	55		
Mahoning	254		
Marion	99		
Medina	59		
Meigs	62		
Mercer	62		
Miami	119		
Monroe	49		
Montgomery	470		
Morgan	41		
Morrow	48		
Muskingsham	145		
Noble	45		
Ottawa	52		

LOCAL LITERATURE AGENTS ATTENTION!

All local Literature Agents are requested to send in their names and addresses to the State Office at once. Important business is going forward and the State Secretary desires a list of these comrades' names and addresses. Send them in immediately.

DEBS' TRIAL

The trial of Comrade Eugene V. Debs has been postponed until September 9th. The postponement was made at the request of Comrade Seymour Stedman of Chicago, who was in Cleveland Thursday, July 11th, and is made for the purpose of giving the attorneys more time in which to prepare the defense. Associated with Comrade Stedman in Debs' defense are Morris Hillquit of New York, Jos. W. Sharts of Dayton, and Morris Wolf of Cleveland. It is expected that Comrade Debs' attorneys will file a demurrer to the indictment within a few weeks. Comrade Debs is resting at his home in Terre Haute, Ind.

Notice to Readers

This paper is paid for. If it opens your eyes to some economic facts help on the work by contributing to the Ohio Socialist Propaganda Fund. This fund supplies the means of sending the paper to workers who, like you, are looking for economic light.

"Unbleached Orator" Coming

COLORED SPEAKER TO TOUR OHIO

Comrade Ross D. Brown, "Unbleached Orator," will tour Ohio. Comrades of this state will be glad to hear that the State Office has secured Comrade Brown for a tour of the state. Need we say anything as to the ability of this well known colored speaker? Those locals for whom Comrade Brown spoke the past two seasons, will no doubt call for more dates at once. Locals which have not had the good fortune previously should make applications at once. Comrade Brown is just the kind of speaker for street meetings and picnics. His voice carries well and his live, instructive and interesting manner of handling his subjects makes his services very valuable to the movement. When can your local use Comrade Brown?

WHAT OTHERS SAY OF ROSS D. BROWN

The Opinion of Debs. Ross D. Brown has won renown as the "Unbleached Orator of the Socialist Movement. He is widely known, this gifted revolutionist, as a speaker and propagandist of rare ability and exceptional power. He is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of loyalty to his race and to his class, and the earnestness and sincerity which animate him are so apparent, even to the most prejudiced, that he is listened to with respect if not with admiration and approval by the many thousands who gather to hear him.—Eugene V. Debs.

The Ohio Socialist

Akron, Ohio, Sept. 1917.—Ross D. Brown was here the 13th. We wish to say that we perceive in this comrade a very close student who possesses the ability to present his subject. We can recommend him highly and say that he is worthy of far more consideration than he generally receives. We propose to have him again soon.

COOK COUNTY JAIL

in "The World."
By Charles Asheighl

In the consideration of principles, theories and movements, we should never lose sight of the personal. Many people who are too booked, or whose cerebral diet has been too severely confined to the "practical," or academic become inclined to live mentally among generalizations only. It is good to observe a great array of men—an army or a marching pilgrimage. It is impressive, the sight of this moving mass in its slow and fluid immensity. But one should not forget that each unit of this host is a breathing bundle of emotions, a compact battle-ground, perhaps, of conflicting passions, warring instincts and twisted purposes. And some among them may even have souls which are as half-wild gardens, purpled with the mist of dream, amidst which play the fountains of fantasy.

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

We are all this. It is indeed, true, that we represent the most significant and dynamic factor in America's evolution towards a complete democracy—a democracy industrial as well as political. In the mass we are all that, but considering us individually, each one of us adds to these common qualities the tang, the color of his own personality.

We are shut up in stone iron-barred cells, measuring six feet by eight. Three of us are in each of these miniature hells, and therein we sleep and eat and perform all the intimate physiological functions of unventilated, unlighted, unwarmed, unwatered, unhygienic, and unwholesome life. Our close-packed kennels and within them our rasper spirits surge and jar or lapse into a drab sluggishness. The humiliation of being constantly subject to orders; our health enfeebled by confinement, monotony and malnutrition—all these things are terrible tests for the plastic souls of men. And each one of us, in his own way, reacts to these tests. Some, thank heaven, conserve their sense of humor. It is humor somewhat shot

through with irony, 'tis true, but it is the divine and saving grace of humor, at that.

We march with proud front and cheery mien during the few hours in which we are allowed to walk up and down in the gray stone-flagged corridors "for exercise." We talk of daily trifles out of battles seen of work performed. Volubly we talk of these things, but—there are not other things deep and insistent in us, of which we do not speak, after the manner of those who subscribe to the convention of "manly reserve."

I do not know if that is so of the others, but I suspect it of some, and I know that it is true of myself. For manifold are the things which flicker across the field of my consciousness, and while I may be busy in banter or the recounting of stale surface experience, another part of me is hushed in contemplation of these wiful, broken visions.

It is, perhaps, the pure smell of newly fallen rain in the slow darkening evening of a London street. Or it may be the swift impression of a little French cafe, humble and vivacious, whose owner began a rich friendship with me, when walking on the Argentine pampas. I saw the sun decline, attended by all the color of a regal court of the Orient. . . . Or, perhaps, the memory, faint as a drifting leaf, of an encounter which seemed to carry promise of a splendid burgeoning, but which ended soon with a commonplace parting that left a sorrow pale as the dying of distant smoke upon the sky.

But, whatever their content, these are dear and close remembrances which step, with gentle intrusion, upon the threshold of my weariness, stinging me to sudden flares of feeling which are stanch in their beginning. They happen, I suppose, to every one and at any time, but I think they are more frequent and more poignant, although more shattered, to one who is in prison.

Sometimes I wish I could quiet these chance stirrings; I could refuse these vagrants of consciousness that enter without warning, bearing varied cargoes of compelling waves. But that is only when I am in the first burst of them. I would not really banish them, if I could; for though they bring pain, they also awaken and stir me to a renewed appetite for that eternal and supreme intoxication—life.

Forgetfulness in regular dues payments means a monkey wrench in our party machinery. It's better to be safe than sorry. Pay dues today.

YOU OWE THAT'S BAD THAT'S WORSE THAT'S TERRIBLE YOUR DUES THEY'RE DUE RIGHT NOW JULY IS PAY UP MONTH SQUARE UP NOW AND ALWAYS REMEMBER IT'S BETTER TO PAY AHEAD THAN TO BE BEHIND

NOTE—If you do not know where to pay your dues, send them to this office together with your dues book and we will remit to your local secretary. State Secretary, Socialist Party of Ohio, 1291 Cook Avenue, Lakewood, Ohio.

American Socialists Rally to Defense of Debs and Free Speech

(Special Correspondence.)

Chicago, Ill.—"Is the anti-free speech legislation recently adopted by Congress constitutional?" That is the big issue at stake in the indictment of Eugene V. Debs, for whom nearly one million votes were cast as Socialist candidate for president in 1912.

Debs believes that the gag put on free speech by legislative enactment is unconstitutional, declaring that if the United States supreme court nevertheless holds the law constitutional then the constitution itself is unconstitutional.

"This is a national issue and I am glad to have the national Socialist Party take charge of the case," said Debs, in readily agreeing to the arrangements that had been made by the national office of the Socialist Party.

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

The Cleveland comrades showed their spirit by raising \$1,000 at the picnic that Debs was about to address Sunday, June 30, when he was arrested. Attorneys Seymour Stedman and Morris Hillquit, both prominent Socialists, will have charge of the legal aspects of the case. Debs is in the best of health and will do everything that he can to uphold the rights of American democracy, the basic rights of free speech, free press and free assembly.

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RECOGNIZE RUSSIA

By JOHN REED

The capitalist press of the Allied countries is loud in its indignation against the so-called "Russian betrayal" at Brest-Litovsk. At the same time, however, it is full of excuses for the peace treaty signed by Rumania with the Central powers on March 5, 1918; and even justifies the action of the bourgeoisie of Finland and Ukraine in calling upon German troops to fight their own countrymen.

Yet the Russo-German peace-treaty was as much a matter of military necessity as the Rumanian treaty. The Russian army was demoralized and exhausted; Russian economic life had broken down. For all this the Bolsheviks are not to blame. Have we forgotten how the Government of the Tsar deliberately disorganized the economic machinery of the country, allowed the transportation of goods to go to smash, and deprived the army not only of arms but even food—in order to force a separate peace on the Germans? The newspapers were full of these things at the time.

Then came the Provisional Government, which was an unworkable compromise between the Socialists and the party of the bourgeoisie. This regime was unable, at first, to accomplish any reorganization of the national life. Even the bread lines instituted under the Imperial Government were done away with. The soldiers themselves, if they could have received proper support from the country, would have remained in the trenches to defend the country; it was their choice and the voice of the Russian masses which had proclaimed, "No annexations, no indemnities, and the right of self-definition of peoples," and they would have defended those terms. But under the pressure of the Allied Governments, an offensive was commenced in Galicia, and in that act the majority of the Russian troops refused to participate.

After this the bourgeoisie wing of the Government bent all its efforts to the destruction of the Revolution, continuing the process begun by the Tsar, and even conniving, at the fall of Riga, in order to strengthen discipline in the ranks of the Army. Under their systematic campaign to starve the workers by closing the factories, to break down the Soviet by wrecking the transportation and supply system, and to crush the soldiers' committees by diverting food and arms from the front, Russia was brought into a complete disintegration. The saving of Russia was the Bolshevik revolution. If that had not happened, the German army would now be garrisoning Moscow and Petrograd.

At Brest the Russians were not supported by the Allies, and for that reason were forced to accept the German terms. Not only that, but they are wholly abandoned now, and by the pressure of Japan in Siberia, greatly weakened in the heroic struggle they are carrying on against the armed might of the Central Powers. For the Russian Soviet Government is at war with Germany—has been at war with Germany since last summer. It stands to reason that this

the many anti-free speech cases now pending will be dismissed, while prison doors may open for those already convicted and serving sentences. Debs is convicted that will mean that the department of justice will have a free hand to go ahead and crush out all semblance of free speech everywhere.

"The crisis is a big one and demands united action not only on the part of the 100,000 dues paying members of the Socialist Party, but also on the part of the million voters who cast their ballots for Debs, and on the part of every lover of the fundamental liberties embodied in the constitution of the United States," is the declaration of Oliver C. Winth, who will direct the efforts to raise the funds for Debs' defense in this epochal court struggle.

"This case is vital to all the American people. The American nation, more than Debs, is on trial, and we want the decision to be a decision upholding the rights of American democracy, the basic rights of free speech, free press and free assembly.

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is so. The Soviet ruling power are Socialists, and as such, enemies of capitalism, and most of all, enemies of the German Imperial system, the arch-enemy of militant capitalism. They have been fighting Germany with the strongest weapon in the world—propaganda—the only weapon against which the sword is ultimately powerless. This propaganda, not only among the German troops, but also in the interior of the country is remarkably successful. Austria is ready to crack open because of it, and during the Brest-Litovsk negotiations the entire eastern front of the German troops was penetrated with it to such an extent that the invading force into Russia had to be made up largely of volunteers from the western front. As for the war-prisoners in Russia, they are deeply infected by Bolshevism, and many thousands of them are enrolled in the ranks of the Russian Red Army against their own people.

The Red Army is rapidly being organized as Lenin says "not for defense of nationalistic interests or Allied aims. . . . but to defend the world's Socialism." It is a compact little well-drilled force, composed of volunteers, not from the old Russian army, but from the untouchable reserves of young revolutionary workers and peasants.

According to figures in possession of the United States Government, there are at present more than eight hundred and fifty thousand German and Austrian troops now engaged in pacifying Ukraine. They are not half as revolutionary as Great Russia, and without any Red Army. The latest moves of German diplomacy indicate that the Imperial Government is not at all anxious to attempt the military invasion of Soviet Russia.

But just as the Soviet Government considers the German Imperial Government its worst enemy, so Germany well knows that Soviet Russia on her flank is mortal to her military autocracy. By every means, by commercial and financial pressure, by capturing the food-supplying countries of the South, Germany is attempting to destroy the Soviets. At the time of the advance into Russia, Prince Leopold of Bavaria, in an army order, said, "Our aim is not annexation. . . . but the restoration of order and suppression of anarchy threatening to infect Europe." And if this "restoration of order and suppression of anarchy" can be accomplished by Japanese intervention, so much the better for Germany. For Germany fears not military force, she fears not a Japanese army in Siberia, nor a bourgeois republic in Russia—whose power of propaganda among German troops would be as limited as that of the French Republic. Soviet propaganda would be a blow at Germany.

At the present moment, however, most of the Allied Governments seem to be acting on the theory that it is more important to defeat the Russian Soviets than to defeat Germany. In the Brooklyn Eagle the American Consul at Helsinki, Mr. Hayes, is quoted as praising the Germans for having restored order in Finland. . . . And the movement for Japanese intervention in Siberia is (Continued on Page Four)

NEWS

of the International Labor Movement

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

problem in a brave way, so that we will be able to go to the people at an early opportunity and tell them that we have found a remedy for avoiding the possibility of one judge of the Supreme Court vetoing the legislation of Congress. The Constitution has carefully circumscribed the power of the President, to veto the action of Congress by enabling a two-thirds majority of Congress to override the President's veto. And then do not forget that members of Congress and the President are elected by the people and can be recalled by the people, while Supreme Court Judges are appointed for life.

Mr. Sherley—Has the gentleman ever undertaken to answer the reasoning of Chief Justice Marshall in that case? I have heard a great many gentlemen inveigh against the usurpation, as they claim, of power by the Supreme Court to declare unconstitutional an act of Congress, but I have never heard any one of those gentlemen undertake to answer the reasoning of the court by which that decision was sustained.

Mr. London—Well, as I said before, it is impossible for one lawyer to satisfy the mind of the other. Five judges of the Supreme Court have differed with four judges of the Supreme Court on this very question of the constitutionality of the child-labor law. The important cases before the Supreme Court, involving most vital rights, have very seldom been decided unanimously.

Mr. Sanford—Perhaps the gentleman would be interested to know that the decision of Marbury against Madison has been frequently followed and has been frequently cited by all the new governments on this hemisphere that have copied their form of government from ours, and all accept the point that the doctrine of that case is essential to any government that recognizes law as the supreme force.

Mr. London—It is entirely true that the American Constitution has been copied by the new republics established since the foundation of this Republic, and I am more or less familiar with the decisions which have followed that well known case of 1803. We are dealing with the year 1918. The fact that other countries have

The Negro: His Present Status and Outlook

By Eugene V. Debs

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

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

The whole history of the American slave trade and African slavery in the United States, clear down to the present day, is black with infamy and crime against the negro; which the white race can never atone for in time or eternity. Most of this revolting history has never been written and little of what has been written has been allowed to reach the people.

Not one person in a thousand knows the facts about the stealing of the negroes by the pirates that supplied the American colonies with their black slaves; about how men, women and children were driven aboard the pirate ships, corralled like beasts in a fifth, half starved, naked, their backs scarred and bleeding from the cruel strokes of the keeper's lash, and half or two-thirds or even more of them dying from torture on the voyage and their dead bodies cast into the sea so many dead dogs.

This was the beginning of the monstrous crime against the African negro by the white settlers of the American colonies—the crime that lay at the foundation of the infinitely greater crime of chattel slavery which grew out of it and which had to be expanded and rivers of blood drawn by the sword from white men's veins—the crime of three centuries without a parallel in history.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Proletarian Science

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

This lesson will be in the nature of a review, covering all of "Shop Talks" from the first page to "Prices" on page 15. Those who are interested in the study are especially urged to DISCUSS the questions here involved with other people. Take them up at your local meeting. Talk about the principles involved with your shop mates and friends.

In the first place a knowledge of economics is necessary, in order for the working class to know what ACTION will be the best for them to take to better their condition, and all workingclass people are trying to better their condition in life.

What is the most important question in life? The getting of the necessary food, clothing and shelter to enable one to keep alive. What is economics? Economics is the science of management. Armed with this knowledge a man who knows how to manage in order to get the necessary food, clothing and shelter to keep alive and also one will know how to manage to get MORE, not only of food and clothes and shelter, but more of all the good things of life. More leisure, more health, more recreation, more rest, more books, more education, more life; all these are within easy reach of all the members of society, once they master the fundamental principles of economics.

How many kinds of power can you name? Human power, chemical power, mechanical power, go ahead and name all you can think of, being careful to divide all power into two distinct and separate groups, labor power and all other power. (Labor power is in a class by itself because it is the only power that can CREATE value.)

What is the buyer always trying to do? Buy cheap? What does the seller always seek to do? Sell dear? What is cheap? (That is, how may one judge whether or not a thing is cheap?) Can you judge as to whether a thing is cheap or dear without having some other thing to compare it with? Do we not judge all values by comparison? By seeking their relationship to other things? Quality considered who always makes the sale? The one who sells the cheapest? Name the essential things needed in production of all values? What is a raw material? What is a Natural Resource? Is there any difference between labor and labor power? What can you make without tools?

The negro is my brother. The color of his skin is no more to me than the color of his hair or eyes. He is human and that is enough. I refuse any advantage over him and I spurn any right denied him, and this must be the attitude of the Socialist movement if it is to win the negro to its standard and prove itself worthy of his confidence and support.

Professor Du Bois touches briefly upon the summary execution of the negro soldiers of the 24th Infantry at Houston and the infamous massacre of the black innocents at East St. Louis, the former to placate the anti-negro sentiment of the south and the latter to glut the savage lust of corporate greed and an incidently set a foul blot upon the American labor movement.

The cowardly attitude of the American Federation of Labor toward the negro during the last twenty-five years explains in a large measure the barbarous massacre at East St. Louis. Only within a few months before the American labor movement opened, reluctantly enough, a back door through which the negro may now meekly enter and take a seat, and even this door had to be forced by the stern logic of events which the appalling East St. Louis is a chapter written in the blood of negro women and children slain by their murderous white neighbors. Had the labor unions freely opened their doors to the negro instead of barring him out and, in alliance with the master class, conspiring to make a pariah of him and forcing him, in spite of himself, to become a scab and strike-breaker, the atrocious crime at East St. Louis would never have blackened the pages of American history.

The negro is just as responsive as the white man to decent treatment; just as susceptible to the touch of kindness; just as eager to prove himself a man possessed of character and honor, if but given the chance.

Some twenty-five years ago I was on an organizing tour in Kentucky. At Louisville I appealed to the white railroad men to admit the negro shop and track laborers to their union. They refused. A few days later the white men struck. The negroes, though insulted and repelled by the union, came out on the picket line. The white men, fearing the strike might be lost, rushed back to their jobs and defeated the strike. The negroes stayed out and lost their jobs.

This proves conclusively, without a doubt, that negroes are a degenerate race; that they lack character and are degraded; that they ought to pay first class fare and ride in cattle cars; that they are fit only for menial service such as blacking white men's boots, emptying their cuspidors and waiting on them as lackeys; that there should be rejoicing in the community when one of them is lynched or burnt at the stake, even if the innocent, and that the vilest creature in a white skin is still immeasurably the superior of an enlightened, cultured and self-respecting negro.

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

How is labor power sold? How is labor power measured? What is a product? What is a commodity? Is labor power a commodity? If not why not, and if so, why? Do you have one law of value for labor power and a different law for the exchange of all other commodities?

What is the relation of the worker to the employer?

Does the worker always SELL labor power and the employer always BUY labor power?

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

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

What do we mean by value? Is it a thing or a relationship? What do we mean by an abstract term, like economic terms?

Does abstract labor measure value? Does concrete labor measure value? Can you distinguish the difference between mental and physical labor? What is meant by the term SOCIAL LAW?

Can you quote the law of value? Who is its author? Wherein may it be found? How many component parts to the law of value?

When is the law of value operative? Will it be changed under a new form of Society? What do we mean by the word "price"?

What determines the amount of wages a worker will receive? Chop these questions and use them to convince others that more information is needed along these lines by the workers.

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

Next lesson begins next week on "prices."

Wages In Germany and Yours

By B. OUVRIER

The first sentence in an editorial entitled "Wages in Germany and Yours," which appeared in the Cleveland News Monday, May 27th, says: "The U. S. is fighting in this war a battle for the workmen of America." The question to be discussed here is not whether this is so or not, but whether the points brought forward as working class interests in the above mentioned editorial are working class interests or not.

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

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

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

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

Workers, your interests demand the abolition of private ownership in the means of production. Don't both-er yourselves with the interests of the different groups of capitalists, whose different interests in the long run have one thing in common—the perpetuation of the capitalist system.

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

OUR PLATFORM

OHIO FOR THE WORKERS THE NATION FOR THE WORKERS THE WORLD FOR THE WORKERS

We, the Socialist Party of Ohio, reaffirm our adherence to the principles of International Socialism. Our whole aim and purpose is democracy, both political and industrial. We believe that neither can truly exist or long survive without the other; and as no man, or class of men, should own or control the votes of other men, neither should one man, or class of men, own or control the means of life of others. "A house divided against itself cannot stand."

Immediate Demands

First. The taking over by the State of the coal mines of Ohio as a war measure. The elimination of profiteers in this basic necessity to avoid further fuel famine.

Second. Similar appropriation of other natural resources and public utilities to end profiteering, to protect the homes of the men in the trenches from the grasping hands of the exploiters.

Third. War is rapidly shifting to the shoulders of women the burden of industrial service; we therefore advocate their immediate political enfranchisement and laws requiring equal pay for equal work.

Fourth. We recognize the warning in President Wilson's recent statement, widely quoted as follows: "The men in the trenches, who have been freed from the economic serfdom to which some of them have been accustomed, will, it is likely, return to their homes with a new view," etc. The boys who come home will deserve economic freedom. Therefore we urge the immediate enactment of timely and intelligent measures to pave the way for industrial democracy.

benefited by our experience should not prevent us from gaining by our own experience.

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

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

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

Mr. Sanford—That would be the effect.

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

Ohio State Ticket

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SCOTT WILKINS

LIEUT. GOVERNOR

CHAS. BAKER

SECRETARY OF STATE

AL. WAGENKNECHT

TREASURER OF STATE

F. E. WILT

ATTORNEY GENERAL

JOS. W. SHARTS

Judges of Supreme Court

J. C. MADDEN

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

OLD MAN CAP

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

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The Ohio Socialist
Published Weekly by the
Socialist Party of Ohio
Subscriptions \$1.00 a Year
Entered as Second Class Matter,
February 21, 1917, at the Post Office
at Cleveland, Ohio, under act of
March 3, 1879.

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 17, 1918

Good and Evil

By MORRIS HILLQUIT

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

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

But, sharing the fate of all other industrial systems, competition finally reaches a stage where its mission is accomplished and its usefulness is over. Competition, as it is now, is youth and vigor is "the life of trade," becomes in old age a plague and a nuisance. In the long run it demoralizes the industrial life of the nation and exhausts and ruins the competitors themselves. At that point competition begins to be a hindrance, and surety, to new industrial combinations. Then arise the modern business corporations, followed by trade agreements and pools, and finally by trusts and monopolies.

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

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

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

Pay Your Dues Get a Subscriber Give a Dollar For Debs and Free Speech

Your Red Dues Book.
Look at it. Behind? Pay Up!

"Industrial Union" Scatters Plenty Over Peaceful, Smiling Zapataland

By EDGECOMB PINCHON

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

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

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

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

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

The Disc of Brass

The Serf and his people have only one desire—to be let alone. They do not want to fight, and they will not fight more than the guardianship of their homes requires. But because they greatly prefer the peace to the fight, they fight very industriously when afield. They want to shorten the job as much as possible. And what is true of their necessitous warfare is true also of their self-chosen peace. In farm and in camp, their chief delight is to shorten the job.

For these people, strange as it sounds to civilized ears, love fun. They have a queer, half-formulated idea which comes skipping through their already rich repertoire of traditional ballads and camp-songs that life is fun—if one will let it be so. Love and laughter seem to have overcome them with but scant resistance; and they are as improvident as a babe at its mother's breast, as unthriftily as crabs as a guest in the house of his friend, as unambitious as a rose.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"The Industrial Union of North and South America!" Scarful children—these peons! They really believe that their simple solution of the earth's groaning problems will commend itself to the hearts of all men presently.

Such a naive faith in the joys of life they find with their population, of course, due to lack of education. Ninety-five per cent of these three and a half millions of emancipated ones can neither read nor write. And Zapata has the impudence to say that "it does not matter since civilization has not yet produced, and naturally, cannot produce, anything worthy of freed people's pursuit!" He adds that as the country already teems with merry and wagish revolutions, songs and some quite charming ballads the people are procuring for themselves a literature suited to their enjoyment! In technical matters, however, the contrary spirit reigns. Here there is a great eagerness to learn, and childlike readiness to be fascinated by the mysteries of engineering, mechanics, and other processes—for do not these all promise to "shorten the job?"

Moneyless Morelos

Because Zapata, the revolt of 1910 and the first green blade of the industrial republic all sprang from Morelos, and because the head office of the community is located at Morelia, the (former) state capital of Morelos, the name has been given pride of place in describing the territorial metes of the dollarless land, but geographically speaking it is inadequate.

The magic of the little disc of brass knits companion, over a broad strip of country, towards the suburbs of Mexico City to the Guatemala border, and thus includes the greater part of the states of Chiapas and Tabasco, each of which is considerably larger than, although not so fertile as, the state of Morelos itself. The total area of "The Industrial Republic (or Union, to be exact) of North and South America" is some 90,000 square miles—an area equal to the New England States, a trifle larger than Ireland, and a trifle smaller than the United Kingdom. Their methods are still crude and their equipment very inadequate; but these things will be remedied in time.

The republic is really a great commonwealth of small plots, their owners and their families, and their methods are still crude and their equipment very inadequate; but these things will be remedied in time.

A sad lack! But it finds a partial compensation, at least, in some other ways. You may recall the motor boat and train through the six hundred mile length and three hundred mile breadth of this benighted, dollarless and you shall not find one human heart anxious about bread.

The magic which wrought the miracle of Morelos was very simple—the golden heart of humanity set free and a little disc of brass. The little disc has a diverting history. At first it was a manacle, bound to the peon's wrist in such a fashion that he could not remove it, and intended to do so was dead. On it was written the peon's name and number and the name of his master—the haciendado. The peon was not a favored chattel slave; he was a debt slave. When he entered service he received a cotton shirt and a pair of sandals from his master, who charged several hundred times the value of the articles against him. Thereafter he received no money, but a credit at the master's store for enough beans to keep him alive. Never could he be freed, for instead it grew with his years of service, and worn out he left it at death, a dread legacy of doom to his children. If he attempted to escape, his brass disc manacle to his wrist identified him, and he was brought back and quite often last of all, before the assembled peons of the estate by way of a healthy example. Then came the voice of Zapata whispering here, there, "We can!" Secret meetings, the fumbling of unaccustomed hands with ancient Winchesters. A hacienda detaches a peon's child, and a shot in the darkness, a thrill of terror and joy through a thousand bronze breasts! It is now fight or be horribly massacred! The countryside breaks into a foam of fire. The revolution of 1910 is on!

The ripple of sweet fiery foam crept northward, eastward, westward; every foot of the way was bought with peon blood. But three and a half million people of rebel heritage had decreed freedom; and the haciendados fled shrieking from the country to lay their woe in the bosom of the great Wall Street press. Then said Zapata: "Now we own the little disc of brass, we own ourselves and our country. Everything is ours to share as brothers. We will knock off the manacle, write on the back of the disc our names as freemen, and our pledge as compañeros, and henceforth it shall be to us the coin of the first free state opening all doors!"

All for Each, Each for All

The religion of this people is very primitive. Nominally it is Roman Catholic; but when the last dollar slipped fearfully across the border of Zapataland, the last priest led by several yards; and so, without the aid of the Protestant church or the Rationalist Society, with no gesture of the comic, only with a quaint and sober wisdom, the churches are now used for most of a picture, houses, schools and poultry exhibitions.

Without spiritual guidance the people have to do the best they can. They never ask, is it right? But always, is it beautiful? Their criteria are

entirely artistic and pragmatic. They do not pick a dechope either words or weapons with reference to the sonorous moralities of civilization. Socially, whatever accomplishes the desired result—expanded and assured freedom and leisure and well-being for all alike—is worthy; in matters of purely personal conduct whatever is beautiful is fitting. To act handsomely by your neighbors and fight like the devil against the invader—in short, to be a true "companioner," is all the code and rubric of the Zapataland.

Seven years of freedom indeed have changed the peon into a sturdy farmer akin to the future American discerned by Walt Whitman than his civilization blessed brother of the North; the men, rollicking companions, loiling in the shade opening their own Homer's ballads, openly laughing, and in the most communal fashion imaginable; singing nonchalantly at work, frolicking down the street, or aborning, keen, athletic, alert, bare-breasted, far-eyed, rifle at knee and long-handled ax in hand, matrons with shining faces, madonnas, and swarms of tumbling cotton gowns, shyly unafraid with the budding coquetry of illimitable hope in their eyes.

The roosters grow with profane cheeriness in the churches, there is not a policeman in sight, and the Y. M. C. A. is not yet; but the traveler in Morelos, unless his moral fiber be very strong, soon almost forgets to regret the fact of the religion of Each for All and All for Each and the Devil take the Invader seems strangely satisfying.

Cotton, Sugar and Shoes

It would seem that the Mother of Worlds had most wisely chosen Morelos as a cradle for her nursing New World. It and its adjoining states of Chiapas and Tabasco are tropical, and for the most part, healthy climate and a luxuriant soil. Between the upland pastures of the interior and the hot lowlands of the coast almost every variety of fruit and vegetable can be grown in abundance with even expanded labor. Here, indeed, if anywhere, the nursing could grow and wax fat on its Mother's milk without the need of alien nurses or complex entourage. And it has proven so.

Where were lordly haciendas and millions of acres of manless soil—deserted, there are the fields of these United States, that the people might be forced to beg employment at a pittance on the balance used, are now no haciendas, but innumerable little fat farms, bursting with produce. The peons simply took possession of such plots and planted their fancy and proceeded to become men. Their methods are still crude and their equipment very inadequate; but these things will be remedied in time.

The republic is really a great commonwealth of small plots, their owners and their families, and their methods are still crude and their equipment very inadequate; but these things will be remedied in time.

A Republic of Play! That would be the best description of "The Industrial Union of North and South America."

At the sugar refinery it is hard to detect who is working and who, is playing, the hombre inside with his interest and a ready smile on the hombre just of shift thrumming his guitar or playing cards—for beans—in shady corner. The spirit of unafraidness and happiness seems to be everywhere—like the children.

Glance up this side of the street, men in their white cotton shirts and immense sombreros are building a low adobe wall on each side of the street and across the ends. The children clap their hands and help. The street is not being used at present, so in their ample leisure the men are turning it into a big, shallow pond for the children. In a few days it is completed and the water is a riot of little glistening brown bodies, marvelling as statues. There goes up a cry for boys! All sorts of craft are contrived of sticks and paper; and then the loafing crowd of compañeros begins a contest in shipbuilding. Doats of all imaginable kinds pass from their skilled knives into the hands of the eager water-sprites. And the spirit of delight is not for a day, but for days together.

Nor are more formal amusements lacking. Every plaza has its band. Mostly the performers play without music and play astonishingly well; and the band-stand is the center of the social life. Here in the cool of the enchanted tropic night gather townfolk and villagers—old folk chattering of the Great Change even yet almost incredible to them, covets of soft-voiced, dusk-eyed children, and everywhere the gay bravura of a bravura of companioner and conchita. The band breaks into a provoking waltz. The crowd seems to flow as by one movement into a huge circle, and then you see the dancing of a free people. Here a great companioner sings or slung on his back, dances with his little daughter; there a staid couple, toil-seamed, awkwardly happy, renew their broken youth, while all about them trip and turn a golden swarm of sweethearts who dance with upturned faces in the floodlight splendor of the immense tropic moon as if the whole universe had nothing to do but trip and turn with them—as, indeed, it has not.

Suddenly the music ceases. The tall companioner sings his guitar, mounts the band-stand, and amid great hush sings in a husky-sweet baritone a love song of his own making. It is a great favorite and the crowd keeps him singing, until with a sudden burst of chatter the children make a rush for the south side of the plaza, where upon a great white sheet slung across the facade of the (late) jefe politico's palace appears the familiar grin of Charlie Chaplin!

Woman does not work outside the home in the industrial republic, nor do her children. Everything is hers and her children's for the taking. Her immemorial work returns to her goldenly to bear not simply children of the body, but children of the splendor of the soul in her companioner. And she is happy.

You can buy nothing in the Land of the Brass Disc today, not even a woman. True, she wears but a formless cotton drape and goes barefooted, but she has a soft, vibrant voice, a body fluent as a rush and a heart of

magic. She is priceless. She has to be won on her own terms, or you go a starving at love's doors.

In the early days, before they understood, they wanted rings—these girls. Lucky companioner, fresh from a foray, brought their sweethearts many a beautiful bit of jewelry, and those who happened not to have lucky companioner were envious. And there was quite a little outcry about it. "Since the republic is free, why are not there beautiful rings for all of us?" they demanded.

Zapata understands—many things, and woman is one of them. With a gorgeous gallantry he plundered every church in the country of its gold plate, melted the pious mass into a myriad of rings, while his willing companioner enriched them with fine jewelry and the precious stones with which the altars and crucifixes had been encrusted. Then in bushel baskets, mule loads of them, the rings were despatched to the plazas of the towns throughout the country and were dumped on the ground! For a while the hands of the women, old and young alike, fairly burned with jewelry. Then the little hands became bare, or almost bare, again! Rings and trinkets now are chosen and worn as simply as well-bred people wear them—for their individual fitness to the wearer and at most as happy little trifles of no importance.

The industrial republic has come! St, seniors! And while civilization gathers itself convulsively for its last gigantic somersault—southwards across the saffron and sapphire of the Mexican desert, or moralists, if they will, may catch a gleam of sparkling mockery among the palmets as conchita walks forth in the dusk to shine out upon her lowly world, a free queen.—Pearson's Magazine for May.

Under the heading, "Government Wants Business Diplomats," the Department of Commerce, Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, Washington, D. C., sends us the following announcement for publication: "The Government is looking for big-caliber men with foreign travel experience to serve as commercial attaches at various foreign posts. The Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, Department of Commerce, and announces that appointments will be accredited to American embassies or legations abroad and will be expected to meet in a creditable manner. It means a position of honor and responsibility and business men in such countries, and make trade reports.

The appointments will be made in pursuance of the Department's plan to prepare now for the competition in foreign trade that will come as soon as the war is over, and because the work is so vitally important to the future of American trade only men of undoubted qualifications will be considered.

A written examination will be held on June 6, and those interested are urged to write at once to the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, Washington, for further details.

This circular sheds a glow of light upon the methods whereby the administration expects to meet the conditions which the war industries shut down and throw their employes out of work, and when the boys come home from the front to look for peaceful employment.

We fear that certain alleged Socialists will have to place their imaginations under considerable strain in order to find in this announcement any intimation of their theory that the "radical" powers that be are going to assist in the establishment of industrial democracy after the war.

If the powers that be were contemplating any such cheerful surrogates for the pernicious principles for which they have stood these many years, they would not have a "plan to prepare now for the competition in foreign trade that will come as soon as the war is over." And they would not be especially interested in doing things which are "so vitally important to the future of American trade."

Being staunch believers in and supporters of capitalism—which, in its

declining years, can exist only by making a desperate struggle for foreign markets—their keen eyes are looking forward beyond the war, and, while in the midst of hostilities, they are taking time to try to insure the continuance of their beloved capitalist system of the exploitation of the masses by the few.

This was to be expected. The only marvel is that any workman has been fooled into believing that they had any other intention.

Should their plan for the continuation of capitalism, with its furious competition for the world market, succeed, its natural result would be to take from the common people the benefits of their labor, and hand those benefits over to the parasites as heretofore—and at the same time keep the country in constant danger of more war.

Japan will contest the world market with us by means of starvation wages here, and an unemployed army at home—means just one thing to American workers. It means starvation wages here, together with widespread unemployment, and all the miseries that follow in the wake of these evils.

To forestall such an outcome, it is desirable that the workers of the allied countries should unite on plans to bring about industrial democracy after the war—so that there need not be any struggle for markets—and so that the common people of each nation will get the benefit of their own labor.

As soon as possible the workers of the world should unite on such plans. But, first, the workers of the allied nations should unite on them. The workers of England, France, Belgium and Italy are willing. So are the Socialists of America.

The administration, however, will not allow the Socialists of America to meet with the Socialists and other workers of the other allied nations.

But an open pathway is made for Mr. Gompers' delegation to Europe. Mr. Gompers believes in capitalism, and his delegation has gone to Europe with the object of dissuading the allied workers from insisting upon their plan to reunite the workers of the world for industrial democracy.

We do not believe the delegation will succeed in this. It is more probable that its opinions will be reversed.—Milwaukee Leader.

After the War

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Can One Be a Real Christian And Not a Socialist?

By WM. S. JAMES, M. D.

Let us examine the program of Socialism and see whether it agrees fully with true Christianity.

Socialism will eliminate:
Poverty
Wage Slavery
War
Child Labor
Charity
Alcoholism
Vice, White Slavery
Jails and Workhouses
Parasitism
What Socialism will bring:
Home and Comforts of Home and Family
Co-operation
Government Ownership of all Public Utilities
Equal Opportunity
Free Speech, Press and Assembly
Peace on Earth Good Will to Men
The Worker to receive full value of his toil.

Can you point out anything mentioned above that Socialism will eliminate or that Socialism will bring that is not in accord with true Christianity? Not on your life! They are working for the same identical thing.

How does Socialism differ from the church? It differs as far as the East is from the West. How is that? Capitalism owns the church; hence it respects its support. The church is the respectable tool of capitalism. What Socialism will eliminate the church is capitalism to retain. Did you ever hear a minister preach a sermon on Poverty or Child Labor—the

\$5.00 For Whom?

A comrade has donated \$5.00 to the State Office to be offered as a prize to the boy or girl under thirteen years of age who will write and mail to The Ohio Socialist the best article on Socialism before November 1. We have decided to print all the articles submitted and a committee consisting of Marguerite Prevey of Akron, Jesse Jason Rufner of Seville and Walter Bronstrup of Cleveland will decide which is the best. The boy or girl writing the best article gets the \$5.00. Should two contestants tie, the \$5.00 will be divided equally between them.

Here's a chance for our young readers to show their ability and knowledge of Socialism. The work of the Socialist movement will in time devolve upon our youngsters. They should every one get into training for the days to come. Send in your articles now.

It's better to pay dues ahead than to be behind.

Notice to Draftees

If the comrades of draft age will remember to carry their registration and classification cards with them when attending public meetings, they may save themselves from spending a night or more in the filthy jails which are provided for those who meet with disfavor in the eyes of the authorities.

After the War

declining years, can exist only by making a desperate struggle for foreign markets—their keen eyes are looking forward beyond the war, and, while in the midst of hostilities, they are taking time to try to insure the continuance of their beloved capitalist system of the exploitation of the masses by the few.

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THE CONVERSION OF JOHN ERWIN

By JESSE JASON RUFNER
CHAPTER EIGHT

Summary of Previous Chapters

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chalmers arrives and in conversation with Rev. Crane is told to speak guardedly of such subjects as might offend the rich members of the church. Chalmers replies with the story of his poverty-stricken childhood and struggles between them. There was no good in the present way of doing things. The race was degenerating under the influence of a design and men were indeed becoming sheep following yet other sheep to intellectual extermination. He doubted if among the men and women he knew, one of them seriously communed with himself or tried to reason things out from a common sense basis. Always they quoted some preacher or some author who were doubtless screening the proverbial "colored gentleman" in the wood-pile.

The question rose within him; should he lend himself to still further the ends of a design which he feared. Should he still passively acquiesce in the present methods of doing things? Others whom he had considered good men, had been content to drift with the tide and let things take their course. Should he not take his place with them and live on the comfortable fatty degeneration of the soul as had they? Here was Johnathan Crane for instance, who focused his vision on the far distant heathen with such intensity that he couldn't see the "heathen" next door.

Crane with all the others he knew were busy constructing an imaginary heaven for the ten percent—the parasites who were sucking the very life-blood of the race. No, he would not lend himself to such a scheme of things. Sooner would he starve on the street, or take his place as the humblest of wage-slaves. He registered a vow that from now on, he would be a relentless foe to the present economic system; that he would devote the remainder of his life to obtaining earthly justice and earthly rewards, not for himself but for those others, the helpless, the unthinking, grown-up children of the race who were driven to and fro by the will of the owning classes. He would demand for them their right to life. He would take their children by the hand and say: "Here am I, your champion, who will give life and liberty if need be that you may expand; may grow in body and brain and may jointly we shall conquer the earth for humanity."

Ah, but the loneliness of it all. The persecution he must endure and endure alone, for who would dare stand beside him in this fight? He closed his eyes and saw myriads of working men carrying a cross up the long dusty road to Golgotha, beside it marched that great ironclad warship a crown of thorns. The proletariat, helpless and prejudiced, fight always crucify their saviours? Chalmers leaned his head on the back of his chair and groaned. Came again he longing for that mythical who-somever girl who somewhere in the wide world must be waiting for him. Did she too understand anew that old story of the Cross?

Chalmers' talk that night gave the lie to old hypocritical dogmas. He talked straight from the shoulder. Never had he preached before as he preached that night. Words tumbled over themselves in a frantic desire to be heard. His denunciation of the present order was clear cut and decisive. Some in the audience sprang half-angrily to their feet, then subsided awed by the calm efficiency of the man who spoke. Deacon Radcliffe gasped and swallowed hard a few times and amazingly listened to the rest of the sermon with open mouth and distended eyes. For once that congregation was treated to a genuine sermon preached from the very heart of a preacher, who had thrown off all fetters and was standing among them alone, the advocate of an age-old much abused creed—the Brotherhood of Man.

John Erwin waited for Chalmers at the close of services and they walked home together. Erwin was in an abstracted mood and it was with an effort conversation was maintain-

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

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

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

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

"Oh, Ned, I am so ashamed," said Lucy, "I can see it all now. You are more a Christian than I can ever be. You are always doing things for someone. That was a noble thing for you to do, Ned. I don't know if Perkins is any better than the rest of us. It is always you who does things like that. I never can remember anyone coming to anyone else for help but you, and still they call you an 'unbeliever', because you do not go to church and quarrel with the rest of us. Ned, I—I am so ashamed!"

"Now, now, Lucy, don't you go to makin' no hero out of me. Them things just kind of come to me. I ain't aimin' to be no Christian. I just can't do it. I ain't got no religion. There's anything I can do to help em. Now if little Lucy Perkins had come to your bedroom window and hollered for you like he did for me, you would have got right up and gone along too. Of course you would, then if you had fetched her along home with you too, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, yes, Ned, I suppose I would, but that isn't it. In the first place you Jerry Perkins never thought of going for help to the sticking point; but now, why? Just because we have never practiced what we preached. We've just been contented to do the preaching and let an old 'unbeliever' like you do the practicing."

"Now, now, Lucy, I ain't done nothin' but to make you go on like that. Them things just sort of come to me. To do, I'm done 'em. Don't you go to makin' no hero out of me, Lucy. It makes me feel awkwarder than the devil than thunder, damn it, I don't know just what I do mean, but Lucy, if you'd just say you thought a little something of me—just sort of on my own account, I'd—I'd—"

Shane reached for his handkerchief to wipe away the sweat for he was laboring harder than ever before in his life. "I've allus just about worshipped the ground you walked on, Lucy, but I've allus been such a homely awkward old duss. You just a good-darned dainty little thing, I just couldn't get my head under it. I mean, but Lucy, Chalmers, he said he believed you did care a little mite for me, Lucy, so I thought I'd ask you if you'd have me. Now don't say 'yes', 'cause you're sorry for me, Lucy. I don't want pity. I want you to love me or I don't want you at all."

Lucy looked up at the good-natured giant beside her who was so utterly helpless in her presence and with a great rush of loving tenderness she drew his head down and kissed him on the mouth; then she ran into the house leaving Chalmers in the heaven of dreams where birds' songs were the chant of angels, and the evening breezes the rustle of their wings.

That night Shane took another look

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

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

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

That night Ned Shane dreamed. Vision after vision of his past ran flitted a childish form with long golden curls and sweet blue eyes, whose lashes curled upward; and always she was pointing out the way, and he was trying to learn who "who-ever" was.

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

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

"Then you are not a Christian?" said Chalmers astounded. "In what then do you believe?" "I believe in the Brotherhood of Man. Say something to comfort her, if you can," said Allie moaned and held out a wasted little hand.

"My child," began Chalmers tenderly, "if you have sinned, you surely have atoned for it. Do not fear to die. Go bravely. Death has no terrors, life is more to be dreaded. If heaven be true, as we are taught to believe, you will find it. If death be but oblivion, still there is nothing to fear. Rest, my niece."

"I want my father. Make him forgive me before I go?" The pleading in her eyes was so unearthly, Chalmers could have cried. Surely, if heaven were true, the gates must open wide for the weary old wanderer, to be with him. "I'll go fetch him, Allie. You rest easy now. That's a good girl, everything is all right. Poor little lamb, poor little lamb," Ned's voice was very tender and his rough hand seemed softer as an angel's as he stroked her hair. He was fast approaching the "Valley of the Shadow." Shane started for the Perkins home leaving Chalmers and the nurse together. He had hardly awakened from his dreaming and the expressive face of the nurse crowned with its white cap and wearing a look full of compassion moved him strangely.

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

The nurse looked up startled. "Please do tell it," came from the white face on the pillow. Then followed the story of the Cross, that wonderful story of world renunciation for the benefit of the race. Not told as Christians tell it, but as Socialists do who look back over the road of progress at the many crosses borne by the many Christs, and think of the awful leaving of a angel of the hospital ward, the guiding star of his life, and still she was ahead beckoning him to follow for she was a Socialist.

(To be continued)

Our Duty to Democracy

From "The Pacific Co-operator," by E. Ralph Cheyney.

The fight for democracy is twofold. To make the world safe for political democracy, our boys are falling in the trenches of France. God grant their lives may not be sacrificed in vain! To make America safe for industrial democracy, that is the duty we at home owe them. Innumerable discomfitters, trench fever, an arm, a leg, mutilations too horrible to mention, life itself, this is the price they are paying for their ideals. What is the price that we, co-operators, are called upon to pay for the establishment of our prophetic vision of the promised land? A slight investment of time and money that will be repaid to us many times over.

Each co-operative store is an outpost in the war for industrial democracy. Each is a fort that is bombarding the citadels of commercial autocracy and organized greed with leaves of bread and baskets of provisions instead of bullets and shells. Each is a public school where plain folks, you and I, and the other fellow, learn how to administer our commercial affairs in our own way—to our own advantage. Each is a miniature co-operative commonwealth where no one profits at another's expense.

CO-OPERATIVE NEWS

Jewish Federation
The second conference of the Jewish Federation of Co-operative Societies will be held on the 29th and 30th of June in Paterson, N. J. Delegates are expected from all parts of the United States, and it is hoped that this coming together of all Jewish co-operators, for exchange of views relative to the movement, and their joint constitution and transaction much business, will be of great value to them. Dr. Warbase, president of the Co-operative League of America, 2 West 13th St., New York City, from which we learn the above, will be the chief speaker.

Pennsylvania.
The Tri-State Co-operation Assn., a federation of co-operative stores in Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia, reports that it now has over 1,500 members and that 56 stores are affiliated with it according to a bulletin recently received from the Co-operation League of America.

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

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In Finland the red guard of the rebels are hoping and fighting against Germany and for the Allies, while the white guards are reported to be financed by German gold and German sympathies prevail. Here in this country we have the amusing spectacle of papers carrying editorials about the necessity of defeating Germany and news articles chucking with glees over the defeat of the red guards of Finland! Similarly the rebels of Russia are the Bolsheviks, who are fighting against Germany, yet one would judge from the tone of the capitalist press that the defeat of the rebels of Russia was much more important than the defeat of the autocrats of Prussia! Verily, war sure raises Cain with established ideas and prejudices.

Anyhow, Democracy is going to win and Autocracy is going to go. The birth of real Democracy in one land or another is much more important than the death of Autocracy in all lands, and the death of Autocracy in the land of the Hun will mark the beginning of the end of Autocracy in all lands.

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Gleanings From the Log of an Agitator

Written for the Ohio Socialist by W. E. Reynolds

"The label protects your table," say the advertisements of one of the big packers. Uncle Sam evidently didn't believe it as he condemned thousands of pounds of said packer's meat as unfit for his soldiers and sailors to eat. Uncle seems to be on the job and intends to see that the embalmed beef scandal of the Spanish War is not repeated.

The profiteer loves his dollar a heap more than he does his country.

The sign of the highball usually is an introduction to the sign of the three balls. One highball is too many and two is not enough and you cannot fight the boss and booze at the same time. On the other hand it is the boss and not the booze that is the cause of most misery.

Too many Socialists have the opinion that an education in Socialism consists in learning how to canvass a precinct.

Spargo, Simons et al. had no trouble in securing passports to go to Europe to teach the European Socialists something. My guess is that they will discover that they have nothing to teach the European Socialists but they may find out that the European Socialists have much that they might teach to Spargo, Simons et al.

The proletariat consists of those who have nothing to lose but their chains. The peasantry consists of small farmers, tenant farmers, crop renters and other small struggling would-be capitalists. Some day the proletariat will assume control of industry and then aid the peasantry to become emancipated.

The trouble with most of the peasantry was ably explained by an Oklahoma comrade, who insisted that the tenant farmer "had the mule in the wrong barn." His contention was that the landowner should be made to keep the mule and have to hire help, paying wages in cash instead of a share in the crop. This would simplify the "farmer problem" and reduce the problem to clear class lines with buyers of labor power arrayed against sellers of labor power.

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Usurped Power of Courts

We dissent from the view that it is necessary to propose an amendment to the constitution in order to prevent a long delay on account of the fact that an amendment requires a two-thirds vote of both houses of congress and the ratification of three-fourths of the state legislature—in order to prevent the Supreme Court from passing upon the constitutionality of laws of Congress.

It might take years and years to get an amendment through because of the above mentioned provision. There is a shorter way. In fact, there are several shorter ways.

Many years ago, when this question was first brought to our attention, we made an investigation of it. We went through all the resolutions which were introduced in the constitutional convention of 1787—the convention that framed the constitution of the United States. We also waded through the abstract of the debates that took place in that convention.

We found that the framers of the Constitution had no intention of giving the courts the power to declare laws of Congress unconstitutional. The Constitution does not give them that power. They simply took it. The convention not only did not give the courts this power, but on four different occasions defeated measures of similar import.

It was not until a number of years after the adjournment of the convention that the question of the court assuming this power arose. We believe it first arose in the United States senate in 1802. Senator Rutledge contended that the Supreme Court had the power to declare a law of Congress unconstitutional. Senator Breckenridge contended that it did not possess such power.

In the following year, 1803, the Supreme Court itself took up the question in the famous and infamous case of Marbury vs. Madison, 1 Cranch 176, and decided that it had the power. Ever since that time it has assumed and exercised this power. The state courts followed suit.

It was the influence of John Marshall, Chief Justice of the court, more than anything else, that brought about this decision. Before he was appointed Chief Justice, he had, while arguing a case before the Supreme Court, taken the stand that the court did not have such power, although that question does not seem to have been directly involved in the case. But when he became a justice of the court, his views on the subject appear to have been reversed.

In the course of time this usurpation was acquiesced in—but it was not quietly acquiesced in at first. In fact, Thomas Jefferson and his followers seriously considered impeaching judges who declared laws of Congress unconstitutional. Indeed, they did so to some extent. As James B. Thayer points out in the Harvard Law Review, as late as 1807 and 1808, judges were impeached by the Legislature of Ohio for holding acts of that body to be void.

Since that time nearly everybody but the Socialists have forgotten that this was a usurpation of power not authorized by the Constitution.

But all concerned can bet their bottom dollar that the Socialists have not forgotten it and that they are not going to forget it. Long acquiescence does not make a wrong right. We shall put a stop to it as soon as we have the power. We can put a stop to it in more ways than one.

Pay Dues To-Day Don't Delay

One way is simply to refuse to recognize any decision declaring a law of a co-ordinate legislative body unconstitutional—and go right ahead and enforce the law as if nothing had happened.

Another way is to increase the number of justices on the supreme bench—and fill the new positions with those who believe the right way on this question—or to fill vacancies with such appointees—just as Gen. Grant, then president, got the kind of a decision he wanted in the Legal Tender Cases by filling the vacancies on the supreme bench with men who believed the way he did.

Still another way is to deprive the Supreme Court of appellate jurisdiction in cases involving important questions in which it might be inclined to declare a law of Congress unconstitutional. This method was used by congress in 1868, in order to prevent the court from passing upon the constitutionality of the reconstruction acts.

This matter is quite important, not simply because we do not want laws like the child labor act nullified by the court, but also because of its bearing upon the transition from capitalism to Socialism.

PRIZES! PRIZES! PRIZES!
Are you arranging a picnic for your local? If you are, there will be sports of all sorts and kinds. These means that you will be looking for articles that will make acceptable prizes.

Don't go searching for just any thing that takes your eye, and then run the chance of getting something that is not wanted. When a comrade wins a prize give him something that he will really be pleased with.

The state office can supply you with some of the finest books. These are more acceptable as prizes than anything we know of. Any one is pleased with a good book. These can be had for just a trifle over the wholesale price.

Make the winners of your sports happy by giving them something really worth while.