

Professor Satané objects to Beard's economic interpretation of the Constitution, yet makes an admission in this very review that is economic interpretation enough. Beard's newest contribution is his original research into the property-interests of the Constitution makers. To this Satané says:

The mere fact that large amounts of securities were held by members of the convention needs no further explanation than the reminder that the suffrage was strictly limited at that time, that as a general result only men of means were elected to public assemblies.

Beard would doubtless admit this last-named fact—which indeed, he discusses at length—as being the deeper explanation.

But the strongest recognition of the value of Beard's work is in the speech of that ardent and conscientious stand-patter, ex-President Taft (December 13, 1913):

We have been in the habit of regarding the United States as fortunate in its birth. We have supposed that there was no other Government in the world that had such a galaxy of patriotic statesmen to preside over its birth as this American Republic of ours. But it was reserved for what John Muir calls "these God-forgetting Progressive days" to prompt in an Associate Professor of Columbia University, a muck-raking investigation into the motives of those whom we have been wont to revere as the founders of this Government, and to demonstrate that the Constitutional Convention, whose work was said by Gladstone, and by others indeed whose judgment is even more favorable than his, in that it is more judicial and calmer and more based on an intimate knowledge of history, to be the greatest single governmental instrument ever struck from the brain of man.

But we are advised by this sapient investigator, who evidently began with the conviction and the desire to establish the sinister reactionary nature of the Constitution, that the members of the convention were owners of Government bonds, and possibly of the financial obligations of some of the colonies, and owned real estate and farms, and even were wicked enough to hold farm mortgages, and the quod erat demonstrandum is that the Constitution is a one-sided and unjust instrument because the bankrupts and the debtors, and, by natural inference, the ignorant and the unsuccessful did not have representatives in the convention, and that thus the whole plan organized by these plotters against society and social justice was based on the wicked principle that governments and men should be made to pay their debts.

So Taft impudently classes those who were not allowed to vote on the Constitution (in President Wilson's estimate five-sixths of the white population) as "bankrupts and debtors, the ignorant and the unsuccessful"! Could a cynical European monarch go farther?

The New Review

A-MONTHLY-REVIEW-OF-INTERNATIONAL-SOCIALISM

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Canadian Economic Conditions

By W. E. HARDENBURG

A great change has taken place within the last twelve months in the Dominion of Canada. The rapid development taking place a year ago has slackened to a considerable extent, due doubtless to the world-wide financial stringency that has affected most countries.

The result of this marked decrease in construction work throughout the country was, of course, to render idle a vast army of all kinds of workers, particularly in the West. This condition, grave as it was throughout the summer months of 1913, has steadily become accentuated, and the condition at the present moment of a very large section of the working class is absolutely desperate. Were it not for continual assistance by charitable associations throughout the winter, there is no doubt that many would have perished from destitution.

Yet in spite of these facts, the usual immigration propaganda has been maintained, and the number of immigrants for 1913 shows a considerable increase over the previous year, the total for the year approaching 400,000. Unless development work is resumed on the scale previously set, which, in view of the statements of numerous financial authorities both here and abroad, seems highly improbable, another period of economic stress for the workers appears to be inevitable.

The enforced idleness and destitution so prevalent in the Dominion, particularly throughout the West, is apparently awakening many of the workers. Both the Socialist party and the Social Democratic party have been waging what is probably the most energetic campaign in the history of Canada. At the present moment, no less than eight organizers of the Socialist party are at work in Alberta alone, while the Social Democrats are also active.

The I. W. W. has also been very active in the West, the locals in the various cities being the nucleus around which the numerous unemployed leagues have formed. While but comparatively little in the way of relief, other than cheap charity, was obtained by these leagues, it seems indisputable that the contact of these revolutionists with the unemployed has been productive of a great deal of good.

Another phenomenon that has doubtless exercised a salutary effect upon the unemployed has been the attitude of the city authorities generally. In Calgary mass meetings of the workers were repeatedly dispersed by means of mounted police and the more revolutionary spirits have in almost every case been arrested and frequently sentenced on more or less trumped up charges.

These encounters have had the further effect of making the lines of conflict clear and sharp between the two classes, so far as the industrial workers affected are concerned. At the trials of the unemployed leaders, throughout the West generally, the chief question of importance to the judges seemed to be whether or not the men in question were Socialists or members of the I. W. W.

The attitude taken up by the daily papers has also been illuminating. With hardly an exception they have continued to shout prosperity almost as loudly as in the halcyon days of 1908-12. Unfavorable building permits and bank clearings have been suppressed repeatedly and the parades of the unemployed have been everywhere underestimated by several hundred per cent. The result of these tactics has been to sap still further the confidence of many of the workers in the newspapers.

A further illustration of the class-conscious bias manifested here toward the workers is to be seen in the strike of the coal miners of Vancouver Island, where the strike leaders are being persecuted ruthlessly, sentences of two years imprisonment being given for such offences as rioting and being members of an "unlawful assembly." The work of the British Columbia Miners' Liberation League has, however, done much to reveal the real state of affairs.

As to the future, there seems to be little doubt that a considerable period will elapse before the boom period of the past again becomes a reality. The real estate bubble is dead and practically no movement of realty is perceptible in any of the western cities. On the other hand, farm lands have not greatly

diminished in price, and the Canadian Pacific is still selling a considerable number of acres to middle class immigrants.

Despite the great harvest, many of the farmers are said to be in a lamentable state. During the winter, numbers of them were reported as living to a considerable extent upon gophers and rabbits. As soon as the crops were harvested, armies of implement house collectors entered the agricultural districts and practically ravished the country.

An interesting commentary upon the poverty of the farmers of the Northwest, despite the big crop harvested, is to be seen in the report of the Saskatchewan commission on agricultural credits. In this document considerable light is thrown upon the present economic status of the Canadian farmer. A few of the more important of the commission's conclusions, therefore, may not be out of place.

Speaking of the mortgage system, the commission says: "During the period of fifteen months ending August 15, 1913, there were no less than 1,723 sale and mortgage proceedings in this province. It should be pointed out that these returns are not quite complete. Probably not less than two per cent of the farmers of Saskatchewan were subjected to these proceedings under the conditions that obtained in this period. Of the mortgages in connection with these proceedings 150, or 8.7 per cent., bore an interest rate less than eight per cent. But 435, or over 25 per cent., carried a rate of ten per cent. or higher. Some were even charged 15 per cent."

Remarking that payments on principal are rarely pressed for and that renewals of mortgages are generally made easy, the commission states: "In fact, the present system of payments seems designed to render renewal necessary and debt perpetual. With the final payment so large, the borrower can seldom meet it out of the current year's income. The mortgage is not only renewed; the amount of the loan is very frequently increased.

"There is no doubt that the largest factor in the indebtedness of Saskatchewan farmers is the amount which is due to mortgage companies. A conservative estimate would place this in the neighborhood of \$5,000,000. For the next largest amount implement companies are responsible. It is not improbable that at present between \$35,000,000 and \$40,000,000 is outstanding for machinery. The amount owing on agreements of sale of land is very considerable. To one company the farmers of this province owe \$5,770,000 and to another \$3,622,920. The amount

due for pre-emptions, for horses, for store credit, lumber, bank credit and for miscellaneous debts, together with that due for the purchase of land is not less than \$50,000,000.

"The farmers of Saskatchewan are paying interest on at least \$150,000,000. If this is the case, then their agricultural credit is costing them \$12,000,000 annually. If farmers could secure money at a rate of as much as two per cent. cheaper than at present, they could, by making their payments on the amortization plan, discharge their total indebtedness in about 24 years' time.

"From the above estimate it can be clearly perceived that the average indebtedness of our farmers is, perhaps, \$1,500. The average farm of the province consists of about 295 acres. Thus the indebtedness of the farmers is slightly in excess of \$5 per acre of land under occupation at the present time. The average farm has gathered about it assets in the shape of buildings, stock, implements and grain."

Conditions in Alberta and Manitoba are very similar to those revealed in this Saskatchewan report. From statistics taken from the recently issued census returns of 1911, the value of the land "owned" and the buildings, farm implements and livestock on an average Alberta farm is \$7,960. Yet the gross returns on this investment and the farmer's labor averaged only \$781. After deducting from this sum the wages earned by the farmer and his family, the cost of his seeds, the feed for his animals, the depreciation in his buildings and farm implements and the taxes he pays, it will readily be seen that the farmer's return on his investment is not such as to excite envy.

The marked tendency towards concentration of capital is nowhere more clearly shown than in comparing with these miserable returns of the Canadian farmers the large and rapidly growing increase in the profits of Canadian banks. Despite the fact that 1913 was a year of relaxation in commerce and industry, the latest returns show that out of fifteen banks which have reported all but two show larger earnings in 1913 than for the previous year. The total net earnings for 1913 of the fifteen amount to \$14,925,666 as compared with \$13,514,616 for 1912. During the year the earnings on the paid-up capital varied from 20.8 per cent. to 10.24 per cent. For the most part the larger and stronger banks earned a higher rate of interest on their paid-up capital than the smaller institutions. In this connection it is worthy of note that the big railway and industrial

kings are almost invariably large shareholders in the Canadian banks.

Thus the wheels of evolution continue slowly to revolve. With the already rapid concentration of capital that has taken place and the prospects of an acceleration in that direction, revolutionists can look forward with satisfaction to the future. When the process has reached a certain stage, certain effects will make their appearance, as has been the case in the United States during the last decade. The result will be a corresponding growth and development of the cell of revolution that is quietly expanding, some day to break the shell that hems it in.

The Intuitive Philosophy of M. Bergson

By CHARLES RAPPOPORT (Paris)

I. THE FIRST PRINCIPLE OF THE BERGSONIAN PHILOSOPHY

It has frequently been said that knowledge consists of number and measure: to know is to count and to measure. Duration, time, seems to be as measurable as space. Bergson denies this. To his mind, and here we have the base of his philosophy, duration is not measurable. It is entirely a matter of intensity, heterogeneity, quality. To know, according to Bergson, is not to measure and to count. *To know is to live*, to feel within a duration, a pure intensity, which no human language can express except by symbols. Reason operates through notions, ideas, words, which distinguish, *cut*, reality into sections, setting off a series of disconnected moments, marking off the boundaries between objects. *True* reality is not created in the image of reason. Rational reality is an *artificial reality* created for the use of life, in the name of the utilitarian, practical principle. This artificial reality is labelled, classified, measured and counted. Reason does not consist in *truth*; it is only an instrument, a utensil of life, not life itself. Reality, life, is quite the contrary. It is an absolute discontinuity, an absolute heterogeneity, a thing to be contemplated in its entirety not from without but from within. Reality has no fixed contours, no definite frontiers. It is not composed of objects having the fixity, the solidity of statues. Reality is a flux, a flow, a *process*, an infinite movement to and fro. To understand reality, reason is powerless; *intuition* alone is able to approach it. *Notions* that are *clear and definite* divert us from the truth. Truth can only be *lived, felt*, through the light within. It can be expressed only by *images*. The musician,

the artist, the one with his melody, the other with his symbol, are closer to reality than the scientist, who thinks he knows everything because he has bottled up life in a series of phials with a Greek or Latin label on each. Reality is an ocean which cannot be bottled up, nor is it to be dipped dry by the tea-spoons of human reason.

Reality is the *immediate*, the inexpressible, the unspeakable, the unutterable, in a word *the experience of the irrational*. That is why Bergson's philosophy may be called the Philosophy of the Irrational, the Philosophy of the Immediate, or the Intuitive Philosophy. To term it the Subjective Philosophy would be to describe only one of its phases. For it insists that *the intuition alone exhausts, absorbs, reality*, while reason merely limits it, classifies it, categorizes it, *determines* it (this word comes from *term* in the sense of *limit, end*), in order finally the better to *utilize it*. Bergson says: "You have a right to say you cannot live without science. But do not say that science is life. Life is something you can never *know*, you can only *live* it. Life is an organism. Reason is a learned anatomist. Under its knife it holds not life, but a corpse, which it dissects with the aid of its own peculiar instruments, notions, number, measure, causality. The moment you begin to dissect life, life has ceased to exist. You imagine you are cutting in to the quick. You are wrong. You have before you only the *membra disjecta* of a reality one and indivisible." Such, in our opinion, are the words Bergson addresses to the human reason. *Reason and reality can never be reduced to an equation. Reason and life are incommensurable.* Reason plays the part of a blind man striving to imagine the colors of the rose, of a deaf man striving to understand Beethoven. The intuition, looking upon the inside of reality, is alone competent. Intuition goes beyond reason. It enlarges, expands our capacity for understanding.

Such, roughly, is the directing motive of Bergson's philosophy. To grasp all the finer aspects of his argument, he must be followed through the whole of his work, a work original in its form of expression and in its application, but not at all so in *substance*, as we shall proceed to show.

II. MOVEMENT, LIBERTY, PERSONALITY

If we cannot cut up reality, as the empiricists do, into bits that are measurable and numerable, we are likewise unable to compound it, as the defenders of the mechanistic theory do,

by adding together its parts one by one. An organism cannot be formed by combining its anatomical parts. Bergson is a resolute adversary of the mechanistic philosophy, which believes it possible to compose a whole from the addition of the parts, a world from atoms and molecules, a personality by a summation of "mental states", life from physical and chemical factors, memory from associated ideas. This is the procedure of the rationalistic method, which, like reason, works only upon the finite, the discontinuous, the *fragments* of reality. Bergson is anti-rationalistic. He contemplates, not the parts, but the whole. He synthesizes. Where the rationalistic method sees only the mechanism, the intuitive method postulates the organism, the living, active phenomenon, which cannot be separated into its parts without the risk of death, which has no fractions, and which, moreover, is a *hapax legomenon*, a thing occurring only once, never repeating itself. The intuition attains to the absolute. We have accordingly not a fixed, a cadaverous reality, but a reality living, moving, palpitating with life, rich in color, full of the ruddy blood of life, eternally young, eternally active.

Intuition is the direct, the intimate vision of things. The work of the reason may be compared to the impressions of a traveller, passing through a country which is strange to him both in manners and language. He sees the surface, the contour of things. He observes gestures, he hears sounds that to him are barely comprehensible. The work of intuition, on the other hand, is that of a compatriot, living the very life of his people, whose mysteries he divines and knows, whose every heart beat, whose every mental change he feels and understands.

To demonstrate his theory, Bergson frequently cites the example of motion, and reviews the fallacies, the sole purpose of which was to deny the existence of motion, under the pretext that every body in motion traverses an indefinite number of points, displaces itself; from which supposition was drawn the conclusion that at each instant the body was stationary on each point traversed. Bergson rightly observes that the fallacy consists in trying to create movement by using bodies at rest, that is to say, to form motion out of the motionless. Movement is a particular phenomenon which can not be broken up into parts. The moving body does in fact traverse the points of its line of motion, but it does not stop on the way. Motion cannot be accounted for by the motionless, any more than life can be reduced to the movement of the atoms, the organism to mechanism, liberty to determinism. At every stage of being, there

arises a new fact, a new force, which, while resting on the elementary conditions of an inferior order, marks a progress, a leap into the unknown, an original movement, an *urge* (*élan*), a creation, an *invention*. Physics and chemistry are not enough to explain the phenomenon of biology. Matter does not explain mind. A knowledge of the determining causes does not reveal how the effect produced arose. The passage of life is marked by an *X*, an unknown quantity, a mystery.

This was said long before Bergson. M. Du Bois Reymond uttered, in regard to this same mystery, the famous apothegm: *ignorabimus* (we shall always be ignorant). Bergson brings in intuition and declares that this mystery of life is called "*élan*" "creation", "invention", "liberty". For the moment, let us not criticise, let us not suggest. Let us go on with simple exposition.

Bergson's philosophy, in a word, is a dynamic philosophy. Reality is for him entirely a matter of life, action, perpetual movement. Its dynamic character makes it inaccessible to reason. Reason, according to Bergson, is not supple enough, it is too rigid, too rectilinear, too *static* to attain with penetration to the dynamic, the eternal *Becoming* of reality. Reality is an eternal creation, not a creation *ex nihilo*, but a creation from given materials. It is a *creative evolution*.

III. REALITY AND ACTION

So then, the world of being, everything that exists, is divided into two parts: the world of intuition, replacing the *thing in itself*, the *Noumenon* of Kant; and the world of reason, a world necessary, but artificial. But why necessary? Necessary for *action*. Objects, cut out by reason from the indivisible block of reality, are only fulcra, centers of operation, *loci standi*, for the individual in action. Action creates from the *solid*, it solidifies the fused metal to forge of it instruments, utensils. Objects are the "schemes", the "charts" of our action on matter. Matter itself is a fiction of reason, suggested by the need to act, the need to live. Being is a moving *perpetual*, where reason arbitrarily establishes stopping places, stations for the needs of the active life, for action. Language, by means of fixed terms, helps us to bring moving reality to a condition of rest. Words do not change, but reality is a constant change. That is why words never correspond to things. They are only symbols. This is true likewise of the notions of reason, of our ideas. They are only the words of thought, words uttered in silence, in the language within. To return to movement, the moving body is

not the summation of positions in space arranged one after the other. It is a new color, "it is quality itself, vibrating, so to speak, within, beating the time of its own existence in a frequently incalculable number of moments" (see *Matter and Memory*, p. 225). Reason takes *pictures*, snap-shots, of reality, but the mirror of reality is always—we must never forget this point, according to Bergson—the intuition. The world, considered as the object of reason or science, is a world adapted, arranged, revised and corrected, or rather, deformed and distorted for the purposes of action. That is why *conception*, the *concept*, is always inferior to *perception*, the *percept*. For to conceive through the reason is to shorten, to abridge, to deform reality, while to perceive—always, of course, by intuition—is to arrive at the foundations, the "inmost heart" of reality.

Bergson has devoted special attention to *dreaming*, to *laughter*, and to *memory*, giving the results of his study in three works bearing these titles. These studies are so many stages in his development of the Philosophy of Action. The dream is made up of the fragments of shattered memory, which are reassembled in direct relation to the situation, the state of our body. "All our life is there, preserved even to its smallest details." The dream is the passive reproduction of life. Memory, on the other hand, plays an active role. "What part does memory play in an animal organism?", asks Bergson. And he answers: "Memory recalls the consequences, good or harmful, of a given action. In man, similarly, memory adheres to action. Our recollections form a pyramid, the apex of which pierces into our present action."

The volume entitled *Laughter* is a remarkable study of the nature of the comic. At first glance, the question would seem to have no direct relation to Bergson's intuitive philosophy; but on maturer reflection, one discovers a very intimate bond between the definition of laughter and the intuitive method of Bergson. Here is the definition: "What provokes laughter is a certain mechanical rigidity where we should expect to find the living flexibility of a person." He cites as an example a man falling down.

If Bergson, who never laughs, at least in his public lectures, had a sense of humor, we might suspect that his definition of laughter was aimed at the mechanistic conception of life, the theory which sees only a corpse-like rigidity in the phenomena where the philosopher-psychologist sees all the rich suppleness of life, of action.

IV. A FRENCH HEGEL

Bergson, like Hegel, is an "obscure", a difficult philosopher, in spite of his remarkable power as a writer. I consider him even more difficult than Hegel. For the difficulty of understanding Bergson comes from the subject itself and from the very nature of his philosophy. Bergson, in fact, has a horror of clearness, distinctness; for distinctness presupposes isolation, classification, categories with fixed limits, definite outlines. All this is the business of reason, to which Bergson, a sworn enemy of rationalism, attributes a very subordinate role. However, intuition does not give up its secret too readily. The chosen field of intuition is the inexpressible, the ineffable. Its native element is reality, confused, plunged into an unfathomable, mysterious abyss. The pathways of *intensity*, that is, of *pure duration*, are not marked by sign-posts. Measure indicates no stopping places. The light of reason casts no rays through the shadows of the immediate. Bergson's style is admirable; it is that of a great writer and a great artist. But, as an artist, the images, the symbols, by which he expresses himself, only double the difficulty, without hastening the solution of it. This imagery introduces one into the sanctuary of Bergson's life; it fills one with a palpitation of beauty, surrounding one with enigmatic shadows, we might even say, with ghosts. But do not pretend, do not try, to understand. To do so, would be to betray the whole intent of Bergson's philosophy, which is made up entirely of intuitions, of approximations, of tones, colors, sensations, of what the Germans call *Erlebnisse*, "experiences." Bergson's philosophy insists on being *lived, felt*: his lectures are laic masses, laic "services". His hearers are worshippers. There is something distinctly religious about the atmosphere which pervades the Collège de France, Room VIII, on Fridays between five and six P. M., where a select cosmopolitan crowd packs in to listen to M. Bergson. I shall never forget one evening, when suddenly, during a lecture, the electric light went off. Bergson, with perfect composure, pronounced the simple words, "Let us not bother ourselves with such contingencies," and went on with his lecture. Not a word, not an exclamation came from the throng packed almost to suffocation in the hall, and this audience was a crowd predominantly French, and accordingly, as is generally believed, inclined by habit to mockery and scepticism. It gave the impression of a multitude kneeling in prayer in the obscurity of a church. Outside thunder was rumbling, and flashes of lightning were sweeping the sky. But the audience

saw nothing, heard nothing. It was elsewhere, soaring with M. Bergson in the lofty regions of pure intuition. If it was not the *amor spiritualis Dei* of Spinoza, it was certainly the intellectual passion, the thrill of logic and beauty inspired by the subtle fragrance of Bergson's philosophy, which caused this miracle of transforming auditors into worshippers.

Like Hegel, Bergson has a *Right* and a *Left*. The conservative and reactionary Right clings to intuition, to the criticism of reason, to impenetrable mystery as a secret gate through which to introduce all the ancient beliefs, all consoling truths, God, Soul, Immortality, Absolute Liberty, Autonomic Personality. For such people Bergson is a new Messiah, sent by God to deliver the pagan world from two monsters, materialism and determinism. The Sun of Intuition enlighteneth the paths to the Infinite!

But Bergson has, or rather once had, a revolutionary Left, made up of the Syndicalists under the leadership of M. Georges Sorel and his disciples, MM. Lugardelle and Berth. The Syndicalists seized on the dynamic aspect, the action wing of the Bergsonian philosophy. Bergson brings everything back to action, "to an impulse which is the essence of life," to thought which is active, to feeling which vivifies and creates. Revolutionary Syndicalism, or Syndicalism which has a revolutionary pose, tried at one time to appropriate this philosophy of action. It took the Syndicalists some time to find out that Bergson's philosophy was, by the nature of things, by the logic of its anti-rationalism, the Philosophy of Reaction.

V. CRITICISM OF BERGSON

It is futile to attempt to drive reason out of philosophy. Reason does not submit passively to it: she at once asks the reason for her exile. When he cuts human nature into two parts, into intuition and reason, Bergson misunderstands the true nature of what he calls intuition and the true nature of reason. Reason cannot be detached from intuition, for which we already have a satisfactory term, *experience*. Reason is only a moment, the culminating point, of experience. Experience obtains its *immediate data* by way of the senses, through the channel of *real intuition*, of what Kant calls *Anschauung*. But experience unrationalized, experience unformulated under the guidance of reason, is a chaos, an indescribable mass; experience or intuition, without reason, is blind. But reason, taken by itself, does not give reality; scholastic reasoning, reasoning

on reason, made up of ideas and of *forms*, without the check of experience, of life, is a horrible vacuum. Knowledge is a complex process having at its base the direct contact of the environment with our senses, and at its summit the synthetic labor of the intelligence, which formulates laws.

By stripping reason of all content, Bergson has distorted its function, committing himself an act of arbitrary abstraction, of arbitrary classification. He has detached reason from its living root, from experience. He has himself been guilty of a rationalistic operation in the scholastic sense of the word. The whole progress of modern science consists in the negation of the possibility of conceiving reality by *pure reason*. Reason has recovered from the arrogant pretensions to omnipotence that characterized it in the Aristotelian period and in the Middle Ages. Since Bacon and the Renaissance, Reason makes no affirmations without "questioning Nature". With Kant, it claims only the role of the organizer of the immediate and material data of experience. The fundamental error of Bergson is to contrast reason with life and experience ("immediate intuition" or "direct vision"), whereas reason and experience simply complement each other, both together forming the rings of a single uninterrupted chain. Bergson in fact does not distinguish between reason-abstraction, generalized from formal logic and dealing only with relationships, and concrete, empirical reason, which is the last word of organized, methodical experience.

Bergson has not observed that in arbitrarily isolating from reality (which, to his own sense, is a unit) a fragment, which he then proceeds to reduce, to deprive of all content, leaving it only the aereous and transparent exterior of mathematical form, he falls himself into the same rationalistic errors which he is fighting. He mistakes his *concept* of reason for the *percept* of reason, taking reason-abstraction for reason-life. Reason is like the lance of Achilles: it cures its own wounds. Reason itself proclaims its own vacuity if it pretends to be sufficient unto itself, if it tries to make itself independent of reality, of life. The reason of modern philosophy, the reason of the *New Organon*, of the *Critique of Pure Reason*, excepting a few errors that were quickly perceived, has put an end to Reason-abstraction to make way for Reason-experience. Formal reason, reason-abstraction, may be compared to an empty receptacle, to an unfurnished room where nothing is to be seen but the walls; whereas scientific, experimental reason, is a receptacle that is full, a room well furnished and decorated.

And here is another fundamental error in the philosophy of Bergson. It is true that reality is an *immediate*, an *All* directly perceived by our senses and untranslatable into terms of pure reason, of reason taken by itself. But the contrary is not true. Every immediate is not reality, objective reality. The woman we dream of, the woman we *live* during slumber, has nothing in common with the real woman, except the name and the image. Likewise to imagine an Infinite Being who consoles us, who is useful to our psychological and moral comfort, to *live* this Being in the imagination, in the so-called mystic life, that is to say, beyond the control of reason, is not sufficient to make that Being really exist. The fact that you vividly present to my imagination a million dollars is not enough to make me a millionaire. Nevertheless the whole of pragmatism is erected on this sophistry, which subjects reality to the products of Intuition, intuition useful and stimulating, consoling and beneficent!

Let us give full permission to the pragmatist to go on his own credit, and, to resume our figure of the imaginary millionaire, let him view himself as a millionaire to his heart's content. No banking house will follow him in his illusion even though that illusion be an illusion that is *lived*, a beneficent illusion, an illusion which endows with blessedness the pauper who creates for himself his imaginary wealth.

Intuition not controlled by reason is an arbitrary instrument, a sort of magic lamp of the Thousand and One Nights. It is no longer a question of philosophy, but of magic.

By excluding from the total experience its supreme moment, reason, Bergson goes back to the sophistries of the ancients, which held (1) that we know nothing, (2) that we can say nothing, (3) that we can understand nothing. The immediate, the inexpressible, the unspeakable must lead to absolute solecism. How can I, in fact, communicate to others the results of my intuition, absolutely detached from reason and from language? I am plunged into the abyss of confusion, of unconsciousness. No outlet is left upon life. There is no possibility of communicating with others. For the intuitive being is without reason, without a tongue. It exists only for itself, only by itself. It has no existence for the rest of us. So then, it has no existence at all.

Bergson may thus be refuted on his own grounds, by using the same rational method that he uses.

VI. BERGSON'S CONTRIBUTION

The part that will survive of Bergson's philosophy, outside of his theory of quality-duration, is not entirely new. His is the dialectic method founded by Heraclitus and used by Hegel, Marx and Engels. And if Bergson were addicted to citations, he might be criticised for not having mentioned his predecessors. Reality-change, reality-life, reality-action, is the indestructible basis of the Bergsonian philosophy. To this doctrine he has given an expression always artistic, always subtle, often original. But its substance was acquired long before Bergson.

Like all great metaphysicians, Bergson has an eagle eye for the defects in the metaphysical systems of others. He has criticised with keenness, and even with geniality, certain materialistic dogmas, certain materialistic errors, under the cover of which materialism was losing its efficacy as a method for research, and posing as a sort of master-key to all problems, opening every door, explaining every enigma, and believing itself the point of arrival instead of a point of departure. Bergson has taken the conceit out of the materialists.

VII. THE RETURN TO PURE RATIONALISM

But Bergson is blind to the nature of his own solutions. He does not see that in identifying life with impulse (*élan*), the absolute with intuition of pure duration, personality with flux, liberty with invention and creation, he is doing nothing but imitate the traditional metaphysics, which had the bad habit of concealing behind words our utter ignorance, of solving difficulties by inventing new terminologies. Bergson arrives at a conclusion quite the opposite of the one at which he aimed: he arrives at rationalism. He creates new notions, new ideas, which are offered as substitutes for new concrete solutions. He has restored rationalism to its ancient pride. Reason was getting tired of struggling with facts, of struggling with things. It was getting home-sick for its ancient self, the intricacies of pure reason. So Bergson went to see Plotinus. We are back again in the scholastic age.

Socialism and the Feminist Movement

By MARY WHITE OVINGTON

Socialism and Feminism are the two greatest movements of to-day. The one aims to abolish poverty, the other to destroy servitude among women. Both are world movements. No matter how backward the nation may be that you visit, you will find your revolutionist there preaching that poverty is unnecessary, and that a great organization is working to destroy private capital and to build a co-operative commonwealth. And throughout western civilization, and even in the heart of the Orient, you also find the woman revolutionist telling her enslaved sisters of the effort among women to attain their freedom, to gain the right to live, not according to man's, but according to their own, conception of happiness and right. Ideas fly swiftly about the globe, and we are learning to think on the lines not of family or nation or race but of common interests and common suffering.

But while Socialism and Feminism are world movements they present an immense difference in that Socialism has a well defined policy carried out by a marvelously coherent international organization, while Feminism has an indefinite policy and little organization. The feminist who creeps into the harem and whispers into the ear of the Turkish wife that there are women working to lift the veil from her face cannot at the same time invite her to the feminist local in her nearest precinct. Nor has she any world program by which salvation is to be gained. She is only voicing a discontent with woman's subserviency to man.

Now, the relation of Feminism to Socialism is a matter of profound importance to many women Socialists. They read the party platform, demanding that women shall have equal rights with men, they attend the Socialist local and find these rights recognized by their comrades; and this should perhaps assure them that Socialism and Feminism are one. But they are not satisfied. They know that in any big movement certain propaganda is pushed to the foreground, to be striven for without cessation, while certain other is left behind, only to be considered when more important matters are disposed of. Where, they then ask, does Feminism stand with the Socialist party? Is it forward or is it in a dusky background from which it is rarely brought to light?

In putting this question I realize my incapacity adequately to answer it. This would require a knowledge of both Socialism and Feminism far beyond anything I possess. I can only give a few suggestions that may provoke interest among others more competent to discuss the matter than I.

The feminist movement as we have noted, is difficult of description because it deals with women under all stages of masculine rule; but, broadly speaking, it is a revolt. As Mary S. Oppenheimer tersely put it in the *NEW REVIEW*, it is "a reaction from the long rule of man and the consequent repression of womankind." The Socialist party in America as elsewhere always recognizes its political aspect when in its platform it demands a universal franchise for men and women alike, and when in its party organization it gives women an equal vote with men. This is a great deal, but the Progressive party has done as much. Is the Socialist party continually carrying on a woman's suffrage propaganda? Is it showing woman's economic condition, the injustices she suffers not only because she is poor but because she is a woman? That is, is it laying emphasis on the aristocracy of sex, on the fact that men to-day are still exercising extraordinary power over one-half the population, and are thus making democracy a farce? Is it doing these things?

Individual Socialists are undoubtedly doing them very often, especially women Socialists. But among many men prominent in America as Socialist writers and party leaders there exists a strange apathy on the woman question. Under Socialism, they assure you, women will have everything, but they are not interested in seeing that she secures her modicum now. They subscribe to the party platform, but they do not think the woman's suffrage plank of vital interest. For instance, at an Intercollegiate Socialist dinner I heard Victor Berger tell where he placed the cause of woman suffrage. He said he was ready to push a woman's suffrage petition, but he regarded securing the vote for women as much less important than securing the old age pension bill which he had then introduced into the House. That is, the democratizing of half the adult population of the country was insignificant compared to providing pensions for old age, the pensions to be given by a capitalist government that would undoubtedly find a way to get the money chiefly from the working class! This is not what I should call ardent championship of woman's rights.

Again, glance through our Socialist writers, and you find an astonishing absence of any expression regarding woman and

Socialism. I have lately been reading Allan Benson's admirable little pamphlet, "The Truth About Socialism," but there is not a word in it on woman and her disabilities; and Mr. Benson is but one of many writers of whom this is true.

Perhaps the whole matter may be explained by saying that the majority of the men in the Socialist party recognize no division but the division of class, and no struggle but the class struggle; while many, but by no means all, women Socialists recognize also a woman's struggle, the struggle of a sex for the full development of its powers and for the right to the full use of those powers. And while the woman undoubtedly sees that such development is sadly incomplete for the majority in a capitalistic society, she knows, as the man does not seem to know, that men have gone a long way toward freedom, else the political party of Socialism would not have been born. And she knows too, that the coming of Socialism is not purely material. It does not mean simply a full stomach—that was often attained under chattel slavery—but a full life; and while she looks forward to the Socialist society she desires all the fullness of life that she can get now.

William English Walling has said that the difference between a conservative and a radical is a difference of time. Both see the wretchedness of conditions and both want a change; but one is willing to wait while the other wants the change *now*. It is this way with woman and Socialism. The Socialist tells her to work for Socialism and she will then receive all she desires; but the woman intends *now* to get legal equality with man, the vote, equal pay for equal work, and all the educational privileges open to men. She has no more idea of waiting for Socialism to give her these things than the man has of waiting for the co-operative commonwealth before he enters upon his trade or casts his vote. This is the meaning of the militant suffrage agitation in England. Undoubtedly suffrage will be given to English women in good time, but the militants want it now, and they do not brook waiting with placidity.

The mass of men Socialists, as I have said, recognize no struggle but the class struggle, and thus logically they have no interest in enfranchising any women but those of the working class. Theodore Rothstein, writing in the *NEW REVIEW*, assures us that women are adequately represented by their fathers and brothers and husbands because these represent their economic rights, and that the Social-Democrat of England favors universal woman's suffrage, "not on general grounds of so-called citizen-

ship, justice and the rest, but because it will add to the political power of the proletariat."

That women are represented by their fathers, their brothers and their husbands is surely gravely open to question. It is only since women have persistently agitated for their rights that the woman of property has been able to control her fortune or the working woman her wage. This, perhaps Comrade Rothstein would say, does not concern the class struggle—the money, whether husband's or wife's, remains in the same class—but it does concern the individual wife. And it is such masculine talk as his that must convince every thoughtful woman of the need of a movement for her release from masculine domination.

But there is a more serious aspect to Comrade Rothstein's reasoning. If as Socialists we think of democratic movements simply as means of increasing a *class* vote, are we not in danger of thinking of them as increasing a *party* vote, and of refraining from enfranchising those who will not vote with the Socialist party? This is a real question in America where we have the disfranchised Negro. And while the Socialist party is pledged to woman's suffrage, it is quite conceivable that where it has scored a victory it may be lukewarm, if not indifferent, to giving the vote to women even though by so doing the proletarian vote would be increased. It may inquire regarding the character of the woman proletarian. Is she not more conservative than the man? Is she not likely to be ruled by the priests? Isn't it better, now at least, to postpone universal suffrage until Socialism is more strongly entrenched in the proletarian mind?

Such reasoning as this seems very dangerous to some of us women who believe in democracy. It is a far-away cry, that of the Declaration of Independence, "that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," but it is one that women are obliged to declare daily. And perhaps the reason men take so little interest in the declaration is that they fought this question out a century ago, and are now in "fresh fields and pastures new." The woman who lives in a country where the franchise has not yet become universal may perhaps obtain it with more ease than the one who lives in America where men have forgotten that there was a time when but few males could vote. A belated movement is the most difficult of movements in which to interest mankind.

I find that my feminist argument has centered about the suffrage movement. But I believe that women for a long time to come, whether they have suffrage or not, will need to be banded

together against oppression. They have a work to do in backward countries as educators, as physicians, as preachers of the divine right of revolt. Doubtless Socialist women will be in the forefront of the battle, and their Socialism will give them courage for the conflict. But they will also recognize that as women they have their obligation to stand with all other women who are fighting for the destruction of masculine despotism and for the right of womankind.

Recent Growth of International Co-Operation

By ALBERT SONNICHSEN

Though the co-operative movement has been internationally organized for eighteen years, little press notice has ever been given its congresses or its general progress, even by the radical publications. The reason is obvious. The advance of the general movement has never been marked by picturesque events: popular demonstrations, riots or cabinet crises, nor are there any picturesque personalities among the leaders. To the co-operative movement one day is much like another; it is the years that differ from one another.

Yet suddenly somebody sits up and realizes that a wonderful thing has happened. It was the standpat *New York Times* that called attention, some months ago, to a report by the British Board of Trade that 116,000 heads of British families had joined the co-operative movement during the year 1912, representing about half a million of British consumers and bringing the total membership of the co-operative societies close up to the three million mark, representing nearly one-third of the total population. Yet the percentage of increase in membership has been even greater in some of the continental countries: almost three times as much in Germany.

Before going into further details regarding this recent growth of a world-wide movement, I want to draw a distinction, of special importance to Socialists, between the various forms of what is generally called co-operation.

Nearly all writers on the subject, and among them are some Socialists who should know better, have been in the habit of including under that term certain forms of organization which

must inevitably give their readers a wrong impression of the movement. Roughly speaking, these forms are credit societies, producers' societies and agricultural societies. Even a bulletin of instructions issued by the National Secretary of the Socialist party makes the mistake of including these three forms in the co-operation which the last Socialist international congress "urged its party members to support."

The credit societies, first organized in Germany by Schulze-Delitzsch, have no other object in view than lending money to their own members at a cheap rate of interest. And the majority of those members are small tradesmen and business men who employ their membership to the society in getting credit to carry on their capitalistic enterprises.

The agricultural societies, which include the famous co-operative dairies in Denmark, our own fruit packers' associations and grain elevator companies, are merely combinations of farmers most of whom, especially in this country, are employers of labor. It is true that they desire to eliminate the middlemen, but obviously not for the social good, unless you can conceive of a business organization whose purpose is to benefit outsiders to its own cost. An illustration of this form of "co-operation" is the Orange Growers' Association of Southern California, with its special agents stationed in the East to hold up shipments while prices tend downward. The coffee growers' societies of Brazil, similarly organized, working in conjunction with the government to corner the coffee market, are even a better illustration of what these agricultural combinations tend to become where conditions are favorable to their development.

And the producers' workshop societies are simply very small and exclusive groups of workingmen capitalists who seek to divide the capitalist's profits on their own commodities among themselves.

All three of these forms of so-called co-operation are based on our present system of commercial trading and their adherents cannot, if they understand their own personal interests, desire any changes. By nature they are exclusive and their interests stand out sharply defined against those of the general public.

The fourth form of co-operation, the consumers' societies, differ radically from the other three in their fundamentals. Here membership is open to every man or women, regardless of condition or occupation. Their theory is that production and distribution must be conducted in the interest of society as a

whole and never to the exclusive benefit of any group, no matter how large that group may be. In their philosophy there is no buying and no selling and no private profits. The money that the co-operator hands over to the store clerk for a pair of shoes is merely to replace that part of the society's working capital which was sacrificed to the making of that particular pair of shoes. If there is a surplus in the amount handed over, that surplus is returned at the end of the quarter, when the accounts show just how much it cost the society to produce the shoes. Carried out logically to the ultimate end, this phase of co-operation would have all the industries owned collectively and controlled democratically by the actual consumers, for the local stores, through their wholesale federations, manufacture and grow as well as distribute.

It is this phase of co-operation that has shown such remarkable signs of expanding of late. It is in this field only that the movement is tending toward revolutionary changes in our present industrial system. And were the phraseology of co-operation sufficiently developed, the word "co-operative" could be applied properly only to the consumers' movement.

Because of the confusing of dissimilar forms, as I have explained, and because the international movement is not yet knit together so closely as to have developed a uniform system of statistics, it is impossible to show in actual figures what the growth of the consumers' movement has been in all the countries. It was only in 1910 that a fairly accurate census for the whole world was taken, and then some of the important countries were left out. I give below the list of those that were enumerated.

Austria	410,351	members
Belgium	250,106	"
Denmark	113,000	"
Finland	102,000	"
France	800,000	"
Germany	1,473,740	"
Hungary	156,563	"
Italy	346,000	"
Netherlands ...	65,000	"
Spain	29,000	"
Sweden	66,582	"
Switzerland ...	212,322	"
Great Britain..	2,542,532	"
Japan	24,000	"
United States..	36,286	"

Since then few of the countries listed have reported, and only Great Britain reports for the year 1912. Each must therefore be considered separately, but it is fair to judge all by those few.

The average increase of the British societies during the last thirty years has been at the rate of 70,000 a year. But in 1911 there was an increase of 99,000, and in 1912 the increase was over 116,000, bringing the total for 1912 up to about 2,757,000. But these are only the members of the societies affiliated to the British Co-operative Union. Actually there are nearly three million, though they include not only those societies not yet self-conscious enough to join the federation, but some semi-co-operative groups, not quite true in form to the Rochdale principles.

In 1911 the membership in Germany had grown to 1,689,642, an increase of 216,000, much over double the increase Great Britain had to report for the same year. For 1912 the Central Union, one of the two unions in the country, reports an increase of 170,000, so it is safe to assume that the total membership in Germany is not far from two million and that again Great Britain's record is doubled. The growth in Germany is still more remarkable when it is realized that the movement there is only a little over ten years old; in 1900 the membership was only a little over 400,000.

France, the home of the producers' workshop idea, only just now dying out, has developed more slowly. In 1910 there were just 800,000 organized consumers. During 1911 the increase was 58,217. The indications are, from the reports of individual societies, that this record will be almost doubled for 1912. In France the consumers' movement has been split between two factions, the Socialists and the non-Socialists, but the indorsement of the international Socialist congress brought about their amalgamation, which was only effected last fall.

Switzerland, in 1912, reported an increase of 12,101, bringing the total up to 224,423, not big in actual figures until you remember that the total population is less than four millions. The percentage of population served by the co-operative stores is there almost as great as in Great Britain, including 40 per cent. of the people living in those districts that are organized. In some towns practically every family belongs to the local society.

Judging from these figures and from the reports of individual societies in other countries, it is pretty safe to say that the total increase of membership, during the two years from 1910 to 1912, has not been far short of one million. Germany and Great Britain alone will give half of that.

Far more complete and up-to-date are the statistics regarding the trade done by the societies in all the countries. I shall give

only figures from the wholesale societies, the federations through which most of the societies purchase in bulk or manufacture. It must be remembered, however, that most of the societies buy only a small part of their goods from their wholesales and that many of the big societies manufacture for themselves. In fact, there are many commodities, of a perishable nature, which cannot be handled at all by the wholesales. The rate of increase in the turnover, not the amounts, is sufficient. But probably the rate of increase in the sales of the wholesales is slightly higher than the rates of increase in mere membership; the growing loyalty of local societies to their federations must also be taken into account, a gain that is surely not second to a gain in numbers. In other words, the average purchases of the individual members tend to increase.

The following table shows the sales for the years 1910 and 1912:

	1910	1912
England	\$132,839,165	\$148,660,770
Scotland	38,690,790	41,956,290
Germany	22,167,410	33,976,795
Denmark	12,906,055	15,538,880
Holland	1,129,165	1,840,930
Switzerland	5,553,170	7,692,660
Hungary	3,993,450	5,884,855
Russia	1,071,805	3,202,200
Belgium	899,550	1,313,000
France	1,792,980	report not ready
Austria	4,217,380	5,553,170
Finland	2,722,015	3,904,890
Sweden	1,269,500	1,896,850
Norway	268,470	549,645

Under 1912 I have given only those countries in which national wholesales were organized in 1910. During those two years Italy, Bohemia, Ireland, Poland and California have been added to the list, to swell the grand total. Nor do these figures cover a multitude of small purchasing agencies in each country; with the exception of Switzerland and Germany, there is only one wholesale in each country.

It will be noted that there is not one decrease to report. However many may be the failures in starting local societies, by the time they are ready to federate, enough men have been trained to carry on big scale business in the interests of the people. For all these big centralized business plants are conducted by men who were once simple wage earners and got their first business experience as volunteer workers on the local store committees. Experience has proven that a man who has been trained in the ways of capitalist business does not prosper in

co-operative business, or rather, the co-operative business does not prosper under him.

And herein lies one of the strong arguments of the Socialist co-operator: co-operation is gradually training men who will conduct the affairs of the people for love of the work and not from greed after gain. The records which I have here represented would prove that they will be rather more, than less, efficient than those who now conduct the business of production and distribution, with their ninety per cent. of failures. William Maxwell, for thirty years president of the Scottish Wholesale, now doing a yearly business of over forty millions, was once a coach builder, hurrying home from a day's labor that he might be on time for his committee meeting in the evening. He might have become a millionaire had he gone into private business. But he was satisfied to serve his people at a salary never higher than \$37 a week. He is only one of a growing multitude.

These are growing assets of the working classes, brought about by co-operation, which cannot be visualized on paper. These are attributes which the working classes must possess if they are ever to manage their own affairs, qualities which cannot be attained through reading, listening to lectures, discussion or any amount of talking, but only through the hard school of practical experience. The vital point is, however, that this training cannot be had in the schools of capitalist industry; it must be under the auspices of the same democracy on which the co-operative commonwealth of the future will be founded.

In Free America

By LEE H. GRAHAM

The other day the agents of the copper producers of Michigan forced a man out of that State. In doing this they assaulted the man, maltreated him in various ways, shot him in the back and ended by warning him not to return, upon the peril of his life. This man was not a criminal in any sense of the word, nor were his assailants officers of the law. His offence was the exercise of that right of free speech which was guaranteed to him by the constitution of the state from which he was driven and by that of the nation of which he was a free-born citizen. And the country in which all this was done is "the land of the free and the home of the brave"; of course this latter thing must be true, because none but the brave would shoot a man in the back and none but the free deport him under cover of darkness.

So remarkable a state of things as this can be accounted for only because some one has suffered intolerable wrong at the hands of the man thus roughly handled. Let us look at this question a moment and see for whose benefit it was done.

It was the Calumet and Hecla Copper Company, this abused corporation, that had to resort to violence to get its right as against its employes who were striking for better wages and more comfortable living. Could the Calumet and Hecla Company afford to give better wages and more comforts for its workers? Was it poor? Was it struggling under adverse conditions?

Let a few facts answer.

The copper product of the upper peninsula of Michigan is unique. In other places the ore is found in such combination with other materials that a laborious process of roasting, smelting and refining is necessary to put the metal on the market. But in the Calumet and Hecla mines nature has done all this. The product occurs in globules, or veins of virgin copper, already refined for commercial purposes, imbedded in the sandstone of the region. The difference between that stone and our conglomerate is that in the former the copper takes the place of the pebbles with us. If any other metal is combined with it, it is silver, which of course makes it all the more valuable. The only process of separation required is to crush the sandstone, wash out the copper and get rid of the refuse rock.

Noting these great advantages, let us trace the history of the Calumet and Hecla Copper Company.

In 1852 Congress gave to the State of Michigan 750,000 acres of public land, to aid it in building a ship canal around the Falls of St. Mary. The state in turn bargained this land to the contractors who built the canal, at a dollar and a quarter an acre. The lands thus disposed of at so beggarly a price were supposed to be swamp, or overflowed lands, but strange to say, a part of them are now the rocky matrices from which the Calumet and Hecla has long been extracting shot-copper—that Company having in some way got hold of them. Years later a man named Chandler, who claimed to have bought the same land over again from the State of Michigan, brought a suit to dispossess the copper company, charging all sorts of fraud. But the Supreme Court ruled against him, on the ground that as he got his deed from the state he was in no better plight than the state, and that the state could not go back on its first deed to the canal contractors; so the Calumet and Hecla people kept it.

Having got its mining property for substantially nothing, let us look at some figures showing the Company's after history:

It was formed in the early fifties. Its capital stock was \$2,500,000. Its shares are \$25.00 each, not \$100.00—note that. Of this \$25.00 a share, only \$12.00 was paid in. It has paid to its stockholders in dividends much more than one hundred millions. Some of these for late years are as follows: in 1895, 60 per cent.; in 1896, 100 per cent.; in 1897, 120 per cent.; in 1898, 160 per cent.; in 1899, 280 per cent.; in 1900, 320 per cent.; in 1901, 260 per cent., and so on. In the Boston market the stock was quoted on the last day of 1913 at \$427, bid price. Bearing in mind that the par value of the shares is but \$25.00, this figure means that the stock is now worth more than 1,700 per cent., and bearing in mind also that only \$12 a share was actually paid in, it means more than 3,400 per cent. market value.

The founder of the company, the late Quincy A. Shaw, of Boston, died three years, ago, leaving an estate of twenty-three millions.

The laborers for this corporation wanted better wages and better conditions of life. The poverty-stricken company could not afford to give either, and because a man who came into its neighborhood thought it could, and saw fit to say so, it hired men

to beat him, to shoot him in the back and drive him out of the state.

And this is free America!

The Unemployed

By STUART STANTON TABER

O'er our land Poor Men are walking,
Walking, one by one;
Numb with cold, and drenched by rain-fall—
Blistered by the sun.
Worn and gaunt they stumble onward,
Hunger drives the band;
Young men, old men, frail and burly,
Walking through the land.

Through our land the Poor are seeking,
Seeking work to do;
Work by which to earn a living,
Any work would do.
Soldiers, sailors, men of learning,
Seeking everywhere;
Cursed, and damned, they beg for labor,
Beggars in despair.

Every hand is turned against them,
Branding each one thief;
Power and Greed are rich with grinding,
Grinding gold from Grief!
Ah, but Strength like flame is leaping,
Leaping through the land;
Right and Might shall blast the grinders—
Blast them from the land!

The Thresher's Wife

By HARRY KEMP

Charley rose early to get up steam,
But took a swig of whiskey first
To wash away an ugly dream—
It seemed his head would almost burst,
From wrath, despair, and jealousy:
A most unhappy man was he.

The engine and separator stood
Like two still elephants afield—
Crows jangled in a nearby wood
The old wound had not yet been healed:
Twice she had gone with other men,
And he had taken her again;

And now this dream: as clear as day
He'd seen her laughing soft and low
And rosy-flushed, as was her way
When she had caught another beau.
He tipped the last drop from his flask
And hurried through his morning task,

Bewailing that he'd married her
Who was weak clay and sudden fire,
Whose every pulse-beat seemed to stir
With errancy of vain desire—
Half made of fire and half of clay,
How could she keep the men away?

Charley believed in dreams and things
That folk were burned for, long ago,
Visions that used to frighten kings
In pale procession passing slow,—
And often life to him would seem
A dream that ran within a dream.

Yet he was not a bloodless man—
Could eat and drink with any one:
He cleaned the platter and the pan;
He never left a job till done;
And he was strong beyond belief
In one so hurt by drink and grief.

The more he grieved the more he drank,
The more he drank the more he grieved,
And ever further back he sank
The more he felt himself deceived;
And in his heart a wrath there grew
That each suspicion fired anew.

And he'd go driving down the road,
Cook-shack and separator behind,
Like a wild thing beneath the goad
Of some mad scorpion of mind:
There was no one so bold as he
At taking bridges recklessly.

"Charley," the foreman, Karl, would say,
"You'll have to cut this nonsense out,
Or I will hand you all your pay
And let you go." The big-boned lout
Would promise to go slow, and yet
At the next bridge he would forget.

Day after day, from farm to farm,
The engine chugged, the belt slipped round;
With swaying hip and swinging arm
To the separator's roaring sound
The hands flung in the corded wheat
And Charley kept steam in the heat.

And Charley sweat and kept up steam,
Thinking such thoughts as none can say,
Still haunted by the evil dream
That whiskey could not wash away.
He hoped the best, he saw the worst—
And every drink increased his thirst.

There came a thunderstorm one night,
Dividing midnight's deep domain,
And Charley listened with delight.
It soaked and soaked the unthreshed grain.
'Twould be too wet to thresh next day,
And now at last he'd get away.

The morning widened drenched and drear,
But soon the clouds were thrust aside.
The sun rose full and fiery-clear,
Like to a strong man in his pride,
And in the leaves along the road
A million silver twinkles glowed

As they drove into town together,
 The Boss and all the Hands . . . They sang,
 Full of the wine of fresh young weather
 (And other drinks). The bed went "bang,"
 The wagon bounced upon a stone;
 And some of them were almost thrown.

Passing the courthouse, they leaped down
 And hurried to a dowdy street
 On the disgraceful edge of town,
 Those dusty threshers of the wheat,
 Where joints ran wide and booze was sold
 And every law defied for gold.

And there they drank a little more,
 And treated, as good fellows do,—
 But Charley soon went out the door
 To see if what he dreamed were true
 He let the other fellows stay,
 Contrary to his wonted way.

His heart beat high against his throat.
 In at the back-yard gate he swung.
 He heard his wife sing; the clear note
 Rose fresh and innocent and young.
 He put his foot to the back stair.
 She was alone. She combed her hair.

She turned to him with feigned surprise,
 And yet she went as pale as death.
 A terror rose up in her eyes.
 She smelt the strong drink in his breath.
 She yielded him a loathing kiss
 As it a young wife's duty is.

They had been lovers, Jane and he,
 Ever since childhood on the farm.
 She'd been so fresh and fair to see
 As she passed, leaning on his arm.
 They'd married. Now they'd drawn apart.
 Strange things had sprung up in her heart.

"Charley, I want more life!" she'd said,
 So into town they'd moved . . . In vain
 Still she complained: "The place was dead."
 Blind discontent ate in her brain.
 Charley, God pity her and him,
 Put it all down to woman's whim:

In his superior manlike mode
 He looked on her as any child
 That sought to stray across the road.
 Then, when he found himself beguiled,
 It broke him up; he took to drink,
 And pushed her closer to the brink.

As she stood there so sweet, so fair,
 He felt a softness through him run.
 He pressed her cheek, he stroked her hair.
 Her loveliness, like the young sun,
 (Poor little waif of clay and fire)
 Thrilled him with passion and desire.

She trembled like a captured bird;
 She could not help one glance uncertain
 Toward the breathing that she heard
 Of the hid man behind the curtain.
 She longed to strike at Charles and scream.
 She felt life all an ugly dream.

"Sweetheart, I love you!" Charley said,
 "Sweetheart, I knew it wasn't true,
 (Her pretty face went white and red)
 The ugly dream I had of you!"
 "What do you mean, dear?" "Never mind."
 And the great hulk lay deaf and blind.

The huge-limbed man lay deaf and blind
 While out the other fellow stole
 To whom the high God had been kind
 Or else he'd been threshed, flesh from soul,
 As wheat from chaff. Once safe away,
 He whistled, for his heart was gay.

All the night long the Married lay
 Body to body in the dark,
 And he was flushed, and she was grey,
 And he was lithe, and she was stark.
 And he rose up at dawn, and went
 Back with the boys to work, content.

It was high noon before she rose
 And combed the tangles from her hair,
 Sitting beside her chair-heaped clothes.
 She sobbed a woman's little prayer,
 A woman's wish that she were dead,—
 Then toward the mirror turned her head.

And when night fell and stars came out
 And she heard tapping at the door
 She read the knocks, and held no doubt
 It was her lover come once more.
 So she made virtue of her sin
 And ran with haste to let him in.

Her lover was a traveling man
 Who like a nomad came and went,
 Politely pleasant, good to scan,
 And in what town he cast his tent
 He turned his mind with equal cares
 To making love and selling wares.

To-day was here, to-morrow there.
 He added to his double trade
 By dressing loud and speaking fair. . . .
 Or customer, or wife, or maid,
 Selling or wooing, all was game!
 He said he took life as it came.

He did! . . . Meanwhile Charles grew in doubt
 Stronger than that he'd held before:
 Once one has spied a failing out
 The old faith comes back nevermore;
 The old wound will not heal so soon;
 The voice sings not the same clear tune.

He came home, sudden, one hot night,
 To get another engine belt.
 He saw an upper room a-light,
 And all at once he knew and felt.
 His soul grew dark with a great groan;
 He knew that she was not alone.

He knew there was a man with her.
 He leaped from step to step, the fool!
 He made a tumult and a roar
 Like children just let out from school.
 The Lover ran. He had no mind
 To die. . . . He left his coat behind.

Jane thrust it quickly 'neath the bed
 And roused to battle for her life,
 To beg, to weep, to rage, to plead
 (For God gives instinct to the wife).
 Charles rooted still a moment's space
 And madness blanched in all his face.

And then the cyclone! Storm for storm
 She met him, or with sun and rain
 Swept such emotions through his form
 As weather sweeps through windy grain.
 Carried beyond herself, she won
 As woman through all time has done.

God knows 'tis hers to fight that fight
 In any manner that she can.
 By hook or crook, by bell and book,
 She's still the victim of the man
 Whichever way the battle go:
 And, in the end, hers is the woe.

Jane takes to tears and little sighs;
 She wreathes her naked arms about;
 She whispers him a thousand lies,
 Till of himself he stands in doubt.
 The great-hulked man is baffled, beat.
 He sprawls for pardon at her feet.

Like a whipped boy he weeps and weeps.
 He lays his head upon her knees.
 A universal pity sweeps
 Over the woman, and she sees
 Life, the Beguiler, them beguiled. . . .
 The man sobs like a heart-sick child.

* * *

The wheat is bright in early spring,
 It shoots with such a tender green.
 Each tiny germ swells bourgeoning,
 And mile on mile the land is seen
 Made beautiful with waving life
 That men may live in love—and strife.

The wheat is gold when summer blooms
 And gold beneath the sun it lies,
 Woven upon God's out-door looms,
 Earth's goodly garment without price—
 But soon the shining fields are shorn
 And barren stubble looms forlorn.

And barren stubble looms forlorn
 In lives of men that sow and reap.
 We rise and sow with early morn.
 Full soon we gather in the heap.
 And what we plant we seldom know,
 Yet aye we reap the thing we sow.

* * *

Again the Hands come tumbling out
 From stack and mow and wagon-bed;
 The Cook and Flunkey fly about,
 Tins clatter and the men are fed.
 The engine makes a panting sound;
 The long belt runs its sagging round.

Again is Charley on the job;
 The whistle to the wagons calls
 To hurry up. The horses bob
 Their sweaty heads. The swift belt hauls
 The wheels around. The engine puffs
 And curls blue breath o'er wooded bluffs.

* * *

A little silver-pointed moon
 Hung in the quiet evening sky.
 Jane hummed a sentimental tune
 And heaved a long and troubled sigh. . . .
 Jane hummed a sentimental tune
 And thought him late, an hour too soon.

She went and peered between the blinds.
 She wondered if the neighbors saw.
 She blamed their busybody minds
 So quick to spy another's flaw,
 Their tongues, that could not keep at home
 When hungry hearts desired to roam.

For Gossip, like the searching wind,
 Had gone into her very bone,
 Had tripled every sin she sinned
 With something monstrous all its own,
 Till every woman seemed to sneer
 And men stared with a knowing leer.

The Drummer came a little late,
 His derby pushed back on his head.
 He walked in boldly at the gate
 As if by open business led.
 She'd sent him word the road was clear.
 He strode in boldly without fear.

There in the pandering dark they kissed.
 Absence had whetted fresh desire.
 She made up for the love she'd missed
 (Poor little waif of clay and fire).
 Their voices murmured, fell, and rose. . . .
 She lay and told him all her woes.

After a space the Drummer said:
 "This is no place, my love, for you,
 To a great lump of nothing wed!"
 "Alas," sighed Jane, "what can I do?"
 "Come to the city," answered he,
 "Throw off your shackles. Live with me! . . ."

"I will," Jane lisped, with a caress. . . .
 A moment's light hardened his face. . . .
 Her childlike ways, her simpleness
 Made his soul laugh in its dark place,
 Exulting o'er its easy prey. . . .
 She fled with him before the day.

* * *

The vampire woman has been sung
 By all the little rhyming clan,
 But would I had a fiery tongue
 To cry out on the vampire man.
 The woman's way is thorny-path'd,
 But the man ever goes unscathed.

And soon and late she finds her fate
 Who harvests men, but he who feeds
 On women, lays waste soon and late
 With no accounting for his deeds:
 Alone, her triumphs never bide;
 He has the whole world on his side.

The vampire men, the vampire men,
 They take and taste and toss aside;
 They reck nor how nor where nor when;
 They go about in open pride.
 The dark destruction that they sow
 All women reap in tears and woe.

Custom is with them, and the world—
 Religion, harder than a stone,
 The out-shot tongue, the lip up-curved
 Cry on the woman's shame alone:
 The world, that hypocrite, cries shame,
 And gives the woman all the blame.

* * *

A house is more than roof and walls,
 A house is more than wood and stone.
 It feels; it takes what'er befalls
 (Each sigh, each curse, each laugh, each groan)
 Unto itself, till live it stands,
 Shaped by the Spirit's ghostly hands. . . .

Charley came home to find her gone:
 The blinds were down, the rooms were hushed;
 The floors gave back a hollow groan;
 The sunset at the window blushed. . . .
 A little bird lit on the sill. . . .
 He sat all night in one place, still. . . .

He held his great head in his hands.
 He couldn't think or weep or groan.
 He held his great head in his hands,
 And all his life was turned to stone.
 Dawn crept in. . . . Still he sat alone. . . .
 His flesh and heart and soul was stone. . . .

At last he rose and ate and ate
 And drank and drank, and staggered forth.
 "I'd like to meet him at the gate. . . .
 I'd show him what a man was worth. . . .
 I'd dash him like a China bowl
 To little bits. . . . God damn his soul!

"And, as for her. . . . He'll tire of her,
 The—" and he ripped a mighty oath,
 "And fling her in the ditch, the cur!
 I'd like to lay hands on them both. . . .
 No, it's his fault, not hers, that's plain. . . .
 My little girl's so light and vain!"

* * *

Who now but Jane has woe on woe. . . .
 Her lover seems another man
 Than what he was a week ago.
 She does all that a woman can
 To grow a rose from barren dust,
 A rose of love from dung of lust.

The traffic rumbles up and down
 And automobiles squawk and shriek;
 Jane feels lost in the peopled town
 Where all seem lost, where all men seek
 With cords of gold to take and bind
 Pleasure, that has a flying mind.

Who now but Jane has woe on woe:
 She houses in an obscure street.
 The hours drag slow, the days drag slow;
 The sparrows pant in herbless heat.
 Jane waits her drummer at high noon. . . .
 A whole day late, he comes too soon. . . .

And one day he comes not at all
 To trade his blow for her caress. . . .
 The hot sun passes up the wall. . . .
 A dream makes her seem bodiless;
 Still verging on sleep's absurd strand,
 She feels her husband's rough, red hand.

His big-lipped, clumsy, groping kiss. . . .
 She starts to consciousness of day. . . .
 "There's nothing could be worse than this,"
 She thinks. A wagonload of hay
 Passes by chance. . . . "I'm sick of men . . .
 Charley will take me back again!"

* * *

Charley tears up, with shaky hands,
 The little scented envelope—
 He reads, he rips in little bands
 The dainty sheet of heliotrope. . . .
 For a long space he wavers, dumb,
 Then grips his pen and scrawls: "Yes! Come!"

"There ain't no other way," he thought,
 "No other way for her and me. . . .
 We're both like cattle roped and caught. . . .
 No other way that I can see. . . .
 I'll shoot us both, that's what I will. . . .
 I'll shoot us both, and shoot to kill!"

And first he takes his whiskey flask
 And bursts it at a wayside stone.
 He busies at his daily task.
 Into a new man he has grown
 Within a day. . . . The bridges now
 Bring out the cold sweat on his brow.

The Boss is pleased. The word is passed.
 His wife is coming back, they know,
 But not the die his soul has cast. . . .
 He takes the bridges slow . . . So slow. . . .
 They marvel, all the harvest crew,
 At what love makes a fellow do. . . .

There is a bridge dubbed Rotten Bridge,
 Where even Charley had been fain
 To creep on slow from ridge to ridge—
 And now, with slaughter in his brain,
 He comes to this, advancing slow. . . .
 The cold sweat breaks out on his brow:

Into the middle he has crept. . . .
 A vision seizes on him there.
 A little babe that wept and wept
 Went floating by on empty air. . . .
 He sees, with madness burst and torn,
 His child that died when it was born.

He does not hear the dreadful cry
 The frightened men send from behind.
 He knows that he has got to die,
 And a last vision grips his mind
 As down he goes, bridge, engine, all,
 And sky and earth mix with his fall.

When drowning men have sunken thrice
 They see all things that they have done.
 Years flash before them in a trice,
 The triumphs that they've lost and won,
 The hates, the loves they've suffered . . . all . . .
 So Charley dreamed, within a fall,

That he walked down the village street.
 He saw a light, a tiny spark
 He ran to it on madman feet
 The light went out . . . The room was dark
 Now he was in a great place . . . bare
 Her Lover and his wife were there

He raised his gun and fired and fired
 The Drummer squawked for fear of death
 A thousand hymning voices choired
 The body toppled without breath
 He saw a devil's face on it
 And in the gloom he saw Death sit

"Come, Sweetheart, I've a gift for you!"
 Death? . . . No. His wife . . . He shot at her . . .
 Sweet little pistol, trailing blue!
 Bah! She had changed to him, the cur!
 He pumped him full of spitting lead
 To make quite sure that he was dead

Policemen to the window came
 His bullets gone, he couldn't shoot
 Each thought went leaping like a flame
 "He's shot his wife!" "The brute!" "The brute!"
 "Sheriff, for God's sake go away—
 I'll let you take me with the day

I only ask a husband's right
 She's mine in death as well as life
 I'll give you day, you give me night
 (There never was so sweet a wife)
 My last night with my little bride
 Unless they lay us side by side"

The Sheriff came with blaring dawn,
 And with him Death strode, bony-blue
 "Come, Sheriff, put the handcuffs on
 I blame this all on God, I do
 It wasn't he . . . nor she . . . nor I
 Take me away, I want to die!

Wait . . . she just breathed . . ." He raised her head
 "Sweetheart, don't die . . . you are too young!"
 The dream-man kneeled by the dream-dead
 He heard a dirge by demons sung
 No! 'T was the cry of cloudy steam
 And Life . . . was all . . . an ugly . . . dream

* * *

Autumn has come and autumn passed;
 The god of harvests lies asleep;
 The trees shrink naked in the blast;
 But men cease not to sow and reap:
 Man ever to the harvest wends,
 His sowing and reaping never ends

His sowing and reaping never ends
 Until he lies in the dark grave
 Beyond the hurt of foes or friends
 And truths that damn and lies that save—
 But some say God must still take toll
 Of every wan astonished soul

Dear God, I think the preachers lie:
 With what gain would it greden thee
 To judge us men that live and die
 In suffering and misery,
 Who say of pleasure: "It is past,"
 Who say of love: "It will not last"?

The Sage

By MAXIM GORKI

(Translated by Maurice Magnus)

Once upon a time there was a sage who understood the mystery of life. It filled his heart with a heavy gloom and terror, and in the shadow of it all happiness and joy died sadly within him. With the clear eye of reason he gazed into the depths of time and saw only darkness there. He wandered through its towns and villages. His wise head was bowed in loneliness, and in the midst of the turmoil and glamour of life his message rang out like the melancholy sound of a death knell.

Men! You live between darkness and darkness. You have been born of the depths of ignorance. You are spending your lives in the mists of ignorance. And the terrible darkness of ignorance awaits you!

The people listened to his sad message and understood its bitter truth. They sighed, and looked silently into the face of the sage. But after they had seen him depart, setting forth on that lonely path of wisdom, they returned to their business and to their banquets. And in eating and drinking merrily, and in the happiness of seeing their children at play, they forgot the distress and misery of which they had just heard. They fought with each other for riches and possessions, and while their hands were still red with blood they listened and were moved by sermons of love! Those who were fair to them they caressed, and their friends they betrayed with traitors' kisses.

They robbed each other, and then passionately defended the riches they had thus acquired. They betrayed and defrauded each other unscrupulously, but they all said that Truth was the master of life. There were some, however, who believed in the charitable power of truth, and who suffered for this belief. And the people loved music, and were moved to tears by it; they were enraptured by its beauty, and yet they allowed ugliness and depravity to exist in their lives. They made slaves of each other, and yet they cried out that they longed for freedom. They treated with contempt all those who were beneath them, and yet like cowed animals they secretly hated their rulers. They imagined that goodness must come from without, and did not understand that it must be created from within. For they were concerned about the petty cares and comforts of life.

They wasted their intellect with hatred and deceit and with clumsy cunning in order that they might satisfy their insatiable desire for luxury and good living.

Thus these strange people lived in a world of their own, like unclean animals, though they believed themselves to be little less than deities. Their lives resembled a volcano, an inexhaustible volcano, and the cries and complaints were like its pestilent fumes rising against the sky, while the suffering and the sorrow were like its clinging ashes and the animal desires like its suffocating stenches.

And the solitary sage wandered over the wide world and spoke with the voice of infinite knowledge: *What is your life? You do not tell. Why are you here? Even this you do not know. Look! This is your misfortune!*

When he saw a lover embrace his beloved he said unto them sadly: *Death awaits thee and thine.* When he saw the people erect magnificent dwelling places he said reproachfully: *All this is ready for destruction.* When he saw little children playing like flowers in a meadow—little children who were themselves like flowers, he sighed, and said unto himself: *My eyes see death's harvest.* And when he heard one of the wise men teach the youth of the temple of sciences, one of those wise men who could not comprehend the soul of the sage, who could not comprehend that the sage had realized the dark truth of death, he said to him contemptuously: *Narrowness is the name of thy wisdom. For the earth will come to an end, and all its temples and all its sciences and their truths and their lies will end, and thou dost not even know the day and the hour of thine own destruction.*

* * *

But one day on the outskirts of a great town, in a dark narrow street full of filth and poverty and the stenches of decay, the sage saw a great number of workmen gathered around one of their number who spoke. And it astonished him to see their rapt attention. Never had the people listened to *his* words with such eagerness, and a pang of envy entered his heart. "Comrades," said the speaker to the workmen, "we are like stones lying at the bottom of a river, while above us flows the life of our oppressors. We are only a means to them, and they step over us as they do over dead bodies. They go onward into a brilliant existence, and from there they endeavor, with their greater intellect, to still further enslave our souls. They

know everything and we know nothing. They live and we have not yet lived. They are wise while we are in darkness. Enlightenment is in their hands while we have nothing. We have nothing, not even enough bread to eat. They have enslaved us, and they are satiated. But see, our hunger will defeat those who are overfed and who have enslaved us. For their spirit is weak, and our spirit is strong, and we live by the fervency of our spirit. We must live. We must have knowledge. We must be human beings. We must fill our hungry souls with the wisdom of the earth. We must be the possessors of all that which already exists, and we will work for that which does not yet exist."

Man, said the sage, with a condescending smile, error is the name of thy words. Narrow is thy understanding of mankind. It will never grasp more than it is capable of grasping. And will it not be the same to thee when thou hast ceased to exist, whether thou art hungry or overfed like those against whom thou art now uttering the words of thy wisdom? And is it not the same whether thou liest down in thy grave in ignorance, or whether thou art wrapped in the shroud of useless teachings of thy oppressors? Think of it, everything on earth, and even the earth itself, will disappear into the immeasurable depths of oblivion, into the bottomless whirlpool of death!

The workmen gazed at him in silence, and motionlessly they listened to his wise speech. Coldly, unfeelingly and indifferently they rejected his words. Then said one of them to his comrade: "Matvei, my hand hurts me. Strike this old fool!"

That is all! Yes, of course, I agree. They *are* a little rude, these workmen, but it is not their fault. Has anyone ever taught them manners?

The Custom of the Caste

By FELIX GRENDON

A book by Mrs. Wharton is always an event because there is no English author living who can describe the unrealities and trivialities of life with half her conviction, distinction, and charm. "The Custom of the Country"* deals with the marital adventures of Undine Spragg, and with the evolution of this young lady from an untamed flapper in Apex City to an influential matron in New York's Four Hundred. The evolutionary principle in Undine's case is neither luck nor cunning. It is plain, unadulterated greed. Mrs. Wharton does not put it so crudely, of course. But when you pierce the refinements of the novelist's analysis, that is what the chief factor in Miss Spragg's progress comes to.

Naturally, environment plays no small part in Undine's career. It is bad enough to be born in moderate circumstances, and worse to be born in the United States. But to be born in Apex City! Well, given a girl with arresting physical beauty and a spacious craving for all the gratifications that money dispenses, and who can wonder that the environment which hampered and clipped Undine should have led to an abnormal development of her wishing faculty? Anyhow, Undine's passion for wanting what she shouldn't have, and getting what she doesn't want becomes so irresistible that we follow her desires and their fulfillment with bated breath. We follow them from the time she first marries Elmer Moffat, the cheerful shiftless megalomaniac of Apex City, to the moment when she re-allies herself with this gentleman after he has risen to the top notch of the American plutocracy.

Between these two connubial landmarks, Undine carries on a feverish campaign of "getting things." Nothing but the best of things will satisfy her, and she proves that she is racy of the American soil by letting the popular vote be her absolute guide in determining what constitutes this best. Among her prizes appear jewels, 80-horse power motors, an opera box at the Metropolitan, admission to every citadel of Knickerbocker society, a Reno divorce, and two additional husbands, the first, a member of one of "the older families,"—the second, a French marquis.

* *The Custom of the Country*. By Edith Wharton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1913.

Like Alexander, Napoleon, and other great campaigners, however, Undine suffers an occasional reverse. Such is her failure to lead to the altar Peter Van Degen, the multi-moneyed Astorbilt of the novel. He grows balky when an accident reveals Undine's heartless indifference to the suffering of one husband just as she is clinching the capture of a richer one. Undine, never sentimental about anybody but herself, retrieves her defeat by consummating the French marriage beforementioned. Here, another reverse overtakes her. She is outwitted by the intricacies of French family etiquette, and outfought by her aristocratic partner who refuses to turn his previous heirlooms into vulgar cash for the banquets and yachts Undine considers indispensable. What does she do in this extremity? What can she do but double on her matrimonial tracks and make the now money-laden Elmer Moffat a benedict again? Moffat, by the way, has a knack of bobbing up serenely whenever a crisis threatens. Through Undine's tortuous history he passes in and out like a Wagnerian leit-motif, his special note being vulgar business acumen at its luckiest. His second advent puts all the golden prizes at his wife's disposal that she had ever wished for. But her wishing powers are now in their prime, and the story closes with the prophetic hint that she will henceforth beguile the time by wooing the highest social honors in the Court of St. James.

Mrs. Wharton's analysis reveals the beautiful Undine Spragg as a monstrous personification of greed, the human greed that covets only the pleasures, excitements, and possessions costly enough to be beyond the dreams of ordinary mortals. The analysis is masterly and exhaustive. Yet we are beset with grave doubts as to whether an Undine Spragg is worth an exhaustive study by a writer of Mrs. Wharton's keenness of intellect and expertness of craftsmanship. To be sure, plenty of Undines are born each year in every walk of life, but they flourish chiefly in what is popularly called the upper crust, that is, in the smallest and, humanly speaking, least important section of the community. Now Mrs. Wharton exaggerates the significance of her theme out of all proportion to the facts by making two unwarranted assumptions. One is that because Undine is the heroine of the upper caste, it follows that she is the leading lady, so to speak, of the whole community. The other assumption is that Undine's prosperous career of selfish getting was made possible by the custom of a country, when clearly it was

made possible rather by the custom of a caste. But this identification of the feelings and desires of a clique with the feelings and desires of an entire nation is a snare to which the novelist of the rich easily falls a victim. The only way to escape it is to supplement the psychologic interpretation of an individual by the sociologic interpretation of psychology. That Mrs. Wharton has not done this becomes clear when we scan her criticism of the environment of which Undine is the fine flower.

What is the custom of the country responsible for the breeding of Undine Spraggs? It is, if we may believe Mrs. Wharton, the custom whereby the average American, for all his surface chivalry, looks down on his women and proves his contempt by not letting them take an interest in his work. But we are quite unable to take this belief on trust. For the question that at once cuts in at right angles is: what is this work in which the American man will not let his women take an interest? Mrs. Wharton, with a rich and picturesque vagueness, replies, "the conduct of serious affairs." Such is the length and breadth of her definiteness. But if Mrs. Wharton has detected the general run of American men—and she really means the general run of *rich* American men—in any occupation more serious than the jobbing of stocks, the legal bleeding of industrial workers, and the constitutional looting of public exchequers, modesty has restrained her from publishing the discovery. In point of fact, there is not a single male character in the book who shows the slightest concern for anything but money-making and frivolity, or cares a fiddlestick about the really serious work of providing for the physical soundness, mental strength, and moral refinement of the citizens at large. Undine's second husband, Marvell, is the only exception to this rule, and he is only a partial exception. As it is, he actually does attempt to interest Undine in his non-mercenary activities, with a result so discouraging that he is driven to commit suicide. Here Mrs. Wharton imagines that she has riveted her theory when she has really scored a damaging point against it. Marvell's suicide proves, if it proves anything, that his failure to make Undine care for his interests, is due to the divergence of those interests from the normal interests of his class. Undine is perfectly ready to do what the men in her set expect their women to do. That is, she is perfectly ready to force her way into the most select social functions and to appear there in costly dresses and jewels, thereby advertising her husband's rank, wealth, and success, to

say nothing of increasing his prestige, or what is more likely, his credit. This is the real custom of the ruling caste of the country. The men, it is true, do not let their women take an interest in their business directly. Why should they, when profits are better served by letting them take an interest indirectly? But men of big business can and do use their women as advertising agents, the well known result of this practice being that the "social" business of the one sex has become an indispensable adjunct to the commercial business of the other. As to the men not letting their wives take an interest in their "serious work," that is merely the same as saying that the men do not encourage the women to take an interest in what they don't take an interest in themselves.

However, though Mrs. Wharton's social philosophy falls to pieces at the first touch of social science, we are still her debtors for a very original and entertaining study in human cupidity. Had this novel appeared in the age of Congreve or of Shakespeare, Mrs. Wharton's heroine would doubtless have taken a permanent place in literature at the side of another lady of consuming ambition. But to the present generation, Undine Spragg is the fruit of a morality that is no longer real, a morality that has collapsed by the dead weight of its innate pessimism. Undine herself expresses this unconsciously. The last glimpse we have of her, shows her, like a notorious forbear, disposed to exclaim: "Nought's bad, all's spent, when our desire is got without content."

Book Reviews

Women as World Builders. Studies in Modern Feminism.

By Floyd Dell. Chicago: Forbes and Co. 75 cents.

Social progress is a complex process. Many forces apparently antagonistic unite in promoting progress. This may seem a truism—and it is; but our "Marxists" (*sic*) no longer appreciate the fact, judging by their dogmatic denunciation of syndicalism, feminism, and other new ideas and movements. Only when interpreted in terms of the social and psychological process as a whole can the revolutionary movement maintain equilibrium in theory and practice.

This apropos of a book with a big idea incompletely expressed. Floyd Dell adumbrates the concept of social process, impelled thereto by observation of facts and not by analytical comprehension. He is not a monomaniac who conceives feminism exclusively in terms of one idea. A process deep and broad as life itself, that is his vital conception of the feminist movement.

And how is the conception developed? Mr. Dell calls his method "journalistic"; a severe critic might call it superficial. Through an analysis of various representative feminists he expresses the various phases of the woman movement. The method may or may not be judicious—that largely depends upon how it is used. Our author, however, uses it in a way which does not probe the depths of the subject.

His method is human and personal. This sort of thing has its place, providing it is not used as a basis for *social* conclusions. But Mr. Dell does draw social conclusions. And, inevitably, they possess no validity.

It is dangerous to appraise women's prospective influence in politics in the light of their personal and sex characteristics. Here the human factor is subordinate to the social class factor. According to Mr. Dell, women are instinctively militant and not conciliative. He cites the failure of Jane Addams' attempt to "span the gulf between rich and poor" through social settlement work. "The splendid social idealism of the '80s, of which Miss Addams is representative, has disappeared, leaving two sides angry and hostile." The conciliatory Miss Addams has

failed to rally women to her banner, while "shop girls and college students and wives and old women" answer Mrs. Pankhurst's cry for militancy. Accordingly, women are instinctively militant: "have a fighting soul": in politics will be "an unruly Niagara." Women in politics will perform a "historic mission"—"subdue" politics "to their purposes, remold it nearer to their hearts' desire, change it as men would never dream of changing it, wreck it savagely in the face of our masculine protest and merrily rebuild it anew in the face of our despair."

All of which demonstrates the inadequacy of personal valuations as the basis of social conclusions. Attempts to "span the gulf between rich and poor" are dashed to pieces against the rock of the class struggle; and this explains Miss Addams' failure. Militancy was not "simply awakened where it lay sleeping in these women's hearts"; it is a social passion produced by social circumstances, just as similar social circumstances produced masculine militancy.

Women in politics are necessarily controlled by the identical social forces which control men. And to the extent that "Women as World Builders" is a humanist-pragmatic analysis, it does not thoroughly develop the vital concept of the woman movement being as broad and deep as life itself.

L. C. Fraina.

Sons and Lovers. By D. H. Lawrence. Mitchell Kennerley, New York. \$1.50.

Have you ever been jerked over a rough country road in an old farm wagon, past gripping bits of scenery, along straggling homesteads and half deserted fields, suggestive little places full of the struggle of enterprise or the pathos of neglect, through silent woods and sunlit meadows, with here and there a tiny village, whose smoke-wreathed chimneys looked down on mossy headstones all set in the narrow compass of valleys that ran into one another among the hills, until at the end of the day's journey you were worn out with the jolting and smothered with the beauty and the sadness of it all and longed passionately for the top of the hills where you could see into the distance and breathe once more freely under the great sky?

Short sentences and curt dialogue continued for any length of time make difficult reading, a constant shifting of the attention from point to point of the subject the author is presenting

to you is exhausting in the extreme. Nevertheless in spite of the mental jolting and jouncing in the vehicle of Mr. Lawrence's art, the country he carries you through is so fascinating, one little scene after another coming into view with such poignancy of contrast, such precision of detail, that one can but bow the head in acknowledgment of the master hand that can produce such effects with such means.

Mr. Lawrence's characters are a peculiar people. They have what might be called an island consciousness. Not the island consciousness of Greece in the day of her glory, the centre of a thousand convergent and powerful influences, but the consciousness of an island gradually drained of its life-blood by periodical colonization, an island consciousness that looks ever across the sea toward new lands, unknown possibilities, that beats ever against the limitations of the present. In this the author is close kin to George Eliot, Charlotte Brontë, George Meredith, Alfred Tennyson. There is with them all a sense of relationship across a barrier, an eternal seeking for nearness that is as constantly baffled by some strange uncomprehended element of separation. This peculiar state of mind in Lawrence's characters is heightened by the absolute lack of the idea of a social organization containing within itself a great social ideal rooted in the daily life of its members. The only bonds that hold Mr. Lawrence's characters together are personal attachments and ambitions. Their passions are spent on one another. They have no social vision. They are blown about from one to another, bruised and torn in an endless seeking for stability. The effect is pitiful. It is the tragedy of lives that do not realize the larger life of which they are a part. It is the tragedy of wasted powers, of intellectual blindness, of social disintegration.

But of this the author gives no hint. He, too, lives in a state of isolation. He, too, lacks a comprehension of life as a whole, acting and reacting in all its parts. His method of writing reflects his disjointed conception of life. But in spite of this the artist triumphs. He makes you feel. He makes you think. He pierces your heart. He makes you one with the people he portrays. Read this book. It is a remarkable piece of work.

LOUISE W KNEELAND.

Socialists on the Negro Question

To the Editor of the NEW REVIEW:

Having opened the discussion in the NEW REVIEW on the Status of the Negro, may I say a later word. It is a word as a Socialist to Socialists.

Comrades Raymond and Arner have spoken with authority of the Reconstruction period and the Klu Klux Klan. But they have spoken, apparently, without any knowledge of the aspect of that period that is important to Socialists. They have talked only of the white man's having to defend his home against the black man (omitting the defenseless black woman), of the carpet-bagger, and of the ignorant Negro who ruled the superior white. All this stuff is served up to us in Thomas Dixon's novels or in the history of that arch capitalist-aristocrat, Mr. James Ford Rhodes. I would advise as an antidote Judge Tourgee's "Fool's Errand." Tourgee wrote of his personal experience and he had a passion for humanity and justice which these other writers certainly lack. But historians and novelists fail to tell us what we most need to know—how the Negro fared economically after he was emancipated. Until we are familiar with the economic history of this period we cannot as Socialists intelligently pass judgment. To judge from the Southern talk that Comrades Arner and Raymond repeat to us would be like judging of the rights in the recent strike of the Calumet miners from the reports of the New York Sun or Times.

I have myself tried to learn a little of Reconstruction times. I know that, after the war, black codes were passed by the Southern states re-enslaving the black population. I know that the Federal Government gave the vote to the Negro to protect him against re-enslavement, and I know that some poor whites and many poor blacks tried to establish a decent public school system and to get a juster distribution of property. I know that the moneyed element triumphed, and that it beat the black laborer back into something close to slavery. And with my own scanty knowledge I find it impossible to believe with Comrade Arner that anyone imbued with Socialist ideas could possibly have joined a band of the Klu Kluxes, have ridden up to a Negro cabin (masked, to escape detection), have called the black man out and whipped him back into subjection.

One word more. I wish that the comrades, when they go South, would realize that the average Southerner, born since the War, knows just as much about the Negro as, let us say, Vincent Astor knows about the immigrant. That is, both gentlemen are class conscious, economically and socially, and never speak to those they think beneath them, save as they meet them as servants. In the South the cleavage is absolute, and since the white Southerner makes it, his opinion regarding those with whom he refuses to associate is well nigh worthless.

Since this is the case, is it not necessary that the Socialist, right now, should do what the industrial unionist has done, preach immediate class solidarity? That is the question that I raised and that has not yet been answered to my satisfaction. I am not much concerned re-

garding separate or mixed locals, so long as the workers, black and white, form the type of local they want. But I do care that class solidarity should be preached as a world movement and not as a doctrine "for white consumption only."

Brooklyn, N. Y.

MARY WHITE OVINGTON.

To the Editor of the NEW REVIEW:

By the publication of my letter you have precipitated and invited a discussion which in that letter I earnestly advised you to avoid until such time as the Socialists can educate the races "to a point where both will recognize the position that each should occupy in the economic distribution of the classes."

It is granted by all Socialists that, under Socialism, there will be no classes as we distinguish them to-day. But under Socialism or any other "ism" there are bound to be divisions, as there are no two races or individuals endowed with the same natural talents. The old adage that "birds of a feather flock together" will hold true under Socialism.

The capitalist class and the working class of to-day must be educated to a point where the working class will insist upon the capitalist class vacating its elevated position upon the back of the working class and taking its position at the side of the uplifted working class.

Man must be educated to a point where he will drop from the lofty eminence of his superiority and acknowledge that woman may stand in a position politically as well as socially and mentally his equal.

In like manner must the white men of the South be educated to the point where they will acknowledge the brotherhood of man, and not consider the black man as on a level with a favorite horse or dog, to be loved and treated as such.

We Socialists of the South are perfectly willing that Comrade Russell shall practice what she preaches; but wait till we are elevated to that position of consistency before we, who know from personal contact, are obliged to do so. We would not be forced to swallow the beautiful theory that "in spite of appalling obstacles they [the Negro race] have managed to educate and advance themselves to a position of mental (?), physical (?), and moral equality (?)."

To use a common phrase, "We are from Missouri." Show us, please! No matter what the mental, physical, and moral condition, or the origin, of nine million yellow Negroes, they are classed as black of the blackest, and are considered to-day in the same light as when they were bought and sold. Race prejudice still exists and is only intensified by agitations and discussions of this character.

The classes and races and sexes must be educated to understand that Socialism means equality of opportunity. We must realize that there is a difference between social equality and economic justice. That all men are created equal but not given equal talents is a demonstrated truth. And that the different races have been endowed with one, two, three or ten talents, as the case may be, is proven by the general economic position that each occupies in the working out of its own salvation.

Let me repeat that a public discussion of this question will not only intensify class hatred and retard the advancement of Socialism,

but will make it absolutely impossible for the Socialist to occupy the political as well as the educational position he is entitled to. The only thing to do is to drop the question like a hot potato. For the theories that appear beautiful enough on paper are known by us in the South to be far from the truth and they cause us to smile with toleration and amusement.

As a dish of muddy water, from constant agitation, remains muddy, but when left alone becomes clear, so the race question, when the education of the masses has reached a certain point, will settle itself. As a class the Negroes are reading the gospel of Socialism and are in a way better posted than the average white wage slave.

Southern Socialists do not approve the attitude of the South toward the Negro, and we are trying, in a quiet way, to overcome it. We want to overcome, too, the opinion of those in the North who do not understand, by actual experience, real conditions.

Social equality is a matter of individual choice that the Southern Socialist is willing to concede to those who wish to practice it, without denying them an opportunity of remaining in the Socialist ranks.

We thank Comrade Arner for his liberal interpretation of the question, because he "knows." Yes, let this question alone and it will settle itself.

Fraternally yours,

Jackson, Miss.

IDA M. RAYMOND.

To the Editor of the NEW REVIEW:

Mrs. Raymond's letters show something of the grave need for a discussion of the race problem. The fundamental teaching of Socialism should prevent the error that "the economic condition of a race indicates its endowment of talent." Does not history show that races mentally and spiritually superior have often been enslaved by other races, more ferocious and more aggressive than they? But do ferocity and aggressiveness indicate talent? And if the subordinate economic position of a race indicates, as Mrs. Raymond maintains, its inferior talent, why does not the subordinate economic position of the working class indicate its inferior talent? Did Marx's economic position, when he was getting five dollars for a weekly letter to the *New York Tribune*, measure Marx's talent? One recalls G. K. Chesterton's characterization of the statement that the successful man is the superior one. Chesterton calls it briefly the "ultimate lie and all they who utter it ultimate liars."

If the nine million yellow Negroes of the South are "considered in the same light as when they were bought and sold" sixty years ago, isn't that proof that the long silence of the Southern Socialists has not accomplished much in educating the South "to the point where they will acknowledge the brotherhood of man"?

Truth about any subject, so it would seem, could menace no rightfully held "educational position" which a Southern Socialist might wish to occupy. And on the other hand, do we as party members care to uphold as a teacher even a supposed Socialist, who advocates dropping the discussion of a vital present-day question on the ground that it would menace the "political . . . position to which he is entitled"?

New York.

GRACE POTTER.

A Socialist Digest

Edited by WILLIAM ENGLISH WALLING

Restoring Competition

For the first time in the history of the world the industry of a great nation has become so highly organized that a large part of its commodities are produced by monopolies, while these monopolies are largely brought under a common management. Hence the tremendous importance of President Wilson's Trust Message and the new anti-Trust laws before Congress.

At first glance it seems that all the measures proposed are reactionary—or we had better say retrogressive. Competition is to be restored, say Wilson and Bryan. And the *New York World* takes up Mr. Morgan's challenge and says that the eggs are being unscrambled. The Washington correspondent of the leading Progressive organ of the country, the *Philadelphia North American*, shows that even the Newlands "Interstate Trade Commission," with the limited functions at present proposed, is there chiefly to assist the attorney-general in breaking up the trusts. What the attorney-general's policy amounts to is well summarized by the widest circulated periodical in this country, the *Saturday Evening Post* of Philadelphia:

Thirty-seven civil suits against alleged combinations in restraint of trade are now pending, and the Department of Justice is industriously looking for more. "My fixed purpose," says the attorney-general, "is to oppose any plan of dissolution that would leave the separate parts of the unlawful combination under control of the same set of men."

This would involve a radical departure from the plan adopted in the case of the Oil Trust. Evidently it would imply a sweeping redistribution of proprietorship. If the decision should be against the Steel Trust, for example, and the court should adopt the attorney-general's view, one set of stockholders might take over the Carnegie plants; another set the old Federal Steel properties; another set the tube works—and so on.

Broadly speaking, it is only the insiders who know anything about these separate properties or are able to form an intelligent opinion as to their relative values. Ordinary stockholders look simply at the Steel Trust as a whole. Under the Oil Trust plan every stockholder, large or small, got his exact share of all the property. The plan proposed by the attorney-general would, we think, give the big stockholder,

who knows what the various parts are worth, a very decided advantage over the small stockholder, who knows the property only as a whole.

The Oil and Tobacco dissolutions resulted in huge profits for the trust stockholders—in which, however, all of those who held on shared alike. Trust dissolution with a sweeping redistribution of ownership would probably result in large profits for the knowing ones.

The *North American*, in commenting on the President's Message, is chiefly concerned with the proposed "Interstate Trade Commission":

We find it rather difficult, however, to treat the proposal seriously. Plausible as it is, it irresistibly recalls the formation of the Interstate Commerce Commission with like worthless functions as a "clearing house for facts"—a mere farce of government, until President Roosevelt compelled Congress to give it real powers of supervision and for the enforcement of its decrees. . . .

The system would be left exactly where it was under President Taft. The issue in each case is left to the courts, and finally to the attorney-general for the time being. To this single official, whether his economic views be sound or unsound and whether they controvert those of his predecessor or are doomed to be overturned by those of his successor is committed the final arbitrament of the conflict between each trust and the public. . . .

In the trade commission idea there is a feeble glimmer of the only solution that can bring permanent peace and justice. That is the Progressive plan for a real interstate industrial commission, which shall control these great activities in the judicial, efficient and conclusive manner which has made the Interstate Commerce Commission of lasting benefit to both railroads and the people of the country.

George W. Perkins' New York *Evening Mail* is also inclined to give undue credit to Roosevelt's past performances. But the chief interest in its treatment of the Message lies in its pleasure over Wilson's statement that with the present reforms the war between business and government will be over. On this, the essential issue, this Progressive Wall St. organ is at one with the conservative Democratic press like the *World* and the conservative Republicans:

In negotiating the surrender of corporate wealth to the authority of the national government President Wilson has brought into line that group of men, representing a power so great that it seemed controlling, against whom President Roosevelt opened battle.

The *Mail* does not object even to Roosevelt being called a Socialist—in the retrospect:

Socialist, demagogue, mob inciter, destroyer of property rights—call him what they would, the man in the White House battled on.

But now the battle is all over and corporate wealth has surrendered—sufficiently.

The most astounding part of the Message was a passage

suggesting the annihilation of the rights of private property in order to restore competition. It is difficult to know which part of this proposition is the more astounding, the retrogressive character of its worship of competition or the revolutionary character of the means proposed. Here is the passage:

Other questions remain which will need very thoughtful and practical treatment. Enterprises, in these modern days of great individual fortunes, are oftentimes interlocked by the fact that the greater part of their corporate stock is owned by a single person or group of persons who are in some way intimately related in interest. We are agreed, I take it, that holding companies should be prohibited, but what of the controlling private ownership of individuals or actually co-operative groups of individuals? Shall the private owners of capital stock be suffered to be themselves in effect holding companies? Shall we require the owners of stock, when their voting power in several companies which ought to be independent of one another would constitute actual control, to make election in which of them they will exercise their right to vote? This question I venture for your consideration.

Yet so united are the three parties in favor of Wilson's "constitution of peace" and partial "restoration" of competition that you will search in vain for any adequate treatment of this astonishing piece of revolutionary populism even in our most conservative newspapers.

The White Slave Agitation

Socialists generally repudiate the superficial analyses and superficial remedies of our vice investigations. Nor do they attribute present sex relations wholly to economic causes. On both grounds most of them will agree heartily with the conclusions of Havelock Ellis in the *Metropolitan*:

Mrs. Billington Grieg, a well-known pioneer in social movements, has carefully investigated the alleged cases of forcible abduction which were so freely talked about when the White Slave Bill was passed into law in England last year; but even the Vigilance Societies actively engaged in advocating the bill could not enable her to discover a single case in which a girl had been entrapped against her will. No other result could reasonably have been expected. When so many girls are willing, and even eager, to be persuaded, there is little need for the risky adventure of capturing the unwilling. The uneasy realization of these facts cannot fail to leave many honest vice crusaders with unpleasant memories of their past.

Although there are not yet any very clear signs of the decay of prostitution in civilization, there can hardly be a doubt that civilization is unfavorable to houses of prostitution. They offer no inducement to the more intelligent and independent prostitutes, and their inmates usually offer little attraction to any men save those whose demands are of the humblest character. There is, therefore, a tendency to the

natural and spontaneous decay of organized houses of prostitution under modern civilized conditions; the prostitute and her clients alike shun such houses. Along this line we may foresee the disappearance of the white slave traffic, apart altogether from any social or legal attempts at its direct suppression.

It is sheer foolishness to suppose that when we raise our little dams in the path of a great stream of human impulse that stream will forthwith flow calmly back to its source. We must make our new channels concurrently with our dams. If we wish to influence prostitution we must remake our marriage laws and modify our whole conception of the sexual relationships.

The prostitute under ordinary conditions, and unharrassed by persecution, is anything but a slave. She is much less a slave than the ordinary married woman. She is not fettered in humble dependence on the will of a husband, from whom it is the most difficult thing in the world to escape; she is bound to no man and free to make her own terms in life, while if she should have a child, that child is absolutely her own and she is not liable to have it torn from her arms by the hands of the law. Apart from arbitrary and accidental circumstances, the prostitute enjoys a position of independence which the married woman is still struggling to obtain.

It is possible that at some period in the world's history not only will the white slave traffic disappear, but even prostitution itself, and it is for us to work toward that day. But we may be quite sure that the social state which sees the last of the "social evil" will be a social state very unlike ours.

"Eugenics"

The United States is getting a world-wide reputation as an experiment station for hair-brained "eugenics." The sterilization of "unfit" criminals has become a commonplace in State after State. And now we have the Pennsylvania and Wisconsin laws providing for eugenic marriages. The world will be pleased to learn that the movement is reaching its natural checks and that a reaction has begun. The following press report shows that in the face of this mad reaction even our 18th Century individualistic constitution has its uses:

The New Jersey statute authorizing the sterilization of feeble-minded, epileptics, criminals and other defectives was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court.

The act was held to be contrary to the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States, guaranteeing equal protection of the laws, and to exceed the police powers of the State.

The opinion by Justice Garrison pointed out the dangers of permitting Legislatures to prescribe the conditions under which the operation of salpingotomy might be performed.

If sanctioned, it might be extended to include those afflicted with diseases communicable by contagion or otherwise, or to other citizens regarded as undesirable by a majority of a prevailing Legislature.

Racial differences, for instance, said Justice Garrison, might afford a

basis for such an operation in communities where the question is unfortunately a permanent and paramount issue. Even beyond all such considerations, it might be logically consistent to bring the philosophic theory of Malthus to bear upon the police power to the end that the tendency of population to out-grow its means of subsistence should be counteracted by surgical interference of the kind we are now considering.

But a heavy blow to the new "scientific" legislation has been given by the practitioners of a real science, the science of medicine:

Physical examination covering several months if properly done is set forth as the principal reason for opposition to Wisconsin's new eugenic marriage law in a statement made by a well-known Milwaukee physician.

The examination according to the demand of the law for physical examination and the application of recognized clinical and laboratory tests, says the statement, would involve at least four Wasserman tests extending over a period of more than four months, each of which would absolutely cost, if properly done, from \$10 to \$15, after which a Noguchi test would be necessary; and even if both these tests were found negative, it would still be necessary to puncture the spinal cord, draw out some of the spinal fluid, and make a Wasserman test of that.

This test being negative, if the physician went to the limit of scientific 'search,' he would be obliged to make a hole in the skull of the applicant, remove a portion of his brain, smear it upon a glass slide, stain it and examine microscopically for the trepanomal pallida, which is the cause of the malady feared.

Besides this, all spinal reflexes would have to be tested, all bones of the body examined, as well as the joints. The liver, eyes, and throat must undergo a severe and careful examination, and if all this were done it would require at least six months to do it, and it would be impossible then even for the most skillful physician to state positively that the applicant was entirely free from the disease.

Also the popular new "science" (popular when applied to the lower classes) has collided with the old morality. In order to prevent people living together without marriage, the old common law, in most English speaking communities, makes the couple man and wife. Now to avoid the "eugenic" examinations required by the new law, couples are resorting to this "inferior" and semi-moral form of union—which the dictates of "morality" protect from repeal. The following is the statement of a prominent Wisconsin lawyer:

It has been settled that in this State a man and woman, neither of whom is at the time married to another person, may make a valid contract of marriage without any license, medical examination, priest, clergyman or magistrate. All that is required is that the two persons shall agree to take each other as husband and wife and begin to live together in that relation.

Witnesses and the acknowledgements are necessary only in case record of the marriage is desired, but neither is necessary to make the marriage valid and binding in the law.

This is all there is to the Marriage Law in Wisconsin to-day.

The new law at first reduced the marriage licenses to almost nothing. But now that common law marriages are recorded for ten cents, the number of such unlicensed but legal unions will doubtless increase. "No doctor's fee is necessary," said one register of deed, "only ten cents to register the contract. No marriage certificate, no doctors, no pastors required."

The A. F. of L. at Home and Abroad

At the recent convention of America's greatest labor union, The United Mine Workers, a leading delegate, Duncan McDonald, said that the American Federation of Labor was "reactionary, fossilized, worm-eaten and dead." He was followed by the President, John P. White, who said, "the conditions in the A. F. of L. are about as McDonald has stated."

The comment of the world's greatest Socialist daily, the Berlin *Vorwaerts*, on the recent A. F. of L. Convention is quite as severe. It said:

The congress brought no gain to the inner progress of the American labor movement, and with its two weeks of proceedings and lack of positive results, differed in no fundamental way from previous congresses, unless we make an exception of the striking inactivity of the radical element of the congress.

Vorwaerts thus condemns the national executive and the opposition alike. It is especially indignant at the vote to restrict immigration "on the laughable pretext of a literacy test." It will be remembered that there were only a handful of votes against this resolution.

The Wicked I. W. W.

The New York Sunday *Call* publishes an article by John R. Hobbie, Jr., which shows the real grounds why certain Socialists oppose the Industrial Workers of the World. It seems that this organization is neither patriotic nor religious and that it fosters class-strife:

Rightly or wrongly, many people see in the Industrial Workers of the World the incarnation of all that is vicious, all that is irreligious, all that appeals to class hatred and class strife, and all that is anti-patriotic. Seeing, or thinking that they see these things, they oppose it. . . .

In its indifference to the welfare of the State, the I. W. W. is truly anti-patriotic, and on this account is an actual menace to the nation.

This is a feature of the I. W. W. that seems to have escaped the attention of the general public, and yet it is the point where they are most vulnerable. It is here that they differ fundamentally from the Socialists, and that the source of greatest contention between the two organizations arises.

Apparently the Socialist party is patriotic, religious, and opposes class-strife, for,

This organization in tactics and methods is the direct opposite of everything that the Socialist party is supposed to stand for.

And, finally, the view of Lloyd George is adopted, when he said in Parliament, "the best policemen for the Syndicalists are the Socialists":

The Socialist party is not only opposed to the policies of the Industrial Workers of the World, but is the only organization that is capable of combating and overcoming it.

After reading this, we are glad to see that the writer recognizes that many Socialists hold a very different opinion:

It is betraying no secret to say that the Socialist party is facing a crisis. The party contains two factions, with fundamentally different views on party tactics.

"Syndicalism" in Great Britain

Everything has tended to emphasize the fact that the so-called "syndicalism" of Great Britain is simply a great independent movement of the unskilled that does not have the sympathy of the "aristocracy of labor."

For example, the *New Statesman* thus sums up the Dublin situation:

The seamen and firemen who are amongst the disemployed in Dublin have been notified by their Union that no more dispute pay will be sent to them from the English headquarters. Hitherto they have been receiving 10s. a week. The Dublin Strike Committee has accordingly agreed to provide them with 5s. a week out of the general fund, together with food tickets; and under this arrangement the men are maintaining their refusal to work for those shipping companies with which the Irish Transport Union is fighting. In the case of some of these companies (e.g., the City of Dublin Steam Packet Company and the Burns Line) the only point remaining at issue is their demand for an undertaking that the men will handle all goods, but the Transport Union men steadily refuse to hand'e Messrs. Jacob's biscuits, Messrs. Jacob being one of the firms which are maintaining an obstructive attitude on the question of reinstatement.

"Meanwhile the offensive has been taken once more by the Building Trades Employers' Association—the body which at the beginning of the dispute fatuously asked the Builders' Laborers' Union to fore-swear the Transport Union, and thus drove it into alliance with what had previously been a rival organization. This Association has given three months' notice of its intention to alter the agreements under which it works with the skilled trades—carpenters, masons, bricklayers, plumbers, etc. The proposed new clause lays it down that the men "shall not refuse to handle and work the material given them by their employers, no matter from what source or how delivered. They agree not to take in, or support any form of sympathetic strike, and further

agree to work amicably with other employes, quite irrespective of whether the other employes are members of a trade union or not."

The employers, of course, deny that this proposal is intended as a direct attack on Trade Unionism; but it is clearly impossible for the men to accept it without paving the way for the wholesale introduction of non-union labor into the skilled trades. Some, at all events, of the employers, it appears, have not abandoned the original "Murphyite" position, and still desire to crush the organization of the unskilled workers.

It is true that the friction between the skilled and unskilled is not the only cause of British "syndicalism." There is much opposition to the Labor party.

The *Nation* reports:

Ballots are now being taken among the trade unions under the Trade Unions Act of last year, and they are of great interest and importance. It will be remembered that by that Act trade unions recovered the power of making compulsory levies for political purposes, but provisions were inserted to protect the dissenting minorities. The union has to ballot its members; if a majority are in favor, the levy may be made, but individuals may claim exemption from subscribing or from having their subscriptions applied to political purposes. In the Miners Federation 81 per cent. of the members voted, and the figures are 261,000 for and 194,000 against the political levy. The Northern Counties Weavers' Amalgamation show a smaller majority, the figures being roughly 98,000 to 75,000, the percentage voting being higher, viz., 89.

But it is safe to say that this is not the opposition or coolness to politics that is a basic principle of French syndicalism, but only dissatisfaction with the Labor party—which chiefly represents the aristocracy of labor. The *Nation* explains the situation as follows:

The Syndicalist movement—to give a name that roughly describes the gathering clouds—was inevitable. No Labor party, however wise, could have satisfied the demand made on it or the expectations created by its appearance. To men and women living in the conditions of industrial life, it does not seem that things are moving so rapidly as the comfortable classes think, or as the House of Commons in particular think. And, of course, they are not. It is difficult to think of any advance in wages that has followed the struggles of the last few years that was not already overdue. The great strikes in the ports and the great railway strike were revolts against scandalous wages and conditions of employment, for which the responsibility rested on employing organizations over which the State has powers of control. It is idle to deny that the workers had some reason to conclude that a House of Commons that displayed so little vigilance and interest could only be roused by violent and dramatic measures. That experience has strengthened the instinct for fighting by attacking the imagination, which is half the meaning of the sympathetic strike—the attempt not only to terrify employers or the public into conceding positive conditions that cannot apparently be obtained by the slow and laborious building-

up of forces, but to make employers, who are supposed to be afraid of nothing else, reasonable and considerate in the general treatment of their men. The resentment with which this spirit is regarded by men who have grown grey in the work of hard and patient organization is natural. They think that it is exchanging the tactics of an army for the tactics of a mob, that those methods react and recoil on the trade unions, that they make men trust to bursts of violence, followed by long periods of inaction, and that, in consequence, successes so gained, though they look brilliant at the time, are in the long run as bad as defeats. Neither side can do justice to the case of the other.

This editorial proves once more that some of the advanced Radicals are far nearer to the laboring masses than many of the Laborites.

The Right of Government Employees to Strike

With the threat of the postal employes to strike and the strikes of municipal employes at Leeds and Stockport, Great Britain has been giving serious attention to this problem.

The *New Statesman*, which represents Fabian or State Socialism, is unwilling to admit the necessity of such strikes. But it wants the employes to be better treated before this right is taken away:

Before the community has any right to consider—much less to enforce—any limitation of the right of public servants, four conditions must exist. In the first place, public employment must be "model" employment; and by "model" employment we mean not such wages and conditions as are customary amongst the best private employers, but wages and conditions quite definitely and unmistakably superior to those offered anywhere outside. Secondly, there must be for all public employes continuity of employment and security of tenure in their positions equivalent to those of "established" civil servants. Thirdly, there must be the fullest recognition of the right of collective bargaining with facilities for appeal to a properly constituted and genuinely independent tribunal. And, fourthly, the public must be placed in possession of complete information as regards the terms of employment of all grades of workers and as to any collective demands put forward by the employes.

Under these conditions "there would be no strikes."

But if this be too optimistic a view, we may suggest that the representatives of organized workers as a whole, outside the services affected, would prove a fair body of arbiters between the malcontents and the community.

The *New Statesman* thus closes with a plan of arbitration rather than insisting on the right to strike.

The *Nation* (Radical), on the contrary, insists that the

right to strike must be held paramount to everything. And instead of emphasizing the need of better conditions, demands for the workers a voice in the management:

We believe that the time has come when the Post Office and all public departments should seriously consider the claim of their employes to be represented in the control of the work they are called upon to do. This representation is quite consistent with the maintenance of the supremacy of the wider public interest, and it is urged not primarily as a right, but as the best available means of securing peace, order, and efficiency in the future working of our public departments.

Democracy in Education

The leading organ of British Radicalism, the *Nation*, advocates as an immediate demand, complete democracy in education, and rebukes the Labor party for having fallen short of its duty in this all-important issue.

The *Nation* favors not more opportunity, but equal opportunity. "Let us aim at something larger and more humane than the erection of a 'ladder' by which selected individuals may climb out of their class," is its language. It takes as the basis of its editorial the argument used in favor of universal military service and shows how this applies better to a thorough universal education:

It takes the recruit as an immature youth; it turns him out a well-developed man. It provides good food, good clothing, good lodging, even for the derelict humanity of a city slum. It standardizes his physique; it assures a certain average bodily fitness; it quickens his mind, and fills up the gaps which the common school has left in his education. These are, in point of fact, extravagant claims, and in so far as they correspond to any real gains which may be extracted from Conscription, they are more than balanced by the disadvantages of an often brutal discipline, a routine of mechanical duties, which serve no productive end, and the demoralization of the unnatural barrack life. But the argument is none the less attractive. What answer, we wonder, would the governing classes make, if a really organized and enlightened Labor party were to take it literally? "We are much impressed," it might say, "with the possibilities of these two or three years, spent as you describe, under decent physical conditions. The good food, the physical exercises, the leisure and freedom from care, the unremitting attention of instructors—all this seems to be what your class has always had in its public schools and colleges, and it is what our class has always lacked. The drill is rather excessive, and the training in killing an obsolete barbarism. But the schooling and the physical care decidedly appeal to us, and for our daughters as well as for our sons. Drop the militarism and keep to education. Give us universal colleges, of one sort or another, instead of barracks, and let us see

for once in the world's history what sort of nation would emerge, if you were really to believe in your Liberal ideal of equal opportunity." No Labor party that we know of dares as yet to make anything approaching such a demand, and no Liberal party ventures to anticipate it. And yet, what is there that a civilized mind could advance against it? The cost of withdrawing the young workers from productive work in adolescence for a thorough education would be less than the cost of this withdrawal for military service in early manhood. The result would be a raising throughout the whole nation of the standard of health, development, intelligence, and industrial efficiency. Above all, it would be at least a moderately well-equipped democracy which would confront the problems of its own evolution.

But this comparison with conscription is rejected as not being basic enough. So also the argument that international trade competition, for example with Germany, requires such an educational policy is repudiated as not being fundamental enough.

A century ago the pioneers of modern Radicalism were not shy of saying what they meant. They preached what they called "universal enlightenment," in order that the whole race, without distinction of class or sex, might "run the generous race towards perfection. . . ."

What we lack is the prophet-statesman who will induce us to act as if we believed it, the orator with a will who shall say to the modern world over again what Condorcet and Godwin were saying when the bases of democracy were laid.

A return to Godwin and Condorcet would certainly be an advance for public opinion to-day, whether of Liberals or Laborites. We must certainly go this far with the *Nation*. But the radical pedagogy of to-day will surely enable us to go still farther.

Books Received

- G. D. H. Cole, *The World of Labor*; 435 pp. The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.60.
 Paul F. Brissendon, *The Launching of the Industrial Workers of the World*; 82 pp. University of California, Berkley, Cal. 75 cents.
 Charles Vale, John Ward, M.D.; 320 pp. Mitchell Kennerley, New York. \$1.25.
 Hippolyte Havel, *The Revolutionary Almanac for 1914*; 80 pp. The Rabelais Press, New York. 50 cents.
 Harry W. Laidler, *Boycotts and the Labor Struggle*; 448 pp. John Lane Co., New York. \$2.00.
 Jessie Wallace Hughan, *Facts of Socialism*; 175 pp. John Lane Co., New York. 75 cents, net.
 Will Durant, *Socialism and Anarchism*; 40 pp. Albert and Charles Boni, New York. 15 cents.
 Why I am in Favor of Socialism; Symposium, edited by Edward Silvin; 36 pp. Published by editor, Sacramento, Cal. Paper, 30 cents.
 Northrop Morse, *Peach Bloom*, an original play in four acts. Sociological Fund, Medical Review of Reviews, New York. \$1.00.

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