
Why You Should Fight.

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This is written at the request of the United States Secret Service, to tell you why you should fight.

Day before yesterday I went into the Federal Building in Chicago and asked the United States Department of Investigation what they thought of my pamphlets; and they said they were very subtle.

One of the secret service men — a splendid young American, a college-bred man, with frank courtesy and ready wit, said, “I wish you’d write another pamphlet and tell young Americans why they ought to fight, to protect their property and their families.

“The Secret Service hasn’t anything against the Socialists; what we object to are those who call themselves Socialists in order to bring discredit upon you by counselling violence.

“Social revolution, as you teach it, we do not oppose; we are fighting violence, bomb-throwing, shooting, poisoning, and methods of that sort.”

And I replied, “So are we. A bomb-thrower discredits any cause he masquerades under. Every time a bomb is thrown by an anarchist who calls himself a Socialist, the cause is injured; but every time a bomb-throwing is advocated by an anarchist who masquerades as a patriot, a Socialist is made.”

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This is why you should fight. It is the same reason why the millions of Europeans were hurled one against another. It is in order to extend markets and conquer foreign trade.

You must fight to destroy Kaiserism, for certainly the bloody rule of the Prussian junkers must be brought to an end.

For the only thing on earth worse than the Prussian junkers is the National Association of Manufac-

urers, and our third-generation millionaires.

Autocracy must be destroyed. The Germans groan under it equally with ourselves. They have an advantage in that their autocracy wears crowns and can be picked out in a crowd; but ours is a rule of disembodied money power, harder to see and tenfold more terrible, because it is not so stupid.

You must fight to destroy the German autocracy.

But chiefly is that you may forget the wrongs of your own land in righting the wrongs of others.

You must avenge the destruction of Louvain; in order that the ugly memory of Ludlow may fade from your mind.

You must throw bombs and slaughter with machine guns to destroy the Prussian political Kaiser; in order that the American financial Kaiser may remain upon his throne at 26 Broadway and around the corner on Wall Street.

You must shoot into the enemy the conviction that he should establish a Congress like ours; in order to convince ourselves that we really have a Congress worth the powder it would take to blow up a muskrat.

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You must fight to protect your property, your women and children.

Fight to protect your property — you who have never owned a dollar beyond your daily needs, and never expect to.

Fight to protect your property — you three-quarters of the American people who are forced to live below the standard of human decency by industrial conditions over which you have no voice.

Fight to protect your property — which has been

stolen from you by the owners of your lives and your labor; fight to keep your property from falling into your hands again.

Fight to protect the loot wrested from you by speculators in food, in land, in mills and mines, in the lives of human beings; fight that it may remain in the hands which have taken it from you; lest you should rise in your might and seize it again.

For a foreign war is the best preventative of a revolution at home.

That is why the war was launched; for the thrones of the kinds were tottering, and they beat the drum and rallied the people to protect the thrones; but behold, the thrones are falling; and great is the fall thereof.

But the cost of the war will remain upon your shoulders for generations yet to come.

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This does not move me, do you say? Then fight for your wives and children!

Fight for the babies just set free from the cruel long-drawn massacre of the mills; that they may be thrown again into its bondage forever.

Fight for the starved little ones, deprived of food and air and sunlight, forbidden to play in God's green meadows; fight that the cost of the war may be saddled on them to shut out the sunlight forever.

Fight for the little children herded into intolerable holes in cellar and slum; that they may be penned therein forever.

Fight for the children deprived of the right of education; that they may continue fools forever.

Fight for the children thrust into the maelstrom of industry by the family's desperate struggle for a bare living; that they may continue to work their fingers to the bone forever.

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Fight for the women of our broad land; that millions of them may be deprived of husbands, and millions more may receive back from the war battered, broken wrecks of men.

Fight for the housewife who cannot now meet the expenses of living; that the gap may be yet wider between income and need.

Fight for your homes; fight for the palaces of Newport which you may not enter, wherein degenerate idlers spend millions in wanton luxury; that they may be more splendid.

Fight for the putrid decaying holes wherein so many of you are compelled to live; that they may be yet more putrid and fall yet farther in decay.

Fight for the banks, that their walls and ceilings may be gilded yet thicker, and adorned with statuary yet more splendid; that their directors may buy even more Pomeranian pups with long silken ears, for worthless wives and yet more worthless daughters.

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But above all, and through all, and after all; fight for the monarchs who oppress us with an intolerable despotism by the rule of Money and the iron grip of Might; for we have chosen them and they are ours.

For the hero of Homestead, who slaughtered his men; for the hero of McKees Rocks, who slaughtered his men;

For the heroes of Ludlow and Forbes; for the heroes of Calumet and the Mesaba Range, for the heroes of the West Virginia coal mines; for they slaughtered not only their men, but also their women and children.

For their God and their Right; for Money is their God, and Corruption is their Right.

Fight, miners of Colorado, who have seen your own children burned — fight for the sovereign who slaughtered them; in order that you may forget your own woes in fierce loyalty to the youth who ordered your children slain.

Fight, sons of the people, for the pigs of Serbia. For the pigs of Serbia, being shut out of the Austrian markets, despaired to gain exit to the markets of the world through the port of Durazzo. Hence the beginning of this war.

The original pigs of Serbia are all dead; but you must die to avenge their ghosts.

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"Why should we fight for them?" you ask me. "This is a poor way to counsel enlistment."

Fools, that is the way to learn how to fight. Go

forth and destroy the kings of divine right abroad. And when the war is over you will have learned the means and methods of the destruction of kings.

Then when you march back home in your millions, and find that Chinese coolies have been brought here by the millions to take possession of your country for you; when you find that the peons of Mexico have taken away your jobs; your wives and your children, your grandmothers and grandfathers, are pressed into service; and you, who have served your owners well, are cast into the rubbish heap;

Then the whisper will run abroad throughout the land, rumbling in the ears of those who have done this to you:

“TAKE HEED TO YOURSELVES FOR THE DEVIL IS UNCHAINED!”

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For weary years we Socialists have talked and argued, persuaded and begged with you, to fight with weapons that leave no dead behind.

With reason, persuasion, with facts of history and facts of science, with the arguments of thinking men to thinking men — with these we have sought to arm you; but you laughed at us, and refused.

Now, you are being armed with dynamite and machine guns. Bombs and high explosives are the elements of your daily thought. They have been thrust into your hands that you may destroy autocracy abroad, and force a political democracy upon the nations of Central Europe.

Learn your lesson well, is all we ask. Your lesson is the destruction of tyranny; learn it.

Your lesson is that the world must be made safe

for democracy; that lesson has been set for you by the ablest of schoolmasters. Learn it.

But learn one thing further; that is to tell a tyranny from a democracy when you have seen them.

Learn to distinguish the label from the goods; and when you go out after democracy,

COM E HOME WITH IT!

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There is but one democracy; and that is Socialism.

There is but one end of tyranny; and that is Socialism.

There is but one hope of peace, but one star of the day, but one justice, but one sure foundation of the brotherhood of man; and that is Socialism.

And when you go abroad in the quest for justice, come home with it!

There is one dynamite more powerful than the lyddite with which you are taught to juggle; and that is INTELLIGENCE.

There is one weapon more deadly against the forces of tyranny than trinitrotoluene; and that is CLASS-CONSCIOUSNESS.

There is one force mightier than armies and nations organized for murder; and that is the hand which shall stay the grip of war — the hand of SOCIALISM.

There is one sound louder than the sound of battle-lines a hundred miles in length, roaring and flaming with volcanic fury and casting forth a lava that is composed of scorching human flesh; and that sound is the voice of the united workers of the world, crying

“LET THERE BE PEACE!”

Edited by Tim Davenport.

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