

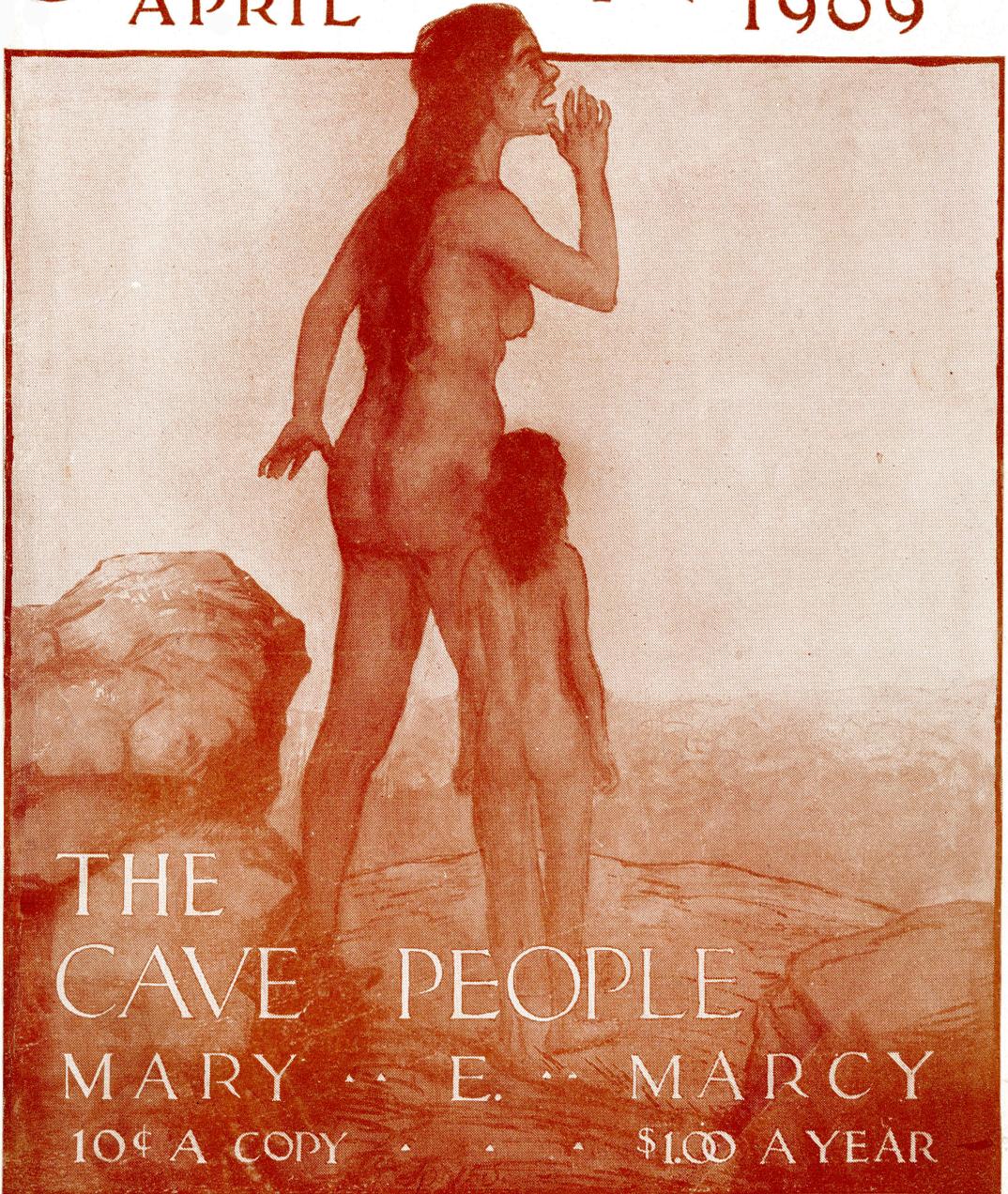
The PRIVATE PRISON of DIAZ, by JOHN MURRAY, in THIS NUMBER

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

APRIL 1909

VOL. IX. NO. 16.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW



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APRIL 1909

The International Socialist Review

A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST THOUGHT

EDITED BY CHARLES H. KERR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS: Ernest Untermann, John Spargo, Robert Rives La Monte,
Max S. Hayes, William E. Bohn, Mary E. Marcy.

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CHARLES H. KERR & COMPANY, Publishers (Co-Operative)
153 Kinzie Street, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

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Entered at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., as Second Class Matter July 27, 1900, under Act of March 3, 1879.



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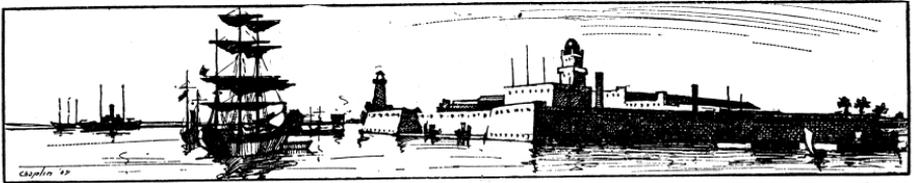
Vol. IX.

APRIL, 1909

No. 10

The Private Prison of Diaz

BY JOHN MURRAY.



SAN JUAN DE ULUA: THE PRIVATE PRISON OF DIAZ



So soon as we were alone at the end of the pier breasting the Vera Cruz harbor, the little, pock-marked secretary of the revolutionary group pulled from his pockets a piece of grey stone and held up before my eyes.

“Look at that!”

I took the fragment from his slim, brown fingers and turned it over curiously. It was a piece of coarse, grey coral.

“See! It’s porous. Now do you understand? The whole prison’s built of it.”

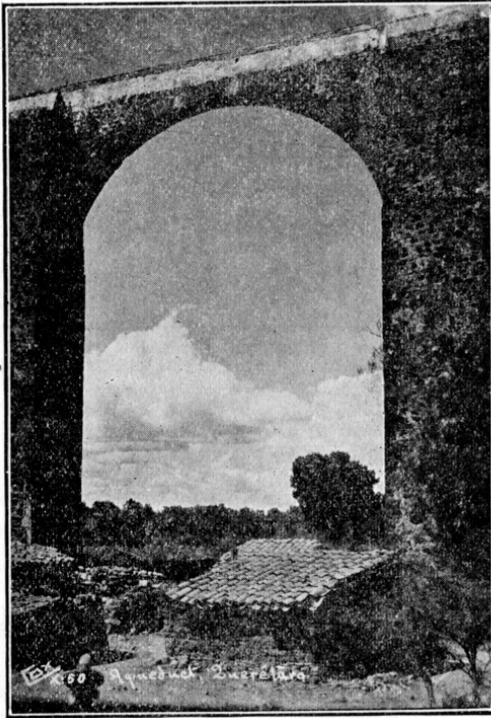
With an upward jerk of his hand he leveled an accusing finger at the white-washed walls of the fortress-prison shining in the sun across the waters of the blue bay.

“There it stands! On that island, yonder! San Juan de Ulua! The foulest spot in all Mexico—Diaz’ private prison for his political enemies!”

The corners of the man’s mouth drew down into a snarl and his eyes narrowed to burning slits of hate as he gazed in the direction of the fortress.

"Crammed in its wet dungeons below sea-level are men whose only crimes were to speak openly against the dictator of Mexico. Among them are scholars, editors, mechanics, such men as young Cesar Canales and De la Torre, Ulgalde, Marquez, Serrano, Martin, and many others, educated, refined, dreamers of a free Mexico. They played the game to the end, bravely, and now are penned like rats in the sewer-cells of the Republic's most deadly political prison.

"Juan Sarabia! He lies there, too, in the deepest, blackest pit of all, a coffin-like hole cut in the solid rock and called by the jailors 'Purgatoria.' Gentle Juan Sarabia, whose fearless pen gave Diaz no rest until he had smothered him in Ulua.



THE GREAT AQUEDUCT OF QUERETARO
An Example of Mexico's Constructive Powers

"Drop by drop the salt water oozes through the coral rock of his cell and stands in pools upon the floor. And it has done its work, for the last message that we received from the inside said that Sarabia was spitting blood."

The passionate love for his imprisoned comrade shone liquid-like in the secretary's black eyes.

"Madre mia! How that boy could write! Sarcasm! No wonder that Porfirio Diaz called him the 'Scorpion.' With us, Juan Sarabia was so sweet-tempered and lovable that no one ever thought of calling him anything but 'Juanito.'

I have seen him at headquarters writing—writing—with Rivera's little baby, 'Cuca,' asleep in his lap. And cool! When the police made their first raid on our paper, 'Excelsior,' they broke into the room, front and back, just as he was adding the last paragraphs to an editorial. Several of us were standing around waiting for him to finish. As the door swung open with a crash, 'Juantio' looked up and caught sight of the blue uniforms entering the room. With a quick motion of his left hand he gathered us all close around him so that he was hidden at his desk. The 'Scorpion's' pen raced over the paper. The

editorial was finished and passed to a friend, who hid it between the leaves of an evening paper. Then, content, 'Juantio' turned calmly to the policemen and held out his wrists for the shackles.

"Every one was arrested, even the bearer of the precious newspaper, but as the man left the room he tossed it aside, right under the eyes of the police, as if he had no use for it. On our arrival in the prison we sent word through friends to recover the hidden editorial. Next day, the 'Tears of a Crocodile,' a biting screed aimed at President Diaz, was in print and scattered over the city, a copy even being smuggled to Sarabia in the prison 'Belen.'

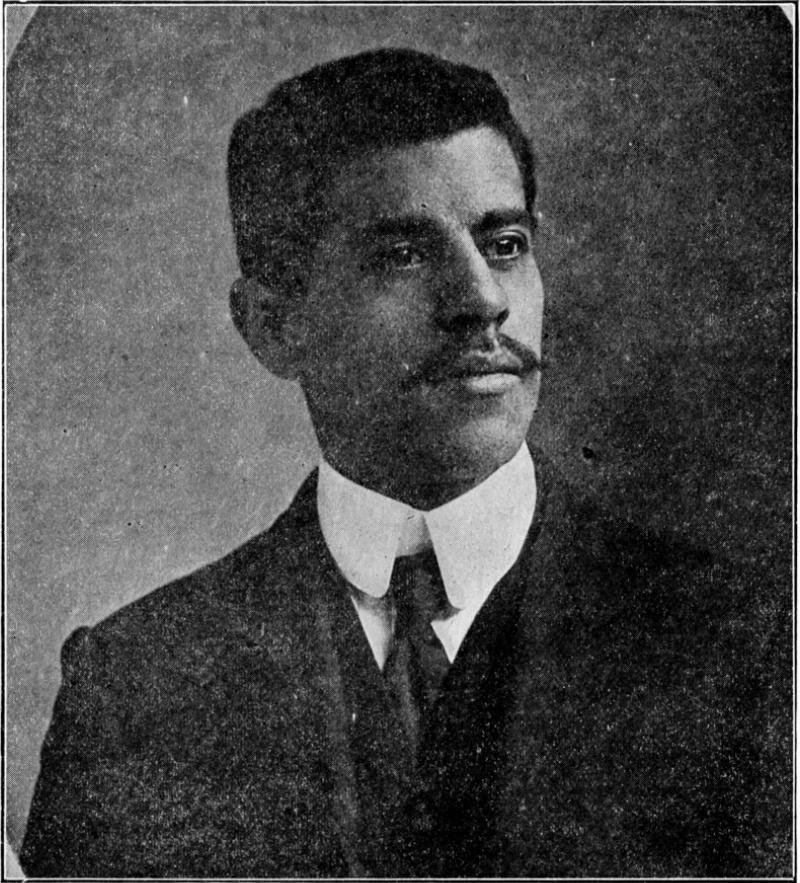
"When he was nineteen, Juan Sarabia joined the Liberal Party in the City of Mexico and in a week he was arrested for writing an account of Porfirio Diaz' dealings with Pearson, the millionaire English contractor, better known as 'Diaz' Partner.' After his release he was associated with our great leader, Magon, on 'El Ahuizote,' a comic anti-Diaz paper rich in sarcasm, and was put in jail for eight months. But nothing could stop him and he continued writing, secretly, from the inside of the prison.

"It is the truth when I say that Porfio Diaz has honored no man more highly than Juan Sarabia. For the writings of 'Juanito' were outlawed in the land of his birth, and he was compelled to flee with the two Magons and Santiago de la Hoz, the other three men who were likewise regarded as literary outlaws, to the United States. There for a time he might have been safe if it had not been for his confiding nature. A Mexican officer made a pretense of being his friend and invited Sarabia across the line into Ciudad Juarez. Poor 'Juanito' went, trusting this traitor.



A LOAD OF TAMALES

Men Are Made Into Beasts of Burden



JUAN SARABIA

"Madre mia! How that boy could write!"

"In silence, darkness and inaction, he is dying of tuberculosis—our 'Juanito'!"

That night the rurales got him and it was not long before he was swallowed up by those grim gates across the bay."

The speaker stopped and I heard the thump of oars in rowlocks rising from the water near us. The man at my side glanced over the edge of the pier.

"Here's your boat," he announced, "and Alfredo, the oarsman, is one of us. There! God be with you! May you come back safe!"

I grasped his hand, stepped into the small skiff bumping against the stone steps of the pier end, and the rower bent to his oars.

In all my journey through Mexico—taken for the purpose of probing the strength and aims of the revolutionary party, then on the eve of an

uprising—nothing had seemed so hazardous as this trip to the fortress-prison of San Juan de Ulua.

Three men of my own blood, Americans, were already there in confinement. So I had been sneeringly informed by the Mexican General, Mas, as he finished reading my card of introduction from the American consul and grudgingly signed the pass admitting me to the prison. Inside my pockets were credentials to the leaders of the revolutionists in Mexico, and if these were discovered—especially that thin, closely-written sheet, dated in the Los Angeles county jail, by Ricardo Flores Magon, president of the Junta—my stay in Ulua might prove to be a long one.

The damp, sticky sea breeze, charged with bits of spray from Alfredo's oars, slapped me in the face. I tried to talk with him, but he was close-mouthed, clam-like. Doubtless he was wise, for if there should be trouble on my landing, the less he appeared on intimate terms with me the better for his safety.

The white walls of the fortress drew nearer and nearer until the bobbing boat finally crossed into the shadow of the great round tower looming high over the southwestern corner of the prison. We were so near that I could see the iron gratings covering the openings in the masonry. A brown rat slid out of the prison sewer and scrambled over the rocks at the water's edge. We both saw him, Alfredo and I, and both uttered the one thought, "An escape!"

As the oarsman unshipped his oars and seized hold of an iron ring let into the stones at the foot of the landing, the guard turned out—a slovenly lot in dirty-white cotton uniforms—and I sprang from the boat's seat to the steps, mounted, and presented my pass to the sergeant. I was in San Juan de Ulua.

The prison courtyard was entered through a high archway on the north side of the fortress. Its walls were thirty feet thick and pierced on the inside with half-circle, cave-like openings leading to the dungeon below. From one of these yawning holes-in-the-wall came a long string of prisoners, followed by two bull-necked trusties with whips, in the sinuous lashes of which were plaited bits of shining metal. The prisoners' shaved heads were thrust through ragged brown blankets of the texture of sacking, called "ponchos," which fell over their backs and bellies barely to their knees, covering their scarred and bony bodies as scantily as a loosely worn shawl. Belts of rope bound these single garments to their waists. Their arms, legs and feet were bare. Out of the pit from which this ghastly procession emerged came a smell so vile that I turned sick and moved a few steps back, much to the amusement of the soldier standing grinning behind me.

Slowly the ragged, brown line moved across the stone-flagged pavement to a dark corner where stood a copper cauldron. It was supper time, and as one by one, the silent, bare-limbed figures passed before the big pot, a trusty, with an iron ladle in his hand, portioned out their soup into the upheld earthen cups, calling out in a droning voice the number of the prisoner served.

Cattle before their mangers, hogs at a trough, all have an expression of contentment at feeding time, but these worn remnants of humanity were so broken in spirit and terrorized with fear that they stood expressionless before their food.

And yet there were others in Uluá whose condition was still worse. Somewhere beneath my feet, down deep in the rock foundations, were the dungeons that held the Mexican patriots. The chances against my being allowed to see them were as a thousand to one. But still I would try.

I put the question to my guide.

The sandal-footed soldier at my side was startled, for who could be so ignorant of Mexican prison methods as to ask for a sight of the imprisoned enemies of Díaz?

"The political prisons? No. It is not permitted to visit them."

"But," I persisted, "the comandante said that I was to be shown everything."

"And everything is everything, señor," he made an all-embracing motion with his hands, adding with a sudden touch of bitterness that made me eye the man intently with surprise, "always excepting the politicals who are held 'incomunicado,' and have therefore become by order of the President—nothing."

The secretary had told me that many of the soldiers in the garrison were sympathetic to the revolution. I risked a shot:

"And yet I hear that they are brave men?"

At first he stared at me in open-mouthed silence. He was almost a boy, this dark-skinned, black-eyed soldier of the line, clothed in a dirty-white uniform, and as yet barrack life had not hardened his features to the sullen, hopeless look common to the Díaz army. Finally his eyes kindled sympathetically and I tried another question:

"What do you know of them? Speak! I come from friends."

He cast a quick glance over his shoulder to see if anyone was behind, and spoke under his breath:

"Who are these friends?"

Three names I knew that would move men in Mexico if there was a drop of red blood in their veins. I gave them to the man:

"Magon! Villarreal! Rivera!"

Without a word the soldier turned and walked towards the archway. I followed at his heels and we made our way around outside the walls, entered the arsenal and climbed an inner staircase to the battlements of the fortress.

Pointing out to sea, my guide showed me a small man-of-war coming into the harbor.

"That's the 'General Bravo'—look at it. Keep looking at it, *senor*, and while we are here alone I will stand behind your back and tell you all I know of the martyrs imprisoned in Ulua.

"The friends of Magon in the army are many. Here, in Ulua, all would be glad to see a way out of this hell—but will it ever come?"

I answered as I believed, in all sincerity, "It will come," and with a look of encouragement the young soldier went on:

"Six months ago I came to Ulua from Sonora, and never once have I seen the political prisoners. But this I saw with my own eyes:

"Late on a Sunday afternoon, a boat with two occupants came rowing towards the guardhouse of the west side landing. I saw it before the others, being far-sighted, and this my first day of guard duty on the island. As the boat touched the pier, a white-haired lady wrapped in a black shawl, and trembling with age, was just able to mount from the rocking gunnel to the first stone step, where she sank down, panting and exhausted. The oarsman was a small, black Indian from the mountain tribes near Orizaba. Martin Jose Pico, our hook-nosed, thief-of-a-sergeant—ration-robbing is his trade—roughly demanded her pass, but she had none.

"This was such a strange occurrence—a white-haired woman of over eighty years trying to gain entrance to the prison without credentials—that the officer of the day was summoned.

"Captain Garcia likes not old women, and to the black figure seated at his feet on the stone step, his words were short and sharp:

"'Speak! What do you want?'"

"'To see a boy who is imprisoned here,' replied the trembling, low-toned voice of the old lady.

"'A boy? We have no boys. Who is he?' testily demanded the officer.

"'Juan Sarabia,' replied the white-haired woman.

"At this name the captain took a sudden step back, for of all the prisoners most strictly kept 'incommunicado' is this famous revolutionist, Juan Sarabia. Even to mention his name is forbidden the soldiers of Ulua.

"White-faced, the officer gripped the old lady by her arm and stuttered a rasping question:

"'Fool! who are you?'"

“‘His mother,’ came the answer.

“We had crowded round behind the captain, but at this climax, cold chills crept down our backs. The comandante would investigate all this and the least suspicion of sympathy for the politicals, even from the mouth of a mother, would bring quick punishment on all concerned. Through the captain’s mind the same trouble-thoughts were running, and, commanding the sergeant to imprison the old lady in the guard house until he could make a report to the comandante, Captain Garcia hurried to the castle, leaving the order to place a man in the boat with the Indian who brought her over.

“A special escort came back with the captain, the castle’s launch was ordered out, and the whole party went over to the mainland, taking the old lady and her Indian with them. The comandante feared the beginning of a plot to rescue the politicals, for well he knew that Vera Cruz swarms with their friends.”

The soldier stopped. I was in a fever of curiosity to hear the end. “Go on, man! What happened to Sarabia’s mother?”

Still he was silent and turning to look at him, I saw the cause. Two officers were mounting the steps behind us.

The smaller of the two white-frosted figures approached me. “A beautiful view, senor, but unfortunately, it is an order that no visitor should remain in the fortress after six o’clock—and it is now a few minutes of that time.”

I nodded in acquiescence, presented the officer with a cigar, diplomatically praised the military power of Diaz, and turned sadly from the white walls that held the political prisoners that I could not see. On my return across the bay, Alfredo tried to question me, but I was dumb, and



WATER CARRIERS

“Diaz has made of his people hewers of wood and drawers of water.”



MUNICIPAL PLAZA AT VERA CRUZ

immediately on landing hurried towards the meeting place agreed upon between myself and the secretary.

Crowds surged through the main thoroughfares of Vera Cruz seeking in the cool darkness of the tropical summer night relief from the humid, sticky heat of the day. On the pavements, under the archways, were rows of small tables before which sat the cosmopolitan gatherings of a seaport. Captains and their mates, sailors and stevedores, merchants and hacendados from the henequen and rubber plantations of Yucatan and the cane fields of the Tehuantepec isthmus, all drank, smoked, and gabbled of the state of trade or the lucky number in the municipal lottery.

It was in the back room of a small bar facing the fish market that I met the group of revolutionists that form the nucleus of the Liberal Party in the State of Vera Cruz. The president, a swarthy little man from Merida, gripped me by the hand as the secretary told of my trip to San Juan de Ulua.

"That soldier should be of use to us," concluded the secretary. "He must be one of the battalion drafted from among the miners that went on strike at Cananea, where hundreds were shot down by Greene's cowboys and Kosterlitsky's rurales."

"And where eight leaders of the Mexican miners were hung on trees," bitterly added the president.

"Aye!" chimed in one from the ring of dark eyes and faces that surrounded us, "but it were better to hang in Sonora than to be buried alive in Ulua. Let the *senor* talk with Antonio."

I turned questioningly to the president.

"Yes, you shall see him," he declared with fierce bitterness. "At least what is left of him—a mere shaking shadow of our brave Antonio. And yet tomorrow he must leave Vera Cruz and begin the journey to the mountains of Oaxaca, lest the police-dogs discover him in his present hiding-place. But you shall see him tonight. Come."

Following the president, I climbed the stairway to the top story of the building, where, in an inner room, guarded by a white-haired old woman, lay a man upon a canvas cot.

How any one could imagine that this gasping remnant of manhood would ever gather strength enough to leave his room and travel back to his home in the Oaxacan Mountains was a mystery to me. He was near death—no one could doubt it—death by consumption.

Placing a high-backed chair at the head of his cot, the old lady bolstered him up with pillows, and for a moment his claw-like, nerveless hand lay in mine.

But there was life left in his eyes, and when he was told of my purpose in coming to Vera Cruz he, too, asked me the question that seems to be first on the tongues of all Mexicans, "How is Ricardo?"

While I answered the plaintive query he struggled to suppress a racking cough and to gather strength to tell me the latest news from that underground purgatory of which all patriotic Mexico was burning to hear. These are his words:

"My escape is proof that the army of Diaz is honey-combed with men ready to revolt. I say this because without the aid of the soldiers, I would still be in San Juan de Ulua.

"It was on the day of our great national celebration, 'Cinco de Mayo,' that a soldier, strange to all of us, passed, before our cell door. But on his return I felt sure that I knew him, although the light of the lantern that he carried showed me his face but for the space of an instant. I was right—it was my brother.

"You may ask how we knew the days of the year, buried as we were in darkness, but we did, for Cesar Canales kept a record by marks scratched into the soft stone walls which he could feel with his finger tips, and the 'Cinco de Mayo' was the four hundred and twenty-second day of our imprisonment.

"Day after day, I waited for the return of my brother. It was five days before he came, and then I spoke and he knew me. He, too, had tasted the bitterness of the rule of tyranny. The *jefe politico* had cast eyes

upon my brother's wife and in consequence he had been drafted into the army. After six months of service his company was transferred to the fortress. He had no idea that the island held another of our unfortunate family.

"With the help of two other soldiers my escape was planned and successfully carried out. It was a mere matter of a change of clothes, first to the uniform of a soldier, and then into the blue overalls of a day-worker in the arsenal. You must know that every morning a boat load of men comes from the city to work in the arsenal, returning each night. It was among these people that I escaped to shore and was hidden by friends. Soon I shall go south to the mountains of Oaxaca."

The sick man's pauses in this narrative were frequent. At times the old lady give him water to drink, and then again he would take two puffs at a cigarette rolled by the president, all of which kept him going to the end of his story.

"We were accused of participating in the rebellion started in September, 1906, by the Junta Revolucionaria Mexicana in Jimenez, and in Acayucan. Chained in gangs with two hundred others, we were brought to the fortress and political prison of San Juan de Ulua.

"Some of us were betrayed by that Judas, Captain Adolfo Jiminez



MARKET AT VERA CRUZ

Castro, an officer of the post at Ciudad Juarez, while others were betrayed by Trinidad Vasquez at Cananea.

"Among the number were persons entirely innocent of any participation in the rebellion, but they received neither consideration nor mercy, and, like many of us, saw their homes burnt by the soldiery and their families left to starve.

"With whips they drove us south.

"From the pier at Vera Cruz, we were loaded into a sailboat and taken to the island, and after having our names written in the prison records, we were turned over to a keeper notorious for his brutality. This man's nickname was certainly a strange one. The prisoners called him 'Madre Ingrata,' 'Ingrate Mother,'—a terrible nick-name, but it fitted him. With the squat, ugly body of a toad and the brute strength of a gorilla, a yellow, oily skin, big, bullet-shaped head and short neck, small eyes and big cheek bones, this 'Ingrate Mother' was of the type best suited

to the murderous purposes of the prison. Always in his hand could be seen a club—and usually it was striking this way and that among the prisoners.

"He commanded us to march into the yard, and while we stood there together, he separated Juan Sarabia and Canales from the rest of us and with vile words pushed them before him into one of the dungeons, ordering them to strip off their clothes. Returning, he treated us all in the same manner and for hours we were left thus, naked. It must have been late in the afternoon when the trusties came back with the regulation prison clothes, ragged and vile from the back of former prisoners, dead or discharged.

"Sarabia was in one of the dungeons and to him



NINA PERDITA

She Lives, Eats and Sleeps Upon the Streets

went the Ingrate Mother.
Swinging back the iron bars
he roared in a great voice:

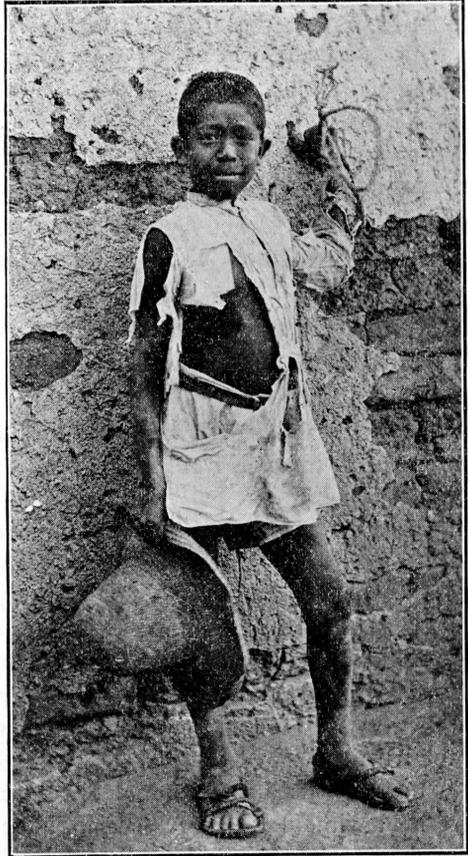
“Out with you!”

“The naked boy moved quickly.

“Down upon the stone flags the evil-eyed brute flung a little bundle of rags, foul with dirt and vermin. Pointing to them with the handle of his whip, he gave the command, menacingly:

“On with them!”

“So loathesome was this heap of clothing that for a moment Sarabia hesitated, and for this swift punishment overtook him. Down on the bare shoulders of the delicate prisoner came the whip again and again, until blood ran red on his back. Sarabia stood through it all without a protest, intensely pale, and then staggering back as if drunk came to our dungeon, the ‘Ingrate Mother’ following him with the whip still going like a flail.



VERA CRUZ BOY
Born into Slavery

“The whippings fell on us all. Cesar Canales, another political, was called one day by the trusties to the door and with the excuse that he did not move quickly enough, they fell upon him and beat him for more than ten minutes.

“Antonio Balboa, another comrade of ours, was lashed by the trusties until he could no longer stand. And so it happened to all of us one after another.

“In darkness, chilled with the dampness that moistened our garments and penetrated our bodies, we struggled day after day to breathe the foul dungeon air that had never been purified by a ray of sunshine. From open barrels in our cells, in which were held the excrement of many weeks, came the most pestilent emanations. Decaying meat, mouldy bread,

and impure water we were forced to swallow by the pangs of hunger. The only hope left to us was the hope of death.

"Fifty of our companions succumbed and their dead bodies were carried out by the prison trusties. Many of these poor people were entirely innocent of the charges placed against them, being neither revolutionists nor criminals.

"Many others became insane—and were beaten the worse for it. God grant that I may forget those sights!

"The fortress of San Juan de Ulua is on a block of an island facing Vera Cruz. The prison cells occupy the outer or sea side. Those above the sea level are for the non-political prisoners, but the dungeons below the water are for the political enemies of Diaz.

"Thirty feet wide and forty-five feet long are about the dimensions of these larger dungeons, whose thick walls are continually dripping with water seeping through from the sea. Within there are eight hundred men living like vermin.

"In the first days of our confinement we were happy in being allowed to live among these prisoners, but as the comandante feared that we might make political propaganda among them, we were put in separate dungeons below sea level. So we lived for one terrible year. Dirt, vermin, decayed food and foul air, the continuous drip of sea water through the walls, brought on sickness. The prison physician prescribed purgatives and diet. We tried to write to our families, but the letters were destroyed by the trusties.

"Only eight of our comrades were actually sentenced. The others were held without trial. A special judge, Amilio Bulle Gocre, was appointed to try our cases, but all that he did was to open our letters and hold the money that was sent to us by friends.

"The dungeons in which we were confined were separated by iron bars, and called, the first, 'Hall of Reflection,' the second, 'Gloria, and the third, 'Inferno.' In the first was Cesar Canales, with about twenty of our comrades from Chihuahua and Sonora. In the second, eight of the revolutionists from Vera Cruz city, and in the third, Roman Martin with the revolutionists from Coatzacoalcos, State of Vera Cruz.

"The first dungeon was twenty-eight feet wide and thirty-six long, the second, seven and one-half feet wide and fifteen long, and the third, four and one-half feet wide and nine feet long—all of them being only five and one-half feet high.

"So dark are these dungeons that it is only possible to see with artificial light, while the prison smell is made worse by the filth and mud

upon the floor. Thousands of parasites, common to hot, damp lands, ran over us.

"Three small ventilators kept us from quick asphyxiation and in every one of these holes were the vile barrels of excrement, only carried away once a week, and therefore overflowing upon the floors and causing the condition of our living place to be horrible beyond description.

"In the first year of our incarceration we did not once see the sunshine, even though the prison doctor ordered us to be allowed fresh air.

"Since December of last year we were kept 'incommunicado' and were prohibited from sending any letters or receiving any from our families.

"In the month of May of this year we were given the privilege of going to an adjoining dungeon into which the sea oozed freely and bathing ourselves. Although there was a horrible deposit of mud and filth in this place, yet we considered such a bath a great boon. After our baths we had to scrape the mud from our bodies.

"Juan Sarabia was not kept in the holes of the 'Reflection,' Gloria,' or 'Inferno.' These places have openings which permit the prisoners to talk to each other. 'Juanito' was put into a dungeon known to the prison as the 'Purgatoria,' which is only large enough for one person, but not long enough to permit the inmate to straighten himself out when lying down.

"In 'Purgatoria' it is absolutely dark. The poor boy has not seen the smallest ray of daylight since December—and water covers half of the stone floor! The jailors did not allow him to talk to them. In silence, darkness, and inaction, he is dying of tuberculosis—our 'Juanito.'"

The president beckoned to the old woman as the speaker stopped, exhausted panting, and the pillows were lowered beneath the sick man's head.

With noiseless steps we left the room and went down to the waiting men below. The group meeting was breaking up as we re-entered the room. The president held up his hand for silence and attention:

"What message shall we send to Magon by our American friend?"

The secretary answered for them all, speaking for the first time in English:

"Two things you must tell Ricardo when you return: First, that Vera Cruz, never forgets the massacre of her citizens ordered by the butcher Diaz in 1879, and, second, that the jungle is ready to rise."

But the fierce intensity of the black-browed Vera Cruz revolutionist could not be expressed in cold English and he almost imme-

diatly dropped back into Spanish, explaining the situation in the south with these dramatic phrases:

“Senor, the swish of the machete is the dominant sound of tropical Mexico. No one can enter the jungle without the aid of the long knife, and so, every one of our field-hands in the South is armed.

“Banana groves shade the young coffee bushes, and an endless variety of fruits are to be had for the plucking—and so every one of our workmen in revolt can be fed.

“The jungle is a hiding place for the pursued, impenetrable to an invading army—and so every wage worker in Southern Mexico has a last refuge.

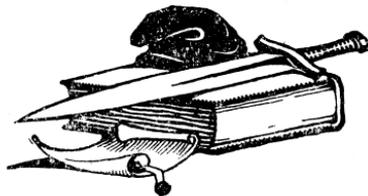
“Think of these things and then remember how Cuba, another land of the machete, the banana, and the jungle, successfully fostered a revolution.”

“But have you the guns?” This question I asked of every group in Mexico, for upon it seemed to my mind to hang the fate of the revolution.

“Some we have and more are coming. You must remember, senor, that the same waters of the Gulf of Mexico that brought arms to Cuba flow to the shores of Vera Cruz.”

And why not? Why should Cuba have fought successfully for liberty and Mexico be held in slavery? These thoughts were forced upon me as I stood looking into the fiercely sparkling eyes of the speaker.

I bade goodby to the revolutionists of Vera Cruz, and on the following morning traveled inland to the Valle Nacional, whose rich tobacco fields are tilled by slaves of the Mexican Republic.



The British Labor Party

A REPLY.

BY ROBERT HUNTER.



THE distinguishing features of Mr. Grayson's article are impatience and sentimentalism. He is impatient because the Labor Party does not spend all its time making furious speeches and creating rows in Parliament. This complaint of Mr. Grayson's has a very familiar sound. Every Socialist Party of Europe has had to meet the same criticism. In every country semi-anarchistic Socialists have, in the early stages of Socialist parliamentary activity, condemned parliamentary action. The craze ran its course in Germany, and will run its course elsewhere. Even Liebknecht and Bebel had to learn that a party pursues very different tactics in Parliament from those it pursues outside of Parliament.

"In the early days of our party," said Liebknecht at the Social Democratic Congress in Hamburg in 1897, "when we had only a few followers, we went to the Reichstag in order to use the tribune exclusively or almost exclusively for the propagation of our ideas. But very soon we were placed upon the ground of practical matters. We have seen that the injustice in the present social order is something more serious than simply an opportunity for the making of pretty speeches, and that it will not be done away with by the prettiest or strongest of speeches."

But Grayson leaves the impression that the men of the Labor Party are not even alive to the obstructing, antiquated parliamentary procedure of the House of Commons. Surely he has overlooked Hardie's and Curran's attacks on that system and certainly Jowett's recent pamphlet embodies a criticism more far reaching and revolutionary than the superficial attacks made by Mr. Grayson.

The next distinguishing feature of Grayson's article is his philanthropic and sentimental regard for the working class. He censures the three chief Socialist groups and conveys the impression that the Labor Party is made up of "brawny figures, with bowler hats, and gnarled fists, pleading prettily for small palliatives." He then refers to working men "blowing the froth off their bad beer and arguing in millions of pounds." He thinks of them as "starved industrial de-

generates, who button ragged and shoddy coats over skimpy chests, and splutter about the mur'aklus excess of imports over exports," all of which is the sort of writing and speaking one hears from some middle class English Socialists. I was not able to understand it when I first visited England about ten years ago. It seemed strange and unnatural, and I have not yet brought myself to believe that contempt for the working class on the part of Socialists has a place in a "proletarian movement."

It is exactly this middle class attitude, and nothing else, that has led to nearly all the trouble between Grayson and the Labor Party. After Tom Mann and several other gifted Socialists of England had worked for years in Colne Valley, the Independent Labor Party by a tremendous effort throughout that whole section, sent Grayson to Parliament. When he was seated in Parliament he treated his old comrades with contempt, and refused to become a part of the Labor group. In speeches over the country, he criticised the Labor Party in sharp fashion, and sneered at the "exotics of Karl Marx." Naturally the Parliamentary representatives of his own (the Independent Labor) party and the representatives generally of the Labor movement were not pleased to have a college boy of twenty-six telling them their business. His work, both in Parliament and outside, was so sensational that finally relations became strained between him and practically the entire Labor group. That body decides in committee, after the manner of most democratic bodies, what its action is to be on any particular question. Mr. Grayson, without consulting the Labor Party, made a scene in the House, and it was only natural after the manner in which he had treated the Labor men that they should ignore him in his spectacular attempt to obstruct the House. Even had there been warm friendship existing between Grayson and the Labor Group, he should have consulted with them in advance if he expected them to back up his actions. I have never criticised Grayson for his action in the House, but I do criticise him for insulting the Labor party and then expecting it to back him up in his theatrical performance.

Unfortunately Grayson's attitude toward the Labor movement is the attitude of other prominent middle class English Socialists. One of the three most prominent English Socialists once said to me: "The Labor movement is useless; no slave class ever emancipated itself." In the last number of the *Clarion* which has reached me I find even Robert Blatchford saying, "The comparative failure of the Labor representatives in the House of Commons is due to the fact that they are working men. It arises from no other fact whatever. It is not lack of intellect, nor lack of courage, nor lack of knowledge, which pal-

sies the labor group. With one or two natural aristocrats to lead them, all would be well." Bernard Shaw in the same issue refers to some resolutions presented to the Labor conference at Portsmouth as "bearing all the marks of the inevitable amateurishness and inexperience, and sometimes of the intense suspiciousness and unintentional bad manners of manual laborers." Further in the same he asks, "Why, oh why, will not these labor bodies do what the Fabian Society tells them? It would save them so much trouble. What is the use of having Superior Persons on your side if you don't make intelligent use of them?" These statements, like Grayson's, are typical of middle class English Socialism. I am frank to say such talk is offensive to me, and I would have no respect whatever for the British working class if it were not offensive to them.

I venture to prophesy with confidence that the only prospect for Socialism in England lies in the Labor party. It is a magnificent body, which, thank God, refuses to remain the lackeys of Liberals, Tories, or even middle class Socialists. Certainly there is no chance whatever for any Socialist movement to succeed outside of the Labor Party. The troublesome middle class Socialists not only will have nothing to do with the working class, they won't even have anything to do with each other. When S. G. Hobson moved a resolution recently in the Fabian Society, requesting it to withdraw from the Labor Party and assist in forming a Socialist Party, the Fabian Society declined. At the recent Portsmouth congress of the Labor party, where it was supposed that Victor Grayson, Bernard Shaw, Russell Smart, Ben Tillet, Leonard Hall and Harry Quelch, would make a big fight against the present policy of the party, not a single one of these men attempted even the show of a fight. Grayson was carried off by a couple of admirers in an automobile, and missed the great debate. Bernard Shaw decided not to propose his program, and Ben Tillet discovered, as he has before, that it is easier to attack men when their backs are turned than face to face.

In fact, outside of the Social Democratic Federation, there are no Socialists of any prominence, and certainly none with any executive ability, who would be capable of forming a Socialist party of any consequence, and the Social Democratic Federation is in no position to take any effective steps. The Fabians and other Socialist groups are unfriendly to the Federation, and it is not at all likely the feeling will change. Despite the fact that the Social Democratic Federation is looked upon by Mr. Walling as the only real revolutionary group in England, Herbert Burrows, who has been a member of the Executive from the beginning, has shown that he was perfectly willing in his

recent contest to make an agreement with the Liberals. In the *Daily News* of August 1, 1908, a letter of his to the editor says, "Last week you stated that I had spurned all attempts to come to an arrangement with the Liberals. This is an entirely mistaken statement."

Considering the entire English situation it is gratifying that the Labor party is entirely satisfactory to the great masses of Socialists, and I have no doubt it will continue to be satisfactory to the end of the chapter. Probably no one has more clearly defined the situation in English than has Mr. J. B. Askew, the special correspondent of the *Daily Socialist*, and a well known member of the Social Democratic Federation, who said a couple of years ago in the *Neue Zeit*: "The position in England is not without its comic side. On one side we see the 'anti-Marxian' Independent Labor Party, and the like-minded Labor Party coming up completely to the lines laid down by Marx and following out in practice the truths which they fight in theory. On the other hand we see the Social Democratic Federation in theory carrying the banner of Marxism and the class struggle and in practice rejecting the same." Surely the wisdom of Marx has never been more perfectly exemplified. "The emancipation of the working class must be the work of the working class itself."

REPLY TO MR. WALLING.

Mr. Walling appears to believe that the chief end of modern Socialism is political democracy. He sharply rebukes the Independent Labor Party because its "attitude toward monarchy is one of leaving it severely alone." His words are quoted from the address of Keir Hardie before the Civic Forum of New York. Mr. Walling does not give Mr. Hardie's following words, which are: "Nothing would please the landlord and capitalist classes better than to have us set out on a hunt for the king's crown and leave them alone. We know that even though there were no monarchy, so long as the capitalist system existed, we should have poverty exactly as we have it today, and we are more concerned with the abolition of the causes that produce poverty than with getting rid of the particular figurehead of the state."

In condemning Keir Hardie for this statement, Mr. Walling condemns modern Socialism, because it is precisely the stand taken by all other Socialists of prominence. We all remember Bebel's powerful words at Amsterdam, when he said in answer to Jaures, "As much as we envy you Frenchmen your Republic, and as much as we wish it for ourselves, we will not allow our skulls to be broken for it; it does not deserve it. A capitalist monarchy or a capitalist republic,—both are class states, both are necessarily and from their very nature made

to maintain the capitalist regime." When Mr. Walling scouts this tactic of the British working class, he not only condemns the Independent Labor Party, but also the International Socialist movement.

Furthermore, Mr. Walling misunderstands the attitude of modern Socialism toward State Socialism. He is in error when he says that "the German party has always held aloof on the question of national ownership." He is also in error when he intimates that the German party has not worked with enthusiasm for Labor legislation. He will find quick correction in Paul Kampffmeyer's recent book, and also in Morris Hillquit's "Socialism in Theory and Practice," to go no further. The German party has for years advocated and fought for measures of a State Socialistic character. The section against State Socialism in the first draft of the Erfurt program was stricken out, and a number of State Socialistic demands were put in that program. At the great State Socialistic debate at Breslau in 1895, not only most of the minor speakers, but Bebel and Liebknecht as well, came out strongly for promoting in the actual regime the transfer of private property into public hands. Bebel says "the attitude which would refuse to strengthen the power of the State smacks of the Manchester school. We must strip off these Manchesterian eggshells." Liebknecht took a similar line. He declared that in all cases where State Socialistic measures had been proposed "we have decided in favor of practical activity." Not only is this the view of the German Socialists, but it is the view of every Socialist party in Europe. But they have advocated such measures, not because they are in favor of State Socialism. Such measures are merely temporary expedients. The aim of social democracy is the conquest of political power by the working class. If the Independent Labor party, or any other Socialist party merely advocated State Socialistic measures, as the Fabian Society does, without attempting to form a distinct class conscious party of the workers, their action would necessarily lead to State Socialism, because it would leave the State in control of capitalists. But the fact that the Labor Party is an independent, class-conscious organization for the conquest of political power makes its aim revolutionary, and its end social democracy, or precisely the opposite of State Socialism.

Mr. Walling also says that the "policy of advancing the cause of Labor by co-operating in Parliament, first with one, and then with the other of the two capitalistic parties, is precisely that followed by the American Federation of Labor at the present moment in the United States, only in Great Britain it is proposed to do the compromising in Parliament rather than outside of it. No Socialist party in the world has adopted such tactics." This is an altogether extraordinary

statement, which it is hardly necessary to contradict in a Socialist journal. No Socialist party in the world has ever pursued any other tactic. Indeed for twenty-five years no Socialist of any importance has advocated any other tactic. Bebel expressed the view of the International Socialism at Amsterdam when he said, "We Social Democrats are broad-minded enough to accept from our adversaries all concessions we can obtain from them when they offer us some real benefit in order to secure our support today for the government, tomorrow for the Liberal party, the day after even for the party in the centre."

I am sure it will be obvious to most careful readers that Mr. Walling's article is bewildering in its subtle denials of the essential doctrines of modern Socialism. Both in this article and in another recently published by him, he departs entirely from the ground of the class struggle. No single phrase in this particular article defines his exact position, but in a recent appeal to Labor, published widely, he urges the "absolute necessity for Labor in politics to secure the co-operation of people in other walks of life." The Supreme Court, he says, "has aroused and insulted the whole people of the United States," and he declares that "either organized Labor must propose to the nation a platform on which all can stand, or continue to be divided and impotent." In his article in last month's *Review* he asks what would have been the result of a combination between Socialists and Trade Unionists at the last election. He answers that we might have had twenty or thirty Socialist or Labor congressmen, who would have accomplished nothing, while on the other hand, "the hostility of capitalism to the Labor movement would have been increased. Decisions would have been more despotic and brutal, and the unions would equally be reduced to less than half their present economic power." That a class party should antagonize other classes and even create hostility to Labor on the part of the Courts seems to Mr. Walling a sufficient argument against such a party. These extraordinary statements need no comment, but I wish to remind the reader that they come from Mr. Walling, not from the Rev. Mr. Stelze or from Mr. Ralph Easley.

In order to make clear just what it is that Mr. Walling and Mr. Grayson so bitterly condemn, I have drawn up the following statement concerning

THE BRITISH LABOR PARTY.

A great deal of confusion exists concerning the British Labor Party. Few seem to understand what it is, what it stands for, how it is organized, and why it exists. Almost every statement one sees about the party contains errors.

It is unlike anything that has ever existed in this country, or in any other country. It can be compared to nothing in any other country, and so far as I know it is unique in the history of Socialist progress.

In a sense it is not a party. It is only a federation of several distinct organizations, all of which keep their own identity, carry on their separate work with precisely the same freedom inside and outside the federation as before the organization of the party. It is not a fusion in any sense. It is an alliance, the same sort of an alliance that might exist between England and Japan, or any other friendly countries or organizations.

The Socialists say to the Trades Unions, "You help us, and we'll help you. We will keep our organizations distinct. We will go on with our separate propaganda, keep our offices, our officers, our branches, our papers, exactly as distinct as before the alliance."

The Socialists claim the right to speak for Socialism and to work for Socialism inside the party and out. They discuss their principles before immense audiences of trade unionists all over England. They express their views as Socialists in Parliament, and as fast as they possibly can, they induce trade unionists in the Labor party to join Socialist organizations.

All this is confusing to an American. We know fusion. We know it is dangerous, because a majority is often arrogant and tyrannous. But an alliance of the British sort we don't know. And the idea of having a party which isn't a party, which allows separate organizations with different ideals to go on, after allying themselves with each other, doing their separate work, is to an American a curious, unheard-of, incredible thing. But the necessity for alliance and not fusion is perfectly clear when one thinks of the peculiar nature of the constituents.

The Labor Party is not a joining together of two or more political parties. It is in a sense an alliance between the Socialists and the organized working class. It is specifically an alliance between a political party—the Socialist—and a body of Trade Unionists. The party cannot and would not become a trade union, and the trade unions do not want to become a party. All the trade unions want is Parliamentary representation.

They are not organized for political action. They have strict limitations. By the nature of their work and activity their chief purpose is a definite, concrete one, and multitudes of workers join trade unions to avail themselves of these definite, concrete advantages. The trade union officials have an immense work to do in their own field. They are engaged night and day in administering fraternal associations.

benefit funds, in discussing, in starting and in deciding trades disputes, and all the other varied activities which occupy the particular attention of trade unionists as trade unionists. By the nature of their organization they are unfitted for political activity. They do not wish to exclude from trade union benefits any one because of his religious, economic, or political views. Further, they do not wish to have partisan union officials rushing about the country, carrying on various forms of political activity, especially when there are important and pressing duties for them to perform in connection with the unions themselves.

The trade unionists of England were reluctant to enter politics at all, but the time came when Labor representation was a necessity. In certain very vital ways their organizations as organizations were threatened, and indeed it looked at the time as if the trade union movement of Great Britain was to be annihilated. Primarily to save these weapons to the working-class they at last determined to go into politics.

Fortunately the trade unionists of England saw one thing clearly, and that was if they went into politics at all it must be as an independent political movement. They had come to the point of believing that they had to fight both the old political parties, and furthermore, they realized that while all the trade unionists would vote for Labor as Labor, that is, for their own party independent of other parties, no power on earth could force Tories to vote for Liberals, or Liberals to vote for Tories.

As a result a meeting was held in London of representatives of all Trade Unions, of all Socialist bodies, and of the co-operative societies. At this meeting it was decided that Labor representation was necessary for the immediate purpose of fighting certain battles in the interest of Labor. An organization was formed, first called the Labor Representation Committee, but it changed its name later to the Labor Party. This change was largely a matter of convenience, and it did not alter the party's organization, nor make of it anything more than an alliance between Socialists and trade unionists for mutual aid and support.

Now, it is essential for anyone who wishes to understand the Labor Party to get clearly in mind these facts concerning the organization, for until one knows the nature of this alliance he cannot understand the English situation at all.

Two things are agreed upon by those taking part in the alliance. First, that every candidate must keep himself distinct from and independent of the old parties, not only in his own constituency, but every-

where in the British Islands. He cannot aid nor speak for nor assist in any way the candidates of one of the old parties. He must stand in opposition to them, and when he is in Parliament become a part of the Labor group, which shall exist distinct from and independent of all other Parliamentary groups. That is about all there is in the way of an agreement or understanding. Other minor agreements are entered into, one as to the dues, another as to the selection of candidates. Each member, Socialist or trade unionist, pays his dues to the organization, for the purpose of election funds and of supporting their representatives in Parliament. The candidates are selected to stand for Parliament by referendum. Socialists and Trade Unionists come together. The various candidates are then nominated and selected by referendum vote.

Thus far there has been no disposition to make any distinction between candidates because of their political views. As a matter of fact, over two-thirds of the Labor group in Parliament are Socialists, and all but three or four of those selected to be candidates at the next election are Socialists. They are, however, not selected as Socialists, but because of their proved ability to fitly represent the interests of Labor in Parliament. Naturally enough, the Socialists are best fitted to do this work, and the recognition of this fact is general. They are best qualified because they have been students, agitators and organizers in a political movement for a great many years. In most cases they easily demonstrate their exceptional ability in dealing in a broad and intelligent manner with great political questions. But whether the candidate is a Socialist or a Trade Unionist, all affiliated with the party are supposed to give him every aid in the electoral struggle.

Anyone who grasps the essence of what I have said above will realize why Socialists as well as trade unionists have opposed a constitutional amendment insisting upon a belief in Socialism as a basis of entrance into the new party. In the first place, such a constitutional amendment would immediately destroy the alliance. It would smash the Labor party. Upon that basis the Trade Unionists who are not Socialists would be driven out of the party, and the whole purpose and object of the alliance would be defeated.

At nearly every conference of the Labor party such constitutional amendments have been submitted, and nearly every time the Socialists have been the chief ones to oppose it. Not in the least because they were opposed to Socialism, but only because they did not want to drive out of the Labor party those in alliance with them. It was a definite, honorable alliance. The trade unionists did not require the Socialists to give up their press, to renounce their program, to abolish

their organizations, or in any way restrict them in promoting and advocating their views on or off the Labor platform. The Socialists on the other hand did not attempt to force Socialism down the throats of the Trade Unionists; in the first place, because it could not have been done, and in the second place, it would have been a violation of the very basis of the alliance.

But in order to find out the views of the members of the party and to see just how strong Socialism is in the party they have twice passed a resolution which declared that the aim and purpose of the party is the socialization of the means of production, distribution and exchange. This resolution, being merely a statement of purpose and not binding upon the minority, has enabled the minority to remain united with the majority despite the fact that the majority have declared themselves for Socialism.

Naturally the question will arise in the minds of all Socialists, just what effect has this alliance had upon the progress of Socialism in Great Britain? To my mind it is most clearly shown by contrasting the sentiment for Socialism in Great Britain now with that which existed only a few years ago. Everybody today is talking Socialism. It has taken a new lease of life. It is the topic of the hour, and the demand for Socialist orators and writings can hardly be supplied. Every community has now a vigorous group of Socialists who are literally forcing the battle. The Socialist parties are benefiting by the alliance. The chief organization in Great Britain has greatly increased its membership, has added to its papers, and is every day establishing new branches throughout the kingdom. Socialists are addressing no less than twenty-five hundred meetings a week, and everywhere the propaganda progresses with a vigor and vitality almost incredible.

But perhaps the most important gain to Socialism by the alliance is the fact that every Socialist in the Labor party has now an opportunity to speak on the Trade Union platform. Ten years ago he was heard only by Socialists or near-Socialists. Today he speaks to thousands upon thousands of workers who would not have heard him before the formation of the alliance. When a Socialist member of the party now appears in any town he is received at meetings of trade union bodies, and the Socialists and trade unionists alike hear him with enthusiasm. In other words, the Socialists of Great Britain have now an opportunity to carry on propaganda as never before. They are fast converting the younger trade unionists to Socialism, and wherever the Socialist speakers go they build up Socialist branches from members of the trade unions. As a result the very bodies which Sydney Webb and Bernard Shaw said only a few years ago consisted

of the most conservative and reactionary men on the face of the earth, are today alive with Socialist enthusiasm. Within a few years, it is safe to say, the entire trade union movement of Great Britain will come over to Socialism in a body. Until that day comes the Socialists are satisfied to be patient, to push their propaganda and to build up their organizations. They don't want to force anything down unwilling throats. They know that the time is near when the whole fabric of conservative trade unionism will fall, and the entire labor movement will of its own volition, and without a word of urging, come out for the entire Socialist program.

Now, let us consider for a moment, the strength of Socialism in the Labor party. In the first place, there are about thirty thousand Socialists affiliated with the Labor party as Socialists. In addition it is safe to say that a majority of the trade unionists in the Labor party are in sympathy with Socialism. If one were to consider the vote for the Socialist resolution as decisive evidence of the strength of Socialism in the party, then a very large majority of the party are at present Socialists. There are also thirty of the Labor party men in Parliament, and of these twenty-two are Socialists. When I was in Great Britain, the Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee, the Chairman of the Executive Committee, the Chairman of the Congress, were all Socialists, and of the members of the Executive Committee only three were not Socialists. Mr. Hardie himself says that of the candidates selected to run at the next election for the Labor party ninety-five per cent are Socialists. In addition to this, the Labor party is now affiliated to the International Socialist movement. No one will, I think, accuse Kautsky of being an opportunist, and I think he represented practically the unanimous view of the Continental movement when he offered on October 12th last the following resolution:

"The International Bureau declares that the English Labor Party is to be admitted to the International Socialist Congresses, because, although it does not avowedly recognize the class struggle, it actually carries it on; and because the organization of the Labor party being independent of the bourgeois parties, is based upon the class struggle."

Upon being put to vote this resolution was accepted by all the representatives present, with the exception of Mlle. Roussel, M. Roubanovitch and Mr. H. M. Hyndman, who voted against it.

However much one may oppose the formation of a Labor party here, certainly most sane Socialists will agree that the structure of the British Labor party is a stroke of genius.

I cannot for the life of me see a single thing lost to Socialism because of the alliance. The Socialist organizations exist as before.

They keep their papers in their own hands as before. They have their distinct branches, membership, and party as before. They are not tied nor restricted in any way. They have the ear of a multitude now which in no other way could they have gained so quickly. If the Labor party should break up the Socialists would be infinitely stronger than they were before the alliance. They have twenty-two men in Parliament, not more than two or three of whom would be there if the alliance did not exist, and they have already achieved some great, concrete benefits for the working class by virtue of political action. But above and beyond all, they have overcome the greatest obstacle which lay in the path of Socialism. They have divorced the whole Labor element from a corrupting and destructive alliance to Tory and Liberal politicians. They have put a whole class in hostility to capitalist politics. They have made it impossible for a man who desires to retain his position in the Labor movement to speak or work for the interests of a capitalist politician or party. Without a word of propaganda they have made trade unionists look upon a workingman who votes a capitalist ticket as a "scab" and a traitor. That alone is revolutionary. That alone is worth years of arduous and earnest effort. Socialism after that is only a matter of time, and its coming is as certain as the coming of the dawn.





[We have been receiving many requests for material to be used in young people's study classes. We are therefore glad to announce that Mary E. Marcy, who formerly took a post graduate course under Dr. John Dewey, has lately conceived the idea of applying his method to a study of the life of primitive man.

We socialists cannot over-emphasize the importance the tool has played in molding society. In fact, we know that the tool, the means of production, is the one important history-maker.

Present society is much too complicated and the details of civilization too overwhelmingly numerous to enable untrained minds to seek out the more fundamental factors that make modern history.

But in the study of primitive man we can easily trace the results attendant upon the discovery or invention of the use of fire, tools and weapons. The increased freedom, security and comfort that came with each and every one, in savage society are evident to all.

"You can concentrate the history of all mankind into the evolution of flax, cotton and wool fibre into clothing . . . certain very real and important avenues to the consideration of the history of the race are thus opened so that the mind is introduced to much more fundamental and controlling influences than usually appear in the political and chronological records that pass for history."—*Dr. John Dewey, in The School and Society.*

One word more. Avoid presenting abstract ideas to young folks. Abstract ideas are always changing and every one is interested in concrete things. Youth is always active, brimming over with energy to expend. Do not try to pour knowledge into that which is already overflowing. Direct this energy. We learn best by DOING.

Again in his little book, *The School and Society*, in speaking of children, Dr. Dewey says:

"Give them experience at first hand. Let them learn the measure of every material used in every occupation and of the processes employed."

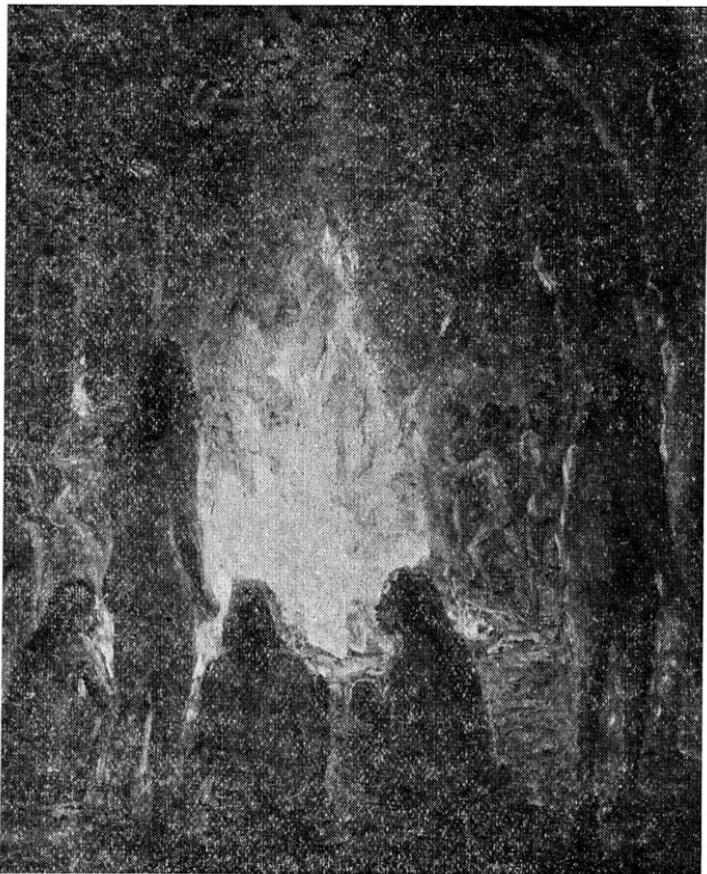
And, again, we repeat, the point from which to start is at the beginning.]

Fire



One among the Cave People knew how to kindle a fire. On several occasions when they found the trees in the forest aflame, Strong Arm had borne back to the Hollow a burning branch. Immediately all the other Cave People were seized with a desire to have torches and they swarmed around the skirts of the blaze and secured boughs also. And on they sped toward home and the Hollow amid roars of laughter and much pride, till the sparks from one of the branches blew into the frowzy hair of the Stumbler and set him aflame.

Instantly all the Cave People dropped their boughs in terror and the Stumbler beat his head with his hands, uttering shrill cries of pain.



SECURE AROUND THE FIRE THEY DANCED AND CHANTED.

Only Strong Arm advanced steadily toward the river, grunting his disgust. "Bah! Bah!" he said many times, spitting the words from his mouth.

Strong Arm was the great man of the tribe. No one among the Cave people could jump so far, or lift so large a rock as he. His back was broader than the shoulders of the other men. His head was less flat, and his eyes were very keen and saw many things.

When they reached the Hollow, Strong Arm gathered dry leaves and sticks and built a huge bonfire upon the rocks. And the Old Woman and Gray Beard came out of their caves to marvel at his work.

The young men brought branches and leaves and fed the flames and when night came on the Cave People sat around the fire and laughed together. For the wolves came out of their holes and showed their white fangs. And their yellow eyes gleamed through the darkness but they hovered on the edge of the woods for they were afraid.

Far into the night the Cave People danced, while the flames from the fire brightened the whole Hollow. They beat their hands together and chanted in two tones from a minor strain, and not till they were worn out with dancing and fuel gathering did they crawl back into their caves.

But in the morning the fire was dead. Grey ashes marked the spot of their gaiety and the Cave People were filled with awe and wonder.

But they learned many things. The next time Strong Arm brought a blazing bough to the Hollow, he discovered that the fire burned best when the branches met the face of the wind, and in time they learned to coax the coals to live through the night by covering them carefully with ashes and damp moss. And at last, by watchful care, the Cave People were able to keep the fire burning constantly.

The Cave Women with little children, who were unable to hunt with the men, came in time to be the natural care-takers of the fire.

It was the Foolish One who first, in a fit of wantonness, threw a hunk of bear meat upon the coals, and it was Strong Arm, the wise, who fished it out again. For in those days bear meat was not to be had all the time, and Famine followed close upon the heels of Feasting. Often a chunk of bear meat was the most precious thing in all the world.

Strong Arm ate the steak which he had poked from the coals and he found it delicious. Then he threw more chunks into the fire and gave them to the Cave People. After that every one threw his meat into the flames. By and by they stuck great hunks of raw flesh upon long sticks and broiled them over the fire.

No longer as darkness crept over the world were the Cave People forced into their Caves for safety. Secure around the fire they danced and chanted rude measures wherein they mocked their enemies, the mountain lion and the grey wolves, who came forth in the night and watched them hungrily from afar.

Four times had the nut season come and gone since the birth of little Laughing Boy and he could remember one day only when the fire had not burned upon the rocks in the Hollow. Ever since he had been able to walk he had trotted at his mother's heels down to the shore, when the air was chill and had squatted very close to the coals, for the warmth was very pleasant to his small body.

His mother, Quack Quack, which meant Wild Duck in the language of the Cave People, always screamed shrilly to him and gesticulated wildly, till he crept back out of danger, while she scoured the woods for logs and branches.

But there came a day when he crawled down to the river and found no fire on the shore. Then his father, Strong Arm, had gone upon a long journey. Many paths he had crossed on his journey along the bank of

the river to a friendly neighboring tribe. And he returned after several suns with the good fire in his hands.

Since then the Cave People had tended the fire more carefully than ever. Thus Laughing Boy came to know that the fire was a friend, a friend who protected the Cave People from the wild animals of the forest. He knew also that it was very good to feel the warm flames near his brown body when the days were cool, and that it hurt very much if touched with his fingers.

Laughing Boy always ran at the side of his mother, Quack Quack, tagging at her heels or hanging on her shoulders. Although a very big boy, as Cave Boys grew, he had never been weaned and always when he grew cold or hungry, he ran to her side and pulled at her breasts, uttering queer little grunts and cries.

In the bad season Quack Quack grew very thin as Laughing Boy nursed at her breasts. When he was four years old and the fruit was dead and the nuts and berries were nowhere to be found from the North fork of the river to the bend far below, Quack Quack felt that she could no longer endure but pushed him from her again and again, giving him bits of meat and fish to chew.

When once the Cave People had hunted twelve days without bringing home any large game, the eyes of the people grew deep with hunger and



STRONG ARM FISHED A WHOLE DAY.

their faces were drawn and gaunt. A few fish they caught and again found bitter root and some scrubby tubers, but these meant only a mouthful to the Cave People when they could, one and all, have devoured great hunks of meat.

Strong Arm sat on the bank of the river one whole day, but the storms had driven the fish up stream and he caught only two small ones that fluttered and beat themselves against the sticks which he had rammed into the mud, after the fashion of a fence.

Quack Quack, who was often alone in the Hollow, felt the gnawing pangs of hunger more keenly every day as she weakly thrust Laughing Boy from her breasts again and again, and staggered into the forest after fresh fuel.

And there came a time when the hunger and pain grew so strong that she remembered only that she must satisfy them. Then she pushed Laughing Boy into the cave, which was the place that served to her and Strong Arm for a home, and with a mighty effort rolled a stone before the entrance.

Laughing Boy, too, was very hungry but she knew he was safe from the beasts of the forest. She heard his low wails as she turned her back on the Hollow and hurried away toward the branch of the river, pausing only when she saw the scrub ends of the wild plants, to examine them. But she found nothing to eat, only many holes where the Cave People had thrust their sticks in a search of roots.

Quack Quack continued on her way, almost forgetting the mountain lion, and the dangers that assailed without, for the hunger passion was strong within her.

The wild duck she sought and knew their haunts of old. It was because of her skill in catching them that she had earned her name among the Cave People.

Better than any other, she knew their habits and how to catch and kill one among them without alarming the flock.

This she had discovered when she was a very little girl. In those days it had been almost impossible for the Cave People to catch the wild duck. While they were sometimes successful in killing one, the others always scattered in terror. Soon they began to regard the Cave People as their enemies and immediately one of them appeared the alarm was given.

But when Quack Quack, the mother of Laughing Boy, was ten years old and the Cave People were disgusted because the wild ducks eluded them so quickly, she found a way to deceive the flocks.

She had waded out into the fork of the river, with the great green leaves of the cocoanut palm wet and flapping about her head, for the sun

was very hot, and she stood quietly among the rushes, when a flock of wild ducks swam slowly down the stream. Suddenly she stretched out her arm, under the water, and seized one of the ducks by the legs and drew him down.* And the rest of the flock, unsuspecting of danger, swam on slowly around the bend.

Then the little brown girl ran out of the water holding aloft the duck, which was dead. Her mother was very proud as well as the young brown girl, and all the Cave People clapped their hands and said, "Good! Good!" And the young men said "Woman," meaning she was grown very wise, and after that everybody called her Quack Quack, after the voice of the wild duck.

And Quack Quack grew very proud of her accomplishment and spent long hours hiding in the rushes for ducks. All the Cave People put leaves or bark over their heads in order to hide themselves and tried to catch them as the brown young girl had done, but they always frightened away the flock even when they were lucky enough to seize one of the ducks.

Many years had passed since the brown girl discovered the new way of hunting, but the brown woman, whom they still called Quack Quack, had not forgotten.

She could not forget with a great hunger in her breast, as she slipped through the wood along the river bank.

Gently she stepped, making no sound and every little while she parted the brushes lining the river with her hands and peered through. But there were no ducks and she caught her breath each time eagerly and went further on, twitching her ears nervously.

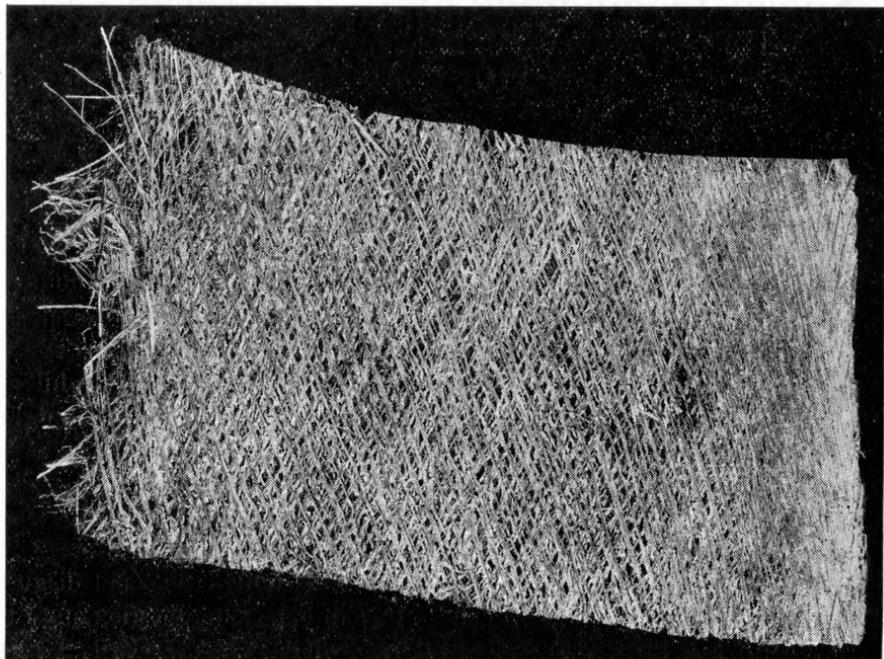
When she was almost exhausted, after some time, she again parted the brush. Now her eyes flashed, her small nostrils quivered and her hands worked convulsively, for there, not very far away, evidently drowning near the rushes, she saw a solitary wild duck.

The brown woman drew in her breath, and softly, very softly, withdrew from the brush and bent her steps further up the river. On her way she tore a long strip of dead bark from a tree and wound it carefully around her head and face.

Then she plunged into the river until it rose above her shoulders, when she waded very gently with the current, down stream. The water was very cold, but Quack Quack clutched her hands sharply and stepped onward, deeper into the sluggish current, till only the rough bark which covered her head, remained in view.

Slowly, very slowly, she felt her way over the soft bottom, making no

* Prof. Frederick Starr says in his *Some First Steps in Human Progress* that this old method of catching wild ducks is still practiced by the tribes in Patagonia.



A PIECE OF BARK SUCH AS QUACK QUACK USED.

sound, causing not even a ripple in the water. A small bough floated at her side and she kept pace with it, going no faster, no slower than it drifted, till she came close, very close, to the motionless duck. Then her hand shot forth and she dragged it sharply under the water. But it was alone. There was none to take flight at its cries and Quack Quack, the brown woman, scrambled up the bank, wringing the duck's neck as she ran.

She shivered in the wind and shielded herself in the brush, and then, lying flat on the ground, buried her teeth in the duck's breast. Swiftly she ate, making loud noises with her lips and grunting joyfully, and not until the last portion was gone did she rise and turn her face toward the Hollow. Her stomach sagged with its heavy load and she walked slowly, gluttoned with food.

When the Cave People saw her, they cried out, "Wild Duck, Wild Duck"! They looked at her stomach, big and distended and were very miserable, for they knew after what manner she had earned her name.

The fire on the rocks in the Hollow was cold and dead and Strong Arm was very angry, but Quack Quack said nothing. She heard the cry of Laughing Boy as she slipped into the Cave, and she threw herself onto the bed of dead leaves and drew him, whimpering, to her breast.

Social Democracy and "Laborism" in England

BY H. QUELCH, EDITOR OF JUSTICE, LONDON.



I HAVE been asked to write something about what is called the "Victor Grayson incident" in the House of Commons, by way of illustrating the present position of Socialism and the working-class movement generally in this country. So far as the incident itself is concerned, while I should be prepared to say that Grayson's action might have been better timed and made much more effective, it has been perfectly justified by subsequent events.

We are led to suppose that Grayson's irrelevant and "disorderly" irruption into the ordinary proceedings of the House, with a protest on behalf of the unemployed, was prompted by his indignation and disgust at the indifference of the government to this all-important question and the apathy and supineness of the Labor Party in failing to vigorously attack the government on the matter.

The attack made just now upon the government by the leaders of the Labor Party, in the debate on the address, in which Henderson, Barnes, O'Grady and particularly Keir Hardy, vehemently denounced Asquith and his colleagues for neglecting to do anything for the unemployed, and for "betraying" the Labor Party and the working class, shows that Grayson's action was justified, and that his protest and our criticism in the press and on the platform have at any rate had the effect of stirring the Labor Party into some show of activity and opposition to the Government. There is no reason, except their own reliance upon the good will of the Liberals, why the onslaught which was made last week by the Labor Party should not have been made two years ago, at least.

On the other hand, Grayson's protest would have been much more effective had he made it on the first day of the session, instead of waiting for four days, or had he, having waited so long, held his protest over for another three days until the question came up for discussion in the House, when he could have formulated an indictment of the government and the whole infernal system, instead of having to content himself with two or three broken sentences. He was also to blame for not taking into his confidence at least some of the members of the Labor Party—such as Thorne and O'Grady—who had always backed him, even against the majority

of their own party. The question has been asked why Thorne, at least, did not support Grayson. The answer is that Thorne knew nothing about it or would have done so. Personally, I think that what Grayson did, Thorne, at least, ought to have done, even more effectively, long before. For that Thorne must take his share of the blame with the others; but he is not to blame for not backing Grayson, which he would assuredly have done, had he known what was in the wind.

So much for the Grayson incident, which in itself, I entirely endorse, and which undoubtedly has had a salutary effect.

The question of the actual position of the movement here—Socialist especially, and working class, generally, is not so easily disposed of. The circumstances here are in many respects so different from those existing in the States that it is impossible to set up any analogy and difficult to make comparisons. That is why the militants of one country would not, properly, dictate a line of policy to those of another; and for that reason it must be understood that in any comparison I may make I speak with all reserve of the conditions which obtain in the States and subject to the correction of those on the spot.

This being understood, it appears to me that the working-class movement in America, certainly in its economic organization, is far behind that of this country. Our Trades Union Congress, to which most of the trade unions are affiliated, is less of a real federation than your American Federation of Labor. On the other hand, our general Federation of Trades is a real federation of trade unions, pure and simple. Your A. F. of L., however, in its convention, is the nearest thing you have to our Trade Union Congress. Now our Trade Union Congress, representative of practically all the trade unions in the Kingdom, has repeatedly passed resolutions in favor of Socialism, out and out, as well as of Socialistic legislative measures. This, I think, your A. F. of L. Convention has never done. Moreover, an increasing number of the trade union officials are out and out Socialists; and many of the unions—e. g., the gasworkers, the shoe operatives and the engineers, have Socialism declared as their objective in the preamble to their rules. The Miners' Federation, too, one of the most powerful combinations of labor in the United Kingdom, and embracing the whole of the miners in the English, Scotch and Welsh coal fields, have unanimously declared in favor of Socialism at their annual conferences.

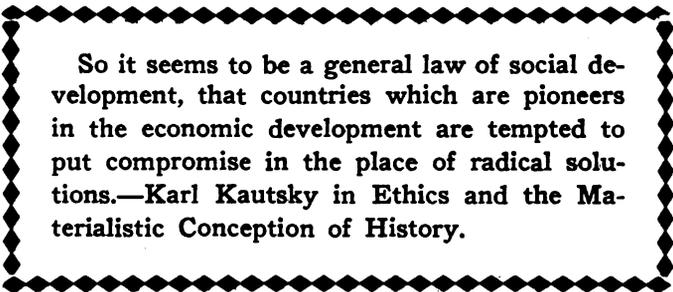
In these circumstances, when, for various reasons, the Trades Union Congress declared in favor of forming a Labor Representation Committee, we of the S. D. P., who had always urged the unions to enter the political field, heartily welcomed the new move forward and

gladly entered the combination. At the inaugural conference, held in London, in February, 1900, our delegates moved the adoption of a Socialist objective and program. There was no doubt whatever that this motion would have been carried but for the opposition, not of trade union delegates, but of our friends and comrades of the Independent Labor Party! They thought the time was not opportune; that we must not try and ram Socialism down people's throats, and so on.

We, nevertheless, remained in the combination for a year, and found, of course, that we were in a hopeless minority and were outvoted on every question of principle. There was, therefore, nothing to do but to withdraw, as we did.

Some of the members of our Party, like myself, are also members of the Labor Party by virtue of our membership of an affiliated trade union. Social-Democrats always come to the front in the trade unions with the result that we get sent as delegates to the Labor Party Conferences. This makes the trimmers and reactionaries rather mad, because we always try to push Socialist principles to the front. In this we always find that our chief opposition comes, not from the trade unionists pure and simple, but from the professed Socialists, the delegates of the I. L. P., who, for fear of giving any offense to their trade union allies, creep timidly behind them. The result is that the alliance between the Socialists of the I. L. P. and Fabian Society, with the trade unions, instead of helping the progress of the Labor Party towards Socialism, is really keeping it back, and the trade unions in the alliance are really more pronouncedly Socialist than the avowedly Socialist bodies.

For ourselves of the S. D. P., we have a rather difficult part to play in steering a middle course between the trimmers of the Labor Party and the extremists whom the failure of the Labor Party to make the best use of its opportunities is converting into Impossible-bilists. But we are winning through.



So it seems to be a general law of social development, that countries which are pioneers in the economic development are tempted to put compromise in the place of radical solutions.—Karl Kautsky in *Ethics and the Materialistic Conception of History*.

The Terror

BY JAMES ONFAL.



OUR theories would send hell surging through the streets and erect the guillotine in the public square."

I looked at my friend in surprise. I was not prepared for such a passionate protest, for, while our views of life and its problems were at variance, his rejoinders were usually mildly satirical. Now it was evident that he was aroused. His eyes glowed with honest antagonism and indignation. The rise of educated and disciplined proletarians evidently conjured visions of a French Terror in his mind.

"What," he continued, "could you expect should these vandals crawl from their holes some fine morning like this and, possessed with your ideas that the twentieth century is theirs, should proceed to impress their beliefs on all the institutions of today? What would be the result? Pillage and massacre such as the world has never seen," he concluded, with a gesture that indicated a conviction which no argument of mine could shake.

We had reached the bank of the river and the bright June sun reflected from the water almost blinded us as we gazed at the green willows and shrubbery that lined the opposite bank. The silent flow of water reflecting the foliage and the old wooden bridge were so suggestive of peace that I felt it was almost a sacrilege to discuss violence even for the purpose of defending my comrades against the charge. Surely these waters had never known the turbulence of civil strife; they had never been discolored by mixing with the blood of a human heart.

And yet I knew that my faith in the underworld of labor was well placed and that with the experience of history, the culture of modern science, philosophy, and the discipline of our ideals, there is less possibility of social disaster in our rise than in the rise of any other class in history. Still, I felt at a disadvantage on the banks of this peaceful river. The warmth of the sun, the sparkle of the stream and the sponge-like softness of the moss beneath my feet produced such a profound feeling of ease and comfort that I sank into one of those half-conscious noonday reveries which come to the indolent at times.

Presently a fisherman left the shore and pulled slowly upstream, the clumsy bark taxing all his strength as he struggled with the swift current. This seemed to be my answer. The boatman was a

symbol of the unorganized, ignorant struggle of the poor; they were looking backward, pulling blindly against the stream and drawing the hulk of dying institutions after them. The boatman would find his adjustment in the stone age but not in our time unless he was equipped with modern methods of navigation. So the proletarians too required the intellectual equipment of the revolution to guard against a fruitless and misdirected struggle which would end in the disaster my friend predicted. And we of the revolution had that equipment and were giving it to increasing numbers of the disinherited. I thanked the primitive boatman. I had my answer. I turned to my friend. "Your conception of us who think and who have acquired some of the culture of modern times is beastly," I said. "We are not executioners, but liberators who hold life the most sacred thing on this planet. This fellow in the boat——"

A faint roar from many voices in the distance interrupted me. Looking back up the street which we had traversed we saw a great mass of frenzied human beings rushing like an avalanche toward us. The central column, in its ownward sweep, gathered up others from the side streets. Here and there along the walks a stray pedestrian was sucked into the living vortex and became a part of it. Terrible curses ascended from a thousand throats like filth flowing from the mouth of a foul sewer. Tense drawn faces, distorted and made hideous with cruel snarls, were visible through the dust that enveloped the mob in one great cloud. Reason had fled. Primitive, cruel passions, shed centuries ago, swayed the mob. Blood-lust shone in the eyes of the lynchers. Frightened mothers appeared at windows clutching their offspring, fearful that this sea of passion would overflow and carry destruction to their doors. In the mob the dainty bank clerk mingled with the laborer. A miner, black with the grime of toil and a smutty torch still in his cap, jostled a small merchant. The habitués of the "red light" district fraternized with the well-to-do. Rags and purple met on common ground, bent on the same mission—the destruction of human life.

We had passed the county prison one hundred yards away. The street was now glutted with the mass which pressed the first section on. A telephone pole was seized by hundreds who mounted the steps to the steel door. The long black weapon carried between the two rows of enraged men looked like a monster centipede. The prison shook from the impact of the first blow. A shot from behind the steel door only inflamed the besiegers. With roars and curses they retreated a few paces and with one great lunge caved in the door.

The mob choked up the entrance in the struggle to enter. A half hundred rushed inside and soon appeared with a rope coiled

round the neck of a negro. He stood for a moment in the glare of the sun, his thick lips curling like those of a famished wolf at bay, but his struggles were soon quieted with a blow from a hammer.

Willing hands grasped the rope and dragged the half conscious victim through the dust, most of them looking back and hooting at their human freight. Their frightful leers were accentuated by the glare of the noonday sun on their sweaty and dust-covered faces. On they swept and disappeared in the mouth of the covered bridge that spanned the peaceful stream. Their prey struck the corner of the bridge, rebounded and, raised clear of the ground, plunged with a jerk into the shadows and disappeared also.

In a few minutes the lynchers appeared at an open span at the other end. The quivering negro hung from a girder but was soon cut down only to fall into the arms of the advance guard below. The hills echoed the rage of the mob as their victim shot downward. Faggots were gathered. A well-dressed madman circled the crowd with his derby in his hand which was soon filled with coins. Two messengers were despatched and soon returned with new pails filled with kerosene. The derby was again passed and other messengers volunteered. The fisherman pulled his primitive craft up the bank and danced and howled like one stark mad.

Meanwhile the brush was being piled and the well-dressed struggled with ragged urchins to cut a souvenir from their unconscious prey. A few days later charred parts of a human skull would be exhibited by many of that mob, and learned discussions were to divide them, for many held that its thickness was evidence that a negro was not human. All but a few having supplied themselves, these were content to wait for the ash heap for their mementoes.

Suddenly the flames shot upward and the crackling of dry wood mingled with the roars of the mob. The tongues of flame were reflected in the ripples of the stream while at the open span above a black mass yelled itself hoarse as the heat ascended to their nostrils. The fisherman howled and circled the pyre till he was nearly exhausted, then he returned to his "dug-out" and began his laborious task of sending it against the stream.

* * * * *

I turned to my friend. He was sick and pale with emotion. We walked in silence past the prison and up the street through which the lynchers had come. Suddenly I remembered our controversy.

"There wasn't a red card in that crowd," I said.

He looked at me, grasped my hand, attempted to speak, but could not, and we passed on.

Socialism for Students

BY JOSEPH E. COHEN.

VI. SOCIALISM AND SCIENCE.



MAN is not only the product of social conditions. He is a human being, and traces of the lower animals are still very decided in him. As a human being, albeit he is endowed with considerably more mentality than the other animals, he has tried to explain the physical universe about him with more or less fear, wonder and perplexity. He has, in turn, worshipped the sun, moon, other animals, his own organs and images. He has imagined his god to inhabit everything that grows, the elements, and the vast firmament that transcends his powers of perception. He celebrates by fast or feast such perennial phenomena as the coming of the seasons. He greets sunrise and sunset with prayer and is in the throes of the problem of immortality. And these things exert no little influence in shaping customs, traditions and traits of character; they exert no little influence upon social arrangements.

Progress along this line is made by finding a natural explanation of what was formerly deemed supernatural. Science replaces unfounded faith. Knowledge ousts unwarranted belief.

"Science," say the scientists, "is general knowledge systematized." Science consists of properly arranged facts and theories and laws in regard to what passes about us.

The workingman does something like this at his bench or machine. Thus, before weaving, it is necessary to sort the cotton from the wool, material of one texture from that of another, that of one color from that of different color, and that of expensive dye from that of an inferior grade. In like manner, science takes facts that are generally known, or should be generally known, and sorts them out according to the points of resemblance and distinction.

Science regards nothing as stationary. Everything is in a condition of flow; in the moment that it is one thing, it is becoming something else. "The present is the child of the past, but it is the parent of the future." As is often said, the only thing constant in nature is the law of perpetual change.

This law of perpetual change we see in operation all about us. Mother Earth shrugs her shoulders and mountain ranges rise or fall; she puckers up her lips, and ocean currents swerve around the continents. When she is cramped for room and stretches herself, there is likely to be an earthquake and perhaps tens of thousands of lives are lost and cities are demolished in a twinkling. Volcanoes remain to remind man of the restlessness of nature.

But while everything changes its form, nothing is ever lost. Life and death are companions throughout existence, the crest and trough of the wave of time. One makes way for the other. What perishes fertilizes what is about to be born; the dead, by giving life to the living, becomes the substance of the living. Shakespeare uses this idea in the dialogue:

"Hamlet. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Hamlet. Nothing but to show you how a king may go a process through the guts of a beggar."

To prove that we are related to all about us, Moore declares that over two-thirds of the weight of the human body is made up of oxygen alone, a gas which forms one-fifth of the weight of the air, more than eight-ninths of that of the sea, and forty-seven per cent. of the superficial solids of the earth.

Nothing is constant. Everything changes its form. But that is all it does. Matter may be shifted about, but it cannot be lost. And however much force may be brought into play, it only changes its form. It is not destroyed. So far as we can see, the matter and force we have, have always been and will always be. There was no beginning, and there will be no ending. They are everlasting.

This old earth of ours has been changing for quite awhile. Boelsche thinks it is a million years old. And there is no telling how many millions of times the stuff of which our world is made was the stuff of other worlds or stars. We know our world was not the first or the last created. Fitch declares that it is only a millionth part in bulk of the solar system—our sun, planets and their moons—and we know that the solar system is probably only a millionth part of the dust of the heavens. So that our earth is only a grain in the celestial sandstorm. And the earth was here for the greater part of its million years before the being we call man arrived. Again quoting Moore: "Man is not the end, he is but an incident, of the infinite elaborations of Time and Space."

It may be accepted as a certainty that man was not created as man. He is the outcome of animals lower in the scale, which fact Darwin first called our attention to. Evidence is plentiful on this score. Huxley, in

"Man's Place in Nature," tells us of the ties between man and the man-like apes, man's next of kin. Thus, there is greater difference among men's brains than there is between man and the gorilla. The difference in skull and skeleton between man and the gorilla are of smaller value than that between the gorilla and some other apes. The same is true of the dentition. Man in the embryonical stage is nearer to the ape than the ape is to the dog. Bebel declares that monkeys are the only beings, besides man, in whom the sexual impulse is not fixed to certain periods. The process of the human embryo, from egg to ego, is a panorama of the whole biological scale. Dr. Weisler, in his work on "Embryology," tells us that at the twenty-fifth day the embryo presents a well-developed tail. While maternal influences cease at the second week, up to the fourth week the heart of the human embryo is that which is the permanent condition of fishes. The nails begin in claw-like projections. In the seventh month, the lanugo, or "embryonal down," makes its appearance, covers the surface of practically the whole body, and disappears in the eighth month. This is the relic of the days when what is now man was a hair-covered animal. Fitch gives a list of "rudimentary organs," which were once useful in the animal ancestors of man, but are now rather harmful. Such is the vermiform appendix. Boëlsche declares that the blood of the chimpanzee may be mixed with that of man without harm, which is the severest test, as bloods of different species act as poisons. Boelsche traces man back, step by step, to the very beginning of life, the primordial cell.

All of man's organs and their functions hark back to the remote past. "Life was born blind, just as many animals are to this day, but it was gradually prepared for sight," says Dr. Meyer. Scientists go even further. Francé declares: "The plant possesses everything that distinguishes a living creature—movement, sensation, the most violent reaction against abuse, and most ardent gratitude for favors—if we will but take sufficient time to wait with loving patience for its sweet and gentle answers to our stormy questions." While rooted to the ground, they nevertheless have power, in a measure, to adapt themselves to external agencies. They feel "light-hunger," not unlike the light-hunger in man which Ibsen makes the climax of his great morbid play "Ghosts." Again, more than five hundred varieties of plants devour insects. Plants also have a refined sense of smell, taste and location; there is the beginning of a nervous system, and a tendency toward division of labor, instinct, perception and soul. So Francé concludes: "Even if all our hopes are not realized, we have brought away a mighty knowledge that reaches down into the very depths of all being: the certainty that the life of the plants is one with that of animals, and with that of ourselves."

It is difficult to draw a sharp line between man and the other animals.

Grant Allen, in the "New Hedonism," thinks that what separates man from his fellow creatures is ethics, intellect and the sense of beauty. Yet it is quite certain that many birds find considerable enjoyment in a harmonious color scheme, while savages are little superior to the ingenious animals, such as the ant, in ethics and intellect. Franklin called man the tool-using animal. And while Kautsky declares that "Neither as a thinking nor as a moral being is man essentially different from the animals," he goes on to say that "what, however, alone distinguishes the former is the production of tools, which serve for production, for defence or attack. * * * With the production of the means of production, the animal man begins to become the human man; with that he breaks away from the animal world to found his own empire, an empire with its own kind of development, which is wholly unknown in the rest of nature, and to which nothing similar is to be found there."

Everything changes. Man has evolved out of lower animals, and the plants are likely his distant relatives. Arthur Morrow Lewis sketches the modern theories of evolution in this wise: "Lamarck was the first to present the theory of evolution in a thoroughly scientific manner. Then Darwin discovered the 'great principle which rules the evolution of organisms'; the principle of 'natural selection.' Then Weismann repudiated current ideas as to how the fittest 'arrived,' or 'originated,' and presented in their place a theory of his own, which is still under discussion. De Vries raised the question as to whether new species 'arrive' by a gradual accumulation of tiny changes, or by sudden leaps—mutations—and demonstrated the latter by his experiments with the evening primrose."

Darwin's theory, regarded as epoch-making in science, is: "Natural selection in the survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence." Or, as it is commonly put, nature performs her wonders in organic life through the desire for food and offspring, "hunger and love." It is the special merit of Darwin that his theory was the first satisfactory attempt to interpret the activity of organic beings, and to explain why they change. Dealey and Ward tell us that: "Science is mainly interpretation."

The question of interpretation is a very broad one. It depends upon many things. Thus Darwin acknowledges that he was influenced by the now discredited theory of Malthus that more human beings are born than sustenance can be provided for. Both Darwin and Malthus, in turn, were influenced in their interpretation by such circumstances as the condition of England of their time. So that, today, the Malthusian theory is practically abandoned, while the Darwinian theory has been amplified in many directions. Thus, Kropotkin shows the importance of "mutual aid" in the struggle for existence, repudiating the notion that it is a struggle of one against all.

Herbert Spencer first formulated a theory of evolution that embraced all the fields covered by science. He declares evolution to consist of the "integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion; during which the matter passes from an indefinite incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent heterogeneity; and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation." This is all-inclusive, but gives no idea of the particular laws of development governing one science as against another, astronomy as against geology, or biology as against sociology. And a very serious mistake is made in imagining that the laws governing one science apply equally to another. This is especially true of biology, organic life, and sociology, social life. While man, as an individual, belongs with the other forms of life; man, the social being, has made a departure from the other forms of life along independent lines. In the one case evolution is a spiral that rises back of the lowly worm and sweeps upward in ever widening curves until it embraces the universe; in the other case, it begins in savagery, sweeps upward through barbarism and civilization to enlightenment.

The names of Darwin and Spencer must be bracketed with that of Marx. If science is "mainly interpretation," let it be remembered that the same year Darwin's "Origin of Species" appeared, 1859, Marx, in his "Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy," first fully formulated his theory of historical materialism, and employed it to trace the development of certain theories in economics. And historical materialism not only interprets the intricate phenomena of social evolution, but also accounts for the intellectual superstructure, explaining, for instance, the rise of the Darwinian school. For this reason modern Socialism is called "scientific." It does not detract from the glory of any of these three giants of thought to group them together, as Ferri has done.

Just as the biologist declares that nothing happens by accident, that everything answers to the test of cause and effect, that the manifestation we call "free will" is dependent upon everything else, so the Socialist declares that nothing happens by chance in society, that all is part of a more or less well ascertained process making for better social order. Just as the biologist refuses to ignore the struggle for existence, but declares this to be the most important fact in biology, so the Socialist refuses to overlook the struggle of classes in society, but declares this to be its most important fact. Just as the biologist traces the descent of man, shows how intimately he is related to his next of kin in the animal kingdom, and declares that man is all there is in his ancestors down to the primordial cell, so the Socialist traces the evolution of society, showing that institutions are largely the reflex of material needs, and how one social system makes way for another.

Science, like the Socialist movement, is international. It is no respecter of person or place. Under a certain atmospheric pressure and temperature, vapor condenses into rain. It does so in America; it does so in China. To exploit labor, the means of production must be owned as private property. It is so in America; it is so in China. Because like causes produce like results, when an industrial depression sets in over the world, we know it is not due to the perversity of certain bankers in Wall street, but to international unpaid labor.

So we know that some tremendous force was at work when, for example, the generation that saw the end of the 19th century witnessed the inauguration of the factory system, political disturbances in America and France, new departures in economics, medicine, treatment of the insane, criminology, psychology, philosophy and science. Historical materialism declares that the primary factor was the clash between the rising capitalists, whose right bower science then was, and the feudal aristocracy. Again, in the middle of the century, when the revolutions of 1848 placed the capitalist class completely on the throne, there was an impetus given to science—that brought forth the theory of organic evolution, and that also brought forth the scientists of the working class with the theory of social evolution. And just as Alfred Russell Wallace arrived at the theory of natural selection independently of Darwin, so Engels and, later, Morgan, arrived at the theory of historical materialism independently of Marx—showing that both theories were the ripe fruit of circumstance.

Science and Socialism belong together. Just as, in olden times, potentates slew bearers of evil tidings, so modern scientists and Socialists have been execrated, upon the supposition that there would be no evolution if science did not say so, and there would be no class struggle if Socialists did not direct our attention to it!

For the capitalist class, having reached the zenith of their career, are opposed to further progress, and leave science to shift for herself. So one group of men of science are losing themselves in the maze of "science for the sake of science." Their science is sterile or, as often as not, is apt to be devoted to designing automatic machinery and inventing labor-saving devices, rather than health and life-saving appliances. Their "expert" testimony depends upon how much they receive an hour and who their clients are. But another group acknowledge the consequences of the modern theories and subscribe to the program of Socialism. Theirs is known as "proletarian science." It is founded upon a wider, fuller and completer materialism, for "materialism is," as Untermann says, "the handmaid of revolution, and without it no proletarian movement complies with the historical requirements of its evolution." It is because the proletarians, propertyless workers, "have nothing to lose but their chains,"

that they take hold of the guidon of science and carry it forward to fresh victories.

In proletarian science, evolution and revolution are twin forces. Every period of slow development, evolution, is followed by a complete change, a change of the fundamental principle, or revolution. Revolution paves the way for further evolution. The embryo is part of the mother, growing slowly through the placenta, until the moment of birth, the revolution. The child thenceforward is independent. It may live, even though the mother perish in the act of giving it birth, Applying this theory to past and present society, the Socialist is justified in maintaining that capitalism is evolving to the point where a social revolution will bring forth a new order, Socialism. More than that, development along the same line increases in velocity as it reaches its culmination. Feudalism did not last nearly so many centuries as primitive communism did millenniums. Capitalism is not over five centuries old at most, full-grown it is hardly a century old. Nowadays, new machinery is no sooner installed than it becomes antiquated. The industrial revolution gave capitalism its spade. It began digging its grave when it annexed the Orient.

The theory of evolution "by slow accumulation" is, for that matter, as radical as is the theory of alternate evolution and revolution. Nature fulfills her purpose of corroding mountain ranges and filling the oceans as much by the sputtering spring as by the gushing geyser. To the lone traveler on the road at midnight, when all is wrapped in slumber, who stands, a mere speck, at the center of that infinite sphere of star strewn sky, nature is just as majestic and terrible as when she sends forth a tidal wave that engulfs a city. The unpretentious sailor who remains at his post of duty, while the ship is sinking, and for thirty hours flashes wireless signals of distress, and so saves hundreds of lives, is adding a little to the comradeship of toil and trial that is the harbinger of the better time to come.

The common objections raised in the name of science against Socialism, Ferri readily disposes of. Indeed, most of these objections overlook the fact that Socialism is the only consistent explanation of social evolution. On the other hand, Massart and Vandervelde very satisfactorily compare parasitism in the social world with that in the organic. The slave master, the feudal lord, as well as minor celebrities, such as the pirate and brigand, belong to the past. At the present time we note that the "higher" a class is, the more useless is it. Financial capital domineers over landed property, oil and steel hold the railroads in tow, transportation exacts tribute from agriculture, while the capitalist class, as a class, exploit the workers. The capitalists perform little or no necessary functions: the purpose they serve is largely ornamental. They are parasitic, merely

devourers of the workers' substance, as Lafargue wittily pictures in his "Sale of an Appetite."

The word "parasitism," by the way, was used in sociology before it was in biology. Here we may remark, philology, the science of language, is of considerable aid in the study of the origin of institutions. Lafargue, among Socialists, has made the best contribution in this respect. To cite a few instances: He tells us that the term "capital" dates back only to the 18th century, and that it has no equivalent in the Greek and Latin tongues, showing how absurd it is to speak of the capital of the savage. Likewise, a savage's notion of private property is substantially different from that of a civilized man's. The savage never reveals his name to a stranger; the civilized man has cards printed especially for purposes of introduction to strangers. Again, quoting the Jesuit Charlevoix: "The brotherly sentiments of the redskins are doubtless in part ascribable to the fact that the words 'mine' and 'thine' are all unknown as yet to the savages."

What science teaches us, therefore, is that all life, organic and social, has passed and is passing through a continuous evolution and revolution up to higher forms. We are certain that those who have gone before did not dispose of the riddles of the universe, we are reasonably sure that we know a little more than they did. And we can be positive that we who live today do not know everything—they who come after us will add something to the jot of knowledge we have.

Nature's plea for democracy is exemplified in the formula: "Science is general knowledge systematized." Not what some individual discovers and keeps to himself, but what is commonly known and is an influence in common life, is of scientific value. Further, evolution granted, capitalism will pass away as did feudalism, chattel slavery and primitive communism, And if Socialism is not to succeed it, what social order will?

When the class-society of today has given way to the fraternity of the world's workers, it does not mean that struggle and strife will cease, and that the human family will deteriorate into a "low level" of equals. On the contrary, to be economically free, to rest assured that our material wants are disposed of for all time to come, and so end the conflict for bread, means that our energies and capabilities can then be directed toward intellectual pursuits, and that, consequently, man will describe a new course of development; he will begin the first arc in the spiral of a new intellectual splendor.

Philadelphia, Pa.

A COURSE OF READING.

The following list of works is recommended to the student. They cover the

subject touched upon by the above article, and it is suggested that they be read in the order named.—J. E. C.:

The Triumph of Life. By Wilhelm Boelsche. Cloth, 50c.

The End of the World. By Dr. M. Wilhelm Meyer. Cloth, 50c.

The Making of the World. By Dr. Meyer. Cloth, 50c.

Life and Death. By Dr. E. Teichmann. Cloth, 50c.

The Evolution of Man. By Wilhelm Boelsche. Cloth, 50c.

Germes of Mind in Plants. By R. H. Francé. Cloth, 50c.

The Universal Kinship. By J. Howard Moore. Cloth, \$1.00.

Evolution, Social and Organic. By Arthur M. Lewis. Cloth, 50c.

Parasitism, Organic and Social. By Jean Massart and Emile Vandervelde. Cloth, \$1.00.

Socialism and Modern Science. By Enrico Ferri. Cloth, \$1.00.

Science and Revolution. By Ernest Untermann. Cloth, 50c.

Any of these books sent postpaid on receipt of price by Charles H. Kerr & Company (Co-operative), 153 Kinzie street, Chicago.

PÆAN AND DIRGE

BY ELIOT WHITE

I. THE PÆAN OF THE PROSPEROUS.

Adown the harbor golden-paved with sun on restless, laughing water,
We forge with unthwarted power and haughty assurance toward the
realms of open sea.

The teeming shores shout their bravos, where over clattering wharves
and stalled ocean-craft a thousand flags snap many-hued to the
breeze.

And the huddled Babel-towers far above thrust their minatory summits
against the blue like a craggy outline of the Dolomites.

Our pæan we chant as we thresh the water in gleaming foam from our
propellers like huge bronze swan's feet,

And pour stormy plumes of umber smoke from funnels buff, white or
vermillion in the brilliant sun:

"Behold us who prosper! Behold us who dominate by right, by universal
assent and acclamation!

What discordant voice of envy dare intrude in the chorus of approval
that salutes our stately progress?

Are we not filled with cargoes precious as Solomon's fleet of old con-
veyed from Tarshish, or the Venetian argosies from Egypt and
Barbary?

Do we not carry in safety throngs of men sufficient to people towns,
and do not bands of sinewy toilers strive for permission to feed
our roaring fires?

Behold us, then, elate, superb in aspect, terrible in strength, and bow
ye in acquiescence and eager homage!"

II. THE DIRGE OF THE DERELICTS.

Far from coasts once hailed as home, shattered, rifled and forsaken of
men, we toss on a compassionless ocean.

Our decks once gladdened by the firm tread of men are trampled now by
icy seas, and spurned by complaining gulls,

And our holds, that bore clean wares for comfort of the lands, are defiled
with slime and weed and leech-like living things.

We gather, we gather more and more, on the ocean-paths of this time's
vaunted welfare, and lift all but unheeded yet, our warning dirge:

"Whose fault our woe, let wisdom say—all helpless drift we now with
rudder of discernment lost, and sails of bright desire long decayed.

Not foes in marshalled ranks challenge your brave merchantmen and
ferrying leviathans, but lax, broken ruins without lamp or guide.

Futile your strict policing of the traveled ways, and bludgeoning our
hulks with savage dynamite—

Our wastrel cohorts choking every ocean avenue must wreck your pros-
perous fleets with all their gear and pride,

Except ye strew the deep no longer with our piteous kind—except ye
breed no outcast in a world of love!"

Worcester, Massachusetts.



The Proletarian Attitude

BY LOUIS DUCHEZ.



DOUBT if ever there was a clearer case where one writer misunderstood the other (both of them claiming to be members of the same class and political party) than that of Comrade Thompson in his reply to Tom Sladden's article, "The Revolutionist," which appeared in the December issue of the REVIEW. Thompson spreads himself over ten pages to upset Sladden, yet at the close of the conflict leaving his opponent untouched and smiling.

To Comrade Thompson, Sladden's article is "a most astonishing utterance," "ridiculous" and "absurd." Indeed, it is—to his type of mind. The case before us is interesting as a study in socialist psychology, at least. But there is more than that to it! Right here is involved two attitudes of mind, which, from now on, are going to battle for supremacy in the Socialist movement. I refer, on the one hand, to the attitude of the bourgeois intellectual (?) who is in the movement by adoption, and on the other to the proletarian who has no other place to go.

As Sladden intimates, there is at present in the socialist movement "a spirit, which in all sections of the country seems to be manifest, to conceal, somewhere in the background, what should be the foundation of any socialist movement, the class struggle." Like the Theosophist's heaven the class struggle is becoming more an attitude of mind than a fact of life. With very few exceptions the socialist press and platform is dominated by this spirit. A few years ago the capitalist newspapers and magazines vied with each other in exposing the rottenness of our industrial and social life. Today they are mum. They have closed like a clam. Of course, they realized they were on dangerous ground. But the socialist press—urged by the popular clamor for reform and the encouragement of the increasing inflow of middle class "respectables" into the movement—has taken up the howl. Our press, in order to secure circulation and popularity, is concealing, unconsciously, I believe, that and that alone which will impel us to steer clear of the rocks of reaction—the class struggle.

The Socialist Party, its press and platform, is today dominated by so-called intellectuals who have cast their lot with us by adoption, and they have brought with them soured bourgeois ideals which they hope that the revolutionary proletariat will realize for them. We like to say that the Socialist Party is not a one man party, that it is run by the workers

themselves, etc. But the facts upset that belief. The socialist press and platform today do not represent the interests of the revolutionary proletariat, strictly speaking. They represent the ideals of a radical bourgeois element, out of harmony with the established order of things. They are heading for the rocks of reaction.

I am a coal miner. My entire life has been a hard, cruel struggle, not for autos, steam yachts, vacation trips and the luxuries of life, but for a mere animal existence. I am engaged in a hard fight for food, clothing and shelter for myself and mine. What do I care if Lincoln was a revolutionist and said that labor was superior to capital? What to me are the sacrifices that have been made in the past for human freedom? A. M. Lewis says in his book, "Vital Problems in Social Evolution": "A Socialist may well pause and ask, which is the greater part: to be born in a cooperative commonwealth, where human liberty is an accomplished fact, or to be alive today when true men and women join hand with hand and brain with brain, and fight unflinchingly the cause of generations yet unborn?" This kind of talk is all right to perpetrate upon certain strata of the socialist movement, that are assured of next week's meal, but to me, slave, worse than a chattel slave, it is an insult and a taunt. And the great mass of my fellow toilers like myself as yet are interested in but one thing, the struggle for the absolute necessities of life. We have no religion, we have no patriotism, and the love of humanity extends only to those of our kin whose burdens we must help to bear. What do we care for "The Spiritual Significance of Socialism," "the deadening influence of capitalism upon education and intellectual development," "the burdens of tradition upon art and literature," or "the contributions of Ibsen, Shaw and Whitman to sexual freedom"? Our proletarian minds do not live and move in those higher (?) realms of thought. Our wives and daughters are not dreaming of social and sexual freedom. They, like ourselves, in this period of the world's history, are concerned only in the struggle for bread and calico and a shelter from the storms. We have learned what some of the intellectuals have yet to learn, and that is that when our stomachs were full, our backs covered and our fires burning, our domestic grievances faded away and we felt happy.

O yes, there are moments when my mind climbs above these "sordid" things of life. If on Saturday night after a hard week's work I am able to buy Willie a pair of shoes and Nellie a new gingham dress and a piece of roast for the family and a cigar for myself and can see the wife and children smile as we gather around the fireside in the little shack we call "our home," then I often think of "higher things." Then the words of the great Marx appeal to me and I get a vision of the society of the "generations yet unborn." During those rare moments a panorama of a new

civilization passes before my mind's eye. Then I can see a society free from want, free from the ignorant traditions of the past, and a universe of brothers and comrades where the welfare of all is the welfare of each. But Monday morning comes. The vision has vanished. Like a wild animal I must crawl down into a hole in the earth, away from the sunshine and fresh air, and sweat and struggle in semi-darkness that I and mine may be able to answer the landlord and the grocer at the end of the week. And this all in a world where storehouses are bursting and wealth everywhere—wealth that I and my comrades have produced. No, the class struggle is a real thing. Too long has it been concealed and covered up. It cannot be emphasized too forcibly if the great proletarian mass is expected to act. Deplorable as it may seem to some of our "intellectual" comrades, the burden of the social revolution must rest on the shoulders of "the men who think through their stomachs." The "other factors" could very profitably be left sleeping in this period of the world's history.

It is true that the leading socialists up to the present time have had "the advantages (?) of an education in capitalist schools." It is true also that this same type is editing our papers and are our "leading speakers." And here lies the danger. They have played a noble part in the past. With all the disadvantages of the "educational advantages" of capitalist schools they wrote us books on economics while we slaved and supported them. We thank them for all this. But we cannot any longer trust them as our guides. Their ideals are not "stomach ideals"—ours are. They can steal over into the capitalist camp at any time—we can't. They can retire from the firing line—we can't. As Sladden says, they can back up, but we can't, for we have no place to back to. As an example look up some of our comrades (?) who are prominent as writers and speakers. Around election time they talk to the workingmen every night, and get paid for it, too, then they leave the work of the locals to those who are distinctly proletarians. The truth is that with the years of education in capitalist schools and the bourgeois environment that goes with it, they cannot grasp the distinctly proletarian attitude toward life. The socialist movement to them is a luxury. Through it they see a chance for the realization of some of their "radical" ideals; through it we see the assurance of a job and more of what we produce. We do not blame them—we rather thank them for what they have done—yet we cannot trust them. We realize that there are psychological forces outside of our own working for our emancipation—and their place is with them—but the one all absorbing thing that must occupy our minds is the overthrow of capitalism. In this tremendous period of the world's history we cannot allow "other factors" or "other ideals" in control of the proletarian army other than the

“stomach ideal,” and the registered impressions in the brain cells of one who has spent years in capitalist schools and in that environment produces a different attitude toward life than that of a proletarian whose life from childhood has been a struggle for an animal existence.

But where is the intellect for this proletarian movement to come from if these intellectuals from the bourgeois class are not to lead? We answer, from the proletarians themselves. Comrade Thompson thinks it won't. He thinks it will come from the aristocrat mechanics, the farmers, the professional classes and the college man. We should appeal, he says, to all classes who may be susceptible. Above all things he holds that the “unskilled, unrecognized wageworker, who, as yet, has no labor organization and no political expression,” as Sladden puts it, will lie in his misery and die there if not pulled out of it by those higher up in social life.

In the first place, 90 per cent. of all this talk about “the degenerating influence of capitalism upon the proletarian mind” is rot. It is true that in the worst parts of our large cities the workers are crushed physically and mentally until they are incapable of realizing their misery or thinking intelligently, but the great mass do think and feel and are sound in their conceptions of life, so far as they have gone. Compare the average proletarian, physically or mentally, with the average bourgeois that you meet, and you will find the former stronger physically and clearer mentally. He may not be able to talk glibly of patriotism and “Christian civilization,” and “eternal justice” and of “our great country,” yet his knowledge of life so far as he has gone is in line with fact. He is not in the clouds. His life experience has given him a ground work for a ready acceptance of modern science. For instance, he—the industrial proletarian at least—is not troubled with religious or metaphysical speculation. His contact with machinery, made by man and operated by man day after day before his eyes, teaches him unconsciously cause and effect. If he or his fellow workers are injured by this machinery he learns it was not punishment sent by some outside supreme power but due to some failing within himself or the machine. In economics, too, he is on solid ground. Economic Determinism is taught him week in and week out. He knows that his feeling toward himself, to his family and to society is determined, generally, by his economic condition, whether he realizes it or not. He is not puzzled over the theory of surplus value as college professors and “intellectuals” are. It is impressed upon him every time he sees his employer buy a new auto or take a trip to Europe while he is turning out the dividends at home, or when he inquires for a job and finds he is not needed because he has produced too much. And the class struggle, none know it better than he does. Every day of his life it is impressed upon him. He

doesn't doubt it. He knows that he is being robbed by those higher up and he knows they are his enemies.

Of course he is not familiar (the great mass of proletarians I mean) with the theories of Karl Marx regarding his condition and the way out but he is becoming so with remarkable rapidity. The thousands of volumes issued by Charles H. Kerr and Company upon "dry" economic subjects are not going to the intellectuals but to proletarians in practice as well as in party membership. Among the more vigorous of these proletarians, who have nothing to lose but their chains, there is developing a group of men whose grip upon the facts of life is more fundamental, more sound, more scientific than that of any group of men in all history. The hard, cruel experience of their every day lives has compelled them to keep their feet upon the ground and stick to the world right here and now. For this reason they do not flounder around in the bourgeois bog of scholasticism, but leap over it all, grasping the situation as it is. As yet this new type in the socialist movement has not exerted his power extensively. He has attended no schools of rhetoric and oratory as his intellectual comrades have. He has not yet invaded our press and platform. He is handicapped by the eloquence and flowery editorials of his intellectual comrades. He is now waiting, ready to spring to the lead of the proletarian army. When he does this we will march straight to our goal and the enemy will tremble.

Today two-thirds of the space in our socialist papers and the talk on our platforms is given to exposing corruptions of our industrial and social life and to answering bourgeois objections to socialism. Now all this gush does not interest the proletarian. He's not wondering whether socialism will kill incentive, break up the family, destroy religion, etc. Now why is all this rot thrown out from the movement? Simply this. Our writers and principal speakers today are for the most part made up of intellectuals (?) from the bourgeois class, and they are appealing to the type of mind from which they sprung, and answering the objections which they themselves raised before coming into the movement.

There is no wonder that the great mass of proletarians are dead to our socialist propaganda. When proletarian thinkers get the reins of the socialist movement, its press and platform (and they will before long), the great army will move straight forward. It will not waste its energy in answering bourgeois objections to socialism, exposing capitalist grafters or fighting for social and sexual freedom for women. It will then be absorbed in but one thing: the education of the workers to class-consciousness and solidarity.

Until a strictly proletarian attitude guides the movement we will continue to waste our energy. Moreover, until that time comes we will be

in danger—in the hands of reaction. The proletarian must emancipate himself if he is ever to be emancipated, and the leadership must come from proletarian brains. The proletarian attitude is the social or world attitude in embryo—but that does not concern us just now.

Saginaw, Mich.

IN THE HOLY NAME OF TRADE.

BY COVINGTON HALL.

Can ye tell me, O ye workers, why the money-demon gloats,
 Why the rulers never stop ye when ye tear each others' throats?
 Can ye tell me, O ye toilers, why the young are stooped and old,
 Why so many work a-hungred when the land is filled with gold?
 "Yea! For profit, profit, profit, all these broken hearts are made—
 In the holy name of trade!

In the holy name of trade!"

Can ye tell me, lords of commerce, when machines should on them wait,
 Why the burden bears the hardest on the weakest in the State?
 Can ye tell me, O my masters, why invention's mighty breath
 Only fills the sail that hastens with the children on to death?
 "Yea! For profit, profit, profit, all these broken hearts are made—
 In the holy name of trade!

In the holy name of trade!"

Can ye tell me, laureled statesmen, why around so many hearths
 Broods a shadow and a terror that is not our mother earth's?
 Can ye tell me, O ye teachers, why, with all the wealth we find,
 Why the race in sorrow's mothered and the love-sight's gone blind?
 "Yea! For profit, profit, profit, all these broken hearts are made—
 In the holy name of trade!

In the holy name of trade!"

The Educated Classes

BY A TRAVELING MAN.



THE word education is one of a number of overworked words. It is frequently and erroneously used simply in the sense of schooling.

A man or woman is called educated because at some time in their lives they have attended a High School or College. To illustrate, take this quite common question: "What is to be done with an entirely illiterate Italian, Russian, or other body of laborers, such as work in the mines, factories, or on the railroads?" Some man a little more fortunate so far as a knowledge of letters and numbers is concerned, but not a bit more advanced in having been taught to think for himself, will answer quickly, "Educate the brutes." He means school these men.

In order to see whether this mere schooling, as conducted in the schools today, will result in educating him in government so as to place him among the intelligent citizens, it will be well to examine a few cases.

THE LAWYER.

The lawyers have been called the intellectual aristocracy of our country. It would appear in many ways that they are entitled to this title, but for other reasons than those commonly accepted; for aristocracy, intellectual as well as the kingly and society brands, has its undesirable side as well as its desirable side.

The lawyers are in the majority in nearly every state and national legislative body. The judicial positions are, of course, held by lawyers and the executive departments invariably have a larger per cent of lawyers than of any other one profession or class. Placing lawyers in entire control of all higher departments of government is so common that no one gives it a second thought.

One of the prolific sources of litigation in the United States is the personal-injury cases that are brought by employees against their employers. Statute and judge-made law (common law) is such in many states that the doctrines called by various names of fellow servants, comparative negligence, contributory negligence and assumed risk make it almost impossible to secure a judgment that will stand in the upper court.

Do the lawyers (educated class) in control, wishing a change to help their own business, do anything for themselves? They do if some union or combinations of unions (uneducated class) stand

back of them with a club big enough to scare them to action. If the fear of the club wielded by the people is great enough to overcome their disposition to worship at the shrine of present power, the shrine of precedent, some action may, under protest, be made. The credit for action, it is unnecessary to state, belongs to the uneducated (?) public that forces them to action.

In every state you find the bar a unit on some change it desires. I do not mean something that is questionable, but a measure that the bar is united on; it may be a change in their practice act; it may be a change in a complicated, inefficient mechanics' lien law; a change in the commercial paper act, or a new arrangement of courts to bring their docket to date. All, in the lawyers' hands, will drag year after year, but should The National Bankers' Association request and push vigorously the passage of "The Uniform Negotiability Act" it will likely pass. Should the lumbermen unite and desire a change in the mechanics' lien law it takes place. It would seem that mere education without a club behind it is useless.

To explain why the lawyers, in charge, do not pass laws especially desired by the legal profession and sure of approval by the general public might apparently seem difficult, for the world over, men and even animals, have intelligence enough to take care of their own class interests. Why do not the lawyers help their own business? The reasons are many but one is sufficient. The legal fraternity may be spoken of as a class but in reality the powers within the legal class are so closely associated with the capitalists, maintaining property rights, that they often become merely a flunky division of the capitalistic class. When this is understood by the proletariat the absurd practice of handing the lawyers the reins of government will be a thing of the past.

THE CLERGY.

Next to the lawyers and government, consider the clergy and the government.

The clergy are educated, Yes. As a class you will find them honest, find them striving to the best of their judgment for the betterment of mankind. But the position of many today can be stated in a few words. It is simply to hold with the party in power, at times striving for power themselves. This is their historical position. As a class the clergy hold with the party in power, no matter if they have to change their views over night.

It is necessary to state that ministers are occasionally found in an advancing position, but as a class they are worse than zero, so far as their relation to government is concerned. They not only do not advance but retard every revolution.

I have not been asked to advise the clergy in this, or any other dis-

trict, but volunteer the following: Fight for a basic principle, or any kind of a principle. Do not attack the individual. Teach the voters principles and the individual phase will take care of itself. Go at the causes that make for discontent and ungodliness. Look around and see if property is divided in proportion to the work done, and the wealth created by labor.

Instead of attacking the individual representative of class privilege you may find yourself attacking class privilege as a whole. You will then be able to furnish better reasons and furnishing better reasons, may have better results.

THE PHYSICIAN.

The doctor and the dentist have a cleaner slate. They take small part in the government, but as a class they practically never obstruct. They have aided, many times, in getting the necessary laws for sanitation, health, insane patients, school children's teeth, etc. This is not, however, to be attributed to education alone and in no case do they more than aid. They recommend things of a public nature, close to their calling, that they discover are necessary. There is no opposition, there is no chance to get boodle out of them. A wily legislature has its ear to the ground. It listens and finds the public believe and as it is necessary to do something and there are no objections they take the road of easiest resistance and pass the bills requested. They then have something to point to with pride on return to their constituents.

Some day in the future other legislation will be as easy as this. It will be when there are no interests to dictate for private gain.

TRAVELING MEN.

In considering various educated classes and their share in the government, it might be well to mention the traveling man. Not that they are classed with the learned professions so far as education is concerned, but they are the active agents of the business world and cannot be overlooked. They are educated in the sense that travel and contact with men is an education. They are nearly or quite equal in numbers to the lawyers—perhaps greater in number. No class outside the writer, journalist, newspaper men, have a more favorable opportunity to make public opinion. If these travelers have ever done a thing worthy of note it has escaped me. They would rate with the clergy in uselessness so far as government is concerned. They have one advantage, however, over the clergy, they do not as a general rule actively obstruct progress.

To understand the traveling man you would need look at his training, his environments. Our traveler up to coming on the road has lived in very ordinary circumstances; no servants. Now he finds a bell boy hopping at his command, a porter taking his orders, a clerk trying to please, a negro or a white girl to serve him at every turn as he eats.

a 'bus man to meet the train, to carry his grip and see that he comes to the hotel in the right hack. He finds himself many times not only allowed but compelled to vary prices, pass on credits, and take the line away from certain customers.

The sudden acquisition of power is more than likely to turn the head; add to this a possible chance in many ways of aping the rich, and you have the poorest possible environments for making a first-class citizen. The traveler is kept busy with his work. It has nothing to do with government. He is likely to hear from his employer bitter criticisms of the workers and their unions. His sympathy seems turned at an early date. The employer and the dealer both have a dread of strikes. It means to them less profit, less money to buy goods. The traveler must sympathize with the tradesman. He does not mix with the working man and finds that a strike to the worker is a more dreadful thing than it is to the employer. If the traveler does sympathize with the worker, in the case closest at hand, it rarely leads him to study the basic causes of the contentions, the underlying causes that made them re-occur.

The traveling man is, in order to satisfy all trade, usually a political nonentity; if not this, he takes the position of his employer and in either case becomes a negative quantity or an obstructionist.

TEACHERS.

The educators as a class have perhaps the most important field in the government. They are sadly hampered by the limitations placed upon themselves. The educator is the counsel called in by the common people in the hour of peril.

The one defect of the educator seems to be an inability to swing a "big stick." I said swing, not seemingly swing. Time and time again the educator points out the necessity for revolution but here he quits. He does not act and rarely kindles the divine fire of action in his pupils' hearts. His position can be made plain with an illustration. Take the case of a property owner who finds huge icicles hanging from the eaves of his building. The eaves extend out over a public walk. The owner knows the icicles are dangerous to the passers-by and should be removed, but the chances are he depends on a kindly sun dropping at an opportune time these huge sharp points. Should a piece of ice fall on a fellow being, the sufferer would have the property owner's sympathy and likely material help as well.

The professor looks at the icicles. He may possibly, if they have existed for years and are a matter of common knowledge, point them out to his pupils. The professor may even, if an advanced thinker, point to new icicles forming. Some so small as not to be discernible to the ordinary cultivated eye. He may even suggest the shape they will take and the time they will be forming. The icicles pointed to may interfere

with a much-needed tax reform, a political party pro rata representation in legislative bodies, a change in the use of the political franchise, or a child labor law that will stop the sapping of the vitality of the race to be. The chances are very much in favor of the professor ending his task after pointing at icicles. He is to be partially excused, as he can go no further without the people.

If the owner of the building finds public opinion so strong against him for allowing a dangerous nuisance to exist, that the public will compel him to remove the nuisance, he acts. The motive power for his action was the irate pedestrian, the public on whose heads the icicles had fallen.

The motive power for political action comes not from the educator, or educated class, but from the laborer who is suffering from the icicles that have fallen on his head. Sometimes a mere icicle like being underpaid and overworked will stimulate the injured party. Again he needs to view his children suffering for food or medicines, sometimes suffering from limitation of opportunity; limitations due to environments that he cannot change; lack of work, dire want and a pride that refuses charity. All these ways help him, the uneducated man, to go out and remove icicles. Sometimes if the icicles are left too long the laborer, the uneducated, the sufferer and revolutionist removes them and takes the roof off at the same time.

JOURNALISTS.

One large and important class has not as yet been considered—the authors, journalists and newspaper men. They have, like others, to earn their living. They are hired to supply news for a daily paper or to write editorials for a republican, democratic or independent paper.

The paper owners desire control to secure legislation that will bring to them returns through new laws, grants and franchises; or, they desire judges that can be relied upon to kick the life out of any existing law that may become objectionable to themselves and associates.

The hired man, wage slave on the job, is the scribe and he does just what he is told—as other wage slaves do. He is educated to do this and if he believes in it all the better for him. There are many cases of Democrats being hired to write Republican editorials and vice versa. This is as it should be, for they are the same thing; still, it goes to show you that Sambo Scribe makes the kind of noise he is hired to make. The Republican whistles the tune with all the notes high notes. The Democrat has all low notes, but they both whistle the same tune: Hi-le, Hi-lo! Cap-i-tal, Cap-i-tal!

No one that has wandered even a short distance away from his own back door now believes a newspaper, and yet, when it suits his particular views, he will read it as the truth of truths. These views have

been mostly formed for him by others who themselves have been interested in forming them.

We have in a recent case a parade of thirty-five thousand people and that day every writer on certain news (?) papers was deaf, dumb and blind. This fact does not stop the general reader eagerly devouring as truths the news (?) printed by these sheets.

Another writer for another daily temporarily and conveniently got alum on his mind, or conscience, perhaps both; then was able to tell the reader that "six thousand people in a meeting at the Seventh Regiment Armory were somewhat disorderly and several were injured in the crowding." That in a hall that the reader knows will seat fifteen thousand and hold many more standing. The reader knows this is false, but the next day after election, when the same papers tell him the Socialists lost, are now down and out, he believes it. He is a good Republican. It is a pleasure to him to believe this. Up to date, the average individual has contented himself by believing what pleases him.

The time finally arrives when the sheet strikes an all but humorous key. It tells him money is now in circulation—plenty of work and prosperity for everyone. He tramps and wants and finally thinks. When he starts thinking he is lost—lost to the lines of capital. He is ordinarily safe and easy to handle, even half starved, but when he starts to think, he is lost.

If you, dear reader, labor under the impression that the big daily and the associated press, from which the smaller papers secure their news, are fired by the saying of Wendell Phillips: "If a truth will not bear investigation, let it crack," you are laboring under a sad delusion.

The magazines are a decided improvement. Many of them have articles from time to time that are full of truths vigorously stated and likely to start the reader thinking.

Reader, I shall have wasted good paper if I do not carry to you one truth. The truth that I want you to grasp is you must help yourself; to help yourself, you must think for yourself. This may require an effort at first, but will gradually become easier. Do not let an educated (?) class, so called, think for you. The educated classes are hired by others, the capitalistic class, and teach you the things they want you to believe. Start thinking of the hard-knock icicles that fall on your own and others' heads.

Thinking, you will send representatives of your own class to make laws that will forever obliterate class. Thinking, you will find the man that today works without pay, without glory and with no immediate prospect of office, is worth at least a careful hearing.

Has the man given time and study to social problems? Can he

answer all questions, or does he refer you to God for your answers, to difficult ones? Is the man working for you? You can answer this last question easily by putting another to yourself. If he is working solely for himself, would he not be better off in some other party?

Work together, but think for yourselves. If you think for yourselves, you will vote together, for you already know that your working interests are the same as those of your fellow workman. Remember you will receive only as much gruel from your masters and their handmaids, the educated (?) classes, as they are compelled to give you.

The man that refuses to think hinders not only himself but others. Don't hinder—help. "Labor for others," but look to yourselves, the working class, for "God helps him who helps himself."

S. G. GREENWOOD.

Under class civilization all literature as well as science may be called toy work; it does not make for human progress directly but only incidentally. The sciences and inventions are exploited by corporations primarily for profit, and all new discoveries merely broaden the field of exploitation and give rise to larger corporations. The toy literature and arts merely serve for the diversion of the same class; they affect the upper surface of society only and do not rise to the dignity of really human productions, because they are not participated in by humanity, nor is it intended that they should be.—Marcus Hitch in Goethe's Faust.



Do We Need a "Labor Party"? Last month the *Review* published articles by Victor Grayson, Socialist Member of Parliament, and by William English Walling of New York, who has long been in sympathy with the socialist movement though not a party member. This month we publish a reply to these articles by Robert Hunter, newly-elected member of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party of America. We also publish a brief statement by H. Quelch of the Social Democratic Party of England, which sums up the outcome of the whole controversy so admirably that a very few words of editorial comment will suffice to close the discussion for the present. Whether the Labor Party of England is a benefit to the revolutionary movement of the world is a question which most concerns English socialists and may safely be left to them. But whether the Socialist Party of America should encourage the formation of a Labor Party here, and become a part of it, is a vital question to us. To this question the *Review's* answer is an emphatic NO. For the American trade unions today are as yet conservative rather than revolutionary. They are too much concerned with holding what little advantages skilled laborers still have over unskilled laborers, to realize that the important thing for the working class is to get control of the machinery of production and keep the full value of what they produce.

So long as the unions take this position, an alliance with them would be a denial of the revolutionary aims of the Socialist Party. It would be suicidal. It would show that we as a party deserved to die. It would put us on the scrap-heap, to be replaced by some new revolutionary party, made up of men with clearer heads and stiffer backbones. What we need to do for the present is, so far as we are able, to make intelligent revolutionists out of our own members and all other working people, organized or unorganized, whom we can reach. If the result depended mainly on our propaganda, we might indeed despair. But the whole evolving process of capitalist production is working on our side.

The Rebate Decision. Rebates are against the law. If you give or take one thousand dollars' worth of rebates, you may be fined

twenty thousand dollars. If you give or take a million dollars' worth of rebates, you may also be fined twenty thousand dollars. Justice is blind, she exacts the same penalty relentlessly from all offenders, large or small. This latest decision of the United States courts moves reformers to tears, socialists to smiles. It is one more illustration of a social law we are beginning to understand, namely, that whoever controls the means of production in a society must and will control the government of that society. It is not the bad laws, or unjust judges, that make possible the rule of the trusts; it is the trusts, born out of the evolving mode of production, that make the laws and the judges. This open avowal by the courts that the law can not bind the trusts is merely a sign that capitalism in the United States has developed so far that the trust magnate can come out into the open and laugh at the attempts of the little capitalists to hamper him. Raymond in the Chicago Tribune, commenting on this court decision, predicts that "big shippers will once more coerce the railroad corporations into granting them concessions, and the result will be that the little fellows will be driven to the wall. They will stay in that position until congress gives them relief, because under the present ruling of the court a way has been opened for indiscriminate rebating which the government cannot possibly prevent." We with "nothing to lose but our chains, and a world to win," can await the action of congress without uneasiness. It may attempt to play another act in the "trust-busting" farce, but this now seems unlikely, the farce is about played out. It will probably do nothing; in that case the trusts will grow faster than ever, the little capitalists and their politicians will drop by the wayside, and the field will be cleared for the coming struggle between workers and owners.

Trade Schools and Wages. The Exponent, Mr. Van Cleave's monthly, asks on what grounds we base our assertion in the February Review that trades schools will lower wages by placing skilled and unskilled labor on the same basis. It follows up its question with an argument on the increased productivity of skilled labor, from which it appears that the editor thinks or pretends to think that the wages of a laborer rise or fall in proportion to the value of his product. But they don't. They rise and fall in proportion to the cost of producing the laborer, feeding, clothing and educating him. The last item accounts for the existing difference between the wages of skilled and unskilled laborers. If several years of special training are required to fit a young man for a given trade, there must be some inducement to him in the way of extra wages, otherwise he would instead of taking the training go to work at once in some trade more easily learned. But

if the training of a skilled mechanic is to be made part of the school training of every boy, machinists will be as cheaply produced and plentiful as bill clerks, and their wages will come down in proportion. For the rest, the Exponent is greatly mistaken in thinking that we intended to charge the capitalists with improper motives. It is populists, not socialists, who talk of the Conspiracies of Capital. Socialists think that capitalists and proletarians alike are made of one common clay and act as circumstances forces them to act. The Exponent is doing a good thing in advocating technical schools; they will prove far more beneficial to the working class than the editor seems to realize. When all labor is skilled, industrial democracy will not be far off.

Stick to the Main Issue. The whole question of "immediate demands" and municipal programs turns on what we as socialists really want to accomplish at each campaign. Do we want as many political offices as possible for our members? Or do we want to carry on such propaganda and educational work as will make clear-headed revolutionists out of the working people who are now indifferent? Just how best to get the offices is a debatable question, but those who have pursued them most successfully have often laid great stress on the "dishonesty" of Republican and Democratic politicians and promised an honest and economical administration. Such a campaign may momentarily catch the votes of taxpayers whose small capital is being taken from them by "corrupt" office-holders and "lawless" corporations. But let a socialist administration be elected by such votes, and let it start any radical action in the interest of the wage-workers, as for example appropriating money from the city treasury in aid of strikers or refusing police protection to strike-breakers, and how many of these votes would it hold when election day came around again? Meanwhile, the propaganda against "graft" has no interest for the men whom we must really count on when the final struggle comes. It makes very little difference to the wage-worker whether taxes are low or high. In fact, he is likely to be better off if the city administration is wasteful than if it is economical, for jobs are not so scarce. Tammany Hall in New York and the Busse machine in Chicago are kept in power by wage-workers who see that their immediate interests are better served by the "immoral" politicians allied with big business interests than by the "moral" reformers who would cut off wasteful expenditures. What we need to emphasize in our propaganda, first, last and all the time is that the laborer using modern machinery gets back as wages only a small part of the value he produces. We need then to show him that by uniting with his fellow workers, organized industrially and politically, he can get all he produces. When he sees

that, he will care very little whether the wealth he has produced is "stolen" from one set of grafters by another set of grafters or not. What he will want is to keep it himself. If ten million American workmen saw these things clearly, capitalism would not last long. The capitalists themselves, each eager for all he can grab today and tomorrow, are furnishing plenty of object lessons to help our propaganda along. So let us stick to the main issue, and results will come.

Work Day Sunset Chant

BY CHARLOTTE PORTER.

Gray-blue swims the air in the sky's upper height,
 Grey-blue flows the sea-dreaming river,
 Dull red glow the lights ere their hour to shine bright
 Athwart the blue stream where they quiver.

The arm of the Working-Day strikes his last stroke,
 His forge-embers glimmer to Westward;
 The swart wolf-throat factories belch their last smoke,
 The trolley-kites screech their prey restward.

All day wolves and kites of Life's drudgers took toll;
 They miss now a maintage far better,—
 The skill of the Worker earns pay in his Soul—
 The purpose to smite off Toil's fetter.
 And mixed with black forge-smoke pugged pure, spiring high,

His sigh for free joy in work soars to God's sky,—
 Lo, there! where the blue glows intenser,
 It breathes out that prayer in God's censer.



ENGLAND. Socialism and Laborism once more. As was to be expected discussion of the Portsmouth conference fills a large place in all the English papers. Confusion, absolute bewilderment, is what one carries away from a first reading of the contradictory reports and opinions. In the first place comes the *London Daily News*, e. g. and says: "We do not know whether Labor has had the more influence on Liberalism or Liberalism on Labor. But the substantial identity of aim and even of spirit between them makes it easy to contemplate a harmonious co-operation between them." This conclusion is based on the moderation exhibited at the conference; the majority opposed the imposition of a tariff, favored an advance of the school age and did not demand state maintenance of children. Justice agrees with the conclusions of the *Daily News*—and so writes of "The Passing of the Labor Party."

But there is another side to the shield. Though the Labor Party executive had its way in the conference, its representatives are said to have admitted privately that much of the adverse criticism was justified. This applied especially to criticism of the parliamentary group. No matter how the majority voted, the party leaders were touched to the quick—probably by fear—and good results are already apparent. The stand taken by the labor group in the recent discussion of the unemployed problem has for the first time sent shivers up the spinal cord of Tory and Liberal editors. The *Daily Chronicle* concludes its wail with the words, "The

Labor Party is becoming more socialistic, and as it advances in that direction it draws further and further away from the Government."

What is the truth that lies at the basis of the opposite conclusions of the *News and Chronicle*? There is no doubt of the fact that the Labor group had become meek as lambs; and no one can deny that its formal victory at Portsmouth was complete. But some things seem to have happened at Portsmouth which do not appear in the reports of the ballotings. At least the weeks since the conference have witnessed a notable increase in the class-consciousness of the Labor M. P.'s. Keir Hardie, talking on the floor of the House, got up the nerve to say: "One thing we can assure the House, that unless something be done this party will take action both in the House and in the country which it has never hitherto taken. We shall not accept this position without such a campaign in the country as will make the Government sorry for its great betrayal of these poor, starving people. It is shocking to see the way the misery of the people can be played with for party purposes." Labor members Barnes and O'Grady spoke to similar purpose.

It seems probable that this impoliteness is not the result of a personal change of heart. Much more probable is the supposition that these gentlemen have heard something—at Portsmouth or elsewhere. As the present Government becomes more and more shaky they are doubtless beginning to think of a possible election, and the discontent among their constituents has penetrated to

them at last. If this is the true explanation of recent developments it would seem to show that the Labor movement is sound at heart. If it has been misrepresented in Parliament, that is what the proletariat long ago became accustomed to.

AUSTRALIA. Miners on Strike. The trouble long brewing in the mines at Broken Hill has finally resulted in a bitter conflict. The new year was ushered in with a lock-out affecting 8,000 men. The Broken Hill Proprietary Mining Company announced a reduction of wages from 8s. 7½d. per day to 7s. 6d. The men refused to agree, and the lock-out followed. Tom Mann was already in charge of affairs and under his leadership the fight has been very effectively conducted. The company set a day for reopening the mines, but the picketing has been so good that so far not a strike-breaker has gone to work.

The mining properties have been fortified and the whole region has taken on the aspect of war. The local police force seemed inadequate, so the federal government was appealed to. And the response to this appeal has taught Australian laborers a lesson. It will be remembered that some time ago a Laborite statesman became premier. This fact was hailed even in some socialist papers as a victory for labor. Now comes the sequel. At the order of the Laborite Prime Minister national troops were hurried to the scene of the strike, and there they are now, some five hundred of them.

The military power stops at nothing. On Saturday, January 9, a detachment of unionists was marching to take its turn at picket duty. Without warning it was attacked by a squadron of police and twenty-six, Tom Mann among the number, were carried to jail. They were soon released on bail, but then the object of the attack became evident. Comrade Mann was set at liberty only on condition that he refrain from making public addresses. The raid was for the sake

of preventing freedom of speech. At last report the fight was still on.

GERMANY. Party Organization. At the last annual convention of the Social Democrats a committee was appointed to revise the party constitution. This committee has just published the results of its labors. The only important changes suggested are in the direction of increased recognition of women. If the revised constitution is accepted all local organizations including women in their membership will be required to elect at least one woman to the executive committee. More than this, the women are to be represented on the national executive committee. This will mean more than a similar provision here in America, for in Germany the powers of the executive committee are very considerable. The evident intent of the new departure is to increase the enthusiasm for propaganda among the women workers. It has been provided that all women comrades are to receive free subscriptions to *Gleichheit*, the weekly paper devoted to their interests; and the women elected to office will be expected to devote their energies especially to work among the members of their own sex.

Unemployment. Berlin is repeating the experience of London. There, it will be remembered, though the unemployed swarm through the streets and open places, the government stands ready to prove that conditions of labor are really not at all bad. There may be a few out-of-works, but they could find jobs if they wanted to; so what is there to get excited about? The Prussian government is not to be outdone in this matter. The unemployed may make as much noise as they please, official statistics prove that in Greater Berlin there are only 23,670 out of work. But the publication of these figures gave German Socialists a chance to give proof of the splendid perfection of their organization. Forty thousand comrades were detailed, in connection with ten thousand repre-

representatives of the labor unions, to make a systematic canvass of the city. They accomplished this task in one day, February 13, and the results were published soon afterwards in Vorwaerts. The number of unemployed turned out to be 101,300. This means that one worker out of six is doomed to starve or depend on charity.

HOLLAND. Special Party Convention. Ever since the regular convention of last year the Dutch Socialist Party has had a problem on its hands. In Holland, as in most countries, there are two wings of the movement, the Revisionist and the Marxist. The Marxist wing has been represented by a journal called the Tribune. This publication has laid itself open to the criticism of hindering the party in its development. On one occasion the matter became so serious as to be taken up by the national executive committee. The subject of unemployment had been under discussion in the Dutch parliament. The socialist group had made the most of the occasion to present the needs of the working-class. The party leaders thought the moment a capital one for propaganda work; nothing could serve better than the parliamentary debate to attract the attention of the workers and increase the influence of the party. But the editors of the Tribune, it is claimed, gave their attention entirely to the criticisms of party tactics; they not only failed to utilize the opportunity of the moment, they even neutralized the efforts of their comrades. The executive committee of the party tried to arrange the matter by obtaining from the Tribune editors a promise of different behavior in the future. But this arrangement failed, and so the special convention was called.

The convention settled the matter by arranging for the representation of the Marxist group on the staff of the official organ, *Het Volk*. The former editors of the Tribune, Henriette Roland-Holst and F. M. Wibautare, are to take charge of a supplement to this paper. The under-

standing is that they are to have absolute freedom of speech and a voice in the general administration of the paper. It will be interesting to see how this arrangement will work out. The insistence on regularity and subordination is characteristic of the movement in Holland.

RUSSIA. What has become of the Revolution? It is difficult to get any reliable information as to the state of the Russian revolution. So disorganized are the socialist parties and so perfect the censorship of the press that the Russians themselves do not know what to expect. Refugees lately arrived in this country know little more of the real condition of affairs than we do.

The disorganization of the revolution is attested by the recent convention of the Social Democratic Party. Three years ago the convention of this party was attended by some three hundred delegates; this year only eighteen were in attendance. A number of others were elected and actually started for the place of meeting, but they were intercepted by the authorities and hanged. And the socialist organization is not the only one to suffer. The ancient Russian communities are practically destroyed; the universities are lifeless; labor unions are strictly forbidden. Even business corporations carry on their operations in fear and trembling.

In a recent number of *Le Mouvement Socialiste* M. J. B. Séverac gives an interesting exposition of the causes which have led to this result. Of course it has been generally understood that the Russian revolution, like several others of recent years, is a hybrid affair. In the first place, it is largely bourgeois. Russian business men feel themselves hampered; means of communication are inadequate, and the government is given to ruthless and arbitrary regulation of private matters. These business men, through the *Zemstvos*, have tried to bring about a "reasonable" revolution; their ideal has been a constitutional

monarchy. The Social Democrats, of course, want a real revolution. But they, at least the leaders of them, are mostly intellectuals. They have been educated in Western Europe, and their revolutionism is largely a protest against the restrictions placed on their intellectual life. Now these Social Democratic leaders, according to M. Séverac, have thought best to join forces with the bourgeois malcontents. In this way they have thought to establish a bourgeois regime, so that they might have that to fight instead of the bureaucracy. But as the Social Democrats have grown impatient "the interests" have become timid. And worse than this, the Socialists have failed to get hold of the people. The industrial proletariat is naturally in the minority in a country as undeveloped as Russia, and the task of organizing it is a difficult one. For this task the intellectualist leaders have been unfitted both by temperament and the nature of their tactics. The work of the most brilliant leaders has gone for little; "they have preached in the desert." Therefore the revolution has failed.

But those who know the facts tell us that there is in Russia abundant promise of a real proletarian uprising. The labor movement must in the nature of things be revolutionary. As soon as it gets under way we shall have a real revolution, with its roots deep in the needs and determination of the majority.

PERSIA. Still another Revolution. The disconnected reports which occasionally get into our dailies give no idea of the magnitude or importance of the revolt now under way in Persia. As far back as 1848, largely under the influence of the Rabist religious movement, the Persian peasants set themselves against the old feudal regime. Soon after this their great Shah, Nassr Eddin, freed the serfs and instituted other important reforms. But while this did away with the old form of tyranny it brought on the new. The freed serfs no longer

had a claim on the land and were thus thrown on their own resources. Foreign machine-made wares were introduced, and native industry came to a standstill. The freed serfs found their last state worse than their first.

For years past a revolution has been preparing. The successor of Nassr Eddin was a weakling, and the abuses of his government soon became unbearable. The Russian revolution and the Russo-Japanese war added fuel to the fire. Finally, in 1906, the royal palace was stormed and the Shah forced to grant a constitution. In 1907 his son, Mahmed Ali, mounted the throne. From the first he was determined to put an end to the constitution. Last June he put a Russian general at the head of his army and ordered an attack on his parliament. For the moment this coup seemed successful; a large number of deputies were massacred.

But this event was the signal for a wide-spread uprising in the provinces. This movement has not yet reached its climax. At its beginning it was led by representatives of the clerical and old feudal factions. But these have gradually been shaken off. Now there are two clearly defined forces fighting for the mastery. On the one hand there is the Enshumen Islamie, representing all the reactionary elements, the Shah, the clericals, the landed and business aristocracy; on the other there is the Enshumen Milli, representing the peasants and dispossessed laboring class. The demands of this latter party are pretty much the same as those made at the time of the French revolution, liberty, equality, etc. The one tangible thing that is being striven for is a solution of the agrarian problem.

The revolutionists have established a sort of provisional government at Tibris. The Shah receives the support of the English and Russian governments, but thus far the revolution has gained strength. Its final triumph seems probable.

FRANCE. Strike of Government Employees. At the present writing (March 20) the papers report a monster strike of government employes in and about Paris. It started with post office telegraphers, but now includes practically all branches of the postal, telegraph and telephone services. Paris is nearly cut off from the world, and the resulting inconvenience and suffering are almost unparalleled.

I shall not try to compete with the daily papers by giving an account of this conflict. But I should like to keep the readers of the **Review** reminded of one thing. This strike is part of a bitter war between the government of M. Clemenceau and the **Confederation General de Travail**. It is vastly more significant than a mere struggle over an adjustment of wages or hours. The **Confederation General de Travail** is a revolutionary organization. Among its membership the socialists may be regarded as the conservatives. From the beginning M. Clemenceau has made war on this organization. The massacre of Chaveil is still fresh in our minds.

For a long time the government employes have been organizing and co-operating with the C. G. T. Naturally M. Clemenceau has set himself against this. He has taken the same ground as the German government, that discontent among servants of the state is a sort of treason. This attitude is emphasized by the threat to call out the employes as members of the militia and then order them to work as part of their military service. In a country where the government is taking over one industry after another this is very significant of one of the tendencies of capitalism. Nothing could show more conclusively the difference between state capitalism and socialism.

Through M. Simyan, under-secretary for Post and Telegraph, the Clemenceau government has arbitrarily discharged employes who allied themselves with the

C. G. T. or demanded the conditions of labor standardized by the **Confederation**. During the month of February there occurred a bitter debate in the Chamber of Deputies on the subject of these dismissals. A bill was introduced providing for the reinstatement of the discharged employes. The socialists threw all their influence in favor of the measure, but it failed to pass. Things have gone on from bad to worse, and this present strike is the result. At present it looks as if the striking employes would win. But whether they win or lose this is but one battle in the bitterest war yet waged between capital and labor. The workers of other countries should watch the turns of this conflict closely; for what passes in Paris now will come to pass in other countries before industrial evolution has gone on much further.



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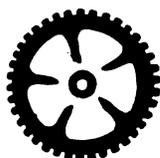
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**A SNAP
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AGENTS**



WORLD OF LABOR



BY MAX S. HAYES

The decision of the Court of Appeals in the District of Columbia to the effect that the "unfair list" of the A. F. of L. is illegal, but that Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison were within their rights in "mentioning, referring and writing" about the Bucks stove case, makes it a safe guess that the three labor officials will not serve their terms of imprisonment pronounced by Justice Wright.

The decision also shows that capitalism and its courts and politicians are foxy folks. They realize that to incarcerate three such prominent individuals as Messrs. Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison would arouse widespread agitation and perhaps force Congress to grant some form of remedial legislation. So what do the shrewd gents do but destroy the "unfair list" and outlaw the boycott and leave for further consideration the question of how far "mentioning, referring and writing" may go before it constitutes boycotting.

In the meanwhile the obscure labor official or the picket line will not be treated quite so leniently, but will be, as they have been in numerous instances, thrown into jail for contempt of court at the slightest provocation—and the agitation will be mostly local and do capitalism no harm.

It is possible that the higher court will reverse the appellate division and order the Wright decision carried out, but it is hardly probable.

The judicial axe has fallen again. For the third time our Canadian brethren are indicted for damages. The journeymen plumbers are well organized all over the North American continent. It is a dif-

ficult matter for the bosses to obtain scabs when a controversy arises with their men, and so the former are hitting upon the scheme to appeal to their capitalistic courts for damages if their employes display a streak of disloyalty and walk out on strike. In Winnipeg the journeymen plumbers exercised their right to quit work and picket and they were promptly sued for alleged damages sustained by the bosses. The unionists lost in the lower court and the case was carried up to the Court of Appeals, which tribunal has just handed down a decision not only restraining the Plumbers' Union from picketing, interfering with their employers' business, and so forth, but granted \$25,000 damages to the master plumbers who brought the suit. Moreover the court decreed that each member of the union may be assessed individually and that the property owned by such members may be attached to satisfy the judgment.

As a whole, the international union membership in Canada has been just about as negligent in political matters as the workers on this side of the line. Probably this jolt will arouse them to a realization of the fact that they are no more immune from judicial sandbagging than are we who reside in "the greatest and first country on earth" and are still dazed from the smashing blow administered by the United States Supreme Court in the hatters' case.

It is generally believed that the wage-cutting campaign begun in the iron and steel industry will spread. By the first of next month the steel barons will probably have decided among themselves

just how much to mulct from the workers in their mills, and then the shearing process will begin at the metalliferous mines and probably on the ore docks, ships and railways. It is improbable that the iron and steel workers will resist. The trust ensnared a good many of them in a stock jobbery, by taking them in as "partners;" and those labor stockholders will not want to walk out and see their "values" depreciate. It has been their policy to save at the spigot and waste at the bung so long that they cannot overcome the habit. Not to exceed 10 per cent of the employes in the trust mills are organized—they thought they would get rich quick, like their masters, by saving the money they paid for dues and invest it in watered stock. Besides, they would be permitted to work and earn the smiles of Bro. Carnegie and the rest of the plutes as they tickled each other in the ribs and discussed "our partners."

Just what success the workers will have in resisting reductions when the fever spreads into other industries is problematical. It will probably be a year or two before some of the organizations will be asked to come to a lower wage level, and the present tariff manipulation will have an important bearing on the general situation. The outlook is none too reassuring, and some of the organizations that are now fairly well entrenched behind agreements will do well to keep wide awake and leave no stone unturned to solidify themselves and be prepared to meet the issue when it is raised.

One of the bitterest contests that has ever been waged between organized workers and employers is about to be precipitated on the Great Lakes. In fact the struggle is already well under way. As has been mentioned in the *Review*, the ship owners, led by the United States Steel Corporation, declared against recognition of or treating with any union

of workers. The employers announced repeatedly that they would operate on open shop lines—in theory to discriminate neither for nor against the unions, but in actual practice the system is antagonistic to labor organization and places a premium on non-unionism.

For example, during the past month those engineers who signed an open shop agreement with the Pittsburg Steamship Co. (the trust's fleet) and a large independent concern were convened in Cleveland and entertained in splendid style by the trust magnates, and there was much pulling and hauling between the latter and the union officials to line up the engineers, with the result that the trust was signally triumphant. Class lines were never more sharply drawn. Coulby, the trust spokesman, gave the engineers to understand very plainly that they must surrender allegiance to their union or be barred from employment on the combine's ships, and the union officials were equally frank in declaring that the men could not sign open shop agreements and remain members of the organization.

So the battle is on and it is bound to rage more fiercely as the opening of navigation approaches. In creating a division among the engineers the vessel owners believe they hold the key to the situation. The engineers are the most important men on board ship and the bosses claim they will have little trouble in breaking in enough "roustabouts"—sailors, longshoremen, etc.—to give them absolute mastery of the lakes. But the seamen, longshoremen and kindred crafts have announced that they will not permit their organizations to be shot to pieces without resisting to the utmost, and to prepare for the fray meetings have been held at all the ports during the past winter and every method known to the membership has been adopted to strengthen their lines.

In order to partially recompense those workers who desert from the unions for

the loss of benefits to which they are entitled, the vessel owners have introduced a sort of "welfare" plan. Headquarters are being established at all the principal ports, where the employes will be registered and duly indexed; while waiting for work the men will be furnished with books and papers, soap and towels, etc., and if any lose their lives while in the employ of the combine their heirs will condescendingly be paid a small sum of money, just about enough to insure decent burial and prevent the wage-slaves from being consigned to Davy Jones' locker or Potter's field.

Some 50,000 men will be affected by this contest that is being deliberately forced upon the marine workers by centralized capitalism, and the progress of the struggle will prove most interesting when it begins in earnest. It is worthy of note that the marine unions are, from the socialist point of view, the most conservative and unprogressive in the family of organized labor, and this condition once more demolishes the theory that capitalism will tolerate and encourage pure and simple unionism in order to resist the encroachments of socialism. Recent developments demonstrate that capitalism will do nothing of the sort. All unions look alike to the profitmongers, who understand their class interests, and they are not much concerned at this juncture what economic and political views union people hold.

The Rev. Charles Stelzle, "labor commissioner" of the Presbyterian Church, has at last come out in his true color—and it is not red, but rather a yellow hue. The Rev. Mr. Stelzle has been a regular visitor to the annual conventions of the American Federation of Labor for a number of years, and was always granted the courtesy of delivering an address to the delegates, which was uniformly listened to with interest and respect by conservatives and radicals alike. The reverend gentleman, repre-

senting a great religious organization in a fraternal way, professed sympathy with every movement that tended to uplift the working class, taking a broad and general view and steadfastly ignoring the various divisions of the labor army that are not always in agreement as to the best programs in industrial and political affairs. Mr. Stelzle waxed eloquent and enthusiastic in speeches, in and out of conventions, while describing the growing power of the organized workers of the whole civilized world marshaled under the dual banners of trade unionism and socialism, and he was particularly effective in referring to the millions of laboring people in Europe who pledged allegiance to the socialist movement. It was quite the wise and politic thing for the Rev. Mr. Stelzle to do, even though his position was not altogether original. His special mission was to establish friendly relations between the Presbyterian Church and organized labor and to neutralize, and, if possible, overcome, the prejudice in the minds of the workers towards religious organizations.

Supplementary to his addresses before labor bodies, the Rev. Mr. Stelzle has, for several years, sent weekly letters to the labor press in which he defended the union cause before the rank and file of the readers, and showed how the latter were following in the footsteps of the lowly Carpenter of Nazareth and His union of apostles, and adroitly demonstrated, to his own satisfaction at least, that the church is also in the uplifting game and should be supported by the laboring people.

But something must have gone wrong with this church politician. After all of his display of impatience and fine scorn at the petty details that were supposed to be responsible for divided opinion in the labor movement, the reverend gentleman, apparently speaking as the mouthpiece of the Presbyterian Church, is very coolly and deliberately sending his

weekly bulletins to the labor press loaded down with all of the old, worn-out, exploded objections to socialism. Not a single new thought is expressed in his effusions that have been worked off on his typewriter in serial form for several months. It's the same weather-beaten truck about the early Christians not having been socialists (which nobody disputes), that the church should not take a stand against wage-slavery (as it didn't against chattel slavery), that the advocates of socialism are a small minority, anyhow, that socialism is impractical, would destroy incentive, etc., etc., ad nauseam.

It has been well said that fools rush in where angels fear to tread, and it seems to be equally true that when there is nobody else to do dirty work you can get a preacher. Just at a time when the whole world is talking about socialism, when labor is feeling the iron heel as it never did in any age and is looking with hope to the socialist movement, and when the plutocratic despoilers are beginning to read the handwriting on the wall, up jumps a pulpiter and advises us to turn to page 4-11-44 and sing a few hymns, forget all things earth earthy and prepare to enjoy a front seat in kingdom come.

Nay, nay, Stelzle, the socialists may be a small minority just at this writing, but they cannot be accused of being a lot of ninnies. The socialists are engaged in a world-wide struggle against a system and the powerful rulers who are entrenched behind it, and a preacher more or less, who may be operating a religious commission house, will not cut much figure in the long run. The satisfactory feature of this denouement is that the Rev. Charles Stelzle, ex-machinist, has taken his logical position voluntarily. He occupied a position unique in the labor movement and enjoyed the good will or was at least tolerated by the radical and conservative elements alike. But like many another

individual the supposed importance of his job swelled his head until he became imbued with the hallucination that it would make him still more popular by taking a kick at the minority. Nobody disputes Mr. Stelzle's right to formulate his own opinions, but it does seem reasonable that before he makes public statements about a movement that is international in scope and challenges the best thought of the age a man holding the important position that he does ought to know something about that movement, the reason for its existence, why it ought not and cannot prevail and present intelligent criticisms generally, instead of resorting to the same old twaddle that has been mouthed for years and in the face of which socialism has been growing steadily and surely.

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LITERATURE ART



BY JOHN SPARGO

Few men have ever served the Socialist movement with greater courage, devotion and ability than Morris Hillquit. His services have been most varied and numerous, displaying astonishing versatility. His latest service to the movement takes the form of a volume of 356 pages, entitled *Socialism in Theory and Practice*, lately issued by the Macmillan Company.

The title of the book is a most alluring one. It holds out to the prospective reader the promise that in its pages may be found a statement of modern Socialist theory and its practical application to the State, and my friend Hillquit is to be congratulated upon its invention. But, even at the risk of being misunderstood, I venture to express the opinion that the book does not quite meet the legitimate expectations to which the title gives birth. Admirable as it is, considered as a valuable contribution to our literature, one lays down the volume with the feeling that the promises implied by the title have not been wholly kept. The book does not contain that systematic, closely reasoned statement of modern Socialist theory, philosophical and economic, which the title seems to promise the reader. But this is a criticism of the fitness of the title for the book merely, and to say that the title does not quite accurately describe the contents of the book is not a disparagement of the book itself.

The book naturally divides itself into three parts as follows: The first deals with the Socialist philosophy and movement; the second deals with Socialism

and Reform, or the practical methods and achievements of the movement; the third, which takes the form of an Appendix, gives a brief historical sketch of the progress of the movement in various countries.

Our author begins the first part of his work with an interesting and suggestive discussion of "Socialism and Individualism," in which he points out the abstract and a priori nature of the individualist philosophy, and shows that, both politically and industrially, the development of mankind has been toward greater socialization and interdependence. From this point, by an easy and natural transition, he proceeds to consider briefly the position of the individual under Socialism, contending, naturally, that not less but greater individual liberty than exists today would be possible. Mr. Hillquit points out that the "collective" ownership and management of the economic forces and processes, which Socialism implies, does not necessarily imply "state" ownership and management. His concept of the Socialist State includes individual production, voluntary co-operative enterprises, with or without state control, as well as state ownership and management. In this, of course, our author is taking a position common to all the leading exponents of Socialism throughout the world today, and wholly at variance with the mechanical concept common to the older Socialists, and still held by some of our comrades.

The one weakness of this chapter calls for comment, especially because it is more or less marked in the subsequent chap-

ters: Mr. Hillquit does not, as he might have done, lay down certain fundamental principles of Socialism and from them develop his case. True, he does this incidentally, but it is not the dominant feature of his method. He denies or affirms as the case may be, and quotes the opinions and statements of other writers, but only incidentally does he resort to the method of reasoning from fundamental principles and of saying: Here is an objection, or fear of Socialism, which many persons entertain. To judge its validity, let us take this fundamental principle of modern Socialism and see whether it justifies the objection or fear. That method, in my opinion at least, would have resulted in a stronger piece of work, and it is a method for which Mr. Hillquit possesses special aptitude. But then, each writer must choose his own methods, and may properly claim that his work must be judged upon its own merits without reference to methods which he might have employed had he chosen, but did not.

Some thirty pages devoted to "Socialism and Ethics" are specially interesting. This branch of the subject which has been so largely neglected is, of course, by no means adequately covered by such a brief sketch. But our author has given us a most illuminating and suggestive treatment of the subject in small compass which cannot fail to be of great help to a large number of readers. The relation of the economic interpretation of history to ethical concepts is indicated rather than fully explained, but the indication is clear and definite. Much the same may be said of the chapter "Socialism and Law," in which the author shows the influence of economic conditions in shaping jurisprudence and gives his reasons for believing that with the socialization of industry legal interference with the life and liberty of the individual citizen must be reduced to a minimum.

Perhaps the chapter of greatest value in part one of the volume is that on "Socialism and the State." Doubtless many Socialists who are obsessed by the old mechanical concept of Socialism, and many non-Socialists similarly afflicted, will consider that Mr. Hillquit has made many concessions to his opponents and unduly moderated his Socialism. His Socialist State does not represent a clear-cut departure from the existing State, a change as marked as the night from the day, but an orderly, necessary development out of the present; not a terrific jump, but an orderly progress. As already indicated, he regards the persistence of private property and industry as both possible and probable; he believes the transformation will be gradual, complicated and diversified. So far as we can conceive it today, the "Socialist State" is nothing but the present state with such modifications as the realization of the proposed Socialist reforms necessarily imply, says our author. While he regards the old motto of Louis Blanc, "From each according to his ability, to each according to his need," as a desirable ideal, Mr. Hillquit does not regard it as likely to be attained for a long time, even after society has entered an epoch of Socialism. Money, he thinks, will be retained, and, most likely, wages as the method of remunerating labor. He even contemplates with equanimity, the possibility of monarchical government being retained, as by the way, Ferri and others have done before.

Mr. Hillquit brings the first part of his book to a close with a chapter on "Socialism and Politics," mainly devoted to a demonstration of the dominance of political institutions by class interests, and then plunges into a discussion of the relation of Socialism to various political and social reforms. In rather more than a hundred pages, he tells much of the practical achievements in industrial and social reform by the So-

cialists in various countries, and outlines the Socialist attitude toward many of the reform movements which have from time to time attracted great attention. These chapters are rather sketchy and inconclusive, but they bring together for the first time an astonishing amount of information of a most valuable and important kind. The historical appendix is likewise of considerable value to the active Socialist and to the student of Socialism.

It is impossible to adequately review such a book as this within the limits of a single notice in these pages. The description of it here given conveys only a faint notion of the scope and content of this very useful addition to our literature. Its purpose will be served, however, if this review induces the reader to secure the book and study it with the careful attention it merits. Produced in the midst of a life of remarkable activity, written in the intervals of a busy professional practice and an astonishing amount of Socialist work of many kinds, the book shows many marks of hurried preparation. There is an absence of that charm of literary art which is always such a welcome feature in a book devoted to such serious and vital matters. Still, when these things are freely admitted, it remains to be said that Mr. Hillquit's book is one of the most notable contributions to American Socialist literature yet made. It is a volume which every Socialist will need to study carefully, if he desires to keep abreast with the best Socialist thought of the time.

The many readers of this Review who have had the good fortune to hear Clarence Darrow's lecture on *The Open Shop*, and all who are familiar with his literary work, will welcome the attractive pamphlet in which the lecture has been published by Charles H. Kerr & Company. Darrow never minces matters: his candor is as charming as his style.

There are few writers today who excel Darrow in the matter of literary style. His English is simple, pure and strong, like Bunyan's and John Selden's. One turns from the artificiality of most modern writing to such writing as comes from Darrow's pen as the traveler in the desert turns to the oasis.

The case for the policy of the trade unions in demanding the closed shop has probably never been so clearly and cogently stated as by Mr. Darrow in this pamphlet. Recognizing the class division in capitalist society, the author does not make the mistake of resting his case upon abstract ethical argument. He recognizes that the institution of trade unionism and its policies are the product of the material facts of life, of the experience of the workers in their struggle. Class consciousness may not represent the highest imaginable ethic, but it represents the highest yet attainable. Every trade unionist and every Socialist should read this pamphlet, and its wide distribution cannot fail to do much good. Incidentally—even inconsequently—I am tempted to add that my friend Darrow must find it difficult, in face of this pamphlet, to justify his remaining outside the Socialist ranks, where he belongs.

Of all the poems called forth by the Lincoln centennial—and their number is legion—the Ode by James Oppenheim, which appeared recently in "*Collier's Weekly*," strikes me as being pre-eminently great and likely to last long after most of the great flood of verse in which it was born has been forgotten. Oppenheim is a real poet and a great one. Also, he is a good Socialist. He chooses his themes from the great social struggle as almost no other poet has done. He is a very young man as yet, and his fame has been largely confined to the artistic few. It seemed for a time as if he was in danger of becoming "a poets' poet" merely, but that

danger is passing away. He is finding his range, winning the love and admiration of an ever widening circle of readers. Keep your eye upon James Oppenheim! Unless I miss my guess utterly, he will give us the first great American expression of the social revolution in verse.

How many of the younger men and women of today read Plato, I wonder? Of course, it's terribly old-fashioned to read *The Republic* in this age when a new genius is discovered each twenty-four hours, if we may believe the publishers of books and the professional reviewers. When there are so many voices assuring one in strident tones that he is hopelessly behind the times unless he is one of the seven-hundred-and-sixty-three-thousand or so readers of the latest sensation, "*The Lady with the Cinnamon Hair*," it is difficult to muster courage enough to be content with the great masterpieces which have come to us mellowed by years. And more's the pity! Why should one have to gorge one's self out of the muddy torrent of the hour, rather than drink quietly and peacefully out of the great deep, crystal lake, stored by the centuries?

These reflections come from a reading of the latest installment of Alexander Kerr's translation of the immortal work of Plato, just published by Charles H. Kerr & Company. From time to time, as the separate books have appeared, I have read them with great joy and satisfaction, glorying in the clear, strong, beautiful English of the translation and its faithful preservation of Plato's spirit and thought. Familiar with the renditions of Spens and Jowett, and consequently always judging Professor Kerr's work by high standards, the sense of freshness and strength and beauty of diction derived from reading it was all the more remarkable. Because of the name of the translator, I

had taken it for granted, without inquiry, that he must be a brother of our editor-in-chief. Judge of my surprise, therefore, when I learned from a recent letter that the relation is not that of brothers, but of father and son, and that Professor Kerr is eighty years of age! One imagines the venerable scholar in the late evening of his long life, dwelling with Plato and finding joy in rendering the beautiful Greek masterpiece into English. Five books—about one-half of the work—have been published thus far, and it is to be hoped that the evening of Professor Kerr's life may be prolonged until he can write "*Finis*" upon the labor of love which brings sweetness and joy to his sunset years.

Fight for your Life! Is the somewhat sensational title of a volume by our brave and beloved comrade, Benjamin Hanford, recently published by the Wilshire Book Company, New York. The volume consists of a number of propaganda articles which have already attained some popularity through publications in the Socialist press, together with some new matter. The articles are all brightly written and each is calculated to make an impression upon the mind of the average workingman. Mr. Hanford has a style admirably adapted to this kind of literature. The eloquence, the facile expression, the knack of putting his thoughts in simple, homely English, which for so many years characterized his work as a public speaker appear at their best in this well printed little volume. The book deserves wide circulation for propaganda purposes.

My friend, Dr. William H. Allen, renders the nation valuable service by the publication of his book, *Civics and Health*, which bears the imprint of Ginn and Company, Boston, the well-known educational publishers. This volume of four hundred pages is a text-book, de-

signed to teach the principles of hygiene in their large, social aspects, and the prevention of human incapacity and waste.

Dr. Allen here sets forth in plain, layman's terminology, the standards of public health which ought to be aimed at by all good citizens, describes the prevailing conditions, so far from ideal, and sets forth what is being done to meet such conditions in the United States and various European countries. He describes with some detail and much valuable suggestion the existing agencies for dealing with the problems of public health and aims to awaken in the minds of his readers a determination to make good use of them. The book is one of great practical value, especially to teachers and parents and others responsible for the oversight of children.

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NEWS & VIEWS

INDIANA STATE CONVENTION.

Mr. L. H. Marcy, who represented the publishing house at the Indiana State Convention held last month at Indianapolis, returned with a most glowing report of the growth of the revolutionary spirit in that state as reflected at the Convention. Over two hundred delegates attended besides a large number of visitors. Local Kokomo, which is largely composed of steel workers, chartered a special interurban car, went early and made a strong showing. Local South Bend was entitled to nine delegates and they were all there and unanimously supported their candidate for State Secretary, Comrade James W. Palmitier. Among the Ft. Wayne delegation were Comrades Drake and Johnson. Other active workers in the state whom we recall were McDaniels of Crawfordsville, Noftsker of Delphi, Habig of Kokomo, Reynolds and Oneal of Terre Haute and many others. The Indianapolis comrades entertained the Convention in a fine hall, which was greatly appreciated by all the delegates. Indianapolis is one of our best cities. Big things may be expected from her this coming year. The Young People's Socialist League is already a healthy and precocious infant. The League has new headquarters; is starting a library and sent in a big bundle order for the Review. One of our Standard Socialist Libraries is going to Local Delphi and one to Local Kokomo, besides bundles of the Review every month. The March number of the Review was enthusiastically received everywhere and made many new friends throughout the state.

WORKINGMEN STAY FROM THE TREADWELL MINES,

Douglas Island, Alaska, is the headline of a notice we have today received from the President and Secretary of the Douglas Island Miners' Union, W. F. M. The notice reads: The strike is still in progress and hundreds of sturdy, honest and true miners are still struggling for an 8-hour day and living conditions. . . . Workingmen don't listen to a slick-tongued liar or employment shark who will tell you there is work on Douglas Island for you. . . . Stay away from the Treadwell Mines where human life is valueless and men are maimed and crippled for life. . . . The strike is still on. . . . Anything to the contrary brand as a falsehood. Douglas Island Miners' Union, No. 109."

MRS. GEORGIA KOTSCH,

Secretary of the Women's Socialist Union in Oakland, Calif., writes an interesting article entitled Socialism and the Child, in the Mirror of the World. Mrs. Kotsch says in part:

"In our horror and indignation at the spectacle of tender little children working their lives into profits for the master class we, as socialists, almost ignore the fact that there are other children and that they also have claims to attention.

"A great socialist literature, the product of the greatest, the most advanced brains of our time, has been penned—for those who can assimilate it. Lengthy, learned, logical articles on surplus value and unearned increment have been launched at the unlettered heads of the proletariat—those who 'have to spend so much time making a living that they have no time to live'—or think. Im-

passioned soap-box orators strive and strain at the task of 'educating' men whose stunted mental attitudes are well nigh fixed through years and cramped conditions.

"We in America have plunged with such confident optimism into the socialist idea and work. We have buoyantly proclaimed 'we will win in 1908,' and now 'we will win in 1912.' We are scientific—we shout it from the housetops, so there can be no doubt of it, and to prove it we are going to have the revolution before we have the evolution.

"And while we push and pull, persuade and perspire at the practically impossible task of straightening trees, wily capitalism is quietly and easily bending twigs."

It behooves socialists to organize children's classes, and, we suggest that those in charge hunt up some of the excellent works of Dr. John Dewey, the foremost writer on modern pedagogy, at the public libraries, and try to follow his ideas. His theory is directly in line with the socialist idea that we learn by DOING instead of by CRAMMING. The stories of the Cave People, started in this issue of the Review by Mary E. Marcy, are good suggestions to begin on. Every child is interested in anthropology. Those starting children's classes can get suggestions by addressing the International Socialist Review.

THE PLEBS MAGAZINE. We are in receipt of the first number of the Plebs Magazine. The avowed object of this journal is to "bring about a definite and satisfactory connection between Ruskin College and the Labor Movement." The little magazine is brought out in very attractive style and promises to prove of great value to the students at Ruskin College, who are among the best book buyers of scientific socialist literature in England.

A MODERN WAR CHARIOT. The Paris City Government has profited by the past and has anticipated any future working-class uprisings, by assembling several modern inventions into a new

device to be used for the immediate and efficient extinction of any demonstration that may be made by labor organizations in the streets of that city.

The device is a steel protected automobile. Steel guards the wheels and tires and also protects a compartment enclosing a rapid fire machine gun and the men who operate it.

While the true mission of the machine is, of course, concealed by the government, to those who know the significance of all such devices, it can have but one use. It is an instrument in the hands of the capitalist class to quell uprisings of their wage-slaves.

It will in many ways resemble the fire department, except that it deals with men instead of fire.

The machine will be placed where it can be called at a moment's notice, to localities where it is needed, there to occupy a position of vantage at cross streets where its deadly guns can be trained in any direction.

Its design admits of no other use than that of street fighting and it is expected to fulfill the purpose for which it was created, with neatness and dispatch.—R. B. Tobias.

WAR—A PROPHECY. The average wage of a worker will buy back but a fraction of the equivalent of his product and the portion of society's product unconsumed at home must be sold in a foreign market or overproduction results. I am uncertain if the panic of '93 was caused by this underconsumption or by misguided people like myself saving money to go to the Fair, thereby nearly swamping it, but in the next fourteen years millions of workers will find jobs shooting their fellow workers and destroying property, thus restoring confidence and enabling their masters to obtain greater profits. Prosperity was maintained by the China-Japanese, the Boer-British, the Spanish-American, the Philippine and Russo-Japanese wars,

for the nations engaged transferred their and our surplus of goods into interest-bearing debt for us and our descendants to pay.

The "late panic" that is still with us and dominates the economic situation like storm clouds above a hayfield, is threatening to plunge this nation into greater depths of poverty, despair and degradation than ever. If we guide our feet by the lamp of experience, if we judge the future by the past, we can come to but one conclusion. There is too much food and too much hunger, too much clothing and nakedness, too many goods and too many unemployed, and these must be disposed of to the extent of allowing business to proceed; other means exhausted, the next move is to sell these goods to the future by means of war—and bonds.

The question of an opponent is easily settled. Japan has taken into government control salt, tobacco, matches, silk, railroads, etc., it is aiding all kinds of factories, colonizing Manchuria, putting in flour mills; in short, it is capturing "our" Oriental markets, besides directly injuring some of our trusts. The latter naturally feel hurt at such inhumanity, ingratitude and independence, and have flooded our subservient newspapers with adverse criticism upon Japan and the Japanese until "we" are ready to believe the next chapter—Japan has forced us to arm our working class to shoot down our yellow comrades that are criminally engaged in earning a living the best they may, forced us to shoot humanity, etc., into these oppressors of the American trusts.

Then we put our unemployed at work, we destroy millions worth of property, make countless widows and orphans, get the bloody wheels of industry to humming, get more bonds to earn interest for, fund our panic for the next generation, so our masters can amass wealth and repeat the cry, "Après nous le déluge!"

Don't you like the picture? A majority voted for the party that had its contributions furnished by the master class (whether they voted R. or D.), and the method is so easy, so bloodless, so logical, so profitable for the masters, who can doubt they will do this awful thing? It would even insure them in power some time yet, put off hard times till they have filled their pockets, and the "victorious" general could succeed Taft!

Let me repeat, though, you working-men have nothing to fight for. Many of us, the Japanese being a cleanly people, could only lose our share of America by a charge with scrub brushes and soap suds! When dogs fight over a bone, the bone is quiet. The right to exploit you, the bone of contention, should not arouse you to take sides; if you must be skinned, the shape of the knife or the color of the skinner matters not at all. Let those who have something to gain or to lose do the fighting. Let us take a determined stand against war; even a working class victory has no lasting foundation.—E. Francis Atwood, Aberdeen, S. D.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

whenever you can. Write and inquire about things advertised and bear in mind that every order is a boost for the Review. More advertising will mean a still better Review with which we shall be able to reach a greater number of people, to bear them the message of Socialism. We think our present advertisers deserve our personal endorsement and we mean to accept only those that we believe have something of value to offer our readers. As soon as our advertisers find the Review pays, they will tell their friends, and by and by our income from advertising will be sufficient to enable us still further to improve the Review.

NEW ZEALAND. The Evening Post of Wellington, said to be the ablest con-

servative newspaper in New Zealand, says in an issue lately received:

Mr. Tregear is usually classed in New Zealand as a socialist. Whether he be technically a "comrade" we know not; but American socialists—at any rate, of the front rank—apparently withhold from him that affectionate prefix. Comrade Robert Rives Lamonte, who at the request of Comrade Kerr, editor of the *International Socialist Review* (Chicago), has devoted seven pages of that lively monthly to the demolition of Mr. Tregear's defence in the *Arena* of the Compulsory Arbitration Act, describes him as "that genial and kindly romantic philosopher, the Honourable Edward Tregear," and further on accuses him of "juvenile credulity and optimism." Comrade Lamonte, who writes from New Canaan, Connecticut, has lived in New Zealand, and has fallen under the spell of the country. His own New Canaan apparently falls short of the "Paradise" of New Zealand, where, "except in the far South, ice more than an eighth of an inch thick is as much of a rarity as hen's teeth. Grass, and such rank green, GREEN grass as Americans never dreamt of, furnishes abundant pasture ten months of the year * * *. It would require mighty skilful legislation to make such a country anything but prosperous. I doubt if Bryan and Roosevelt together would be able to do it." Comrade L., with all his eccentricities, writes with the surer touch of one who has been on the spot, and escapes the blunders of the man who discusses subjects with which he has no personal acquaintance. Even from Mr. Tregear's own article in the *Arena* he is able to upset his eulogy of compulsory arbitration under the Act. Mr. Reeves, as the author of the Act, he classes with the Secretary of Labour, an "idealist scholar," "a gentleman of great cultivation and a poet of signal distinction. He longed for industrial peace, and knew nothing of the class struggle." Comrade Lamonte is one of the militant * * * group. Nothing, he is convinced, can be done till Labour-Socialist possesses itself of the sledge-hammer, and sets about to smash things generally. He writes well and forcibly, and has a keen eye for the fallacies of the milder sections, who believe in that "anthropomorphic God," "an impartial State dwelling far removed from the petty sordid

disputes of poor humanity in a realm of abstract justice." "One of the worst and saddest results of the Act" is that "by accustoming the workers to rely on the paternalism of the Liberal Government it has almost completely undermined and destroyed the militant self-reliance of the working class." "New Zealand," he significantly says, "has only been able to pursue these policies by continuous money-borrowing." He tells us that the Government can not be impartial when "it can not offend either the Union Shipping Company or the Money Lenders of Lombard street without committing suicide." Evidently there is a wide gulf between the Reeves-Tregear and the Lamonte socialisms.

THE PARIS COMMUNE. At a concert and dance held in the Labor Temple, Toronto, by the Socialist party, the following resolution, was unanimously passed:

"Whereas, Thirty-eight years ago today there sprang into existence the first working class government in the history of the 'civilized' world, a government which was only crushed out of existence by the combined forces of the German and French governments in a bloody massacre of upwards of thirty thousand men, women and children of the working class; and

"Whereas, Today in Paris and throughout France thousands of workers are participating in a general strike against the oppression of the capitalist government of France; be it therefore

"Resolved, That we, socialists of Toronto of all languages, send a message of fraternal greetings to our fellow workers in revolt in France and throughout the world and bid them take courage and continue the struggle until wage-slavery is abolished and the workers are in possession of every force now used to keep the workers in misery and subjection; and be it further

"Resolved, That copies of this resolution be sent to the Western Clarion, Vancouver, The *International Socialist Review*, Chicago, and *L'Humanite*, Paris."

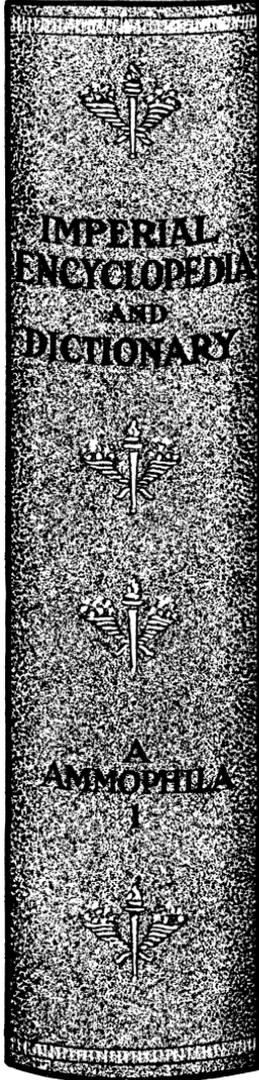
CHAIN-GANGS, AND GAMBLING—

The chain-gang is a penal ogre, a plutocratic outrage, a perfidious obliquity, courting oblivion.

Is race-track gambling immoral? Then

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Occupation

the chain-gang is inhuman.

The red-light district pernicious: the chain-gang is pestilential.

All punishment should be remedial. The chain-gang is retrograde. Who are on the chain-gang, and why? World victims! Centralized capital, and improved methods of production, force them year by year, month by month, day by day, into the New Grand Army of "out-of-works."

Every city has its quota. International charity is futile. If they chop wood, the wood already chopped will not be sold. The farmer will re-travel the "tote-road" with the load. They are a product of capitalist society, and can't be absorbed under existing methods.

The flotsam and jetsam; the derelicts, the output of the slums, the out-of-work artisans from other countries are cajoled hither. By whom? Unscrupulous steamship companies who placard Europe with untruths. Bleeding thousands to keep up dividends. Then railway companies advertise to the uttermost parts of the Union—dividends and profits, and behold—a chain-gang!

"It's a gamble—it's business—it's commercial thuggery—holdups endorsed by evil," wrote Huxley.

At all events they spring from the same source. Production for profit instead of use. That's all there is to it, excepting that the unemployed rich are not put on the chain-gang. They can gamble as they please, their chess-men being human lives and human destinies.

JACK WOOD.

COTTON'S WEEKLY. This is a new Socialist publication, issued at Cowansville, P. Q., Canada, edited by William U. Cotton, B. C. L., member of a well-known law firm in Montreal, and a successful speaker and worker in the cause. The subscription price is \$1.00 a year, and every Canadian reader of the Review should write for a sample copy.

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you need good printing;
the other kind is
worse than none.**

Our business is publishing; we have no printing office of our own, and for several years we have been obliged to refuse any orders for printing.

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A WORKING-CLASS PUBLISHING HOUSE.

The International Socialist Review and the books published in connection with it are not the property of any capitalist or group of capitalists. They belong jointly to over two thousand working people, most of whom hold just one ten-dollar share each. The only large holding is that of Charles H. Kerr, who owns at present 705 shares. But he is not a capitalist, for the stock pays no dividends and he has no other property. All he had went into this publishing business long ago, and he depends on his wages for a living. The directors fixed these wages at \$125 per month, but when every dollar in sight is urgently needed to pay for printing and buying books, he does not draw the full amount. This was the case last month, as will be seen from the statement printed a little farther on. Mary E. Marcy, the Secretary of the publishing house, who in addition to her writing for the Review attends to most of the editorial and business correspondence, was voted a salary of \$75 a month, but has not drawn it in full. The office employes, of whom eight are regularly on the pay roll, get the "value of their labor-power," and get it promptly. The printing and binding are done outside our office, by contract with firms employing union labor, and we discount nearly all our bills, keeping our commercial credit good.

Because our work has been growing, and because we have not, like some socialist publishers, kept up a constant stream of frantic appeals for help, some of our friends seem to imagine that we

need no co-operation on their part and that some one is growing rich out of the business done by the publishing house. We know of no better way to correct this impression than to publish the actual receipts and expenditures for a month. Here they are:

Receipts and Expenditures, February, 1909.

Receipts:	
Cash balance, Feb. 1.....	\$ 352.52
Book sales.....	1,317.27
Review subscriptions and sales	603.15
Review advertising.....	112.50
Sales of stock.....	188.83
Loan from Capital City Bank..	500.00
Loans from stockholders.....	553.00
	<hr/>
Total	\$3,627.27
Expenditures:	
Manufacture of books.....	\$ 647.16
Books purchased.....	351.93
Printing February Review....	654.23
Paid on bill for Nov. Review...	100.00
Department work, Review....	25.00
Wages of office clerks.....	372.30
Charles H. Kerr, Pres., on salary	85.00
Mary E. Marcy, Sec., on salary.	60.00
Postage and expressage.....	330.41
Interest	14.50
Rent	70.00
Taxes	67.43
Miscellaneous expenses.....	66.55
Advertising	69.59
Loans returned to stockholders.	364.13
Cash balance Feb. 28	349.04
	<hr/>
Total	\$3,627.27

The book sales for February were about \$700 less than usual, while our bills for printing new books were as

heavy as ever. The falling off was largely due to the after-election apathy among party workers generally. Scarcely any traveling organizers were on the road, few locals were holding meetings, and few pamphlets were being circulated, our sales being almost entirely of books in cloth binding. On the other hand there is plenty of encouragement in the Review receipts, which amounted to \$715.65 as against \$338.39 a year ago. Every one says the Review is immensely improved. Subscriptions are coming in faster than ever, and from now on we can pretty certainly count on some \$200 each month from news stand sales. But we need two thousand new yearly subscriptions each month to keep the Review up to the standard we have set for it.

More Capital Needed. The Appeal to Reason, which until lately has supplied more cheap Socialist pamphlets than any other house, has turned over its book business to us. It will close out its old stock of books, but will print no more and buy no more. Probably half the Locals in the United States have depended on the Appeal for their books. We must now supply them with what they need. That is why we have gone on printing books in spite of the small sales last month, even though it compelled us to borrow from a bank. And that is why for the next two or three months we must go on printing books faster than the sales will pay the bills.

The capital for this purpose ought to come in at once from the sale of new stock. We have two thousand shares to sell at \$10.00 each. No dividends are paid, but the purchaser of a share can buy our books as cheaply as the largest bookseller can buy them. A live Local can earn the price of a share several times over during a year by selling books at meetings, in the open air, in halls, or both. And the books will be more effective propaganda than the speeches. Whether your Local holds a share of

stock or not, buy one yourself. It will give you books at bottom prices when you want them to read, to give away or to sell, and your ten dollars will be simply your fair share toward the work that the rest of us are doing. If you can possibly spare ten dollars all at once, send it along. We will send you at once a fully paid certificate, and will throw in a year's subscription to the Review. If you can't spare the \$10, send a dollar a month; you can buy books at cost while making your payments.

AN INCOME FOR LIFE. We have had many letters from comrades advanced in years, who needed all the income they could get from what little property they had, but wanted to help our work along. A few have promised to bequeath money, but only one, so far as we know, actually carried out his intention. We now have a definite plan which will make it easy for such comrades to carry out their wishes, and at the same time will help the publishing house now, when the money is most urgently needed. To any socialist over sixty years of age depositing one thousand dollars with us, we will agree to pay six dollars each month during his life time, with the understanding that the principal is not to be returned, and that upon the death of the depositor we shall have no further liability. We can use on this plan a total of ten thousand dollars only, and to any one ready to comply with these terms we will give plenty of evidence as to our financial responsibility.

New Privileges for Stockholders. We have decided to allow stockholders a discount on the books of other publishers which we keep on hand. This supply will be increased as fast as the necessary capital is available. Of course we can not allow the same discount as on the books we publish ourselves, for few publishers allow even the largest dealers as much discount as fifty per cent. But we have a few very attractive of-

fers to make right now to our stockholders and those who subscribe for stock.

We have bought several hundred copies of a beautiful imported edition of Huxley's Lectures and Essays, 50 cents, postpaid. We will sell it to stockholders at 30 cents; postage 7 cents if mailed.

We have a handsome edition of Turgeneff's novels in eight volumes, 60 cents each. Uniform with them we have Darwin's Descent of Man, Darwin's Origin of Species, Spencer's First Principles, Spencer's Data of Ethics and Hallam's Middle Ages. Our stockholders may buy these at 40 cents a volume, postage 10 cents extra.

We have also William Morris's poems and Walt Whitman's poems, uniform in style with the books just described, at the same prices.

We have copies of Jack London's Call of the Wild, Son of the Wolf, The Sea-Wolf, Daughter of the Snows and War of the Classes, which our stockholders may buy at 50 cents, postage 12 cents; others pay 75 cents. In the same edition at the same price we have Bellamy's Looking backward, Hunter's Poverty and Sinclair's The Jungle.

Salisbury's Career of a Journalist is a book of truth stranger than fiction, bubbling over with inside facts about the daily newspapers from which most people take their opinions. Price \$1.50, to our stockholders 75 cents; postage 15 cents. We can make the same prices on The Money-Changers, by Upton Sinclair.

No room for more about books of other publishers this time, but we are preparing a new catalog that will be far more complete than anything yet.

Socialism Made Easy. We never could understand why it was that books written with a clear understanding of Socialism were generally hard reading, while most of the books in easy, popular style were full of small-capitalist notions that made their propaganda value doubtful. We always believed some one some time would write a readable book giving what proletarians call the "straight goods." James Connolly has done it.

Socialism Made Easy is a straight talk to wage-workers that will do more to start them at clear thinking than any

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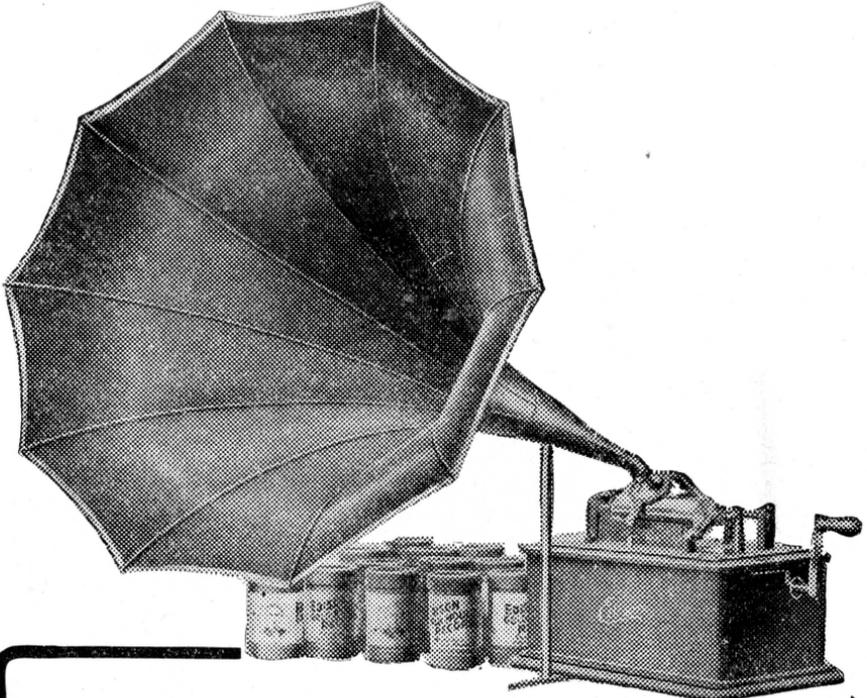
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"He Built the Road.

"With others of his class he built the road.

"Now o'er it, many a mile, he packs his load,

"Chasing a JOB, spurred on by Hunger's goad.

"He walks, and walks, and walks, and walks, and walks,

"And wonders why in Hell he built the road."

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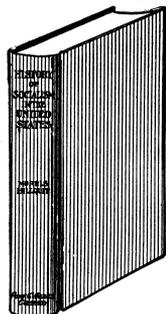
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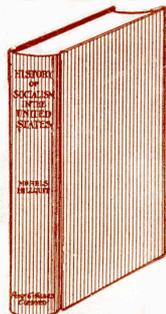
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