

# The INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

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JUNE, 1909

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## A Story of Child Labor

*"The Apostate"*

By JACK LONDON

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## Socialism Becoming Respectable

PROFESSOR CLARKE OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY ADVISES REFORMERS TO JOIN THE PARTY.

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## Third Volume of Marx's "Capital"

ERNEST UNTERMANN



"I ain't never goin' to work again"

# The International Socialist Review

A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST THOUGHT

EDITED BY CHARLES H. KERR

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# THE INTERNATIONAL Socialist Review

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## A Story of Child Labor

*"THE APOSTATE"*

BY JACK LONDON.

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If you don't git up, Johnny, I won't give you a bite to eat!"

The threat had no effect on the boy. He clung stubbornly to sleep, fighting for its oblivion as the dreamer fights for his dream. The boy's hands loosely clenched themselves, and he made feeble, spasmodic blows at the air. These blows were intended for his mother, but she betrayed practiced familiarity in avoiding them as she shook him roughly by the shoulder.

"Lemme 'lone!"

It was a cry that began, muffled, in the deeps of sleep, that swiftly rushed upward, like a wail, into passionate belligerence, and that died away and sank down into an inarticulate whine. It was a bestial cry, as of a soul in torment, filled with infinite protest and pain.

But she did not mind. She was a sad-eyed, tired-faced woman, and she had grown used to this task, which she repeated every day of her life. She got a grip on the bedclothes and tried to strip them down; but the boy, ceasing his punching, clung to them desperately. In a huddle at the foot of the bed, he still remained covered. Then she tried dragging the bedding to the floor. The boy opposed her. She braced herself. Hers was the superior weight, and the boy and bedding, the former instinct-

ively following the later in order to shelter against the chill of the room that bit into his body.

As he toppled on the edge of the bed it seemed that he must fall head-first to the floor. But consciousness fluttered up in him. He righted himself and for a moment perilously balanced. Then he struck the floor on his feet. On the instant his mother seized him by the shoulders and shook him. Again his fists struck out, this time with more force and directness. At the same time his eyes opened. She released him. He was awake.

"All right," he mumbled.

She caught up the lamp and hurried out, leaving him in darkness.

"You'll be docked," she warned back to him.

He did not mind the darkness. When he had got into his clothes he went out into the kitchen. His tread was very heavy for so thin and light a boy. His legs dragged with their own weight, which seemed unreasonable because they were such skinny legs. He drew a broken-bottomed chair to the table.

"Johnny!" his mother called sharply.

He arose as sharply from the chair, and, without a word, went to the sink. It was a greasy, filthy sink. A smell came up from the outlet. He took no notice of it. That a sink should smell was to him part of the natural order, just as it was a part of the natural order that the soap should be grimy with dish-water and hard to lather. Nor did he try very hard to make it lather. Several splashes of the cold water from the running faucet completed the function. He did not wash his teeth. For that matter he had never seen a tooth-brush, nor did he know that there existed beings in the world who were guilty of so great a foolishness as tooth-washing.

"You might wash yourself wunst a day without bein' told," his mother complained.

She was holding a broken lid on the pot as she poured two cups of coffee. He made no remark, for this was a standing quarrel between them, and the one thing upon which his mother was hard as adamant. "Wunst" a day it was compulsory that he should wash his face. He dried himself on a greasy towel, damp and dirty and ragged, that left his face covered with shreds of lint.

"I wish we didn't live so far away," she said, as he sat down. "I try to do the best I can. You know that. But a dollar on the rent is such a savin', an' we've more room here. You know that."

He scarcely followed her. He had heard it all before, many times. The range of her thought was limited, and she was ever harking back to the hardship worked upon them by living so far from the mills.

"A dollar means more grub," he remarked sententiously. "I'd sooner do the walkin' an' git the grub."

He ate hurriedly, half-chewing the bread and washing the unmasticated chunks down with coffee. The hot and muddy liquid went by the name of coffee. Johnny thought it was coffee—and excellent coffee. That was one of the few of life's illusions that remained to him. He had never drunk real coffee in his life.

In addition to the bread there was a small piece of cold pork. His mother refilled his cup with coffee. As he was finishing the bread, he began to watch if more was forthcoming. She intercepted his questioning glance.

"Now, don't be hoggish, Johnny," was her comment. "You've had your share. Your brothers an' sisters are smaller'n you."

He did not answer the rebuke. He was not much of a talker. Also, he ceased his hungry glancing for more. He was uncomplaining, with a patience that was as terrible as the school in which it had been learned. He finished his coffee, wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, and started to arise.

"Wait a second," she said hastily. "I guess the loaf kin stand you another slice—a thin un."

There was legerdemain in her actions. With all the seeming of cutting a slice from the loaf for him, she put loaf and slice back in the bread-box and conveyed to him one of her own two slices. She believed she had deceived him, but he had noted her sleight-of-hand. Nevertheless, he took the bread shamelessly. He had a philosophy that his mother, what of her chronic sickliness, was not much of an eater anyway.

She saw that he was chewing the bread dry, and reached over and emptied her coffee cup into his.

"Don't set good somehow on my stomach this morning," she explained.

A distant whistle, prolonged and shrieking, brought both of them to their feet. She glanced at the tin alarm-clock on the shelf. The hand stood at half-past five. The rest of the factory world was just arousing from sleep. She drew a shawl about her shoulders, and on her head put a dingy hat, shapeless and ancient.

"We've got to run," she said, turning the wick of the lamp and blowing down the chimney.

They groped their way out and down the stairs. It was clear and cold, and Johnny shivered at the first contact with the outside air. The stars had not yet begun to pale in the sky, and the city lay in blackness. Both Johnny and his mother shuffled their feet as they walked. There

was no ambition in the leg muscles to swing the feet clear of the ground.

After fifteen silent minutes, his mother turned off to the right.

"Don't be late," was her final warning from out of the dark that was swallowing her up.

He made no response, steadily keeping on his way. In the factory quarter, doors were opening everywhere, and he was soon one of a multitude that pressed onward through the dark. As he entered the factory gate the whistle blew again. He glanced at the east. Across a ragged sky-line of housetops a pale light was beginning to creep. This much he saw of the day as he turned his back upon it and joined his work-gang.

He took his place in one of many long rows of machines. Before him, above a bin filled with small bobbins, were large bobbins revolving rapidly. Upon these he wound the jute-twine of the small bobbins. The work was simple. All that was required was celerity. The small bobbins were emptied so rapidly, and there were so many large bobbins that did the emptying that there were no idle moments.

He worked mechanically. When a small bobbin ran out he used his left hand for a brake, stopping the large bobbin and at the same time, with thumb and fore-finger, catching the flying end of twine. Also, at the same time, with his right hand, he caught up the loose twine-end of a small bobbin. These various acts with both hands were performed simultaneously and swiftly. Then there would come a flash of his hands as he looped the weaver's knot and released the bobbin. There was nothing difficult about weaver's knots. He once boasted he could tie them in his sleep. And for that matter, he sometimes did, toiling centuries long in a single night at tying an endless succession of weaver's knots.

Some of the boys shirked, wasting time and machinery by not replacing the small bobbins when they ran out. And there was an overseer to prevent this. He caught Johnny's neighbor at the trick and boxed his ears.

"Look at Johnny there—why ain't you like him?" the overseer wrathfully demanded.

Johnny's bobbins were running full blast, but he did not thrill at the indirect praise. There had been a time, . . . but that was long ago, very long ago. His apathetic face was expressionless as he listened to himself being held up as a shining example. He was the perfect worker. He knew that. He had been told so, often. It was a commonplace, and besides it didn't seem to mean anything to him any more. From the perfect worker he had evolved into the perfect machine. When his work went wrong it was with him as with the machine, due to faulty material. It would have been as possible for a perfect nail-die to cut imperfect nails as for him to make a mistake.

And small wonder. There had never been a time when he had not been in intimate relationship with machines. Machinery had almost been bred into him, and at any rate he had been brought up on it. Twelve years before, there had been a small flutter of excitement in the loom-room of this very mill. Johnny's mother had fainted. They stretched her out on the floor in the midst of the shrieking machines. A couple of elderly women were called from their looms. The foreman assisted. And in a few minutes there was one more soul in the loom-room than had entered by the doors. It was Johnny, born with the pounding, crashing roar of the looms in his ears, drawing with his first breath the warm, moist air that was thick with flying lint. He had coughed that first day in order to rid his lungs of the lint; and for the same reason he had coughed ever since.

The boy alongside of Johnny whimpered and sniffed. The boy's face was convulsed with hatred for the overseer who kept a threatening eye on him from a distance; but every bobbin was running full. The boy yelled terrible oaths into the whirling bobbins before him; but the sound did not carry half a dozen feet, the roaring of the room holding it in and containing it like a wall.

Of all this Johnny took no notice. He had a way of accepting things. Besides, things grow monotonous by repetition, and this particular happening he had witnessed many times. It seemed to him as useless to oppose the overseer as to defy the will of a machine. Machines were made to go in certain ways and to perform certain tasks. It was the same with the overseer.

But at eleven o'clock there was excitement in the room. In an apparently occult way the excitement instantly permeated everywhere. The one-legged boy who worked on the other side of Johnny bobbed swiftly across the floor to a bin-truck that stood empty. Into this he dived out of sight, crutch and all. The superintendent of the mill was coming along, accompanied by a young man. He was well-dressed and wore a starched shirt—a gentleman, in Johnny's classification of men, and also, "the Inspector."

He looked sharply at the boys as he passed along. Sometimes he stopped and asked questions. When he did so he was compelled to shout at the top of his lungs, at which moments his face was ludicrously contorted with the strain of making himself heard. His quick eye noted the empty machine alongside of Johnny's, but he said nothing. Johnny also caught his eye, and he stopped abruptly. He caught Johnny by the arm to draw him back a step from the machine; but with an exclamation of surprise he released the arm.

"Pretty skinny," the superintendent laughed anxiously.

"Pipe-stems," was the answer. "Look at those legs. The boy's got the rickets—incipient, but he's got them. If epilepsy doesn't get him in the end, it will be because tuberculosis gets him first."

Johnny listened, but did not understand. Furthermore he was not interested in future ills. There was an immediate and more serious ill that threatened him in the form of the inspector.

"Now, my boy, I want you to tell me the truth," the inspector said, or shouted, bending close to the boy's ear to make him hear. "How old are you?"

"Fourteen," Johnny lied, and he lied with the full force of his lungs. So loudly did he lie that it started him off in a dry, hacking cough that lifted the lint which had been settling in his lungs all morning.

"Looks sixteen at least," said the superintendent.

"Or sixty," snapped the inspector.

"He's always looked that way."

"How long?" asked the inspector quickly.

"For years. Never gets a bit older."

"Or younger, I daresay. I suppose he's worked here all those years?"

"Off and on—but that was before the new law was passed," the superintendent hastened to add.

"Machine idle?" the inspector asked, pointing at the unoccupied machine beside Johnny's, in which the part-filled bobbins were flying like mad.

"Looks that way." The superintendent motioned the overseer to him and shouted in his ear and pointed at the machine. "Machine's idle," he reported back to the inspector.

They passed on, and Johnny returned to his work, relieved in that the ill had been averted. But the one-legged boy was not so fortunate. The sharp-eyed inspector haled him out at arm's length from the bin-truck. His lips were quivering, and his face had all the expression of one upon whom was fallen profound and irremediable disaster. The overseer looked astounded, as though for the first time he had laid eyes on the boy, while the superintendent's face expressed shock and displeasure.

"I know him," the inspector said. "He's twelve years old. I've had him discharged from three factories inside the year. This makes the fourth."

He turned to the one-legged boy. "You promised me, word and honor, that you'd go to school."

The one-legged boy burst into tears. "Please, Mr. Inspector, two babies died on us, and we're awful poor."

"What makes you cough that way?" the inspector demanded, as though charging him with crime.

And as in denial of guilt, the one-legged boy replied, "It ain't nothin'. I jes' caught a cold last week, Mr. Inspector, that's all."

In the end the one-legged boy went out of the room with the inspector, the latter accompanied by the anxious and protesting superintendent. After that monotony settled down again. The long morning and the longer afternoon wore away and the whistle blew for quitting-time. Darkness had already fallen when Johnny passed out through the factory gate. In the interval the sun had made a golden ladder of the sky, flooded the world with its gracious warmth, and dropped down and disappeared in the west behind a ragged sky-line of house-tops.

Supper was the family meal of the day—the one meal at which Johnny encountered his younger brothers and sisters. It partook of the nature of an encounter, to him, for he was very old, while they were distressingly young. He had no patience with their excessive and amazing juvenility. He did not understand it. His own childhood was too far behind him. He was like an old and irritable man, annoyed by the turbulence of their young spirits that was to him arrant silliness. He glowered silently over his food, finding compensation in the thought that they would soon have to go to work. That would take the edge off of them and make them sedate and dignified—like him. Thus it was, after the fashion of the human, that Johnny made of himself a yardstick with which to measure the universe.

During the meal, his mother explained in various ways and with infinite repetition that she was trying to do the best she could; so that it was with relief, the scant meal ended, that Johnny shoved back his chair and arose. He debated for a moment between bed and the front door, and finally went out the latter. He did not go far. He sat down on the stoop, his knees drawn up and his narrow shoulders drooping forward, his elbows on his knees and the palms of his hands supporting his chin.

As he sat there he did no thinking. He was just resting. So far as his mind was concerned it was asleep. His brothers and sisters came out, and with other children played noisily about him. An electric globe on the corner lighted their frolics. He was peevish and irritable, that they knew; but the spirit of adventure lured them into teasing him. They joined hands before him, and, keeping time with their bodies, chanted in his face weird and uncomplimentary doggerel. At first he snarled curses at them—curses he had learned from the lips of various foremen. Finding this futile, and remembering his dignity, he relapsed into dogged silence.

His brother Will, next to him in age, having just passed his tenth

birthday, was the ringleader. Johnny did not possess particularly kindly feelings toward him. His life had early been embittered by continual giving over and giving way to Will. He had a definite feeling that Will was greatly in his debt and was ungrateful about it. In his own playtime, far back in the dim past, he had been robbed of a large part of that playtime by being compelled to take care of Will. Will was a baby then, and then, as now, their mother had spent her days in the mills. To Johnny had fallen the part of little father and little mother as well.

Will seemed to show the benefit of the giving over and the giving way. He was well-built, fairly rugged, as tall as his elder brother and even heavier. It was as though the life-blood of the one had been diverted into the other's veins. And in spirits it was the same. Johnny was jaded, worn out, without resilience, while his younger brother seemed bursting and spilling over with exuberance.

The mocking chant rose louder and louder. Will leaned closer as he danced, thrusing out his tongue. Johnny's left arm shot out and caught the other around the neck. At the same time he rapped his bony fist to the other's nose. It was a pathetically bony fist, but that it was sharp to hurt was evidenced by the squeal of pain it produced. The other children were uttering frightened cries, while Johnny's sister, Jennie, had dashed into the house.

He thrust Will from him, kicked him savagely on the shins, then reached for him and slammed him face downward in the dirt. Nor did he release him till the face had been rubbed into the dirt several times. Then the mother arrived, an anemic whirlwind of solicitude and maternal wrath.

"Why can't he leave me alone?" was Johnny's reply to her upbraiding. "Can't he see I'm tired?"

"I'm as big as you," Will raged in her arms, his face a mess of tears, dirt and blood. "I'm as big as you now, an' I'm goin' to git bigger. Then I'll lick you—see if I don't."

"You ought to be to work, seein' how big you are," Johnny snarled. "That's what's the matter with you. You ought to be to work. An' it's up to your ma to put you to work."

"But he's too young," she protested. "He's only a little boy."

"I was younger'n him when I started to work."

Johnny's mouth was open, further to express the sense of unfairness that he felt, but the mouth closed with a snap. He turned gloomily on his heel and stalked into the house and to bed. The door of his room was open to let in warmth from the kitchen. As he undressed in the semi-darkness he could hear his mother talking with a neighbor woman

who had dropped in. His mother was crying, and her speech was punctuated with spiritless snuffles.

"I can't make out yhat's gittin' into Johnny," he could hear her say. "He didn't used to be this way. He was a patient little angel.

"An' he *is* a good boy," she hastened to defend. "He's worked faithful, an' he did go to work too young. But it wasn't my fault. I do the best I-can, I'm sure."

Prolonged sniffing from the kitchen, and Johnny murmured to himself as his eyelids closed down, "You betcher life I've worked faithful."

The next morning he was torn bodily by his mother from the grip of sleep. Then came the meager breakfast, the tramp through the dark, and the pale glimpse of day across the housetops as he turned his back on it and went in through the factory gate. It was another day, of all the days, and all the days were alike.

And yet there had been variety in his life—at the times he changed from one job to another, or was taken sick. When he was six he was little mother and father to Will and the other children still younger. At seven he went into the mills—winding bobbins. When he was eight he got work in another mill. His new job was marvelously easy. All he had to do was to sit down with a little stick in his hand and guide a stream of cloth that flowed past him. This stream of cloth came out of the maw of a machine, passed over a hot roller, and went on its way elsewhere. But he sat always in the one place, beyond the reach of daylight, a gas-jet flaring over him, himself part of the mechanism.

He was very happy at that job, in spite of the moist heat, for he was still young and in possession of dreams and illusions. And wonderful dreams he dreamed as he watched the steaming cloth streaming endlessly by. But there was no exercise about the work, no call upon his mind, and he dreamed less and less, while his mind grew torpid and drowsy. Nevertheless, he earned two dollars a week, and two dollars represented the difference between acute starvation and chronic underfeeding.

But when he was nine he lost his job. Measles was the cause of it. After he recovered he got work in a glass factory. The pay was better, and the work demanded skill. It was piece-work, and the more skillful he was the bigger wages he earned. Here was incentive. And under this incentive he developed into a remarkable worker.

It was simple work, the tying of glass stoppers into small bottles. At his waist he carried a bundle of twine. He held the bottles between his knees so that he might work with both hands. Thus, in a sitting position and bending over his own knees, his narrow shoulders grew humped and his chest was contracted for ten hours each day. This was not good for the lungs, but he tied three hundred dozen bottles a day.

The superintendent was very proud of him, and brought visitors to look at him. In ten hours three hundred dozen bottles passed through his hands. This meant that he had attained machine-like perfection. All waste movements were eliminated. Every motion of his thin arms, every movement of a muscle in the thin fingers, was swift and accurate. He worked at high tension, and the result was that he grew nervous. At night his muscles twitched in his sleep, and in the daytime he could not relax and rest. He remained keyed up and his muscles continued to twitch. Also he grew sallow and his lint-cough grew worse. Then pneumonia laid hold of the feeble lungs within the contracted chest, and he lost his job in the glass-works.

Now he had returned to the jute-mills where he had first begun with winding bobbins. But promotion was waiting for him. He was a good worker. He would next go on the starcher, and later he would go into the loom-room. There was nothing after that except increased efficiency.

The machinery ran faster than when he had first gone to work, and his mind ran slower. He no longer dreamed at all, though his earlier years had been full of dreaming. Once he had been in love. It was when he first began guiding the cloth over the hot roller, and it was with the daughter of the superintendent. She was much older than he, a young woman, and he had seen her at a distance only a paltry half dozen times. But that made no difference. On the surface of the cloth stream that poured past him, he pictured radiant futures wherein he performed prodigies of toil, invented miraculous machines, won to the mastership of the mills, and in the end took her in his arms and kissed her soberly on the brow.

But that was all in the long ago, before he had grown too old and tired to love. Also, she had married and gone away, and his mind had gone to sleep. Yet it had been a wonderful experience, and he used often to look back upon it as other men and women look back upon the time they believed in fairies. He had never believed in fairies nor Santa Claus; but he had believed implicitly in the smiling future his imagination had wrought into the steaming cloth stream.

He had become a man very early in life. At seven, when he drew his first wages, began his adolescence. A certain feeling of independence crept up in him, and the relationship between him and his mother changed. Somehow, as an earner and bread-winner, doing his own work in the world, he was more like an equal with her. Manhood, full-blown manhood, had come when he was eleven, at which time he had gone to work on the night-shift for six months. No child works on the night-shift and remains a child.

There had been several great events in his life. One of these had

been when his mother bought some California prunes. Two others had been the two times when she cooked custard. Those had been events. He remembered them kindly. And at that time his mother had told him of a blissful dish she would sometime make—"floating island," she had called it, "better than custard." For years he had looked forward to the day when he would sit down to the table with floating island before him, until at last he had relegated the idea of it to the limbo of unattainable ideals.

Once he found a silver quarter lying on the sidewalk. That, also was a great event in his life, withal a tragic one. He knew his duty on the instant the silver flashed on his eyes, before even he had picked it up. At home, as usual, there was not enough to eat, and home he should have taken it as he did his wages every Saturday night. Right conduct in this case was obvious; but he never had any spending of his money, and he was suffering from candy-hunger. He was ravenous for the sweets that only on red-letter days he had ever tasted in his life.

He did not attempt to deceive himself. He knew it was sin, and deliberately he sinned when he went on a fifteen-cent candy debauch. Ten cents he saved for a future debauch; but not being accustomed to the carrying of money, he lost the ten cents. This occurred at the time when he was suffering all the torments of conscience, and it was to him an act of divine retribution. He had a frightened sense of the closeness of an awful and wrathful God. God had seen, and God had been swift to punish, denying him even the full wages of sin.

In memory he always looked back upon that event as the one great criminal deed of his life, and at the recollection his conscience always awoke and gave him another twinge. It was the one skeleton in his closet. Also, being so made and circumstanced, he looked back upon the deed with regret. He was dissatisfied with the manner in which he had spent the quarter. He could have invested it better, and, out of his later knowledge of the quickness of God, he would have beaten God out by spending the whole quarter at one fell swoop. In retrospect he spent the quarter a thousand times, and each time to better advantage.

There was one other memory of the past, dim and faded, but stamped into his soul everlasting by the savage feet of his father. It was more like a nightmare than a remembered vision of a concrete thing—more like the race-memory of man that makes him fall in his sleep and that goes back to his arboreal ancestry.

This particular memory never came to Johnny in broad daylight when he was wide awake. It came at night, in bed, at the moment that his consciousness was sinking down and losing itself in sleep. It always aroused him to frightened wakefulness, and for the moment, in the first

sickening start, it seemed to him that he lay crosswise on the foot of the bed. In the bed were the vague forms of his father and mother. He never saw what his father looked like. He had but one impression of his father, and that was that he had savage and pitiless feet.

His earlier memories lingered with him, but he had no late memories. All days were alike. Yesterday or last year were the same as a thousand years—or a minute. Nothing ever happened. There were no events to mark the march of time. Time did not march. It stood always still. It was only the whirling machines that moved, and they moved nowhere—in spite of the fact that they moved faster.

When he was fourteen he went to work on the starcher. It was a colossal event. Something had at last happened that could be remembered beyond a night's sleep or a week's pay-day. It marked an era. It was a machine Olympiad, a thing to date from. "When I went to work on the starcher," or, "after," or "before I went to work on the starcher," were sentences often on his lips.

He celebrated his sixteenth birthday by going into the loom-room and taking a loom. Here was an incentive again, for it was piece-work. And he excelled, because the clay of him had been molded by the mills into the perfect machine. At the end of three months he was running two looms, and, later, three and four.

At the end of his second year at the looms he was turning out more yards than any other weaver, and more than twice as much as some of the less skillful ones. And at home things began to prosper as he approached the full stature of his earning power. Not, however, that his increased earnings were in excess of need. The children were growing up. They ate more. And they were going to school, and school-books cost money. And somehow, the faster he worked, the faster climbed the prices of things. Even the rent went up, though the house had fallen from bad to worse disrepair.

He had grown taller; but with his increased height he seemed leaner than ever. Also, he was more nervous. With the nervousness increased his peevishness and irritability. The children had learned by many bitter lessons to flight shy of him. His mother respected him for his earning power, but somehow her respect was tintured with fear.

There was no joyousness in life for him. The procession of the days he never saw. The nights he slept away in twitching unconsciousness. The rest of the time he worked, and his consciousness was machine consciousness. Outside this his mind was a blank. He had no ideals, and but one illusion, namely, that he drank excellent coffee. He was a work-beast. He had no mental life whatever; yet deep down in the crypts of his mind, unknown to him, were being weighed and sifted every hour

of his toil, every movement of his hands, every twitch of his muscles, and preparations were making for a future course of action that would amaze him and all his little world.

It was in the late spring that he came home from work one night aware of an usual tiredness. There was a keen expectancy in the air as he sat down to the table, but he did not notice. He went through the meal in moody silence, mechanically eating what was before him. The children um'd and ah'd and made smacking noises with their mouths. But he was deaf to them.

"D'ye know what you're eatin'?" his mother demanded at last, desperately.

He looked vacantly at the dish before him, and vacantly at her.

"Floatin' island," she announced triumphantly.

"Oh," he said.

"Floating island!" the children chorused loudly.

"Oh," he said. And after two or three mouthfuls, he added, "I guess I ain't hungry tonight."

He dropped the spoon, shoved back his chair, and arose wearily from the table.

"An' I guess I'll go to bed."

His feet dragged more heavily than usual as he crossed the kitchen floor. Undressing was a Titan's task, a monstrous futility, and he wept weakly as he crawled into bed, one shoe still on. He was aware of a rising, swelling something inside his head that made his brain thick and fuzzy. His lean fingers felt as big as his wrist, while in the ends of them was a remoteness of sensation vague and fuzzy like his brain. The small of his back ached intolerably. All his bones ached. He ached everywhere. And in his head began the shrieking, pounding, crashing, roaring of a million looms. All space was filled with flying shuttles. They darted in and out, intricately, amongst the stars. He worked a thousand looms himself, and ever they speeded up, faster and faster, and his brain unwound, faster and faster, and became the thread that fed the thousand flying shuttles.

He did not go to work next morning. He was too busy weaving colossally on the thousand looms that ran inside his head. His mother went to work, but first she sent for the doctor. It was a severe attack of la grippe, he said. Jennie served as nurse and carried out his instructions.

It was a very severe attack, and it was a week before Johnny dressed and tottered feebly across the floor. Another week, the doctor said, and he would be fit to return to work. The foreman of the loom-room visited him on Sunday afternoon, the first day of his convalescence. The best

weaver in the room, the foreman told his mother. His job would be held for him. He could come back to work a week from Monday.

"Why don't you thank 'em, Johnny?" his mother asked anxiously.

"He's ben that sick he ain't himself yet," she explained apologetically to the visitor.

Johnny sat hunched up and gazing steadfastly at the floor. He sat in the same position long after the foreman had gone. It was warm outdoors, and he sat on the stoop in the afternoon. Sometimes his lips moved. He seemed lost in endless calculations.

Next morning, after the day grew warm, he took his seat on the stoop. He had pencil and paper this time with which to continue his calculations, and he calculated painfully and amazingly.

"What comes after millions?" he asked at noon, when Will came home from school. "An' how d'ye work 'em?"

That afternoon finished his task. Each day, but without paper and pencil, he returned to the stoop. He was greatly absorbed in the one tree that grew across the street. He studied it for hours at a time, and was unusually interested when the wind swayed its branches and fluttered its leaves. Throughout the week he seemed lost in a great communion with himself. On Sunday, sitting on the stoop, he laughed aloud, several times, to the perturbation of his mother, who had not heard him laugh in years.

Next morning, in the early darkness, she came to his bed to rouse him. He had had his fill of sleep all week and awoke easily. He made no struggle, nor did he attempt to hold onto the bedding when she stripped it from him. He lay quietly, and spoke quietly.

"It ain't no use, ma."

"You'll be late," she said, under the impression that he was still stupid with sleep.

"I'm awake, ma, an' I tell you it ain't no use. You might as well lemme alone. I ain't goin' to git up."

"But you'll lose your job!" she cried.

"I ain't goin' to git up," he repeated in a strange, passionless voice.

She did not go to work herself that morning. This was sickness beyond any sickness she had ever known. Fever and delirium she could understand; but this was insanity. She pulled the bedding up over him and sent Jennie for the doctor.

When that person arrived Johnny was sleeping gently, and gently he awoke and allowed his pulse to be taken.

"Nothing the matter with him," the doctor reported. "Badly debilitated, that's all. Not much meat on his bones."

"He's always been that way," his mother volunteered.

"Now go 'way, ma, an' let me finish my snooze."

Johnny spoke sweetly and placidly, and sweetly and placidly he rolled over on his side and went to sleep.

At ten o'clock he awoke and dressed himself. He walked out into the kitchen, where he found his mother with a frightened expression on her face.

"I'm goin' away, ma," he announced, "an' I jes' want to say good-by."

She threw her apron over her head and sat down suddenly and wept. He waited patiently.

"I might a-knownn it," she was sobbing.

"Where?" she finally asked, removing the apron from her head and gazing up at him with a stricken face in which there was little curiosity.

"I don't know—anywhere."

As he spoke the tree across the street appeared with dazzling brightness on his inner vision. It seemed to lurk just under his eye-lids, and he could see it whenever he wished.

"An' your job?" she quavered.

"I ain't never goin' to work again."

"My God, Johnny!" she wailed, "don't say that!"

What he had said was blasphemy to her. As a mother who hears her child deny God, was Johnny's mother shocked by his words.

"What's got into you, anyway?" she demanded, with a lame attempt at imperativeness.

"Figures," he answered. "Jes' figures. I've ben doin' a lot of figurin' this week, an' it's most surprisin'."

"I don't see what that's got to do with it," she sniffled.

Johnny smiled patiently, and his mother was aware of a distinct shock at the persistent absence of his peevishness and irritability.

"I'll show you," he said. "I'm plum tired out. What makes me tired? Moves. I've ben movin' ever since I was born. I'm tired of movin', an' I ain't goin' to move any more. Remember when I worked in the glass house? I used to do three hundred dozen a day. Now I reckon I made about ten different moves to each bottle. That's thirty-six thousand moves a day. Ten days, three hundred an' sixty thousand moves a day. One month, one million an' eighty thousand moves. Chuck out the eighty thousand—" he spoke with the complacent beneficence of a philanthropist—"chuck out the eighty thousand, that leaves a million moves a month—twelve million moves a year.

"At the looms I'm movin' twic'st as much. That makes twenty-five million moves a year, an' it seems to me I've ben a movin' that way' most a million years."

"Now this week I ain't moved at all. I ain't made one move in hours

an' hours. I tell you it was swell, jes' settin' there, hours an' hours, an' doin' nothin'. I ain't never ben happy before. I never had any time. I've ben movin' all the time. That ain't no way to be happy. An' I ain't goin' to do it any more. I'm jes' goin' to set, an' set, an' rest, an' rest, and then rest some more."

"But what's goin' to come of Will an' the children?" she asked despairingly.

"That's it, 'Will an' the children,'" he repeated.

But there was no bitterness in his voice. He had long known his mother's ambition for the younger boy, but the thought of it no longer rankled. Nothing mattered any more. Not even that.

"I know, ma, what you've ben plannin' for Will—keepin' him in school to make a bookkeeper out of him. But it ain't no use, I've quit. He's got to go to work."

"An' after I have brung you up the way I have," she wept, starting to cover her with the apron and changing her mind.

"You never brung me up," he answered with sad kindness. "I brung myself up, ma, an' I brung up Will. He's bigger'n me, an' heavier, an' taller. When I was a kid I reckon I didn't git enough to eat. When he come along an' was a kid, I was workin' an' earnin' grub for him, too. But that's done with. Will can go to work, same as me, or he can go to hell, I don't care which. I'm tired. I'm goin' now. Ain't you goin' to say good-by?"

She made no reply. The apron had gone over her head again and she was crying. He paused a moment in the doorway.

"I'm sure I done the best I knew how," she was sobbing.

He passed out of the house and down the street. A wan delight came into his face at the sight of the lone tree. "Jes' ain't goin' to do nothin'." he said to himself, half aloud, in a crooning tone. He glanced wistfully up at the sky, but the bright sun dazzled and blinded him.

It was a long walk he took, and he did not walk fast. It took him past the jute-mill. The muffled roar of the loom-room came to his ears and he smiled. It was a gentle, placid smile. He hated no one, not even the pounding, shrieking machines. There was no bitterness in him, nothing but an inordinate hunger for rest.

The houses and factories thinned out and the open spaces increased as he approached the country. At last the city was behind him, and he was walking down a leafy lane beside the railroad track. He did not walk like a man. He did not look like a man. He was a travesty of the human. It was a twisted and stunted and nameless piece of life that shambled like a sickly ape, arms loose-hanging, stoop-shouldered, narrow-chested, grotesque and terrible.

He passed by a small railroad station and lay down in the grass under a tree. All afternoon he lay there. Sometimes he dozed, with muscles that twitched in his sleep. When awake he lay without movement, watching the birds or looking up at the sky through the branches of the tree above him. Once or twice he laughed aloud, but without relevance to anything he had seen or felt.

After twilight had gone, in the first darkness of the night, a freight train rumbled into the station. When the engine was switching cars onto the side-track, Johnny crept along the side of the train. He pulled open the side-door of an empty box-car and awkwardly and laboriously climbed in. He closed the door. The engine whistled. Johnny was lying down, and in the darkness he smiled.

And the children? Twelve hours of work for children! O, misery. But not all the Jules Simon of the Academy of Moral and Political Science, not all the Germinys of jesuitism, could have invented a vice more degrading to the intelligence of the children, more corrupting of their instincts, more destructive of their organism than work in the vitiated atmosphere of the capitalist factory.

Our epoch has been called the century of work. It is in fact the century of pain, misery and corruption.—Lafargue in *The Right to be Lazy*.

# The Third Volume of Marx's "Capital"

BY ERNEST UNTERMANN.

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THE first generation of proletarian students in Europe received the economic theories of Marx, not as a complete and connected system, but in instalments, American socialists have been in the same position until the present time. The result has been the same in Europe and America. With a few exceptions, the Marx students, who were compelled to assimilate his theories in this



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disconnected manner, misunderstood and misinterpreted them. Out of this desultory study arose an immense volume of controversies, attack-

ing and defending what was supposed to be Marx's position, but what was in fact merely a caricature made of his system by friends and foe.

Marx had become clear in his mind about the fundamental outlines of his historical and economic theories by 1847. Even most of the details of special problems had been worked out by him in a series of rough manuscripts by 1863. These manuscripts contained the essential portions of all three volumes of "Capital" and of the material now published in Germany under the title of "Theories of Surplus-Value." Later manuscripts amplified and perfected the older ones, but added nothing new to the fundamental principles.

Under these circumstances, the antagonists of Marx in the bourgeois camp, who insinuated that he had "abandoned" in his second and third volumes the principles laid down in the first one, added but another proof of their mental incapacity to all the others which they had given previously. For if Marx had abandoned his economic principles, he would have done so before he wrote volume I of "Capital," and this whole work would then be an illustration of his disloyalty to principles laid down by him in his manuscripts. But as these manuscripts were precisely the material, from which he constructed this great work, it is evident that the professors did not understand enough about political economy to grasp his meaning.

True, it was not the professors alone who misunderstood him. Even most of his sympathizers did not get a correct conception of his economic system. And that was a natural result of the disconnected way, in which the economic works of Marx appeared, and of the lack of mental training among the working people. But that even so his system could be understood by close study and with sufficient mental preparations, was proved by Josef Dietzgen's review of the first volume of "Capital," in 1868, and by Karl Kautsky's popular volume on "The Economic Teachings of Karl Marx," the first edition of which was published in 1886, eight years before the publication of volume III of "Capital." Kautsky could justly write in his preface to the eighth edition of his popularization: "It is a widespread idea, which is shared even by some Marxists, that the interpretation formerly given of the first volume of "Capital" by us Marxians was completely overthrown and made untenable by the third volume. Nothing is more erroneous than that. I have subjected my work to a thorough revision after the publication of the third volume, and have not found the least change necessary in my theoretical position. This was to be expected from the outset, for Engels had inspected and endorsed my manuscript of the first edition at a time, when he was already familiar with the contents of volume III. If he had found in my book any

conceptions, which would have been overthrown by volume III, he certainly would have called by attention to this fact."

However, what was possible for Dietzgen and Kautsky, was impossible for the vast mass of the rank and file of Marx students. They lacked the exceptional training, which Dietzgen and Kautsky had undergone.

Marx had the essential parts of his system before him, when he wrote out the individual sections. He knew what relation each part bore to the whole. He knew that there was no contradiction between these individual parts and the whole system. But most of his readers, not accustomed to a systematic scientific study, and generally unfamiliar with political economy, received and saw only the individual parts of the Marxian system as they issued from the press. And all who have tried to piece these various parts together into a connected and organic system, will remember, what a difficult task that was, and how often they despaired of accomplishing it.

The new generation of American socialists will not have to struggle with this difficulty any more. They will read all three volumes in rapid succession. The logical consistency of these volumes will become clear to them without much difficulty.

The light, which this third volume, now published for the first time in English, throws upon the preceding two volumes of "Capital," reaches far beyond this work. It clears up many doubts, which must have arisen in the mind of a critical student, who read the other economic writings of Marx, which appeared long before the first volume of "Capital" saw the world. A glance at the entire economic literature of Marx proves, that he worked consistently towards the end reached in volume III long before he put his hand to the first volume of this work.

Already the "Poverty of Philosophy," in 1847, demonstrated the superiority of Marx's historical method over the metaphysical speculations of a thinker like Proudhon, who tried to solve economic riddles, not by going down into the basic depths of the process of production and following up its historical development, but by a philosophical mimicry of Kant's "antinomies" or Hegel's "negations." Even though Marx still uses the economic terminology of the classic economists in this controversy with Proudhon, his historical clear-sightedness enables him to point out the utopian meanderings of the radical bourgeois Proudhon, who, unconscious to himself, vacillates back and forth between the capitalist economist and the communist thinkers, without rising to the level of either. The working class point of view, which sprang forth so strongly soon after the "Poverty of Philosophy"

in the "Communist Manifesto," expresses itself uncompromisingly in this controversy with Proudhon and opens up a deep chasm between Marx and his adversary.

While the historical point of view of the "Poverty of Philosophy" is already that of "Capital," the details of the economic theories had not yet crystallized into that clear distinction of economic categories, which enabled Marx later on to advance beyond Adam Smith and Ricardo in his analysis of exchange-value. In the "Poverty of Philosophy" as well as in "Wage-Labor and Capital," a series of lectures delivered to a workingmen's circle in Brussels, in 1847, Marx does not yet distinguish between "labor" as an activity creating exchange-values, but having no exchange-value itself, and "labor power" as a commodity, whose exchange-value is determined by the labor time required for its reproduction. He still uses the term "labor" for both things, just as the classic economists do.

At that time, Marx had studied political economy only for a few years, and knew the English economists only from French translations. Besides, the political situation compelled him continually to interrupt his studies and take part in the various revolutionary movements that sprang up in Germany and France from 1847 to 1849. Later, when he was getting his manuscript of "Capital" ready for the press, the organization of the "International Workingmen's Association," in 1864, interfered with his economic writings. Had it not been for such interruptions, and for various attacks of illness, Marx surely would have completed "Capital" before his death.

The next link in the economic theories of Marx, which became public, was his "Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy," in 1859. It contains the essential portions of his analysis of exchange-value and use-value, which were later embodied in the first volume of "Capital." As Marx himself explains in his preface to the first edition of this volume, "the substance of that earlier work is summarized in the first three chapters of this volume. This is done not merely for the sake of connection and completeness. The presentation of the subject-matter is improved. As far as circumstances in any way permit, many points only hinted at in the earlier book are here worked out more fully, whilst, conversely, points worked out fully there are only touched upon in this volume. The sections on the history of the theories of value and of money are now, of course, left out altogether. The reader of the earlier work will find, however, in the notes to the first chapter additional sources of reference relative to the history of these theories."

While "Capital" thus contains a more improved presentation of the

fundamentals of Marx's theory of value, as first laid down in the "Critique," this earlier work is famous for the systematic statement of the materialist conception of history contained in its introduction. Marx had practically formulated this conception in his mind by 1845. In the "Poverty of Philosophy" and the "Communist Manifesto," this conception first showed its results in a tangible form. In the Critique" it received its most systematic formulation. And in the three volumes of "Capital" as well as in numerous historical writings, Marx demonstrated, what this conception can really accomplish for the science of human society.

The question of exchange-value and use-value had been cleared up by the "Critique," but not that of surplus-value and its relation to profit. "Wage-Labor and Capital" had, indeed, contained the conception, that capital was the fruit of surplus-labor. But as "labor" and "labor-power" had not been analyzed in their relation to value, the question of surplus-value, of profit, of the role of prices in the exchange between labor-power and capital, of the production of surplus-value and its transformation into profit, had not been clearly stated or solved.

The next public step in this direction was made by Marx in his lecture on "Value, Price and Profit," delivered before the General Council of the "International" on June 26, 1865. This lecture gives a glimpse of the Marxian system as a whole, and is not only a fine synopsis of the first volume of "Capital," but of all three volumes. And if the hints given by this lecture had been appreciated by the readers of volume I, many of them might have saved themselves a good deal of controversy about the question, whether commodities are always and everywhere sold at their full labor value. For in it Marx refutes Weston's assumption of a fixed wage fund, shows that the proportions of the various factors in production and distribution are continually changing, that prices do not depend upon the free will of the capitalists, but upon economic laws, and that a general rise in wages, if possible, could lead to a general rise of prices only, because higher wages would increase the demand of the workers for articles of consumption and because their demand might exceed the supply of goods. In this way, a deviation of prices from values would take place temporarily, but the swing of competition would gradually balance prices again. This is a hint, the significance of which is made very clear by the detailed analysis of volume III, of "Capital," and a careful reader might have found this hint even in volume I of this work.

Still more significant is the other hint given by this lecture in

regard to the transfer of capital from one sphere of production to another in consequence of a rise of the average rate of profit in one sphere and its fall in another. For an average rate of profit for all capitals of a certain sphere necessarily means that the individual capitals in that sphere do not sell their commodities at their individual values, but at prices varying from these values, so that they reap profits not in proportion to the surplus-value turned out by each individual capital, but in proportion to the percentage, which each individual capital represents in the total capital of that sphere.

All this was indicated by Marx long before he published Volume I of "Capital". If these hints had been kept in mind during the study of this volume, all the controversies about the alleged sale of all commodities at their individual value might have been avoided. This lecture might well have served as a basis for a solution of the conundrum, which Engels propounded to the economists in his preface to Volume II, in 1885, namely: How do you reconcile Marx's theory of value with the fact that equal capitals, with different proportions of constant and variable capital, got the same average profit during the same period? For the answer was already contained in this lecture, when Marx, referring to Adam Smith, said that the "natural price" (average value) was the center, around which the prices of commodities continually fluctuated. This hint coupled with the analyses of the effect of changes in the proportion between constant and variable capital upon the production of surplus-value, sufficed as an indication of the direction, in which the solution of Engels' conundrum could be found.

It is true, that Marx, for the sake of simplicity, occasionally calls in this lecture "rate of profit" what he later on calls "rate of surplus-values." But in his illustration he assumes that the capital, of which he speaks, is one of average composition, which sells its commodities at its value, so that the profit in this case equals the surplus-value. And if in this case he calculates the rate of profit on the variable instead of on the total capital, he has corrected this little slip later on in his "Capital," so that there could be no misunderstanding of his meaning. In all other respects, the terminology of this lecture is that of "Capital."

The only points, then, which Marx does not clearly state in this lecture, are: The effect of changes in the proportion between constant and variable capital upon the production of absolute and relative surplus-value; the distinction between surplus-value and profit; the transformation of surplus-value into profit by means of prices

which may vary from the individual value of commodities; the general laws by which this transformation is regulated.

The first point was fully cleared up, when volume I of "Capital" appeared in 1867. But neither this volume nor the second volume cleared up the question of the relation of surplus-value to profit. The basic assumption of the first two volumes is rather, that all commodities are sold at their value, and the student who is not familiar with the previous economic writings of Marx, or who has forgotten what they contain, is apt to overlook, that Marx makes this assumption merely for the sake of simplifying the problem, but does not wish to be understood that this is absolutely the actual state of affairs in reality.

However, for the inquiries in volumes I and II, this assumption corresponded closely enough to reality. For these inquiries are dealing with the social capital as a whole in the sphere of production or of circulation, and for the total social capital it is true enough, that commodities are sold at their value, always remembering, that here, as in other fields of science, absolute mathematical exactness does not exist.

Especially in volume I, which deals more specifically with the historical relations between wage workers and capitalists and does not go into the question of the relations of the various types of capitalists among themselves, there is no need of departing from the standpoint of society and its capital and labor as a whole.

Neither volume I nor volume II of "Capital" deals with the division of the total social surplus-value among the various kinds of capitalists. The question of the transformation of surplus-value into profit is not touched in these volumes. The first merely deals with the production of commodities, the second with their circulation, and the various functions and disguises of capital are analyzed in their relations to necessary and surplus labor.

Nevertheless, a close study of these two volumes and their comparison with volume III shows, that the first two pave the way for the analyses of the third. While volume I reveals the deep significance of the division of capital into a constant and a variable part for the production of surplus-value, volume II adds another link in the evidence by pointing out the significance of the division of constant capital into a fixed and a circulating portion for the turn-over of capital, and thus far the circulation of surplus-value. The significance of this distinction becomes clear, when we turn to volume III and study the role of fixed capital in helping to make up the cost-price and the price of production (cost-price plus average profit.) This

distinction also enables us to understand how it is that the capitalist, who calculates his rate of profit on the total capital, whether all the fixed capital has been used up or not, can always make his returns appear smaller than they really are, when we inquire into the actual value of capital that has been transferred to the commodities.

When we look back in this way over the various economic writings of Marx and over the first two volumes of "Capital," we can readily understand that volume III does not abandon a single fundamental proposition laid down in those earlier writings or in the first two volumes. All of them are logical steps in the same direction, all of them are based upon the same fundamental material. If the terminology is not uniform throughout, still the meaning of these various terms is always thoroughly explained, and it is uniform at least throughout all three volumes of "Capital." Only a superficial reader, or a superficial thinker, can find any flagrant contradictions between these three volumes, or between them and the earlier writings of Marx. But those, who really have a scientific love for political economy, will find a never-ending delight in following up the Marxian analyses and comparing the various parts of his system, and their organic consistency, with the loose and really contradictory fragments of his adversaries.

In this light, the Marxian system of economy towers high and strong above all others in the world's history, and explains more nearly and more naturally the actual processes in the historical development of human modes of production, especially of capitalist production, than any other system ever discovered by any human brain. And no critique outside or inside of the ranks of the Socialist Parties has ever touched the solid rock of its foundations. Neither has any critic ever offered to place another and superior system upon its ruins. What has been attempted in this line, has from the outset demonstrated the weakness, lack of cohesion and superficiality of the Marx critics.

What Marx says in volume I about exchange-value and use-value, constant and variable capital, and what he adds in volume II about the fixed constant and circulating constant capital, offers the natural material, from which he constructs his conception of the technical and value-composition of capital, which together make out the organic composition of capital. And with this organic composition for a starting point, the transformation of surplus-value into profit, and the equalization of the various rates of profit into an average rate of profit in the various spheres of production, and their equalization into a

social or general rate of profit, becomes a logical continuation of the fundamental analyses of the first two volumes.

It is then seen, that the assumption of volumes I and II, to the effect that commodities are sold at their value, actually holds good in two ways: First, it holds good for the total capital of society as a whole; second, it holds good for capitals, which have the same organic composition as the total social capital; those are called capitals of average composition.

But not all capitals of a certain society, or of a certain sphere of production, have this average composition. Some are behind in the development of their composition. These employ relatively more variable than constant capital and are called capitals of lower composition. Others are ahead of the rest and employ relatively more constant than variable capital; those are called capitals of higher composition.

Now all capitals produce commodities for sale in a competitive market. If the relation between supply and demand is normal, that is, if they are approximately balanced, the capitals of average composition sell their products at their value (constant plus variable capital plus surplus-value); all other capitals likewise sell their products at this average price set by the capitals of average composition. But since capitals of higher composition produce commodities at a lower value than the average, they receive in the average profit more surplus-value than they would, if they sold their goods at their individual value. And since capitals of lower composition produce commodities at a higher value than the average, they lose some of their individual surplus-value when getting the average profit.

In this way, all capitals sell their commodities at an average price determined by the average conditions of production in the various spheres, and in society as a whole, and the fundamental department of production, which sounds the keynote, as it were, is that in which the necessities of life are produced, which form the bulk of the subsistence of the wage workers and thus determine the value of the variable capital in its organic proportion to the constant capital. Each capital adds to the cost-price (constant plus variable capital consumed) the average profit, and this sum constitutes what Marx calls the individual price of production. The price of production of the capitals of average composition is the average price of production.

But while demand and supply tend toward a balance, they never balance altogether in reality, for any length of time. The population increases the productive power of labor through technical improvements, through the cultivation of new and more fertile soils, etc., increases likewise, production is planless and tends to overreach the

demand, crop failures or bumper crops shift the balance, capitals crowd into one sphere of production and leave another, laborers are plentiful in one section of a country and scarce in another, and so the regulating position of the average capitals of one period is taken by capitals of a different organic composition of another period. And since the capitals of higher composition are in the most favorable position, whenever a change in technical methods or in the proportions between demand and supply intensifies competition, they can undersell the capitals of average and lower composition and still make a profit.

Under these circumstances, the average rate of profit is never a tangible or fixed rate, but rather assumes the aspect of a liquid, ever shifting magnitude. And since under the pressure of competition there is a continual tendency to increase the constant capital faster than the variable, the rate of profit has a tendency to fall, so long as competition rules the market. But the natural outcome of composition is monopoly. The so-called "life of trade" dies and a new power steps upon the throne. With the advent of monopoly, the tendency of the constant capital to increase faster than the variable capital continues, but the monopoly has no longer any competition to fear, it enables the monopolists to fix prices more in accord with their wishes, even in the world market, and this conscious and arbitrary human control now interferes with the uncontrolled pressure of competition and largely oversteps the limits set under competition by the law of value.

This power of monopoly to overcome the law of value shows itself in many ways even while competition still rules the world at large. It shows its first signs in two institutions, which have from the outset carried an element of monopoly in them, namely in interest and ground rent.

Interest and ground rent according to Marx are forms of surplus-value. Under a capitalist form of production, both interest and ground rent are more or less under the sway of the industrial profit, and it is controlled by the law of value. So far as the rate of interest and the rate of ground rent depend upon the industrial rate of profit they must have the same tendency to fall as the rate of profit. But ground rent and interest are from the outset the outcome of a combination of things, which enable their beneficiaries to enjoy the fruits of monopoly. They are, of course, always due to society and to class rule, and to that extent they are not "natural" monopolies, not the outcome of natural, but of social law. But both money-capital and land can be easily monopolized, and to the extent that they are

monopolized, they can escape the workings of the law of value to a greater or smaller degree. Nevertheless, the law of value controls them more or less, so long as competition rules the industrial world.

But with the institution of banks, of stock companies, of bills of exchange, of fictitious capital, interest becomes to a large extent exempt from the law of value. There is no actual value back of the greater part of the capitalist "securities," and even the bank deposits represent sums which are backed but by an infinitesimal amount of actual values. Yet interest is charged on all these things, and so far as this sort of interest is concerned, Marx himself says that it does not depend upon the law of value, but upon "accident," and that there is no law, by which its rate is determined. With the coming of industrial monopoly even the last "necessary" connection between interest and industrial profit is destroyed, and monopolists can sway production and distribution without much regard for social laws. But they cannot escape them in the end.

It has often been pointed out of late that in the United States the rate of interest is now as high as it was before the Civil War, or even higher. And it has been said that this contradicts the Marxian theory, and that we should revise our ideas on this point. But this new "revisionism," like the older one, is based upon a misconception of the Marxian analysis of interest. Marx has never claimed that the rate of interest absolutely follows the rate of industrial profit, but has merely pointed out that so long as interest is paid out of industrial profits made under competition, so long interest must depend upon the laws of industrial productivity. He has, however, never overlooked the fact that banks, money lenders, stock speculators, etc., enjoy a monopoly and work largely with fictitious values, and he has never denied that the rate of interest may largely be determined by market condition, which enable money monopolists to charge usury rates for the use of their "capital." We need not revise his theory on that score in the least. It suffices fully for the explanation of all phenomena, which the advent of monopoly, even in industry, may place before us for solution.

In ground rent, likewise, Marx has from the outset acknowledged that it may be the outcome of monopoly. He distinguishes three historical forms of ground rent: Labor Rent, Rent in Kind, and Money Rent. He distinguishes two main forms of capitalistic money rent: Differential Rent and Absolute Rent. Differential Rent, according to him, appears in two principal forms: Differential Rent I arises through the investment of equal or unequal capitals side by side upon lands of different natural fertility. Differential Rent II arises

through the investment of equal or unequal capitals successively upon the same land with different results.

Absolute Rent, according to Marx, is due from the outset to conditions, which enable the landlord to pocket any surplus profits, which may arise from market constellations in which the capitalist may sell his agricultural product at monopoly prices.

The two forms of differential rent arise in the last analysis from the increased productivity of labor due to a monopolization of superior soils, or of natural powers, so that capitals invested upon these better soils are enabled to sell their agricultural products at an average price of production determined by the cost price and profit of the capitals invested in the worst land. The surplus profit, which is thus made by the favored capitals, does not enter into the equalization brought about by the general rate of profit, but is paid to the landlords in the form of rent.

All this does not contradict Marx's law of value in the least, but is rather built up upon the law of value as the fundamental premise. So far as interest and ground rent modify this law or escape its rule, it is due to conditions of monopoly, which Marx has not overlooked but emphasized from the very beginning. No revision of his theories is necessary in this respect but only a revision of the misconceptions of the would-be revisionists by themselves. If they were as eager to revise their own muddled concepts as they are to revise Marx's theories, they would get to work studying Marx more profoundly, and that would be of great benefit to themselves and to the socialist movement.

A question which has long bothered our impossibilists who are only revisionists at the radical pole of the socialist movement, is that of secondary exploitation. They have strenuously denied that the proletariat can be exploited in the circulation of commodities as well as in their production. According to them commodities are always and everywhere sold at their value, the whole production and circulation of society resolves itself into mathematical example, and value, price, profit and surplus-value come out in the end without a fraction. This according to them is Marx's theory of value. I have had to stand a good deal of abuse for about a decade whenever I tried to make my possibilist friends understand that that was a theory of value of their own making. At last they can read volume III and see for themselves that Marx considered a secondary exploitation of the proletariat as one of the principal means by which the rate of profit is prevented from falling. And it is evident, that this secondary exploitation must be far greater in a stage of industrial monopoly like

the one in which we are now living, than it was under the stage of competition in which Marx wrote. Here, then, is another opportunity for a "revision" not of Marxian theories, but of the muddled conceptions of the impossibilist revisionists. Or, if they stick to their own theory of value it is up to them to demonstrate that Marx's theory of value is wrong in this respect. I shall await developments with a great deal of interest.

Of course Marxian economy is not absolute in the sense that it can not be developed and improved a good deal. It can and shall and Marx and Engels were the first to desire it. But before we younger socialists can attempt that, it is necessary that we should have understood what Marx and Engels actually taught.

Engels has added some contributions to Marx's economy in later articles, which were published soon after Engels died. One of these is an interesting sketch of the role of labor in the humanization of the anthropoid ape, the other a discussion of the relations between the law of value and the average rate of profit which comments on some of the misinterpretations of Marx's analyses by various economists and clears up a good many doubtful points. I hope to publish these two articles in the near future in an English translation.

In the meantime I hope that a large body of American proletarians and their friends will delve into the rich mine, which volume III of "Capital" offers to them. And by the time that they have assimilated its contents I hope that either myself or some other comrade will have translated Kautsky's edition of the "Theories of Surplus-Value," which gives many interesting glimpses of the historical development of this important theory and adds materially to an understanding of "Capital" itself.

Best of all I hope that after this the discussions of the economic theories of Marx will proceed on a higher level. This should be the immediate result of a study of volume III, at least among socialists. From the capitalist professors, I don't expect much, of course, and none of us cares very much, anyway, what they think or say. We can take care of ourselves, thanks to Marx.



THE Cave People were skillful fisher folk. From the bark of the cocoanut palm, which they bound to the forked branches of trees, they made nets and caught the fish.

The Cave babies were able to swim almost before they could walk. When for the first time their fathers and mothers threw them into the edge of the river they would beat the water with their little hands, and, with much splashing, make their way toward the bank again.

Boat making, however, came slowly to the Cave People. They knew, of course, how logs, or the trunks of trees float, but tree-felling was beyond their knowledge and their tools.

Not until they had learned to fashion cane rafts rudely strung or bound together with strips of bark, were the Cave People able to ride against the current of the river. But these cane rafts were so light that they were able, with little effort, to paddle up stream, if they hugged the banks of the river where the current was weak.

When the men of the Hairy Folk, who dwelt far up the river, descended upon the Cave People and sought to take away their women and their daughters, the Cave People gave them blow for blow and, in the end, drove the intruders back into the wood.

And the secret of the matter was a strange sickness that had come upon the women of the Hairy Folk, and had stricken them with an unknown illness. The women of the Hairy Folk had died in great pain, one by one, till only the old and unattractive ones remained to the tribe. And the young men of the Hairy Folk went forth to seek new wives.

Now Run Fast was the greatest coward among the tribe of the Cave People, but after the Hairy Folk were driven away, he felt that a great strength had come into his heart.

Much hair covered his face, and his limbs were as lithe as the branches of the willow, shining in the sun like bars of burnished copper. But his courage was like the water of cool springs, running from him always.

For this reason he had never been able to win for himself a wife. Stripling lads had routed him and taken the young women he loved, and so he remained alone in the tribe.

Deep in his heart Run Fast knew that it would be by brave deeds alone that he could gain a wife. And it was the laugh of the Cave People



FISHING NET MADE FROM BARK OF COCOANUT PALM.

and the scorn of the young women, as well as the hunger in his heart, that drove Run Fast one day along the river bank.

He bore only his bone weapon, split at the end like a strong javelin. At his side, and beyond, down past him, flowed the great river and as he ran, he kept close to the bank for he knew that there only would he be able to elude the fierce hyenas and the black bear.

It was the first time Run Fast had ever traveled forth from the Cave People alone; there was a trembling in his strong limbs, and upon the breaking of a twig, or the falling of a branch, he started forth closer to the river.

And the waters rushed continually past him with a mad roar and he knew that he had only to throw himself into the current to be borne swiftly back in the direction whence he had come. Of this one thing Run Fast had no fear, for he had been accustomed to the water for many seasons.

For many hours he traveled, only pausing at the edge of the river and dipping his palms, cup-wise, to drink.

And when he grew hungry Run Fast skirted the edge of the forest

for nuts. Then he resumed his journey, for he remembered the word of Strong Arm, and his gesture toward the sun, when Strong Arm spoke of the homes of the Hairy Folk. This meant that it would take one of the Cave Men a day of hard walking to reach their dwelling places.

When the Western sky was covered with the gold of the setting sun Run Fast found a raft tied to a tree with a piece of bark. The raft was rude and very heavy, being merely the trunk of a great tree across which was bound branches and pieces of cane, which served to prevent the log from rolling over in the river and dumping the people into the water.

Run Fast knew the raft belonged to the Hairy Folk, for according to the words of Strong Arm, there remained but a little way to travel before he would reach their homes.

But he marked the spot where the raft lay well. If the Hairy Folk discovered his approach, he had only to throw himself upon the raft and be borne toward the Hollow where dwelt the tribe of the Cave People.

So eager was Run Fast to reach the enemy that he slipped through the wood, like a shadow, in the evening. The rustle of leaves was not heard as his feet sped over them. And he was in the land of the Hairy Folk before he was aware.

When he saw the men walking about or squatting over a piece of bear meat, Run Fast slipped into the brush where, unseen, he could watch the manner of living of these folks. His limbs trembled sorely for the quick beating of his heart refused to subside, so heavy was it with fear.

But his heart said over and over again that did he but kill one of the men of the Hairy Folk, or return to his people with one of their women, all the Cave People would look upon him with wonder and admiration. He knew also that if the men of the Hairy Folk discovered him he would have need to run very swiftly to elude their vengeance. It was this thought that brought the sweat to his brow and caused his hair to bristle with fear.

The longing to feed his anger against the enemy burned within him, but Fear taught him reason. So he lay long among the bushes, awaiting an opportunity to harm them.

Men he saw lying with distended bellies, after a meal of fresh meat, but no women. Darker it grew, as the sun continued to ride low in the West, and he had need of all his new found courage to prevent his limbs from running away.

Came a time when he felt he could endure the waiting no longer that a woman walked forth from one of the caves. Tall she was and very thin, and so heavy grew the hair upon her chin and face that he first

mistook her for a man. Heavily she walked, as though she were very old or weary with much pain. And at her heels trotted a small brown boy.

Long Run Fast watched her eagerly for his cave was lonely for want of a wife. His eyes gleamed and he heard in his mind the yells of the men of the Hairy Folk when he should carry off one of their women.

At length as the woman bent her steps toward the caves Run Fast rushed upon her, like the winds that come when the buds grow large. He made no sound, but the brown boy who first saw him set up a cry of alarm. With a sweep of his arm, Run Fast struck the boy to the earth and seized the woman, whom he bore, clawing and scratching, to the bank of the river.

The hairy woman showed her great teeth, making hideous sounds of rage. She tore at his hair and dug her teeth into his arms.

But nothing stopped Run Fast and on he dashed, dragging, pulling and finally carrying her as he went. Soon they reached the edge of the river where lay the raft. And close upon their heels, mad with rage, came the men of the Hairy Folk.

Very quickly Run Fast tore loose the bark that held the raft and drew the woman onto it with him. Then he gave a mighty shove that sent them whirling into the river, where the current caught the raft and bore it swiftly down stream.

The men of the Hairy Folk were now on the bank of the river and some of them leaped into the water. Others hurled their bone weapons toward Run Fast. But none of them struck home, and beating down the woman he paddled with his hands, and they were soon beyond pursuit.

At this season of the year the current of the river made about five miles an hour, and the distance it had taken Run Fast a hard day's journey to cover, would be made by the raft in a few hours.

Continually the old woman struck at Run Fast and he had great difficulty in keeping her from throwing herself into the river. But a blow from his fist soon quieted her and she ceased to struggle.

By and by the stars came out and the moon showed her face and covered the surface of the river with a flood of gold. The old woman snarled, but Run Fast held her very tightly in his arms.

His heart sung a song of pride and triumph for he knew that he would no longer be the scorn of the Cave People. No more would he be compelled to sit alone in his cave with the howl of the hyena to make him more lonely.

The day of his triumph was at hand and with tenderness he drew the old woman close to his breast. And the stars laughed and the moon smiled, while the raft floated steadily, noiselessly down the river. But the face of the woman was hard with pain, for she knew that men may come

and men may go, but the small brown boy, in the home of the Hairy Folk, would be her boy forever.

Who can know the understanding of the dog, which lost in a strange land, finds his way home again! Or the animals of the forest, how they find the old haunts through the unknown ways! And who among us can say how Run Fast understood that when the moon rose high in the heavens the raft would be nearing the bend in the river which appeared before the Hollow, wherein lay the homes of the Cave People!

For the Cave People were unable to count. One, they made known by the pointing of a fore-finger upward; and two by pointing two fingers. But beyond this, they had no signs for the numbers but flung out their hands as though to say, "many."

But Run Fast knew even as his brothers would have known under



similar circumstances. And when the raft curved about the bend, he paddled with his hand to steer the boat close to the shore.

Very cautiously he pushed the woman on to the bank before him, for the beasts came often to the river edge to drink, but he saw no danger. Then, making fast the boat, he bore the woman of the Hairy Folk over the rocks to his cave and rolled a great stone before the entrance.

And his heart was glad and his blood was warm, for he knew that no longer would he be an outcast among his own people.

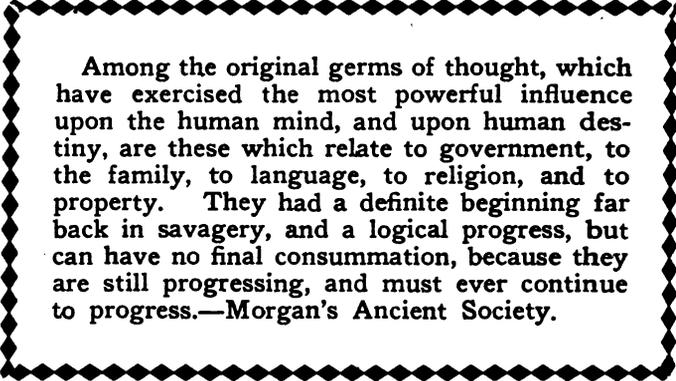
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Two suns had come and gone again when Run Fast bent his steps toward the forest, and the old woman disappeared. Doubtless she turned

her face toward the home of the small brown boy among the Hairy Folk. Run Fast was thus again made lonely, but the voices of his brothers cheered him. Always they said, "man, man," when he appeared, for he had proven his courage and his bravery among the tribe. The young women looked tenderly at the strength of his limbs and he was become honored among his people.

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[Charles Darwin says in his *Descent of Man*: "In utterly barbarous times the women have more power in choosing, rejecting and tempting their lovers, or of afterwards changing their husbands, than might have been expected." He gives several illustrations. Page 620, Crowell edition.]



Among the original germs of thought, which have exercised the most powerful influence upon the human mind, and upon human destiny, are these which relate to government, to the family, to language, to religion, and to property. They had a definite beginning far back in savagery, and a logical progress, but can have no final consummation, because they are still progressing, and must ever continue to progress.—Morgan's *Ancient Society*.

# Socialism for Students

BY JOSEPH E. COHEN.

## VIII. SOCIALIST PHILOSOPHY.



FROM the earliest times what man lacked in knowledge he made up in imagination. And the less he was informed as regards what occurred about him, the more extravagant were the speculations he indulged in. Consequently his intellectual growth consists, to some measure at least, in a process of disillusionment.

By degrees man has extended the realm of the known and limited that of the unknown. At first the universe appeared as chaos. Then it was seen that everything exists in motion through time and space. Then the distinction became clear between the animate and the inanimate, between the organic and the inorganic, between the lower animals and man. Then came the classification of phenomena: the study of the heavenly bodies, of the activity of matter, of its composition, of organic life, of consciousness, and of society. Having classified the data gathered, man formulates theories, learns the purpose of everything and offers his explanation of what we are, how we came to be and whither we are going.

Philosophizing about things is the highest function of the mind. For in a proper sense philosophy is something more than science; it is like standing upon one's tiptoes above what we know to take a peep into what is just beyond and what some day we may understand. It should be stated at once, however, that there is more poetry than truth in the verse: "We are such stuff as dreams are made of." Sentiments of that kind belong to the earlier ages, when men were engaged in speculating as to the number of spirits that can dance on the point of a needle. Philosophy deals with the realities of life, no less so than does science. We spin our philosophies only as we human beings must, because of what we and the universe are. Science commences where metaphysics ends. Science does not lose itself in metaphysics. Metaphysics finds itself in science.

Ideas originate in our brains, not outside of us. What we call the mind of man, like everything else, began in simpler forms. Fitch

and Jacques Loeb even trace it back to inanimate nature. The impulse below intellect is intuition, which is developed further in many animals than in man. Thus animals scent danger more quickly than man and are better weather prophets. And because woman is nearer to the lower forms than man, intuition is more deeply seated in the female of the race, enabling her to peremptorily pass judgments that the male arrives at only after laborious thought. Intuition is often spoken of as a feminine attribute.

Man thinks what he cannot help thinking. Professor William James, in his work on "Psychology," states his fundamental proposition in this wise: "The first and foremost concrete fact which everyone will affirm to belong to his inner experience is the fact that consciousness of some sort goes on. "States of mind" succeed each other in him. If we could say in English "it thinks," as we say "it rains" or "it blows," we should be stating the fact most simply and with the minimum of assumption. As we cannot we must simply say that thought goes on. This observation every one verifies when he speaks of a thought coming to him "as quick as a flash."

Just as we cannot conceive of another color except those we know or a combination of them, so we entertain only such ideas as are the result of the experience of what is in us. "Imagination cannot transcend experience," Lester F. Ward puts it. When philosophy tried to do so, he says, "it floated in the air and fought the battles of the shades." "The history of successive meanings of words solves the first difficulty; it shows the concrete meaning always preceding the abstract meaning," remarks Lafargue in his "Social and Philosophical Studies." Among many instances of like nature, he calls our attention to the legends surrounding certain numbers, showing what a hard time the savage had in training himself to count beyond two. And Professor Seligman says: "Everywhere the physical, material substratum was recognized long before the ethical connotation was reached."

Ideas are of value only as they respond to material, historical fact. Detached from the conditions to which they rightfully belong, their significance is warped. The problems confronting society are not hypothetical. Thus secession should hardly have shocked the North, since abolitionists and New Englanders advocated it long before the South carried it into execution.

Dualism—separation of ideas from things—appears in many shapes. It is one of the most striking features of some outworn philosophies. Thus Kautsky says of Kant: "Through him did philosophy first become the science of science, whose duty it is not to

teach a distinct philosophy, but how to philosophize." Yet Kant believed there to be in everything "the thing in itself," something other than the combination of its qualities. Instead of examining the merits and demerits of men and institutions, this process of reasoning would make us hold to "the divine right of kings," "the sacredness of contract" and the infallibility of courts.

The consequence of dualism is, as in Spencer's case, the consideration of an unknowable, separate and distinct from the knowable, forever closed to the human mind. To which it might well be said: If there is, we do not know of it. Much is indeed unknown. But some of what was formerly unknown is now known. While we do not rush to the other extreme—ultimately everything will be known—we can say that considerable of what is today unknown will some day be known.

Again, in Hegel's case, there is dualism based upon the idea as the primary. Engels describes the Hegelian philosophy in these words: "In this system—and herein is its great merit—for the first time the whole world, natural, historical, intellectual, is represented as a process, i. e., as in constant motion, change, transformation, development, and the attempt is made to trace out the internal connection that makes a continuous whole of all this movement and development. . . . From this point of view the history of mankind no longer appeared as a wild whirl of senseless deeds of violence all equally condemnable at the judgment seat of mature philosophic reason, and which are best forgotten as quickly as possible; but as the process of evolution of man himself." Hegel sought in history the evolution of ideas as a philosophy of history, rather than the development of institutions out of and into social orders. As a consequence Hegel lost himself in the pursuit of the absolute. His method is satisfactory; the content of that method, the system is insufficient.

It is hardly accidental that Spencer and Hegel are found defending the existing order, disciples of so-called "individualism." For a philosophy seeking the absolute is, more or less, a mirage of class dominion. The absolute in philosophy accompanies the absolute in economics, politics and social relations, accompanies the concentration of property, power and position into the hands of the monopolist.

Breaking away from the Hegelian school, and marking another step forward stands Feuerbach. Feuerbach declared his position to be: "Backwards I am in accord with the materialists, but not forwards." This attitude, Engels, in his work on "Feuerbach," has very well hit off. "The under half of him was materialist, the upper half

idealist." Feuerbach is intermediary, the connecting link. The next school is that of Marx, the materialistic conception of history. Marx's method differs little from the Hegelian. But in the gathering of data, material conditions and social relations play a more important part than speculations. The Hegelian system is turned right side up.

Caution must be exercised in employing the Marxian method. Ideas are not ignored. They are included. They are accepted as part of the historical data. But they do not exist alone. And the actual conditions that brought them into being are generally first considered. Marx emphasizes this point when he says in criticism of Feuerbach, "The materialistic doctrine that men are the products of conditions and education, different men therefore the products of other conditions and changed education, forgets that circumstances may be altered by men and that the educator has himself to be educated. It necessarily happens, therefore, that society is divided into two parts, of which one is elevated above society. (Robert Owen, for example)."

In Socialist philosophy there is no pursuit of the absolute, other than lies in recognizing the universe as the only absolute. Says Dietzgen, in his "Philosophical Essays": "The absolute and the relative are not separated transcendently, they are connected with each other so that the unlimited is made up of an infinite number of finite limitations and each limited phenomenon possesses the nature of the infinite." Entertaining any other absolute is but a way of regarding the capitalist order as absolute and final. The Socialist, for his part, regards the ending of the career of our ruling class as the beginning of the career of the working class, as clearing the road for grander intellectual achievement.

With the Socialist, therefore, everything is relative. Everything exists by contrast. All things considered, what is here is superior to what has been, but inferior to what will be. In the words of Emerson: "The reputations of the nineteenth century will one day be quoted to prove its barbarism."

Again society is not one general mass of owners and producers, some of whom happen to be more intelligent, industrious and thrifty than others. Society is split up into two distinct classes, those who work most and possess least, and those who work least and possess most. This deep-rooted contradiction is at the bottom of many others. It accounts to a great extent for the double code of ethics, the contrast between precept and practice, between the real and the ideal—a contrast so glaring that Ibsen makes one of his characters

say: "Don't use that foreign word: Ideals. We've got the excellent native word: lies."

Wages and profits, poverty and plenty, slavery and mastery, go together. Truth is relative, not absolute. There are no absolute standards of right and wrong. Everything is right or wrong only in relation to everything else. Estimates are of importance only as they conform to historical needs. There is no valid comparison, for instance, between the condition of the workers today and that of the workers of decades ago. A comparison of moment is that which shows whether they own a larger or smaller share of the national wealth, and whether they are masters of their lives more so than formerly.

As between right and wrong, wrong is the outgrown. As between true and false, false is the surpassed. Truth and right are all there is to false and wrong, with something in addition. To do right one must comprehend up to and beyond wrong. Just as the higher animals have grown out of others lower in the scale, and civilization out of barbarism and savagery, so what is morally right has grown out of what has become wrong. Right is superior to wrong—by contrast.

Socialism is capitalism, and all that has gone before, with something in addition—collectivism in the means of material existence. Socialism has, from being utopian, become scientific, and is developing from theory to practice. Socialist theories are—by contrast—more satisfactory than others, but ready to be abandoned should a better explanation of social change be advanced. And they are not sufficient unto themselves. They are broadening in the light of additional knowledge. "Nor do the Socialists consider Marx infallible," comments Hillquit in "Mr. Mallock's Ability." "Marxism is a living, progressive theory of a live, growing and concrete social movement, not an ossified dogma nor a final revelation. And the disciples of Karl Marx have always shown a true appreciation of the spirit of their master by developing, extending and, when necessary in the light of newer developments, even modifying his teachings." Furthermore, just as there were other playwrights, precursors and contemporaries of Shakespeare, who helped create the Elizabethan drama, so were there other thinkers, precursors and contemporaries of Marx and Engels, who helped describe the scientific foundations of modern Socialism.

Historical materialism operates in the domain of sociology. Now, sociologists admit that social conditions are not the result of specific pre-arranged carried-out plans, but exist as the sum total of conflicting currents. What is necessary, therefore, is a clear under-

standing of the operation of the law of cause and effect, so that, for the future, the consequence of every proposal may be anticipated.

The analysis of the process of reasoning is the special task of philosophy. Philosophy takes up the thread where historical materialism drops it. This is made clear by Dietzgen when he says: "The positive outcome of philosophy concerns itself with specifying the nature of the human mind. It shows that this special nature of mind does not occupy an exceptional position, but belongs with the whole of nature in the same organization." Historical materialism is supplemented by materialistic monism. Monism is the Socialist's method of reasoning, his dialectic. "The dialectic is," as Engels says, in "Landmarks of Scientific Socialism," "as a matter of fact, nothing but the science of the universal laws of motion, and evolution in nature, human society and thought." And again, "Nature is the proof of dialectics," just as history is the proof of historical materialism.

The dialectic may be resolved into thesis, antithesis and synthesis. Against the thesis that the idea is foremost comes the antithesis that the material is foremost, following from which the synthesis accepts the idea through the thing. Against the thesis of hero worship comes the antithesis of historical conditions, following from which is the synthesis that, to a great extent, the individual is the instrument through which the general impulse finds expression. The Socialist position is neither at one extreme nor the other, neither idealism nor the old materialism, just as to lead a normal life is to be neither a profligate nor a miser.

Let us now consider the non-Socialist. As likely as not he is given to ancestor worship, holding that the proper course lies in a "return to the faith of our fathers." He fails to see that, to be consistent in this, civilization would have to be deprived of the institutions it has acquired since their time. For our forefathers, who were used to the ray of the candle, might be blinded by an arc light. Moreover, what of value there was in their faith persists in our day. For the good, no less than the evil, liveth after them. Indeed we go so far as to say, in view of our additional wisdom and broader mental horizon, however lofty were the principles and ideals actuating them, the principles and ideals of our generation are loftier and grander.

Or, often, the philosophy of the non-Socialist is based upon notions that have been "abstracted" from actual conditions—abstract principles of right, justice, equality and the like. Such is a philosophy of ideas and dangles in the air. Its meaning is lost, buried in the grave of antiquities. It boasts of no body, no substance. Such

philosophy looks upon society as a conflict, not of men and economic interests, but of ideas of justice.

An example of a philosophy of abstract principles is anarchism, in many respects the antithesis of Socialism. Plechanoff, in "Anarchism and Socialism," calls the anarchist a utopian, defining the utopian as "one who, starting from an abstract principle, seeks for a perfect social organization." The anarchist forgets, it is not principles men profess which we must consider, but what they perform. Not creeds, but deeds. Jefferson, who is often quoted as having uttered the words, "The country that is least governed is best governed," himself stretched the authority vested in him as president to acquire the Louisiana territory. A philosophy is known by its fruit. So Plechanoff quotes Proudhon, acclaimed the father of anarchism, offering this moth-worn homily as a solution of the labor question: "Workers, hold out your hands to your employers; and you, employers, do not deliberately repulse the advances of those who were your wage-earners."

Proudhon proved himself a utopian when he devised a banking system for the exchange of labor products years after Robert Owen's. As in the case of the pursuit of the absolute, the philosophy of abstract principles paints a capitalist utopia. So Kautsky says: "Anarchism arose from the reaction of the petty bourgeoisie against capitalism, which threatens and oppresses it."

Anarchists join with votaries of capitalism in decrying the tendency upon the part of the workers to rely on "paternalism," in looking upon Socialist control as a despotic bureaucracy that would stifle "individual incentive" and "personal liberty," and in warning us that Socialism is the "coming slavery." Keeping pace with capitalistic thought, moreover, anarchists advise the workers to refrain from voting just when the ruling class is exerting itself to disfranchise them.

A philosophy laying stress upon the aristocracy of ideas is one way or another a philosophy of the aristocratic class in society. The philosophy of the common people is carried upon the broad, democratic back of the realities of life.

It is because "necessity is the mother of invention"—especially material necessity—that there are simultaneous inventions in mechanical appliances and simultaneous spinning of like philosophies. So it happens that, while every philosopher imagines his system to be right, his truths to be "natural" or "eternal," and his social scheme to be perfect, they are, none the less, the outcome of conditions at a certain time and place, and serviceable, if at all, only in their proper

relation. What was once the faith of the cottage has often become the creed of the castle. So Nietzsche says, in his "Human, All Too Human," which may be taken as a refutation of the extreme philosophy that goes by his name: "Yet everything uttered by the philosopher on the subject of man is, in the last resort, nothing more than a piece of testimony concerning man during a very limited period of time." In so far as they did not echo former philosophers, the "natural rights of man" of the French Revolution and the "unalienable rights" of the American people are the rights of the rising French and American bourgeoisie, contingent upon the advent of modern industry.

It is the important fact of modern industry, too, the operation of enormous productive agencies requiring the co-operative labor of millions of workers, which shows that the problem confronting us is social, not personal. For as one question after another assumes the proportions of a social quantity indicating that a social cause has brought it into being and that it must have a social solution, it goes without saying that the solution does not lie in so-called individualism, but in growing solidarity; not in the independence of the ego, but in the interdependence of humanity.

At the same time the psychological element growing out of the fact of the class struggle, class consciousness, is also of great importance. It is not enough that economic conditions should be deplorable and that there should be pity for the distress of the poor. The point must be reached when the workers realize that their salvation is to be found only in class action.

But even in the field of psychology, materialism has come to be considered of prime importance. "At present psychology is on the materialistic tack," declares Professor James, "and ought in the interest of ultimate success to be allowed full headway even by those who are certain she will never fetch the port without putting down the helm once more." And then comes Professor Elmer Gates, who, in his work on "The Mind and Brain," declares his experiments show that training the mental faculties increases the number of brain cells of the localities brought into play, that cells are multiplied by agreeable sensations and diminished by disagreeable emotions, that mind is a purely physiological function and that mind building is just as reasonable an aim as body building. But, more than that, historical materialism explains why psychology busies itself with the crowd and mass movements, rather than with isolated persons, why it has developed from "individualistic" to "social."

The Socialist philosophy, like all others, is partisan, with this

reservation: It is the viewpoint of the most numerous class, the class most necessary to the existence of society, and, as such, it comes nearest to being the viewpoint of society as a whole, out of which must grow the monistic philosophy of the future.

At the same time the Socialist subscribes to the sentiment expressed by Engels, shortly before his death, to Labriola: "We are as yet at the very beginning of things." For society is not of one piece. It is the sum total of many divergent interests and tendencies, together with numerous relics in institutions and thought of former ages. No philosophy can exhaust society. And for us, just as Marxian economic theories cover only capitalist production, just as the theory of the class struggle does not explain all conflict but only that due to the division of society into classes, just as historical materialism does not account for all social relations but only offers a method for finding the connection between them, so does the Socialist philosophy as a whole not aim to interpret everything about us but only those more important activities that go far toward determining the general welfare.

The Socialist, to make use of a common expression, "takes things philosophically." He knows that the great "reform" waves that sweep over the country, and the confusion of issues in campaign times are not so much so agencies of reaction as they are symptoms of public dissatisfaction. He knows that, beneath the smoke, the fires of social change are blazing ever more brightly. He knows that theories, doctrines, philosophies and movements must pass through the crucible of experience. The Socialist takes things philosophically for his cause is reared upon the solid foundation of historical conditions.

While the Marxian theories are indispensable for a clear understanding of the structure and trend of society, they must be taken only as theories. It is only as they are continually examined in the light of experience that they do not ossify into cold formulæ but remain a live philosophy and a philosophy of life.

It is because these theories are in harmony with everyday affairs, that Socialism is already the philosophy of tens of millions of people of all countries. The Socialist philosophy is in the safe keeping of the Socialist movement. It is as broad as the movement itself, as vast and as grand in its aspirations and ideals. That is why it has come to be the most precious stone in the sling of the modern David, Labor, with which to strike down the Goliath of class rule.

Philadelphia, Pa.

## A COURSE OF READING.

The following list of books is recommended to the student. They cover the subject touched upon by the above article, and it is suggested they be read in the order named:

Physical Basis of Mind and Morals. By M. H. Fitch. \$1.00.

Feuerbach. By F. Engels. 50 cents.

Landmarks of Scientific Socialism. By F. Engels. \$1.00.

Anarchism and Socialism. By George Plechanoff. 50 cents.

Mr. Mallock's Ability. By M. Hillquit. Socialist Literature Co., New York.

Ten Blind Leaders of the Blind. By Arthur M. Lewis. 50 cents.

Human, All Too Human. By F. Nietzsche. 50 cents.

Social and Philosophical Studies. By Paul Lafargue. 50 cents.

Philosophical Essays. By Joseph Dietzgen. \$1.00.

Positive Outcome of Philosophy. By Joseph Dietzgen. \$1.00.

These books, with the exception noted, are published by Charles H. Kerr & Company, Chicago.

While small property in land creates a class of barbarians standing half way outside of society, a class suffering all the tortures and all miseries of civilized countries in addition to the crudeness of primitive forms of society, large property in land undermines labor-power in the last region, in which its primal energy seeks refuge, and in which it stores up its strength as a reserve fund for the regeneration of the vital power of nations, the land itself. Large industry and large agriculture on an industrial scale work together. Originally distinguished by the fact, that large industry lays waste and destroys principally the labor-power, the natural power, of human beings, whereas large agriculture industrially managed destroys and wastes mainly the natural powers of the soil, both of them join hands in the further course of development, so that the industrial system weakens also the laborers of the country districts, and industry and commerce supply agriculture with the means by which the soil may be exhausted.—Marx's Capital, Volume III.



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#### V. POWER OF THE PRESS.

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ACCORDING to government as it exists today, might is right. I am not going to attack that position; it is too strongly entrenched to make any attack on it successful. The press is one of the mightiest factors of our civilization. It is supposed to defend every official under the government. And it does.

The reporter for your daily paper will take the word of the police when writing up articles about a prisoner. Consequently, police officials acquire a lying tongue when talking to reporters. Police officials disregard the truth more recklessly than any types of men I have ever seen. Even a hardened convict could learn lessons in lying from these gentlemen of the club and pistol. Your street man or agent could not but admire the degree of fluency attained by these blue-coated defenders of the virtues of our civilization. The remarkable skill in prevarication shown by police officials will cause laughter, but the effects of their words are enough to make the angels shudder with grief.

If it please the police officials they tell the reporters that the prisoner just taken in is a "dangerous character," "menace to society,"

“unfit to be at large” and like capitalistic phrases. And the reporter, faithful to his salary ignores the prisoner every time. Quoting from a pamphlet written by Charles Budlong, a man who served three years in the Rhode Island State Prison: “The press is largely responsible for the unjust attitude that the public assumes towards prisoners. Sometimes a poor fellow without a cent in the world will be driven by hunger to steal something. The papers are notified that a bold and daring robbery has been committed and the desperate criminal has been captured by a heroic band of blue-coated and brass buttoned guardians of the public weal. The reporters, eager to secure “copy” for their various publications, hastily assemble at the station house where the prisoner is confined, hear the glowing accounts of the police in which said police are represented as being the bravest of the brave, and then with lurid imagination proceed to write up the affair. Ofttimes there is scarcely a word of truth in the entire article.” Having been a newspaper reporter myself, I am in a position to know something about it. I can truthfully say that in all my experiences I never knew a criminal case to be correctly reported. The press is so strong that it forms the minds of the people for them. Very few people think for themselves, allowing their editor to take this burden from their shoulders. Consequently, the editor will print just anything that suits him. BUT should you reader try to get even a letter that does not jibe in with the editor’s opinion into the paper, particularly, if you are a person of “no importance” it will be ignored. Try it and see.

The press makes or unmakes statesmen. It elects the officeholders, it protects the police, it sways the minds of the vast majority of the people just as easily as the policeman swings his club. The son of President Taft, if raised from infancy to manhood upon Socialist literature, would be an agitator. It is said that under our present form of capitalistic government it is impossible for people to think for themselves. Perhaps this in most instances is true. The newspapers should treat criminal matters with a deep pall of silence. As it is today crime is popularized to a high degree. It is popular! And the reader must take what is given him in his newspaper. The capitalistic press of today is to a great extent responsible for the constant increase in crime. They aid and abet the officials in “striking terror to the heart,” thus encouraging the monstrous brood known as the yeggs and police officers. The newspapers sympathize and support all connected with our vile administration of justice. So “crime-waves” and “reigns of terror” occur and the people are stampeded and terrorized by the officials, while the press popularizes it with extra

editions and all the people have to do is to foot the bills and pay their taxes.

## VI. THE SWEAT BOX.

When a person is "ushered" into the sweat box, he is confronted by the officials at the station house. Detectives and deputy sheriffs are there, and many a time the chief himself takes part in the castigation. The prisoner is surrounded upon all sides by a vicious, snarling pack of reckless men who vastly resemble the wildest beasts of a five-continent menagerie. These beasts in the shape of men have made a long, practical study of their system. Barking and growling, they attack the man before them. Their voices punctuate the affrighted air with maddened and inflamed tones. It would be almost impossible to believe, were it not seen that such an institution as the sweat box exists upon the land hallowed by the heroes of the Revolution. It is a horrifying, revolting exhibition of brutal, domineering power. Honest judges have from time to time refused to accept testimony coming from a sweat box. But these judges are rarely to be found. The prisoner is accused of every crime that has been committed within the officer's recollection for a lifetime. Frequently the prisoner, entirely innocent, will plead guilty to escape the constant, bestial jungle-bred snarls of the human bloodhounds that encompass him.

Darwin asserts the upward evolution of man; these officials almost disprove it. The chief of police himself, like a savage wolf of the northern wilds, unites with his "men" in procuring a confession. Occasionally, the victim like Topsy will "fess" too much. If the prisoner is nervous, in the estimation of the officials, he is guilty of the crime for which he has been charged; if he is cool, he is a hardened character. No matter what he does or how he acts, "guilty" is the verdict and from their decision, in most cases, there is no appeal. The officers arrange it, so that in the midst of their vicious and snarling language there will be a lull during which "Hennessey" or some like reptile in the shape of man will say in sweet and gentle tones: "Confess, my boy, and we'll be easy on you." And the prisoner urged and egged on by kind sympathetic words will burst into tears. He will confess believing that the officials will deal gently with him and he can afterwards live a better life. Poor devil! He has yet to learn that an officer's word is not worth the hiss of a rattlesnake. A person knows what to expect from a reptile; the ordinary man does not know what to expect from a police officer. The police know their power! The press is with them! They can snap their fingers in the

face of the people and they continue to do it day on day! The police maintain there is no such thing as innocence or virtue, except it is fortified by plenty of money in the banks. Under the present system, they are pretty near right about it. And as I have outlined before, the police hate an innocent man or woman a thousand times worse than they hate the most degraded criminal. Should the prisoner not



“DOWN AND OUT.”

confess during the first “seance” he is thrown into the dungeon for weeks or months to be fed on bread and water, the hard cement floor for his bed with a various assortment of huge rodents for company. When he is again “sweated” more talented “men” conduct the persecution and in nine cases out of ten the prisoner breaks down and admits that he is guilty, even though he is innocent, so that he make

escape with a "light" fine; a promise to such effect being always given by the officials and afterwards, invariably repudiated by them. And when the prisoner has confessed, he sees before him year on year behind prison bars, a heavy sentence given to him, that weighs down his heart and soul and makes him curse the day he was born, makes him hate the officials that have placed him where he is. As to the officers themselves, they see another soul trampled under foot, good situations in perspective and they join each other at the close of the confession in a banquet of the choicest foods, best liquors and cigars, during which, some one of them will break forth in the reckless and degraded:

"Aw, haw, haw, haw."

So much for the triumph of law and order.

#### VII. POLICE JUDGES, JAILS, WORKHOUSES, BRIDEWELLS, CHAIN GANGS.

The rapidity with which cases are conducted in our police courts of the large cities is simply wonderful. Here is where the "drunks" are arraigned and also those charged with petty thefts and crimes. Preliminary examinations are also held here and the prisoner ninety-nine times out of 100 is held over to await the action of a higher court. Prisoners here, generally, throw themselves on the "mercy" of the court. They soon learn what that mercy is. In most cases it means the most extreme sentence that the judge is permitted by law to give.

Here is where the policeman appears against his prisoner, saying, just anything that suits him, to send his man to jail. Should the jails be full or overcrowded the prisoner is sometimes discharged even after pleading guilty, as there is scarcely room for him to stand inside the jail. When this occurs our young reporters will have it that the lenient judge "saw fit to temper justice with mercy" or the kindly judge "thought he would give the prisoner another chance to reform so he discharged him with a reprimand." When you give your fate to another's hands the die of your doom is cast. While there is nothing especially humorous in the police courts, except, perhaps, to those who administer the so-called justice, here is a joke that appeared recently in a comic weekly:

Judge Bullpup—To innocent stranger, who has just been "captured."—"Have you ever been in jail before?"

Innocent Stranger.—"No, sir."

Judge Bullpup (kindly).—"Never mind, you are going to be. Six months!"

The average American will publicly announce or privately express his "confidence" in the courts as models of dignity and integrity, but let that same American be arrested and you will find him quite shy of that confidence he once had.

Jack London in his story "My Life in the Underworld" tells how he was arrested in Erie, Pa., how he was going to claim all of his constitutional rights. He found he didn't have any but some minutes later, came to himself in a dazed condition, under sentence of six months.

In the police court, the testy, dogmatic judge sits dooming prisoners to various terms. He falls, sometimes into good humor. At times he will crack jokes with the prisoner before him,

"What be your name, me man?"

"Casey."

"That's a good name for a rockpile. Guilty?"

"Yes, yer honor."

"Six months! Next case."

Should the prisoner have the audacity to crack jokes with the judge and the judge should get the worst of it, the prisoner may look for just a little bit more time to be tacked on to his sentence.

The dignity of the court must be upheld. Rapid fire justice is the order of the day. Should every prisoner demand and insist upon his rights—no matter, if in most cases, a fair trial would be refused him, the present degradation of our courts would be improved. It is superfluous to say that these reforms rest upon the people. Nothing favorable to the people, can be looked for from those in authority. Justice will continue to go from bad to worse as long as it is left in the hands of the capitalistic press, the police and the judges. Only a few months ago a judge in Los Angeles, California, proclaimed what he would do to the unemployed when they appeared before him. His screed was in every paper of the city and approved by the press. Just think of it! A judge giving out publicly in advance of any trial his biased sentence in a land where there is supposed to be "Equality before the law." It is the unemployed who always have to bear the brunt of the policeman's club, his behest to take a bath in mid-winter, in an icy stream, to bear with fortitude the huge chunks of coal that are thrown at him by the officer to rout him from his sleep in a box car, to avoid the bullets fired by the power crazed official in some freight yard and to finally receive a sentence from a judge that is well known to be prejudiced against him.

Those convicted of petty crimes, such as spitting on the sidewalk, sleeping in a box car and similar offenses are sent to the rockpile or

to jails, workhouses or bridewells. There are oftentimes uncleanly places where rats vie with vermin for possession of the victim. After fighting with these parasites the live-long night the prisoner is fed on "jail slops." Whatever official purchases this food frequently gets his graft out of it. So it can be readily understood that it pays to feed the prisoners on the cheapest possible kind of grub and garbage. In most places they are worked to the limit of their endurance. Knock-down arguments are the only ones used in these places. While on this subject gratitude should be extended to certain persons in authority who, moved by feelings of humanity, foresaw that these places would be foul, filthy places of residence under any circumstances, and with feelings that showed their kindly spirit, established chain-gangs in various cities throughout the country. All a prisoner has to do all day is to wear a ball and chain on his legs and to wield a pick-ax and shovel. This enables the prisoner to breathe the fresh air during the day and to make a profit for others while being punished for breaking some law that a few years ago was unheard of. It is argued by some violent constitutional Americans and by certain members of the Socialist Party that these things are a disgrace to any country and particularly to America, "land of the free and home of the brave." They insist that in Russia conditions are no worse than in the United States. Not long ago the police officials of some city in Oregon related to the press with great gusto that a Russian refugee had called at the station house and through an interpreter expressed his strong desire to return to his prison cell in Siberia.

After serving his sentence, the victim of authority is told to "hit the grit," and if he succeeds in getting out of town without being captured, an officer gets him in the next town, his description having been wired ahead, as he was too profitable to be allowed to escape so readily. Again after he has served his sentence, the same trick is performed again and again and the victim finds himself, year in, year out, working like a beaver for society but never getting a cent of profit out of it himself. Moreover, he is compelled to feed hosts of parasites in the shape of vermin of all kinds and these parasites are not a whit more gentle in taking from him the last drop of blood in his body. Chased from town to town, knocked about from pillar to post, never having a vote, never having the least voice in affairs of the day, the American tramp and hobo is one of the most abject specimens of humanity to be found inside of the American inferno.



"AN OFFICER GETS HIM IN THE NEXT TOWN."

VIII. SHERIFF AND HIS DEPUTIES—THE SECRET SERVICE  
—PROSECUTING ATTORNEYS.

The sheriff and his deputies are not so dangerous an element as the police. And be it said right here that the officers of today are no protection to the common people. They are, however, under Capitalism, a protection to the moneyed element. The sheriff is generally a stout, white-looking personage of hog-like girth. He is a huge hulk of indignation and wrath at all times. Snapping red eyes, violent and brutal in speech he is as much of a tyrant as a Turk in his angry robe of scarlet. His own selection of deputy sheriffs are scattered around the country, plug-ugly looking types of a most felonious stamp. They stand ready to do his bidding night and day. The sheriff and his deputies wear stars which they conceal under their coats until they are ready to make an arrest. They are in cahoots with the police and all of them are hand in glove with the judges. What chance does the average individual stand in a crowd like that? None whatever.

One of the lowest stages of degradation reached by man is the detective. William D. Haywood in fitting language, in his public speeches pays his respects to these "snakes in the grass." As the

mood strikes him, or for a certain sum, the detective will swear away the life or liberty of any one. The word of an official of any kind should not be accepted in court unless corroborated by some one in good standing. Yet it is accepted at par in every court in the land.

Any method to win results is the motto of the detectives. Most of them have eyes that resemble those of the most venomous reptiles. The Pinkerton brood was the first to be raised in the United States.



‘THE DETECTIVE.’

amongst themselves, that the detectives are shown up by the capitalist press. Certain United States Senators, while shouting about what they were doing for the dear “pee-pul” decided to do some private grafting on their own hook. So many were engaged in different grafts of all kinds that they hired detectives to spy on each other; the result will doubtless be that the spy system will hereafter be used only against the labor organizations. Even Edwin C. Madden, who in his day was indefatigable in trying to suppress *Wilshire’s* and the *Appeal to Reason*, became disgusted with the way his masters were being treated, and wrote a book exposing the United States Secret Service.

In all cities of the country there are city, county and state prose-

They have rendered great service to Capital. They came particularly into notice in the Homestead strike; they were also used in the Western portion of the United States during the Haywood-Moyer-Pettibone trial and kidnaping. Thousands of them are at work today both inside and outside of labor unions seeking at all times to serve their masters. The detectives work at all times in the dark. It is only during times of high excitement that their deeds are brought to light. Garbed in citizens’ clothes, they attract no attention. It is only when the “trap” is sprung, that the detective looms up, hideous as hell, the “game bagged,” a home ruined. Frequently innocent men and women are sentenced to long terms in the “pen,” and all because the detective must get his salary and the wheels of so-called justice must be kept well oiled. It is only when the capitalists get to fighting

cuting attorneys. The meanest men that can be found usually fill these offices. The average lawyer is not particularly noted for his high moral character, but probably the deepest degradation to which a lawyer can sink is to be found filling the aforementioned offices. The prosecuting attorney is always and at all times a liar. Although he knows personally many a time that the defendant is entirely innocent he will try by every means in his power to convict him.





# The Economic Aspects of the Negro Problem

BY I. M. ROBBINS.

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## VIII. THE NEGRO PROBLEM FROM THE NEGRO'S POINT OF VIEW.

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UNTIL now we have discussed the negro problem from the outside, as it were, that is from the point of view of the white man; whether the prejudiced Southerner, or the more liberal minded Northerner, or finally the outside observer, absolutely devoid of any preconceived opinion in regard to the entire situation. No matter how sympathetic and impartial we may try to be we still remain on the outside. For be it noticed for the benefit of the suspicious, that the sympathetic attitude of these studies to the colored race may not be explained by any relationship between the author of these lines and the negro race. For a fuller understanding of the complicated situation it is absolutely necessary to obtain a look at it from the inside, from the point of view of the negro himself.

For many years, nay centuries, the psychology of the negro has remained a closed book for the white man. In her well known novels Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has idealized this psychology without much concern for the actual facts. She was writing for a definite moral purpose, and not to further anthropological investigation; and from her point of view was entirely justified. But notwithstanding all the literary value and historical influence of her works, as scientific material these books are not very helpful.

Besides, Mrs. Stowe's types are the complex types produced by two hundred years of slavery. It would have been extremely interesting to enter the inner world of that infuriated negro, whom the negro dealer had caught in the jungle of wildest Africa, and brought him over, chained in the dark and ill-smelling bunker of the ship, to the distant land, where he was sold to work the rest of his life in the marshy rice fields, or the sun-baked cotton plantations. It would

have been highly instructive to follow up the evolution of that wild beast into the mellow and faithful Uncle Tom of a century later. But this psychologic problem never had the good fortune to find its scientific investigator.

In the glorious days of slavery, that is during the first third of the last century, the white south was firmly convinced that it was the destiny of the negro both, according to God's will, and the dictum of science, to be nothing else than a faithful Uncle Tom. That the negro was satisfied with his lot was the strongest article of faith—of the white man.

Such assertions may even be heard to-day, though perhaps not so frequently as forty years ago. The famous South Carolina Senator Tillman, perhaps one of the strongest negro haters in the South, in theory at least, once remarked that the main proof that they deserved the treatment accorded to them was found just in this: that no other race would tolerate such treatment.

Is it then true that the negroes have acquiesced in the treatment which the white men accord them? That they are satisfied with their present legal, social, and economic position? And if they have become so used to it, how far may it be explained by their inherently slavish nature, and how much by two hundred and fifty years of slavery enforced upon them?

All these are questions which do not seem to trouble the average southerner when he proceeds to solve the negro problem. And yet, it is quite evident that upon the answer to this question must depend our entire view as to the future progress of the negro race and the role which it is to play in the future history of the American nation. For surely in the discussion of the fate of ten million people, their own wishes and feelings must at least be considered and consulted. In other words, it is quite a common-place thought to insist that in the solution of the negro problem the negro himself will not remain a disinterested onlooker.

In our effort to penetrate the psychology of the dark man, a brief trip into the past will prove very helpful. It is true that we do not know the psychology of the original African Negro, but it is fair to assume that in a practical way the slave owners and the slave dealers of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century were somewhat familiar with it. And it is quite certain from the evidence available, that the negro, as the white man knew him then, did not at all approve of the system of slavery. For all through the legislation of the colonies and the early history of the republic, one sees the strong tendency to prevent the possibility of a negro rebellion. This

explains the strong prohibition of the most peaceful negro assemblages, the special negro codes, the laws against vagrancy, etc. Notwithstanding this special legislation, slave rebellions were frequent, and even the bloodiest retribution that followed in their stead did not succeed in suppressing them altogether.

Slavery gradually civilized the negro, that is, got him used to the position of a slave. For even a carnivorous animal is easiest to be trained when born in captivity. But even when these patriarchal relations of master and slave were established, (which, the south would have us believe, were full of deepest affection and attachment on both sides), these ideal and idyllic relations did not keep hundreds and thousands of slaves from fleeing north, or buying their freedom at a very high price. Nor was this longing for freedom in any way exceptional. The better, more educated class of the negroes, south as well as north, considered it their duty to help each and every negro who was trying to gain his freedom by flight. These systematic and frequent escapes became possible only because of that famous organization (the so-called "Underground Railway"), whose ramifications were to be found in each and every state of the Union.

If all through the period of slavery negroes energetically voiced their protest against slavery not so much by words as by acts, they were no less anxious, immediately after the emancipation, to express their conviction that they were no lower, nor worse, than the white folks. Uncle Tom was not the ideal of those few negroes of that period who had ideals at all. It was rather Toussaint L'Ouverture, that full-blooded negro, who succeeded in creating a negro republic in Haiti. The brilliant mulatto, Frederick Douglass, whose oratorical fervor has earned for him an international reputation, never tired for twenty years repeating his protest against the quasi-scientific contention that the negro was a member of a lower race. With less talent, hundreds and thousands of negro senators, representatives, and local elected and appointed officers labored to prove the same theory. It is quite true that the new institution of freedom and all the new political and social relations that went with it were not clear to the majority of the members of the negro race. But on the other hand it is no less certain that during the early seventies all the cultured negroes, few as they were, sincerely hoped that with emancipation all barriers between the races would fall, and that there could be no discussion of the possible inequality in the political and social position of the negro and the white man.

I have shown in one of the preceding chapters how short a time the period of negro equality had lasted; and now more than thirty

years have passed since the white man has regained his power and has again begun to teach the doctrine of his superiority. The ten million negroes who inhabit the United States at present, were brought up under very different conditions, in very different political atmospheres, and could not be expected to have one uniform attitude towards the negro problem. The men and women who have received their first formative ideas in the days of slavery, or in the days of reconstruction, or finally in the days of forcible suppression of negro rights, cannot take the same point of view even if they are on the same level of culture and civilization.

Besides this historical difference of generations, the other lines of cleavage must be taken into consideration, such as between the educated and the illiterate negro; the city and the rural negro; and last but not least, between the rich and the poor negro.

Therefore the question: What is the attitude of the negro towards the so-called negro problem? is not so easy to answer as it might look. Without any difficulties the white man can find among the negroes some support of his own point of view, no matter what that point of view is. If the white man wants to prove the perfectly satisfactory condition of the *status quo*, he needs only point at his faithful old colored mammy. And the foreigner may shed bitter tears over the tragic fate of the negro race, as pictured in the pathetic writings of William Du Bois.

Now, some discrimination becomes necessary. The spiritual life of the large illiterate negro mass is important enough in itself, and would make a fascinating study, but this mass is often unconscious of the general problem except as it affects the direct personal affairs of each individual, and one cannot look to this mass for any coherent theoretical solution of a social problem. The conscious attitude of the small intelligent and educated class of American negroes is therefore much more important for our purposes.

Inevitably the name of Mr. Booker Washington looms heavily into the foreground. Nine out of ten Americans will mention the name of Mr. Washington as that of the greatest living negro. The vast majority of the Americans are convinced that Mr. Washington is the one undisputed leader of his people, the negro Moses destined to lead his race into the holy land. Some years ago a southern white professor actually named Mr. Booker Washington as the greatest man in the South living. Mr. Andrew Carnegie has settled a handsome competence upon Mr. Washington and called him one of the most useful men in the country. This to indicate the role Mr. Washington plays in the political and social life of America.

To understand the policy and platform of this famous man, we must recall a few facts of his very interesting biography, with which many readers are undoubtedly familiar. A mulatto born of a slave woman, and himself a slave until the age of ten, he succeeded in obtaining his primary schooling in a small negro school, the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute of Virginia. In 1881, when only 22 years old, he was entrusted with the care of a similar but very much smaller school in the village of Tuskegee, Alabama, where he remained permanently. It was altogether due to his efforts that the little Tuskegee became the model and greatest school for the education of the negro race in the world.

One is not surprised therefore to find that Mr. Washington became a great enthusiast over technical and trade education for the negroes, until he began to consider it the only and surest solution for the entire negro problem. On the other hand the management of a large and insufferably endowed educational institution developed in Washington all those qualities which are essential in America for any success in that trying position—a great deal of tact and diplomacy and ability to secure large contributions which are necessary for the existence and further development of his institution. Like many other private educational institutions, Tuskegee cannot exist without such liberal contributions; and they must come from the white men's pockets, for these are the only ones containing the necessary wherewithal to stimulate the noble cause of negro education. The slaves of yesterday have not yet succeeded in accumulating "swollen fortunes." In the beginning, these contributions came exclusively from the North. Later, charitable people were found in the South who felt the necessity for doing something to improve the strained race relations. But only a very tactful man could succeed in obtaining this southern money, and the price of tact is sometimes one's sincerity and one's human dignity.

It is not intended to insinuate that Mr. Booker Washington had this heavy price to pay. But there can scarcely be any doubt that the conditions of his work were partly responsible for the growth of his theory of the gradual uplift of the negro race. Mr. Booker Washington has suffered too much from the white man's contempt and cruelty and injustice to view calmly this aspect of the situation. Being a man of world reputation he can scarcely be expected to admit the truth of the contention that he is a member of a biologically lower race. Nevertheless, you will not find in all his numerous writings one single bold statement: we are as good as you are. On the other hand it is not difficult to find phrases which the southerner, somewhat

stretching the point, may interpret as an admission of the inferiority of the negro race. Repeatedly he emphasizes the fact that the negro lives in the midst of another race, which is much superior in education, in property holdings, in experience and in general development.

The white southerner is equally pleased by the fact that Mr. Washington does not have any faith in the efficacy of protest and struggle as a way to obtain one's rights. He insists (in his well known book on the future of the American negro), that the impatient extremists, not familiar with the southern conditions, can only do great harm to their race.

Again, in harmony with the average southerner, he persistently minimizes the existing race conflict in the South. If there are exacerbations of the race feeling in some parts of the South at a time, there is also a great deal of peace, good will and co-operation between the races; but he does not mention the conditions of negro existence, by means of which such peace is bought. Instead of increasing the existing antagonism he prefers to point out every little hopeful symptom of adjustment, every kind or just act or word which may accidentally escape the mouth of a southern gentleman or appear on the pages of a southern newspaper. He points out that those expressions of regard and distinction which fell to the lot of a few prominent negroes recently (evidently including himself), would have been unthinkable some fifty years ago. In his famous autobiography, he is careful to point out each and every little fact of that nature, including the honorary degree of Master of Arts by Harvard University, and the talks he had with President McKinley.

In 1895 Mr. Washington was invited to speak at the opening exercises of the Atlanta Industrial Exposition; later he was elected a member of the jury of awards, and even became its secretary. About one-half the jury were white southerners. "Nevertheless," proudly says Mr. Washington, "I was treated with full respect." He does not seem to notice that this exceptional treatment might have been due to his exceptional standing and reputation, and counts that as a great victory for the entire negro race. "Suppose," he says, "that some months before the opening of the Atlanta exposition there had been a general demand from the press and public platform outside the South that a negro be given a place in the opening programme and that a negro be placed upon the board of jurors of awards. Would any such recognition of the race have taken place? I do not think so. The Atlanta officials went as far as they did because they felt it to be a pleasure as well as a duty, to reward what they considered merit in the negro race. Say what we will, there is something in human

nature which we cannot blot out, which makes one man in the end, recognize and reward merit in the other, regardless of color and race."

This is quite a characteristic point of view. Another incident is no less interesting. Mr. Washington conceived a scheme to gain for Tuskegee the distinction of a visit from the President of the United States, for such a visit was evidently going to increase the reputation of the school. The careful and diplomatic McKinley, before giving his consent consulted dozens of southerners as to whether such a step would not injure their feelings, and finally granted the request. Washington well understood the fears of the President, and carefully refrained from sitting down at the table during the luncheon which followed the public reception, and was afterwards thanked by the President for the modesty displayed during the visit.

But one must not draw the conclusion from the facts related that Mr. Washington is simply a shrewd politician who makes the best of the opportunity to further personal ends. His sincerity and self-sacrificing devotion to his work and the cause of his race are evident to any one who has spoken to him, as the writer of these lines has done. And it is just because we are dealing here with a sincere and honest social policy and not the shrewd schemes of an unscrupulous climber, that Mr. Washington's experiences are so interesting.

As the man, thus the platform. "The Negro must not expect to improve his condition by a firework of words only," this is a statement that runs through all the writings and public speeches of Washington. The world, he thinks, will never pay any serious attention to the effort of the negro to conquer the right of participation in the political life of the country, until the negro will show better ability for useful economic work and accumulation of property. "The south," he said as early as 1899, "will come to assert the necessity of an educational and property qualification for the voters of both races. Thus, three things are necessary for the proper solution of the negro problem. A kinder attitude of the two races to each other; education of the negro and accumulation of property by the negro." Washington absolutely denies the possibility of expatriating the American negro, and does not even believe that a very large part of them will ever emigrate to the northern or western states. He is convinced that the negroes will remain in the South, and therefore the solution of the negro problem must come in the South and be effected by the South.

To him, furthermore, education and property are not two different factors, but rather different aspects of the same condition. Education must be directed so as to help the negro to work, earn, and

save money. During the times of slavery, he points out, the negro was the main productive power of the South, he was familiar with all the trades, all kinds of productive labor. With the emancipation of the slaves all this has radically changed. The next generation knew nothing, could do nothing. This condition of affairs must be remedied. The negro must learn not to talk but to work. Ability to do things (efficiency, Washington would say, if he were trained in the vernacular of modern economics), and accumulation of capital, those are the main aims the negro must strive for. And Washington strongly intimates, though he does not say it in so many words (for the feelings of the radical negro elements must be taken into consideration, if he is to preserve his undisputed leadership), that the struggle for political rights were better left alone for the present. He has a firm belief in the efficiency of money. While a guest at a banquet of well-to-do negroes in New York some years ago he said something to that effect: "I noticed that most of you had paid for your tickets with bank checks. What a fine example for the entire negro race to emulate! I hope to see the day when each and every negro will have a bank account."

There is an entire social philosophy in these few words, a system of what the Germans have so aptly called *Weltanschauung*. It is certainly broader than the negro problem, and were it possible, might solve all the economic and social questions of the age—except the one: how to get the bank account.

Washington answers that question. Skilled labor must be the way to acquire such universal prosperity. To understand this point of view, it is necessary to keep in mind the fact that large concentrated capitalism is still very young in the south, and that there is still room left—for how long, who can tell?—for the labor of the skilled artisan. The negro must therefore learn to work, and work better, whether in agriculture, the trades, commerce, in the professions or as a domestic servant. And while he makes this problem of work quite broad, Mr. Washington nevertheless insists mainly upon the lower classes of labor, understanding as he does that the professions, etc., are open only to a small minority of the select negroes. Mr. Washington's school is therefore to him not only simply a useful institution among many others; it stands as the embodiment of the only true method to solve the entire negro question. For in order to spread among the negroes the knowledge of trades and mechanical pursuits, such trades and mechanical schools are absolutely necessary. But Washington goes even further than that. Not only does he advo-

cate such trade education, but he even attacks the usefulness of a purely intellectual education.

After the civil war, northern charity did a great deal to stimulate college education among the negroes. When it became clear that the southern schools of higher learning are closed to the aspirations of the exceptional negro, and are likely to remain so for a long time, the northern friends began to bring young negroes north, and give them an education in northern colleges. Later many special schools were opened for the negro youths of both sexes under the high sounding name of colleges and universities, but in reality little more than high schools and academies. Most of these schools do not at all please Mr. Washington, and call forth very severe criticism, of a tone that sounds very strange from a man whose language is so mild and reserved when he discusses the white man and his actions. In his book on "The Future of the American Negro," he very sarcastically tells of meeting a young negro who had received his education in one of the best colleges in the country. The young man was familiar with chemistry, botany, zoology and political economy but he could not tell how many acres of cotton his father was planting a year, and how many in corn. He had met another young negro, a school graduate, who was sitting on the steps of his log cabin with his French grammar in his hands. The poverty, dirt, and disorder of the cabin were appalling notwithstanding that French grammar. The French grammar made such a deep impression upon Washington's mind that he seldom misses the opportunity to mention this particular incident. The utilitarian conception of education which he emphasizes is sometimes childishly narrow. He is grieved to meet a girl "who knows how to find every country on the globe, but cannot serve dinner properly, or set the table." He hates to see a colored girl who knows more about theoretical chemistry than how to wash and press a shirt. It is perhaps in such statements, that Washington possibly unconsciously admits the racial inferiority of the negro race; for surely no modern educator would insist that the art of the laundry woman must occupy a higher position in the educational program of all humanity than chemistry, and that serving a dinner was more educational than elementary geography. In any case, one thing does not wholly exclude the other, and education of the brain need not come in competition with education of the hands.

It is true, that in some speeches, especially when speaking to an intelligent negro audience, he admits that contention; it is true that his own son received a thorough education in Harvard; that the majority of the instructors in Tuskegee are college graduates. Never-

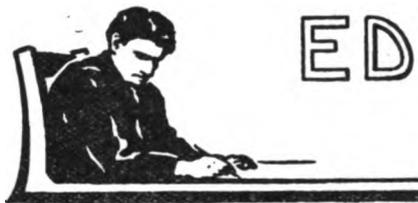
theless, the contrasts he draws between the results of the one and the other kind of education show clearly enough that he would be willing to substitute entirely industrial for general and liberal education. For it could scarcely be said that liberal education has been over-done in the case of the negro. The negro is not yet top heavy in his educated classes, and there is not yet any superfluity in the knowledge of French and literature among the colored citizens of the south.

But Mr. Washington's point of view is evidently a practical one. He is convinced that the money which goes for the support of those colleges and universities would have gone to better advantage if given to Tuskegee or similar institutions.

At this institute Washington closely follows his ideas; and whatever we think of his plans for the solution of the negro problem, the enormous importance of the work he is doing cannot be denied by any one who took the trouble to visit his model industrial school, as the writer of these lines has done. Tuskegee has been described so frequently by its friends in American literature, that it seems unnecessary to go over the familiar field. One might say that no description does the school justice; that it is only necessary to spend a few days within the walls and the atmosphere of the school to lose all one's prejudices against the negro, unless one has actually been born with them. The school contains more than ninety buildings, and nearly 2,000 students and a better behaved body of students I have never seen in any American University. In the line of general education the program of the school is rather limited, and falls far behind that of the average American college. It is probably lower than that of a good northern high school, and only better than that of a good public school in New England. But in addition to the academic department, about thirty-five different trades, both for the boys and the girls, are taught. The labor principle is strictly carried through the organization of the school. The majority of the students earn their living while in school by doing some kind of work for the school. The girls are taught housekeeping in addition to the other trades.

(To be Continued.)





# EDITOR'S CHAIR

**Socialism Becoming Respectable.** Comrade Kohler's communication in this month's "News and Views" department shows how the signs of this process strike a proletarian. But some of our socialist readers may think that he is misinformed or has misinterpreted the recent acts of some of our party members. We therefore give a somewhat lengthy quotation from one of the most respectable periodicals in the United States, the *Congregationalist and Christian World of Boston*. In its issue of May 15, Prof. John B. Clark of Columbia University, a man who stands in the very front rank of Capitalist economists, writes:

Not at once by a single stroke is it proposed to confiscate private property. The effort will be made to reach the goal by a series of approaches, although the goal is kept constantly in view and the intermediate steps are to be taken in order that they may bring us nearer to it. What should we do about the movement while it is pursuing this conservative line of action? If we could stop it all by a touch of a button, ought we to do it? For one, I think not. On the general ground that it represents the aspirations of a vast number of working men, it has the right to exist; but what is specifically in point is that its immediate purposes are good. It has changed the uncompromising policy of opposing all half-way measures; it welcomes reforms and tries to enroll in its membership as many as possible of the reformers. It tries to secure a genuine democracy by means of the initiative and the referendum—something that would accomplish very much of that purification of politics of which the Socialist and others as well have so much to say.

Factory laws, the abolition of child labor, the protection of working women and the proper inspection of factories are measures that we all have at heart; and most of us desire the gradual shortening of the working day and general lightening of the burden of labor. When it comes to a public ownership of mines, forests, oil wells and the like, there are few of us who are not open to conviction and many of us are ready to assent to that policy by which the government holds on very carefully to such properties of this kind as it possesses and even acquires others. Inheritance taxes and income taxes, which the Socialists desire, have been widely adopted. In short, the Socialist and the reformer may walk side by side for a very considerable distance without troubling themselves about the unlike goals which they hope in the end to reach.

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Will it be safe to join the party and work with it, as it were, *ad interim*? The

platform is always there telling very distinctly whither the movement is tending, and it is no modest platform which even the immediate demands now constitute, if we take account of all of them; for it includes the national ownership of railroads and of all consolidated industries which have reached a national scale and have practically killed competition. It demands the public ownership of land itself, a measure so sweeping that our kindly farmer would feel restive in the ranks if he really thought there was any probability of its adoption. What the reformers will have to do is to take the socialistic name, to walk behind a somewhat red banner and be ready to break ranks and leave the army when it reaches the dividing of the ways.

Will it be safe for the capitalistic reformers to join the Socialist Party for the sake of bringing about reforms which tend to delay the collapse of capitalism? Professor Clark thinks it will, and he is a man of no mean ability. But if he is right, will it be safe for the Socialist Party to shape its policy with a view to catching the votes and even the membership applications of these reformers, who will be, in Professor Clark's words, "ready to break ranks and leave the army when it reaches the dividing of the ways"? That is the issue that must be met within the Socialist Party in the near future. There will be no lack of arguments on the reform side. There are hundreds of efficient party workers who have put in many hours of unpaid labor, and who feel that the fat salary of a public official would be a suitable reward. And the salary is a possibility if we can only attract enough reformers to come in and help with their votes. There are party editors working for uncertain salaries whose pay would no doubt be sure and liberal if the reformers' money could be poured into socialist channels. And behind these few, who perhaps after all are influenced rather unconsciously than consciously by their material interests, there are many thousand converts who have come to us through sentimental sympathy rather than class consciousness, who will accept Professor Clark's overtures with joy, and with not a thought for the collapse of the allied army "when it reaches the dividing of the ways." Opposed to these will be found an increasing number of wage-workers in the great industries, whose personal experiences have taught them the vital reality of the class struggle, and by their side will be those whose study of socialist literature has convinced them that their own ultimate interests are bound up with those of the wage-workers. We who take this position hold that it is better to let the reformers do their reforming outside the Socialist Party rather than inside. We hold that the function of our party is to prepare for the revolution, by educating and organizing, and that the quickest way to get reforms, if any one cares for reforms, is to make the revolutionary movement more and more of a menace to capitalism. Two things are certain.

One is that the opportunists, so highly commended by Professor Clark, now hold most of the official positions in our party and control most of our periodicals. The other is that the great mass of the city wage-workers remain utterly unmoved by the eloquent propaganda of opportunism. The outcome? That will turn on forces stronger than arguments. Captains of industry are making revolutionists faster than professors and editors can make reformers. And when revolutionists shape the policy of the Socialist Party, reformers will find little in it to attract them.

**The Rights and Powers of a Czar.** To our valued exchange, **The Exponent**, published by the Citizens' Industrial Association of St. Louis, we are indebted for the following news item and clear-headed remarks:

When Charles Moyer was president of the Western Federation of Miners he was arrested by order of the Governor of Colorado, and as a precautionary measure was held in jail for two months and a half. Afterwards Moyer brought suit against ex-Governor Peabody, the officers of the militia and the state of Colorado asking heavy damages claiming that as no complaint was ever filed against him his imprisonment was unlawful.

The Supreme Court of the United States has recently decided the case in favor of ex-Governor Peabody and the state of Colorado.

The court holds that when public danger menaces, the executive warrant may be substituted for the judicial process, and that so long as such arrests are made in good faith and in the honest belief that they are necessary to impede insurrection, the governor is the final judge and cannot be subjected to an action on the ground that he had not reasonable ground for his belief. The effect of this is to make the governor supreme whenever rebellion against civil authority is imminent in his state, and to give him the rights and powers of a czar, without being subject to an action in damages by any man who thinks his rights were trampled upon.

At first blush this seems rather queer doctrine for a Republic but a little reflection will convince one how necessary it is to have that power, to quell insurrection. Like the much objurgated injunction, its usefulness is in the emergency.

We like the consistent way in which **The Exponent** here avoids such irrelevant questions as "justice" and "natural rights." The important point is that it is essential to the welfare of the capitalists who own the government that their officers be empowered to take summary measures against any workingman who menaces their interests. This is self-evident to the average capitalist, and any workingman who does not yet see it clearly had better use one of his enforced vacations these days to do a little studying and thinking. As long as capitalists control the industries of the country they must control the government. And they are going to use that government in accordance with their own interests. When workingmen come to realize this clearly, they will be ready to act both in the shops and at the polls, as intelligently as the capitalists, and the weight of numbers

will not leave the issue long in doubt. Meanwhile the one all-important task of socialists is to point out to other working people the things that we see, and start them using their brains. Once started, they will keep on.

**Fred Warren's Conviction.** A jury in a United States District Court has convicted Fred D. Warren, editor of the **Appeal to Reason**, on a charge of misuse of the mails. The penalty under the statute is one to five years in the penitentiary. An appeal will be taken, and Warren will doubtless remain out on bail until the higher courts have passed on the case. When Haywood had been kidnaped and was being held in defiance of law, the **Appeal to Reason**, as an object lesson, sent out bulletins offering a reward for the kidnaping of Taylor, who was under indictment in Kentucky, and whom the governor of Indiana, for political reasons, refused to deliver to the Kentucky authorities. The object, of course, was to discredit the whole practice of official kidnaping, and Warren's arrest and trial on a technicality is an obvious trick to "get" the **Appeal** on a technicality. Fortunately J. A. Wayland, the owner of the **Appeal**, has ample funds with which to fight the case, and ample means for securing the utmost publicity, so that this attempt to crush the **Appeal** is likely to fail like previous attempts. Fred Warren is one of the most valuable men in the socialist movement today, and he deserves and will receive the united support of the Socialist Party.

**A Step Backward: Shall We Take It?** The weekly bulletin of May 8, issued by the National Secretary of the Socialist Party, announces that Local Milwaukee has proposed a national referendum, to amend Article VI, Section 1, of the National Constitution by substituting the following:

The National Executive Committee shall be composed of seven members from the membership of the party, and they shall hold office for two years. The members of the Executive Committee shall be elected by referendum vote. The call for nominations shall be issued on the first day of October in years with uneven numbers. Each local shall be entitled to nominate seven candidates. Thirty days shall be allowed for nominations, ten for acceptances and declinations, and fifty for the referendum. Nominations from five locals shall entitle a candidate to be placed on the ballot. The seven candidates receiving the highest vote shall be elected. Vacancies shall be filled in a similar manner. Members of the Executive Committee may be recalled by a referendum vote, in the manner provided for referendums in Article XI hereof, except that in such cases the initiative shall not be held open for thirty days but shall be sent out immediately.

The present section of the constitution, which this motion would repeal, provides for preferential voting. No election has yet been held under it, since it was adopted too late to be put into operation for

the last election. It may have its faults, but it has one shining merit, and that is that it makes impossible the election of a candidate who is objectionable to a majority of the party members. The present National Executive Committee was elected under provisions very similar to those which the Milwaukee motion seeks to restore, and each member was elected by a minority of the votes, the majority scattering their votes among a multitude of candidates. Victor L. Berger of Milwaukee received the highest number of votes at the last election, but he fell far short of a majority. At the next election, if the referendum is defeated and the present section of the constitution stands, he will, if a candidate, have to choose in which one of seven columns on the ballot his name is to stand. All other candidates who choose can have their names placed in this same column. Each voter will then be required to number the names in each column in the order of his preference, and the candidate opposite whose name the sum-total of figures is lowest will be elected. Now we believe, and we think Comrade Berger is aware, that there are several thousand party members who, if there are thirty candidates in his column, will take pleasure in writing the figures 30 opposite his name. And this is not at all because we attribute improper motives to him or wish him out of the party. On the contrary we have the highest regard for his personal qualities and want to work with him. But we think his views on tactics are inconsistent with the revolutionary aims of the Socialist Party. Of course, the preferential ballot is a two-edged sword that will cut both ways. The Milwaukee comrades, and those who agree with them as to tactics, will doubtless write the largest possible figures opposite the names of those who are known to be uncompromising revolutionists. Thus such comrades as have not thus far been prominent in the controversies over tactics may head the ballot. But even so, this is better than the discarded system which Local Milwaukee would re-enact. For the tendency of the old system was to haphazard voting, each member marking the names of personal friends, or of traveling speakers whom he may have heard or admired. The system of preferential voting will encourage members to look into the public record of each candidate, and see whether he stands for the tactics which the voter believes to be the best for the party. By all means let us vote down the Milwaukee referendum.

**The Des Moines Referendum.** It may be worth while to add a few words on the referendum of Local Des Moines, which is sent out simultaneously with that of Local Milwaukee, since both may receive the necessary number of seconds and be presented for voting at the same time. The proposition, so far as the Constitution is concerned,

is far less objectionable, in fact, it is in many respects an improvement on the section in the present constitution. It preserves the principle of preferential voting, and would prevent our present government by minority as effectually as the constitution which it is proposed to amend. It contains, however, a provision for printing the list of candidates on the ballot over and over, as many times as there are candidates. This opens the way to endless confusion both in the marking and the counting of the ballots. We believe one election should be held under the constitution as it stands; then there will be time enough to amend. Local Portland's referendum, which the **Review** was almost alone in publicly commending, received nearly 40 per cent of the votes on its main proposition, and some of its provisions will have to be included in the constitution before long. Meanwhile, let us try the tool we have and see how it works.

**Postoffice Socialism.** No reader of the **REVIEW** should overlook the stirring events in France, related in our department of International Notes. It is not many years since most of the people in America who thought they were socialists imagined that the postoffice was a small section of socialism already arrived, and that if postoffice methods could only be extended to take in the whole of industry, "the people" would have gained a final victory, and all would be peace and happiness for ever and ever. Most of these comrades have already learned better, but to the few who cling to those ideals, the news from France must come as a rude awakening. The class struggle between wage-workers and capitalists is a stubborn fact that keeps asserting itself in the most persistent and troublesome ways. The wage-workers are obliged to sell their labor-power for a small fraction of what they produce, and they are becoming aware of the fact. Once awakened, they are wholly indifferent to the question of whether the employer that exploits them is a capitalist corporation or a capitalist government; in either case they are ready to fight for better pay and better working conditions. Events in France show that a capitalist government is as ready to fight back as a capitalist corporation. And the moral for socialists is that we may well leave to capitalistic reformers the agitation for extending the functions of government to take in the operation of additional industries. That will come fast enough. Our task, as a party, will be to protect the employes in such industries, as well as the employes of privately owned industries, in their right to organize and to strike. The experience of France may soon be duplicated here.



## INTERNATIONAL NOTES

WILLIAM E. BOHN



**FRANCE.** The Government vs. the Workingclass. During the past month the eyes of the civilized world have been centered on France. It is significant that what was passing there, the thing that everyone instinctively felt to be of supreme moment, was neither a military campaign nor an election. The capitalist world knows where the vital struggle of modern society is taking place. It talks a good deal about politics and war, but it is the conflict between employers and employed that makes the cold shivers run up and down its spinal cord. The capitalist may well be proud of his class-consciousness. He has few illusions about the class struggle. Our great American newspapers, for example, have openly recognized from the beginning that in the battle now going on in Paris, the French government represent the bourgeois power of the world. And when, on April 25th, a delegation of French postal employes reached Brussels with the intention of attending a convention of their Belgian confreres, they were met by the police and told to take the next train back to France. More important still is the evidence of an understanding between the English and French governments with regard to the policy of the French ministry. It is understood that this matter was made the subject of discussion on the occasion of King Edward's last visit to Paris. It behooves workingmen to see at least as clearly as the capitalists; to understand that it is their fight that is being waged on the other side the water.

Recent events in Paris furnish an excellent opportunity to study the forces of modern society. France is industrially less developed than America, but French-

men of every class are keenly alive to social tendencies. More than this, French capitalists are not as good politicians as their American prototypes; they express their views and reveal their purposes with a brutal frankness. For both these reasons the French situation offers a good chance to gauge the temper of the capitalist mind, to discover the direction of bourgeois industrial and political organization. On the other hand, here we can learn from actual observation how the proletariat must conduct its fight, where it must concentrate its energy.

On the capitalist side two things have been noticeable from the beginning. The first of these is that the majority of the members of the Chamber of Deputies have not even pretended to represent the workingclass. If the 10,000 employes of the post and telegraph were the only workers concerned this attitude on the part of the deputies would not be remarkable. Government employes have long been regarded as the property of the ministry. They are even forced to vote in favor of the government that happens to be in power. Their days are long, their wages are small, they are denied the rights accorded to other workers—and have been from the beginning. So they have little to expect in the way of attention. If they stood alone it would be quite natural for the ministry to say, as it actually did, that it was defending the nation as a whole against the demands of a small group. But the working class all over the country made it very clear that it sided with the strikers; that hundreds of thousands of workers were in favor of granting the demands of the postal employes. Did this have

any effect? Not the least—till Paris was isolated and business had almost come to a standstill. Not till business was interfered with did the majority of the deputies take notice. On March 22nd, just before the final agreement was concluded, M. Clemenceau told a committee of the strikers that he could not consider the dismissal of M. Simyan, the offending under-secretary; and as to the other demands, he could promise no reform in the treatment of employes—in fact all he could do was to make a declaration of personal good will; the government would be generous! There was not even the least pretense to sympathy or justice. And this attitude of M. Clemenceau the Chamber of Deputies supported by a vote of 344 to 138.

But another feature of the governmental policy is even more instructive. The terms of the agreement which ended the first strike were made as vague as possible, and no sooner had the strike been called off than the Prime Minister recommenced his old tactics. Promises counted for nothing; he seemed bent on avenging himself by humiliating the workers. He had given his word for example, not to prosecute anyone for participation in the activities of the strike. On the day that saw the end of the struggle the strikers had had put up posters proclaiming their victory and saying that the work of M. Simyan was to be undone, that he was no longer to be recognized as their superior. At that time, of course, M. Simyan had been so disgraced that everyone took for granted that he was to be dropped. On the 25th M. Clemenceau sent out official notice to the effect that the authors of this poster were to be discovered and punished. Fortunately the employes had anticipated something of this sort; their committee was still intact and they were ready for action. Immediately a great protest meeting was called and a delegation waited on M. Clemenceau. On the

26th the matter was violently debated in the Chamber. Jaurés was at his best and the ministry was hard put to it for excuses. Finally a motion was passed in favor of giving associations of government employes a legal status, but denying the right to strike. The next day M. Clemenceau backed down completely so far as the affair of the poster was concerned.

But just a month later his old policy was again put into operation. Seven postal employes were summoned by personal letter and informed that they would be expected to appear before a court to answer to a variety of charges. One was accused of having spoken in a public meeting in favor of organizing a May Day celebration in conjunction with workmen not governmental employes! Another was to answer for the same crime and in addition to explain why he had called MM. Clemenceau and Briand renegades. The other crimes recited were of like nature. These seven governmental employes had called meetings, advocated working class solidarity and denounced the ministry. No other misdemeanors were alleged—except that in one case a man was charged with having advocated antimilitarism and antipatriotism.

On April 30th the ministry formally decided to bring the seven up for trial, and on the following day they were suspended. The trial was set for May 8th. On May 3d a number of other employes were suspended on similar charges.

The latest French paper I have seen bears the date of May 7th, so I do not know the details of the trial. But if we may judge from subsequent events it seems clear that the accused were found guilty.

This recital makes it plain that the government did not keep its pledges. If it did not promise to dismiss M. Simyan, it certainly did engage itself to reform the administration of the postal department and to refrain from the persecution

of individual employes. And these things it has not done.

Meantime the employes have been alive to every turn in the situation. The attacks of March 25th and April 27th were met by the calling of monster protest meetings. On May 6th a formal statement of the case against the government was printed and spread broadcast. The acts of the ministry were recited in detail and the men were warned to hold themselves ready for another strike. On the same day a committee of employes' association, having been denied an audience by M. Clemenceau, replied by taking the steps necessary to organization as a *syndicat*, or regular labor union, with the rights of other labor organizations. This deliberate act meant a new struggle. The chamber of deputies took up the whole matter for discussion, but without coming to any conclusion. So there was nothing left but to declare a strike; and this was done on May 11th. Enthusiastic meetings were held, and the support of the working class was even more nearly unanimous than before.

At the present writing (May 21st) the struggle is still on. The government is better prepared than it was in case of the former strike. In connection with chambers of commerce, banks, etc., it has arranged a temporary mail service. The general strike which was called ended in apparent failure. Just what the immediate outcome will be it is impossible to say.

In the meantime a number of things seem certain. (1) Whatever the immediate result the struggle will go on. The government is blindly determined, and the working class is thoroughly aroused. (2) The fight is being prosecuted on a strictly revolutionary basis. The ministry maintains that the employes must submit to authority; the employes maintain that they have right to a voice in the management of their department. That is, it is the fundamental principle of capitalist organization which is at

stake. (3) The government has proved before the eyes of all the world the reality of the class-struggle. After what has happened no one can possibly maintain that a republican legislative body represents the interests of the working class. All the deputies except the socialists took their stand openly in favor of breaking pledges made to the workers. (4) Events have shown that the revolutionary strike is the best immediate weapon of the proletariat. Appeals to reason, justice, sympathy—all were ineffective. Everything the employes gained was won by the use of industrial power. (5) A number of bye elections which occurred on April 25th showed that the lessons learned in the industrial conflict are to be applied at the ballot box. The socialist vote was increased beyond all expectations. One real fight in which the politicians were forced to line up and show their colors has done more to enlighten the French people than years of propaganda work.

**ENGLAND. I. L. P. Tactics.** The annual conference of the Independent Labor Party met at Edinburgh during the Easter holidays. The debates were heated and their outcome spectacular—so spectacular, in fact, that little else has been talked of recently in English labor and socialist papers. Nevertheless the significance of the whole affair is by no means clear.

The discussion, of course, centered round the relation of the I. L. P. to the Labor Party. As was expected, the widespread dissatisfaction with the Labor members of Parliament came to effective expression. In the first place, a motion was introduced to break the alliance with the Labor party and hereafter present I. L. P. candidates as socialists. This motion was lost by a rather large majority. The next move of the malcontents took the form of a resolution in favor of greater independence of action within the alliance. At present the I. L. P. is not permitted to run its

own candidates on a separate ticket even if it is willing to bear the expenses. The resolution proposed that in general the party co-operate with the other members of the alliance to elect common candidates, but in case it feels itself strong enough in any constituency it take the liberty to put up independent candidates. The Administrative Committee fought this resolution, and the vote in favor of it may be taken as a measure of the opposition to the party policy; the vote stood 244 to 123. But this did not end the struggle. Unfortunately personal elements entered in and beclouded the whole discussion. Victor Grayson and Keir Hardie, representing the opposing factions, seemed bent on having a fight to the finish. The next motion introduced was of a nature calculated to bring them to close quarters; it proposed to cut off the salary of members of parliament unless they signed the constitution of the Labor Party. This was plainly directed at Grayson, who has insisted on acting independently. After a debate bristling with bitter personalities the motion was carried by a large majority. This was a decisive victory for the Administration Committee. And when the old members of this committee were re-elected their triumph seemed complete.

At this point, however, affairs took a turn which upset all calculations. In the report of the committee appeared two paragraphs having reference to Grayson. It was told how he recently refused to speak from the same platform with Keir Hardie, and how consequently the committee had cancelled Grayson's dates under its auspices. "After lengthy discussion," in the words of F. W. Jowett, "the conference, more with a desire to heal the breach between the two sections than for any other reason—and feeling that in the essential matter concerning the I. L. P. policy the conference had overwhelmingly decided on the side of the leaders—conceded to the malcontents the two paragraphs and referred

them back." This action seems quite simple and intelligible. The conference showed all through that it had a good deal of sympathy with Grayson and his supporters, and it was not interested in personal quarrels. But, taking this action as a pretext, four members of the Administrative Committee handed in their resignations. These were: Keir Hardie, Ramsay Macdonald, Philip Snowden and Bruce Glazier.

This dramatic coup seems to have been an absolute failure. New members were elected to the committee and the work of the party goes on quietly along the old lines. But in the papers there has been a tremendous outcry, and the issue has been so buried in words that nobody seems to know exactly what has happened. My impression is that all the excited talk has little significance, that the rank and file of the I. L. P. is little affected. It is dissatisfied, it is more revolutionary than its leaders, but it has not lost faith in its old tactics. The progress of revolutionism is steady but slow—and especially slow to break with accepted forms of organization.

Position of the S. D. P. Another conference occurred at Easter time, that of the Social Democratic Party. I have read the reports of this conference with a good deal of care, trying to find something to show that the S. D. P. leaders are rising to the present situation. But I must confess to being disappointed. Engels would seem to have been right when he referred to one of these leaders as a mere sectarian; were he here now he would probably include certain of the others. It is not so much any particular thing that was done as the general tone of the proceedings. One feels that for these men there are no problems, everything has been settled. For example, when a motion was introduced looking toward the affiliation of the S. D. P. with the Labor Party it was merely laughed at. No one would expect it to be accepted, but such a motion opened up the whole problem of the socialist-labor situation in England, and one might have expected a serious discussion.



# WORLD OF LABOR



BY MAX S. HAYES

Amusing things are happening these days. It appears as though leopards are changing their spots. The Hons. J. W. Van Cleave, C. W. Post and David M. Parry, leaders in the union-smashing brigade, are proclaiming themselves the "best friends" that organized labor has, or perhaps ever will have. Mr. Van Cleave so stated at New Orleans in an interview, and Mr. Post has repeated the sentiment quite frequently, so much so that he has apparently ceased to run paid "ads" in the daily newspapers denouncing unions and is taming down in a most wonderful manner.

Possibly these gents have learned from their famous predecessor, the Hon. David M. Parry, now basking in the moonlight of obscurity, that organized labor will not go out of business because they choose to rant and howl against it. And possibly the Hons. Van Cleave, Parry and Post are working a shrewd scheme, similar to the one practiced by "Sissy" Easley, the promoter and sole owner and proprietor of the National Civic Federation. In any event, the Hons. Van Cleave, Parry and Post asseverate that they are the "friends" of organized labor, provided that certain amendments are adopted, but, they declare, they are unequivocally and uncompromisingly opposed to the Socialists.

The unions are all right, they intimate in so many words, if only they would cut out socialism, which they can't stomach, God bless 'em! All the efforts of our newly-found "friends" have been, and will continue to be, directed against the "socialistic abuses" of the unions,

such, for instance, as demanding higher wages and shorter hours, which would mean "confiscation" of the wealth produced by Van Cleave, Parry, Post & Co., and which demands are entirely European and consequently un-American.

In taking the tactical position that they do, the Hons. Van Cleave, Parry and Post are logical. It is the old, shelf-worn scheme of "divide and conquer." They have observed the tendency of the workers toward accepting the philosophy of socialism, which means their downfall, and, in order to more easily conquer labor, these middle class plutocrats, aiming to curry the favor of the Rockefellers, Morgans and Harrimans, who are crushing them, are plotting to create a conflict between the radical and conservative elements in the organized labor movement.

They won't succeed. That trick is played out. The radicals are going along with the conservatives, who are now in control of union affairs, in whatever the latter may undertake, and all the while the radical or socialist propaganda will be pushed, persistently and systematically, until it is accepted, just as radical thoughts and ideas throughout the ages have been adopted and progress hastened and a higher civilization established.

The trouble with our "friends" is that they have made no study of the materialistic conception of history, and are as ignorant of social science as are the untutored and pugnacious workers whom they denounce for slugging a scab here and there. The radical, thinking element of the labor movement know the position

they occupy full well, and they do not require any soothsayers to show them what is up the Van Cleave-Parry-Post sleeve. Sleek and smooth as those gentlemen and their votaries may be, they can make up their minds that they are not dealing with dunces when they tackle socialists. The socialists will meet them always. If it is a case of diamond cut diamond, the "Reds" will be there, in or out of the organized labor movement.

It is not improbable that this change of policy among the leaders of the union-smashing brigade, at least so far as Van Cleave is concerned, is also largely influenced by the fact that a great many of the middle class capitalists are becoming somewhat tired of the game to disrupt organized labor. Perhaps they are being bled too hard for financial support or perhaps the big plutes are giving them no thanks and credit for the voluntary sacrifices they have been making. At any rate the petty capitalists brethren are beginning to turn on Van Cleave. A short time ago he was roasted to a turn at the Citizens' Alliance meeting in St. Louis and his feelings were injured to such an extent that he resigned the presidency of that body. Now I am informed by a member of the National Association of Manufacturers that a quiet movement has been on foot for nearly a year to dump Van Cleave overboard at the convention of the foregoing organization, but that he smelled a rat and announced his retirement. It is also rumored that the stockholders of the Bucks Stove & Range Co., smarting under the unenviable notoriety gained by that concern in the injunction cases, are planning to oust Van Cleave at the first favorable opportunity that presents itself.

So the changing views of the wily "Jeems" become all the more transparent. From Roosevelt and Taft to "Sissy" Easley the "reform" champions of capitalism have been greatly annoyed by the

consistent actions of the Van Cleave-Post-Parry school of smashers. The rough-shod tactics of the latter, according to the diplomatic and smooth gents who train with and run the Civic Federation, were causing the spread of socialistic doctrine more than any other single influence. And it appears that Van Cleave is shrewd enough to see for himself that the vinegar policy has been less helpful to capitalism than the Roosevelt-Taft-Carnegie molasses policy, and so Van and his crowd are starting the "friendship" racket and lambasting the Socialists. There are two reasons why Van Cleave can join the merry gang engaged in "smashing socialism," the first being, as stated above, to divide and conquer the unions, and the second reason is that to hurl defiant speeches and editorials at the socialists distracts the attention of those of his brethren who are reaching for his remunerative job as president of the Bucks Stove concern.

It is really amusing how some wise fellows can allay opposition among their own followers and retain their honorable positions by hollering "wolf" at the socialists. "They're after me! Down with the socialists!" That is the rallying cry that works wonders on certain occasions. Considering their numerical strength the "Reds" are small factors, but when it comes to playing the part of bugaboo and ghost the socialist has got everything faded in ancient and modern times.

The settlement of the miners' trouble in the anthracite region and the prevention of a national suspension by the adoption of a three-year agreement providing for the same conditions that prevailed heretofore, with slight minor concessions from the operators, was perhaps the best thing that could have been done under prevailing circumstances. The truth is that the miners were poorly organized and financially unable to engage in a long siege, and that is pre-

cisely what they would have been compelled to undergo, for the operators were fully aware of the weakness of the union. In fact the most uncompromising element among the mine barons, led by "Divine Rights" Baer, were very anxious that the men should throw down their tools, and were even advocating a 10 per cent reduction of wages to force a strike. They have a surplus of 10,000,000 tons stacked up and hoped to boost prices materially and at the same time batter the union to pieces and starve the men into helpless submission. It was a cold-blooded proposition—but good "business."

However, Baer didn't have his way, and it looks as though he has lost his grip in anthracite mining affairs and that Harriman, the conquering railway magnate, who recently obtained control of the Erie road, is the new power in that industry. Harriman did not want a strike. Whether the interests that he represents had an insufficient surplus of coal accumulated, or whether he feared the widespread agitation that would naturally follow a national strike, is not quite clear—probably both reasons influenced this famous industrial captain. At any rate he put his foot down hard and the "divine rights" gents salaamed, likewise the workers.

In accepting conditions as he found them, President Lewis, of the miners, acted wisely in not leading to slaughter those men who were organized. It is difficult enough nowadays, with capitalism centralized into an almost insurmountable stone wall, for militant, well-drilled, well-organized and financially strong unions to make an impression on that stone wall of plutocracy, let alone an awkward squad or demoralized army such as the anthracite miners are, weakly organized and financed, possessing little or no knowledge of the powers with which they are confronted, and simply pitting their stomachs against the money bags. Witness the contests of the printers for the eight-hour day, which cost

them \$6,000,000, and that of the hatters in a defensive fight to save their organization, which is running into the millions, both unions among the strongest (if not the strongest) in the American labor movement, and then the reader will begin to get an idea of what labor is up against in this country.

It sounds like, and is, a rehash to point out to the miners and all other trade unionists the necessity of cutting loose from their old ideas and prejudices and looking the new conditions that confront them straight in the face. Locally here and there, the unions may win fights, and at considerable cost, too. But when it comes to a national battle it is a terrible uphill struggle. This is no theory, but an actual condition. I know what I am writing about, for during the past four years I have been on the firing line in the contest waged by the printers, with a half century of organized prestige behind them and a willingness to make the tremendous sacrifices that they did, and with an enemy in front that was not as well fortified as are the capitalists in most trades, and yet we still have quite a number of capitalistic entrenchments to conquer. With all the powers of their capital and their government to support them, the employers are almost invulnerable. But they can be undermined and blown off the backs of the working class. If the toilers will only understand the conditions as they really are and take advantage of their long-neglected weapon, the ballot, they can make themselves masters of the situation.

At their last national convention in Indianapolis the miners, by resolution, declared for socialism. Now let them make good their word—as their fellow-craftsmen are doing in Europe. When the miners and other workers rally to the standard of the socialist party and put themselves in political power the master class and its scabs will learn to be good or get to hell out of the country.

As was predicted in the Review months ago, the industrial battle on the Great Lakes could not be avoided and will probably continue throughout the present season. The Lake Carriers' Association is determined to destroy organized labor so far as its interests are concerned and asks for no compromise and offers none. The marine workers made repeated efforts to arrange a settlement, and even surrender some vital points, provided that the existence of their organizations were not forfeited, but all to no purpose. So there was no option but fight to the bitter end. It is a sorrowful sort of spectacle, this great contest. Here the workers have been struggling and sacrificing for years to upbuild unions that would guarantee them a limited amount of protection, when along comes a capitalistic union and denies them the right that it claims for itself, viz., to organize for the mutual benefit of those enrolled. Thus the class war is on, and during the past month both sides have delivered some powerful hammer blows. It is a give-and-take, rough-and-tumble fight. The unionists have been winning over crews or parts of crews and the corporationists have been running in strike-breakers in droves. No human being can foresee the end.

Much the same condition that prevails in marine circles exists in the hat-making industry. The unionists are successfully laying siege to the hat factories and very few competent strike-breakers are being obtained. On the other hand the union manufactories are running night and day to fill accumulating orders. The strike or lockout has cost each side fully a million dollars, with little prospect of an immediate settlement of the struggle. On top of their other troubles, the hatters have discovered a bogus label that is being placed in scab hats on the market by unscrupulous manufacturers or dealers, who are

are attempting to take advantage of the increasing demand being made for union-made hats because of the strike.

Having "smashed socialism" to his entire satisfaction, the Rev. Charles Stelzle, labor commissioner of the Presbyterian church, is now sounding prominent union officials on the subject of forming a "Temperance Fellowship," along the lines of a similar British organization, at the forthcoming convention of the A. F. of L. at Toronto. Rev. Stelzle has written union officers that "the time has come" to take a determined stand on the liquor question. So we'll probably have a "dry" discussion in the Toronto convention, as the hotel and restaurant employes, brewery workers and other crafts are demanding that a stand be made against the prohibition wave.

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# LITERATURE ART



BY JOHN SPARGO

Why such a book as *The Bomb*, by Frank Harris, should have created a sensation in England, and then fallen completely flat in this country, is a problem for which I have been quite unable to find a solution. That such a story should appeal strongly to the general novel-reading public of any country is in itself a surprising thing.

The book deals with the bomb-throwing in Chicago in 1886, for which seven men were punished, four of them being "murdered—according to law," as our author says. During those trying days Mr. Harris, who is a journalist by profession, was working upon a London newspaper. The cabled reports from Chicago were so one-sided, and so bitter in their condemnation, that they caused him to believe that there had been a terrible miscarriage of justice, and he made up his mind, so he tells us, that if ever he got the opportunity he would investigate the matter "and see whether the Socialists who had been sent to death deserved the punishment meted out to them amid the jubilation of the capitalistic press." That opportunity came after more than twenty years, in 1907, when Mr. Harris was able to visit Chicago and make a study of the matter. The result of his investigations is given in *The Bomb*.

Those of my readers who are familiar with the details of that great miscarriage of justice will remember that, during the trial, it was brought out that the bomb was actually thrown by one Ru-

dolph Schnaubelt. Mr. Harris makes his story the personal confession of this Schnaubelt, his autobiography. The story keeps very close to the lines of the evidence given at the trial. According to it, the only guilty person among the seven who were convicted was Louis Lingg, who made the bomb, and of whom a remarkably intimate account is given. Mr. Harris makes of Lingg a great and terrible figure, dwarfing all the others in intellect as well as in the bitterness of his hate. The book is strongly written and forms an admirable summary of the whole tragic business. It is published by Michael Kennerley, New York.

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The alienation of the masses from the church is an old plaint. For many years the leaders of the Christian churches have been lamenting over empty pews and asking eagerly why the workingman does not attend the services of the Church in larger numbers. The latest to discuss this problem of "the gulf between the masses of the laboring people and the churches of today" is Mr. C. Bertrand Thompson, who publishes his ideas upon the cause and cure of the separation in a volume of 220 pages, entitled *The Churches and the Wage Earners*.

Of course, Mr. Thompson has his remedy, but it is nothing more than a programme of platitudinous generalities such as one hears at every gathering where the subject is discussed at all.

"The churches must offer the people a modern Christianity in harmony with current modes of thought in history and science." Theological preaching is an utter failure. "The churches must look to the problems of the present rather than of the past." "What the people of today need, and what the ministers ought to give them, is social preaching, discussion of social and economic matters from the highest ethical and religious point of view. The churches must train a new conscience prepared to meet the new temptations of a commercialized age."

From the passages quoted the reader will be able to get a fair view of Mr. Thompson's attitude. He belongs to that great army of religious people who discern clearly enough the causes of the failure of the church, but only dimly perceive its significance. His proffered remedy is a counsel of perfection, for no church in Christendom could stand honest and thoughtful "social preaching" as described by Mr. Thompson.

One chapter of the book is devoted to "Christianity and Socialism." Following the lead of Professor Francis G. Peabody, of Harvard, of whom indeed Mr. Thompson is little more than an echo, he attacks the contention that Jesus was a Socialist; that Socialism is the logical expression of his teaching. His attack is not so effective as Peabody's, but, many of our Christian comrades who make the mistake of basing their arguments for Socialism upon a few isolated Bible texts would do well to read what both have to say upon this point. It does not follow that in saying this I accept the conclusion of Mr. Thompson that Socialism and Christianity are incompatible; that Socialists cannot accept "the conclusions of Christian ethics," any more than that I approve of the unfair spirit which pervades his entire discussion of the subject. If Mr. Thompson's book is a fair sample of the spirit

of the "newer" and "broader" Christianity which he advocates, the old will do quite as well.

I have an instinctive distrust of text-mongers. When I come across a chapter in a book like this headed "Atheistic Socialism," and see that the whole literature of the movement has been ransacked to find texts which, when properly isolated from their contexts, support the indictment, I always feel like keeping close hold upon my purse, so to speak. Text-baiting and intellectual dishonesty are almost invariably associated. Had one the necessary time, it would be easy to prove that, in a very large number of cases, perhaps a majority, the passages thus quoted entirely misrepresent the works from which they are forcibly wrested to serve a partisan purpose.

Thus, recently it was my good fortune to lecture in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, Henry Ward Beecher's old church. At the close of the lecture, one of the most prominent members of the church arose and quoted from a pamphlet which he claimed to have obtained from the office of the *Outlook*. He further claimed that the pamphlet had been very carefully studied by Mr. Roosevelt, who had marked certain passages in it. Now one of these passages made Karl Marx responsible for a terrific onslaught upon the family, calling it a system of prostitution and claiming that Socialism would do away with the whole system of marriage. The pamphlet was written by a Catholic priest, a Jesuit, and the alleged "quotation" was manufactured. The crafty Jesuit simply took some words of Marx which bore an entirely opposite meaning, and then interpolated and eliminated and twisted to make the passage suit his case. A more impudent literary forgery it would be impossible to name. Fortunately, I was able to expose it at the meeting, much

to the discomfiture of the "prominent member" referred to.

Mr. Thompson not only follows very closely Professor Peabody's "Jesus Christ and the Social Question," but makes acknowledgment of the latter's assistance. Now, upon page 16 of Professor Peabody's book Marx is quoted as making a sweeping attack upon religion—an ideological outburst which Marx could not by any possibility have written. The same passage was quoted by a New York Labor "leader" and he was hailed by Mr. Roosevelt, who was then in office, as the savior of the nation from Socialism. At that time, in the New York press, I fully exposed the trick. The "quotation" was not from Marx at all, but from a bitter enemy of Socialism, Wilhelm Marr, the anti-semitic humbug, whom Marx despised. Professor Peabody, when I called his attention to the matter, undertook to see that the passage was deleted from any further editions of his book. But now Mr. Thompson, despite his working with Professor Peabody, reproduces the passage on pages 134-135 of his book, giving as his reference an article in the "Pall Mall Magazine." So it becomes necessary once more to expose the lie. Should any of my readers desire to get the exact particulars concerning this passage which is so constantly used by unscrupulous opponents, they will be found on pages 69-70 of the new enlarged edition of my "Socialism" (1909). Time and space alike prevent investigation of other alleged quotations, equally shady.

"The Churches and the Wage Earners" is the product of a mind that faces both ways at once. Forced to admit the failure of the churches, and making admissions which obviously lacerate his heart, he is moved to spiteful wrath at the progress of Socialism, both within and without the churches. Like the proverbial attorney with a bad case, he re-

sorts to the expedient of abusing the lawyer for the plaintiff. To my mind, the dominant characteristics of the book are its onesidedness and its insincerity. As an "attack" upon Socialism it is rather a weak popgun. The book is published by Scribners Sons, New York.

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Comrade Kropotkin is the title of a useful little biographical sketch of the great Anarchist-Communist, to give Peter Kropotkin the rather self-contradictory title he claims for himself. Its author, Victor Robinson, is a young man of marked ability and literary ambition who may do good and valuable work if he can only be induced to drop all his affectations and write simply. He seems, unfortunately, to have been influenced by Elbert Hubbard to such an extent that his literary style has most of the Fra's vices and almost none of his virtues. Curiously enough, he falls foul of his hero, Kropotkin, and laments his lack of literary style! When Mr. Robinson can attain a style nearly equal to that of Kropotkin's "Mutual Aid," for instance, or the "Memoirs of a Revolutionist," he will be a much better literary craftsman than he is today. For the present, he needs most of all to forget Fra Elbertus, whose style at its best is not worth copying, and, above all, to eschew adjectives. He weakens his sentences by loading them with adjectives. The use of the adjective is very perilous for a young writer, and I am half inclined to agree with whoever it was that said "no person under forty years of age has any business using adjectives." So much I say because of the ambitious programme Mr. Robinson has sketched out for himself, and because of the promise his work contains in spite of all its youthful shortcomings.

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Victor Grayson, M. P., the stormy petrel of the English Labor Party, and Mr. G. R. S. Taylor have written in

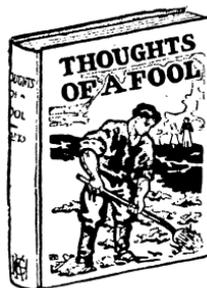
collaboration a book entitled, **The Problem of Parliament, a Criticism and A Remedy**, which forms an interesting contribution to the current discussion of Socialist political policies. The book is a rather vigorous criticism of the British Labor Party and its methods, but it is by no means devoid of interest for the American Socialist, especially at this time when so much is being said concerning the possibility of the formation of a Labor Party here patterned after the English model.

The authors find it an easy task to show the weakness of the Labor Party by appealing to its parliamentary record. They argue that the Socialists in the party hold a peculiarly anomalous position; that at every step they are compelled, in order to keep the combination intact, to subordinate their Socialism in deference to the pure and simple trades unionists in the party. In place of the existing combination, which more or less completely paralyzes the Socialists, they would have a Labor Party, composed of the non-Socialists of the organized labor movement, and a distinctively Socialist Party. No matter how small the representation of such a Socialist Party in the House of Commons might be, the strength of Socialism would be greater than under the present system. Upon all matters relating to the trades union programme it is practically certain that the Socialists would act with the Labor Party, so that there would be no actual weakening for practical work. At the same time, they argue, the Socialists as an independent group would not be under the necessity of subordinating their Socialist programme, and consequently there would be a much more aggressive Socialist force in parliament. The Socialist Party, our authors believe, should be comprised of representatives of the various Socialist bodies, each retaining its own separate organization, but uniting for electoral purposes upon exactly the

same principles as the Labor Party is now constituted. The book is published by the New Age Press, London.

\* \* \*

From the same publishers comes a little book by G. R. S. Taylor, one of the authors of the book just noticed. It is entitled **Leaders of Socialism**, and consists of a series of "interpretative sketches" of the following: Owen, Saint-Simon, Fourier, Louis Blanc, Lassalle, Marx, Hyndman, Sidney Webb, Keir Hardie, Bernard Shaw, Jaurés, William Morris and Robert Blatchford. It is rather an inconsequential sort of a book. The biographical information contained in the sketches is of the slightest, while the "interpretations" are not particularly illuminating. Of all the Socialists of all time Jean Jaurés seems to Mr. Taylor to be the greatest and most nearly full-rounded. As for living English Socialists, if the government had the power to tie up all the Socialists of England in one fatal sackful and to grant that only one solitary Socialist might be spared, the one to be spared to maintain the fight should be H. M. Hyndman. Upon the whole, the book is a fair sample of the superficially clever products of some of our young English "Intellectuals" of a smart type.



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# NEWS & VIEWS

**SERIOUS THOUGHTS.** Fellow industrial proletarians, what shall we do with the "educated socialist" and the "respectable socialist?" It is plainly evident that we must do something with these well-meaning comrades. We must remand them to the rear or repudiate them if we want to establish the Industrial Republic. This is plain as can be. Behold the Socialist movement in the United States today! It is really in a deplorable state of confusion. One day the cry is "Votes for Women," the next day, "Down with Hinky Dink," the next, "Hurrah for 3-cent fares," "Down with the Japs," and the rest of the incessant nonsense that has emanated from the councils of our "leaders." We do not want benevolent feudalism; we want socialism. We want to abolish the competitive system; we want to establish the Social Republic. We are not interested in "grafters," "Votes for Women," "Right to Work" and the rest of the nonsense that is heralded as "immediate demands." We have only one "immediate demand," and that is the abolition of capitalism. We proletarians have no time to waste on "Votes for Women," "3-cent fares," "right to work," etc. We do not care about "The Spiritual Significance of Socialism." We proletarians are tired; we want a rest; we want to stop feeding, clothing and sheltering those ingrates who murder, starve and jail us outlawed proletarians. We care not whether Socialism is or is not "artistic," "spiritual," "moral" or "immoral." We want to stop washing the

dirty clothes of the present idle wasteful ruling class and use our time and energy to plant something to eat, to make clothes for ourselves, to build ourselves houses to live in, to take long spells of rest, to spend a day or two or a week or two lying under the shade of a tree—eh, fellow-workers, would it not feel pleasant to lie on some green grass now instead of slaving in a poisonous workshop making "artistic" furniture for the brutal rich! "Right you are," I hear you answer. Rest, rest, rest, is what we weary proletarians want and that we behold in Socialism; that is the producing class will only have to work a few hours every day and then we can spend many, many hours lying on the grass beneath the shade of a tree. We are tired of work, work, work. We are dissatisfied with the present "civilization." We want Socialism. If we can't get Socialism, then we shall abolish the present "civilization" anyhow, for no matter what the result will be, we are positive that we shall get more rest than what we do now. We won't have to slave at night by the aid of electricity, making "works of art" for a lot of vampires. So then, fellow Socialists, increase and swell the cry "Away with Capitalism" and stop the foolish chatter about "Spiritual Significance of Socialism," "Votes for Women," "Right to Work," etc.

CHARLES O. KOHLER.

## "THE PROLETARIAN ATTITUDE,"

I read with much interest the article

of Comrade Duchez on the above subject, in the April Review.

I think I can sympathize fully with his view of the Socialist situation, although I am not a coal miner, yet for the greater part of my life have worked for capitalist employers. Still in some respects I do not view the question just as he seems to. He draws a sharp and distinct line between the honest and conscientious "intellectual" and the "proletarian" Socialists.

It seems to me his definition and classification of the two elements in the movement are unnecessarily emphasized. In fact, I cannot see why such a distinction ought to be drawn at all.

A man or woman may be both an "intellectual" and a "proletarian" at one and the same time, surely. Many people in the movement who would be called "intellectual" are at the same time "proletarian," which, if I understand the definition of the word means a wage worker. I do not know where the line would be drawn in defining the two. If book education gives one the right to the title of an "intellectual," who can say just what kind of an education is necessary or what manner of diploma he must have? And, again, who can draw the line between the workers in different industrial pursuits and say who are entitled to be called "proletarians" and sift out those who are not entitled to that distinction?

As I said before, I am not a coal miner, neither am I a boiler maker, a carpenter or a blacksmith, yet for many years have worked for wages and earned my living as a bookkeeper, and feel that I am as much entitled to be called a "proletarian" as our comrade who is a coal miner. Both of us are filling our places as necessary wage slaves under the Capitalist System, and our interests are truly identical in working to change that system. We both work for capitalist corporations, both have to de-

pend upon our physical and mental powers for the things necessary to our existence and that of our loved ones dependent on us, and I am at a loss to know why it is necessary or expedient to work up feeling and animosity over hair splitting points of this kind when it would seem our whole strength and time, which we can devote to the cause, might better be used to educate our brother workers in all lines to see the class struggle as we see it, and thereby undermine the strength and power of our common enemy, the capitalist system.

Our comrade draws the line sharply between the "intellectuals" and "proletarians," classing himself with the latter, where he certainly belongs, yet I would as surely place him with the "intellectuals" and prove my contention by his own, well written article.

If some, outside of our movement, wish to classify us as "intellectuals" or outside of that "crowd" simply on the score of a college or higher education, let them do so, but let us not lose sight of the fact, which is recognized by many people, that education, practical, vital education, requires something more than having the diploma of a college or university.

I most assuredly agree with our comrade that we must zealously and jealously watch our movement, and not allow the power to fall into the hands of any but thoroughly grounded in the faith, class conscious, proletarian socialists, but we should at the same time be broad enough to take in all wage-working, class conscious socialists under that head, and pick out the best material from among the great variety of useful workers to fill positions of trust. All are needed and have their place in the movement, and we certainly cannot afford to exclude any whose hearts are right simply because they do not work at our kind of labor.

We, the workers must recognize our brother wage-workers in all callings and give each and everyone the benefit of our comradeship and credit for what he is doing for the common cause.

"Workers of the world"—ALL workers—that is all who live by the efforts of their own labor—"unite."

Only in this way can we hope to overthrow capitalism and establish a co-operative commonwealth of all the workers.

T. J. MAXWELL.

**THE NEBRASKA SITUATION.** In answer to your inquiry about the Nebraska movement would say that I feel proud to be, for the present, a part of this growing state movement. As for "factionalism," about which you, no doubt, feel concerned, I know little about it, have heard little about it, have encountered next to none of it. Socialist consciousness is moving in an economically determined course. Everybody is something—knows something, and knows it better than anybody else does. There are none great, except by comparison. All covet opportunity.

The Socialists of Nebraska are building the foundation for a state movement that will, ere long, give a good account of itself.

Capitalism is not so much evolving in Nebraska as it is being imported. The Nebraskan conforms to capitalism reluctantly.

The doctrine of Nebraska has been: "Every man serve himself." He does not readily conform to the doctrine of many men serve the few. Capitalism has in reality been transplanted in Nebraska.

He is yet of the generation who staked their own claims. He does not like the idea of dividing up with the idle rich, once you are able to "show him." The Nebraskan is just "sore" enough about something, he knows little about, to

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listen to what the other fellow thinks he knows.

Superstitions and traditions are not the fixed quantity of the east. Leaders, whose type thrive in the east, must handle their "buncome" in Nebraska with care. The Nebraskan is not a good subject for exploitation. He enjoys just enough good things to want to enjoy more.

The Nebraskan is not, as the New Yorkers sometimes think, putting his "trigger" finger through a course of physical culture, but he retains just enough spirit of western justice to enjoy a "square deal," and to fight for it. To show him is the problem. Not a problem of his intelligence but a problem of reaching him.

In the northeastern portion of the state, Socialism has little foothold. No other section of the country is more ready for socialist propaganda. Here we are in need of local socialists who understand propaganda. It is also a question of raising expenses of propaganda.

To make finished politicians of the voting socialists is a question of how to carry to them, somehow, the science of organization.

The Nebraskan Socialists, like the majority of others, have fallen into the error of believing that socialism must win just because its philosophy is sound. The Socialists have yet to learn that Socialism will win only as we make it win.

Who can word the science of organization so that it will be understandable, irrefutable, clean cut and defined? The writer who can and will do this will do the socialist party a valuable service.

CLYDE J. WRIGHT.

**THE AIM OF SOCIALISM.** "In its normal form, the circulation of commodities demands the exchange of equiv-

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alents."—K. Marx's Capital, Vol. I, page 178.

This statement is so definite that it must either be explained as it stands or rejected. Contemplating first then that commodity which is the arch-source of all others, "labor power," we find that its value is determined by the average labor time necessary for its production. Whether therefore a working man receives 50 cents or \$5 per day, whatever wages he receives is equal in value to the average labor time necessary to produce his labor power, or to the value of his means of subsistence—and so we find that in this case indeed equal values are exchanged, for practically all the money paid for wages is in its turn converted into means of subsistence. Applying the above definition to the values of all other commodities we arrive at the same conclusion, what is popularly considered a kind of arbitrary overcharge over and above the value on the part of the capitalist and which goes under the designations Profit, Rent and Interest, is in reality nothing but part of the value of commodities—namely, that part which is produced during the time given by the laborer gratis to the capitalist. But this part of the value should properly be recovered by the former instead of being filched as it is by the latter, and it should serve to increase the value of his labor-power, i. e., of his means of subsistence (by increase in value is here to be understood an increase in quantity and quality) and to provide him with a living worthy of human beings. That is what Socialism seeks to accomplish and if that is going to lead to barbarism, then let it be so, Mr. Roosevelt. Capitalism will be stopped when the laborer shall receive the value of his product instead of the value of his labor power.

J. ROSENSTEIN.

Honolulu, May 3, 1909.

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**A REPLY.** Dr. Thomas C. Hall's somewhat belated contribution to the May issue of the I. S. R. can hardly be considered as an answer to my article in the number of the Review for August last year. The learned Doctor does not even attempt to refute my arguments, beyond labeling them "dogmatic." He insists on being classed with Catholic priests, orthodox Greek popes, Mohammedan dervishes and Jewish rabbis. *De gustibus non disputandum est.* . . . "Men of good will" are always welcome in the socialist camp, no matter what they believe or do not believe in. What socialists have to guard against is false pretense, so very characteristic of expiring creeds. It was always considered bad manners to tell the truth, but I am in that respect at least in good company. That I am not a dogmatist all those who read my writings will testify. I am at least as tolerant in matters of religious creeds as some Christian socialists. One accusation of my esteemed opponent is true: I did not study theology, astrology, necromancy, occultism and similar "Sciences." *Mea culpa, mea maxima!* However, I did not discuss "theology, but the mutual relation between the institutional church and socialism. I hope to subject Dr. Hall's article to a detailed analysis in the Truthseeker in the near future.

Yours fraternally,

ISADOR LADOFF.

**PORTLAND, OREGON.** State Secretary Sladden of the Socialist Party sends us clippings from one of the leading capitalist papers reporting a parade of union men and socialists as a protest against Judge Wright's decision against Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison. The paper states that between 8,000 and 10,000 union men formed the parade, and that nearly 1,500 of them were socialists. The Portland comrades are to be congratulated on the fact that they are in close and intimate touch with the unions,

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and that without swerving a hair's breadth from the straight road to revolution.

**FROM ARKANSAS.** I have just finished reading an article in the April number of the International Socialist Review, by Louis Duche, under caption "The Proletarian Attitude."

For one I would like to acknowledge my hearty concordance. I congratulate the Socialist Party upon having within its ranks, I congratulate myself that there is yet a man who can stand on the ground and talk, whose classification is accurate, the reflex of the things about him, whose discriminating mind selects unflinchingly the course that leads direct, whose understanding and courage expose pitfalls and seduction, who steps boldly up and tears aside the mask of Glory and reveals that it covers no bread and butter. Not a man of yesterday nor tomorrow but a flesh and blood man awake to his position, a man accustomed to doing things, who knows what he wants and is going after it. He will do to follow.

R. ALLEN (*A Railroad Agent*).

**MODERN MEXICO**, an English duplicate of the Mexican Herald, a governmental organ, says in a recent issue:

"Puebla, April 12.—The English idea of associating in societies when out of work has evidently struck this place, as a number of men, instigated by a certain maniac, formed such a society and were proceeding to upbraid the tyrants of capital and other movements of similar vein. The ringleader was discovered to be crazy and was shut up in the asylum, thus nipping the movement in the bud."

I send you this clipping because it shows clearly to my mind the way, or one way, capitalists will try to shut socialism out of Mexico. Simple enough. "Why, the man is crazy."

So I think. The socialist who opens up his unanswerable batteries in public in Mexico must be needing the shelter of an asylum. There is no safety in Mexico for free speech.

LEWIS F. HADLEY.

Bear Lake, Mich.

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Donation from Eugene Dietzgen 250.00	Mary E. Marcy, on salary..... 85.00
	Postage and expressage..... 322.37
	Interest . . . . . 12.00
	Rent . . . . . 70.00
	Miscellaneous expenses ..... 28.78
	Advertising . . . . . 602.38
	Copyrights . . . . . 25.50
	Loans returned to stockholders. 127.06
	Cash balance April 30..... 165.04
Total . . . . .	Total . . . . .
\$3,156.20	\$3,156.26

As compared with March, the **Review** receipts show a very slight decrease, while the expenditures on account of the **Review** are considerably diminished. This is partly explained by the fact that in beginning to supply the **Review** returnable to newsdealers we were obliged at first to print many surplus copies until experience showed which dealers had a steady sale for it. The loss on this score is not yet over, but it is considerably diminished. The book sales are still far below what they should be, but we believe that the circulation of

"What to Read on Socialism," of which we have printed 30,000 copies since the first of May, will tend to increase sales soon. This should also help the sale of stock, which dropped to a low point during April. The donation of \$250.00 from Eugene Dietzgen was a timely help, which saved us from what otherwise would have been an embarrassing deficit. Comrade Dietzgen has done his full share, and we must not expect more from that source. But more money is urgently needed to extend the work of the publishing house in the near future. Two of the directors have pledged \$125 each, provided a total of \$750 is contributed by others. An announcement explaining the need of help has been mailed to all stockholders whose addresses are known and who are thought to be able and willing to help. The special need of ready money at this time was partly explained in last month's *Review*. One new complication has, however, arisen during the month, which makes our need all the more urgent.

Mary E. Marcy, secretary of the publishing house, who has for the last year handled nearly all of the editorial and business correspondence, was taken seriously ill early in April. She kept at her work through sheer force of will, long after she should have given up, and was finally taken to the hospital in a critical condition. She is not yet out of danger, and her recovery can in any event only be slow. This has crippled our work for the last month, and has without doubt been a factor in reducing our receipts, since our correspondence has necessarily been limited to the most essential routine letters, while all plans for the extension of our work are awaiting our secretary's recovery. Lack of ready money has even made it impracticable to employ the temporary help that we really need, and a prompt lift from each stockholder will be necessary to meet the emergency. An appeal was sent out on May 14, and responses are beginning to come in as we go to press. Those who have not answered are urged to do so at once.

**Marx's Third Volume.** The inevitable delay in typesetting, proof-reading, electrotying, printing and binding have put us back in the publication of the third volume of *Capital* so that copies can not be ready for mailing before the middle of June, and possibly a few days later. But it will be worth waiting for. It will contain 1,048 pages, printed on extra paper and handsomely bound, in style uniform with the previous volumes. Mechanically it will be the best book we have yet published. It will be equal to capitalist books on economics issued at \$5.00 a volume, and our price will be \$2.00 a volume, with our usual discount to stockholders. Do not fail to read Ernest Untermann's article in this issue explaining the contents of the volume.

It is, we trust, well understood that the publication of a signed article does not imply that the editor of the **Review** agrees with all views expressed in it. Comrade Untermann says much that is true and much that is valuable, but we trust that our readers will hold him, not Marx nor the **Review**, responsible for what he says of "industrial monopoly" toward the end of his article. By the way, Marx's third volume contains ample data showing that most of the "high prices" on trust-made goods which are popularly attributed to monopoly are really due to the working of the law of the average rate of profit. In fact Comrade Untermann points this out elsewhere in his article. There will be plenty of controversies over this third volume when our speakers and writers begin to read it. If you want to follow them intelligently, read it yourself, and remember that to understand it you must have read the first and second volumes. The whole set should be in the library of every socialist local.

**Bound Volumes of the Review.** This number of the **Review** completes its ninth year and volume. Several of the issues of the year are entirely out of print, but we have saved 300 sets of sheets for binding. Early next month the volumes will be ready for delivery in cloth, uniform with previous volumes. The price will be \$2.00 postpaid. To stockholders, \$1.20 postpaid.

**Previous Volumes.** Our supply of Volumes I and II is very nearly exhausted. The price of these is now \$5.00 each, with no discount to any one. We have from a hundred to 300 each of the other volumes. We can not afford longer to pay rent for the space they occupy and interest on the money locked up in them. We therefore now make all readers of the **Review** an offer that is almost sure to close them out at once. For \$3.50 we will send volumes III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII and IX of the **Review**, bound in cloth, by express at purchaser's expense. Our supply of Volume III is limited; when it is reduced to 25 copies we shall put up the price to \$5.00 each. Moreover, part of the copies of Volume III are slightly damaged, as is also the case with one or two of the other volumes. Those who order first at this special rate of \$3.50 will get all perfect copies; those who delay may find one or two of their volumes slightly damaged. This price of \$3.50 does not include expressage; we will prepay for \$1.50 additional, but if you live within 1,000 miles of Chicago, the expressage you will have to pay on receipt of the package will be considerably less than this.

**A Title Page and Index** for Volume IX will be mailed free to any subscriber who asks for it promptly. In future we shall probably bind no more volumes in cloth; those who want bound volumes will

have to arrange for their own binding. Let us suggest now that this special offer on bound volumes may interest many librarians, since public libraries are beginning to have an unprecedented call for socialist literature, and the volumes of the *Review* contain a wealth of information on socialism not otherwise obtainable. Remember that this low price will soon be withdrawn.

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