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## The Unrendered Decision

BY FRANCIS PATRICK.

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TWIST of a wire with the left hand and a twist of a wire with the right hand; another rod added to the line and so on, until fourteen are strung. The line of rods is thrown on the pile, two more wires attached and another line strung. It is added to the ever-growing tier of towel rods, awaiting their turn to go through the plating vat. Hour after hour the same monotonous, mechanical routine.

"A twist with the left wrist—a twist with the right wrist, more quickly done than told; a tedious job; a sleep-producing job." Ned Burton caught himself nodding as his thoughts swung to the word "sleep." He had been repeating the words to himself in unison with his quick, smooth movements, as he worked at his bench in the plating room of a foundry, whose products have acquired an international reputation.

Four, he thought, as he glanced at the clock, only two more hours and the day is over. Wish it was six now! But that's like us working men, wishing, always wishing for the flight of time; in the morning longing for the noon hour because it means one-half the day is gone; in the afternoon, wishing for night, because it brings a short respite. We spend our lives wishing them away.

Employers say it's working with our eyes on the clock makes us working men miserable, but it's just the other way; it cheers us up to see the hands creep 'round.

"O, hell!"— an expression of disgust flitted over his face—

## THE UNRENDERED DECISION

body's brains would shrivel over a mechanical job like this, and nothing to hope for but supper time!

On the other side of the room were crouched figures, more goblin than human, in their shrouds of fluffy lint, that clung to them



from hair to heels. These pressed shining metal articles against whirling buffing and polishing wheels. Over all, there rose clouds of particles of lint and metal, which formed a thick, dirty fog overhanging the whole room.

A cool shaft of air shooting through the open window reached the

bench before which Ned stood and fanned his cheek. He turned and saw a gathering mass of clouds in the west.

The lowering sky promised a violent storm before quitting time. Burton smiled at the joy felt in the prospect of the wind loosed, raging, tearing and destroying. He was not destructive by nature and when his mind was free of the stultifying atmosphere of the work room, he longed to plan, to build and create.

Although he possessed little schooling, Burton had read and studied prodigiously.

"It's because working class opportunities are so cramped," he said to himself, "and I'm so repressed that I like to see the storms burst forth like wild things unchained."

Destruction is a good thing, he thought, if we know how to build better next time. His mind fell back to the old days when the men employed in the establishment, had belonged to their various craft unions. Several times the separate organizations had gone out on strikes and the men had invariably failed to secure their demands and had only weakened their unions. Deliberately he had helped to destroy those unions and labored, with his fellows, to bring the men into one strong organization that embraced every employe that worked in the foundry.

As a result, he felt confident that the general demand for a ten per cent increase in wages and the installation of suction fans would be granted. If not—well, the despised wage-slaves would teach the masters a lesson they would be slow to forget!

"Say! Is you'se Ned Burton?" The insolent tones of a red-haired office boy interrupted his train of thought.

"If you'se be, his nibs, the super, sez to give yah dis." Burton instantly ceased his mechanical motions and took an envelope from the boy. The black grease on his hands soiled the white paper. He broke the seal and read:

Mr. Edward Burton, President,  
United Workers' Association:

Dear Sir:

Referring to the conversation held in my office two days ago, relative to the demands you and your colleagues made on behalf of the members of your organization, I wish to state that, though I considered your proposals visionary, at the time, a desire to encourage direct dealing between the company and our employes, rather than through professional labor leaders, prompted me to refer your demands to head officials of the company. I regret to say that they are compelled to

absolutely and finally dismiss the matter from further consideration as absurd.

Yours truly,

A. SEYMOUR, *Supt.*

"Visionary! Absurd!" The blood rushed to Ned's head in hot waves. He had expected a counter proposition, through which the company would seek to compromise with the men but he was unprepared for this point-blank refusal to consider their demands. He rushed to the window and thrust his head out into the cooler air. His mind grew clearer.

Though he appreciated the practice of "direct dealing between employer and employes" at its true significance, the phrase was illuminating at this juncture. He saw clearly now why obstacles he had expected to encounter had not materialized during the formative period of the new organization. The company had doubtless approved the scheme, believing that the disruption of the craft unions would result in the greater dependence of the men.

As he stood at the window, buried in thought, the storm broke in all its fury and Ned saw, in a moment of inspiration, the step to take. The clock still lacked half an hour of quitting time. He gave the row of buffers and polishers a signal which had been previously agreed upon, and the order to strike spread through the plant like wild-fire. Within ten minutes every employe of the foundry had stopped work.

Then came a surprising revelation to Superintendent Seymour, an actual demonstration of the determination and solidarity of the men. As quickly as they had donned their street clothes, every man left the plant in the driving rain, rather than remain within its walls till the storm had passed.

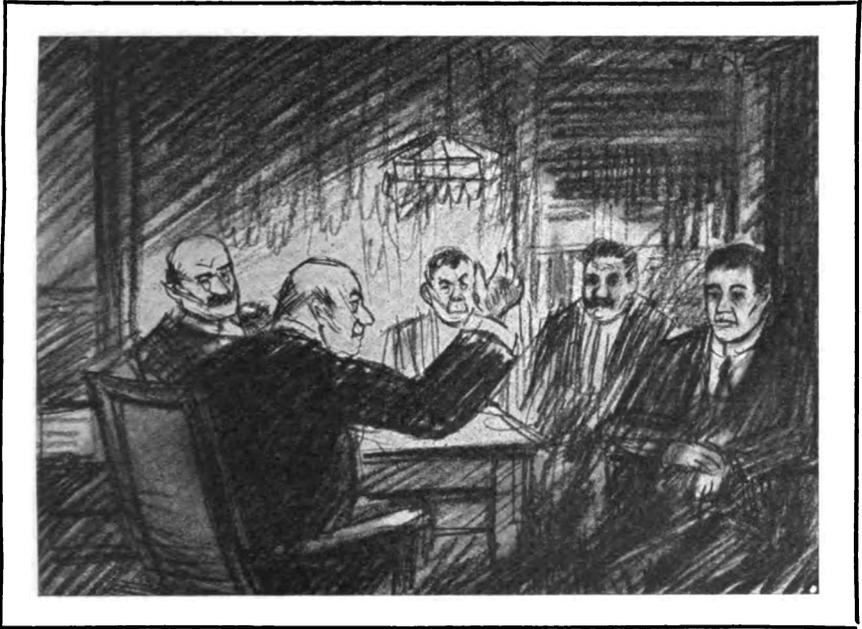
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From the start, the strike was successful in one essential point; it inflicted an actual pecuniary loss upon the foundry company. This result is sought by all strikers. By it they hope to force their employers to accede to their terms, but often employers are too wary to be caught in this way. The foundry people had issued victorious from so many encounters, that they had grown sure-of continued triumphs.

But they soon found the company facing a situation unique in the history of its labor troubles. This was the first time none of the men remained in their employ, when there was no one to take care of the tools, machinery, stock, etc. The consequence was that the officials realized within twenty-four hours that a new and tireless enemy, Deterioration, was also arrayed against them. From the very hour that

the men struck, stealthily, but rapidly, deterioration spread over the machinery in the plant and gripped the property of the company, to breed and breed again, to cling long after the strike was over. The company figured that it lost three times as much through deterioration in products and in machinery during the strike as the loss of profits on the employes' labor amounted to.

So, Burton, who had known from the outset where the chief loss to the firm would accrue, was not surprised when he received overtures from the company for a conference several days after the strike was



called. But he was amused at the circumspection employed in communicating with him.

For, be it known, that the company had posted notices discharging the men, upon the day after the "walk-out," and the officials were determined not to compromise their dignity by making advances to the men with whom they no longer had any business relations whatever. With great pleasure they learned that William Snyder, one of their stockholders, held an honorary membership card in the organization of the strikers, The United Workers. Mr. Snyder had joined the organization for political purposes only, but the company found the situation expedient to their emergency. Accordingly they made use of it.

They prevailed upon Snyder to invite Burton and his colleagues

to his home, ostensibly to discuss the strike from the viewpoint of the Association.

At eight o'clock on the day when the letter had been sent, the Grievance Committee of the organization, comprised of Burton, Tom O'Brien and Gus Bauer, was ushered into the spacious drawing room of William Snyder's home. It was planned by the sagacious minds arranging the meeting that the Committee be left waiting till the minds of its members should be awed into a proper and becoming spirit of humility, before the representatives of the company appeared.

It happened that the pretty daughter of William Snyder had occasion to enter the room in search of a misplaced novel. She withdrew upon seeing the men, but returned after the Committee had repaired to the library where her father, Mr. Seymour, the superintendent, and the company's attorney joined them. The library where the conference was held was divided only by a pair of portieres and the voices of the men could be distinctly heard in the drawing-room.

Miss Harriet decided that, for all his cheap clothes, Ned Burton was extremely good to look at and she was very much interested in what he should say.

The suave attorney followed the remarks of Mr. Seymour and he was interrupted by O'Brien's crisp Irish brogue and the strong German accent of Bauer. Both talked at once. At last the voice of the attorney rose again:

"Do you believe that capital is entitled to a reasonable return?"

"Yis," said O'Brien. "Yah," replied Bauer.

Whereupon the attorney proceeded to rattle off statistically the capitalization of the company; its gross income, running expenses, amount of the pay roll; the net income, from which he proved that if the demands of the men were granted, the company would be unable to pay any dividends on its capital stock.

"And," he concluded, "if we cannot do that, we may as well keep the plant closed altogether." He begged the Committee to explain the situation to their comrades and to show them the inevitable suffering and destitution that would be their portion if the union did not withdraw its unreasonable demands. For the first time Burton spoke.

"Those are all your own figures and even they fail to show why the company would be unable to pay interest on its bonds. It strikes me that the bondholders would insist on continuing the business to prevent the destruction of their security."

The attorney ignored the remarks and asked O'Brien and Bauer if they expected the company to continue without paying dividends.

They could only reply by reiterating the justice of the demands of the men. Seeing that he had them cornered the attorney thundered:

"Is it just that the workers should take all and leave no profits?"

"Yes!" declared Burton in the same tone, unable to control his rising temper.

This view so startled Harriet Snyder that she almost fell off her chair. This young workingman held very strange ideas and it was very certain that the whole foundry company could not awe him in the least.

"But," Burton continued, "I am not here to discuss economics. I came to talk business. In the settlement of this strike—and in the settlement of all strikes—one of two groups of people must suffer—either the stockholders or the employes.

"When the foundry company was organized, it was bonded to the full amount of the physical valuation of the property. What the stockholders actually subscribed for was the promoters' estimate of the company's ability to exploit its employes—to exploit them beyond the extent necessary to pay interest on the bonds, high salaries for sinecures and other features of a like nature.

"That ability to exploit no longer exists, for the United Workers' Association will demonstrate its power to compel the company to accede to its original demands. It will accept nothing less, therefore, we the men who run your plant and give value to its product declare your proposals must be dismissed from further consideration as 'visionary' and 'absurd.'"

"You seem to forget the courts, young man," snarled Snyder. "They have never yet failed to protect property rights!"

"Never mind," replied Burton, and his voice was low with sarcasm.

"Every time a judge gives a decision in your favor it teaches the men to stand and to fight together. That's part of the schooling we're going through. By and by, we'll elect our own men as judges. It will not be long."

Harriet Snyder was delighted. All her life she had possessed an unwholesome awe of her father and she rejoiced in hearing this young man, a mere workman, who remained wholly at his ease and who seemed to have rather the best of the argument.

In the library a hubbub of angry recrimination now arose from the three company men. O'Brien and Bauer seemed to consider the conference concluded and they soon left accompanied by Burton. Nothing had been accomplished by the meeting and the foundry people found their position more strained than ever.

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Developments were rapid during the next few days. Naturally the duty devolved upon Millerwick, the company attorney, to forge some kind of a weapon against the strikers. An injunction seemed the only one available, but to this end he was driven almost beyond his powers. Enjoin the men he would, but enjoin them from what? There was the rub! The injunction must, of course, serve to weaken their strength and aid the company. The men had only quitted their jobs. During the strike they had steadily avoided the environs of the plant. The property of the company had not been disturbed in any way.

His thoughts recurred to the fund from which the strikers drew their support. They certainly had money somewhere, else Hunger would long since have broken their ranks. The foundry hands had always been a poorly paid lot and the company had arranged with the merchants to deny all credit while the strike lasted. But even Snyder was unable to learn where the union kept its strike funds and Millerwick knew that an injunction forbidding their use for strike purposes, under such conditions, would be worse than useless.

At last, he recalled the Danbury hatters' case and the suffering caused the members of the Hatters' Union by levying on their property to satisfy the judgment therein rendered. If a judgment could be secured against a labor organization in that case, why not for a strike? What was a strike if not a combination of men restraining trade anyway—a form of boycott! Then he began an exhaustive search through the adjudicated labor cases.

"By God! I have it!" he finally ejaculated. "Though the judgment I will ask for is itself unprecedented, there is abundant authority sustaining the proposition of law upon which I shall proceed. I will bring suit on behalf of the foundry company against the members of the United Workers' Association jointly for the pecuniary loss caused the company, as having acted in furtherance of a conspiracy when they left their jobs in a body. That will scare the property-holders—if there are any in their ranks—back to work. I'll have my pound of flesh——"

Here Millerwick paused. "Why in hell didn't I think of that before?" he exclaimed, as the thought broke upon him. "Snyder's a member of their damned union and as such is liable as a joint principal! If the directors will back me, we'll make him pay every cent the strike costs! Assured of reimbursement we will be in a position to prolong the strike until those damn fools are starved out and come on their knees begging us to take them back."

In due course of time Ned Burton received a summons notifying him that Burton et al. were defendants in a suit for damages instituted by the foundry company, etc., etc. To say that he was amused, would be putting it mildly. A suit for damages—for money!—against the unfortunate workmen who were compelled to sell their labor power



to the foundry company seemed to him nothing short of grotesque! Even the strike funds of the Association, while adequate for a short fight, would be exhausted long before the case would be advanced to a verdict.

The few foundry employes who boasted of owning their own

homes, were not, in law, the owners thereof. All were buying them on installments and the legal titles would not be transferred to them till the last payment had been made. Ned laid the summons aside, making a mental note of the date on which he was to appear in court.

Upon the same evening Burton received a visit from Miss Harriet, the daughter of William Snyder. He recognized her at once when she entered the small parlor of the boarding house. She introduced herself and explained her presence.

"I heard both sides of the question and saw both views of the strike when your committee met at our home last week," she said, "and I came to offer my help to the men."

Ned Burton flushed in some embarrassment. Harriet Snyder was an extremely attractive young woman. This made it hard to repel her friendly advances. He hated to hurt her.

"I'm sure I appreciate——" he began, "but there is no way—you see it's a class matter. We are on the side that makes the wealth and your folks are those who take it. When union men back up the employers or when employers (or those of their class) support the unions, it only befuddles some of us and obscures the issues."

"You do not want me to help," Harriet replied with heat.

"I see no way where you can. The best thing you can do is to go home——"

The young woman's face was flaming, as she interrupted him.

"I ought to go, but I shall stay to show how mistaken you are," she said.

"Read that," and she handed him a bundle of papers.

"Father has a friend in Millerwick's office, who brought the papers to him—a poor boy whom he has befriended. Millerwick doesn't know, of course. You see father holds a card in the United Workers' Association and the directors of the foundry decided to sacrifice him to save themselves. He can be forced to pay the damages for which the company has brought suit against the Union. But it will take everything he owns, personally, to pay them."

Much amazed, Burton read. The papers began with a recital of the facts in the case of the Foundry Company vs. Burton et al., stating that the company asked damages against the joint defendants for losses caused the company by the defendants jointly quitting their employment, on the grounds that the defendants were joint tortfeasors—it insisted that the relation between employer and employe be regarded as one of contract; that in a jurisprudence, under which all are equals, many acts done by an individual are lawful, but which done in pursuance of an agreement were unlawful. It claimed that it

was clearly contrary to the spirit of American institutions, aside from statutory provisions, to permit two or more men to act together in a way to enable them to make the terms of a contract wholly or in part, to which the other parties thereto must assent. And that labor unions were a number of workmen so acting in the cases of—

Here followed citations from cases in which injunctions had been issued against members of labor organizations and from decisions against labor unionists.

It further cited a New York case in which the Speedometer Co. recovered \$3,847 from the Machinists' Union for picketing during a strike; a New Jersey case wherein a non-union plumber recovered damages from the Plumbers' Union because its members refused to work with him. The claim was made that these cases could only be sustained on the theory that those acts of a labor union which in any way interfered, injured or affected the liberty, property, person or life of another individual, to his pecuniary damage, were unlawful and the members of the union were liable therefor.

An extract from President Taft's inaugural address was quoted wherein he said, "that an employer has a property right in the continuous operation of his business."

Then came an examination of the facts in the case before the bar and it was shown that the United Workers' Association had injured the property right which the foundry company had in the "continuous operation of its business"—by striking.

Therefore, the judgment was granted on the grounds that the members were jointly and severally liable to the company to the full amount of the pecuniary loss sustained by the company.

"Thank you," said Burton when he had finished reading. "But I don't see how these papers can help us out. I suppose this is Millerwick's argument."

Harriet Snyder laughed. "Millerwick wrote it, but it is not his argument. It's the DECISION prepared for the judge to render against the union!"

Burton was amazed and delighted. In spite of the class character of the courts and the decisions favoring capital constantly rendered by the judiciary, he had not believed any judge would so flagrantly violate his oath of office as appeared to be the facts in this case.

Now, Burton thought he saw the various factors in the fight clearly. If this judgment was granted, the foundry people could prolong the strike indefinitely, as William Snyder could be forced to pay

the damages to the company. The union men would be starved into submission beyond a doubt.

"What is your father going to do in this matter?" he asked Harriet.

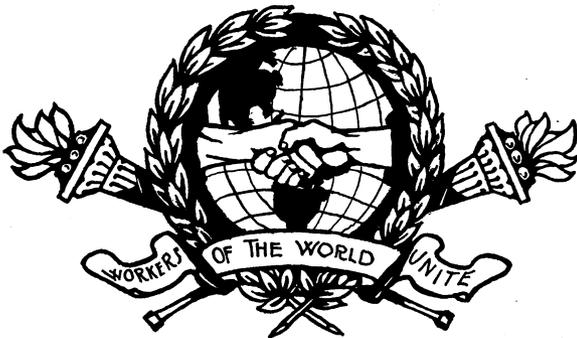
"He has a copy of those papers in his pocket and has gone down to see Attorney Miller," she said.

"Well, the thing for me to do is to get a copy too. I have an old typewriter upstairs and there's a stenographer in the house I may be able to press into service. I suppose Millerwick's clerk will want to return the original papers?"

"He wants to replace them before Millerwick gets down to the office in the morning," said Harriet, "but I'll wait till you have them copied, if you will promise not to tell any one who supplied you with the papers."

The next morning Burton called upon William Snyder. They evidently found much to say to each other, for they remained closeted in Snyder's private office for over two hours. The spring elections were coming on and various characters in public life evidently found it expedient to drop the case of the Foundry Company vs. Burton et al. The strike was called off and the men were reinstated in the employ of the company. All the demands of the union were granted and the foundry company seems to be prospering in spite of the superintendent's predictions to the contrary.

Ned Burton goes sometimes to call upon Miss Harriet, but we understand he does not go on business.



# Socialism for Students

BY JOSEPH E. COHEN.

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## IX. SOCIALIST STATESMANSHIP.

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THE fundamental aim of the Socialist movement is to make the principal means of wealth production, such as the lands, mines, mills and railroads, the collective property of the whole people. There necessarily follows democratic administration, the obligation of all able-bodied persons to perform useful service and the blending of freedom and labor so as to secure the maximum of individuality and efficiency.

To effect the contemplated change of ownership from private to public, the workers, as a class, must control the government. It is the winning of complete political power, and the consequent transfer of ownership, that constitutes the social revolution.

The revolution is the change, not the manner of the change. The social revolution may come peacefully, without anything approaching civil war. On the other hand, there may be plenty of bloodshed without there following any material improvement in the situation of the workers. So Hillquit, one of America's foremost Socialists, declares in his work on "Socialism in Theory and Practice": "Violence is but an accident of the social revolution; it is by no means its necessary accompaniment, and it has no place in the Socialist program." And Kautsky, acknowledged to be possibly the foremost exponent of modern Socialism, says in "The Social Revolution": "Everyone is a revolutionary whose aim is that a hitherto oppressed class should conquer the power of the state." And, further on, "Even if a revolution were not a means to an end, but an ultimate end in itself which could not be bought at too dear a price, be it ever so much blood, one could not desire war as a means to let loose the revolution. For it is the most irrational means to this end." The revolution is, therefore, an end, not the means to that end.

Socialists agree with Liebknecht in ridiculing the notion that "tomorrow it starts." For as Engels, in the introduction to the "Communist Manifesto," written as late as 1888, said in substantiation of Marx's position: "One thing especially was proved by the Commune,

viz., that 'the working class cannot simply lay hold of the ready-made state machinery, and wield it for its own purposes.' " Hypothetically, the social revolution may come at one sweep. But for the discussion of tactics, the possibility of such a cataclysm must be held in abeyance.

Especially true is it for Socialism that history often does not repeat itself. For the coming reconstitution of society is unlike former ones. These were in the interest of minorities; they left society divided into classes and altered only the form of the exploitation of labor. The coming change has in view the ending of exploitation and the abolition of class distinctions. It is for the benefit of the vast majority, even, broadly, speaking, of society as a whole. The tactics of the Socialist movement is, perforce, essentially different from that of other movements.

At the same time, the Socialist movement is the reflex of actual conditions. At best its program is a more or less accurate analysis of the tendency of social progress. It takes the part of the workers in the struggle of the classes. It keeps pace with the awakened intelligence of the workers, securing for them what relief it can while holding fast to its ultimate ideal.

Nor is the Socialist movement the only agency working for a better social order. There are several others. The attitude of Socialists toward these other movements is very well presented by Kautsky: "I must not be misunderstood in the sense \* \* \* \* that I think co-operative societies, trades unions, the entry of the Socialist party into municipalities and parliaments, or the securing of individual reforms, to be worthless. Nothing could be further from my intention than that. On the contrary, that is all of great service to the proletariat; it only becomes of no importance as a means of staving off the revolution—in other words, the capture of political power by the proletariat."

Hillquit is one with Kautsky. "The Socialists do not foster the illusion," he says, "that voluntary co-operative societies of labor, either for production or for consumption, could gradually and by the strength of their own development, supersede the prevalent capitalist methods of production and distribution." And speaking of England, in which country co-operation has flourished for three-quarters of a century, Sidney Webb, in "Socialism in England," says: "Less than one four-hundredth part of the industry of the country is yet carried on by co-operation. The whole range of industrial development seems against it, and no ground for hope in co-operation as an answer to the social problem can be gained from economic history." In Belgium, where co-operative societies have attained the greatest measure of success, they were started before production on a large scale had been established.

Of trades unions, Kautsky says: "I regard the trades unions as an equally indispensable weapon in the proletarian class war as a Socialist party, and both are intimately dependent on one another." Hillquit estimates the membership of trades unions throughout the world to be 11,000,000, or a million more than the estimated Socialist vote. The efficacy of trades unionism depends, of course, upon conditions peculiar to each country. While in many countries trades unionism is a very powerful weapon, Bebel is of the opinion that it is, for the future, of little avail in America because of the strength of concentrated capital. This by no means reflects against "mass" strikes for improved conditions of labor and political rights. But mass strikes are not generally considered dependable means for accomplishing the social revolution.

The nature of the weapons used in the class war, from time to time, depends upon circumstances, circumstances that are forever changing. That explains why Socialists do not underestimate the good work done by organized labor, co-operative associations, workers' insurance societies and farmers' alliances, in their own field of endeavor. But as the relation between the two classes, notwithstanding, continues to intensify, Socialists come to lay more and more stress upon the winning of political power.

In entering politics Socialists act independently of other parties. The Socialist party does not compromise. It declines to support candidates of other parties, or to accept endorsements from other parties. "For our party and for our party tactics," says Liebknecht, in "No Compromise," "there is but one valid basis: the basis of the class struggle, out of which the Socialist party has sprung up, and out of which alone it can draw the necessary strength to bid defiance to every storm and to all its enemies." Hillquit emphasizes this point. "Experience has abundantly demonstrated," he says, "that whenever a party of the propertied classes has invited the political co-operation of the working class, the latter has, with few exceptions, been used by it as a cat's paw for the furtherance of its own class interests." And while, in practical work, concessions have to be made in going from principles to tactics, which Liebknecht was one of the first to see, he warns us that "questions of tactics very easily shift into questions of principle." So, again, Hillquit says: "The Socialist platform is the only political platform which is practically identical in its main features and important details in all civilized countries. \* \* \* We observe that while the details of Socialist policy and tactics vary in every country, and are modified with every economic and political change, its most salient features are identical everywhere, and have undergone but little change since the days when the Socialist party first established itself in practical politics."

The Socialists of each country can face their problems only in their own way. So Herron says, in "The Day of Judgment": "The mightiest voice lifted in the German Reichstag is that of Bebel; and there is nothing concerning the German people that Bebel does not have his say about. \* \* \* \*. The development of Italian Socialism has been through the distinctly Italian appeal made by Ferri and by those who work with him."

A few general points in Socialist tactics may be established at the outset. Convinced that the institutions of a period are largely the reflex of material conditions, and, in so far as they are to be altered, will be altered largely through the change of those conditions, the Socialist party does not concern itself, for instance, with religion or the form of the family. Belief in a supreme being cannot be eliminated by decree, as the French revolutionists imagined, nor re-established by proclamation, as the reaction thought. Socialists therefore do not permit their movement to be divided by sex, creed, race, nationality or other distinctions. In this respect, as in many others, the Socialist movement is inclusive rather than exclusive.

Again, as an innocent speculation sometimes indulged in, under Socialism the state will lose such coercive powers as spring from class rule, and its police powers, under the superior environment, may "die out" altogether. But while, for many, this is a "consummation devoutly to be wished," like all consummations it cannot be reached by wishing, or by arbitrarily demanding it. It is one of the secrets of the future, and concerns Socialists at present very little.

In our own country we are confronted by conditions peculiar to ourselves. This nation is an amalgam of immigrants from all lands, with different traditions, creeds, and ideals, which have been more or less assimilated in what we term the American spirit. Apart from the cleavage into classes, the various sections of the country have their own economic interests. The result of such a clash of divergent issues can only with difficulty be refined down to something in the shape of a broad national policy. This may be noted in the fact that from the very first our government has sought to solve all questions by compromise, in which the aroma of the fleshpot was, in no little degree, the guiding motive.

One thing, however, is quite positive. Considering the pains taken by the framers of the constitution to thwart the will of the people at every turn, permitting the bill of rights to slip in as amendments, in order to silence criticism, which Professor J. Allen Smith well shows in his work on "The Spirit of American Government," it is doubtful if a greater myth has ever been invented than that of American liberty. Of no country is it truer than of America, that the government is merely "a committee for managing the common affairs of the whole bourgeoisie."

America is a country of two parties. Not that the distinction between parties has always been easy to define. In point of fact parties have not hesitated to change front in interpreting the constitution "strictly" or "loosely," as it suited them.

Regarding the questions which presumably separate Republicans and Democrats, James Bryce, in his "American Commonwealth," written in 1896, says, after enumerating several national matters: "Neither party has anything definite to say upon these issues; neither party has any principles, any distinctive tenets. \* \* \* All has been lost except office or the hope of it." In municipal elections, as it well known, the deliberate attempt is being made to wipe out party lines. It is recognized that the two old parties are the obverse and reverse sides of the same shield. "Each equally leans upon the respectable and wealthy classes," continues Bryce, "the Republicans more particularly on these classes in the North, the Democrats on the same classes in the South." Since 1872 both parties have, in their platforms, mentioned the struggle between capital and labor to be an issue. But they did little more than mention it. Still, if the Republican party, which has been in control practically ever since the civil war, has demonstrated its incapacity to cope with the labor question, there is no hope that the Democratic party will ever be given the opportunity to try its hand, for there are many signs of a coming disintegration of the Democracy. The Republican party, moreover, undoubtedly has the confidence of the larger capitalists, so that there is every reason for believing that the future contest will be between Republicans and Socialists.

This brings us to the problem of the Socialist party's platform. In that platform, the amount of importance placed in the working program of industrial, political and social measures comprising the more immediate demands, depends entirely upon general circumstances. If it is true, for example, that the trades unions in America are no longer able to face organized capital, it will, of necessity, result in the Socialist party's incorporating their demands in its program. This, indeed, is already happening. And trades unions, for their part, are coming more and more to make the securing of political measures part of their aim. For Socialists do not accept the theory that the misery of the workers should be permitted to increase. Moreover, what melioration the Socialist party is able to work does not bear the taint of pauperism. It is received as part payment of labor's rightful heritage. Nor is that melioration desired simply as palliative. It is accepted as being in line with the progress of the working class.

Immediate measures are not sufficient unto themselves. Thus even Jaures, who represents the more moderate wing of the Socialist party, says

in his "Studies in Socialism": "So long as a class does not own and govern the whole social machine, it can seize a few factories and yards if it wants to, but it really possesses nothing. To hold in one's hands a few pebbles of a deserted road is not to be the master of transportation." For this reason, the working program must be considered as an organic whole, which, while it serves the more proximate needs of the wealth producers, is nevertheless animated by the ideal of complete emancipation from the dominion of capital.

Since Socialism is not a ready-made system, but an organic growth, in parliamentary activity Socialists must work with the material at hand, even to completing the work begun, or imperfectly done, by their predecessors of another political faith. In fact, Socialists can support many measures advanced by their opponents. Thus Marx designated as a revolution the ten-hour factory law secured in England through the conflict between capitalists and landlords, because it involved the new principle of state aid for the workers. And so Bebel supported Bismarck's working people's insurance law, although it was one of the measures with which Bismarck hoped to stamp out the growing Socialist sentiment.

Because victories come first in municipalities,, it is here principally that Socialists have, thus far, been able to shape legislation and administration to their liking. Furthermore, because it has its finger upon the seat of government, and can, under a real social consciousness, keep that "eternal vigilance" which Wendell Phillips held to be "the price of liberty," the municipality is apt to be entrusted with the greatest measure of power by Socialists. So Hillquit says: "While the state as such will probably retain certain general functions, it will no doubt be found more convenient to vest the more vital and direct functions in political organizations embracing smaller territories. The Socialists regard the present city or township as the nucleus of such a political unit."

In such municipalities as the Socialists control, school children are fed and clothed, municipal enterprises extended, ampler provision made for public institutions, legal advice furnished gratuitously, and steps taken to improve the condition of the workers in many other directions. In his pamphlet entitled "What Socialists would do if they won in this City," A. M. Simons shows how the experience of Socialists in foreign countries could be utilized in America.

Municipal ownership is not considered of nearly so much importance as the measures just cited. Not that municipal control might not be of considerable service under favorable circumstances. Among the suggestions for such ownership the Socialist party advisory program of 1904 mentions the following: All industries dependent on franchises, street cars, electric and gas lighting, telephones, ice houses, coal and wood

yards. It may be remarked, in passing, that in this country in 1899 already more than half of the waterworks were owned and operated by the municipalities, and about one-seventh of the electric light plants. What hampers the efforts of Socialists in municipalities is the fact that, to use Professor Smith's words: "Local self-government is recognized neither in theory nor in practice under our political scheme." The rights of our cities are stipulated in their charters, granted by the state legislatures. What we call municipal government exists only by sufferance and is restricted in every direction. The autonomy of the city, as regards all matters in which it alone is concerned, is one of the first demands of Socialist legislators.

Municipal activity is only a beginning toward Socialism. In his analysis of this question Kautsky says: "Municipal Socialism finds its limitations in the existing order of state and society, even where universal suffrage prevails in the communes. The commune is always tied down to the general economic and political conditions, and cannot extricate itself from them singly."

In this connection it may also be observed that, while every political victory is of some benefit to the workers, it may happen when they secure control of one department of the government, such as the legislative, the functions of some other department, either judicial or executive, will be extended so as to destroy the workers' power. So Hillquit says: "The work of systematically rebuilding the economic and political structure of modern society on the lines of Socialism, can begin only when the Socialists have the control of the entire political machinery of the state, *i. e.*, of all the legislative, executive and judicial organs of the government." Each victory is, consequently, but an incident making for the social revolution.

In state and national parliamentary bodies more important steps can be taken. It is here that work is provided for the unemployed, whose number constantly increases with the perfection of machinery, the elimination of the waste of competition and the commercialization of backward countries. Here, too, the fight is made for universal suffrage, the extension of political liberty and the strengthening of the economic and social position of the workers. Larger problems are dealt with.

Whether government ownership is of benefit to the mass of the people depends upon the influence they exercise over the government. It is not of itself necessarily a step in advance. The best that can be said for it theoretically is contained in this utterance of Engels: "State ownership of the productive forces is not the solution of the conflict (between workers and capitalists), but concealed within it are the technical condi-

tions that form the elements of that solution." Covering its practical operations, at the annual convention of the German Socialist party in 1892, the following resolution was passed: "State Socialism so-called, inasmuch as it aims at state ownership for fiscal purposes, seeks to substitute the state for the private capitalist, and to confer on it the power to subject the people to the double yoke of economic exploitation and political slavery."

In the broader field of national activity, the Socialist party has to deal with the relation of the various elements among the wealth producers. The proper attitude to be maintained toward agricultural holdings is one of the most intricate and difficult of questions to be treated. Simons, in his "American Farmer," the only serious attempt made by an American Socialist to handle the agrarian problem, says: "One trade after another has left the farm and farming itself has been transformed until the farmer has become a specialist working within one little narrow field and as absolutely dependent upon outside social forces as the artisan at his bench." Simons deems the average farmer little more than an employing agent and resident supervisor for the exploiting class, whose wage does not rise far above the subsistence level. Because he holds the small farmer to be the "essential economic factor in agriculture in exactly the same way that the wage-worker is the essential economic factor in general capitalistic production," Simons accepts Kautsky's definition: "The proletariat of the country is the farmer."

In discussing this question, Kautsky says that, "where small agricultural holdings prevail, there the organs of social or Socialist production in agriculture have first to be created, and that can only be the result of a slow development." Continuing, he says: "No Socialist of any weight or standing has ever as yet demanded that the peasants should be expropriated or their lands confiscated." Yet Kautsky looks forward to the time when "the peasants will amalgamate their holdings and work them in common."

In answer to the argument that under communal ownership the farmer will not have the interest in the land he has when it is his own property, Ferri says: "We see, for example, that, even in our present individualist world, those survivals of collective property in land—to which Laveleye has so strikingly called the attention of sociologists—continue to be cultivated and yield a return which is not lower than that yielded by lands held in private ownership, although these communist or collectivist farmers have only the right of use and enjoyment, and not the absolute title."

Small trade, sometimes regarded as of moment to the middle class, Vandervelde declares to be "the special refuge of the cripples of capi-

talism," who often have "only a phantom of independence, and are really in the hands of a few great money lenders, manufacturers or merchants." Where this is not true, it is doubtful if they would be disturbed to any extent. For Socialism is not of one piece, but, rather, the outgrowth of the multiform relations prevailing under capitalism. So Kautsky tells us: "The most varied kinds of property in the means of production, state, municipal, co-operative (distributive), co-operative (productive), private—could exist side by side in a Socialist society. \* \* \* The same variety of the economic machinery as exists today would be quite possible in a Socialist society. Only the hurry and the bustle, the fighting and the struggling, the extermination and the ruin of the present day struggle for life will be eliminated, just as the antagonism between the exploiter and the exploited will disappear."

Socialists, as is well known, are opposed to militarism. Says Kampffmeyer, in his little work on German Socialist tactics: "Since the first days of its vigorously joyful existence, until its fully endowed maturity, there sounds through all its party declarations the rough and revolutionary word: 'For this military system, not a man and not a penny.'"

There is reason enough for this stand merely on the score of the millions wasted in metal, powder and rations, let alone the toll of life and suffering paid by the workers. To form some idea of what this price is, Karl Liebknecht estimates the present military expenditures of Europe as reaching \$3,250,000,000 annually.

The growing sentiment of international solidarity is, by all odds, the most important step in the direction of universal peace. The Socialists are justly proud of having, within recent years, done much toward preventing wars between Austria and Italy, France and Germany, and Norway and Sweden. Amity among nations, cementing the ties of fraternity to the end that the earth become the common possession of all, is the goal of the international Socialist movement. The vari-colored flags of different countries serve only to lift one man's arm against his brother; the crimson standard of Socialism is breaking down the barriers that stand in the way of universal peace and good will.

"The growth of the democratic spirit is one of the most important facts in the political life of the nineteenth century," Professor Smith observes. "From present indications, we are at the threshold of a new social order under which the few will no longer rule the many." And Spargo, in his "Socialism," has splendidly developed this thought of the "Communist Manifesto": "In place of the old bourgeois society, with its classes and class antagonisms, we shall have an association in which the free development of each is the condition for the free development of all."

The task it is the historic mission of the Socialist movement of the

world to achieve is as magnificent in its proportions as it is in its ideals. The tremendous nature of that task cannot be overestimated. Kautsky well reminds us, in one of the concluding passages of his great work on the social revolution: "The proletariat will require high intelligence, strong discipline, perfect organization of its great masses; and these must, at the same time, have become most indispensable in economic life if it is to attain the strength sufficient to overcome so formidable an opponent. We may expect that it will only succeed in the latter when it will have developed these qualities in the highest degree, and that, therefore, the domination of the proletariat, and with it the social revolution, will not take place until not only the economic, but also the psychological conditions of a Socialist society are sufficiently ripened."

The Socialist looks forward to the future with the enthusiasm of certain victory. For the stream of the new world thought and movement is flowing on. Little more than half a century ago its headwaters gathered in the work of Marx and Engels, gathered from the rockribbed mountains of philosophy, economics, politics and history. Here a brook empties its crystal clear waters of learning into it; there a sister stream greets it. Further along is its confluence with science; art and literature light its way. The stream rushes on. It is now international in character. It ever broadens, reaches into new lands, gains in prestige. It commands the voice of governments; it swerves the destiny of nations. As its power grows, kingdoms tremble, thrones totter, tyrannies fall. The social revolution is fought and won. The old epoch—the epoch of class strife and the subjection of the toilers—is ended. The new era—the era of the comradeship and freedom of labor—is begun.

Philadelphia, Pa.

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#### A COURSE OF READING.

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

- The Social Revolution. By Karl Kautsky. Cloth, 50 cents.  
 Socialism in Theory and Practice. By Morris Hillquit. Macmillan's, New York.  
 No Compromise. By W. Liebknecht. Cloth, 50 cents.  
 Changes in the Theory and Tactics of the German Social Democracy. By Paul Kampffmeyer. Cloth, 50 cents.  
 The Day of Judgment. By George D. Herron. Paper, 10 cents.  
 The American Farmer. By A. M. Simons. Cloth, 50 cents.  
 Socialists in French Municipalities. Paper, 5 cents.  
 What the Socialists would do if they won in this City. By A. M. Simons. Paper, 5 cents.  
 Socialism. By John Spargo. Macmillan's, New York.

(The End.)

# LITTLE LAUGHING BOY



## STORIES OF THE CAVE PEOPLE BY MARY E. MARCY.



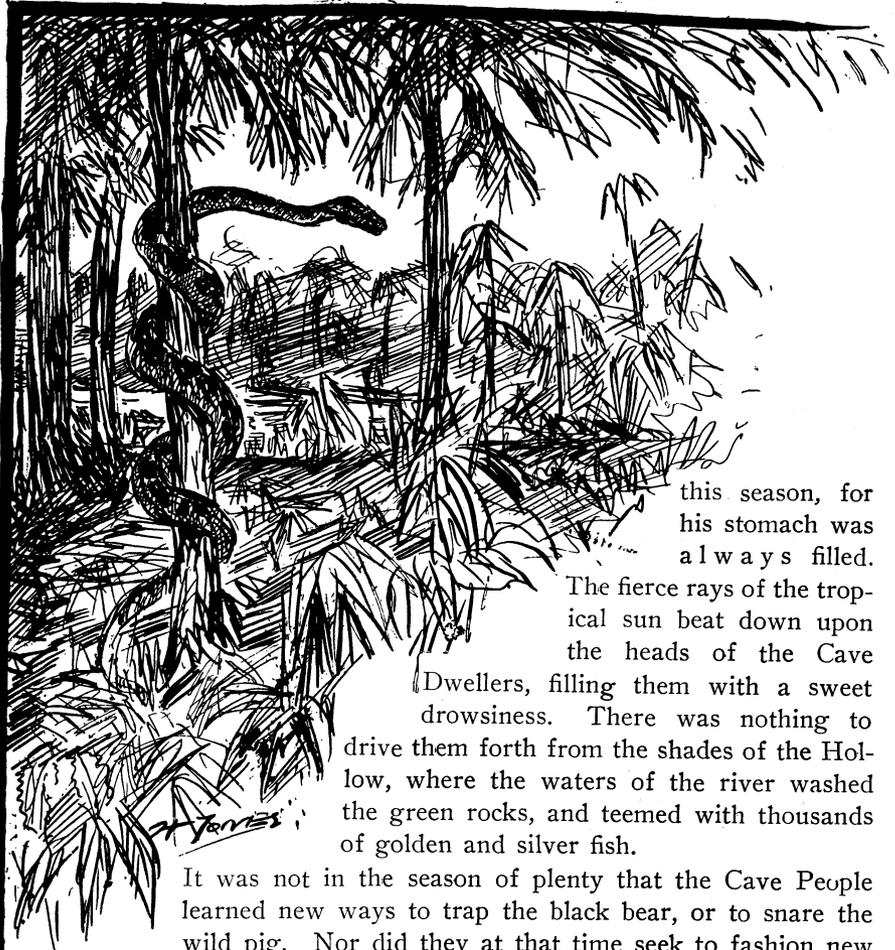
WHEN the luscious fruit ripened and fell and the nut season came around, the time of joy and plenty was at hand for the Cave Dwellers. Then millions of fish sought the shallows of the river; nourishing plants, with a strange bitter-sweet flavor, thrust up their heads, and the nests were full of eggs for the hand of him who cared to gather.

It was then only that the Cave People were never hungry. With plenty abounding always in the forest, they feasted continually and grew fat against those periods of famine that spread through the long after-suns and the dreary wet seasons.

True it was, that their enemies of the forest throve and grew strong also. The green snakes awoke and wound themselves around the branches of trees, with eyes that glistened and glowed toward every living creature. And the brush grew thick and abounded with creeping things.

The cubs of the black bear flourished and the fierce hyena yielded bounteously to her young. Great flocks of strange and familiar birds darkened the sky and swooped down upon the berry bushes and swept them bare. But for all these, there was enough and to spare for the wants of the Cave Dwellers.

Even the limbs of Strong Arm, the wise and brave, grew soft during



this season, for his stomach was always filled.

The fierce rays of the tropical sun beat down upon the heads of the Cave Dwellers, filling them with a sweet drowsiness. There was nothing to drive them forth from the shades of the Hollow, where the waters of the river washed the green rocks, and teemed with thousands of golden and silver fish.

It was not in the season of plenty that the Cave People learned new ways to trap the black bear, or to snare the wild pig. Nor did they at that time seek to fashion new weapons or to travel strange paths. Rarely they plied the waters. These were not the days of progress or discovery, and the minds of the Cave People grew torpid and they forgot many things they had learned in the times of hunger and activity.

The hands of the youths and maidens lost a portion of their cunning and the older members of the tribe grew lazy and dull. For the bread fruit ripened and the tubers grew thick and all the land smiled with a bountiful supply of daily food.

The season of plenty was come. And the Cave People loved and laughed and feasted and were content. Few dangers menaced during those days and the members of the tribe forgot their fears and drowsed in peace.

But the children of the Cave People grew strong, lifting their heads. The fierce rays of the sun were unable to subdue them. Laughing Boy, grown tall and straight, was weaned at last. Always he laughed, showing his large white teeth, like a dark dog snapping at a bone. And he danced and ran about, spilling the strong life that surged up within him and would not be stilled.

With his young friend, The Fish, whom the Cave People had given his name because of his early skill in swimming, Laughing Boy learned many things. Their joy and juvenility seemed exhaustless, and their romps and chattering ended only with the days.

Not many years before, the fathers and mothers of the Cave People had come down out of the trees to dwell. The Tree Dwellers found shelter in the natural caves that lined the river bank. In time they learned to walk erect, on two legs. The Cave Dwellers resembled them very closely. The arms of the Cave People had grown shorter as they ceased to swing themselves constantly, from tree to tree. The thumb of the foot disappeared and they now possessed a great toe in its place. Still the feet of the Cave Dwellers retained the power of prehension. They were able to hold—to cling awkwardly with them.

In the children this power was very marked. On the skirts of the forest they loved to clamber up the slim trees, poise on the swaying boughs and swing themselves from branch to branch, like young monkeys. This gave them strength of limb and quickness of vision. Soon they learned to choose those branches strong enough to bear their weight, as they flung themselves great gaps of space to seize the boughs of a neighboring tree.

But the fear of the green snakes, that wound about and hid themselves among the leaves, kept them near the Hollow. Only on rare occasions did they penetrate deep into the forest.

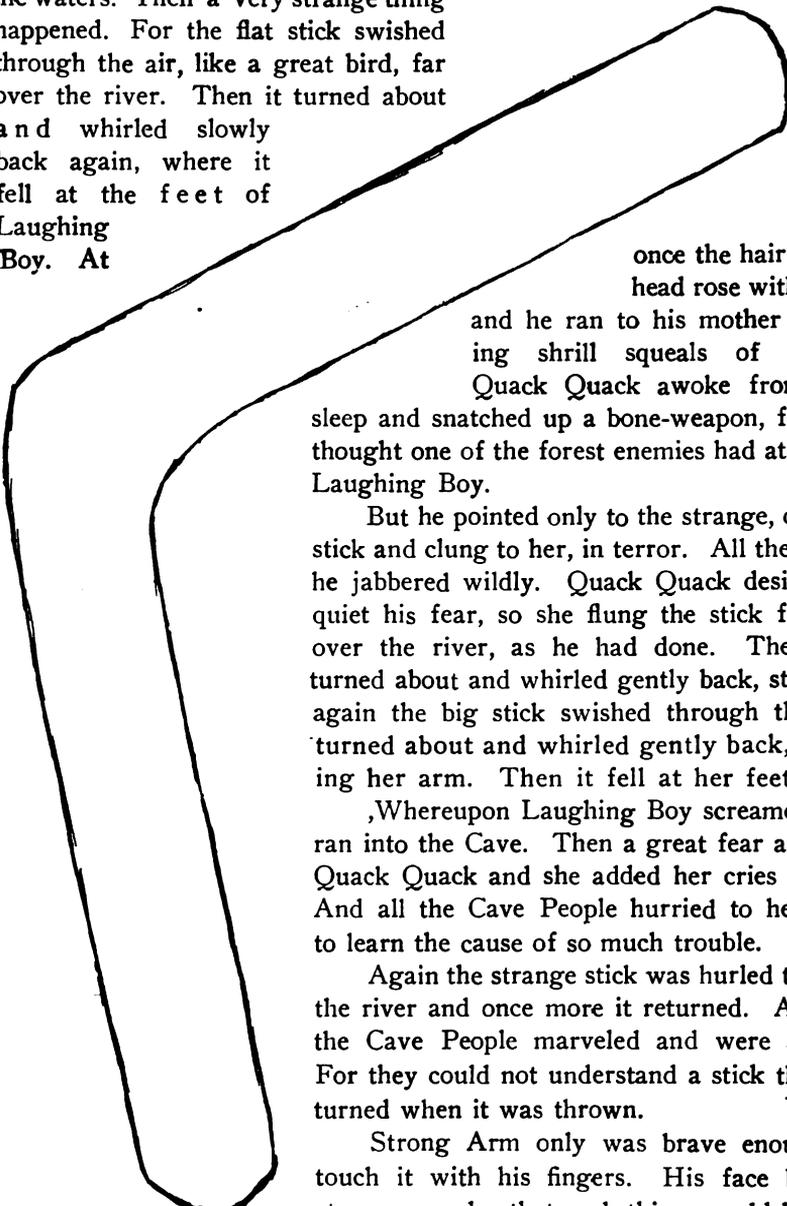
Among many of the savages living today, great skill and agility prevails. We are told of tribes whose members are able, by a partial circling of the trunks, with their arms, and by the clinging and pressing of flexible toes, to mount trees in a sort of walk.

Jack London writes that this is a common practice of the natives of the South Sea Islands. And we are assured by several young friends that the art has not wholly disappeared among our own boys.

Many were the feats accomplished among the swaying branches of the trees by Laughing Boy, and his friend, The Fish, in their frolics many years ago. Their feet were never still. Their jabberings flowed without end. Tireless as the birds they were and gay as youth itself.

One day, as they played, Laughing Boy found a flat, curved piece of wood. It was as long as the arm of a man and had been split from a tree during a storm. Laughing Boy hurled the stick far into the air at his

friend, The Fish. But The Fish threw himself from the bank, into the river, to avoid it. And he screamed with joy, as he disappeared beneath the waters. Then a very strange thing happened. For the flat stick swished through the air, like a great bird, far over the river. Then it turned about and whirled slowly back again, where it fell at the feet of Laughing Boy. At



once the hair of his head rose with fear, and he ran to his mother uttering shrill squeals of alarm.

Quack Quack awoke from her sleep and snatched up a bone-weapon, for she thought one of the forest enemies had attacked Laughing Boy.

But he pointed only to the strange, curved stick and clung to her, in terror. All the while he jabbered wildly. Quack Quack desired to quiet his fear, so she flung the stick far out over the river, as he had done. Then she turned about and whirled gently back, striking again the big stick swished through the air, turned about and whirled gently back, striking her arm. Then it fell at her feet.

Whereupon Laughing Boy screamed and ran into the Cave. Then a great fear assailed Quack Quack and she added her cries to his. And all the Cave People hurried to her side to learn the cause of so much trouble.

Again the strange stick was hurled toward the river and once more it returned. And all the Cave People marveled and were afraid. For they could not understand a stick that returned when it was thrown.

Strong Arm only was brave enough to touch it with his fingers. His face bore a strange wonder that such things could be possible to a mere stick. And he carried it to his cave where he hid it among the rocks, under the dead leaves.

But when the nuts were gone and the season of plenty had passed away, and there was need for the Cave People to hunt, he brought it forth again. After many seasons, a flat stick, curved in the manner of the one first found by Laughing Boy, came to be used as a weapon by the Cave People.

Perhaps you have seen the painted boomerangs sold in some of our stores to-day. They are the same shape as those first used by the ancient Cave Dwellers. We are printing a sketch of one on this page. A small pasteboard boomerang, cut the size and shape of the one shown here, will interest the children. When struck with a lead pencil, it will whirl through the air and return, just as the larger and more formidable boomerangs did when thrown at their enemies by the Cave Dwellers many thousands of years ago.

After a time the alarm and excitement, caused by Laughing Boy's discovery of the first rude boomerang, died away. The strange stick no longer menaced them and the Cave People returned to their feasting and their slumbers. And Laughing Boy and his young friend, The Fish, resumed their play.

They chased each other up and down the Hollow or concealed themselves in the long grass that lined the river bank. At each discovery they tossed and rolled over and over again, like puppies, wild with the exuberance of young blood.

It was one of their great pleasures to lie chattering in the grass on the top of the river bank and roll, tumbling, down into the clear waters. Then, amid a great splashing and much laughter, to clamber out and up the slope again. Thus the children of the Cave Dwellers romped and grew strong, during the season of plenty, in the days of old.

One day it chanced that Laughing Boy stumbled over a large cocoanut, during his frolics with his young friend. He seized it in his arms and danced about, jabbering with glee, that his friend might know the treasure he had found.

In an instant The Fish was upon him, but Laughing Boy rolled over in the grass and bounded away, with squeals of delight. Then, for no reason in the world, save that the blood pounded riotously in his veins, he darted into the wood, bearing his prize.

The Fish followed, close on his heels, as Laughing Boy threw shrill mocking cries over his shoulder. The Fish gave answer with a whirling stone, while more mocking cries from Laughing Boy announced that his aim was bad. And, O, the fun of the case through the deep woods! The rollicking laugh and the deep shouts of The Fish as they startled the birds from their nests in the old forest!

The brush grew thicker with every step and the trees locked branches

more closely with their neighbors for want of room to stretch them freely toward the sun.

When he reached the tall *lautania* palm which marked the point beyond which it was unsafe for the children of the Cave People to go alone, Laughng Boy concealed himself in the brush. He thought to be able to elude his brown playmate, and while The Fish sought him beyond the *bunya-bunya*, to dash backward, toward the Hollow.

In a moment came The Fish. But the deep breathing of Laughng Boy and a rustling of the bushes made known his hiding place. As his friend had parted the thicket, Laughng Boy had time only to crawl out on the opposite side and dart onward ere he was caught. A shout and a shrill chattering told his victory, and he disappeared again. The Fish grunted his displeasure, but he was not far behind.

In the tall *bambusa* Laughng Boy again hid himself and it was by the tripping of The Fish over a creeping vine, that he escaped. But his foot blundered on a cone from the *bunya* tree and the cocoanut slipped from his hands. The two boys threw themselves downward and rolled over each other in their eagerness to recover it.

The Fish gave a shout of joy and made away, holding the cocoanut above his head for Laughng Boy to see. A warm sweat covered their bodies and their bronze skins shone like burnished copper.

On and on they ran. Further and still further they plunged into the depths of the forest. They forgot the dangers that lurked there and the wise warnings of the Cave People. They forgot their playmate, Crooked Leg, who had wandered into the wood and vanished from the face of the Hollow. Fears they had none, only laughter and the joy of abundant youth!

All this time the grown members of the tribe of the Cave People slept securely in the cool of the hollow. Their protruding bellies told of continued eating and no one among them marked the absence of The Fish and Laughng Boy.

Thicker and more dark grew the forest which the boys penetrated. The way grew rough, and the tough vines trailing through the undergrowth often tripped them. Still they lunged forward with no thought of turning their faces toward the Hollow.

It was a crackling in the brush that warned them. The cocoanut rolled from the hands of The Fish and the boys crouched low together. No sound they made, save the breath in their throats which struggled to be free. Couchant, they strained their bodies into an attitude of listening. Came again a soft rustling in the thicket. This time nearer. And then—through the long *bambusa*, they saw the head and throat of a grey hyena.

For a moment they paused while the sweat froze on their brown skins. Their lips drew back in a snarl of helpless rage. But the hyena covered the ground with great bounds, and they flung their arms about a tall sapling. Their breath burst from them in quick gasps, for they were near spent with running.

But they dug their toes into the rough bark and the strength of The Fish enabled him to speedily mount to the forked branches above. But many moments Laughing Boy clung half-way up the trunk of the tree, with the hyena snapping at his heels. At every leap so near she came, that he curled his feet up under his small body. The teeth of the hyena shone white and her eyes gleamed. A great fear paralyzed him. The Fish danced about on the limbs above, chattering wildly, till Laughing Boy gathered breath and courage to continue his way to safety.

There he sat, huddled among the leaves, close to The Fish and for a long time they gazed, quivering, at the enemy below. But a caution, wholly new, had come to them, and they scrambled into the branches of a neighboring banyan slowly and with care. Thence on through several trees that brought them nearer the homes of the Cave Dwellers. With much shivering they made their way, pausing often to mark the progress of the enemy. She moved as they advanced, persistently, like a hungry dog watching a bone.

Slowly and fearfully the boys continued toward the Hollow, through the interlocked limbs of the great trees. But the hyena followed. From a bunya-bunya the boys pelted her with cones, which she dodged easily. Unmoved, she continued to gaze longingly upon them, while the slather dripped from her lips.

At one time the boys almost threw themselves into the coils of a huge green snake, that wound itself around the trunk of a cocoanut palm. They were not expecting new dangers. A quick leap and they swung downward, clinging closely to the bough of a neighboring bunya, and they scrambled up to safety once more. Thus they made on, but the distance they had run so joyously a short time before, seemed now to stretch before them without end. Sometimes they paused to rest and gather breath. At these points they huddled together and whimpered very low, or snarled, jabbering at the enemy, as she sat on her haunches, waiting.

But the glad time came when they saw below the familiar berry bushes. Beyond that the arboreal way was not unknown. With a new freedom and ease they flung themselves forward. Their leaps grew daring and their feet more sure, till at last they reached the edge of the wood near the Hollow.

Here they lifted their voices in sharp cries that aroused the Cave People from their torpor. Soon the stalwart members of the tribe had seized their bone weapons and hurried to the rescue.

At first the hyena did not retreat before them, but darted in and



out slashing the Cave People with her great fangs. But the fierce stabs of many bone weapons soon sent her fleeing back into the forest. Soon

Quack Quack soothed the whimpering of Laughing Boy, holding him close to her breast.

The nut seasons came and the nut seasons passed away and Laughing Boy grew tall and strong. Though his deeds were brave and his arm was long, he hunted with the tribe, for he had learned the wisdom of the Cave Dwellers. He knew that it was not safe for a man or a woman to fight alone. The least of the forest enemies was able to destroy them. The strong men had wandered into the forest to return no more. But when the tribe went forth great deeds were possible, even the sabre-toothed tiger had been destroyed by the thrusts of many. It was the strength of all the Cave People that made safe the lives of every one.

"It has often been assumed that animals were in the first place rendered social, and that they feel as a consequence uncomfortable when separated from each other, and comfortable whilst together; but it is a more probable view that these sensations were first developed, in order that those animals which would profit by living in society, should be induced to live together, in the same manner, as the sense of hunger and the pleasure of eating were, no doubt, first acquired in order to induce animals to eat.

With those animals which were benefited by living in close association, the individuals which took the greatest pleasure in society would best escape various dangers, whilst those that cared least for their comrades, and lived solitary, would perish in greater numbers."—  
Charles Darwin in *The Descent of Man*.

# The Belgian Labor Party

BY ROBERT HUNTER.



RIOR to the formation of the Belgian Labor Party in 1885 the Belgian working class was hopelessly divided. In the days of The Internationale there arose a strong organization which promised at the time to unite under one banner the entire body of toilers. But the life of The Internationale was short, and the Belgian movement soon fell again into discord. Pessimism among the leaders was general. The labor movement suffered a setback, and capitalism in Belgium, as elsewhere, grew more arrogant and oppressive.\*

It was some time before new blood began to make itself felt. Two of the most remarkable of the younger men came from that exceptional people, the weavers of Ghent. They were Van Beveren and Anseele. Other youths began to work in other parts of Belgium, and soon throughout the country workingmen's leagues, democratic federations, radical and republican organizations, began to spring up. Soon the old sections of The Internationale were revived. In Brussels a Chamber of Labor was founded, while in Ghent and elsewhere co-operative and socialist organizations took on new life.

With the reviving spirit there came to birth again the old longing for unity and concerted action. Leaders arose to give it voice—Jean Volders, Van Beveren, Anseele, and Bertrand, while César de Paepe and Verrycken, veterans of The Internationale, began to work again with renewed enthusiasm.

At last, in 1885, a hundred workingmen, representing fifty-nine groups, came together in Brussels to discuss what they should do. It was a remarkable gathering. It was held in an old cafe in the **Grand Place**, perhaps the finest mediaeval square in Europe. Beside the Hotel de Ville, a noble structure, are the old guild houses. A swan indicates the guild of the Butchers; a gilded sphinx the hall of the arch-

\* Portions of this paper have been taken from my book, "Socialists at Work."

ers. To the left is the hall of the skippers, the gable of which resembles the stern of a large vessel. To the right are the halls of the carpenters and printers, while on the opposite side of the square are the halls of the tailors and painters. In the midst of these old guild houses the small group of working men met to devise plans for reviving on modern lines the old spirit of solidarity.

To the mind of everyone present the condition of the workers had become intolerable, and the longing for unity was profound. Weary of dogma and intellect, they came very near excluding from the conference that Grand Old Man, César de Paepa. Finally, however, by a narrow margin—twenty-nine votes as against twenty—the intellectuals were admitted. In the main the gathering represented working-class movements—the co-operatives, the trade unions, the workmen's leagues, the socialist groups and the friendly societies.

It was evident from the beginning that the Belgian movement had reached a stage more fundamentally revolutionary and more dangerous to capitalism than ever rested in any dogma or creed of what the future society should be. The men at the conference intended to unite the working class, no matter what the particular individuals believed. They wanted the stupid and backward elements, as well as the advanced and more intelligent. In that year something more profound than doctrine agitated the souls of the workers. Unionists, mutualists, socialists, democrats, republicans, revolutionists, catholics, protestants, rationalists, positivists, came together to form an organization to advance the interests of the working class.

When I went to Brussels a short time ago I found a copy of the proceedings of that memorable meeting. One only I could find, and it was not to be purchased. I then copied from it the chief addresses, knowing that American and English socialists would read with interest the words of the men who brought into existence that sturdy movement of the Belgian workers.

Anseele, the remarkable leader of the weavers of Ghent, said that an organization such as was wanted for Belgium already existed on a small scale in Ghent.

Mortelmans (Antwerp) supported most of the views expressed, but there were some he did not share. For the time being, however, he refrained from combating them. He did not believe, as advocated by Anseele, that it was possible to unite the various labor bodies within the socialist party. He was in favor of forming a special federation.

Jean Volders (perhaps the greatest agitator the Belgians have produced) was then recognized. "Comrades, in a few days there will be

celebrated a fête bourgeoise on the anniversary of the king's birth. At the same time we should have a fête of the toilers—of the people. Would that we might celebrate on that day the birth of a vast working-class party. A labor party will be formed at this Congress—I am convinced of it. Before discussing in detail the question of our organization, it is fitting that we should pay our respects to the veterans of the working class, such as Anseele and de Paepe, who have been untiring in their efforts to organize the workers. Anseele's plan to unite all the elements under the socialist banner is excellent, and it meets with my approval. Only I fear we should not succeed in uniting with us the mass of the working people. What these veterans ought to do today is to lend their aid in the formation of a Labor Party uniting all the workers.

"Do not offer a program that will frighten the masses. Without deviating from principle, let us, however, learn when to yield. We seek to bring together all the preletarian elements. To achieve this end it is necessary, in my opinion, to adopt for our new party the name "Labor Party." The socialists must make this concession. This done, it is only a question of time when we shall convert the workers to socialist ideas. We all want to form a working-class party. We all desire it ardently. Let us put a little water into our wine, and a Labor Party, strong and solid, will spring forth from this Congress."

Anseele said that so far as he was concerned he did not insist. He favored the union of the socialist party with the Labor Party, and he advised his comrades not to cavil about the name. The most logical the strongest, the most revolutionary, the most learned party in the world—the Socialist Party of France—calls itself simply "Labor Party."

Dewit, of Brussels, took issue with this proposition. He wanted the new labor party to be called "Socialist Labor Party."

Nevelsteen, of Antwerp, spoke in the same strain, and declared himself strongly in favor of retaining the word "socialist."

César de Paepe then arose. "Comrades," he said, "if there were not so many organizations, so many programs, a labor party would, perhaps, be formed more easily on socialist ground, but there are so many opposing organizations that would not all at once change their banner. The word "socialist" arouses fear in many of the workers. This word, then, is an obstacle. If, as counseled by Volders, we dilute our wine with a little water, it will facilitate the formation of a great working-class party.

"The prejudice against the word 'socialist' is nonsensical, because

those who oppose it are, whether they wish it or not, of the same view.

"The word 'socialist' is comprehensive—it takes in all great principles. If we should vote today to affiliate ourselves with the socialist party, that would be excellent, but would there not be the danger that those who are now nearly in accord on essentials would divide and form another labor group? This would give rise to internal dissensions, and instead of fighting the bourgeoisie we would devour each other.

"Let us, then, put aside for the moment, the name 'Socialist.' Let us not change our name, neither let us ask others to change theirs. If it is necessary to form a Labor Party, let this be done and each organization retain its name and its program.

"I urge my fellow-socialists to consider this question, and to form a Labor Party pure and simple. Volders spoke just now of the old leaders. He referred to The Internationale. Well, it was socialist, yet the word 'socialist' was not in evidence. This concession would enable all bodies already organized to unite in one vast labor movement."

Delwarte, of the Glass-Workers' Union of Charleroi, was then recognized. "Comrades," he said, "de Paepe has lightened my work. He has replied to nearly all the remarks with which I intended to take issue. Reference has been made to The Internationale. As you know, the object of The Internationale was to organize the worker, to attain a federation of the workers of the world. This should be the end of our endeavors. I do not think it imperative to adopt the term 'socialist.' I am a socialist, but I do not think that all our members are. The name is of minor importance—in organization, there lies our future. One may form a Labor Party without disputing in politics. In the Glass-Workers' Union there are Catholics. If men such as de Paepe and others, recognized champions of the working class, should present themselves as candidates, they would be supported even by these Catholics. I move, then, comrades, that the Congress rally to the proposition of Comrade de Paepe."

De Braeckleer, of the Machinists' Union of Ghent, spoke as follows: "Comrades, why change our name? Our banner is broad enough to cover the entire working-class. Ought we to fear our name when the socialist party has made such strides in our country? In Ghent we have never put in our pocket either our name or our flag. And see where it has brought us. In Germany our comrades call themselves socialists, pure and simple, and the power of our party makes Bismarck tremble because of the losses he has suffered in the elections.

We ought never to be afraid of our name, and if our propagandists do their work our cause will make good headway. But here in Brussels there are too many officers and too few soldiers. Let us remain socialists and the Labor Party will be the gainer thereby."

On the following morning Louis Bertrand, the presiding officer, rose to make an announcement. "Comrades," he said, "I have some news to impart—news which will cut short our discussions, and will be, I hope, enthusiastically received by the Congress. Last evening, after our second session, the delegates of the Belgian Socialist Labor Party met for the purpose of determining their attitude toward the proposition to form a Labor Party, without other designation. After a discussion extending over three hours the following resolution was unanimously adopted by the delegates: 'The Belgian Socialist Party while keeping intact its program and its by-laws, decides to join a Belgian Labor Party, the program and by-laws to be adopted at the next Congress.' (Prolonged applause.)

"We are all to be congratulated on this conciliatory action. If the conservative element of the Congress acts in the same spirit—and up to the present they have—we can return to our homes with the consciousness of having done a good work. Moreover, this understanding was necessary. The Belgian Socialist Party, however, powerful, can obtain no reform without the co-operation of the other labor organizations, just as the conservative element cannot carry any point in its program without the co-operation of the Socialist Party. In these circumstances is it not expedient to join all these forces? I believe it is. The concession of the Socialist delegates will facilitate this union, and I am of the strong conviction that we will not leave this convention without the proposed alliance being voted for by all the delegates."

Hannay, representing La General Ouvriere of Brussels, said: "Comrades, in behalf of the conservative organizations represented at this congress, I warmly congratulate the socialists on having passed the excellent resolution which the President has just announced. By not exacting as the price of their valuable co-operation in the work which is before the Congress the insertion of the word 'socialist' in the name of the party which we wish to form the radical groups have proved their conciliatory spirit and political wisdom. They wish to remove every obstacle to the union of the labor organizations, and to show that when it is a question of advancing the interests of the proletariat they are always foremost. The conservatives, will, I am sure, profit by the example set by our friends, the socialists."

Renard, of the Brussels Workmen's League, added his congratulations to those of Hannay on the stand taken by the socialists. He

paid tribute to the loyalty they had shown in defending their principles. Van Loo, of the same organization, followed him. "Above all," he said, "I commend the good feeling which prevails among the delegates to this Congress, representing as they do widely differing views. It is proof that everyone is alive to the necessity of forming a vast union of the workers. It is true that in the Socialist Party we are already united, but that is not sufficient, and as socialist principles are not yet understood by the workers, it is our duty to join hands and form a vast federation, bringing together all the aspirations of the working class. We shall only gain thereby."

Little else there is of importance in the scant account of that historic meeting. César de Paepe, who had fought valiantly, magnificently, during long years of division and discord, was carried away with enthusiasm by the establishment of the long-hoped-for unity of the working class. Concerning the name of the party, he exclaimed, "What more immense and at the same time more simple and precise! Why add the words socialist, collectivist, communist, rationalist, democrat, republican and other limiting epithets? He who says Parti Ouvrier says Party of Class, and since the working class constitutes itself into a party, how could you believe that it may be anything else in its tendencies and principles than socialist and republican?"

After the Belgian party was constituted it became the most strikingly solidified and integral party in Europe. Vandervelde has well said: "Belgian socialism, at the conflux of three great European civilizations, partakes of the character of each of them. From the English it adopted self-help and free association, principally under the co-operative form; from the German political tactics and fundamental doctrines, which were for the first time expounded in the Communist Manifesto; and from the French it took its idealist tendencies, its integral conception of socialism, considered as the continuation of the revolutionary philosophy, and as a new religion continuing and fulfilling Christianity."

In accord with this eclectic spirit, the Belgian Labor Party includes in itself every organization that expresses working class aspirations. The trade unions, the co-operatives with their "Houses of the People," their great stores and their public meeting halls; and the friendly societies with their insurance schemes, are all closely and definitely associated in one political party, which carries on a gigantic propaganda, and has its press and its fighting force in parliament and upon municipal bodies. It is not surprising, therefore, that this complete organization and almost perfect solidarity brought the workers hope for the future and for the present great confidence in themselves.

During the year 1886 riots broke out in various industrial sections. The working class had long stood oppression, and now at last it seemed the time had come to remedy the misery of their condition. During all the years of capitalist domination the two old parties had ignored the necessities of the poor. There was no legislation of importance to benefit or protect the working class. The total disregard of the capitalists for the misery of the workers is shown by their treatment of a bill introduced as early as 1872 to regulate child labor. It was an effort to prevent boys under thirteen years of age and girls under fourteen years of age from working underground in the coal mines. The bill was ignored for six years, and only in 1878 did the parties take time to consider it. And then, even after the horrible conditions of child slavery had been stated, out of 155 representatives in parliament 150 voted against the bill. But things began to change immediately after the formation of the Labor Party. The capitalists were then forced to consider seriously the condition of the people. A commission of inquiry was established, and in the years following 1886, law after law was voted for the benefit of the working class. They were not important laws, perhaps, but even such miserable concessions are wrung from the ruling powers only after a complete political revolt of the wage-workers.

Needless to say, the Belgian Labor Party has gone on year by year, gaining in strength and power. It has built up an organization little short of the marvelous. For many years, it worked without a program, desiring to achieve perfect unity before entering upon the discussion of doctrinal questions; but in 1893, eight years after the formation of the party, a program was submitted at the annual conference. Very broad in spirit, the program expressed fully the position of the international socialist movement, and was adopted unanimously by all sections of the movement.

Today, twenty-four years after the birth of the party, the visitor to Belgium will not fail to be impressed by the efficiency and vigor of the socialist organizations. The workers of Belgium have been given nothing. Not a step has been taken without suffering; and the memory of martyred brothers has so united them in spirit that not a single important division has occurred in the movement during the last quarter of a century. They are not moved by doctrines, and they give free play to anyone who has a plan for relieving distress. They would never think of neglecting any opportunity open to them to fight the battle of the disinherited. They scorn no method; they eagerly use and develop all. They believe in co-operation, in trade unions, in municipal ownership and national ownership; they believe in economic

action and political action; indeed, when any one of these is but weakly developed, the whole party with hearty good will devotes all the energy at its command to the task of strengthening it. While others have been discussing theories and quarreling over differences in method, the working class movement in this little "paradise of the capitalists" (as Marx once called it) has been born and has grown to full maturity.

It is not hard to explain why it is the Belgian working-class is so fortunate, or why, in the face of so many difficulties it is able to accomplish such a magnificent work. It has learned the value of unity and the power of concerted action. The advice and example of old César de Paepe was ever before them. He counseled solidarity the day the party was born, and he never ceased urging its supreme importance. It is, therefore, significant that in 1890, as he was carried away from Brussels to die in Southern France, he should have written these words to the then assembled congress of the party: "I beg of you one permission, one only. Permit an old socialist who has been in the breach for more than thirty-three years, and who has already seen so many ups and downs, so many periods of progress and of reaction in the revolutionary Belgian parties, to give you counsel. That is: be careful above all, in all your deliberations and resolutions, to **maintain among the different factions of the party and among the more or less extreme or moderate tendencies the closest possible union, and to prevent all that might constitute even a suspicion of division.** Naturally this implies that it is necessary to commence by forgetting the divisions that have existed in the past. To divide you in order the better to oppress you, such is the tactic of your enemies. Flee from divisions; avoid them; crush them in the egg, such ought to be **your** tactic and to that end may your program remain the broadest possible, and your title remain general enough to shelter all who, in the Belgian proletariat, wish to work for the emancipation, intellectual and material, political and economic, of the mass of the disinherited."



# Henrik Ibsen, the Iconoclast

BY FRANCES PERKINS.

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ENRIK IBSEN is a man whose work can not be neglected by Socialists. His philosophy, if it bears reducing to any formula, is nearer that of an anarchist. He has no solution to offer for the modern social problem. Why then must his work be considered by Socialists? Because he attempted and partly achieved a revolution in men's thoughts and when that has been done, we have gone many steps towards the larger social revolution. He cleared away many snags in the path of thought. He set forth the ideals and standards which men have guarded so carefully, and by making us first question and then mock at those standards he has torn down one bogy that has stood in the way of progress and won for himself the title of Iconoclast.

Ibsen was not a constructive philosopher. He said of himself that his mission was to ask and not to answer. Thus he went through all his life asking of society those disconcerting and haunting questions which can not be answered by an old proverb or a line from a creed. His questions are the questions of the modern world, and all of us who think are asking them every day and struggling for the answers. Ibsen performed a great service in clarifying these questions for those who think and by forcing them upon those who do not thus indulge if they can help it.

Ibsen was a modernist of modernists, a true child of the age, who was blown about by every wind of thought. He changed his mind continually and struggled with his own terrible questions as honestly as the rest of us. He possessed that wonderful modern inconsistency which gives such a convincing note to a man's work.

Perhaps no man has come closer to the spirit of the times than Ibsen. Yet he read little or nothing and he knew and talked with few people. His sensitiveness to the ebb and flow of modern thought seemed almost the result of some mystical relation to the forces of progress.

The circumstances of his life, his early embitterment and youthful rebellion and his continuous wandering over Europe, in some measure explain his constant questioning of the form and ideals of society.

He was born into one of the middle class Norwegian families he loved so well to paint. His family were of appalling respectability and

there is no doubt he was early immersed in the standards and self-satisfied ideals of the little Norwegian coast town of Skien. He was born in 1828 and was just reaching manhood at the time of the revolution of '48 and '49. He could not help but be affected by this great movement which swept over Europe at a critical age in his life. His early years were a struggle with a peculiarly humiliating form of poverty and family misunderstandings. The loneliness of his childhood and the resentment at lack of social recognition after his father's business failure undoubtedly did much to clear his vision and give him a chance to see the realities of life. While still but a boy he went to work in an apothecary's shop in Grimstad, and here began his own life and his own work. He began writing at once and this early work is all of the historical and romantic school. Some very lovely lyric poems and poetic plays, full of the idealism and romanticism on which he had been fed, are found among these early writings. This was the period of half formed ideas and little thinking. He gradually began to receive some recognition in Norway, and while he was still a young man was made Director of the National Theater in Belgium and later in Christiania. This experience was invaluable for in that position he had not only to select and stage foreign plays, but to write and produce a certain number of his own each year. All the plays of this period are idealistic and romantic, sometimes striking a clear note always full of the symbolism of which he was master. Out of this experience he gained that complete technical knowledge of stage craft which is seen in the workmanship of his later plays.

Eventually he left Norway, embittered at the failure of his countrymen to attain the ideal which he and they had stood for—that of helping the Danes in their struggle for independence.

For many years he was a voluntary exile and during this period he wrote the plays which have the widest significance for us. Undoubtedly his life in Rome and Germany rid him of much of his provincialism and put him in touch with the spirit of the times which he grasped with a master hand, and interpreted for us in dramatic form.

We can hardly overestimate the influence over Ibsen of the Franco-German war, and the revolutionary thought which accompanied it. His whole conception of the meaning of life and history seemed to change during that period. He began to see that "the old order changeth," that the forces of society were making for a universal revolution. With the tenseness of the poet and the mystic, he chafed under the petty local revolutions which he felt held back and hindered the great revolution in the spirit of man. Ibsen wrote to George Brande, his friend and critic, thus,—“Up till now we have been living on nothing but the crumbs from the table of last century's revolution, a food out of which all nutriment

has long been chewed. Our terms stand in need of a new connotation, a new interpretation. Liberty, equality and fraternity are no longer the things they were in the days of the late lamented guillotines. This is what politicians will not understand, and therefore I hate them. What they want is special revolutions, revolutions in externals, in the political sphere. But all this is mere trifling. What is really wanted is a revolution of the spirit of man."

His disappointment over the failure of the Paris Commune was keen and with his hope gone for the immediate realization of the dreams of "free choice and spiritual kinship" as a basis of union, he set himself to study and point out the symptoms of the breaking up of the social order. He saw the change and the revolution as inevitable. He looked upon society as suffering from a fatal disease and with the painstaking accuracy of a scientist he described the symptoms and put them before the world. Ibsen certainly never expressed and probably never saw the deep underlying economic cause of that disease which is pushing the world on to revolution, but with unmatched skill he pointed out signs of its ravages—the struggle of the economic classes, the revolt of women, the hypocrisy of respectability, the restlessness of the age, the agony of the death pangs of the old order and the birth throes of the new. Few men see the cause first and Ibsen has done us a real service in analyzing conditions and forcing us to search for the cause.

With this period in his life begins his new form of literary expression. He dropped his verse forms and plays of romantic idealism and he consciously set himself to depict real human beings facing real issues in quite the natural and ordinary way. His poetic gift enabled him to do this without being dull or narrow. His social plays deal with the most commonplace folk in every day situations and yet the poet's skill has made the persons represent types, and the every day happenings, great modern issues fraught with tragedy and significance.

It is the plays of this period after 1870 that have most interest for us, and from these we must discuss the meaning of Ibsen to our generation. Most critics include in the social dramas, "The Pillars of Society," "A Doll's House," "Ghosts," "An Enemy of the People," "The Wild Duck," "Rosmersholm" and "The Lady from the Sea." "Hedda Gabler," "The Master Builder," "Little Eyolf," "John Gabriel, Workman," "When the Dead Awaken," although all dashed with the social questions are nevertheless somewhat different in form and many critics have chosen to call this later group socio-psychological dramas.

Some of the most beautiful imaginative writing and some of the most striking symbolism of modern literature are found in those very plays which we have chosen to ignore in this discussion. This is just-

fiable if we are trying to get at the true relation of Ibsen's work to the age, for he consciously abandoned his lyric gifts and his idealism and romanticism when he saw these were not in accord with reality. And he abandoned them, too, before he had discovered the beauty of reality. As he grew older he blended the poet with the realist and in some of his later plays such as "The Master Builder" we have that wonderful symbolic realism if we may so call it.

His early poetic plays, including *Brand* and *Peer Gynt*, point to his overmastering belief in the individual's right and duty to realize himself. But in his later mature work, as Wicksteed points out, we see him constantly raising the question of how "this self-realization and expression shall be attained in combination with the self-abnegation demanded by society. How shall social life be made the support and expression of and not the death of this individual life?" This question seems to be at the very center of Ibsen's social plays. The individual's relation to society is the problem. We all recognize that our own individual life and development is the result of our social environment and that this individual life of ours only expresses itself when it goes out and loses itself in the larger common life. And yet this common life constantly forces conventions upon us and in a measure seems to prevent our larger self realization. This is the problem which Ibsen puts to us in his social dramas. How to harmonize self-surrender with self-realization.

Dr. Wicksteed, who is one of his most subtle interpreters, says that Ibsen points that the answer is this,—that "when the ideals of a community are living ideals, the common life will magnify and uplift the life of the individual and room for self utterance will be found in self-surrender. But when the ideals of a community are dead, and their places taken by conventions and lies, then the common life will choke and kill him who dares to live."

Most men of Ibsen's day looked at literature and art as an inspirational tonic, teaching that it should set forth only what is pleasant and inspiring, that it should picture the ideal in order that men may desire to emulate it and should never admit the real for fear of—what? The thing that we always fear,—the truth itself, for that invariably spells revolution of some kind.

Ibsen's fundamental optimism is shown in his faith in this revolution, in his confidence that new life arises out of social convulsions and that "only while these convulsions keep mens' minds alert are the ideals themselves a living force. The struggle for liberty is the great thing." If you are satisfied, you are hopeless. What more striking example could be asked than our own sluggish moral life in America? Our forefathers had an ideal of liberty, they fought a revolution for it and gained it and

then we sat back on our oars and had it from that time on. And those who think a bit know the hollow mockery of that liberty which is a dead ideal.

Through all this thinking of Ibsen runs the passion of the moralist, the man who puts himself up against society and challenges us to judge whether he or society is right.

If Ibsen felt himself at war with society he felt too that every individual seeking self-realization was at war with organized society and the state. "Now this very contentedness in the possession of a dead liberty is characteristic of the so-called State, and, as I have said, it is not a good characteristic. Now reason does not imperatively demand that the individual should be a citizen. Far from it. The State is the curse of the individual. With what is Prussia's political strength bought? With the absorption of the individual in the political and geographical idea. And on the other hand, take the Jewish people, the aristocracy of the human race—how is that they have kept their place apart, their poetical halo, amid surroundings of coarse cruelty? By having no state to burden them. Had they remained in Palestine, they would long ago have lost their individuality in the process of their State's construction, like all other nations. Away with the State! I will take that part in the revolution. Undermine the whole conception of a State, declare free choice and spiritual kinship to be the only all-important conditions of any union that is worth while. Changes in form of government are pettifogging affairs—a degree less or a degree more, mere foolishness. The State has its root in time, and will ripe and rot in time." Surely this letter to George Brandes is incriminating evidence. Under our immigration laws Mr. Henrik Ibsen would not be allowed to land in the United States.

Ibsen himself, a symptom of the conditions he analyzed, was never at rest, never at peace. There is something grim in his deliberate destruction of his old standards in his fearless struggle to find the new. Always an individualist, claiming the individual's right and necessity to free himself, he saw the tragedy of those mysterious half light border regions where human beings striving to free their souls can achieve only partial freedom from the bondage in which material conditions hold all humanity. His constant faith in the ultimate saving power of the struggle itself is the final test of his optimism.

It is quite impossible to reduce Ibsen's philosophy to a series of "main propositions." It has no such definite form but is a real expression of the man's own grappling with problems. And as he grapples with those problems in his own individual life, so he makes us in our individual lives. He searches our souls more penetratingly than any priest in the

confessional, but he grants us no absolution and no peace, no rule of life.

"The Pillars of Society" marked Ibsen's entrance into the new method of thought and manner of expression. This is the first of his diagrammatic cross sections of human society. Smug middle class respectability is the ideal which he attacks in the play, and in toppling it over, Ibsen takes pains to let us see the basis of Berwick's moral supremacy and respectability in the little town. It comes out quite plainly that the Consul Berwick owns the means of subsistence of that little town and that consequently every one's first duty is to Berwick & Co. It pleases him to be considered the censor of public morals, the pillar of society, and the town is alive with his improvements. He is adored by the desirable citizens and feared by the undesirable and all goes well. The picture is not strange to us. Consul Berwick and his admiring pastor and his obedient workmen dwell among us. The man is real and in the muddle he has made of his own inner life is as much a victim of social conditions as the sailors whom he would send to sea in a doomed ship.

When Ibsen wished to thresh out the question of the individual's relation to society he chose the most striking modern example of this problem—a woman's position in marriage—and presented the two sides of the question in "A Doll's House" and "Ghosts."

In writing "A Doll's House" he achieved his own purpose of lifting up one wall of a room in almost any house in almost any street, and letting us see modern human beings living a modern life. The central problems of the Helmer family are solved as they are being solved every day. The Helmers in their unawakened state are surely all that the idealist could ask of a family. Nora is a perfect example of the accepted ideal of a wife—the helper and comforter of man. She is the woman who always has the smiling cheerful countenance which she "owes her husband." She lives in his life and knows no law but his comfort. She is perfectly orthodox—just the type of woman most stoutly championed by Mr. Bok and the Ladies' Home Journal.

Nora is an adept at the feminine art known as "managing a husband." The young married women of today when they find difficulty in having their own way are smilingly told by their elders that they have not yet learned how to "manage their husbands." It seems that every man has a vulnerable spot and the thing to do is to find it and then to use it without scruple to attain one's end. It is tacitly admitted among women that men are not reasonable beings and that cajolery and flattery are legitimate weapons against them. It is the old question of the purse strings, of course, and there are few women who have not had to "manage a father, a brother or a husband" in their time. The few turbulent spirits who rebel and insist upon treating their husbands as rational beings are

still looked upon doubtfully and the path to the divorce court and the breaking up of the family is plainly the outcome in the minds of the elders. This must be rather humiliating to the thinking man, but then comparatively few—even radicals—think where their womenkind are concerned. And so Nora turns out to be a most disconcerting creature for we see her management and its results.

Nora had been shielded consistently from all responsibility. She is the victim of masculine ideals and when untoward circumstances demand of her a moral judgment she has none to give. Her action in making the forgery is non-moral, the end,—her husband's comfort, justifies any means and she goes on with her life satisfied with herself and her home and her husband. The possibility of exposure is the bomb which awakens the Helmer household. Ideals are forgotten for a little and things are called by their true names, with the result that Nora Helmer opens her eyes and puts off her doll's dress forever. When the miracle does not happen she realizes the hollowness of the ideal that has blinded them so long and demands the right to learn the truth for herself. Ibsen shows his consummate skill in the last scene where the man and woman sit at opposite ends of the table and argue the matter out in all its phases while the audience holds its breath with the same tenseness that at the old-time melodrama marks the moment when the heroine is being dragged into the buzz saw while the hero batters down the door.

And as Nora goes out into the night and slams the door we admit that the problem could be solved in no other way. Ibsen is not one who sees in marriage only tyranny but he does see that in its ordinary form it is lacking in the very essential of spiritual kinship—freedom. He sees that until it is possible for men and women to live together as free, equal, reasonable beings, the problem of marriage and the family will not be solved.

It is not only the modern demand of woman to be considered an end, an individual, rather than a means to man's end, that is set forth in this play; there is the constant questioning of the individual's relation to society, of the harmonizing of self-realization with the self-surrender demanded by society. The question is more plainly marked in a woman's life because society and nature have demanded sacrifices of her, and Ibsen chooses this phase of the modern marriage problem to set forth the question plainly.

It is a disconcerting play, and brought down on Ibsen's head the thunder of the critics. With a certain stubbornness and a simple logic, Ibsen wrote "Ghosts," which presented again the same problem—a woman perceiving the emptiness of the ideals she lived by and confronted by Nora's problem as to whether she should leave her husband and live

her own life or stay with him and fulfill her duty. Now Ibsen shows us the reverse side of the Doll's House question, for Mrs. Alving stayed and did her duty against the prompting of her own soul. She sacrificed everything that a woman can sacrifice to her own and society's ideals of womanly duty. The result we see in the situation presented in "Ghosts"—a veritable hell which Mrs. Alving and her high minded Pastor Manders have been busily paving with the best intentions for thirty years.

The Greek tragedies are no more terrible in the certainty with which cause brings about its logical effect and the sins of the father are visited upon the children. We are left in no doubt as to the relation of sin to society. Society is the cause of Alving's sin since it offers to him who had the "joy of life" in his youth, "no real joys, only dissipation, no real work, only business." Society and its ideals of duty is the cause of Mrs. Alving's sin in staying with her husband and the result is visited on society in the person of the helpless insane son who is the result of the union—its most cherished ideal.

Ibsen is unanswerable as he propounds this question, and if we can pick out one bit of constructive philosophy from his work it may be in the statement that the revolt of women against economic and idealistic slavery is one of the progressive forces in the modern world.

Ibsen lived the hard thought-life of the modern, and more than any other writer he has seen and sketched the tragedy of this transition period when the old ideals and props are gone for the thinking, and when the new standards are not settled and more than one individual soul is lost in the struggle. Rosmersholm, Hedda Gabler and the Master Builder all seem to be dominated by the idea of the conflict between the old and the new, and the tragedy of the human beings who are stranded between the past and the future.

Rosmersholm is full of modern explosive thought. It is a tragedy of new wine in old bottles. With the white horse of family inheritance galloping through his life, Rosmer can not break with the old order and live his life. His older standards finally poison Rebecca's natural love of her life and together they give up the struggle.

Hedda is a more striking example of the tragedy of the transition because it is studied with an almost anatomical analysis of psychological activities.

Hedda is a woman of great gifts and possibilities but no fulfillment. She does not attain individual self-realization nor does she make a sacrifice to society and its demands. She too has seen the emptiness of the common ideals but having lost her faith in the past, she refused to hope for the future. Hedda will not be a slave to conventions and ideals but

neither will she look truth in the face and follow its hard leading. She is emancipated from the old order with no preparation for freedom, no self control. Thus her revolt is futile and leads only to indifferentism, ennui and death. There is a good deal of Hedda about all of us moderns—somewhere we have all cast off from the old foundations before we found the new, and have known in some measure the agony of unsafe shifting sand beneath our feet.

In "The Master Builder," Ibsen gave his imaginative gift free rein again and mingled symbolism and poetry with realism and modern social problems in a bewildering way. The play is full of suggestion but seems to center around the struggle of the old with the new. The old master builder can not bear the thought of being supplanted by the younger generation. He would realize and express his own individuality but can not, he would live and work forever but he does not know how. It is Hilda Wangel, the younger generation personified, who comes knocking at his door to show him how to do this. Briefly this seems to be the meaning of this compelling allegory of the common things of life. If a man would save his soul—realize his own self—he must climb as high as he builds. If a man would gain immortality he must do this—achieve this standard—for the sake of the future generation. He may lose his life in saving it, but the younger generation demands that a man make his contribution to its life and its hopes. Then and then only is his life united with the future, then he belongs to the future and can not die. Men must risk all to serve the future, it is a necessity to realize the dream.

Ibsen's critics have been numerous and diligent. Their efforts to classify him have been sincere, desperate and hopeless. His frank calling of black, "black" has shocked the respectable elements of society, his brutal pointing out of the ugly realities of life has horrified the idealists, and his recognition of the things that are "greater than life" has mystified the ardent materialist. Perhaps we shall not be far wrong to call him a free-thinking mystic. He perceives the existence of soul, a social soul in the universe which makes us draw the best in our individual life from the common social life. He is a moralist who is not satisfied with surface morals, but demands a spiritual revolution to accompany and make possible the social revolution.

He is a disturber of our peace and has started many a man and woman on a search for the fundamental causes of the diseases of the social order which is dying. His unrest is the unrest of his time and his questions are ours. He has made us think and while revolutions are not made by thinking, they are not made or won without it. When the working classes of the world think up to the material evolution, the revolution

for which we wait will soon be accomplished. The difficulty is to make people think, and the Socialist party propaganda exists for that.

Socialists can find much to think about in Ibsen's work. We need to ask sometimes how earnest we are to climb as high as we build, how fearless in risks to serve the future. We must answer these and other questions, and Henrik Ibsen is a master hand at asking them.

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### THE HAND OF SOCIALISM.

Men saw the tips of five great fingers rise  
 Over the world's brown edge in forty years,  
 And terror grew awhile in statesmen's eyes,  
 They said, "The rabble, wild with blood and tears,

"Hath raised its gangrenous, grim paw at last."  
 Academicians cried like children lost,  
 "A brutal scourge is boded that will blast  
 The flowers of civilization like a frost."

The Bourgeois wailed, "Too many hands will ply  
 Among the flowers and pictures of the land;  
 The fires of human industry will die,  
 The ships of commerce rot upon the sand."

The lawless groaned aloud, "Earth has not seen  
 A tyranny so like an iron band,  
 As that which resteth closely coiled, unclean,  
 Within the hollow of that rising Hand."

The lawyers in another breath avowed,  
 "The world will ride to ruin like a fool,  
 And men will dance like demons on the shroud  
 Of dead, dishonored government and rule."

As once the three blind Indian sages swore  
 The Elephant was what each fancy drew,  
 So now each spake beside his narrow door  
 In judgment of the Hand that grew and grew.

But still the fingers rose and then the wrist,  
 And then the forearm, ridged with giant thews,  
 And lo it showed the horned, but honest fist  
 Of him that brushed the prehistoric dew

From off the infant earth to build the world:  
 Great Labor's hand that holds beyond release  
 A torch whereon a quenchless flame is curled  
 To light the weary ages unto peace.

MOUNCE BYRD.

1312 McMillan St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

# The Economic Aspects of the Negro Problem

BY I. M. ROBBINS.

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



ONE can easily see why Washington's program has achieved the approval of so many southern men and women, with the exception of the extreme and unreasoning negro haters. One phrase in his famous Atlanta speech has made peace between him and the white south. "In all social relations," he said, "we may be as distinct from each other as the fingers of the same hand, but we must work together as one hand in everything that really counts for mutual progress." As Professor DuBois has remarked, various elements have interpreted this statement in many different ways. The bitter enemies of the negro have accepted this as an admission that the negro race has given up its fight for its political and social rights. Others, and among them a great many negroes, accepted it as a convenient though temporary form of co-operation.

Mr. Washington's practical activity no less pleases the white South than his theoretical views. They may not see any necessity for teaching the negro how to read and write, but cannot help approving the effort to teach him how to work. The South is passing through a period of feverish industrial activity. There is a good deal of cheap labor in the South, and wages are much lower than anywhere in the United States, but this cheap labor has a very low level of productivity or efficiency. The increase of this efficiency is what capitalism wants, and it is even willing to contribute to the cost of it.

In the final chapter of my study I shall have opportunity to come back to a critical analysis of this solution which Mr. Washington has elaborated for the negro problem. Here I am mainly concerned with an objective and impartial exposition of the various solutions offered by the men looking at the problem from the inside. But it seems difficult to pass over the lengthy resume of Washington's views without pointing out their value and shortcomings at least briefly.

And the obvious criticism of his standpoint is clearly this: That he

concerns himself mainly with the economic elements of the problem, and not its social effects. After all, the accepted term "negro problem" is a misnomer, as Professor DuBois has very properly pointed out, if we are talking, as we are in this series of studies, of the *race relations*. It would be more accurately described as the great American race problem, or as another colored student has termed it, the Problem of Race Adjustment. Of this problem Washington speaks little except incidentally, and he contributes little to its direct solution. In addition to this race problem, there exists the extensive negro problem in a narrower sense, that is, the problem of the economic distress and the educational needs of the negro population of this country. It is with this problem that Washington is primarily concerned. He often insists that the other, broader problem will be settled automatically, through the economic regeneration of the negro. It is somewhat doubtful whether he himself is altogether sincere about this optimistic forecast. Mr. Washington evidently thinks that of the two the economic problem,—the negro problem in its narrower sense,—is at present the more important; and he is willing to devote his time and energy to the improvement of the economic condition of the negro, and let the problem of his political and social status in American society take care of itself, at least so long as the more acute problem is still awaiting its solution.

Now, if this interpretation of Washington's activity and philosophy is right, there is a great deal in it that we as socialists have no fault to find with at all. We are willing to admit that the economic problem is at the bottom of the other aspects of the negro problem. We are willing to accept his materialistic point of view that the improvement in the economic status of the negro is of greater importance to him just at present that the questionable privilege of renting a room in Waldorf Astoria, or riding in a Pullman car, since these pleasures are in any case out of reach of the vast majority of the negro population of this country. But does Washington present a satisfactory solution of these economic problems? Does technical education settle the economic ills of modern society?

For there is nothing specifically racial in the economic problem presented by the ten millions of negroes in the South. They suffer from well recognized commonplace ills. There is a large farming population suffering from insufficient land holdings, from dear credit, from a low level of agricultural education. There is also a large propertyless proletariat forced to sell its labor power for a very small remuneration. There is lack of labor legislation, lack of labor organization, and only in addition to this is there the specific negro low efficiency and also the legal and social restraints which cannot help affecting the economic status of the negro.

And how does Washington expect to cure these characteristic ills of modern society, only aggravated in case of the negro by a few specific complications? Technical education is very useful, of course, but technical education has never been claimed even by its most enthusiastic advocates to have the power to transform all the poor farmers and poor workingmen into prosperous capitalists with real property and bank accounts. The economic problems are not so simple as all that. And so one is forced to tell Washington: Your efforts deserve of all praise and encouragement, but what you have undertaken to accomplish is beyond your strength. Surely the farmers and workingmen of the white North, East and West, are not so handicapped as your proletarians of the colored South, but no one has ever suggested to transform them all into middle class property owners by a system of trade schools.

And if the economic basis of Mr. Washington's solution is shown to have been built on sand, what of his cheerful assurance that this economic elevation of the negro would automatically solve the political and social problems of race relations as well? The middle class negro may be treated a little better, where his economic power is so great as to assert itself. But in the many negro riots it was demonstrated that the negro business man was very often the object of exaggerated hate. For as we have shown, the negro upstart, whether in the intellectual or in the commercial and professional field, is much more irritating to the southerner than the negro proletarian is. And for a very good reason. For the negro who has economically arrived, must appear to be a dangerous competitor to many white men in the same line, whether it be commerce, a profession, or industry.

Popular as Mr. Washington is, he does not represent the entire thinking portion of the negro race. Less known to the general public, Professor DuBois, of Atlanta University, is the ablest representative of a tendency directly opposite not so much to the activity as to the ideas of Mr. Washington. DuBois is the direct antithesis of Washington not only in his views but also in education and personality.

Mr. DuBois is a northern negro, or rather a mulatto, with a much greater admixture of white blood than Washington. He was a total stranger to southern life until after his graduation from Harvard University and several years' study in European universities. He was born in Connecticut, and received a thorough and broad education in the best American college, where he attracted general attention by his exceptional abilities. There he also received his doctorate for substantial historical investigations, and later he obtained a chair in the best negro institution of learning. By education and general culture DuBois therefore stands very much above Washington. But the differences do not end there.

In addition to his extensive training in history, economics and social science, Professor DuBois is a poet as much as Washington is a man of cold facts. The writings of Washington are full of good horse sense, of sober thought, and practical considerations. They show a thorough knowledge of the life of the American negro, but a very narrow outlook as to the future. The articles of DuBois bristle with emotion, poetry, color, and the literary English of DuBois has earned for him a prominent place among the contemporaneous writers. It is no exaggeration to say that Du Bois is one of the greatest artists of the pen that American literature of today can boast of. It is no wonder at all that these two men cannot understand each other.

Yet the antagonism is not of personalities only, or it would be hardly worth while to analyze it here. Temperamentally the two men represent two different currents of negro creative thought.

An economist by training, DuBois cannot fail to appreciate the vast importance of the increase in the economic efficiency and in the economic well being of the American negro. But a man of DuBois' education and temperament will be necessarily much more sensitive to the racial discrimination, so openly displayed in the South by the lowest of the white folks to the highest among the colored, and DuBois will never for a pecuniary advantage, either to himself or to the race, accept this condition as an incorrigible fact. He must have social and political equality before anything else.

"The problem of the Twentieth century is the problem of the color line"; thus begins his little book, "The Souls of Black Folks." And this phrase gives the best brief resume of his views of the negro problem. To him the race problem, the problem of race adjustment, is the entire negro problem; and the narrower negro problem, the problem of the negro's struggle for economic amelioration, a secondary matter except in so far as it helps along the solution of the only negro problem that matters. The only solution of the problem which DuBois can conceive of is its entire abolition, that is, the full equalization of the negro with the white man in all political and social rights. This must be the one great aim of each and every intelligent negro.

Even the entire absorption of the entire negro population into the dominant race, foretold by several anthropologists, as within the list of possibilities, does not satisfy him. For the problem of race adjustment, he says, cannot be solved by the absorption of one race into the other. That is dodging the question, instead of answering it. The problem is, how can two distinct races live prosperously and peacefully next each other, without making any efforts to absorb each or to subjugate the other?

The race prejudice in the South, admits DuBois, is a sad but un-

deniable fact. We cannot escape it by ridiculing it nor by legislative acts. But it does not follow from it that it should be ignored and thereby encouraged. The fact must be recognized as a very reprehensible fact. The only force which may destroy it is the force of science and education of the white as well as the black man. DuBois accepts the truth of this contention as an axiom; for to him all spiritual progress of man is but the result of education in the broadest sense of the word.

Here DuBois seems to agree with Washington, but this agreement is only skin deep. According to Professor DuBois, the white man must grant to the black man the three following very important things: The right of vote (political equality), civil rights (equality before the law), and education of the negro youth according to his ability. These three demands may be written in great letters upon the standard of the negro educated classes. And these are just the demands which in Mr. Washington's opinion should be postponed for an indefinite time. But, claims Dr. DuBois, nearly twenty years have passed since Mr. Washington began to teach and preach his doctrine, and what has he accomplished? The negro has been deprived of his political rights not only de facto but de jure as well. His general civil rights were greatly limited by specific legislative enactments; and finally the current of financial assistance to the leading institutions for the higher education of the negro youth has almost stopped.

We have seen that Mr. Washington did not altogether deny the usefulness of general so-called literary education for the negro. Nor does DuBois deny the necessity of industrial education. But in addition he considers the negro universities as absolutely necessary factors in the process of civilizing the negro. Without these universities he insists, there would be no Tuskegees, no men and women to teach in the industrial schools. The negro masses need the negro school teacher, and the negro school teacher needs the college and university. What else can uplift the negro masses intellectually if not the efforts and the examples of its intellectual class? he asks in an article under the characteristic caption "The Talented Tenth." The negro race, like every other race, will be saved by its exceptional men. All men cannot obtain a university education, but a part of them must. Another argument which Mr. DuBois underscores is the demonstration the colleges must furnish that the negro mind can contribute something to the intellectual storehouse of the world. Such a demonstration must eventually lead to political and social equality. DuBois is therefore not at all disposed to ridicule the famous French grammar. The colleges, he insists, have taught 2,000 men and women Greek and Latin and higher mathematics, and these 2,000 have instructed 50,000 in general knowledge and culture; and these

50,000 in their turn have had a deep influence upon the entire 10,000,000 negroes in the United States. DuBois acknowledges the real and important services rendered by Washington to the negro race in so far as he teaches the negro masses the virtues of economy, patience and the habits of work; but in so far as Washington has defended the white man's attitude towards the negro, in so far as he has persistently neglected the real significance of human rights, and the great educative value of participation in political life of the country, in so far as he has wilfully closed his eyes to all existing race prejudice and laid obstructions in the way of the more ambitious because more gifted individuals of the negro race, in so far the negroes must resist his ideas and his activities.

Within the recent years this antagonism has become much more pronounced, and traces of it may be readily disclosed by the initiated in the public utterances of the respective parties, though often they try to hide their internal dissensions from the eye of the observant stranger. The radicals have become much more aggressive. This can scarcely be said to be due to their feeling of growing strength. But it may be better explained by the peculiarly vicious excrescences of the brutal race antagonism, of which the Atlanta riots present a fair illustration. It may also mean simply a growing self-consciousness of the small circle of intellectual negroes. In April, 1905, a number of colored men, all members of the intellectual class, met at Niagara Falls at the call of DuBois to start a militant movement for the defense of the rights of the negro. From this first meeting place it has derived its designation of "the Niagara Movement." But if it was intended to emulate the example of the famous falls by its strength and persistency, the Niagara Movement has as yet proved to be a failure. I strongly suspect that among all the readers of these lines scarcely ten men have ever heard of this Niagara Movement, and yet socialists are especially interested in all movements of reform, or at least they ought to be. And the object of the movement was that of propaganda and demonstration to the white world. Even the fiery manifesto which was issued at the second annual convention of the Niagara Movement at Harpers Ferry (a place very fitly chosen for a radical negro assemblage, in view of his historical associations), failed to leave a very lasting impression. Professor Kelly Miller of Howard University (a brilliant negro student and journalist, who is on the whole a supporter of Washington's program, with some reservations), insists that Professor DuBois has been playing the second fiddle in this Niagara Movement, that its moving spirit is another Harvard graduate, Mr. William M. Trotter, the editor of the *Guardian*, and a violent antagonist of Washington's policies teachings. Be it as it may, DuBois is undoubtedly its most eloquent and its best known exponent, and as I have had many

opportunities to convince myself, a very ardent and sincere one. Repeatedly I have heard DuBois brilliantly defend the justice of the movement and its demands for the re-establishment of the civic and political rights of the negro race. But when the question of ways and means arises, the Niagara Movement and DuBois himself invariably fails. For he has nothing more to offer than the claim of justice, the method of publicity, and the hope of true christianity in the heart of the oppressors. In the court of justice DuBois could have eloquently, convincingly, touchingly established his claim. But is politics a court of justice?

In view of DuBois' teachings, one hardly needs to say that he is sincerely hated by a vast majority of southerners who have heard his name. It is a little more discouraging to find that the northern sociologists and publicists also find his teachings too extreme, too radical and therefore harmful.

From the white man's point of view Washington and DuBois represent the two opposite pole of negro thought concerning the negro problem. For that reason we thought it necessary to give such a complete analysis of their views, so that the socialist may know what attitude to expect when he begins a discussion of the negro problem with an intelligent negro. The difference is sufficiently strong and well defined to divide the intellectual aristocracy of the negro race into two separate if not altogether hostile camps. This separation by no means limits itself to the pedagogical aspects of the program, whether the negro child should be taught a useful trade or Greek and astronomy. The problem is great deal more serious than that. It is the problem how to react to the treatment the white man accords to the negro; whether it should be answered by a mellow sermon of patience and submission, or heated argument and antagonism. In the negro press of this country, which includes about one hundred weekly and several monthly publications, this question serves as a perennial subject of discussion; and so far as an outsider is able to judge, both sides seem to be equally well represented. There are many lawyers and ex-politicians and especially men with a very insignificant admixture of negro blood, who loudly demand the immediate restoration of the negro to all his civil and political rights as the only solution of this problem. These fractions organize conventions, conferences and councils and by all means endeavor to concentrate the remaining vestiges of political influence which the negroes have preserved. On the eve of presidential elections such activity becomes more noticeable. I had many opportunities to visit these conventions and I have listened in astonishment to the flood of political oratory which hides itself behind that deceptive black skin. Here the cruel treatment of the negro calls forth violent criticism, and the speakers do not at all mince matters. The atmosphere

is often full of acute hatred towards the white man, or at least very bitter resentment. Only very seldom will an educated negro dare to speak ill of Washington's work; many of them speak of it with great enthusiasm. But nevertheless a great many are quite ready to express their disapproval of his advice to lay aside the struggle for political rights. Within recent years, as the enthusiasm of republican party for the downtrodden negro brother has been growing weaker, and the republicans have been coquetting with the white South (the colored South having lost all political significance), the political enthusiasm of the negro has been growing dimmer also. Nevertheless, it is quite evident for anybody who has a large acquaintance among cultured negroes, that DuBois and his hopes, if not his policies, have many more adherents in private than in the open. In other words Booker Washington is not the only colored man who has learned the value of discreet silence, even if under restraint.

A certain proportion of the intelligent negroes unconditionally support the entire program of Booker Washington. Among them is for instance Thomas Fortune, one of the ablest men of his race. But no matter what the attitude of the intelligent negro to the various methods suggested for the solution of the negro problem, it is quite evident that they all feel the necessity of great changes. And justly so. The intellectual, educated negro is organically unable to accept the conditions which exist today, and which the white south considers perfectly normal. As we have stated before, we doubt very much whether the tactful attitude of Booker Washington represents his true feelings in the matter. In enumerating the greatest negroes in various fields of human activity the late talented negro poet Dunbar called Washington the greatest negro diplomat, and clearly hinted that in the effort to accomplish his great work of industrial education of the negro, and knowing the absolute impossibility to accomplish it without the white man's money, Washington was forced to assume the attitude of a turtle dove.

In general it must be admitted that the growing educated and property holding middle class of the negro race protests against the treatment their race receives at the hands of the white man. And here is to be found the true explanation of the hatred of the white south towards an educated negro. Here is the meaning of the common statement that the educated negro does not know his place; for in the very nature of things the educated negro cannot be satisfied with the place the white south has assigned to him, no matter how comfortable it may seem to the plain, uneducated negro.

But what does the latter think? After all, the educated negro finds many different ways to express his thoughts and aspirations. He airs them in lectures, sermons, speeches, pamphlets, articles and books. He is

listened to not only by members of his own race by the white men who have not yet lost their interest in the problem and naturally want to hear the colored man's side of the story. How much more difficult it is to get at the true attitude of the negro *masses* to the negro problem! For over forty years the south has insisted that to understand the real negro it is necessary to live very close to him; that for that reason the south knew and understood the negro perfectly, but the north not at all, and that therefore the north was altogether incompetent to form an independent opinion; furthermore that for this reason the south and only the south was fit to solve the negro question, and that the north had better keep its hands off. Gradually the northern public opinion is becoming converted to this point of view. Washington's platform, outlined in the preceding pages, has earned the unanimous approval of the entire white population both south and north on the ground that Washington knew the common negro, having been one of them, while DuBois knew him not. Thus in reviewing DuBois' little book, "The Souls of Black Folks"—the most fervid protest against racial prejudice and injustice that was ever written—the *Outlook* says: "This is excellently put, and is very interesting for the psychology of a very light and very intelligent mulatto, but in the understanding of the negro problem it is of no value at all, because the ordinary negro does not feel that way."

This raises the two following questions: First, what is the attitude of the common negro towards the negro problem? and second, how important is this attitude of the common ignorant negro?

Says an old eastern proverb: "The fish likes to be fried: it is his habit." This in a nutshell is the psychology of the common negro as it appears to the southern white man: "The darkey is satisfied with his lot, for he feels the superiority of the white man." Forty-five years ago the south insisted with equal force and conviction that the darkey enjoyed the condition of slavery. As far as my observation goes, during many years of residence in a city where over thirty-five per cent of the population are negroes, I did not find such complacent acceptance of the frying process. I was present at meetings which brought together some three thousand negroes and I could very plainly see the very active moral support that was given to every expression of protest from the platform. The obstinacy with which your negro servant will speak of the colored washwoman as the washlady, while she will announce your best friend: "A woman came to see you, sir," may be a quaint, but nevertheless convincing evidence of the deep-rooted feeling of racial dignity and pride.

Of course, one must remember that in northern cities as far down as Washington, the negro has succeeded in developing a great deal of self-respect. Way down south the respect and awe of the negro before the

white man is more frequent and more natural. The negro there is always in fear of the white man, the negro girl is often proud to become the mother of a white man's illegitimate child (so at least the white young gentlemen from the South tell us, and they ought to know), and the negro is invariably proud of his admixture of white blood. Even in Washington, a very light negro has once profusely thanked me because i had made a mistake and taken him for a white man.

But even in the South, the higher the educational standard, the less bovine complacency does one find with the condition of the things as they are; perhaps only the illiterate oxlike plantation hand of the South is satisfactory in this respect from the southern point of view. Even in the very center for the teachings of the Christian principle about the necessary attitude when the other fellow smites your cheek, in Tuskegee, I have found some of the most charming people of the colored, semi-colored and very slightly colored race boiling over with the most bitter feeling towards the injustice of the white south, but very careful in their expression of their sentiments lest Booker Washington might hear of it.

And what is the growing tendency of the day? The entire southern bourgeoisie testifies that the negro is becoming more impudent every day. This simply means that there is less and less complacency, even on the part of the domestic servant, with the condition of things as they are.

Thus only in climbing down the social scale do we reach to the negro farmer, tenant or agricultural laborer leading a purely animal existence, poor, ignorant, uncultured. It would be useless to seek from him any conscious or rational attitude of the race problem, for he may not even be conscious of the fact that any such exists. But is one at all justified to draw any conclusions from the attitude of this class of the negro race? The different strata of negro society differ just as much in their attitude to this grave problem of their legal, political, economic and social position as would the different classes of any other nationality and race. The higher the individual negro is in general culture and civilization, the more sensitive his nervous system, the more he expects from life, the more deeply he reacts to insult and injury. The essential fact is that to some extent all the negroes feel it and resent it, and are dreaming of better days, as fifty years ago they were dreaming of personal freedom. The other essential fact is that with the growth of education this sum total of discontent is rapidly growing. Are we to assume that a growing wave of discontent and protest of ten millions people will never express itself in some material effects upon the political and social conditions of this country? Then surely is the theory of class struggle, and the conception of history as the resultant of material economic forces, but an idle dream.

*To be Continued.*

# Application of the Laws of Value to the Street Car Situation in Philadelphia

BY JAMES W. HUGHES.



THE Street Car situation in Philadelphia presents to the mind of an engineer, if you will pardon the technical analogy, a "triangle of forces in equilibrium." Now let me explain: when three forces act about a point in such a way as to neutralize each other, the triangle of forces is said to be in equilibrium and no motion

takes place; such seems to be the condition today of the street car affairs in Philadelphia.

On one corner of the triangle we find the public trying, of course, to go as many miles as possible for its miserable little nickel, on another corner is the company trying to get as many nickels as it can for its miserable little rides, and on the third corner we find the down-trodden employes trying to better the conditions of their miserable little jobs. And thus we have it: the public rides the cars, the company rides the public, and both ride the employes.

The public or the people of Philadelphia think they are being robbed, they think they are not getting the value of their "nickels" in street car rides, but "what they think," as Marx would say, "**does not alter facts,**" nor does it make the amount of social labor time necessary to produce the street car ride, more or less than the amount of social labor time necessary to produce the "nickel."

The people are at present in sympathy with the striking employes, because like the employes themselves, they are in sympathy with their pocket books and the two are thus drawn together on account of their common enemy, the company, who would rob both if it could, but who **must** rob, continually, their employes, in order to exist, as the very existence of these parasites, who own and control the company, depends entirely upon the surplus value extracted from the sweat, agony and toil of the employes, who design, build, construct and operate every particle of the equipment constituting the great street railway system of the city.

And while the company is making its laws and rulings against its employes and the public, the public is trying to retaliate by trying to secure laws against the company through the law making bodies

owned by the company itself. Neither seem to realize that they are trying to do impossible things, as neither seems to have brains enough to attempt to pass a single law congruent with that great economic law to which all other things will have to inevitably bow, sooner or later, namely to the law which holds that all exchange values **must** and **will** settle themselves independently and **automatically**, all gang laws, desires and public demands notwithstanding.

To express it more forcibly than eloquently, I trust it will be pardonable to say that both the company and the public are as yet too damn dumb to realize that exchange value cannot be made, regulated or altered by either public protest, company ruling or legislative enactment.

With the triangle of forces thus arrayed against each other as for the time being, it is easy for one, with a clear conception of the Marxian law of value, to predict with some considerable degree of certainty, the logical outcome of the street railway situation in Philadelphia and that, too, without the slightest degree of fantastic prophecy.

It is along these lines that I wish to discuss this subject, but before going at length into the necessary details of the laws of value, I will state briefly what appears to me to be the logical if not the inevitable outcome of the street car affair in this city, after which I will try to set forth the reasons for the conclusions I have arrived at, which conclusions are as follows:

1st. The price of the street car fare, which was recently advanced by the Street Railway Company will not be reduced again shortly or at least until the economic conditions will permit it.

2nd. The wages of the employes will be bound to advance in spite of all the company, or politicians, can do, which if not won by the result of the strike, will be allowed voluntarily by the officials of the company themselves.

3rd. The strike will most likely be broken by the company, the city authorities, and "Ten Per Cent Clay," who after they have been forced later on by the inexorable laws of economics, to grant that which the employes unsuccessfully struck for, will then pose before the public as the guardian angels of their dear and beloved employes.

I shall now proceed to set forth my reasons for arriving at the foregoing conclusions and will open up by saying it seems almost inconceivable, how of late the Socialist press in general, as well as many prominent Socialist writers who are supposed to be Marxian scholars, have been ranting about how the "Street Car Trusts" have been "robbing" the public through the five cent fares.

Before shrieking too loudly about this "street car fare robbery,"

had we not better first try to ascertain roughly whether or not the value of a street car ride is more or less than the value of the money paid for same? To do this it is necessary to look a little more closely into the nature of value.

In the first place a dollar is the unit of value in the United States and is equal to the value of 25.8 grains of gold 9-10 fine; or in other words, the dollar as a unit of value is equivalent to the amount of social labor time necessary to produce 25.8 grains of gold 9-10 fine, and will purchase just as much of any other commodity as can be produced with the same amount of social labor that it takes to produce 25.8 grains of gold 9-10 fine. Now it is self-evident that to express the value of gold in dollars and cents would mean nothing, because the value of dollars and cents are expressed in gold, and since the values of dollars and cents are expressed in gold, it is also self-evident that the value of gold expressed in dollars and cents will **always** remain the same no matter **how** cheaply gold may be produced, or how much labor time it takes to get it.

For example: Suppose that we should suddenly find some means of producing gold at the rate of 25.8 grains per second or even a ton per minute, then it is evident that the purchasing power of the gold would amount to almost nothing, while still the value of a dollar would be expressed by 25.8 grains of gold and would purchase just as much of any other commodity as could be produced with the same amount of social labor time that it took to produce the 25.8 grains of gold under the new conditions.

Hence it is plain to be seen that if it took only one second to produce 25.8 grains of gold, then the dollar would only purchase as much of any other commodity as could be produced in one second of social labor time.

Could we then expect to buy as much of other commodities as we formerly did? Hardly!

What would then be the effect on the price of commodities? An enormous general rise in price of all commodities, though their real value would remain the same. What would be the effect on the price of street car rides? The same as that on other commodities. Could you expect as many rides as you formerly got for your dollar? Certainly not. The question now arises, is the value of gold less today than it formerly was? To which we can answer "most assuredly," in accord with the following reasons:

1st. Since a cheapening of gold as we have seen would cause a general rise in price of all commodities, except those commodities which have been correspondingly cheapened, then it stands to reason

that a general simultaneous rise in all commodities would merely indicate that gold was being produced cheaper than it formerly was unless you can prove that all those commodities suddenly required more social labor time to produce them than formerly. But to assume that all commodities are harder to produce today with all of our improved machinery, than they formerly were, is an absurdity hardly worthy of consideration, while to say that with the new and improved machinery for the production of gold, gold has been made proportionally cheaper than other commodities, would be most reasonable and logical.

Now since a general rise in prices of commodities must be due to either a simultaneous increase in the value of all commodities or else a decrease in the value of gold, and since the former condition is proven an absurdity and the latter a logical conclusion, it stands to reason that the present general high prices of commodities are due to the fact that gold has grown cheaper in value due to the increased production of gold with a given amount of social labor time: and are not due to the rulings of any company, the artificial fixing of prices by any set of men or the fantastic force of "supply and demand."

Now let me say a few words here for the benefit of those who are still floating in the mystic clouds of the "supply and demand" illusion.

If given a certain article how would you proceed to determine its value by "supply and demand?" In fact what is the unit of demand? Or in other words, how many demands are worth one dollar? How many things do you know of that could not be sold at all if produced at a high price or big value, while if the same thing is produced at a smaller price or smaller value, the demand for the same is increased almost infinitely? In such a case does not the price and value determine the demand? In fact in all cases is not the demand first determined by the price and value? How then can you hope to determine the value or price of a thing by the demand?

As a matter of fact "supply and demand" are merely shadowy forces determined by the exchange value of a thing, which is predetermined by the amount of social labor crystallized in that commodity, and the most that supply and demand can possibly do is to cause prices to fluctuate about the real values on a whole or about points slightly above or below the real values in accordance with conditions.

The Marxian law of value holds good in all cases and whenever we know the total amount of social labor expended on a particular kind of commodity and the total amount of that commodity produced we can accurately and scientifically determine the value and price of that commodity.

But some seem to be bewildered at the application of this law to the products of agriculture; they seem to think that the fluctuation of seasons which so greatly affect the products are the determining factors and that this undermines the Marxian law of value.

Now let us examine this proposition: Inasmuch as the total amount of social labor expended annually on a given farm product, and the total amount of the product that is produced are hard to determine accurately, people are too wont to fall back on the "supply and demand" business, which first makes itself apparent. But let us take for example the following illustration:

Suppose that in a certain community a thousand farmers are engaged in producing farm products and among others wheat. Now suppose that they crystallize on an average one hundred hours each in their production of the wheat (it matters not whether one gives only one hour to the production of wheat or ten thousand hours so long as the total averages one hundred hours each), then there would be a total expenditure in the production of wheat one hundred thousand hours of social labor time. Now suppose that the total crop of wheat should be on a normal season one hundred thousand bushels of wheat, then it is clear to see that the value of the wheat on that year would be equivalent to one hour of social labor time for every bushel of wheat produced. Now suppose that on the following year that the same number of farmers are still engaged in the production of wheat, spending as they naturally would approximately the same amount of labor on the wheat crop as they did the year previous, that is to say, a total amount of one hundred thousand hours of social labor time, and suppose that owing to a drought, the season brings forth only ten thousand bushels of wheat, then it is evident, that ten hours of social labor time has been expended on an average on every bushel of wheat produced, or the value of a bushel of wheat will then be ten times as great as it was the year previous. And this law will settle all prices automatically without the aid of man, all laws, wishes and human desires notwithstanding.

We have seen how the general rise of the prices of commodities as a whole signifies that the value of gold has gone down and this is amply verified by the U. S. Treasury Reports all along which show the enormous increase of the production of that metal, I will not here burden you with the figures as you can easily scan them over for yourself through the tables found in these reports which are easily obtainable at any public library. The points I now wish to make are these:

1st. Inasmuch as gold has grown cheaper, all commodities in or-

der to sell at their true values **must** advance in prices as expressed in gold.

2nd. Human labor power, like all other commodities, **must also** advance in price in order to sell at its real value, namely, the amount of social labor necessary to reproduce it.

3rd. The street car rides, like all other commodities, in order to sell at their real value, must advance in price and will not come down to accommodate our desires or public sentiment.

4th. The working public can only better its condition under the present system by fighting for a raise in the price of wages and salaries in order to bring them up to their normal value, as all our petty protesting against the rise of street car fares and flour will avail us little or nothing.

5th. As the value of gold depreciates the value of labor-power must also depreciate if the price of that commodity does not rise in proportion, and as the value of the street car employes' wages has already been reduced to the point of starvation a further reduction is impossible, hence an advance in the price of their labor power or wages must ensue.

6th. While the Street Car Company is at the present, for the gory greed of gold, trying to hold back the rise of its employes' wages and crush them beyond redemption, in a short while the officials of the Rapid Transit Company will be forced to realize that; as it does not pay a teamster to work a half starved horse, so it will not pay their company to work half starved slaves, and they will be compelled for their own salvation to raise the wages of their slaves, whether they would like to or not.

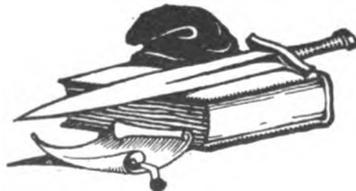
In the present struggle of the street car company's employes my heart and hand go out to one and all, and how I wish them good deliverance: but when I think of the brutality of the powers that be, the police force, "Ten Per Cent Clay" et al., my reason and my wishes are at war and I can not help foreboding the worse, yet win or lose their wages must advance.

But whatever may be the outcome of the street car situation in Philadelphia and other similar ones that are likely to follow, what is to be the position of the Socialist Party and press in regards to such matters? Shall we try to gain public favor by siding with public feeling, worked up over a natural rise in the price of a car fare? Hardly! Can we expect to gain anything by telling the public that they are "robbed" by the natural increase in the price of car fares, when if we know anything at all about economics we know it is not so and that sooner or later we shall have to take "back water?" Certainly not.

What then should be our position on these questions? Had we not better point back to where the real robbery occurs, to where the surplus value is extracted from our labor as we toil in the cycle of production?

Had we not better strive to show how we are at present not only being robbed of the surplus value created by our toil, but are also being robbed by selling our labor power below its real value due to the constant depreciation in the value of gold. And if we succeed in doing this the result is obvious; for if people will revolt when they **think** they are robbed of a few pennies in car fare, what **would** they do if they should know they were being robbed of 80% of the entire product of their toil? It is safe to say that on the following election day they would wipe completely out of existence this infernal system of capitalism with all its profit making and poverty, graft and greed, cruelty and crime, with its avarice and anarchy, and would establish in its place a new and sane order of society, known as an "Industrial Republic," where man will step out for the first time in history "lord of nature, his own master—FREE!"

[This article was written on June 1, while the strike was still in progress.]





**Wage-Workers and Graft.** The feelings of moralists are frequently shocked by the sight of elected officials using their offices for personal enrichment rather than for the service of "The People." Reformers say that New York City is governed by its criminal classes, that the Tammany machine steals a large share of the money collected as taxes, besides levying tribute on law-breakers to whom it issues indulgences, like the Popes of the Middle Ages. They say that the Busse administration in Chicago has doubled the burden on tax-payers within two or three years, without any equivalent in improved public service, and they charge that a large share of the tax-money is misappropriated. They say that tariff laws are made for the profit of favored capitalists, and that the railroads receive several times as much for carrying the mails as the service is worth.

It may all be true. But what of it? Why should wage-workers become excited over "graft"? Take Chicago for example. Suppose we had a reform administration, that discharged every boodler, made the best possible terms for the city with every public service corporation, and reduced taxes by one-third. All this might be a fine thing for the landlords, and for all the capitalists except the ones now holding franchises, but where would the wage-worker come in? All the difference for him would be that he would find a few thousand ex-boodlers competing for his job. Suppose he were even allowed to ride ten miles on a street car for three cents instead of five? Then the landlord would take occasion to tack an extra dollar a month on his rent. But, reformers may tell us that a model city administration would encourage the building of more houses, and that competition among landlords would bring rents down. Perhaps so. Then competition for jobs among wage-workers whose rent had been reduced would bring wages down. Just so with the tariff. Suppose the protection were taken off woolen and cotton goods, so that the average workingman could buy his clothes as cheaply as if he were in England or Belgium. What would happen to his wages?

There is just one form of graft that is of vital interest to the wage-worker. It is that graft by which the owner of the machinery takes all of his product except enough to keep him alive and bring up children to

keep things moving after he is worn out. If the capitalist who pays him wages is "robbed" by other capitalists or by petty thieves as the case may be, that is a very small matter to the wage-worker, and he shows his good sense by refusing to become excited over it. If the big capitalist by most immoral methods succeeds in driving the little capitalist out of business, the intelligent wage-worker still remains unmoved; the big capitalist is a safer employer and on the whole pays higher wages.

We are not defending what is commonly called graft. We believe it involves a waste of social labor. But it is the capitalists, not the wage-workers, who suffer from this waste, and we have no doubt they will stop the leak as soon as they have time, just as they have done long ago in England. Here in America they have been too busy grabbing natural opportunities to lock the door of the hen-house. We merely register a protest against any waste of energy on the part of socialists. We have a tremendous opportunity and a tremendous task. The concentration of industry is going on at a pace more rapid than ever before. The little individual producer is growing less and less important, and class lines are being drawn more and more clearly between capitalist and wage-worker. We socialists are a few hundred thousand scattered among the great mass of wage-workers. The one thing that demands our intensest effort is to make the other wage-workers see what we see, that four-fifths of what we produce is taken from us by the capitalist class, and that by a united struggle we can become the owners of the tools, and can enjoy the full product of our labor.

**A Party Owned Press.** The two daily newspapers published and edited by socialists are having a hard struggle for life. The New York Evening Call is owned by a co-operative company which, we believe, has no formal connection with the Socialist Party, but is practically made up of party members in and around New York. It seems to be receiving the unanimous support of the socialists in New York and vicinity, besides a good deal of help from trade unions, but it is nevertheless a heavy burden on those who carry it. The Chicago Daily Socialist is also owned by a co-operative company, and a portion of its capital stock is directly owned by the Socialist Party of Cook County, while nearly all the rest is owned by party members. Its board of directors at the last election was nominated by a referendum vote of the party members of Cook County, and the directors so nominated were then legally elected by an almost unanimous vote of the stockholders. It has been published for nearly three years, and always at a loss, which has been made up by gifts and loans. These have been a heavy burden on the friends of the paper. Both the Evening Call and the Daily Socialist have repeatedly stated in

their own columns that their continuance could only be assured by additional help.

In view of this situation, Morris Kaplan, member of the National Committee of the Socialist Party from Minnesota, has started a movement toward bringing both these papers under the ownership and control of the National Party organization. This is in direct conflict with the National Constitution, which provides (Art. VI, Sec. 2) that "the National Committee shall neither publish nor designate any official organ." This fact, however, is not conclusive, since if necessary the constitution can be amended. The question is up for discussion and we may as well face it: Shall the national party organization publish a paper or papers?

New members may wonder why the party constitution contains any such provision. The answer is that the clause was not inserted as a matter of abstract theory, but by reason of bitter experience. Up to 1899 the most important socialist organization in the United States was the Socialist Labor Party. It had an official organ, "The People," the editor of which was chosen by the National Executive Committee, and which was virtually the only source of information regarding party affairs for members living outside the city of New York. The consequence was that the paper became an important factor in enabling the National Executive Committee to establish themselves as dictators over the party and crush out all opposition.

The Social Democratic Party, which in 1901 was consolidated with the larger of the two warring factions of the S. L. P. to form what is now the Socialist Party, also had troubles of its own with an official organ. The Social Democratic Herald, now the organ of the Wisconsin movement, was in 1900 the official organ of the National Executive Board of the Social Democratic Party. It too used its paper as a means toward dominating its party organization. Party unity was delayed nearly a year by the fact that after a convention of the S. D. P. had voted to unite with the S. L. P., the National Executive Board through the paper issued a manifesto to the membership, and by monopolizing the means of obtaining information, succeeded in reversing the action of the convention on a referendum vote, thus keeping themselves in power for some months longer.

All this is ancient history, and we relate it not with a desire to reflect on the conduct of any individual, but merely because it explains the reason for our constitutional provision, a reason with which new members are not familiar. No committee is wise enough and good enough to say what the socialists of America shall be allowed to know, or to decide what opinions and arguments shall be put before them. Party members differ widely in their views on party tactics. Our present system, by

which socialist periodicals are issued by state and local organizations, or by co-operative associations of party members, gives opportunity for free discussion and intelligent adjustment of means to ends. A central censorship of party news would stifle discussion and give rise to bitter factional fights. By all means let us try to put our papers on a sound basis, but let us not take a remedy worse than the disease.

To get even a questionable intellectual introduction to the public requires an expensive technical apparatus and extensive co-operative powers. The individual cannot here act for himself. Does that, however, not mean that here again the alternative to capitalist industry is national industry? If this is so, must not the centering of so great and important a part of the intellectual life in the State threaten in the highest degree that intellectual life with uniformity and stagnation? It is true that the governmental power will cease to be a class organ, but will it not still be the organ of a majority? Can the intellectual life be made dependent upon the decisions of the majority? Would not every new truth, every new conception and discovery be comprehended and thought out by the insignificant minority? Does not this new order threaten to bring the best and keenest of the thinkers in the various spheres into continuous conflict with the proletarian regime? . . . Here is certainly an important but not an insoluble problem. . . . The State will not be the only leading and means-granting organ which will come into consideration, but there will also be **MUNICIPALITIES**. Through these all uniformity and every domination of the intellectual life by central power is excluded. As another substitute for the capitalist industry in individual production, still other organizations must be considered; those of **FREE UNIONS** which will serve art and science and the public life and advance production in these spheres in the most diverse ways, or undertake them directly; as even today we have countless unions which bring out plays, publish newspapers, purchase artistic works, publish writings, fit out scientific expeditions, etc. . . . I expect that these free unions will play an even more important role in the intellectual life.—Karl Kautsky, in "The Social Revolution."



INTERNATIONAL  
NOTES  
WILLIAM E. BOHN



**FRANCE.** Government Employees and the Labor Movement. The daily papers have long since reported the failure of the second strike of the French postal employees. It appears now that the government deliberately maneuvered to bring about a strike. It was reported in the Review last month that it broke its promises to the men. In particular it disciplined seven postal clerks who had been active in the first strike. All the actions they were accused of had been performed in connection with the first conflict, so they had a right to expect the immunity that had been promised. The committees of the various unions concerned were on the alert. The Chamber of Deputies was appealed to, but refused to intervene. So the declaration of a second strike seemed the only logical course. The decision was reached on May 11th, under most dramatic circumstances. A gigantic mass meeting was in session in the Hypodrome. The strike resolution was accepted amidst a tumult of enthusiasm. Then the presiding officer had a telephone brought to his desk and secured long-distance connection with Lyons, Lille, Bordeaux and Calais. From each of these cities word was flashed back that the postal employees stood ready to walk out immediately. At each new announcement the assembled multitude redoubled its demonstrations of excitement.

But the strike was a disappointment. The government had made extraordinary preparations; soldiers were held ready to act as scabs; automobiles and special messengers were provided to carry mail in case of necessity. But this was

not the cause of failure. In Paris only a tenth of the men failed to report for work the next morning; and in the provincial towns the number hardly anywhere went above a third.

The ministry, now assured of victory, dismissed 221 employees on a variety of pretexts. This called forth a storm in the Chamber of Deputies. On the thirteenth the session of this body was dramatic almost beyond precedent. Two of the socialist leaders, Jaurés and Sembat, assailed the policy of the government without mercy. The latter proclaimed the liberty of government employees as citizens; said, among other things, that outside of working hours they have as much right to criticize the administration as any other class of citizens. The former taunted the ministry with its tactical blunders. Before Jaurés had finished he was interrupted. An altercation arose, discussion became impossible—and the Socialists brought the session to a close by rising and chanting the Marseillaise in chorus.

On March 19th the Confederation General de Travail attempted to put new life into the struggle by calling for a general strike. The building trades and some others responded, but a considerable number of organizations decided not to heed the demand. On the 21st the General Committee of the C. G. T. called on the postal employees to do something to deserve the support being given them. Especially it called on all of them to cease work without delay. This final move was a failure. In fact on the very day when it was made a number of striking employees decided to return to work.

On this date, then, the struggle may be said to have come to an end so far as this particular strike was concerned.

The cause of this temporary defeat seems clear. The men were broken by the previous struggle and thus in no condition to stand a long siege. It was a piece of folly to attempt to call them out at such a time. As to the general strike, it was "general" only in name. The French proletariat is even more poorly organized than that of most civilized countries. The C. G. T. includes but a small proportion of the workers, and even this small number cannot be depended upon. One wing, the anarchist, non-political faction, was able to put through the strike resolution, but it could not gain the adhesion of the entire organization.

Writing of this phase of the matter in *l'Humanité* for May 24th, Comrade Jaurés has the following to say: "I have warned the workers against militant minorities. Yes, they are useful, these energetic minorities; it is they, educated and ardent, that have a decisive influence on events. But this is on condition that they do not isolate themselves from the mass, do not try to dispose of it with a dictatorial stroke; it is on condition that they employ their information and their energy to enlighten, educate and organize the great proletarian forces.

"I said, also, that the proletariat makes a mistake if it imagines that the general strike, even when real and effective, will suffice to overthrow the bourgeoisie. Capitalism has still immense resources for resistance. The general strike can but hasten, in a critical hour, a movement prepared by a great work of education and propaganda. It can be successful only when it has the support of a very large and strong organization. And this organization cannot be secured unless the unions attack little by little the inert masses and enlighten them by means of a constant struggle for definite reform."

The failure of the strike leaves the postal employees worse off for the present than they were at the beginning. Some seven hundred of them have been discharged. And not only that, their names have been published in the papers and sent broadcast to employers of labor. So these unfortunates are black-listed for their participation in the struggle that has just drawn to a close.

The long promised law defining the rights of employees of the government was finally brought forward by the ministry on May 26th. It has little comfort to offer. It accords the right to form organizations under any name, but does not give to these organizations the privileges guaranteed to syndicates under the law of 1884. The right to strike is specifically denied. In fact, any employee inciting to strike renders himself liable to a fine.

In all the discussion of this law the heart of the matter lies in the question: Have employees of the state the same rights as other citizens? M. Barthou, Minister of Public Affairs, proclaimed recently that "at no moment of his official life is a public employee free from his professional responsibilities or from the duty of obedience to his superior." If the proposed law is finally passed it will mean that this principle is to be carried into effect, i e., a government employee will not have, outside of working hours, the same liberties as employees of private concerns. The last state of these slaves to the bureaucracy will be worse than their first.

The failure of the general strike bids fair to lead to important results. The *Confédération General de Travail* has long been divided into two factions, the Revolutionists and the Reformists. These terms must not be taken to mean the same as in this country. The Revolutionists are physical forcists, always eager for a fight and always distrustful of peaceful methods. The Reformists believe in political action and in careful

propaganda and organization. At the last congress of the Confederation an attempt was made to bring the two factions into harmony. To this end the former Revolutionary secretary, M. Griffuelhues, was replaced by a Reformist, M. Niel.

The new secretary found it impossible to do the work expected of him. The two factions would not work together in peace. The recent general strike brought matters to a crisis. This conflict was precipitated by the revolutionary minority. During its progress M. Niel, in an address before a convention of miners at Lens, took occasion to criticise the course of action that had been taken. Soon afterward his resignation was asked for by the executive committee. In the letter which this action drew from him he lamented the fact that mutual understanding and concerted action seem impossible for the present. The Revolutionists replied that M. Niel had never represented the majority, and that after his retirement the organization would go on in a spirit of essential unity. This meant, of course, that they considered themselves absolutely in control of the situation. There has been some talk of a secession of the Reformists.

On June 25th there assembled in Paris a special congress of the Confederation. It had been called to attend to certain matters of organization left unsettled by the last regular congress. The two factions came into conflict over nearly every point that was debated. Unfortunately, however, the main issue between them was not put to a vote. So everything remains as it was. The Revolutionary wing appears to be in the ascendant. The arbitrary policy of the government adds more and more to its strength.

**PERSIA. The Revolution.** The prospects for constitutional government in Persia have recently taken a turn for the worse. While the western world was re-

joicing at the proclamation of a new constitution there came the startling news that Russian and English troops had crossed the border—"for the protection of Russian and English citizens," it was said. But we were soon informed that the Russian army, numbering 20,000 men, was marching toward Tabriz, the revolutionary stronghold, and laying waste the country en route. No doubt the Shah and the Russian government wish to repeat their former coup and place the country again in subjection.

Two socialist revolutionists have been sent from Tabriz to the capitals of western Europe to ask help. They are getting little but sympathy.

**AUSTRALIA. The Strike in the Mines.** Readers of the Review will remember that early in the year a conflict broke out in the Broken Hill mines. The men refused to register under an objectionable arbitration law and finally went out on strike. Troops were sent by the Premier, and with the co-operation of the police they managed to start a riot on January 9th. Tom Mann, who was in charge of the strike, was arrested and jailed. His trial came off toward the end of April, and for a long time was the center of interest in Australian affairs. He was finally acquitted in triumph. The rejoicing over the victory was somewhat toned down, however, when it became known that two other strikers had been convicted.

The struggle is still on. The company seems bound to starve the men out. The illuminating feature of the case is that the labor ministry, recently brought to its downfall, was as bitter against the miners as Liberals or Conservatives.

**RUSSIA. The Reaction.** It is still difficult to get news from Russia—especially news as to what is passing in the Socialist world. **The Proletarian**, the Russian Socialist organ published in Switzerland, appears irregularly and is devoted chiefly to propaganda. From oc-

casional letters which it publishes, however, one can get some general notion of what is taking place. The government is giving its main attention to the conquest of the labor world. The intellectual revolution it has been able to put down, now it is guarding against a proletarian uprising. The means it has adopted are those furnished by the working-class itself—government unions are being formed. From these any laborers with revolutionary tendencies are rigidly excluded. When any neighborhood has been well enough organized the closed-shop principle is applied, and thus the revolutionists are turned out to starve. To this policy the revolutionists have thus far not been able to offer any successful opposition. It may be that in the near future we shall see in Russia a class-struggle carried on by two opposing labor organizations.

**HOLLAND.** The New Social Democratic Party. It will be remembered that for a long time a bitter struggle has been waged in Holland between Marxists and Revisionists. It came to a head in a special congress which met at Deventer on February 13th. The Marxists were definitely defeated. It was decided that if their organ, *De Tribune*, was not discontinued they would be expelled from the party. The only concession granted them was permission to publish a weekly under the general direction of the editor of *Het Volk*, a Revisionist.

On the 14th of March four hundred Marxists formed the Social Democratic Party of Holland. The International Bureau protested against this move and asked the secessionists to reconsider their action. On March 21st the new party held a special congress for the consideration of this protest. It was finally decided to maintain a separate organization until the older party is willing to promise freedom of speech and publication.

A committee of the Social Democratic Party has just published in pamphlet form an elaborate account of the whole

matter. It covers all the points of disagreement with which we have grown so familiar in this country. The Revisionist, e. g., supported Liberal candidates for office, advocated a reform agrarian propaganda, etc., etc. The principle charge, however, is that the party came under the control of one man, Comrade Troelstra, and free criticism was made impossible. Among the leaders of the rebellion are such distinguished Socialists as Henriette Roland Holst, Van der Goes, Herman Gorter and Pannekoek.



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No sooner did Samuel Gompers embark upon his investigation tour in Europe than the talk is again starting among some of his friends of retiring him upon a life pension. This proposition was first gently broached to Gompers at the New Orleans convention seven years ago, when Duncan was to have been advanced to the head of the Federation. Gompers replied in substance that so long as he retained his faculties he would not voluntarily retire and intended to remain president of the Federation until such time as he believed he was no longer competent to serve in that position. His friends bowed to his decision and the pension plan was abandoned and was not heard of until just recently. It is not being shouted from the house-tops at present, but some quiet talk is being indulged in among some of the faithful that has come to the ears of labor paper editors in the southern part of the country, and doubtless the subject will be widely discussed during the next few months.

It is a safe prediction that Gompers will not yield to the blandishments of his friends and step aside and make room for Duncan or anybody else. He is going to remain president of the American Federation of Labor until such time as he in his own judgment considers himself unfit to longer administer the affairs of that office, no matter what

the wishes of his immediate friends may be. It should be stated in this connection that the radical element in Federation conventions never looked very kindly upon the pension scheme, not because it might affect Gompers or any other individual. It is a question for the affiliated internationals to deal with, and if the cigarmakers, printers, molders or any other trade desire to pension their delegates that is their privilege. The Federation as such ought not to usurp the functions of affiliated bodies.

The final curtain has been rung down on the great western drama. The Western Federation of Miners stands vindicated before the world and the Mine Operators' Association wears the brand of infamy to which it is so justly entitled. When the Colorado legislature passed and the governor signed the appropriation bill containing a provision to partially reimburse the miners for damages sustained during the "Peabody war," it was not the dollars and cents involved that were important, but the principle was vital and epoch-making so far as organized labor is concerned. The great state of Colorado recognized, by an almost unanimous vote in the legislature, that the miners had been unjustly treated, and consequently must have been right in their contentions, and were entitled to remuneration for damages

sustained while defending themselves from the cowardly and unwarranted attacks of the mine barons and their corrupt minions.

Labor history in America does not reveal anywhere so heroic and self-sacrificing a struggle as that of the Western miners during the past decade. Confronted as they were by all the cohorts of capitalism—by the Mine Operators' Association, with its Standard Oil millions behind it; by the unrelenting opposition of a President of the United States, several Governors as well as Senators, Congressmen and State Legislators; by the United States Supreme Court, the Colorado Supreme Court and most of the subordinate judicial bodies; by the Colorado state militia, an army of private police, and the secret spies and thugs of the Pinkerton and Theil detective agencies; by the daily press (with a few honorable exceptions) and myriads of weekly and monthly publications, and even by large numbers of clergymen who wear the livery of heaven to serve the devil—confronted as they were by every power that could be marshaled against them by merciless, uncompromising capitalism, the miners stood upon the firing line like a stone wall, repulsed every attack from within and without, and emerge from the ordeal triumphant and vindicated, and unquestionably more militant and class-conscious, better disciplined and more powerful than when war was declared against them.

It is nothing short of marvelous that all the charges made against the Western miners during the past seven or eight years—from the charges black as night to the most petty accusations—have recoiled upon the heads of capitalism's motley crew, and not one has been sustained when subjected to the searching scrutiny of the light of day. Lockouts, bull-pens, deportations, blacklists, beatings, threats, insults and denunciations of every sort could not break the will

of these men of the mountains and canyons of the west. Aye, when the climax of the brutal prosecution was reached, when their officers were kidnaped, imprisoned for more than a year, and then dragged within the shadow of the gallows, the miners, grim and determined, stood more compact, fought more valiantly, sacrificed more nobly and scorned all thought of compromise or surrender.

The student of industrial history, today or tomorrow, enthusiastic or philosophical as he may be, will be amazed at the wonderful vitality, strength of character and unexampled heroism displayed by this magnificent western organization of labor. Poor in purse, unlearned in book lore, unsuspecting of the machinations of a crafty and unscrupulous foe, these plain, simple toilers met the enemy upon the battle ground of his own selection and beat him to a complete standstill. The organized workers throughout the world can well feel proud of the remarkable achievements of these stalwart western men. Their brave fight for the right has served as a splendid inspiration to the oppressed toilers of all countries. They are in the vanguard of the hosts of labor who are marching toward the higher civilization and inaugurating the new day when the despoilation and oppression of the wealth-producers by an insatiable master class must and shall cease.

Where are our painters and poets, our romancers and dramatists? This realistic western drama, with its many human interest stories, contains sufficient material, which, if correctly interpreted, will challenge the admiration of the world and bring to artists and authors undying fame. It ranks with the heroic struggles of the oppressed in any age.

A remarkable strike has been in progress in the Hawaiian Islands for several months. About 11,000 Japanese laborers on the sugar plantations were affected. They constitute about 75 per cent of all

the plantation labor, and their wages ranged from \$16 to \$22 per month, housing, fuel and medical care. For some time the necessities of life have been advancing steadily until it has become almost impossible for the Japs to live on their meager income. Recently the plantation owners have been importing laborers from Portugal, Spain and Porto Rico and paying them somewhat better wages, the idea being doubtless to pit one race against the other and reap the benefit of the rivalry. Again, the financial statements showed that while cost of living was increasing for the laborers the plantations owners were also enjoying the greatest prosperity in their history, the last year beating all records in the art of profit-taking. The Jap laborers have a loose sort of an organization called the Higher Wage Association. The peculiar thing about it is that preceding the strike there were no meetings held, no vote taken, no conferences held between committees of employers and employees, but at a given signal every mother's son of them ceased work, after which their demands for higher wages, couched in polite terms, were sent to the bosses.

In the meantime the plantation owners have been taking various measures calculated to irritate and provoke the strikers, such as ostentatious parading of the militia, veiled threats in their newspapers and campaigns of mud-slinging against those whom they regarded as leaders. Recently, in typically capitalistic style, about a dozen agitators were arrested for treason and houses and printing offices were searched, all without process of law and so acknowledged. Now the high-handed and brutal methods of the officials, all being the creatures of the plantation owners, are being made the subject of investigation by the Japanese government and considerable international complications may arise. A correspondent of the Review, writing from Honolulu, declares that the sym-

pathies of the community are decidedly on the side of the Japanese. But that amounts to little. It's the class that is in control of the governmental machinery, that wields the bayonet of the soldier and the policeman's club and issues the judicial decrees—no matter how insignificant in numbers that class is—that is the real power in the Hawaiian Islands, like everywhere else.

The efforts of the United States Steel Corporation to foist the open shop upon the laboring men employed upon and along the Great Lakes is being supplemented by an attack upon the tin plate workers employed by the American Tin Plate Co., a subsidiary combine of the two billion dollar trust. The tin plate workers were about the last branch of organized labor in the trust's employ, and it is now a settled fact that the octopus is determined to smash the very last vestige of unionism that it is able to reach.

For upward of eleven years the tin plate workers have been at peace with their employers. During that period they have reduced the hours of labor and increased wages quite materially through friendly negotiations. A few weeks ago the tin plate workers held their annual convention in Cleveland and the officers informed the writer that the union was in excellent shape and there was not the least sign of trouble anywhere. Therefore, the edict of the United States Steel Corporation that the tin plate employes must work open shop (that is, no union) came like a thunder-clap from a clear sky. The men were dumfounded and dazed and could hardly believe their own senses.

So after years of voting and shouting for a "protective" tariff and the grand old party the tin plate men, like the iron and steel workers, the longshoremen, seamen and other toilers, are now being given a splendid illustration of the gratitude of capitalists. What matters

it that the Carnegies and Fricks and Coreys and Garys and the rest of the brood have been enriched beyond the dreams of avarice? Their billions of wealth must be augmented by additional billions, and how can their adventure prove successful except by smashing the unions and by beating down wages to a bare living level? Time was when the iron and steel workers were the highest paid laboring people in the world. At the battle of Homestead they were dealt a blow that has resulted in driving those toilers to the brink of pauperism, and today the vast majority of these human cogs upon the iron and steel industry are apparently as submissive as ever were the chattel slaves of the south. They seem to have lost all hope and power of resistance. They dare not call their souls their own, and the mill towns of Pennsylvania and the Middle West are nothing better than modern slave stockades.

There is no material change in the struggle of the marine workers against the Lake Carriers' Association, controlled by the steel trust, from the conditions that existed last month. One day the trust agents secure a few deserters from the union side; the next day the unionists win accessions from the strike-breakers. Each day the trust publicity bureau announces that the strike is broken, and each day the union spokesmen declare that the outlook continues to grow brighter for a victory.

The struggle on the lakes and the efforts of the trust to import strike-breakers from abroad has attracted the attention of shipowners in foreign countries, and now there is a revival of the agitation to form an international federation of capitalists engaged in shipping to deal with labor questions. During the great strikes in Hamburg, Antwerp, Rotterdam and New York there was considerable talk of forming such an organization, but it seems that the plan was dropped. Now a conference is about to

be held in London to bring about a federation of the shipping masters of the world. It is proposed, among other things, to establish an insurance system to reimburse all vessel owners whose ships may be tied up by a strike, and to organize bands of strike-breakers in all countries to be drawn upon in case of trouble. Doubtless the formation of such an organization will have the effect of bringing about a closer federation of the marine workers of the world and intensifying the class struggle, which is nowadays becoming so plain that even a blind man can see it.

The valiant struggle of the hatters against the open shop and to preserve their union label is proving successful. During the month the manufacturers of Danbury, Bethel and New Milford, Conn., with few exceptions and including some of the largest firms in the country, have broken away from the employers' association and made peace with the men. An agreement was arranged by which the unionists will work ninety days without using the label and after that period the label is again to be placed in hats. It appears that the manufacturers were under \$25,000 bonds each to carry out the open shop program, and under the arrangement made with the union those employers who capitulated hope to save their forfeit. Mundheim, the president of the manufacturers' association, declares that his battered organization will yet enforce the open shop, but it is hardly probable that the obstinate bosses will succeed, for while those establishments that surrendered will capture the cream of the trade the men employed will also be enabled to extend better support to their fellow-workers who continue the contest.

The hatters are another organization that gave the world an example of solidarity and heroic self-denial that will not be lost upon the working class. Not only have they been subjected to a rak-

ing fire upon the industrial field, but for several years they have been the targets for bitter attack through the courts that would have discouraged many other trades less class-conscious. Although in a political sense the hatters have been extremely conservative, they deserve the respect and undivided support of every Socialist and progressive person in the country. It is enough to know that they were being fought by the common enemy, and in all probability a good many of the hatters are learning that there is a class struggle and that the old political parties that they supported in the past defend and uphold the capitalist side in that struggle.

The A. F. of L. executive council has declared war upon the American Flint Glass Workers' Union and has circularized the state and city central bodies to bar the locals of the flints. The Green Glass Bottle Blowers' Association claims jurisdiction over the jobs that some of the flints hold. The flints have offered to amalgamate with the greens, but have been rebuffed, and now it is likely that a struggle for the mastery will be precipitated, to the great delight of the manufacturers. The unions are dual in character. The flints are the most skilled mechanics, many of the greens being displaced by bottle-blowing machinery and other devices. D. A. Hayes, a vice-president of the A. F. of L., is president of the green glass men and for several years he has fought against the admission of the flints to the Federation. Now the turmoil is to be carried into the local labor bodies and some of the latter have already defied the A. F. of L. executive council and announced that they will not unseat the flints, who are, in many places, active and tireless workers for the cause of organized labor and usually have the sympathy of the rank and file in other trades.

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# LITERATURE ART



BY JOHN SPARGO

From the Wilshire Book Company comes a little volume of extraordinary interest, one which all Socialists will do well to read, since it concerns a subject which is bound to loom large in Socialist discussions during the next few years. Its title is **Mendelism**, and its author, Professor R. C. Punnett, of Cambridge University, a distinguished English biologist. Our friend, Gaylord Wilshire, contributes a brief introduction to the volume, which is admirably printed and bound.

Of late the name of Mendel has crept into our Socialist discussions, and there have been references, more or less obscure, to a "Mendelian Law," and it is not too much to say that for most readers the words have possessed little or no meaning. Who is, or was, this Mendel, and what is this Mendelian law? These are questions which have been asked many times by sorely puzzled readers. This useful little volume answers both questions with admirable lucidity and conciseness.

Gregor Mendel was an Austrian monk, who 50 years ago made important scientific researches and discoveries which would undoubtedly have caused Darwin to make important modifications in his theory of natural selection had they been known to that great thinker. Born in 1822, the son of Austro-Silesian peasants, at twenty-one years of age he entered a religious foundation at Brunn, and was ordained priest a few years later. Later on he became a monk, entering the cloister at Brunn. But in the meantime he had studied natural sciences at Vienna

and became deeply interested in the problems of hybridization. At Brunn the good monk, who afterwards became the Abbot of the order, carried on some experiments in plant hybridization, using the common edible pea as his subject. He contributed a paper on the result of his experiments to the Proceedings of a natural history society at Brunn, which is almost his only contribution to biological literature. It is this little known pamphlet which Darwin so unfortunately missed. We know that Mendel carried on a series of experiments on other plants, for in a series of letters to Carl Nageli, the botanist, he gives an account of his experiments on peas, thistles, and other plants.

The worthy Abbot was a very versatile man, it appears. He was interested in meteorology, and wrote much on the subject; sun spots interested him deeply, and he was for a time manager of a bank. It is unfortunate that the record of some experiments on the hybridization of bees has been lost, for it would have been of great interest and value to know how far, if at all, they coincided with his plant experiments. A strange man, little understood by his fellow monks, but lovable withal, he died of Bright's disease in 1884.

So much for the man: Now what is the "law" which bears his name? Briefly it is this: When plants of similar species, but which differ in one characteristic, are crossed, there is a definite mathematical ratio by which the results are governed and can, therefore, be known beforehand. This is the Mendel-

ian Law. Any desired characteristic, existing in either one of the parents, can be transferred to the offspring, and such characteristics definitely fixed.

Until the re-discovery of Mendel's great discovery it had been thought that Darwin had practically said the last word concerning hybridization. The discovery of Mendel, which was re-discovered in 1900, has, however, opened up the whole question, including much doubt as to whether natural selection is, as Darwin believed, a sufficient explanation of the production of new species. Admittedly, natural selection is a very slow process, requiring great periods of time for the production of new species: that has always been one of the great difficulties in the way of a ready acceptance of the Darwinian theory. The immense periods of time required baffle the imagination. The Mendelian Law wipes this difficulty away entirely: the element of chance is eliminated and it becomes possible to calculate results and verify predictions.

The importance of this Law, if law it be, to Socialist theory may not be immediately obvious, but a little thought will reveal it. In the first place, it is no longer necessary in speaking of social evolution to assume that all the changes involved in the process have been slow and almost imperceptible. It links on to the mutation theory of De Vries. In the second place, the fixity of inherited characteristics, which cannot be modified by changes in environment, goes far to disprove, as Mr. Wilshire very well observes, the old contention that Socialism would reduce all to a dull level.

For a full description of Mendel's method and results I must refer the reader to the book itself. Only a very brief illustration is possible here. As is well known, the common edible pea has many varieties. Some are tall while others are dwarfed; in some varieties the peas are round and smooth, in others

they are wrinkled; some peas have purple flowers and others white. Now, Mendel took, for example, peas of the tall variety and crossed them with peas of the dwarf variety. The result was that he got all tall plants and no dwarfs. So Mendel named the tall plants' habit "dominant," while that of the dwarf plants he named "recessive." His next step was to collect the seeds of these plants, offspring of a cross between tall and dwarf parents themselves all tall. In this second generation of hybrids the offspring were both tall and dwarfs, with no intermediate types. Thus in one series of experiments he got 1,064 plants, of which 787 were tall and 277 were dwarfs. That is to say the tall plants were about three times as numerous as the dwarfs. The dominant and recessive characters occurred, therefore, in the proportion of three to one.

Now, when the seeds of these were in their turn planted it was found that the seeds secured from the dwarf plants produced dwarfs invariably. The recessive character bred true. The seed secured from the tall plants, however, produced both tall and dwarfs in the proportion of three to one. Some of the tall plants bred only tall plants. These were called "true dominants"; they were as true to type as the recessive. No matter how many generations the process of the test might be continued, the result was invariably the same. So we have two groups which invariably breed true to type—the pure dominants and recessives. There remains a third group to be considered: From some of the tall plants both tall and dwarfs were secured, in the proportion of about three to one. These "impure dominants" as they are called, produce tall and dwarfs, generation after generation, in the same three to one ratio.

It will be seen that the Mendelian Law enables breeders to calculate results to a nicety, and that the process of devel-

oping a fixed type is very much more rapid than the Darwinians have generally supposed. It should perhaps be said that the United States Department of Agriculture in its experimental stations employs the Mendelian principle for selection with success. In this hasty survey of the book I have given only a taste of its contents, but enough, I hope, to send many readers to the book for full and first hand knowledge.

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Professor Edward T. Devine, head of the New York Charity Organization Society, and Eschiff professor of Social Economy at Columbia University, has just published, through the Macmillan Company, a volume containing the six lectures on *Misery and Its Causes*, delivered at the New York School of Philanthropy under the Kennedy foundation.

I confess to some feeling of disappointment with the book. I turned to it hoping to find some statistical measure of the problem of social misery, similar to that contained in books like Hunter's *Poverty*, but more comprehensive in its scope. Here and there Dr. Devine's pages contain statistical hints of the magnitude of the problems of social misery, but that is all. Still, it is a book which all Socialists will do well to read, for Dr. Devine represents in his person and work the new spirit which brings philanthropic work, so-called, to the very borderland of constructive Socialist effort. He is as far removed as possible from the harsh, individualistic spirit represented by older exponents of charity organization, such as, for example, C. S. Loch, of London. Sometimes I think that Dr. Devine must have great difficulty, as he comprehends the social programme he has helped to develop during the past six or seven years in New York, in explaining to his own satisfaction why he stops short of Socialism.

The question which he raises is, substantially, whether the poor who suffer in their poverty are poor because they

are shiftless, depraved, immoral, and have too many children, or whether our social institutions and economic arrangements are at fault. With his usual courage he answers that the latter theory is the only true one. He says: "I hold that personal depravity is as foreign to any sound theory of the hardships of our modern poor as witchcraft or demoniacal possession. With such a point of view as these words indicate it would be impossible for the author to believe in the old method of relying solely on moral agencies directed towards the "reclaiming" of the individual. He sees that the problem is a social one and that only social remedies are of any use at all. So he sketches a programme which embodies many of the palliatives which Socialists have advocated for many years—being derided as "Utopians" most of the time for doing so. But the world moves!

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In his latest book, *The New Ethics*, Mr. J. Howard Moore continues the propaganda of humanitarians with which his earlier works have been identified. One gets the impression from these pages of a very gentle and lovable personality. There is no very obvious reason, however, for calling the ethics of which he is such an indefatigable exponent "new." On the contrary, his ideas are as old as the hills. His thesis is that the inhabitants of the earth, human and non-human, are bound together by common ties. That man is different from all other sentient only in degree, not in kind. There can be no other rational ethic which treats of life only from the standpoint of one species. There is the same reason for regarding all the lower sentient as part of ourselves, as the basis of ethics, as for so regarding other human beings.

This, I say, is not at all a new ethical concept, but is on the contrary incalculably aged. But that is after all a relatively unimportant matter. We are concerned very little with the fitness of the

nomenclature Mr. Moore chooses to bestow upon his system, and very little with its practical side. And here, it seems to me, Mr. Moore fails to meet the requirements of practical efficiency and becomes a rather futile sentimentalist. Vegetarianism, anti-vivisection, protests against hunting and shooting for "sport," and against wearing furs, skins or feathers for dress or ornament, seem to me to be almost unconsequential and as far removed from a practical ethic for the real world in which we live as possible. Vegetarianism as a matter of hygienic living is intelligible enough, and has much to commend it. The argument then is based upon human efficiency. But vegetarianism in the interest of my far-away relations, the ox, or the speckled trout in the brook, does not impress me.

It is worthy of note, perhaps, that, like so many other amiable sentimentalists, Mr. Moore has hardly a word to say concerning the enormous mass of suffering incidental to our industrial system, which constitutes the real ethical challenge of our time. Personally, let me say, I am satisfied that vivisection, while extremely liable to grave abuses, has, when rightly and wisely employed, great practical value to the human race. And that is for me its sufficient justification. To relieve the suffering or save the life of a single human child, I would most gladly sacrifice the lives of a thousand guinea pigs or frogs—and, if it seemed inevitable, inflict measureless pain upon the poor creatures in the interest of the child. The principle underlying my action in such a case would be akin to that which animated me an hour ago in killing the bugs which infested my roses in the fine old Vermont garden where this is written. Human happiness is for me the supreme law.

That genial philosopher, my friend Professor Simon N. Patten, has contributed a very suggestive and stimulating

little volume to the series of small "Art of Life" books issued by B. W. Huebner. The title of the little volume is *Product and Climax*, and the theme a spirited protest against the "merciless grinding out of product that depresses men," and an argument in favor of a better adjustment in our economic system of effort and result. What men everywhere need is a constant renewing through climaxes of satisfaction, deep and full mental and spiritual exhilaration. And this is what is made impossible by an industrial system which concerns itself only with piling up product and disregarding the producers' need of and right to climaxes of satisfaction. In a camp community Professor Patten found a rule posted, "Do not bring in more fish than the cook needs," and applying its principle to our industrial life in the following terms: "Do not overwork the producer of wealth" and "Product that weakens the producer is murder." A little book that can be slipped into the pocket and read in an hour or two, *Product and Climax* should find many readers this summer.

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**THE HAND OF GOD.** By Cora Bennett Stephenson, Boston, the Ball Publishing Co. This is no religious novel. It is no common book. It is something else. Cuvier, the great naturalist, could take a single tooth of an extinct animal and from it reconstruct the whole body. A truly scientific imagination can reconstruct the unwritten history of primitive mankind from its myths, folklore and superstition. "The Hand of God" is such a revivification. From the meager story of Samson and Delilah as told in the Book of Judges, Mrs. Stephenson reproduces the life of that bygone age before us in all its reality. The story is a most courageous and venturesome use of the scientific imagination in the reconstruction of the past. It is strong, sensuous, vivid, virile, dramatic. Not our life of today transplanted into the

past nor what the uneducated dream that past to be (what most historical novels are); but the old, instinctive life resurrected as it actually was. The story is interesting, not as an art-form only but as a sociological study lit up by a wide sweeping and deeply-penetrating imagination. The story is instructive—not in the sense of a novel with a purpose but in the sense that an artist after long study and practice would depict in imagination; not in the cold, dead facts of history but in the warm, young life that these facts connote, indicate and bespeak. Yet amidst the crude life, the weird superstitions, the shocking customs, the incipient forms of the religions of the times, we see the true woman, the strong man, not of our virtue or of our strength but of the instinctive life of primitive humanity.

The greatest tax that the author puts upon our tolerance in the light that to the pure all things are pure is to accept "The Hand of God" in the truly moral sense that those ancient people accepted it. This is done by the scholarship of the world today: For example Professor J. G. Frazier in his "Golden Bough" and Grant Allen in his "Evolution of the Idea of God."

Shall art lag behind another generation before being a teammate with science?

The reception of "The Hand of God" will indicate the condition of public opinion on the moral and mental evolution that has been going on in the heart of the race in the last thirty years. This novel is the forerunner of the use of the imagination in a field which will give us the past of the race in artistic forms, infinitely more true than the grouping of cold, dead facts that have hitherto passed for science or the airy nothings that have passed for art.

CHARLES KENDALL FRANKLIN.

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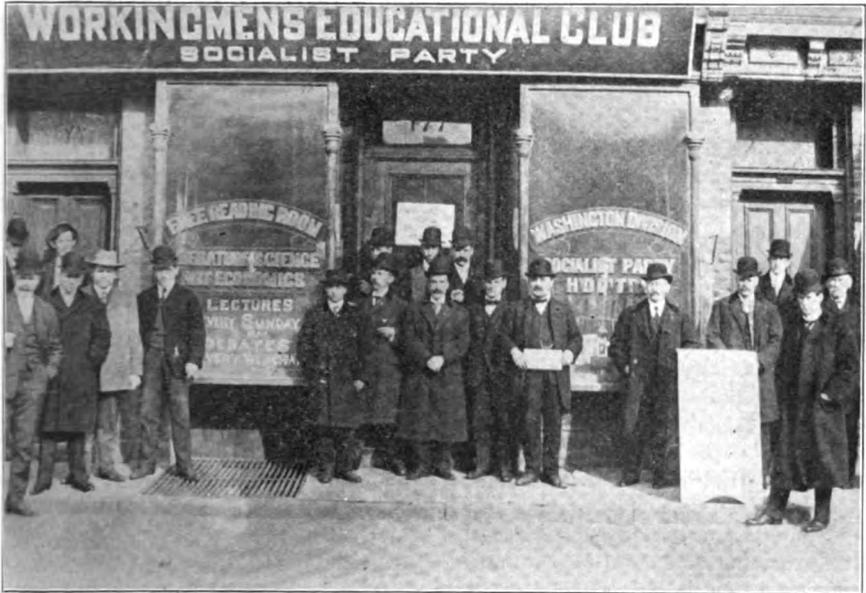
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# NEWS & VIEWS



**Brooklyn, N. Y.** The engraving on this page shows a few members of the Workingmen's Educational Club, 477 Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, standing in front of their club room. They have a large hall, which they propose to make the center of working class activity in that part of Brooklyn. It is already used by several trade unions and three ward branches of the Socialist party. A socialist Sunday-school is held there Sunday afternoons; there are Sunday evening lectures with an occasional debate, an oratory class meets Wednesday evenings to train speakers for the campaign, and Socialist literature, including the Review, is on sale there. Comrade T. N. Fall, who sends us the photograph with this information, suggests that it would be well if comrades in other cities main-

taining headquarters were to send photographs to the Review, so that traveling socialists might be enabled more easily to locate their friends in each city. To this we agree heartily, and we shall also be glad to have any photographs likely to interest our readers. The paper we are now using is much better adapted for reproducing pictures of any kind than the paper used heretofore.

**Comrade A. M. Stirton**, editor of the *Wage Slave*, published at Hancock, Mich., dropped in to pay the publishing house a visit a few days ago. He brought good news of the work done in the northern peninsula. The more we know the editor of the *Wage Slave* the better we understand the continued improvement of that virile weekly, for Comrade Stirton be-

lieves first, last and all the time in the wage-worker. You may search in vain through the columns of the Wage Slave for articles on "How the XYZ Trust Cheated the Government," or "Lower Taxes" or discussions of any other bourgeois ills. That little paper devotes itself exclusively to the battles and interests of the proletariat. Write for a sample copy; subscription rate is 50 cents yearly. Address The Wage Slave, Hancock, Mich.

**JAPANESE STRIKE**—Seven thousand Japanese plantation laborers are on strike for higher wages in Hawaii. They have been receiving \$15.00 (for women) and \$18.00 (for men), with free cottages, medical attendance and fuel besides their wages. The cost of living there is, under these conditions, from \$5.00 per month up. It appears, therefore, that it was not the pressure for subsistence that has caused this strike but rather a desire on the part of the laborers to get a larger portion of the value of their product. The employers have been making enormous profits and the Japanese evidently hope to gain an advance in wages through concerted action. This strike may furnish food for the comrades who claim that the oppressed wage-worker is more likely to demand higher wages than those who are not suffering from economic pressure. The Japanese agricultural worker in these islands is the best paid unskilled worker I have ever known. He is in a position to save money, which he sends in large sums to his fatherland. He is very independent and ready to leave his job when the time to do so arrives. For these qualities he is heartily disliked by his employers and would gladly be discarded if a suitable substitute appeared. The Japanese chose a most favorable time for their strike as this is the harvesting season. Delay at such a time is most costly to the capitalists. Yet, the planters consider concession to the demands of the workers

even worse. The planters are well organized in their opposition to the Japanese and will probably defeat them. Race prejudices complicate the situation to the disadvantage of the workers. The Chinese are hostile to the Japs and will doubtless be glad to fill their places at the increased rate of \$1.50 a day, as strikebreakers. The Portuguese and Hawaiians are also unfriendly to the Japanese, so that the planters will be able to secure several thousand workers from the army of the unemployed. The legislature just adjourned was importuned to appropriate a sum of money to assist in the immigration of labor. A scarcity of men was charged, due to the fact that the natives will not, as a rule, work in the canefields. This strike has, however, been a refutation of the statements made by the employers, as their offers of \$1.50 per day for men has drawn droves of Hawaiians who are willing to work. Again we have the spectacle of one class of workingmen assisting the employing class to prevent another body of workers from improving their conditions.

H. CULMAN.

Honolulu, T. H.

**South Carolina in Line.** The Socialists of South Carolina are to meet at Charleston July 4, for the purpose of forming a state organization. Officers will doubtless be chosen at that meeting; meanwhile all who desire to get into touch with the new state organization should address the secretary of Local Columbia, A. J. Royal, 1724 Richland street, Columbia, S. C.

**THE DES MOINES AMENDMENTS.**

I would like an opportunity to reply to the criticism of these amendments appearing in the June number. There is one fine thing about Comrade Kerr's writing, it is always readable, whether you like it or not.

I may be an unblushing egotist, but I claim to be the original election-by-referendum man. I wrote the amendment

which transferred the power of electing from the national committee to the membership, and I pushed the amendment through with my pen. That was in 1905. The amendment was somewhat similar to the one now introduced by Milwaukee. But I have advanced since then, while poor Milwaukee seems to have only caught up to that point.

The Review damns our amendments with faint praise, criticises only one provision, and advises leaving the constitution as it is for the present.

The criticised provision is one of the best features of our amendment. It gives every candidate a fair show by providing for a rotation of the names. It is a well-known fact that the candidates at the top of the ballot have an unfair advantage. Last year the stand-pat Republicans in Iowa ransacked the state in an effort to find some available man with a name beginning with A or B to run against Cummins at the primary, in order to secure that well-known advantage, but could not find one. Let it be remembered that the individual member only handles one ballot. It is therefore impossible that there should be any confusion in marking the ballots. As for confusion in counting them, if our officers were little boys and girls there might be some weight to that objection. But they are grown men and women, of at least average intelligence, and the counting will not require any more ability or accuracy than is required of the employees of any business house every day. So, there is literally nothing at all in the criticism.

And the constitution ought by all means to be amended at once. As it stands at present, it does nominally provide for the preferential ballot, but it does not really do so. The seven divisions nullify the object of the preferential ballot and prevent election by majority. They effectually prevent the members from voting for the candidates they want. The Des Moines amendment contains all the good features of the present provision, eliminates all of its bad features, and contains the following good features in addition:

1. It insures election by majority, by wiping out the seven divisions and providing for a bona fide preferential ballot.
2. It provides a fair, speedy and inexpensive method of filling vacancies.
3. It abolishes the special privilege of

those standing at the top of the ballot, by providing for a rotation of the names.

If we leave the constitution as it now stands, we shall have another election by a minority. And, what is perhaps even worse, we shall discredit the preferential ballot so that it will probably be discarded altogether. JOHN M. WORK.

**Reply by the Editor.** The best answer to Comrade Work's argument is the full text of the Des Moines amendment, which is as follows:

1. Amend Article VI, Section 1, of the National Constitution by substituting the following:

The National Executive Committee shall be composed of seven members, elected in each odd numbered year by preferential referendum. The call for nominations shall be issued on the first day of October. 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 by five locals shall entitle a candidate to be placed on the ballot. The names of the candidates shall be prepared for printing in alphabetical order. The ballots shall be printed in as many equal portions as there are candidates. On each successive portion after the first the top name shall be transferred to the bottom. Each member voting shall place the figure "1" opposite the name of his first choice, the figure "2" opposite the name of his second choice, and so on, voting on each and every candidate. If he fails to vote on all candidates his ballot shall not be counted. The seven candidates receiving the highest vote, preferentially computed—that is, receiving the lowest sum total opposite their names—shall be elected. Vacancies shall be filled by the next highest.

At the last election we had 197 candidates for membership on the National Executive Committee, and the party is growing. The requirement of a nomination by five locals will cut down the number, but even so it may easily reach 100. In that case the ballot handed each member, if printed according to the Des Moines amendment, would contain a hundred times a hundred, or ten thousand names, which would have to be sufficiently separated to admit of writing a

number opposite each. This would require a column 1,666 inches long, which if divided up into columns the length of those in the Daily Socialist, would make 77 of them, the equivalent of eleven pages of that paper. The cost of printing and transmitting these ballots to the entire membership of the Socialist Party would run up into the thousands of dollars. Moreover, if a member should omit one name in marking his order of preference for the whole number of candidates, his ballot would have to be thrown out. We still think the amendment an unwise one. But Comrade Work's criticism on our present constitution is well taken. We do not think much harm could be done by holding one election under it. But a really practical amendment has now been offered. It is proposed by Local Aberdeen, S. D., and is as follows:

The National Executive Committee shall be composed of seven members elected annually by referendum of the membership. Call for nominations shall issue October 1st, thirty days shall be allowed for nominations, fifteen for acceptances and declinations, and forty-five for the referendum. Each local may nominate seven candidates, but candidates must be nominated by five locals in two states to have their names appear on the ballot; names shall be printed in alphabetical order. In voting each member shall place the figure "7" before his first choice, "6" before his second choice, then "5," "4," "3," "2" and "1," respectively. In counting ballots these figures shall be counted as that many votes and the seven candidates receiving the greatest number of votes shall be declared elected, except that in case of two or more members being elected from one state, only the one having the most votes shall serve and such vacancies, and any others, shall be filled by the next highest from states not represented on this committee.

#### THE MEXICAN REVOLUTIONISTS

—I have just returned from a trip to two prisons where the United States government is holding groups of Mexican political prisoners. In the Leavenworth

penitentiary, Kansas, is Antonio de P. Araujo, the young Mexican editor; Diaz Guerra, the leader of the revolutionary forces that attacked Las Vacas; Jose Trevino and Benjamin Silva—the last named is rapidly dying of consumption. From Leavenworth I traveled south to the Mexican borderline where in the little town of Eagle Pass, on the American side of the Rio Grande, I saw Calixto Guerra in the Maverick County jail.

In the Yuma penitentiary, in Arizona, there is still a third group consisting of Ricardo Flores Magon, Antonio I. Villarreal and Librado Rivera, all members of the Organizing Junta of the Mexican Liberal party.

In Leavenworth, Silva's case is the saddest—the man was carried in to see me on the back of a hospital attendant, so weak had the poor fellow become from confinement in a cold northern prison.

Of all these prisoners Calixto Guerra, whose extradition is demanded by the Mexican dictator, is the one around whom the most interest centers at the present time, for if he goes over the line thirty-seven other men will go with him. Guerra's case is to be made a precedent—he is charged in eighty-nine pages of testimony, filed by the Mexican government, with having been one of those who attacked the town of Las Vacas on June 26, 1908—and the Mexican governor, Cardenas, of the state of Coahuila, attaches the names of thirty-seven additional Mexican political suspects, now living in Texas, to the demand for extradition.

If Judge Douglas grants the demands of the Mexican government, and Guerra is turned over to the waiting rurales, a man-hunt will immediately commence on the American side of the Rio Grande and never stop until the last political enemy of Porfirio Diaz in the United States has been taken.

Will the Mexican president be able to accomplish what the Czar of Russia

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failed to do in the cases of the Russian patriots Rudowitz and Pouren?

The court's decision in Guerra's case will be the answer.

It was an uprising to overthrow the Mexican government by force of arms that Calixto Guerra took part in, and he makes no denial of the facts. Here is the story, plain and to the point:

"At four o'clock in the morning forty-five of us stood with our guns in our hands in the wet river-sand waiting our turn to cross. The first boat-load put off into the fog—a smothering river-fog that bridged the Rio Grande from bank to bank and swallowed up the rowers before they had made a dozen strokes from the shore. Seven trips of the boat landed us all on the Mexican side and in the gray light we moved towards the town.

"Just outside of Las Vacas a guard discovered us and the fight commenced. Our chief had divided us into two groups and the cross-fire which we poured into the soldiers drove them back into the shelter of the town. We ran through the streets after them, killing many of troops in this first rush, and when they took shelter in the houses we burned two roofs over their heads, forcing them into the street again. Then the handful of Diaz's soldiers that still resisted took refuge in their barracks and held that place until the end. We lost the town at the time when we had it all but won, for our ammunition gave out and the seven soldiers defending the barracks had an endless supply of cartridges for their Mausers.

"Brave Canales was killed at the very door of the barracks that he was trying to burn. In all, twelve of the revolutionists were killed, but we made the soldiers of Diaz pay dearly for our dead as out of the eighty men of the 12th Regiment stationed at Las Vacas but seven held together at the end of the day—the rest had either fled or lay dead upon the streets.

"It was a fight for principles, and Mexican freedom—I would do it again."

Such is the spirit of the men of the Mexican Liberal Party who fought and were beaten, but who are only waiting until they can reform their ranks to again attack the despotism of Diaz.

It is in the air along the border—there will be another uprising.

I sat in the sheriff's office and looked at Calixto Guerra; he was a man of unusual personality, tall to the lankiness of a Lincoln, with a slow, quiet determination in his speech that compelled conviction, a dash of grey in his dark hair, and long, bony fingers that, as I watched, deftly rolled and crimped a cigarette. It was a picture that will not leave me until I know, for certain, whether he is to go free or be handed over to the man that hungers for his body, namely, President Porfirio Diaz.

At this writing, the date of the hearing of Calixto Guerra before Judge W. C. Douglas, of the Sixty-third Judicial District, has not been set—it may be in ten days, it may not be for a month—but the Political Refugee Defense League has obtained the services of the one man in the state of Texas best fitted to defend him, and that man is Walter Gillis, of Del Rio, who successfully fought the demand for the extradition of Juan Jose Arredondo and eight other political refugees in 1906. Fraternally,

JOHN MURRAY,

Secretary Political Refugee Defense League.

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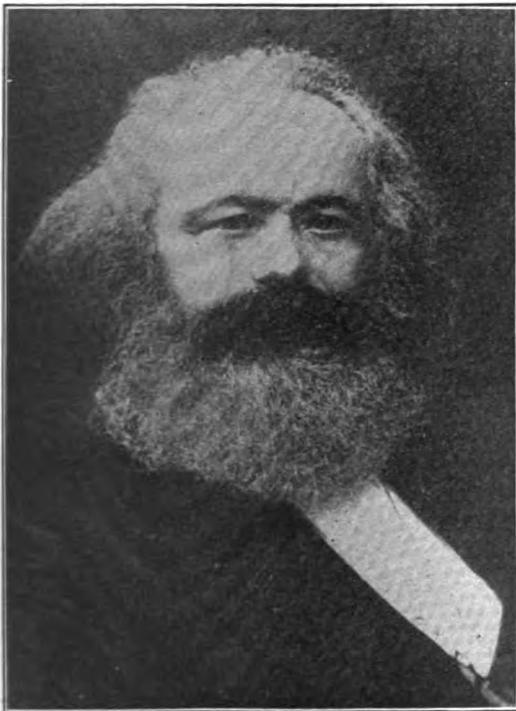
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Volume I was published in the German language in 1867, Volume II in 1885 and Volume III in 1894. An English translation of Volume I was published at London in 1883, and this translation with some revision and with a complete topical index, is the first volume of our edition.



KARL MARX

Volumes II and III have never been published in England. In 1907 we published a complete translation of Volume II by Ernest Untermann, and Volume III, also translated by Ernest Untermann and now ready for delivery, completes the entire work.

The subject-matter of the third volume was so thoroughly discussed by the translator, on pages 946 to 958 of the June Review, that we need not attempt to outline it here. But we have something to say of the mechanical features of the book and its price.

Volume I contains 869 pages, Volume II 618, Volume III 1,048—each page but a trifle smaller than a page of the Review. If this great work

were published for profit by a capitalist publisher, the price would be not less than \$15.00 for the set. Our price is \$6.00, and each volume may be bought separately at \$2.00. A stockholder in our publishing house buys the three volumes at \$3.00 (\$1.00 each) if he pays the expressage, or at \$3.60 (\$1.20 each) if we pay it.

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**A Debt or Thanks.** The publication of this complete edition of *Capital* would not have been possible but for the gen-

over the copyright of the translation to our co-operative publishing house with no royalty or other compensation. But for this, it would have been impossible, even with our co-operative method, to publish Marx's great work at a price so far below its real value. The socialist movement owes a debt of thanks to Eugene Dietzgen.

**OUR FINANCES FOR MAY.** Those who are watching our reports from month to month will observe an encouraging increase in book sales and Review subscriptions. The donation of \$374.90 is also an important help toward putting the publishing house on a solid basis. Our expenditures last month for the printing of books were unusually large, and we broke all records with the expenditure of \$403.39 for postage and expressage. Here are the figures:

**Receipts.**

Cash balance May 1 .....	\$ 165.04
Book sales .....	1,718.81
Review subscriptions and sales .....	823.62
Review advertising .....	12.50
Sale of stock .....	110.48
Loans from stockholders.....	780.00
Donations from stockholders ..	374.90

Total .....\$3,985.35

**Expenditures.**

Manufacture of books .....	\$ 954.07
Books purchased .....	62.53
Printing May Review .....	519.94
Review articles, drawings, etc. ....	50.40
Wages of office clerks (5 weeks) ..	403.75
Charles H. Kerr, on salary ....	110.00
Mary E. Marcy, salary .....	75.00
Postage and expressage .....	403.39
Interest .....	12.00
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Miscellaneous expenses .....	62.07
Advertising .....	648.12
Copyrights .....	60.50
Loans returned to stockholders. ....	303.07
Cash balance, May 31.....	250.51

Total .....\$3,985.35  
**Names of Contributors.** The following



**FREDERICK ENGELS**

erosity of Eugene Dietzgen, son of the great socialist philosopher Joseph Dietzgen. He has for years paid a salary to Comrade Untermann, to enable him to put his full strength upon the difficult task of translating, and he has turned

list includes the names of those who have contributed money from May 17 to June 17. Only the contributions received during May are included in the summary of receipts just given. Our emergency call asked for \$1,000 in contributions and \$2,000 in loans. It looks as if both these figures might be reached by the end of July. In three cases the real names of contributors have been omitted at their request.

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Total . . . . . \$439.10

#### MORE MONEY NEEDED.

The Review is in no danger. It is in better shape than ever before. Our receipts from subscriptions and sales in May, 1908, were \$192.24, in May, 1909, \$23.62. A year ago the Review was a heavy drain on the resources of the publishing house; now, although printed in a far more expensive style, it is paying its way. Our book sales are paying current expenses from month to month; there is no deficit. If our friends do not contribute another cent our work will

not stop. Yet we need more money urgently.

We need the money because we are scarcely beginning to supply the demand for socialist literature. We have now on hand a stock of books that cost \$7,000, mostly books in cloth binding. The Appeal to Reason last year carried a stock of pamphlets that cost nearly as much money. We have bought the good will of their book business and are paying them \$500 a month for this and for advertising space in the Appeal. To get the full benefit of this advertising, we should invest several thousand dollars at this time in the printing of new pamphlets. If we were selling literature at a profit, we could borrow money at commercial rates, pay interest, and still have something left for dividends. But we are selling it at cost, and as fast as the cost can be reduced we mean to reduce prices to correspond.

There are just two safe ways for us to raise the money needed to expand our work. One is from the sale of stock. If you who read this are not already a stockholder, you can strengthen the socialist movement more by buying a share than by the expenditure of ten dollars in any other way. Incidentally, this is the cheapest way for you to build up a socialist library or to get the propaganda literature needed for work in your own neighborhood.

The other safe way to raise the money is from contributions. Most of the readers of the Review are wage-workers to whom even the price of a year's subscription is a serious matter. We do not urge these readers to contribute money; they might better put what little they can spare into literature to be circulated among their neighbors and shop-mates. But some who take the Review are fortunate enough to have some money that they can use to help the working-class movement along. To them we simply promise that every dollar contributed will be used where it will bring the largest

possible results in the circulation of straight Socialist literature. Ours is, we believe, the only Socialist party publishing house that publishes its receipts and expenditures from month to month so that contributors can see how their money is being used. This we can do because we are paying cash for our printing and paper, we are willing to let creditors as well as contributors know just how we stand; on the other hand we are paying no dividends and no fancy salaries. The money entrusted to us is used effectively, not wasted. If we are doing the work YOU want done, give us more working capital and watch the results.

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(To this list we add three American Books):

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