

OCTOBER, 1911

PRICE TEN CENTS

The INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW



THE PYRAMID OF CAPITALISM

Mexico, or more properly Diaz, challenged for
barbarity, does not answer convincingly.

CHICAGO TRIBUNE (Editorial)

The unanswered challenge, with ample proofs, corroborated by engravings from photographs taken in Mexico, will be found in John Kenneth Turner's book

Barbarous Mexico

What the Newspapers Say:

Chicago Evening Post: Mr. Turner's articles on Mexico, when they appeared in magazines and periodicals, elicited a great deal of severe criticism. One rather expects to find the book intemperate and unconvincing. But as a matter of fact it is neither; it is a calm, deliberate and judicial piece of description and analysis, and it cannot fail to make a deep impression on the honest reader.

Christian Register **BOSTON:** The author explains that the term "barbarous" in the title of his book is intended to apply not to the people of Mexico, but to the form of government which permits the slavery and cruel ill-treatment of helpless human beings, bought and sold like mules. The details of this slavery, set forth in clear, apparently well substantiated statements, make painful reading. . . . Mr. Turner writes of what he has himself seen and proved. Taking plenty of time for investigation, he has explored conditions and hunted down reports. . . . This book is one with which the American public ought to become acquainted.

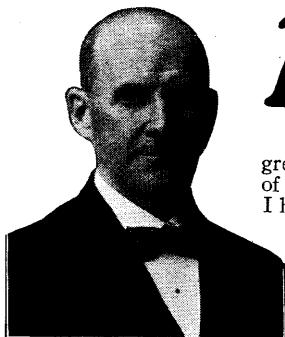
Oregon Journal **PORTLAND:** The writer . . . claims that there is neither free speech nor free press, that Diaz is "unanimously elected" because his opponents are never allowed to live to come to the polls; slavery of the very worst type exists, coupled with starvation and crime, and all this for the glory of Diaz. He furthermore claims that these things could not exist if Diaz did not have the support of the United States, threatening when insurgency raises its head, to call to his aid a powerful army of United States soldiers. Now all this might be passed over with the usual comment "sensational," if Mr. Turner did not substantiate his statements with such a tremendous array of facts and figures and photographic illustrations as would extract conviction from the most prejudiced unbeliever.

Written and published just before the outbreak of the present revolution, this book predicted it. No one desiring to understand the Mexican situation can afford to overlook **BARBAROUS MEXICO**.

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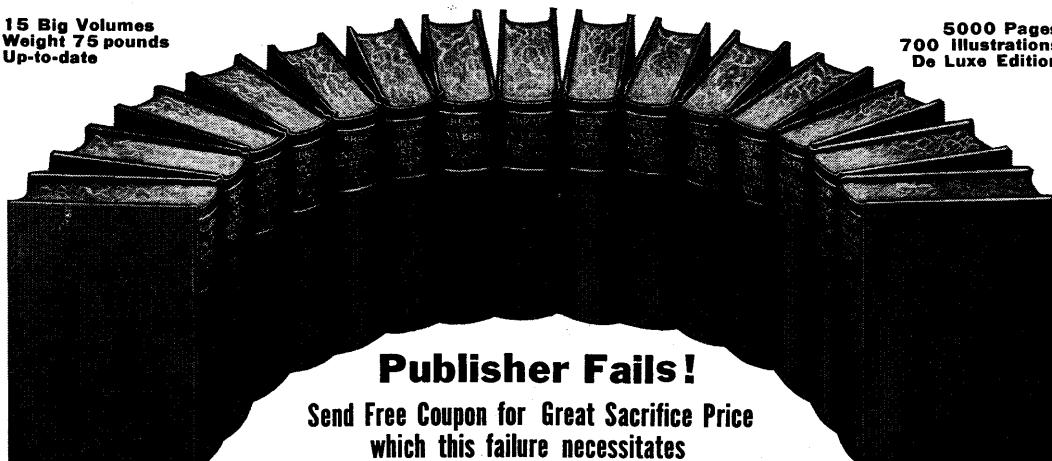
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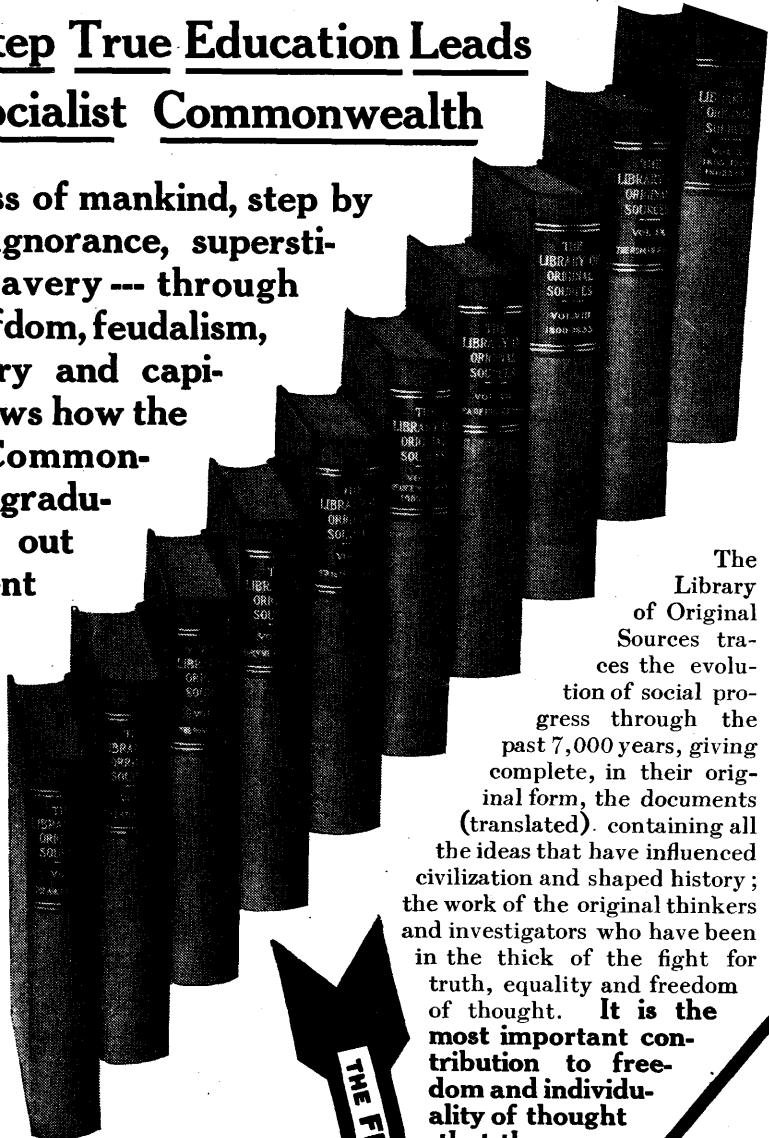
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THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

OF, BY AND FOR THE WORKING CLASS

EDITED BY CHARLES H. KERR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS: Mary E. Marcy, Robert Rives LaMonte, William E. Bohn,
Leslie H. Marcy, Frank Bohn

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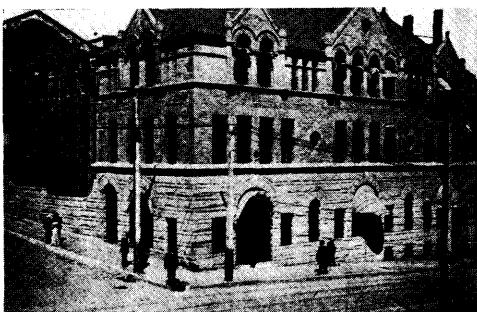
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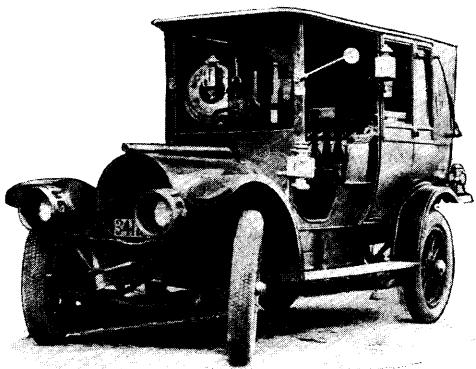
That the Kidnapped
Iron Workers are in
jail. That their trial
will be in October.
That Hiram Johnson,
Governor of Califor-
nia, said of Otis—



Los Angeles County Jail

"In the city from which I have come we have drunk to the very dregs the cup of infamy; we have had vile officials; we have had rotten newspapers; we have had men who sold their birthright; we have dipped into every infamy; every form of wickedness has been ours in the past; every debased passion and every sin has flourished. But we have nothing so vile, nothing so low, nothing so debased, nothing so infamous in San Francisco, nor did we ever have, as Harrison Gray Otis.

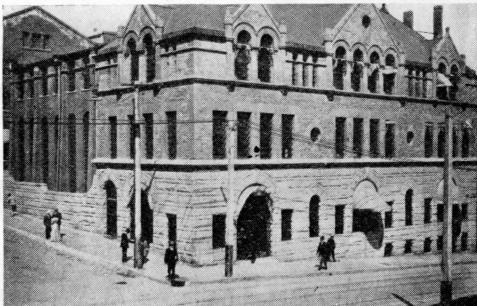
"He sits there in senile dementia, with gangrened heart and rotting brain, grimacing at every reform, chattering impotently at all things that are decent, frothing, fuming, violently gibbering, going down to his grave in snarling infamy. This man Otis is the one blot on the banner of Southern California; he is the bar sinister upon your escutcheon. My friends, he is the one thing that all California looks at when, in looking at Southern California, they see anything that is disgraceful, depraved, corrupt, crooked and putrescent—that is Harrison Gray Otis."



"Private Car"—Steel lined with rapid-firing gun mounted over cylinder hood. Owned by "General" Otis—the labor hater who has made Los Angeles infamous.

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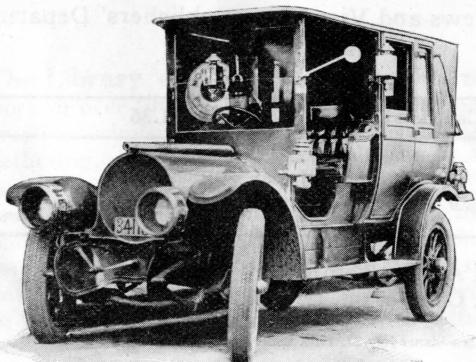
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Vol. XII.

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No. 4



The Sphere.

THE STRIKERS' PERMITS—FLOUR BEING MOVED.

“THE MASTERS OF THE BREAD” THE GREAT STRIKE IN ENGLAND

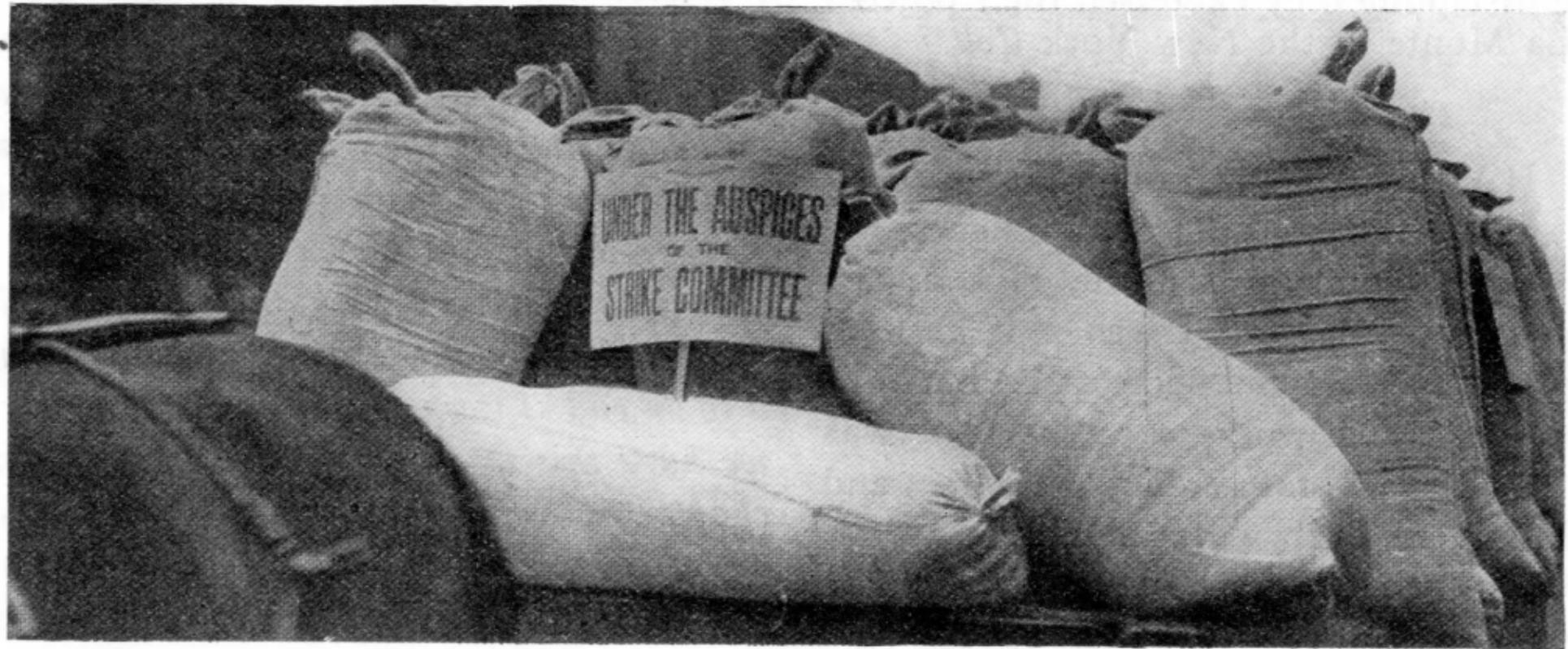
FRIDAY night the great London dock strike ended in the greatest victory ever won by British labor.

Nothing could be moved without the permission of the strike committee. Even the proud British government had to apply to the strike committee for permission to move necessary supplies of fodder and petrol, so that the delivery of the mails might not be intercepted. Here, you see, the strike committee did exercise political power in the most literal sense of the words, and this political power was conquered, not by the ballot, but by united action, or, rather, concerted inaction, on the industrial field.

The strike won because it was a mass industrial strike, with the strikers all saturated with the sense of solidarity. That the power exercised by the strike committee was truly political power, was strikingly recognized by the labor-hating *Tory Evening News*, which, on Friday night, flaunted the scare-head, “The New Parliament on Tower Hill.”

It was, indeed, a Parliament, and far more powerful, so far as the daily life of the people of London went, than the elected Parliament at Westminster.

It must also be remembered that this strike arose almost spontaneously among workers so oppressed and hopeless, so



The Sphere.

THE STRIKERS' PERMITS—FLOUR BEING MOVED.

undermined physically and depressed mentally and morally that even their firmest friends have often despaired of the possibility of arousing them to effective action. Day after day I went back and forth among them, and I only saw three strikers who were not literally clad in tattered rags.

Yet these men held all London in their hands. They were the masters of her food supply. Truly in Bellamy's almost forgotten phrase, "The masters of the bread," but with what admirable restraint and discipline they exercised their power!

—La Monte in the *New York Call*.

IHAVE passed through an exciting week in Liverpool with one of the Tory members for the city and a home office official. I was sent here to try and compose the fierce strife between employers and workers. Liverpool was like a city in a state of siege. Soldiers and police were everywhere, and the troops were armed with fixed bayonets. Thousands of men were sworn in as special constables, and convoys were passing through the streets guarding provisions as though in actual warfare.

The docks lay idle and silent for miles. Ships from all parts of the world were tied up and helpless. Every hotel was crowded with Americans, wearily waiting a chance of getting home, and riots, small and big, were numerous.

In common with all England, Liverpool stood face to face with an entirely new development in trades unionism. The strike no longer was confined to one trade, but linked up with innumerable trades.

The men on one railway line went out on strike in sympathy, although they had every single point already which the other railway men were seeking to win.

The dockers struck to help the railway men and then the street car employes went out to help both and all agreed to stand or fall together. This brought

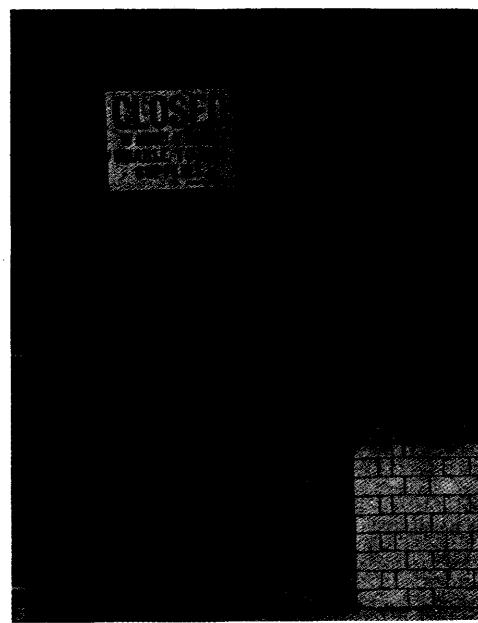
about the strangest situation, especially in Liverpool.

To add to the complications, the Moroccan situation gives at this moment extreme anxiety to the government, which is impotent to face German or any other complication with the country paralyzed.

This is England's first experience with what French strikers call syndicalism and syndicalism has won.

It also has imperiled the existence of a strong ministry, threatened the whole food supply of the nation, placed an almost irresistible weapon in the hands of the working classes, and given them a new sense of their power—it might be said, omnipotence.

It indicates that if working classes really were united against a war they could bring it to an end in twenty-four hours. In short, we have this week opened an entirely new chapter of English history, the final consequence of which nobody yet feels competent to forecast or estimate.—O'Connor in the Chicago Tribune.



Illustrated London News.

A BUTCHER'S SHOP AT LIVERPOOL.

CLOSED
ON ACCOUNT OF STRIKE
UNABLE TO GET
SUPPLIES.
S. REINHOLD INC.

Illustrated London News.

A BUTCHER'S SHOP AT LIVERPOOL.



The Sphere.
STRIKERS' CHILDREN—LIVERPOOL.

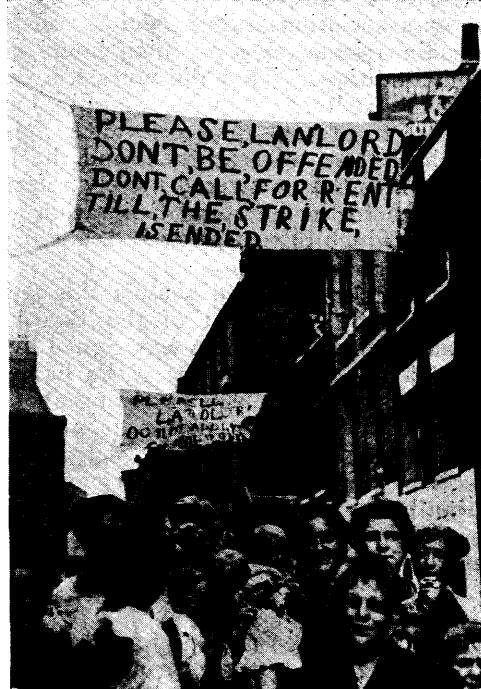
THE STRIKE OF THE BRITISH TRANSPORT WORKERS

BY

ROSE STRUNSKY

ANATIONAL strike of British Railway workers! This is the ultimatum of the council of railway deputies now sitting in London. Translated it means a general strike of British transport workers. In this there is a *dénouement* of far greater importance than the demands and results of the struggle itself. As we walk along the streets of Liverpool, there is a new word on the lips of the workers; "Industrial Solidarity." Tom Mann the leader of the strike in letters to the press, in speeches, in committees or in mass meetings, begins and ends each message with the words "Industrial Solidarity."

Its meaning is significant. It is a recognition of the interdependence of every section of industry. It is the growth of industrial concentration, on the one side into trusts and corporations, on the other into industrial unions as opposed to the old sectional trade and craft union. Because of the strength and size of the two opposing forces and the vast battlefield it covers, the struggle takes on gigantic proportions.



Illustrated London News.
STRIKE SCENE—LIVERPOOL.



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STRIKERS' CHILDREN—LIVERPOOL.

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THE STRIKE OF THE BRITISH TRANSPORT WORKERS

BY

ROSE STRUNSKY



Illustrated London News.
STRIKE SCENE—LIVERPOOL.

The very beginning of this British transport strike proves the anti-sectionalism of the fight. It was planned exactly two years ago on August 13, in a saloon on Worth street in New York City. The reason for this is clear. In New York one can get of an evening about 3,000 British seamen from the Anchor Line, the American, the White Star, the Atlantic Transport and the Cunard lines. A meeting was organized by the general treasurer of the British Seamen's Union, Mr. T. Chambers, with the men from the Lusitania. It was not to organize the men of the Cunard Line against their company that this meeting was called, but to organize all the British seamen against all the British companies. The companies were united in a federation; there was solidarity there to ignore any request made by the men; the men therefore felt the need of solidarity upon their side. The union thus formed soon outgrew its small quarters and used the rooms of the American Seamen's Friends Society and the Catholic Seamens' Mission to hold their meeting.

A year later the organization made its first move. In July, 1910, they sent letters to the shipowners individually and as an association asking them to consider certain grievances concerning hours, pay and conditions. They did not ask for immediate redress; they asked only for a chance to present their grievance. Most of the letters were ignored, and the few companies that answered merely referred the men to the Shipping Federation as a whole, which in turn entirely ignored the request.

The union appealed against this treatment to the president of the Board of Trade and their petition was signed by at least a hundred members of Parliament. The president was asked to bring about a conference, and this matter he promised to attend to. The men waited from July to November. Finally there came a note from him, saying that the Federation had positively declined to discuss the subject, and he ended the note by declaring:

"I fear that nothing further can be done."

The union then decided to call the men out on strike sometime during the following summer, but the precise date of the strike's beginning was kept secret. It was

fixed for June 14th, and three days before handbills were distributed in every port, calling the men to a mass meeting on the 14th., when an important announcement would be made. All through the month of May, placards had been posted everywhere, which read:

WARNING!

Sailors and Firemen—Wait For
The Signal!

On the 14th. of June the meetings were held and the strike declared. The big passenger lines immediately recognized the unions, and their boats ran; it was with the tramp ship owners that most friction occurred. The unions had decided to center their demands on the increase of wages rather than on the abstract question of the men's right to organization. A standard wage of £5 a month was fixed on tramp ships, and thus the seamen got an increase of 15 shillings on Tyneside and 25 along the Bristol Channel.

In Liverpool there was an increase of 10 shillings a month. This gives the men from £4 to £6.10 a month, the latter being the pay of the firemen on the express mail boats.

It is not difficult to see how, out of the British Seamen's strike, arose the General Transport strike now going on. For the seamen to win their fight expeditiously and thoroughly, there was necessary the support of all other water transport workers. For this reason the strike of the dockers and the coal heavers was called. These men refused to load or unload ships upon which the seamen were on strike. It was the feeling of industrial solidarity with the seamen that sent them out, both union and non-union men. The dock workers, once out, lent themselves readily to organization and in three weeks their union increased from 8,000 to 29,000 men. By a strike they could kill two birds with one stone; they could help the seamen and at the same time demand redress for their own grievances.

The Liverpool owners promised to have all difficulties with the men adjusted by August 1st. When the new rate-schedule was handed in, a long and

complicated document, it was found that 700 dockers had no increase of wages whatever and the coal heavers of the north end of Liverpool had not had their grievances settled. Meanwhile the freight handlers of the Great Northwestern and Lancashire and Yorkshire Railways had refused to handle goods that were to be shipped to the Liverpool docks. Then the railway porters joined them. This strike which was begun in sympathy with the Liverpool dockers and which was really an outcome of the seamen's strike, soon took on a character of its own. For four years all the railway workers composed of the amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen, the General Railway Workers Union and the Signalmen's and Pointsman's Society had been suffering under what they described as the vexatious attitude of the railway officials towards conciliation and arbitration agreed on in 1907."

Matters had come to a head then on a question of wages and hours and the men instead of striking as they threatened to do, agreed to place their grievances before a conciliation board which was to last for seven years. The men found that what the Railway Companies meant by meeting the men at a conciliation board was that each individual porter or guard who wanted an increase in wages or a reduction of hours was to make his appearance in person before this board. But if the man did so he was forthwith dismissed. The companies would not meet the men as a body and all requests on their part for a conference were ignored in the same manner as the shipping companies ignored the seamen.

Even the capitalistic press and public opinion seem pretty much in accord that the men's grievances are real. The average wage of an expert engineer is 38s 10d or \$9.50 a week. This is the highest wage paid. The rest reduces itself to an average of 21s or \$5 and goes as low as 14s, 8d, or \$3.50 a week. These figures are taken from a report dating over a period of eleven years and there has been no increase in the wage while the rise in the cost of living has been going on steadily. Also the average working day is from nine to twelve hours, but the official report shows a 1.10 per cent over-

time which makes a great increase to the already long day.

In Liverpool the dockers, though all but 700 were back at work, felt it their duty not to handle goods which would ordinarily be handled by the railway goods men. This brought matters to a head here. Mr. Sanderson of the White Star Line acting as chairman of the ship-owners committee in the absence of Mr. Booth (the ship owners federation had been dissolved by the seamen's strike), sent out an ultimatum which said that:

"Unless peace is restored on the water front and all striking men are back at work on Monday, August 14th, there will be a lockout of all the port's cargo workers."

The leaders were anxious to avert this and all the men went back to work except 200 of the discontented dockers and the coalheavers. This was done with the hope of an early settlement with the railway companies. However, at noon Monday, despite the workers going back, the dockers were paid and the lock out declared. In retaliation the strike committee threatens to call out a general transport strike of the Mersey district which means calling upon the seamen to strike again.

Meanwhile there turned out to be no early settlement between the Amalgamated Railway Unions and the Railway Companies and the Unions have sent out an ultimatum on their part that they give the companies twenty-four hours in which to meet the men. This was extended today to twenty-four hours more.

How long the public sympathy will go with the men in the event of a national railway strike is a question of duration. The public as usual stand it good-naturedly just as long as the results of it do not fall too heavily on its shoulders. But already through the seamen's strikes and the disturbances at the ports, business is unsettled, the mills cannot get raw material, and the loss of cargo spoiling at the docks and freight yards is enormous. A national railway strike coming upon this would affect every one rich and poor alike, the mill hands, the small business men, the suburbs who use the railway to come to the city for work and the holiday makers at the sea shore and other resorts who would be stranded away from

home, for the month of August and early September is the summer season in England.

As to Liverpool itself there is an uncanny quietude about the city. Here and there groups of men and women talk in undertones. Long companies of Scots Greys and Warwickshires parade in the street, sent to help convey cargoes of coal or meat. The people are sullen at this display of military. Last night we stood at a corner watching a company of cavalry escort five wagons of coal. A silent crowd watched the procession. "They have 2,000 soldiers here to escort several tons of coal through a peaceful city," said a man standing next to us, bitterly, "and they said 20,000 soldiers would put down the Boer War!"

The papers had had large headings of "Rioting of Strikers in Liverpool," but so far every one questioned here about this has denied it. We even asked the police if there had been trouble from the strikers. "No," said they, "it is the sectarians." The "sectarians" by way of explanation, are the Orangemen on one side and the Catholics on the other, who improve every opportunity to shower bricks at each other. It was against such a mob that the shooting of Tuesday the 15th occurred and not against the strikers. The truncheon charge of Sunday was absolutely unwarranted. The police dashed out without any warning from the Lime street railway station and attacked a

peaceful meeting of citizens held in the square and began beating men, women and children over their heads and shoulders with their truncheons. They had assembled to congratulate themselves on the supposed victory of the dock strike but when they learned that the fight was still on, they began to read a set of resolutions, when the truncheon charge took place.

Peaceful as the city seems now, there is a nervous expectancy in the air, which the magistrates have translated into forebodings of evil. Large placards of WARNING stare the passerby in the face, urging citizens not to walk the streets except on business and not to loiter along the principal thoroughfare. The City is crowded with extra police from Manchester, Huddersfield and Birmingham, and at every other crossing soldiers bivouac with their horses as in a beleaguered city.

Thus there has suddenly sprung up a strange new power in the midst of quiet England—the united worker. How much he will do, or how much he is able to do will depend on the consciousness of his strength.

"Tell them in the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW," said Tom Mann, "that for the sake of the deliverance of the workers, we are fighting on the principles so often expressed by them, that of *industrial unionism*."

And the Fight has begun!

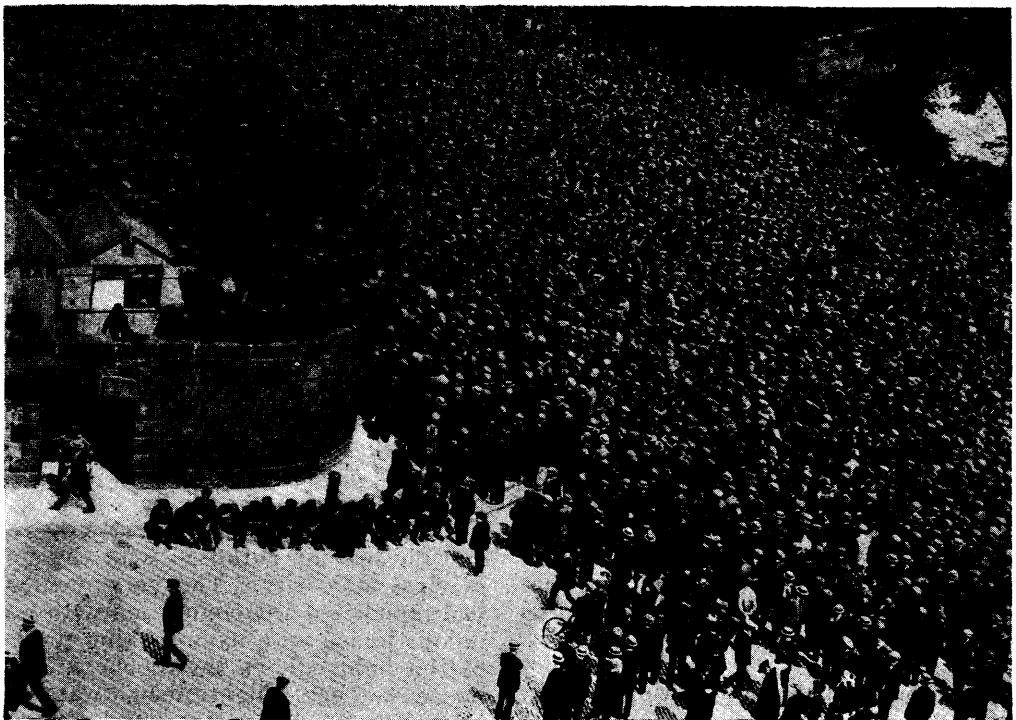
Liverpool, Aug. 17.



TOM MANN AND BILL HAYWOOD.



TOM MANN AND BILL HAYWOOD.



American Press Ass'n.

STRIKERS' MEETING ON TOWER HILL, LONDON.

ON THE RIGHT ROAD

BY
BEN TILLETT

BORN in poverty, hindered by despair, saved by hope, the English transport workers' fight has made history fast and furious. It has shaken the dry bones of the world and carried a message of class solidarity to the ends of the earth.

The live press world has had to rub keen eyes to believe. For years the movement has been developing under the noses of the Powers-That-Be, and the men, themselves, hoped and hoped again with a feeling that the right for the working class was impossible.

In the early mornings, month after month, our champions went out with their message, just as they have gone for years. There were apparently no signs of the great upheaval. At times the men

were enthusiastic and at others disheartened.

It is true, the bosses had them in their grip. They might be called to work at any time, therefore they must wait, being ready at all times to take a job at a moment's notice, when a man was killed or injured.

The masters' association, the Shipping Federation, had held sway all the years until it had become insolent. Even the scabs were no longer treated with courtesy by the shipowners. Seamen were forced to sign at almost any price. Colored men, Asiatics, Chinese and Coolies were given preference. Every sort of discrimination was made against the British laborer with impunity.

But at once all the great ports took



American Press Ass'n.

STRIKERS' MEETING ON TOWER HILL, LONDON.

action. Section after section was ready for the signal to stop labor, to "down tools." And the very ports we had been unable to reach with the work of organization came into line with the vanguard and the whole country was stirred as never before by any labor struggle.

Through Glasgow, Hull, Sunderland, the ports of the Northeast coast, the Irish ports, then Liverpool, London, Southampton and the smaller ports following, driving American, Colonial and Mediterranean vessels to Hamburg, Rotterdam and Antwerp in a futile effort to be discharged or loaded again—the story of aroused labor went to the ends of the labor world.

In most ports about twenty-five per cent of the men were permanently employed. The other seventy-five per cent took a chance of semi-permanent or casual labor with the result that there was always a section of men who depended on a meagre fare.

The irregular work meant beggary for many, for casual labor brings many curses with it; the workers waiting long hours for jobs and furtively looking for scraps of food.

Men had to put in a whole week in order to earn three or four dollars.

Fighting methods had to be developed, so the unions having membership in the Transport Trade called a meeting of themselves and formed what was destined to effect a revolution both from the standpoint of the trade union and the labor, or economic, movement. Although divided in political matters, the unions realized the oneness of their needs. Each worked for one objective—the strike.

Many of the most energetic and practical fighters were well known socialists, the most experienced being members of the S. D. P. who took their places in the ranks and helped the real movement by the ardor of their work. Not only this—but the rank and file felt great confidence in the men who talked Social Revolution.

The National Transport Workers' Federation was formed, with Harry Gosling as President and J. Anderson, Secretary.

This Federation represented the dockers, among them the stevedores, and the lightermen, who have held a charter for six hundred years, modern representa-

tives of "The Jolly Young Watermen" whose ancient name and fame has made most of the river history of London. The trappings and the glory of the royal barges that gave lustre to the Thames of old, have departed. The gondolier of those days has given place to the sinewy lighterman whose thews and lusty strength is of commercial importance and the greatest asset of the port trade. The carmen, gondoliers of the road, are also of the practical age. And they number almost as many as the combined dock workers, at docks, wharves and quays.

All these had to be gathered into one great organization together with the railway workers. And these scattered workers acted as one group of men. They joined hands to make the fight a real one. Our success was assured directly the rank and file became enthused with the spirit of class solidarity. The very men who had repudiated any connection with trade unions joined with us in making the best of the fight. Thus the dockers, warehouse workers, lightermen, watermen, bargemen (on docks, rivers and wharves), the carmen, the hydraulic, crane and electric operators and the lockmen were interested and made COMMON CAUSE. So a complete stoppage of transportation was inevitable.

And the stoppage of the port work laid idle all the auxiliary industries until the *food supply was held up*. Then men refused to supply ice till the call came from the hospitals and institutions of public utility. Permits were issued for the delivery of ice in such cases and they were also given for supplying coal in many cases. Permits were granted in cases of sickness and suffering.

We had many odd and humorous instances of councilmen and others so obsessed with their class importance that they left their manners at home. These were speedily trounced by the Strike Committee and dismissed. The atrophied English "city man" came in immaculate get-up. Frock coats were in evidence, umbrellas, gloves, creased trousers, patent boots and spats—and the heat was 89 degrees in the shade! Wonderful was their endurance and they spoke to us at length with great emphasis and superior drawl. But they were rudely shocked,

for gross workingmen deliberated in seats of power and attended to the stupidities of these Superior Persons.

Can you see them, hesitating, stuttering, top hat in hand and brushing gently the nap the wrong way as they expostulated and entreated and spoke of the loss of goods and complained of the way the "dignity of" their "firms" were suffering from "this wretched strike business"?

Then came the Government contractors who wanted oil and fuel. Permit was granted them, the facsimile of which appeared in the morning *Post*. The Gentleman who gave it to the *Post* will hardly expect to receive the same treatment next time.

But the Strike's the Thing! And we were able to launch a movement that will continue to grow, that can be pointed to as a lesson to the most downtrodden peoples of the world. It will show them the possibilities of a general upheaval of the working class!

* * *

For years the International Transport Workers' Federation had done good work for the workers of ships and docks in an international direction. But as the movement had been started to deal with the Shipping Federation, it was met by an alliance of monied power that ran into more than one billion pounds, with a representative international alliance so closely involved as to be able to call for service in any one of the European countries.

This power was effectively organized and beat to a "frazzle" the organizations of the port workers opposed to its operations.

Sectional or divided unionism had lent an importance to the Shipping Federation's operations that was more apparent than real; hence the sense of security and the impunity of the officials of the shipowners and the blackleg agencies set up by them. Scabs have been sent to all ports of the United Kingdom and also to the continental ports by the thousand. But this was educating the poor wretched tools of the ship owners, whose victimization has made them rebel against the very people who used them.

And so section after section came along, like the corps of a great army in campaign. Dockers, lightermen, carmen fol-

lowed each other in order and the ships, the barges, the vans stopped moving in succession till the canals, the docks, the rivers, streets and roads became silent. Almost were we filled with awe when we looked about the river. All was a perpetual Sunday. Ships lying deserted, smokeless, steamless, noiseless at their moorings. Bustle and noise had given place to an ominous quietude. The streets of London have not been so safe or deserted for years. There was a hush over everything.

But My Lady Park Row, the Countess Mayfair and Miss Piccadilly joined with Mrs. Suburb in the chorus against the strikers. Abodes of the middle and "upper" class rang with invective against the "mob" for be it known the Magna Charta of the British citizen—bacon and eggs—were missing. It was a brutal shock to delicate souls to learn that they DEPENDED upon the COMMON LABORER.

Perhaps poor Jane, the cook, swallowed the insult, but the striker was in a position to stop the food supply and he didn't mind a bit. We had stopped the supply of ice at the Clubs and Clubmen fumed and sweated at the loss. Champagne tasted warm and the hot weather took much of the starch out of the jaded idlers. About all they had strength to do was to curse the partners of the Hunger wolf for fighting.



Illustrated London News.

THE ARMY AT WORK.



Illustrated London News.

THE ARMY AT WORK.



The Sphere.

LLANELLY—PART OF THE DEMONSTRATION.

Then the Chamber of Commerce awoke and demanded the penal code, ball cartridges, the baton, bayonet and sword—even the Maxim gun. Soldier and policeman were to be armed with lethal weapons, were to ignore the calls of humanity and to protect private property. Workers who had refused to toil were to be shot down for their temerity. There must be no waiting till the strikers HAD destroyed property. They must be promptly shown the majesty and pomp of the army and be shot down by any irresponsible officer licensed to murder his fellow countrymen. The orders to the military were so loose that it amounted to a license to shoot at will.

The jury system in England is carefully safeguarded so that in times of tumult men may be selected who will exonerate the PROPER kinds of murders.

Then the military official may always exasperate the workers. The burial of a victim of a soldier's fury was made the occasion by the military authorities to send armed men to cut through the funeral procession, to exasperate the mourners. Neither living nor dead—among the working class—are respected when the soldiers are "out."

To deploy companies of soldiers while meetings are being held—right in among the crowd, is another plan whereby the officers hoped to exasperate the strikers to some protest that would furnish them an excuse for shooting and violence.

Anyway, the whole "Upper Class" of De Veres grew frantic when they faced the possibility of a FAMINE, and like a great

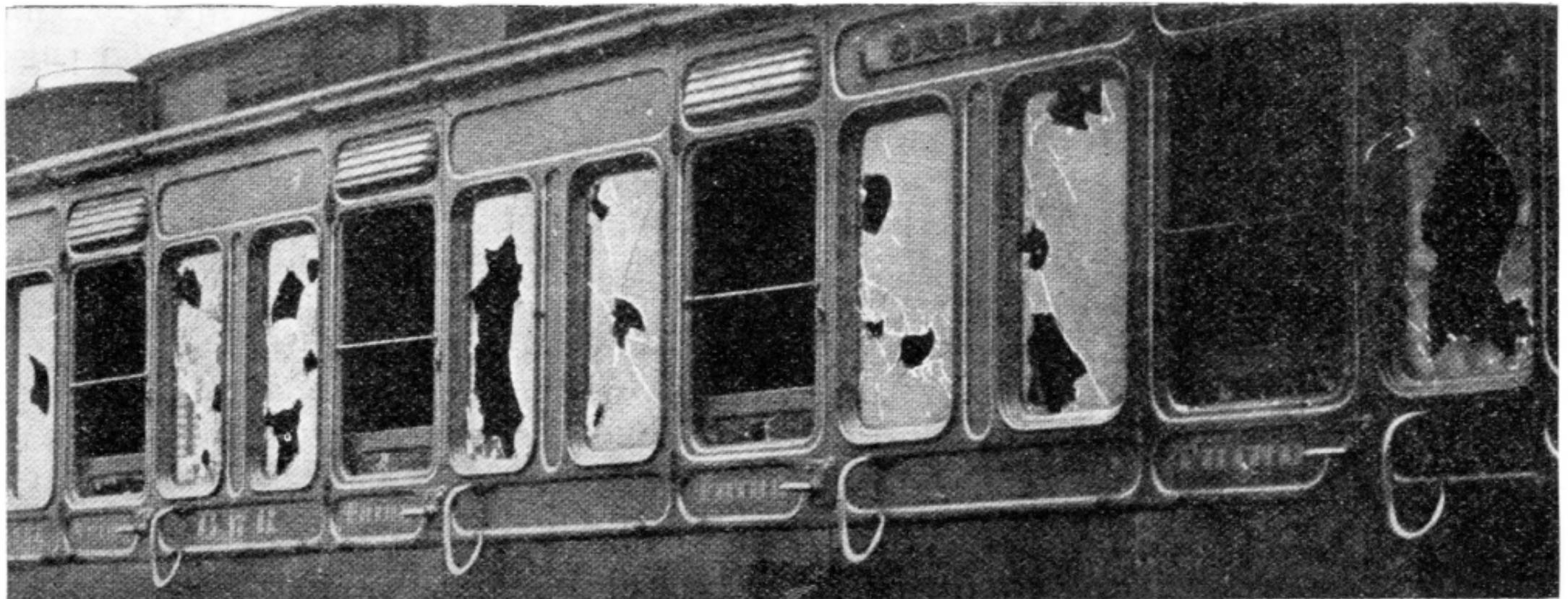
prairie fire the news went forth and every one of the Crown officials was called upon in fear and fury to "make the beggars work or use the army."

And HALF of our men had been living in a state of SEMI-STARVATION fifty-two weeks in the year. Many have DIED for want of food; whole families have been wiped out by hunger—but never a word when the workers are concerned. This is one of the "immutable laws of God" and Mammon. The verdict is "the poor wretches had none of the means of life."

But the calloused hands of the hungry men were idle. The wheels of civilization which had run smoothly through their labors had stopped. They had said "No" to the old masters and all industry was hushed. Famine grinned on at the squealing creatures whose idleness was class form, a mark of superiority.

And the "superior persons" were as class conscious as the workers and whined that they had always been willing to confer with them without the presence of the dreadful AGITATOR.

Thereby hangs a tale, for of all the fights I have shared, there has never been one where the workers have taken the initiative as they have in this battle. The "leaders" have in most cases been behind the movement, not in front of it. It may not be very flattering to say so, but it is nevertheless true, that in most cases they tried to prevent a development of the fight, hardly believing the workers as a body would be anxious to make a battle for their rights. In all cases the men



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LLANELLY—PART OF THE DEMONSTRATION.

critically examined every agreement and in some cases rejected the offers made.

It hardly sounds feasible, but there it is. The men, in most cases without strike pay, were prepared to stand for weeks in the demand for better conditions—the conditions they had agreed to stand for.

With the development of the strike movement came military suppression. Our generals, who have had no experience, found the strike movement a practice ground for the instruction of the military in the use of arms, marching and the formalities of war. Civil law was suspended; even the formality of reading the Riot Act was dispensed with, as the officers in command of the soldiers had authority to fire at discretion. Points and heights of vantage were utilized for signaling, from St. Paul's Cathedral to the bridge and house adjoining any scene of disturbance.

In practice for the shooting, one of the soldiers shot his comrade. His defense was that he was showing the other fellow what they would have to do if called out.

Meanwhile the men were meeting in large bodies, and on Tower Hill, reminiscent of executions, axmen and headsman, stood a good-humored crowd, which endured the ravages of the tropical heat with almost stoic powers.

The meetings grew larger each day. There were marchings and trampings up and down the wharves and the dock centers. Then it was determined that a march through the City should take place. The shipping world was aghast at the possibility of the dockers walking through the sacred precincts of the Shipping Offices.

Marches had taken place along the main thoroughfares for weeks, and one great demonstration had been held in the Park. Another was to be held in Trafalgar Square, the men carrying banners for a dozen miles or more. There was a grimness at all the gatherings, which could be felt as well as seen. The men were in earnest, and deadly earnest at that.

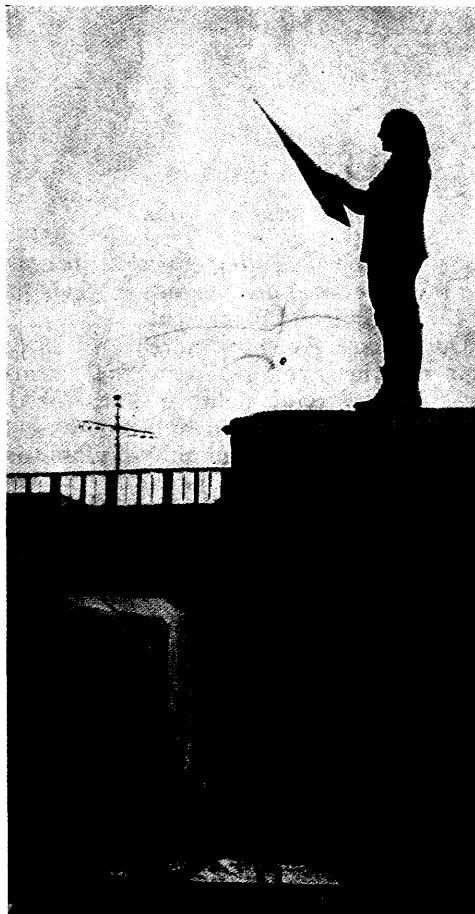
The City of London police are the gentlemen of the police service of this country, and although we held the majority of our meetings and marched the greater number of processions in the city itself, there was not the slightest attempt at

disorder, the strikers mingling cheerfully with the police and assisting in maintaining order in every way.

WHAT WE GAINED.

The car men previously worked from 80 to 140 hours in the week. We reduced that to a 72-hour week of six days. The wage, with the reduced hours thrown in, was raised 20 per cent, a recognition of the union enforced, a machine for dealing with grievances set up. Whatever the respective value of the gains may be when totalled, at least for the first time in the history of the trade a great union was formed and recognized.

Lightermen and watermen shared the benefit of two hours knocked off the day's work. For the week it would mean a saving of labor time equal to more than a



Illustrated London News.

A "STRIKE TROOPER"—SCABBING.



Illustrated London News.

A "STRIKE TROOPER"—SCABBING.



The Sphere.

PICKETS AT WORK.

tions, and besides the reduction in hours the men received an increase in their pay to the amount of 20 per cent.

Dockers received an increase of 25 per cent on the average, with the greater blessing of forcing definite times for the calling on of labor, and limiting these to two in the morning, one mid-day and one for the night work,—all four at the specified hours of 7 a. m., 8 a. m., 12:45 mid-day and 5:45 p. m. This meant and means to the men a saving of time, of despair itself, and relief from the hunger-watches for work which might never come. Meal time has been doubled and is to be paid for, and the Union must be recognized.

All grades of workers for each of the great departments have won many benefits, and there is still hope of other benefits in many ways never anticipated.

Thus, the workers of the ship and craft, the quay and warehouse, the van and truck, numbering close on 100,000 men in the port of London, will have received great advances as well as advantages of a material kind. Moreover, the transport worker has set the economists, the poli-

cicians and the capitalists to thinking furiously, and to realizing that a newer and braver spirit is abroad. There is now a definite expression of the "first law of nature,"—to live, to move, to have being, to enjoy the fruits of toil, to play the citizen and the man. And behind the men (if not in front of them in pluck and ideas) are the womenfolk, who are asking more pay for the feeding of the children, for the clothing and the comforts.

The "Right to Live has joined with it the sentiment of the "Right to Enjoy." There is almost a fierceness in the joy of working and living at the docks. The lighterman sings or swears more blythely as he punts his unwieldy barge on the tide-flow; the carmen have keener shafts of wit, coarse maybe, but full of the humor of life, and each is kinder to his beast, for the boss is kinder to the man, and the human in the man responds in kindlier tone and behavior.

Much that I have said of London applies to Liverpool, to Hull, Glasgow, and the Bristol Channel and the northeast centers.

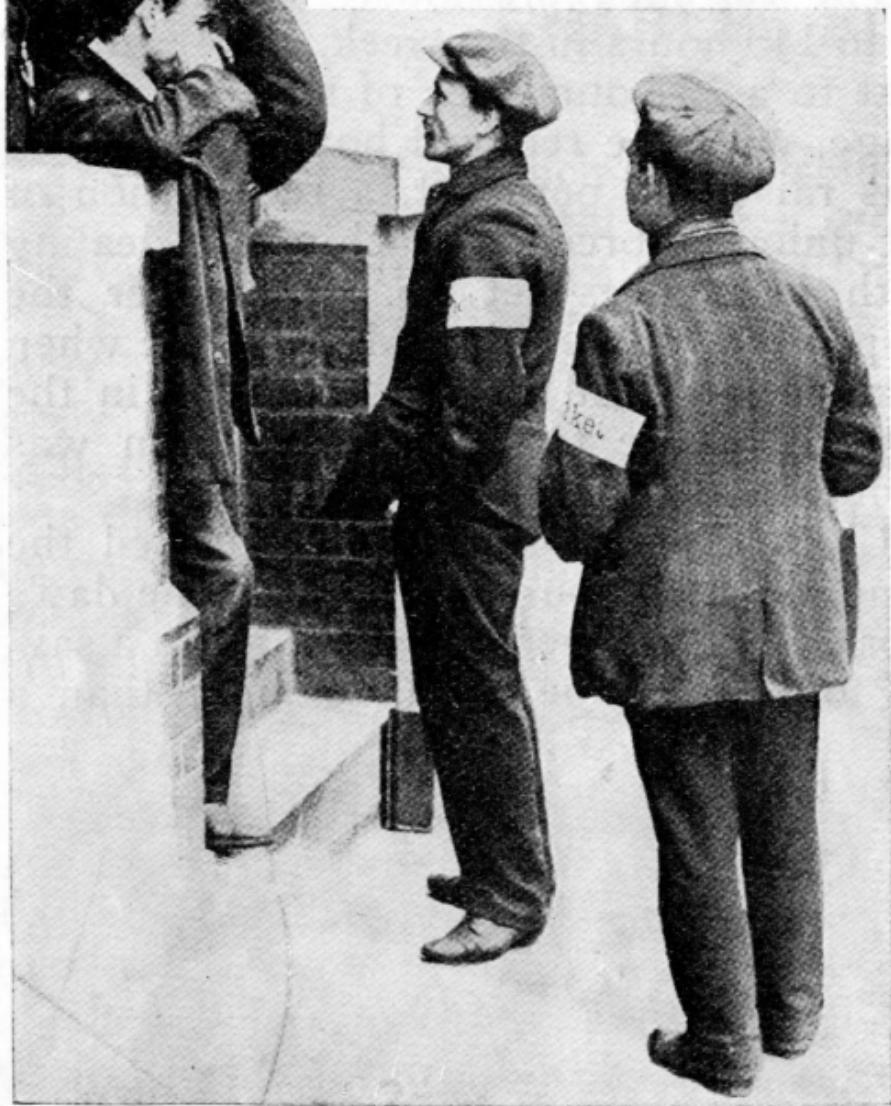
The greater meaning of the Transport fight is that already there is the machinery afoot to make the International Transport Workers' Federation a world power in the sense that the British National Transport Workers' Federation was a national movement. That being the case, the American continent and the continent of Europe make the wider battle-ground of the next great move of the transport workers. The American and the European transport workers are already in one great organization, and if our fight had gone on for another week, we should have spread the movement to include the working of ships and cargoes to the whole of the transatlantic trade as well as the European trade routes.

At least, it is the sign of the times for the Socialist to renew the fires of his enthusiasm, for the student and the economist to see the economic bearings of the new spirit.

The direct movement must more and more be scientifically utilized. It is here, and the politician will be less and less a factor in the greater world movement as the spirit gets into the soul of every man and woman and boy and girl who is a



day's work, besides which, all the owners were placed on a uniform basis of payment and working condi-



The Sphere.

PICKETS AT WORK.

worker. Mothers will teach revolt and the rebel spirit, and the elders shall give better and brighter examples of the newer life, of the newer solidarity, of the loftier aim and the more virile claim for the

things vital to life. If the Socialists realizes the oneness and the humanness of this new movement, then indeed is Socialism on the way to the conquest of the world.

A VOICE FROM THE FOG

By

J. EDWARD MORGAN

Jerry, that's me, far-famed son of toil,
Alive and alert, built up from the soil
To the scratch and the rule according to Hoyle.
Big-boned and strong-sinewed, thick-chested and long
In the reach, fore and aft, big-fisted and strong;
Hard-headed, sure-footed, long-winded—be damn!
Six foot in my socks! It's a man that I am!
I can push, I can pull, I can heave, I can haul,
A half ton of brick aint no bother a-tall;
Just show me the load and git out of my way,
I'll heave it or haul it or pack it all day.
Stand aside purty face with your airs and your style,
Watch Jerry, the lad from the Emerald Isle!
Heave, yo heave, yo—look out for your clothes!
Yo—heave—up she comes and over she goes.
I have toiled all my life and no man ever saw
Me break so much as a twig of your law.
And paid every week like a prince for my task
TWO DOLLARS A DAY! What more could you ask?
I work and I eat and I sleep and am dumb
And I get my reward in the Great Kingdom Come.

THESE DAYS IN AMERICAN JOURNALISM

BY

CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

THERE may be such things somewhere in this world as free government and free institutions without a free press, but I do not know how one can conceive of them. Certainly, so far in human experience, the right of free expression of opinion has been the absolute and indispensable foundation of all other rights. When free opinion has been threatened the whole structure of human liberty, reared so slowly and with so much sacrifice, has been shaken with it.

From this, I think, there will be no dissent by any person of whatsoever faith that has read any history or considered human affairs.

Whether free institutions are now held by the American people to be of vital importance to them is another question. Some persons of a cynical order of mind answer it promptly in the negative. If they are wrong, then the most stupendous fact now before the country is that in the main we no longer have anything that can be called a free press. Sometimes this assertion is made by those that only believe it. I happen to know it because I have sat on the inside of the machine and seen the strings at work that pull it, knowing perfectly well whither those strings led.

The daily newspapers of the United States may be divided into these classes:

1. Those that are owned outright by the public service corporations of the cities wherein they are published.

In one place the leading newspaper is owned by the street railroad company; in another by the electric light company; in a third by the gas company. These ownerships are always carefully concealed by the use of dummies, or still more effectually through the device of pretended loans. The public next to never knows anything about it; reading the news over the breakfast table the average man never suspects that it is news

prepared in the interest of the street railroad company, for instance. The editor is a man well-known in the community, a man of standing and character. Who shall perceive that he is a mere dummy and figure-head for franchise grabbers?

Few persons outside of the business have any conception of the extent of this kind of secret ownership. Yet it is a fact that in every considerable city in the United States the public service corporations either own outright or absolutely control at least one newspaper. Sometimes they have their grasp upon more than one, but one they always have; purchased perhaps when the original franchise was obtained by bribery from a corrupt city council, perhaps purchased since as schemes and conditions indicted the necessity for a local organ. But once bought they have in almost every case been retained. Hundreds of newspapers are so owned; if the public could have a list of them it would be provided with a sensation much greater than any newspaper is likely to furnish this year or the next.

When now you consider that the ownership of all these public utilities, traction, gas and electric light, all about the country, drifts steadily into the hands of one small group of financiers, and that this group sits in New York and dictates both street railroad and newspaper policies in cities two thousand miles away, you begin to grasp something of the abnormal and colossal power placed in these few hands.

And yet only a small part of it; because this is only the faintest beginning of their story.

2. Newspapers that are swayed and controlled through the business investments and connections of their owners.

This is a very subtle but powerful influence that we almost never suspect. Mr. Pulitzer, owner of the New York World, began life as an extreme and probably sin-

cere radical. When he was a reporter in St. Louis it was his favorite doctrine (which he preached with singular vehemence and tireless energy), that no man could possibly accumulate by honest means a great fortune; that necessarily the makers of millions were thieves; and he advocated a system by which no man should be allowed to possess more than \$25,000 of wealth. For some years in his newspapers he championed the cause of the people, fought on the side of labor, denounced plutocracy and showed daily and very forcibly the disasters it would bring upon the country.

All the time he was making money, and as he made it he invested it, and as he invested it his sympathies were drawn away from the people to the side of the exploiters. The transformation was one of the most interesting it has ever been my fortune to observe, and kept exact pace with Mr. Pulitzer's prosperity. Every dollar he put away became an influence for conservatism. He is now a very rich man and very conservative and his newspapers are the chief and ablest of all champions of existing conditions—the ablest and the meanest, the most adroit, persistent, tireless and unscrupulous.

Mr. Pulitzer, when I knew him, would have leaped upon and torn with his two hands anybody that offered to bribe him.

But all the time he was bribing himself. Now he is as completely and heartily in the camp of the public enemy as any kept newspaper prostitute in the land. With all the force of his ability he is fighting on the side that he was wont in the old days to attack—bribed by his own money.

There are others like him, but he happens to be the most conspicuous illustration. The thing is perfectly natural. More and more newspapers become purely commercial enterprises; they are conducted for profits and for nothing else. Well, what are you going to do with the profits? You can't dig holes in your cellar and bury them. Naturally you invest them in good sound lines of securities representing solid business. Yes. And all the good sound lines of business in the country are either owned or controlled or dominated by the one group of the Central Interests that control the government and prey upon the people. If you combat

them you combat your own investments. Want to do that? I think not.

You see the thing is both inevitable and irresistible. You can hardly find an investment in these days that has any promise of returns and will not bring you into contact and sympathy with the Central Interests. Therefore, it is either one thing or the other. If your newspaper makes money the profits sweep you into line, and if it doesn't then you are swept the same direction in the manner to be told next.

3. Newspapers that are financed by the Interests.

Every year newspaper publishing becomes more and more expensive. You may have noticed that in the last fifteen or twenty years very few daily newspapers have been started in our great cities. Although the population of those cities may have doubled or more the number of newspapers tends to decrease and not to increase. Well, here is the explanation for this singular fact. No one but a multi-millionaire can start a daily paper now and even a multi-millionaire cannot keep one afloat without the assistance of the money power. Take any newspaper in the dull months of summer. The receipts from advertising and sales fall far short of the expenses; the paper must go on, it cannot stop; it cannot materially curtail those daily expenses that tend constantly to become greater. To get through the slack season it must have accommodations, which means ready money; it can get those accommodations from but one source, for the Central Interests control the banks and the money supply. It is therefore thrown into their power; they have their clutch upon its very heart; conduct your newspaper upon safe, sane and conservative grounds or you get no money and go to the wall. The editorial gentlemen may rave and the public imagine a vain thing; in the business office, where the paper really lives, there is no hallucination about it and before long the whole establishment is sailing along on a course laid down by the Interests.

Just how this works in practice was shown recently in the case of Hampton's Magazine, in New York. It was warned not to publish an article attacking Mr. Morgan and the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad. It disregarded the

warning and went ahead with the article. Immediately afterward it found that it could not borrow a dollar at any bank in New York upon any security whatsoever. It was in reality prosperous and making a profit, but to navigate it must have accommodations; for these it must go to the banks; and after the word had been given out from headquarters there was not a bank in the country that would accept any of its paper no matter how endorsed nor how backed with unquestionable securities. The result was that the magazine could not go on and its owners were obliged to dispose of it. The explicit threat had been made to them that they would be ruined; this was the manner in which the threat was carried out. What a tremendous power is here! How absurd to speak of a free press when over the head of every publisher is held such a coercion! Print what we want you to print or down you go. The censorship in Russia was never more autocratic nor absolute. I have known cases where the presidents of banks have directly notified newspaper managers that they must not print certain lines of news if they expected to get any money at the banks, and the injunction has always been obeyed. There was nothing else to do; the bank had the whip hand over the newspapers just as the Central Interests had the whip hand over the bank.

Some of the newspapers are permanently financed and kept by the Central Interests; some are mortgaged, some are secretly owned. You must understand that a great many daily newspapers in this country are published at a loss; I suppose that taking the country this is true of a majority of them. Since the days of Jay Gould and C. P. Huntington it has been customary for the Interests to secure their control over some of these needy publications by practically assuming the annual loss. The curious may find exact information as to the manner of this in the celebrated Colton letters of C. P. Huntington, but persons on the inside of newspaper secrets will need no such revelation; the thing is too common.

Where this is not the plan the mortgage is a handy and useful disguise for the control that is the real object of the Interests. Two of the foremost daily newspapers of New York city are held

hard and fast by this secure tenure. One of them is the out and out, willing, zealous and faithful drudge of the Interests. It is a harlot and likes the business; it will sit for company all night and then go upon the street and joyously flaunt all the scarlet signs of its calling while it looks for more custom. The other is demure and practices its vocation under the guise of respectability. It favors all public reforms that do not interfere with the profits of its masters. It is strong for morality and all that sort of thing, including what is vaguely but conveniently known as good government. It sternly rebukes Tammany Hall and all the low-brows and rough-necks whenever it happens that these elements are not engaged in carrying an election for Mr. Ryan and the traction Interests. It is the professed champions of the "better classes" but all the time it is nothing but a harlot—kept through a mortgage.

There are more of these sheets scattered about the country than the uninitiated ever suspect. If you want to know who really owns the newspaper that with such avidity you peruse over your breakfast table and whose are the opinions that you daily imbibe therefrom you must look over the mortgage lists in your county. You would probably be much amazed if you could understand the purport of some of them.

4. The newspapers that are dominated through their advertising accounts.

This is the most potent influence of all, the commonest and the most constant. It is always present; no newspaper can possibly escape it. It supplements all the other influences; it works efficiently where the other influences have been evaded. It is always at work and everywhere. It is intangible, indomitable and irresistible, and it is steadily dragging the entire American press at the heels of the corporation chariot. Let the newspaper proprietor or editor be, in purpose and conviction, as independent as he will, this thing will get him at last. No resolution and no endeavor can avail against it, and its strength is not the strength of men's wills or minds but the strength of vast and uncontrollable evolutions and conditions.

With very few exceptions the American newspaper is manufactured at a loss. Its

sales price does not cover the cost of the white paper it is printed upon, to say nothing of press work, ink, rent, insurance, taxes, editorial labor and other items. Every copy is sold at a loss on the cost of manufacture, and the greater the circulation the greater the loss.

Therefore it is thrown wholly upon its advertising, not merely for its profits, if there are to be any, but for its existence from day to day. The necessity is sheer and absolutely imperative. Life and death are involved; it must have the advertising or it will cease to exist.

In these days the bulk of display advertising comes from the department stores.

The ownership of the department stores, like the ownership of the street railroads and of the other public utilities, is steadily narrowing. Year by year the process of evolution that brought the department store into being is unifying its ownership. Year by year the "chain" store stretches over the country, and always the chain comes eventually into the same hands.

Where the department store is not owned outright by the Central Interests it is strictly under their control. It likewise must have money; it likewise can get money from but the one source. When years ago the control of the money supply of this nation was allowed to pass into the hands of a small coterie of financiers there was erected a power greater than was ever swayed by any conqueror or emperor in the world's history. This coterie, now composed of the same identical men that control the railroad interests and most of the productive industry of the United States, can refuse money supplies to any department store that advertises in any newspaper inimical to their acts or profits. They not only can refuse it but innumerable times they have refused it until now the department stores have come to act instinctively as the Interests desire. They will not advertise in any newspapers except those that are good and go along with the game.

Whenever they put forth that power the newspaper involved has nothing to do but to surrender and make the best terms it can. The Interests have the strangle hold upon it.

This accounts for the dailies. As for

the weeklies, they are easily kept in line by their local banks and their local business men, who are also tied up to the banks.

So stands the circle complete. I do not overlook the small and diminishing number of good newspaper men that being in charge of journals see the sure drift of the times and strive conscientiously against it; men like Fremont Older of the San Francisco Bulletin and the managing editors of the Scripps combination. These men have respect for their profession; they revolt against its pollution. Yet even they can do next to nothing to stem the tide. The newspapers they guide are also more or less at the mercy of conditions; they too must have money and can get it only at the one source; they too must have advertising and can get it only from enterprises that are strung up to the Central Interests. Soon or late they must be driven down with the rest; not because of anybody's will or design but because conditions are so framed that nothing else is possible.

It was necessary first to get the methods of newspaper control clearly stated before we could come to the results of that control, which is the most important matter we have to consider here.

Every one of these kept and controlled newspapers has what is called its "news policy"—which means its attitude toward daily events and the scheme according to which its columns are colored.

If you ever heard of such a thing you probably thought it a merely technical device pertaining only to the newspaper office, a thing like a press or a counter. As a matter of fact the whole subject hinges here and nothing else about your newspaper is of so much importance to you.

Every day you are accustomed to read in your favorite journal elaborate reports purporting to be of current events. There is nothing to warn you, nothing to arouse your suspicions; you read that this event or that occurred yesterday; and as you read you get a certain impression of that event upon which you form your opinion.

You believe that impression to be created by the event. In ninety-nine cases in one hundred the impression is not created from any such source but by the

manner in which the event is described. You could read another account of it from another source and receive a totally different impression leading to quite another opinion. You seldom do read any other account; hence your mind is, as a matter of fact, completely at the mercy of the man that writes that one account, and he in turn is directed by the "news policy" of his journal, which is arranged to suit the exigencies of the business office, which must keep close to the advertisers, who are tied through the banks to the Central Interests. And by this declension, lo! the predatory forces that you probably fear and abhor and regard as your country's enemies are daily in direct and subtle contact with your mind and busily at work forming your opinions.

Or to put it in another way, attached to that reporter's pencil is a string that leads a thousand miles hither and thither but ends in the hands of men that have an object in creating a certain impression. Someone gives a pull on this string and the next day you are reading tainted news and never know it.

That is the "news policy." Usually it consists of a definite understanding in the newspaper office that reports of events are to be so handled that certain interests or persons shall not be offended. "We don't print anything that would give them the worst of it," said a city editor, referring to a piece of news about the Metropolitan Street Railroad that he had conscientiously suppressed. He said it in perfect good faith and with a kind of naïve astonishment that anybody should think the matter important. It was perfectly well known in his office that this course was to be steered; it was part of the "news policy"; it had always been part of that policy; long familiarity had made him regard it as not only reasonable but absolutely right. That was what his journal wanted and he was there to give it its desire; so he discharged a reporter that wrote something of a disagreeable nature about the traction thieves. His business was to protect them.

In precisely the same way it is the "news policy" of the papers of New York not to allow anything of an unpleasant nature to appear regarding banks or the

condition of business. You can no more get an accurate impression about the real condition of business from a New York paper than you can from one in Siam. It is part of the game to make everybody think that all is well in the markets, although, as a matter of fact, the bottom may be dropping out of everything. Consequently, the newspapers play the game. That is what is required of them by the Interests that hold the strings and exercise the American censorship.

The vast extent of this evil cannot be imagined by anyone that has not industriously followed it. Let me give one or two illustrations. They can afford no gauge of the practice but they may indicate its nature.

Most of the telegraphic and nine-tenths of the cabled news printed in American newspapers is furnished by an institution called the Associated Press. Its function is to gather news and send it in identical form to all the journals that belong to the association. Through it millions of readers can be reached every day with the same matter.

An engine of such almost inconceivable power for influencing public opinion would not be likely long to escape the attention of the Interests. They early in the game laid hands upon it and now it is conducted in part for the benefit and largely at the direction of Mr. Morgan and his associates.

It is held by the gentlemen exercising this control that there should not be printed anything that tends to show a spirit of revolt among the people anywhere, and it is also held to be desirable that the Catholic church should be upheld and strengthened. These are points in their own "news policy."

Now observe: The execution of Francesco Ferrer was as cold-blooded a judicial murder as ever occurred in this world. It was a pure piece of mediaevalism, a revival of the Spanish Inquisition, a savage cruelty without palliation. If it had happened in the sixteenth century we should shudder as we read of it in our Motley and abhorring the fiends capable of such an atrocity, give thanks that such times had passed away.

So long as it possibly could the Associated Press ignored the story. When it

could no longer suppress the news it sent out an account that was manifestly, and, to any one acquainted with the facts, grossly unfair to Ferrer. Its "news policy" was to give the best of it to royalty and the church.

This perverted and poisoned despatch was sent all about the country and read by millions, the vast majority of whom had no other knowledge of the affair.

It came to the office of one of the greatest and most famous of New York dailies which also had a "news policy" covering such things. And someone in that office took that despatch and injected into it about five or six sentences of pure venom, and when that was done no one unfamiliar with the facts could read the story without feeling that the execution was a just and proper thing and the earth was rid of a dreadful beast when Ferrer was put to death.

The result of these perversions was to create such a false impression about the matter that there never was any adequate protest from America against an outrage that stirred all the rest of the world to indignant outcries.

Here was a case where deliberately tainted news gave to practically an entire people a false impression that no amount of protest has ever been able to remove. Is not this a tremendous power? Where in the history of the world has there existed its like? What compared to this was the power of Napoleon at the height of his glory? What empire that ever was erected in this world was the equal of the empire over the minds, thoughts, opinions and actions of the hundreds of millions of Christendom?

This is an illustration from international affairs. If you wish another you need only refer to the well-known case of the Boer war, wherein a great and powerful nation was allowed to suppress a small and weak country for the sole benefit of certain mine owners and stock speculators and the world submitted to the infamy because it was persistently and successfully lied to about the nature and origin of the trouble. Perhaps you believe that enlightened opinion is the true safeguard against war and the true protection of the weak against the strong. Then let me tell you that if you will consider well of the history of the Boer war

you will perceive that the men that sway this colossal power of tainting the world's news are able to make war at any time in any part of the world, and are able to distort and misrepresent the facts that they can make you too believe in a war and shout for it. What a power is this to lie in the hands of men whose only concern in humanity is to prey upon it!

Let me show you next a case more recent and nearer home. On the 25th of last January occurred the most deplorable tragedy that removed the brightest of young American novelists, David Graham Phillips. It was the work of a madman; of that there is no more doubt than there is of the revolution of the earth; without fault on poor Phillips' part and without origin in anybody's belief or doctrine, a lunatic's reasonless deed and nothing else. It is part of the "news policy" of one of the New York newspapers to give the Socialists and Socialism what is known as "the worst of it" upon every possible occasion. This newspaper got up a wild-eyed story, without foundation in any fact, that Phillips had been murdered by a Socialist because he had declined to ally himself with the Socialist cause. Its attention was called to this most bare faced and preposterous fake; it persistently refused to correct it. So in the minds of its readers the story stands today, and so strong are first impressions that from the average mind among those readers it would be found almost impossible to dislodge the belief. Socialism got "the worst of it," for such was the "news policy" of the paper. But how many of the readers thereof will ever suspect that every day they are being stuffed with similar lies as the result of the "policy?"

It is the deliberate manufacture of what goes for news that does the harm. Nobody is influenced now by editorials. There used to be such an influence in the days of "old Greeley" and "old Raymond" but now that is all dead and gone. What influences the American people today is the news column; they make up their minds from what they regard as events. If these events are described to them in a way that practically compels them to come to a certain conclusion and that conclusion is for the benefit of the gentlemen that profit from existing con-

ditions, how tremendous is the task of ever dislodging this gang!

Two years ago we were holding the first national conference in behalf of the negro. One of the New York newspapers had a "news policy" inimical to the purpose of the conference. It put into the mouth of one of the speakers, Bishop Walters, a remark that he never dreamed of making and could not possibly make, a disgusting and revolting remark, that could not fail to prejudice the mind of any reader against any conference that would listen in silence to such a thing. An indignant protest was sent to the editor of the journal that perpetrated this infamy, with a demand for a correction. He never printed the letter, nor acknowledged it in any way, nor did his paper ever afford us the shadow of a correction. Its "news policy" was to give the worst of it to any such conference, and it proceeded to follow its policy by manufacturing remarks and putting them into the mouths of speakers. We were two years recovering from the injury wrought by that one simple fake.

There is no cause that cannot similarly be disgraced and defeated. Imagine then what show any cause will have that threatens the supremacy of the Interests by whom all these newspapers are absolutely controlled! It is no longer wonderful that the American people submit to the tyranny of their corporations. The wonder is that any persons are aware of the facts and prepared to make revolt.

Because such adept work in the use of poisons as I have indicated in these few examples is going on all the time. There is no item that you read in any copy of any newspaper conducted for profits that may not be similarly dosed and for similar results upon your minds. Howsoever innocent it may appear, how much a matter of routine, how plain or how ordinary, make no difference. The simplest item is probably cooked in accordance with the recipes of the "news policy" for the purpose of protecting some Interest or furthering some game. Of all this you would have ample and visible proof if by any chance you could get hold of one of the lists of things forbidden that is now a part of the outfit of every metropolitan

newspaper office; persons, corporations, enterprises and movement that are not to be mentioned, schemes and men that are to be boosted at every opportunity. If you could see one of these you would understand how difficult and intricate has become the work of steering by the "news policy" and how important to the gentlemen that hold the ends of the strings.

By this time I think all the old glamor and romance must be out of this business. There is no longer an idea of getting news for public consumption, of serving a constituency, of giving to readers the truthful and accurate picture of a veritable event. The romance is all gone. What is left is nothing but the sordid manufacture of something for profits. The newspaper is the most thoroughly commercial of modern enterprises. It exists for the balance sheet and for no other purpose. It manufactures a certain product. To get rid of that product and make money therefrom it must shape the product to suite the taste of the gentlemen that control the advertising and hold the money bag. Consequently it is so shaped regardless of facts or warrant.

What then is the average man to do about his newspaper reading if he does not really care to be forever fooled and misled and lied to?

To this question I know of but two answers. He can keep on reading the profit mongering press, bearing himself constantly on his guard and disbelieving all he reads; or he can restrict his newspaper reading to journals like the Socialist dailies that are published for other purposes than to make money. In the former case he will be obliged to say to himself a hundred times a day, "I don't know whether there is any truth in this or not, and I shall not allow myself to accept it nor to form any opinion upon it." In the latter case his reading will be somewhat small in amount if good in quality. But in that latter case he can also comfort himself that what he is missing is something of not the slightest value to him. For how shall it profit a man to regale himself daily with the trivialities and scandals with which the kept press seasons the service it renders to the men that pay its board?



NEW ZEALAND WORKERS.

REFORM LEGISLATION IN NEW ZEALAND

BY
A. CRAWFORD

Editor of The Voice of Labor, British South Africa.

NEW ZEALAND reform legislation has attracted the attention of the whole civilized world. I don't know why.

Many badly informed persons think that New Zealand has a Socialist government or something akin to it. If that is so, I don't want Socialist government.

The reform legislation of New Zealand is a gigantic fraud—the most gigantic fraud ever perpetrated upon the American working class. It is time some one told the truth about it.

Some day I may write the necessary volumes myself, but to economize on my own time and the REVIEW's valuable space, I will tell a little part of the truth.

No reform exists in New Zealand that did not first exist and prove to be quite "safe" in a European country.

In other words, New Zealand has a Department of Labor which watches the experiments of other countries in social reforms and adopts those calculated to have a soporific effect upon the working class.

Mr. Edward Tregear has been at the head of this department since its inception twenty years ago. He is a declared Socialist who thinks that a raid might surreptitiously be made upon the fortresses of capital.

After twenty years trying he can only point to what reform legislation has done for employers and how new industries have been encouraged to operate in New Zealand.

A few months ago, on the eve of his retirement, Mr. Tregear informed me that he had not secured one-hundredth part of what he had attempted in the way of im-



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proved conditions of labor. He meant that ALL he had attempted in the working class interest had been turned down. After twenty years!

In his last annual report (19th), Mr. Tregear says *inter alia*: "The latest developments in connection with the conduct of labor exchanges in other countries are being closely watched in order to apply them here in New Zealand if considered feasible," which proves out of Mr. Tregear's own lips what I say of him and his department.

New Zealand has no eight-hour law, although everybody thinks so. There is, however, a provision in the Mining Act, which compels employers to pay overtime to miners who work more than eight hours in any one day.

If you have been twenty-five years in the country, never been to jail, are over sixty-five years of age and are considered to have led the life of a "sober and respectable" person, you may (there being other disqualifying conditions) become entitled to a pension, ranging from the smallest sum to an amount not exceeding two and a half dollars per week.

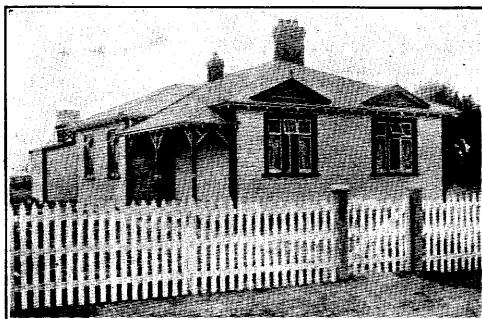
If you have made up your mind to qualify for that pension you are the sort of person who can risk a loan from the government to build a home. You must be able to put down fifty dollars for a start, otherwise you are not fit to be helped. A suitable piece of land will be found something more than a convenient distance from your job and the nearest town.

In a recent government report on workmen's dwellings it is stated that workers cannot be got to rent the houses built for rent by the government at Petone, near Wellington. The reason given is that the houses are too far out of town.

You can then borrow money from the government at interest slightly below that of the private money lender.

In thirty years' time you will have paid for your house thrice over or more; once on account of the principal and twice on account of the interest to London and continental money lenders, through their agents and tools—the New Zealand government.

Of course, in these thirty years, you

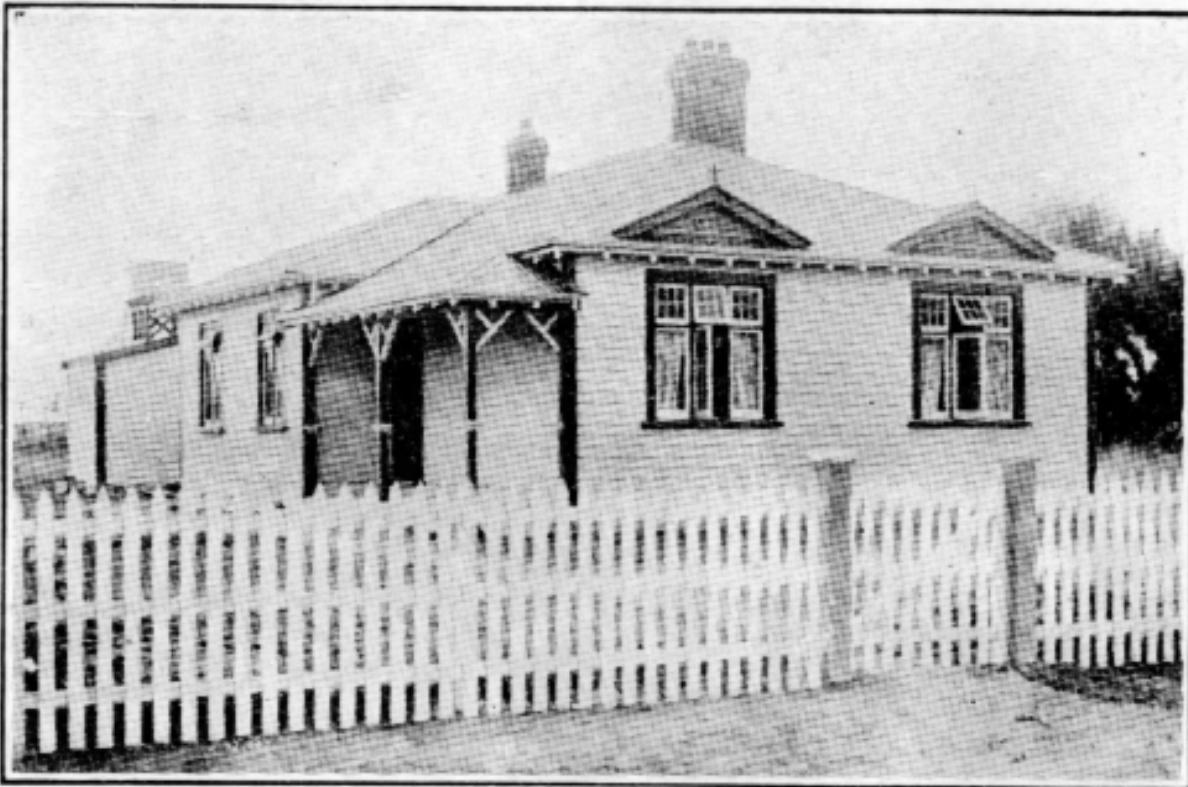


WORKMEN'S DWELLINGS—OWNED BY GOVERNMENT.

have survived four crises. As there are only four towns in New Zealand with populations over 15,000 and none with populations over 100,000, and as these are distant from each other, you will have lived the life of a meek and humble wage slave. When you have been compelled to respectfully ask your boss the reason for some little reduction in your spending wage and he tells you that cheap money from the government has brought down rents and therefore made living cheaper; that, therefore, competition compels him to do to you as other do to him—when you hear his little lecture on economics, you will become learned and go away in peace, otherwise you will be "canned" and compelled to go to distant towns to seek a job. Not being able to take your house with you, you would then have to sell the portion of it, if any, still owned by you. Then you would learn that what you pay for a suburban home and what you get on sale for one are distressingly different things.

Some miles north of Christchurch, New Zealand, flows the Wainakariri river. Walking along its banks one day I hit upon an encampment of pensioned citizens. Here were poor old fellows who had given their lives that forest lands might become transformed into pastures green, that railways might make life possible in the interior they had tunneled mountains, bridged chasms and formed embankments.

These weekly pensions of two and a half dollars are wisely spent and scientifically proportioned, from a capitalist point of view. Less would not have rid the town of the hateful beggar so dis-



WORKMEN'S DWELLINGS—OWNED BY
GOVERNMENT.

turbing to bourgeois conscience. More would have brought the old pioneers to town to live. On the sum they receive they buy provisions and take them to their homes on the river bank, where they wait for death patiently, having nothing else to do.

I have been in homes, too, where strong men wept to think they had been so foolish as to sell their manhood for a slave pen. Here was a place they could not leave—a prison, not a home. He had a boss he could not answer; he was a slave. James A. Patten, the millionaire "hold-up," was right when he wrote:

"My advice to the young man would be, 'Never buy and own your own home—that is, unless you have a fortune. It is a luxury that ties up many bright and energetic young men.'"

That workingmen's homes, old-age pensions, insurance schemes, etc., under capitalism, have a soporific effect on workingmen is painfully obvious in the tameness with which New Zealand workers submit to capitalist exploitation. A land without strikes forsooth! There can be no strikes without strikers, and no strikers without spines. And reform legislation is not calculated to develop spines.

But the greatest reforms in New Zealand are found in matters governing the relations of workingmen and their masters. New Zealand legislators have staked their reputations on this measure and assert that no class war need exist. Let us inquire into the truth of this.

The industrial conciliation or arbitration act, the product of the fertile brain of the Hon. W. P. Reeves, late High Commissioner for New Zealand in London, was passed in 1894.

It was amended in 1895.

It was amended again in 1896.

It was amended again in 1898.

It was consolidated in 1900.

It was amended in 1901.

It was amended again in 1902.

It was amended again in 1903.

It was amended again in 1904.

It was compiled in 1905.

It was again amended in 1905.

It was again amended in 1906.

It was consolidated in 1908.

It was again amended in 1908.

It is found to be still unworkable in its present form and is again to be amended.

The constant prayer of the capitalist politician in New Zealand is "For ever and ever amen(d)"—Capitalism, of course!

So it is with all reforms. In the mouths of politicians they are a cure for all social ills. As laws on the statute book they are the CAUSE of all social ills.

The workers' representative on the New Zealand arbitration court is a reformer. I asked him in January last what he thought of his arbitration law.

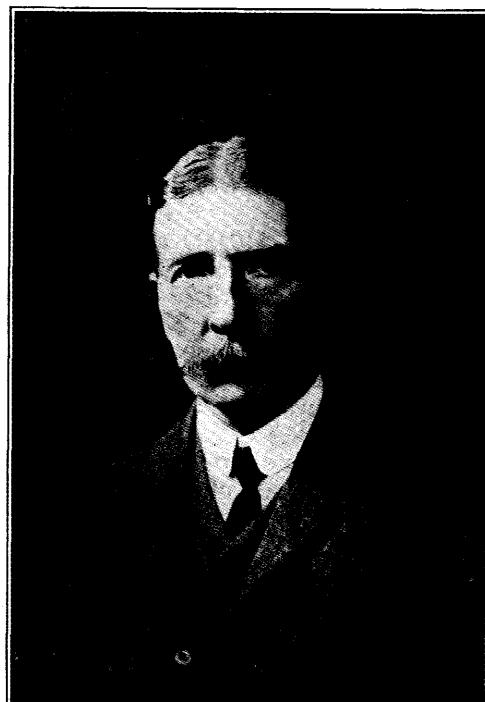
"It's all right," said he, "but it wants reforming."

I got the same answer from the officials in charge of the Labor Department.

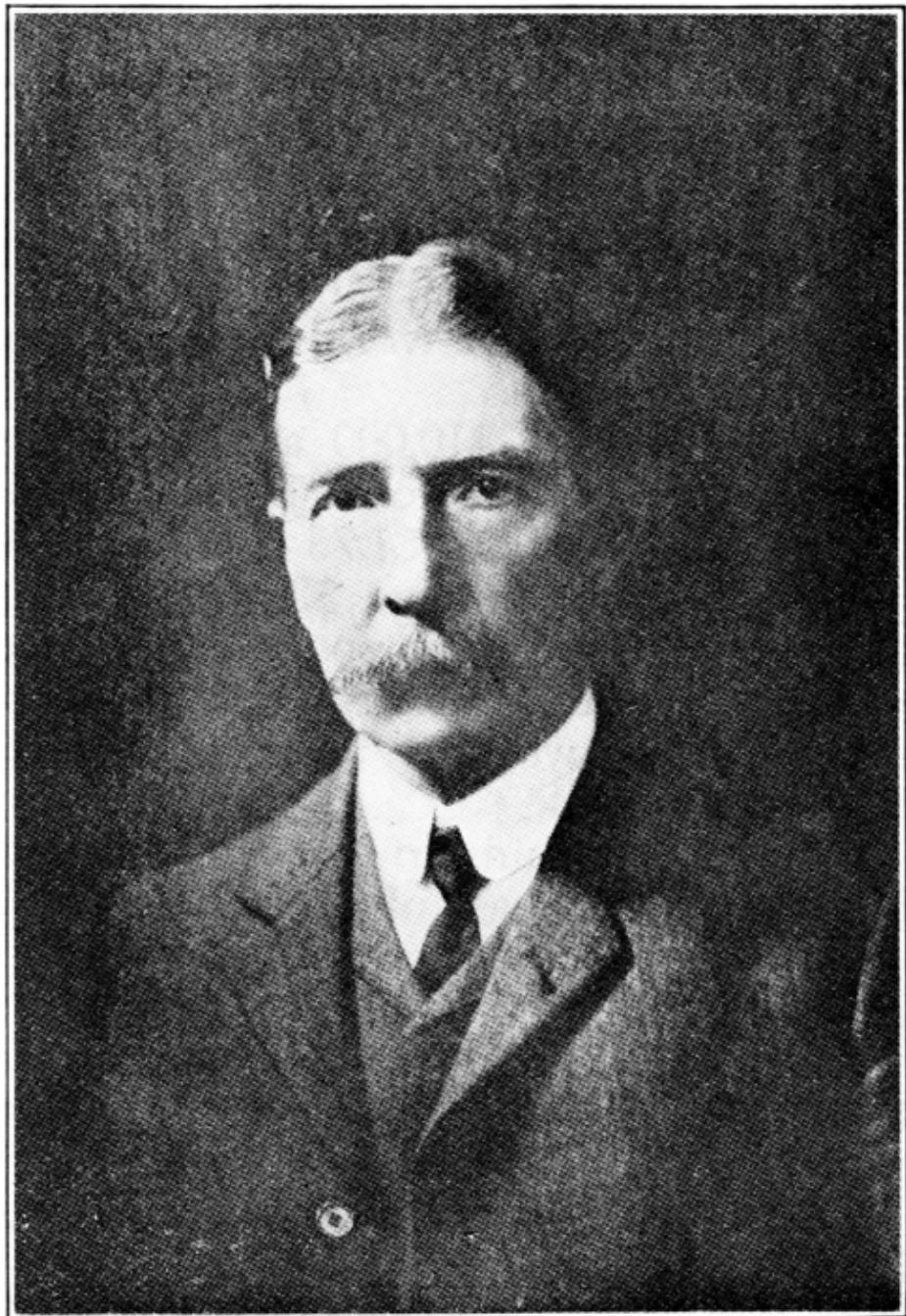
The next reform you see will reform the reform of 1908, which reformed the law of 1908, which consolidated previous reforms and reformed the reform of 1906, which reformed the reform of 1905, which reformed the compiled laws of 1905, which —— HUMBUG!

All reforms are humbug!

* * * * *



EDWARD TREGEAR.



EDWARD TREGEAR.

There are 428 "Industrial Unions" in New Zealand, of which 120 are Employers' and 308 Employees'. There "industrial unions" is defined by law as "societies consisting of three or more EMPLOYERS or of fifteen or more workers."

Industrial unions, to take advantage of the Arbitration Court, must register, and before they can register their rules must satisfy the "Registrar."

The demands of the registrar have become so exacting that the government has found it necessary to issue a printed set of "Model Rules" and instructions on "How to register unions and associations under the Industrial Conciliation and Arbitration Acts."

The words, sentences and paragraphs in the model rules which are underlined MUST be inserted.

A suggested object and an indication of the spirit of the rules is "to establish good feelings between employers and employed."

There isn't much chance of a REAL Industrial Union being registered.

The "Arbitration" court consists of a judge invested with the powers and status of a judge of the supreme court, sitting with two members, one appointed on the recommendation of the employers' unions and one on that of the workers' unions."

The appointment is for three years at an annual salary of \$2,500 and \$1,500 expenses. This lifts a workingman out of his class at a jump.

The judge gets \$10,000 a year to decide whether or not John Jones and his family can live on \$1.75 per day or whether he should have \$2. Not being able to judge from personal experience, the judge judges thusly: (If I have not used the exact words I make no mistake about the principle.)

John Jones stands in the witness box. He claims on behalf of himself and fellow unionists that he cannot live on \$1.75 and wants \$2.

Says the Judge to the horny-handed John: "Are you a married man, Mr. Smith?"

"Yes, your honor," comes the meek reply.

"Wife alive?"

"Yes, your honor."

"How many children have you?"

"Three, your honor."

"How many potatoes do you eat per day?"

"Two, your honor."

"And your wife?"

"Two too, your honor."

"Tu tu, what do you mean? Oh, I see, t-w-o t-o-o?"

"Yes, your honor."

"And the children?"

"Three, your honor."

"I know you have three children, but what I want to know is—how many potatoes do they eat? Remember you are on your oath."

"Three, your honor."

"Oh, I see," etc., etc., the same process with other commodities.

Mr. Shortweight the grocer is specially subpoenaed and stands before the judge.

"What is the price of potatoes?" Mr. Shortweight?" asks the Judge with a gracious smile.

"Tuppence a pound, sir," says Shortweight.

"And sugar?"

"Tuppence ha' penny, sir."

And so on, the butcher and all necessary expert evidence being called, the judge finally striking a careful average weight per potato, etc., average number used per day and multiplying the number of pounds by the price per pound, adding the total values of all commodities necessary to a workingman and his family, he declares certain wages and conditions of employment.

Judge Higgins of the Victorian Arbitration Court, Australia, said only a few weeks ago:

"One dollar and seventy-five cents will enable a man to maintain a wife and five children in comfort and tide over periods of sickness, provide educational facilities and make some provision for old age."

Judge Higgins only gets \$15,000 a year, or \$50 per day. Of course he ought to know.

* * * * *

Arbitration is a farce. Sometimes I think a tragedy. A worker goes to the arbitration court to learn his status as a slave.

A man who dines at fashionable hotels

decides that the worker should dine at a cheap eating house.

One man who lives in a palace allots a hovel to his fellow worm.

He who rides an automobile says, "Let that man walk."

He whose wife dons silks and satins decides that Mrs. Jones shall wear cheap print.

His little children have a well supplied nursery; the worker's children are allocated to a mud-hole.

And the workers stand for this!

In making awards the Judge may lay down a minimum rate of wage, but with it he gives permission to masters to employ one underpaid man in every three.

A worker may apply to the court for a certificate of inefficiency to enable him to work for wages below the minimum.

The Judge may stipulate that Unionists should get preference of employment and fine employers who do not give a union man the job if he can perform the work as well as a non-union man.

As a result everybody joins the Union—even the scabs.

In return for a preference award the Union can't refuse to admit a respectable person. The Wellington Cooks and Waiters had a preference award and prosecuted an employer who had a Chinaman in his employ not in the Union. When asked if they would accept the Chinaman as a member, the Union said "No." The preference clause under these circumstances was inoperative.

The Judge can fix entrance fee and week's subscription payable into the Union and seldom allows a Union to charge more than \$1.25 entrance fee and 50c per month subscription.

Union secretaries give out the jobs, but a Union is not a job trust because it can't keep other workers out of the Unions. It can neither raise the entrance fee against them nor refuse to accept them as members. Some workers belong to as many as four Unions at a time for the sake—not of Unionism, but of jobs.

In Australia it is quite common for employers to indicate the nuisance jobless workers are to him. Notices are posted requesting men looking for work "Not to loiter about the place." The New Zealand employer has solved this by ordering his "hands" from the Union secretary.

Says Mr. Tregebar in his report: "By the awards of the Arbitration Court, many unions have been granted certain conditions, and this has resulted in making some union offices veritable labor exchanges." The report goes on to say that the Government cannot organize a labor exchange because "some of the Union officials prefer to do this work themselves."

I have walked through a New Zealand town with a Union secretary, upon whom dozens of workless workers would fix their wistful eyes. "Come to my office at four," he would say to one. "See me on Monday" to another and, conscious of his power, he strutted around like a "duke."

And the workers of New Zealand tolerate this!

Where opportunity offers, however, they flee from it. Here are some recent statistics taken from the New Zealand Government Gazette of January 20, 1911:

During 1910, 35,769 persons arrived in New Zealand and 32,361 departed, an excess in favor of arrivals of 3,408.

Of these 9,367 persons arrived from England and 2,509 departed for England—an excess from England of 6,858.

From Australia 24,502 persons arrived in New Zealand and the departures thereto numbered 27,100—an excess to Australia of 2,598.

Two thousand seven hundred and fifty-two persons went to other countries and 1,900 came from other countries—an excess to other countries of 852.

So you see, this very "Socialistic" land entices the workers from England in thousands and a proportion escapes to other lands.

A working man can get out to Australia for \$30 upwards and a woman for half that, but it costs them \$75 to escape to the nearest "other" country.

Everything is done to attract the cheap English workers in their thousands and keep them in the islands of the Antipodes.

New Zealand has taken recently to importing boys to substitute adult labor on farms!

Some poor devils think even Hell is better and go there; especially is this so in the English winter.

What I have said is nothing to what can be said of the baneful influence on the world of so-called New Zealand "palliatives," but surely I have said enough.



Photos by Courtesy of Marshall Field & Co.

WORMS HATCHING FROM MOTH EGGS.

THE BUSY SILK WORM

BY
MARY E. MARCY

(Data supplied by the Corticelli Silk Mills)

THE wonderful insect that makes silk is the larva of the mulberry silk-moth of China, commonly called the silk worm. First reared in China, it is now extensively cultivated in China, Japan, Italy, France, Spain and other European countries. Owing to the higher price of labor power in the United States, capitalists cannot here compete with these countries in the production of raw silk. They go "abroad."

The silk industry originated in China and, according to historians, has existed there from a very remote period. The Empress, known as the Lady Si-ling, encouraged the cultivation of the mulberry tree, the rearing of silk worms and the reeling of silk as early as 2640 B. C. She

is said to have devoted herself to the care of silk worms and the Chinese credit her with the invention of the loom.

For many years the Chinese guarded the secrets of their art with vigilant jealousy. No one, under pain of death, was allowed to export the silk worm from China. The Emperor Aurelian is said to have refused his empress a silken robe on the ground of its great costliness. Silk was worth its weight in gold.

According to a tradition, the eggs of the silk moth and the seed of the mulberry tree were first carried to India by a Chinese princess concealed in the lining of her head dress.

The silk-moth, so important in the field of manufacture, exists in four states—



Photos by Courtesy of Marshall Field & Co.

WORMS HATCHING FROM MOTH EGGS.

egg, larva, chrysalis and adult. From the eggs of the moth the tiny worms scarcely an eighth of an inch in length, gnaw their way out.

Small, tender mulberry leaves are fed, the young worm simply piercing and sucking the sap. Soon the worms become large enough to eat the leaves themselves. Their jaws move sidewise and silk culturist report that several thousand worms eating make a noise like falling rain.

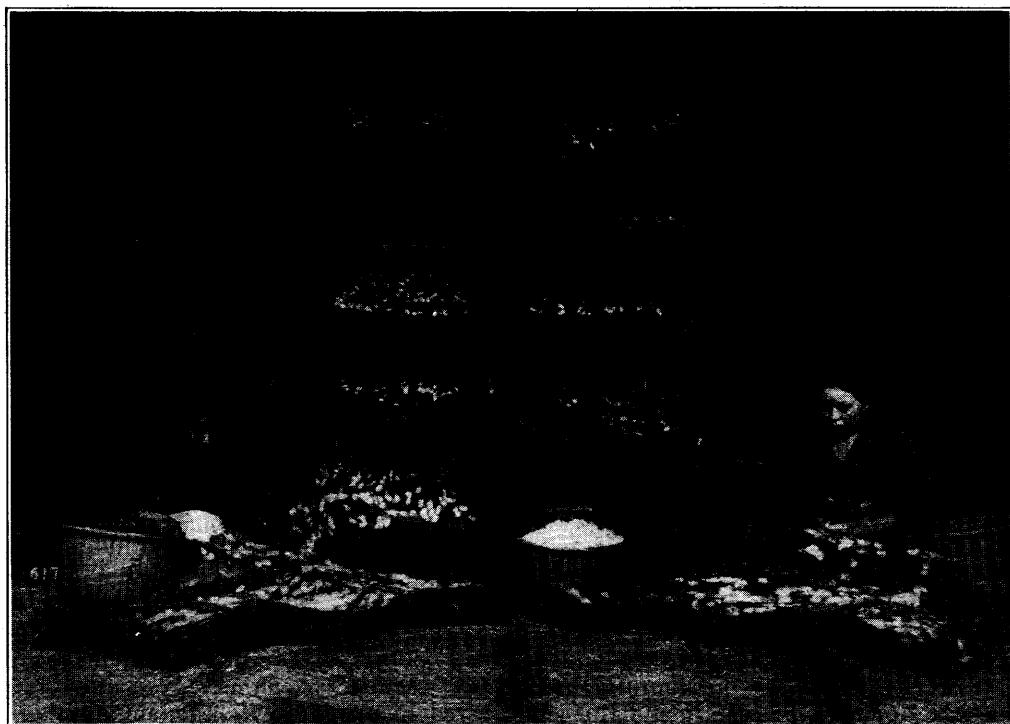
Women or girls keep the worms on trays of matting placed on racks. The leaves are placed beside the worms. The worms breathe through spiracles, small holes down each side of the body. They have no eyes but are very sensitive to jarring. The rapid growth of silk worms is marvelous. During the few days prior to its spinning, the worm often grows from one and one-fourth to two inches in length. At all ages the silk worm secretes silk to protect itself from injury. When in danger of falling it instantly fastens a silken thread to whatever it may be standing upon. In case of accident, the worm uses this thread, which is strong enough

to sustain its weight, as a ladder to go either up or down. In ascending the thread is wound around its forelegs to shorten it. The thread is always strong enough to sustain the worm.

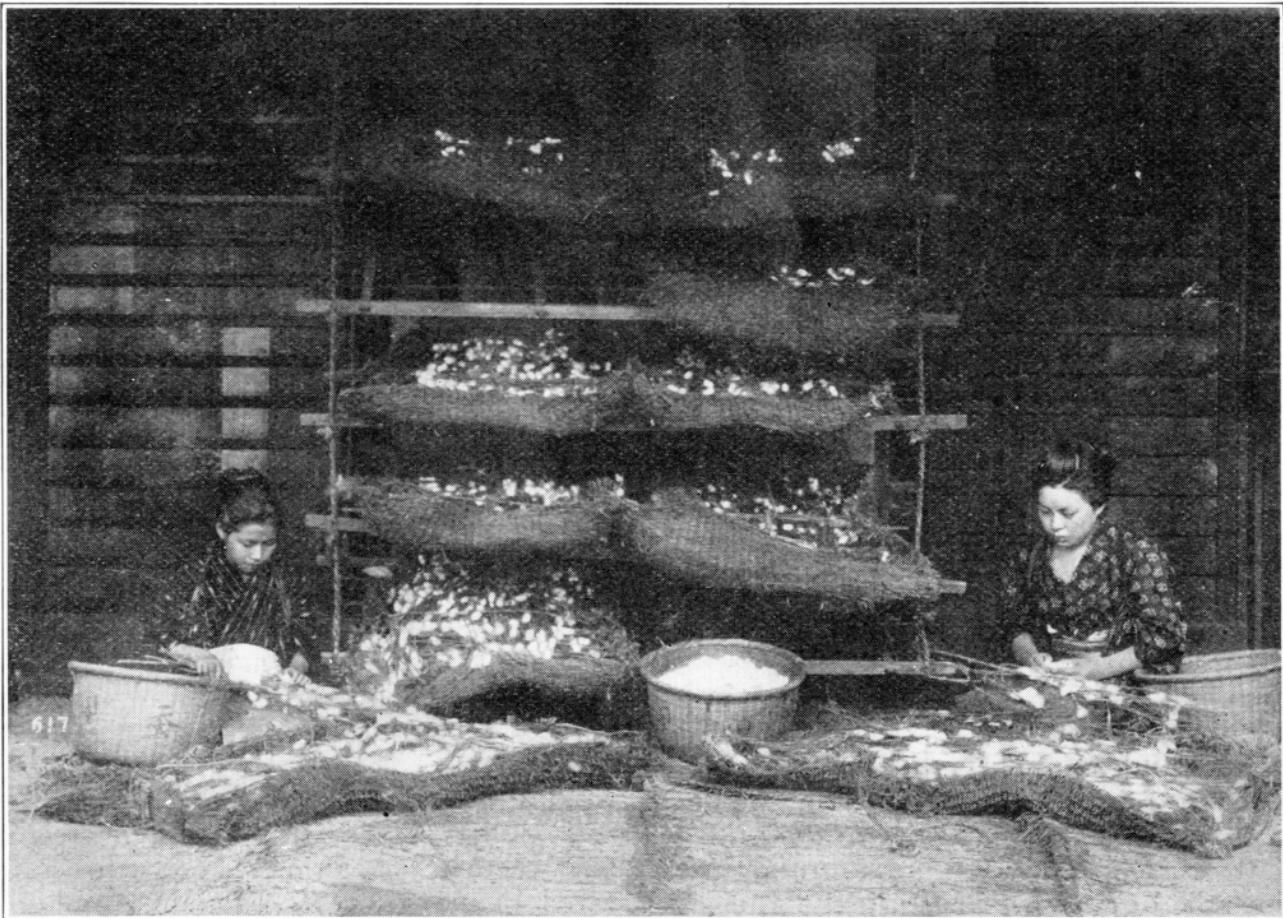
Upon attaining its full growth, the worm is ready to spin its cocoon. It seeks a quiet corner and moves its head from side to side to find an object to which it may attach its guy lines, within which to build its cocoon. The worm works incessantly, forcing the silk out by the contraction of its body.

The cocoon is tough, strong and compact, composed of a firm, continuous thread. When the worm first begins spinning its work is very rapid. From nine to twelve inches of silk flow from it every minute.

Soon the ten prolegs of the worm disappear and the four wings of the future moth are folded over the breast together with six legs and two feelers. With no jaws, and confined within the narrow space of the cocoon, the moth has difficulty in escaping. After two or three weeks the shell of the chrysalis bursts and the moth ejects against the end of the



TAKING COCOONS FROM MULBERRY BRANCHES.



TAKING COCOONS FROM MULBERRY BRANCHES.

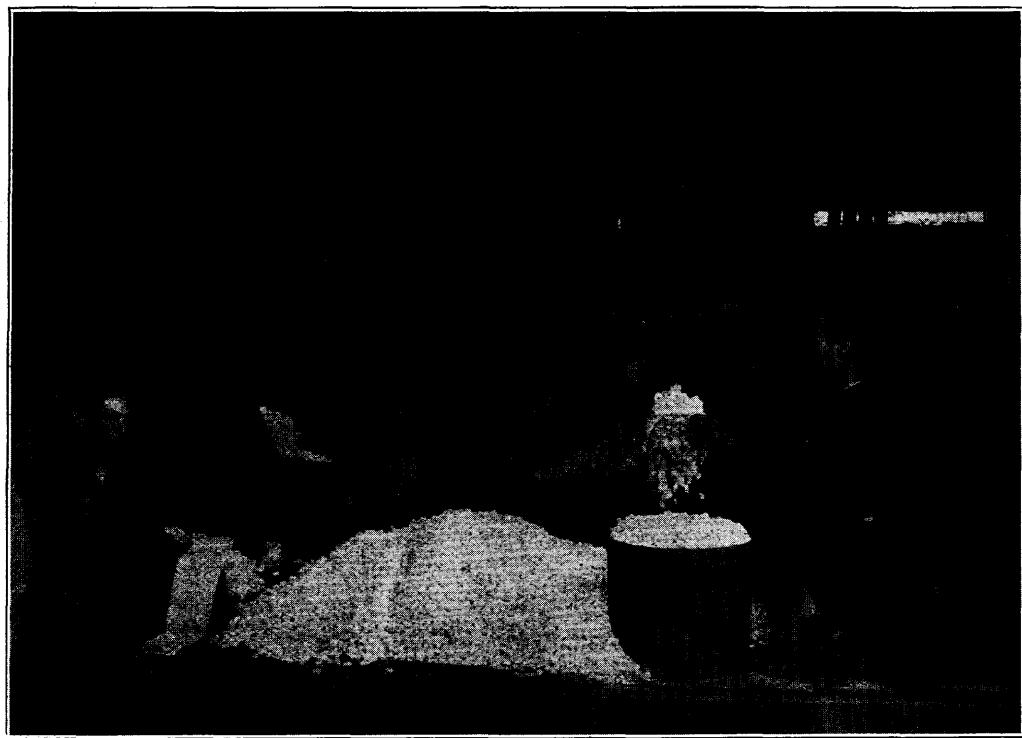
cocoon a strongly alkaline liquid which moistens and dissolves the hard gummy lining. Pushing aside the silken threads, sometimes breaking them, the moth emerges. But the escape of the moth breaks so many threads that the cocoons are spoiled for reeling, so that when the moths are not intended for seed the cocoons are placed in a steam heater to stifle the chrysalis. Then the silk may be reeled at any time.

The moths have no mouths but they do have eyes. From the time the silk worm

twig and plunges the cocoon into warm water. The end of the silk thread is then found and the cocoon carefully unwound.

The threads of four or more cocoons are gathered together, according to the size thread wanted. These are twisted around each other either by foot or machine power.

Imported raw silk comes in skeins of from one to several ounces, packed into bundles called "books." In China and Japan the books are usually sold in bales varying from 100 to 160 pounds.



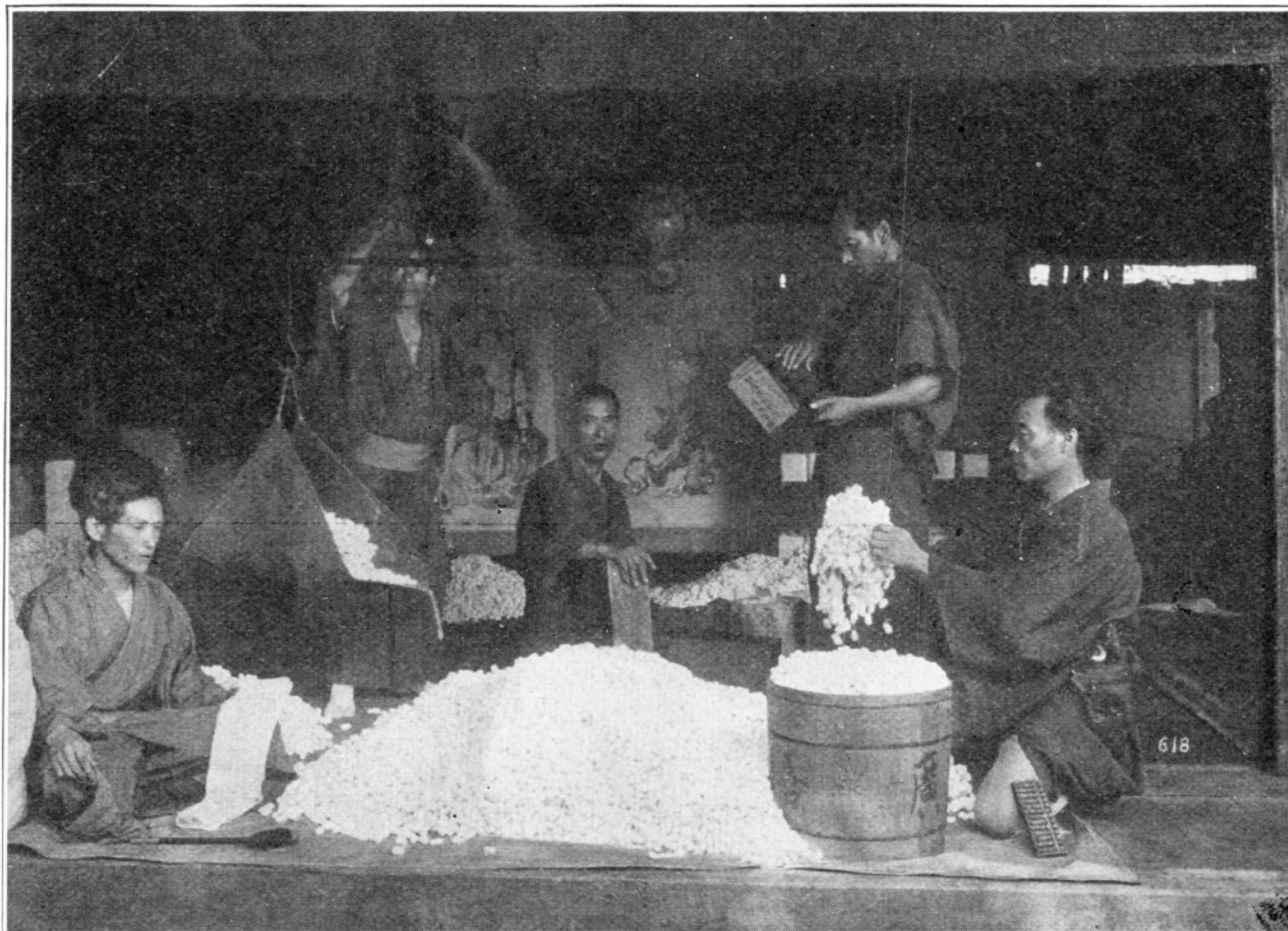
SELLING COCOONS.

begins to spin the cocoon till the moth emerges and reproduces itself in the shape of eggs, the insect eats nothing. Soon after mating the eggs are laid. The moth lays from three to four hundred eggs. It would take thirty thousand of these eggs to weigh one ounce. It takes from twenty-five hundred to three thousand cocoons to make a pound of reeled silk.

Silk is nearly always sent to the United States reeled, ready for the manufacturer. The silk operator brushes aside the silk threads that fasten the cocoon to the

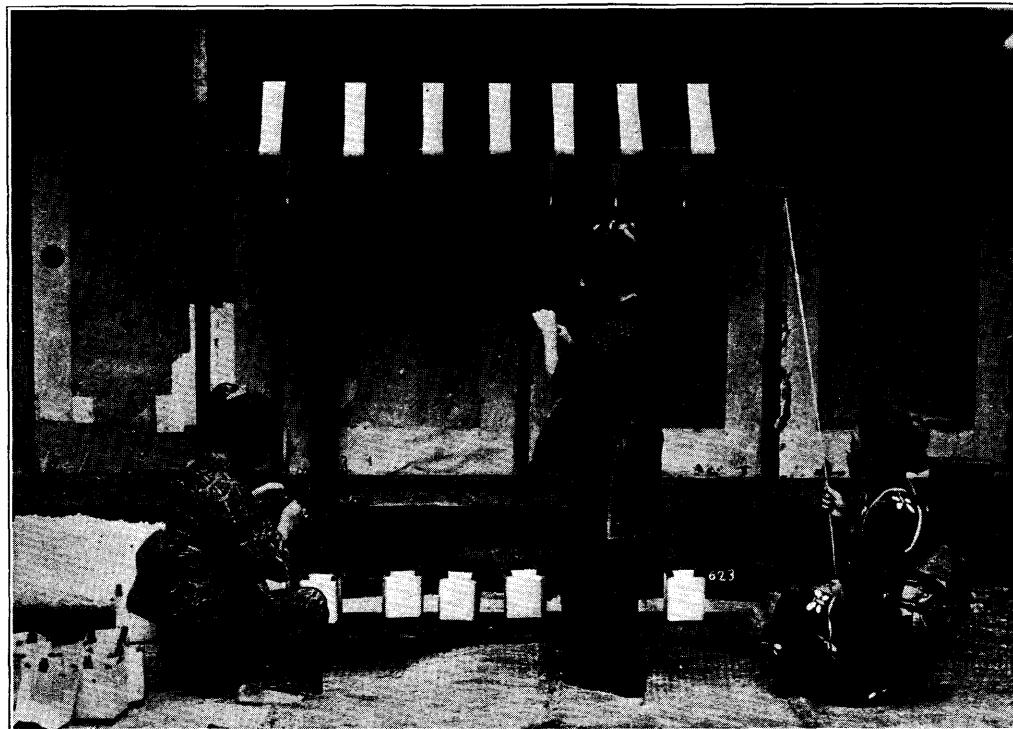
It is a fact rarely known that silk is the strongest fibre known to science, as well as the only fibre proof against decay. Cotton will soon mildew and rot away, while silk is in its element when wet and may even be soaked in water without impairing its strength.

Sericulture is interested in rearing silk worms under artificial or what we might call domestic conditions, their feeding and securing cocoons. It is also interested in maturing a sufficient number of moths to supply eggs for the cultivation



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SELLING COCOONS.



REELING RAW SILK FROM COCOONS.



REELING RAW SILK FROM COCOONS.

of the following year. Under domestication the eggs of the silk worm are hatched out by artificial heat when the mulberry leaves are ready for feeding the larvae.

The Bacological Institute of Trent (Austrian Tyrol) was founded for the purpose of making Tyrolese silk culturists independent of imported "seed" or silk worm eggs. The production of some eggs of good breeds is most important.

This institute keeps about 25,000 ounces of eggs through the winter in cold storage in a current of dry air. In April the eggs are shipped to domestic and foreign purchasers to whom they are sold. Each ounce of eggs yields about 160 pounds of cocoons of a very high quality.

When the cocoons are received at the institute, the female cocoons are separated from the males and all cocoons of abnormal appearance are rejected. A few co-

coons are brought rapidly to maturity in incubators heated to about 90 degrees F. and the consignment is not accepted unless healthy moths emerge from the sample cocoons. The cocoons are then placed singly in compartments or boxes and allowed to develop normally.

At the season when the moths emerge, 300 women are employed day and night in imprisoning the moths in cells of gauze or waxed paper which are mounted on frames and suspended from the ceiling. The imprisoned moths die after they have laid their eggs. The cells are then opened and the dead moths examined under the microscope.

The eggs produced by the healthy moths are collected from the cells, washed and spread out to dry on frames covered linen. These are used for future seed.

WANTED: THE NECESSITIES OF LIFE

By WILLIAM THURSTON BROWN

IF THE evolution of society should sometime cease to be, as now, a blind process and come under the control of a rational idea, what would that idea be? Would it not be this: That the only thing which can make it worth while for human beings to be born or to grow up lies in the freedom and expression of individuality, the sense of a personal creative function for every human being? Not the Rooseveltian ideal of a vast multiplication of human animals to become mere beasts of burden for a few to ride; not the subordination of the individual to the mass or to the coercive powers of any kind of government, but the frank subordination of all other things to the free and full expression of the individual life—this alone can justify any form of human association, or even make the world worth while.

There can be no difference of opinion as to the fact that the worth or even the significance of any nation or group of human beings, of any age or period in history, is to be measured not by its machinery, its inventions, its conveniences, its books or buildings or cities or any such thing, but solely by the freedom and

power and personality of its people.

If a beginning is to be made of abandoning the process of blind and unthinking evolution, such a beginning will take place in the sphere of ideas, of thought, reflection, will, where alone it can take place.

We are slowly making the discovery that there can be no such thing as education *unless, as a result, human beings discover their place and function in this evolving world*—unless, in other words, they are able to express their own personality. The so-called education afforded in the public schools is woefully defective in this supreme function. At its best, it merely fits boys and girls to become unthinking parts of an industrial system in which they have no voice or control. It teaches nothing of the problems of the day—nothing of economics, nothing of life. It develops no self-consciousness, no individuality.

Three things, above all others, are essential not only to education, but to life: first, a knowledge of the fact of revolution; second, the sense of personal freedom; and third, action. These three are the indispensable conditions of life. If

we have not these, we do not and cannot live. Without these, we are nothing but wooden figures, mere pieces of furniture in a mechanical and life-destroying system. And all these are in a measure possible to at least some of us. Some of us can know this fact of revolution. Some of us can exercise a measure of freedom. Many of us can at least act.

The Fact of Revolution.

The key to any clear knowledge of what the world means is the knowledge of REVOLUTION as the central and crucial fact of history—indeed, of the very days in which we are living. The great word of modern times—the word that is on all our lips, is “evolution.” But it is only in Revolution that the significance or even the fact of evolution can be seen. We cannot see causes—hardly processes; we can only see effects and infer their causes.

No man or woman is acquainted with the alphabet of real knowledge until the fact of Revolution is grasped. In particular, three revolutions disclose and illumine the meaning of the world we live in and show us our place and function in it: *the revolution which resulted from the evolution of the tool of production; the revolution in man's whole conception of the world and of life produced by Darwin's great induction concerning the origin of species and the descent of man; and the proletarian revolution with which the whole civilized world today is insurgent because of the slave status of the working class.*

The evolution of the tool of production from hand manufacture to machine manufacture, from simple tools to complex tools, from the little shop to the big factory, wrought a complete and far-reaching revolution in the status of the laborer. It changed him from a condition of independence to one of dependence, from a free man to a slave. That was THE REVOLUTION. That revolution alone explains the meaning of our industrial and social system today. No man can understand our industrial and social system unless he knows about that revolution. That revolution is the key to effective knowledge for anyone. Lacking that knowledge, the world's workers are hopeless slaves. Possessed of that knowledge, they are on their way to freedom.

The study and observation of Charles Darwin, supplemented by those of other scientists, completely destroyed the foundations and superstructure of humanity's whole intellectual cosmos, and compel a new and revolutionary change in our whole thought of morals, of religion, of history, of life.

And now, as the inevitable product of these two tremendous revolutions culminating in the nineteenth century, we are in the rapids of another revolution; the world-wide uprising of the working class, forced as the price of its own existence to destroy the existing capitalist system and replace it with the republic of Labor, the regime of Socialism. If our thinking is sane and fruitful only as it corresponds with the data and conclusions of evolutionary science, our action and effort, either as individuals or en masse, can have meaning or value only as it fits into this pending revolutionary struggle.

It is hardly possible to exaggerate the importance of the truth that none of us can be economically free until all are free, and that the path to any kind of freedom is a path of pain and martyrdom until every man's base of livelihood is secure. But it is just as important for us to know that no true freedom of the mind or soul ever can be the mere PRODUCT of some economic change. Not in a million years could men and women know real freedom or have it unless it is a fact of their own minds. The real freedom is not political or economic, but spiritual in the best sense of that much abused word. No conceivable political or industrial or social revolution in any future time will or can make free men and free women. The real freedom, without which there can be nothing worthy to be called life, never can be the product of any mechanical change. There is no magic in the whirling planets, in the changing seasons, in political enactments, or even in class struggles or victories, by which the minds of men and women take on new qualities or rise to a nobler stature. There isn't on this earth today more abject slavery on the part of men and women than in what is regarded as the freest nation in the world. And while it is perfectly true that Capitalism does make wage-slaves of fully two-thirds of the whole race, it is also true that “four

walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage." We do not have to wait till the dawn of the co-operative commonwealth before we claim and gain for ourselves some of the noblest and most vital treasures of life. Justly do we feel, fairly may we claim, that life cannot fulfill itself in a system based on economic mastership and industrial slavery. But no man or woman in all the world can be said to live at all, so long as it is true that a lot of silly superstitions and exploded beliefs are expressing themselves through such men and women. You and I cannot be some one else and really live at all. You live exactly and only in the measure in which you think your own thoughts and live your own life. Otherwise you are nothing but a quotation. In the measure in which you let any other human being or institution or book or what not think for you, you abdicate the throne of your own being and are guilty of the deepest treason life can know. We men and women must assert our freedom at any cost. Freedom and life are one.

Finally, the attainment of any possible good, whether socially or individually, hinges on ACTION. The need of clear knowledge must be evident to all of us. But knowledge becomes a mere dry rot, an empty sterile scholasticism, a dead body to which we tie ourselves—witness the mass of colleges and universities today and in all former days—unless to knowledge is always added action. The richest discovery of modern times in the sphere of education is the discovery that not the brain cells chiefly, not memory and imagination primarily, are the organs of education, but that the whole body, all its muscles, organs and activities, are the indispensable organs of education. The key to the new education is in that one word, "action." We learn by doing, and in no other way. If that is true of the child, it is true of the man or woman, true of a class or race. You have as much virtue as you are putting into action, AND NO MORE. You have as much knowledge as you are using, and no more. Wage slaves have or ever will have as much freedom, as much power, as much control in society or anywhere as you actually USE, and no more. Beware how you delegate any power or any function which you can yourselves exert. Beware how you let other people do things for

you, speak for you, act for you. That is precisely what Capitalism means. You are letting other people do things for you—and to you—instead of doing them yourselves. If ever you are to be free, you will have to legislate for yourselves, and you will never do that in Washington. You will do that in the industries where you work and by which you live.

Fellow-workers: this is a changing world. That is the kind of world you are in. Changing all the time. Don't forget that. The whole method of production has changed—from hand production to machine production. You were masters of hand production. You are not yet masters of machine production. That's why machine production is master of you. You must take into your own hands the control of the machines. You simply must. It is the price of your economic freedom. Unite as workers and you can do it.

But one of the reasons why you don't do it is *that you are letting other people do your thinking for you*. You consent to be intellectual slaves. You own the mastership of a book, of a church, of a priesthood, of a creed. That spells SLAVERY for you. You are not men and women, but wooden puppets that move at the will of the dead, so long as you accept any creed or faith or belief WHICH YOU HAVE NOT VERIFIED. Drop it. Cut it out. Leave it. Be free. Affirm the right of your own mind, of yourself.

And don't believe the man who says you must wait till some sweet by and by before you can be free. You can be free the moment you put your freedom into deed. You can be free as individuals today, *and no other time at all*. How? By living your own life. By doing what YOU think is right, what expresses YOU. You workers of the world can come into your own the moment you say so. AS A CLASS YOU HAVE ALL THE POWER THERE IS. All else depends on you. If you will exert YOUR power, the whole world is yours. Do it. Unite. Act. Take things into your own hands. Pay yourselves the full product of your toil. Wipe out these little parasites of politics and trade, of press and pulpit and office, and be your own masters.

THE COMING ECONOMIC REVOLUTION IN ABYSSINIA

BY

KELLETER d'AACHEN

ABYSSINIA is an especially interesting part of Africa. The old Ethiopian Kingdom has maintained its integrity up to the present time while so many other governments have risen, fallen and risen again.

It is the only native African state that, by force of arms, has compelled a European nation to acknowledge its independence. This country is somewhat larger than the state of Texas and twice as large as the British Islands. The people are well-built, clear-headed and independent, bearing very little resemblance to other African tribes. Economically they are in the advanced stage of nomadic herding and primitive agriculture.

Conditions in Abyssinia are not greatly different today from what they were 4,000 years ago. The small ruling class has maintained the independence of their country for a long period. For this they must have possessed much strength and ability. European travelers in Abyssinia have stated that they found the Abyssinians very just in their dealings.

Harrar is the leading center of trade. It is a queer old town with mud walls and gates that are shut at night. The buildings are chiefly of mud or sun-dried brick.

Adis-Abeba, the capital of Abyssinia, has a population of less than 50,000 inhabitants. It is the seat of the Abyssinian government and the residence of the Negus (King) and the native court. The United States and various European powers maintain representatives at the court.

The climate is about the same as that of Southern Mexico and Central America and on the whole, healthful. The soil is excellent for growing wheat, barley, oats, millet, rubber, sugar cane, date palm, wild indigo and coffee, which grows wild everywhere.

The country also possesses much latent wealth. Iron is present in large quanti-

ties while gold, diamonds, coal and copper have been frequently found.

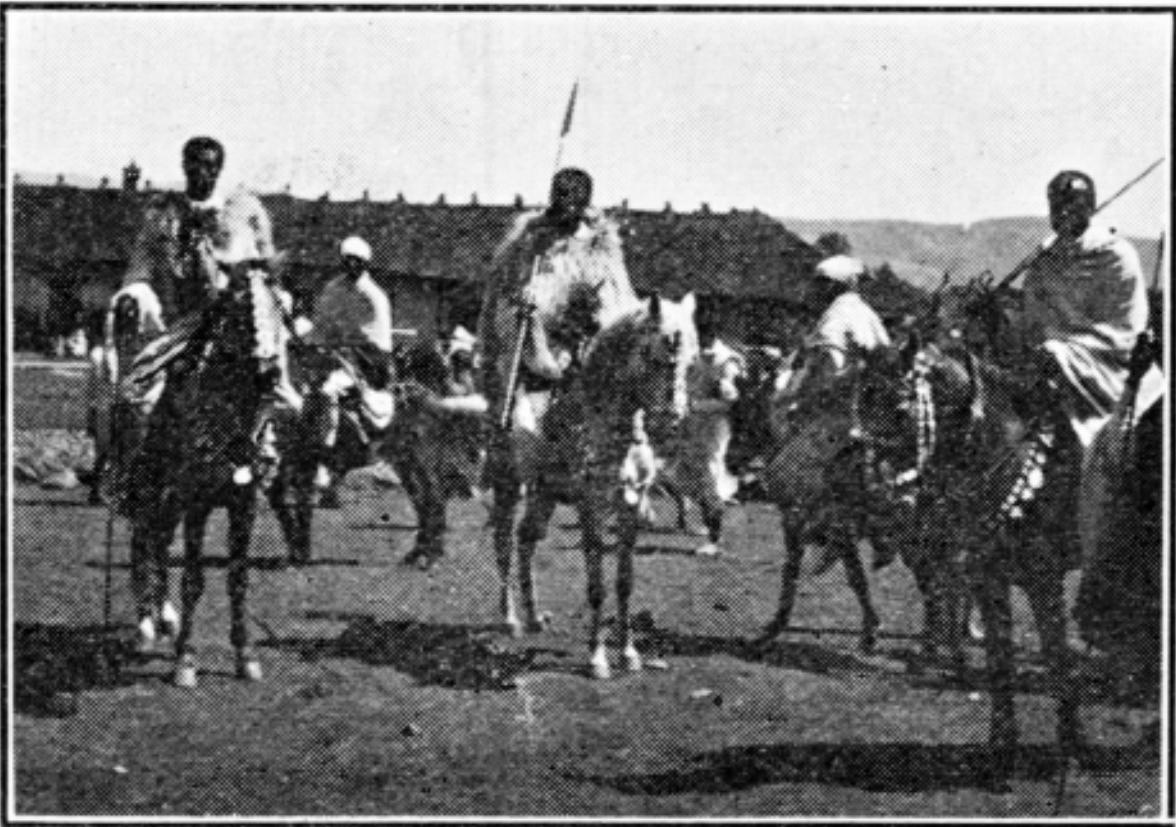
The Emperor Menelik has had a difficult course to pursue as Abyssinia has been threatened on all sides during his life. He lost the coast lands on the Red Sea and the Gulf of Aden while the Somali Coast bordering on the Indian Ocean is claimed by Italy in virtue of treaties with various territorial sultans and with Great Britain. So Abyssinia is surrounded by countries under European control. These aggressions were nothing less than attempts to introduce modern international capitalism into Abyssinia.

However, Menelik, who was a shrewd and capable monarch and greatly influenced by his clever wife, Ta-hai-itu, maintained a strong policy, brought the various warring tribes under his control so that the Empire presented a firm front to meet the aggressions of foreign capitalist nations. He was strictly opposed to the construction of sea harbors and railroads for the Emperor knew that railways spell capitalism and he knew that he would have to content himself with being the instrument of a capitalist controlled country.

And Capital, knowing of the rich soil, the vast mineral resources and the supply of intelligent workers, tried its level best



ABYSSINIAN WARRIORS.



ABYSSINIAN WARRIORS.

to get a foothold in the country. The United States Consular Trade Reports of July 6, 1911, gives a long list of attempts of the various governments and banking houses to obtain concessions.

The house of Rothschild sent Count Ty-
cliia, who was followed by Baron von Er-
langer. They reported large deposits of
mercury but were refused a concession to
develop. Later Baron Rothschild him-
self came to Abyssinia with the same re-
quest but was again denied by the Em-
peror.

In 1905 the Austrian Government sent
a mission, composed of a Baron, a Count
and a prince, which remained two years
in Abyssinia. And so on.

Lack of railways made it impossible for
foreign capitalists to get a foothold and
to suck the Abyssinian tiller.

But the change is at hand, for old
Menelik has died, and with him has
passed the main barrier against invading
modern capitalism. The empress was
overthrown by the ruling class after a
three day revolution.

These men welcome the coming of an
economic change, for it will make capital-
ists of them. Already they have changed
the form of government from an absolute
to a constitutional monarchy. They ar-
ranged the constitution to suit themselves
and selected ministerial council from their
own rank and class.

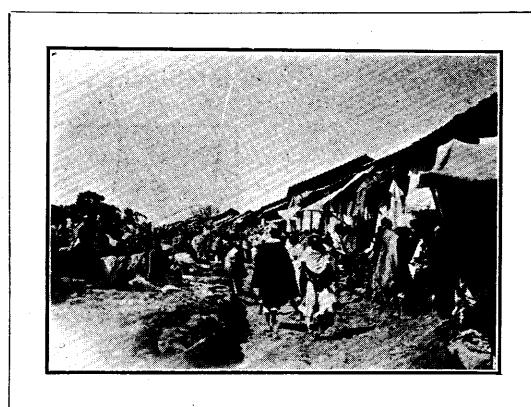
The new Negus (King of Kings) is a
boy fifteen years of age, Lidj-Yassoo. It
will not be difficult for the coming capi-
talists to teach him to be their mouth-
piece and to reign while they rule. They
need no longer take refuge in armed force
in order to crush and exploit the Abys-
sinians as Italy tried to do in 1896. They
can now proceed along the lines of "law
and order."

Railroad and mining concessions will
be theirs as well as grants of land that
hitherto were public property. Thus "leg-
ally and lawfully" will they take away
the grazing grounds used by the common
natives who will be forced to sell their
labor power to the newcomers or starve.

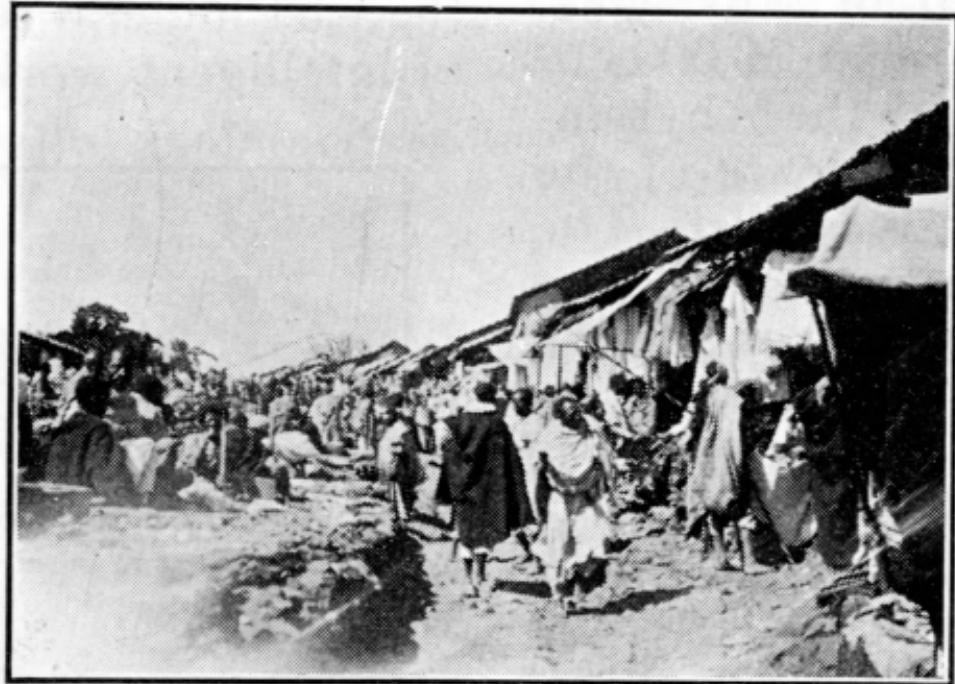
On the other hand, the ruling class,
with their complete control of govern-
ment, has power to grant or refuse con-
cessions to the "foreigners," and are there-
by able to arrange matters so that they
will receive their "fair compensation"
first, while the new railroads will in-
crease one hundred fold the value of their
now almost worthless tracts of land.

Home capitalists will join hands with
"foreign" capitalists to exploit the labor
of the natives, who will, in turn, become
soldiers of the great Proletarian Army.

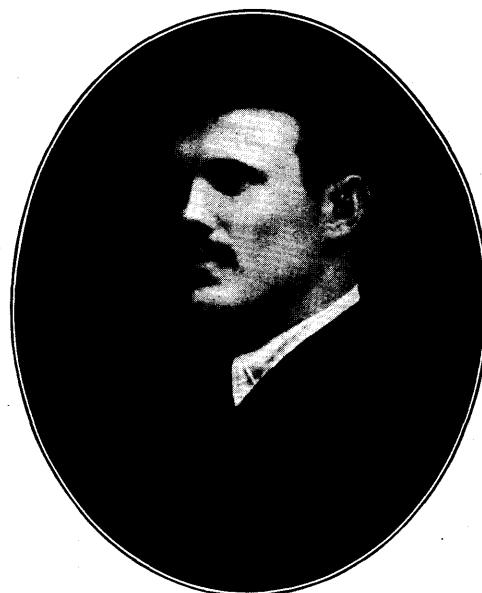
In Abyssinia today history is repeating
itself before our very eyes. Feudalism
yields to Capitalism and Capitalism, in its
turn, will prepare the way for Socialism.



A STREET IN THE MARKET, ADIS ABEBBA
ABYSSINIA.



A STREET IN THE MARKET, ADIS ABBEBA
ABYSSINIA.



LOUIS DUCHEZ

A TRIBUTE

BY

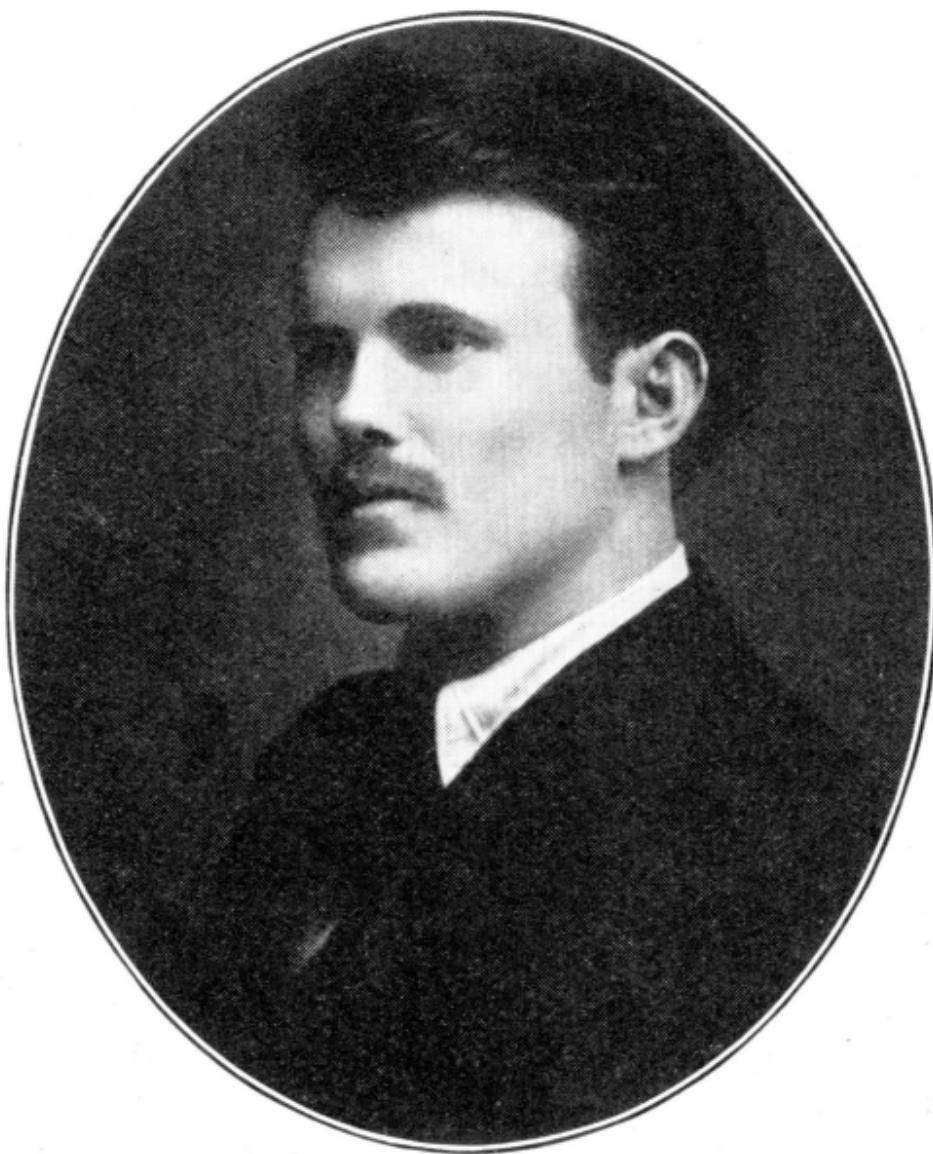
ROBERT JOHNSTONE WHEELER

THE Socialist Movement in America has lost a brilliant thinker and writer and the world of labor a noble and devoted worker. Louis Duchez is dead. His death occurred July 24, at his father's home in East Palestine, Ohio. For several months back he had been ailing, but heroically he kept at his post, serving the cause he loved, until two weeks before his death he left New York and came home to die. The disease was perplexing to the doctors—some malignant growth in the throat, which developed suddenly and carried our loved comrade away in a few minutes, Monday morning, July 24. He was conscious to the last and struggled hard to live. But death was stronger and at last, yielding to the inevitable, he died as he had lived, with a smile on his lips. His wife, father, mother, two brothers and five sisters survive to grieve over his early death.

A life finished at 27. A splendid proletarian scholar gone. A man marvelously gifted with intellectual powers lost to the working class. A great soul, radiant with love for humanity, faring forth and fading away into the great unknown, while the mighty movement for which he lived and died is surging forward.

Comrade Duchez was born in the little town of East Palestine. His mother is of Irish descent. His father, a native of France, was a soldier of that famous regiment which, called upon to fire upon the Communards, lined up for execution against the wall of Mont Marche, threw down its guns and shouted: "Viva la Commune." This act of heroism sent the regiment into exile in Morocco. After several years in Africa, Mr. Duchez escaped and came to America. In France, the Duchez family had possessions and prominence. But in America, the escaped exile was forced to work with his hands in order to live. He became a coal miner and still works in the mines.

Louis grew up in the little mining town. As the family was numerous, he was called upon in childhood to aid in its support. His opportunity for school education was limited. Yet, even though surrounded by a hard and unlovely environment, he early began to manifest aptitudes and talents beyond the ordinary. He was a strange child—an inveterate reader and student of books. Before he was twelve he was delving into Darwin and Huxley and Wallace. A new strange book was a joy to him. At fifteen he was studying



philosophy, and by the time he arrived at man's estate, he had mastered history and the social sciences.

About this time the wanderlust that so oft calls youth, took hold of him and he joined the army. We were then engaged in "restoring order" in Cuba. In the army, Louis' time was not wasted. He devoted himself to a study of law. Finishing that subject, he took up veterinary surgery, and qualified according to the army regulations. His studious habits and talent as a writer, soon attracted the attention of his officers. When a man was needed to aid in getting out a newspaper in Havana, Louis was chosen and was made city editor of the Havana News, which office he held until the army of occupation was withdrawn from Cuba.

Mustered out of the army, he determined to travel. After some time spent in Europe, he traveled over the United States. In Chicago he first met radical thinkers in groups. For a time he was employed on the *Chicago American*, but his ideas were too advanced for that journal and he turned to "To-Morrow Magazine." By this time his passion for study had carried him through the works of Marks and Engels, and other classical writers on scientific Socialism. He became an avowed Socialist and began to advocate Socialism in the "To-Morrow Magazine." For several months he was the principal writer for "To-Morrow." His writings during this period display a remarkable breadth of knowledge of Science and a comprehensive grasp of the workings of society and its needs. Under the caption: "To-Day Versus Progress", he wrote on Education, Philosophy, Socialism, The Press, Current Events and the Utility of Knowledge. With all socialists, he believed that society is possessed of sufficient knowledge to permit of scientific organization of the production and distribution of wealth, that poverty with all its evils may be destroyed. He says:

"Western Civilization has reached a point where it must either apply verifiable scientific knowledge to the workings of society or relapse into another dark age. This the Twentieth Century will decide. Biologists have given us exact knowledge in regard to life; psychologists have given us scientific information

with regard to the workings of the mind and sociologists have arrived at real knowledge in reference to society. Besides the study of chemistry, physics, astronomy, mathematics, zoology and botany have advanced accordingly, supporting these three cardinal branches of scientific learning."

Then invention and discovery have made the world akin, forced machinery to duplicate the work of man a hundred times, and given us control over the animate and inanimate forces of nature. Yet standing at the very doorway of progress, ignorance, like some grim armed sentinel, bars the way and civilization halts and marks time. But truth is sure of victory. The question is asked: When? Out of the mouth of science comes the reply: "As soon as society learns to apply the knowledge I have given." He felt that he was living on the edge of a great change. He rejoiced in life and the opportunities of his day. Again he says: "Fortunate and happy, indeed, is the man living in this wonderful age and endowed with Cosmic Understanding, for he is privileged to take a look into all the mighty past and see from whence he came, and then, turning his face to the future, get a glimpse of the glories yet to be."

He was a poet of rare power and feeling. In May, 1908, when the country was wrestling with the Wall Street Panic and the children of the working class suffering for the food and clothing piled up in the bursting storehouses of the owners, he wrote the "Warning of the Unemployed":

"Masters and Rulers, take warning, we're men;
The blood in our veins came down from the past;
We've hearts and they're human, forgiving, but when,
Aroused to the limit, resist to the last.
"Your factories are idle, your larders are filled;
The specters of panics stand not at your door;
Great wheels wait our turning, broad lands to be tilled,
And still we are hungry, and idle, and poor.
"'Tis not for charity, kings, that we ask;

The mouths of our children indeed must
be fed;
But we, strong and willing, stand alert
for the task,
Beware—we may eat o'er the bodies of
dead."

This poem was widely read and the menace which it voiced felt by the capitalist press. The Detroit *Journal* devoted two columns to a survey of the problem of the unfed masses and denounced the poet for daring to translate the feeling of the suffering ones into a threat against the ruling class.

In July of 1908, he wrote "The Superman." This splendid poem shows Duchez at his best. The theme is Man, the Toiler, freed from the fetters of ignorance, superstition and fear; standing upon the threshold of the new era, with mind filled with knowledge, soul aflame with love and eyes beaming forth hope and the joy of life; and proclaiming that:

"The Superman is on his way, He comes
Unled by armored knights or deafening
drums;
Unguided by the guesses of the past,
His is a real gospel and will last.

"He does not hope to own the crown of
kings;
Nor does he care to wear celestial wings;
He only asks that he may live and be;
And build the Future on Fraternity.

"The road that he has traveled o'er is
rough;
The burdens he has borne were weight
enough;
Still he comes though hard the way and
long,
To bring the joy of labor with its song."

In September, 1908, I first met him. I was speaking in a little town in Ohio, near his home. When I stepped down from the box a young man came forward out of the crowd and grasped my hand. The vigor of his hand clasp, his intense manner of speech and the rare, beautiful smile that came so readily to his animated countenance as he talked to me, impressed me with the idea that here was a young man of more than ordinary

power. A few days later I reached his town. He was waiting for me at the station and took me to his home. Two never to be forgotten days I spent with him. I searched through his large collection of books. I noted his careful system of study. The world's great masters were his intimate friends. I marveled at his knowledge of science and history and literature. During the long hours I talked with him I was thrilled with his youthful enthusiasm and lofty idealism. I left him the next day, feeling that I had discovered a great man.

Shortly after, he joined the Socialist Party. But his keen working-class mind would not permit him to agree with the middle class teachers who were then prominent. He saw that the Political Party alone was not sufficient. The workers must be organized in the industries. About this time the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW was conducting a symposium on "Who Constitute the Proletariat." Louis contributed "The Proletarian Viewpoint." This article marked him as a thinker and writer and earned for him the enmity of the self-appointed leaders of the Party; an enmity which pursued him with ever increasing bitterness until his death. The "orthodox" in New York went so far as to formally try him for tactical "heresy." Even the Socialist Party has its "Bigots" and the "Inquisition" awaits those who dare disagree with them.

But trials within nor strivings without could not daunt this man. Like all the truly great, he was persecuted because he was ahead of his time. Holding that the Political Party can never be more than an educational factor in the struggle in this country, he labored to build up the Industrial Union. No single individual in the Industrial Movement did as much as he to spread the propaganda. His name will ever be associated with the beginnings of Industrialism in America.

He spoke French, Italian and Spanish and translated readily from all three languages. The New York *Call* employed him be times to handle its foreign news. Much of his best writing was done for the Sunday *Call*, before he was censored. His writing in the REVIEW attracted great attention and was translated into the leading European languages. He was a very

prolific writer and left a mass of manuscript, prose and poetry, which friends will try to publish.

His private character was most admirable. He was absolutely free from any of the habits that stain the lives of men. There was no trace of grossness in his nature. During his entire life, in the mines, in the army or out in the world of struggle, he commanded the respect of his associates. A strict vegetarian in diet; a physical culturist; a trained athlete, he regarded his body as a storehouse for energy needed by the mind. He was a type—a forerunner of the kind of man the future will breed and Science train.

In his home life he revealed his most charming traits. Tender and gentle and loving; soft voiced and equable of temperament; full of sunshine and joyousness—he was a most beautiful soul. His was a radiant life.

But now he has passed on and the movement he loved will miss him. Though his life was short in years, it was full and rich with deeds. The long rest came to him early. They bore him forth from his home and tenderly gave him

back again to the Great Mother. And as her arms enfolded him, Comrade Gerrity, read Comrade Markham's noble poem: "The Poet" and they left him sleeping.

Only yesterday I stood beside his quiet resting place—I who loved him so well. And sadness, sorrow and a sense of loss oppressed me. Then it seemed as though from out of the quietude he spoke and said as often before he had said to me, "Comrade, some may fall by the way, but the Cause moves grandly on." Yes, the Cause lives and calls loudly for workers.

So we leave thee Friend, Brother, Comrade; leave thee resting. We shall not lament thee. We shall rather joy in that we held companionship with thee for a little time. Our labor for the Cause shall be greater and our love for our fellows deeper because of thee. And when the last battle has been fought and paens of victory are being sung, because Humanity has come to its own, then shall thy name gleam resplendent among those who live again in minds made better by their presence; in thoughts sublime that pierce the night, like stars, and with their mild persistence, urge men's minds to loftier issues.

WHAT WE CAN DO BY POLITICAL ACTION

BY

ED. MOORE

THERE is something in the words, "By the power in me vested," and "By the authority to me intrusted," which evolves the powers that break up street meetings, beat and arrest pickets, and kill, kidnap and manufacture perjured evidence to convict labor leaders of crimes they have not committed.

And those who say, "By the power in me vested" are the police, the state constables, the militia, judges, jailors, Pinkertons and railroad bulls. And what

is the power vested in them? The law invests them with authority to arrest those who violate in any way the rights of property. And, pay strict attention to this, property rights are political things. It is the *law* in a system in which things are made to sell that says what are the rights of property.

Using the powers of government, the owners of the jobs get the police to club those who work when they try to get more wages. If it were possible for the workers to turn the boss out on the street

the boss would get an order from a judge by which the whole shop's crew would be sent to jail as thieves. And if other shops' crews attempted to help keep the boss out on the street, the mayor, the governor and the president of the United States would use the "power in them vested" to protect the legal right of the boss to own the shop. They would protect his right to buy the labor-power of workers to make profits for him.

It is the use of political power that gives the ruling class its advantage over the working class. A hired spy in the shop is protected by the law. A picket on the corner is taken and sent to jail by the authority of the law. A worker is crippled by a badly built or wornout machine. Under the law a boss may throw him out to starve. A worker breaks a machine, and under the law he is sent to jail. Greedy bosses force working people to toil in unhealthy shops and this shortens their lives. The law says the bosses are not guilty of willful murder. Workers boycott unfair made goods, and this cuts off the profits of the bosses. Under the law the boycotters are sent to jail for injuring the rights of property owners.

Low wages and the high cost of living force working class parents to send their children to mills and shops, to piece out the wages of the father. Under the law you cannot overwork young horses, and you are not permitted to work old ones that are underfed, or which have sores made by harness. But under the law capitalists may cut off fingers and whole limbs of young and old working people without fear of legal punishment. The law encourages them to starve any and all of those who strike for better conditions for the wage-earners.

A governor of a state is the commander-in-chief of its military forces. By political action the Socialist party, or in other words, class conscious working people, can by their votes elect a revolutionary workingman governor, and as governor he can use the state militia to force associations like the Businessmen's

Alliance and the Merchants and Manufacturers' Associations to leave unmolested the officers and members of labor organizations. If one of them is killed or kidnapped a Socialist governor could use this force to put in bull pens men like Harrison Grey Otis and his hired thug, William J. Burns. A revolutionary workingman in the highest office in the state would have as much influence on legislation as two-thirds of the members of the State Senate and House of Representatives. His veto would kill the bills of labor-hating employers, and he could render ineffective their judicial tools by refusing to approve appropriation bills to pay their salaries.

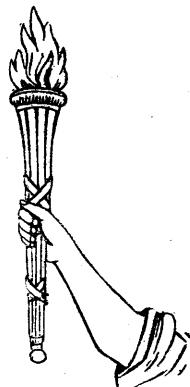
A state legislature whose membership was composed of two-thirds of revolutionary workingmen could repeal, with the governor's help, the laws that give authority to corporations to keep private armies for the purpose of bulldozing dissatisfied employes. Should the courts attempt to set aside the acts of the legislature it could try, impeach and remove the judges. If it were necessary the governor could call the legislature to meet in special session to take this action to protect the welfare of the working class. It could make the killing of working people in industrial and commercial plants and in mines and on railroads and in marine transportation murder—a capital offense punishable by death or imprisonment for life.

A mayor of a city, in which he is commander-in-chief of the police, could use them to arrest strike-breakers as suspicious characters whose presence and actions would be likely to create disorder, foment trouble and incite to riot, thereby endangering the lives of the working class citizens, and their labor-power, which they sell to the job owners for wages.

As all class struggles necessarily are political wars to gain titles of ownership, the working class must take political action to invest in itself the titles to the property its labor produces, and the Socialist party is the agency to use to do it.

OHIO SOCIALISTS

IN
ACTION



GEORGE A. STORCK.



J. C. SCHAWE.

WHEN Mark Hanna of Ohio, the man who made presidents "to order," said that the next great political contest will be between the Republicans and the Socialists, he certainly had his eyes on the agitators with the Arm and Torch—for today Ohio seethes with the revolutionary movement.

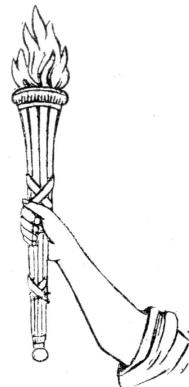
Over a year ago Comrade George A. Storck was called to leave his tools and home in Lorain to serve his comrades as State Secretary at Columbus. He

found debt and demoralization on the inside and a general apathy toward the state office on the outside. His successor, Comrade Schawe, finds \$1,200 in the state treasury and the office swamped with mail from wide-awake locals throughout the state, showing renewed activity everywhere.

Comrade Schawe is one of the "live ones" of Local Columbus and we feel sure he will keep the "state machine" up to its present standard of splendid efficiency.

**OHIO
SOCIALISTS**

**IN
ACTION**



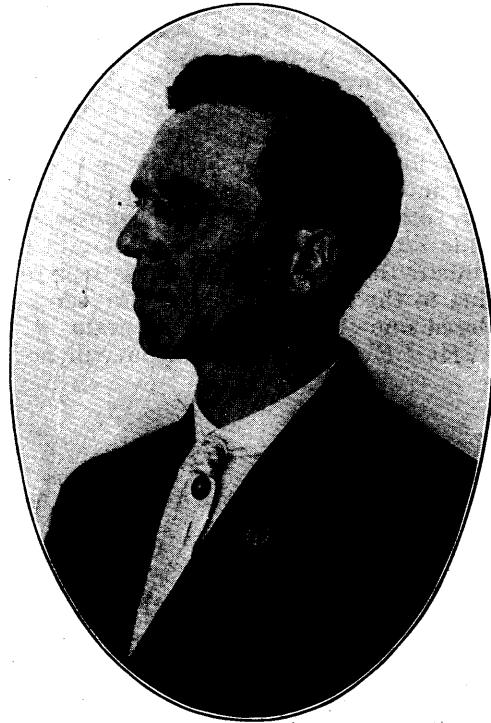
GEORGE A. STORCK.



J. C. SCHAWE.

The paid-up membership is three times greater than one year ago, and 22 new locals were organized during August—all together over 200 locals are carrying the red flag of revolt at the head of their columns. Twenty-eight thousand five hundred and seventy-three votes in 1908; 60,637 in 1910—but best of all is the fact that many locals are agitating for industrial as well as political action.

Columbus, Ohio.—Every REVIEW reader remembers the splendid solidarity shown by the working class of Columbus



A. C. EBY.

during the strike of the street car workers one year ago. For weeks the workers walked to and from work. One third of the police force rebelled against protecting the company's scabs. Terrible Teddy was imported and you recall his words: "A policeman who refuses to do his DUTY stands lower than a soldier who deserts."

But the Columbus comrades certainly made Socialists while the strike lasted. Many meetings were held; hundreds of copies of the REVIEW were sold, and that the comrades have had their working

clothes on ever since, the following facts will show:

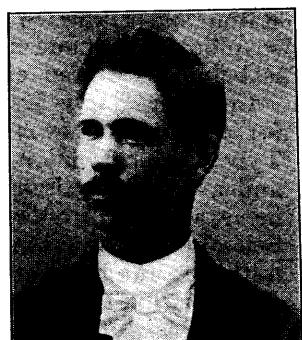
The local has grown from 100 or more members to over 1,800. Their paper, *The Socialist*, is becoming more red each issue and is one of the liveliest sheets put out by any local in the country.

Comrade A. C. Eby, a mechanical draughtsman, heads the party ticket. A clean-cut platform was adopted and an aggressive campaign has been started. Comrade Frank Bohn, Associate Editor of the REVIEW, will get in the game to help October 7th to 10th, and many other able speakers have been arranged for. Comrade Slayton, Allen Cook and Ella Reeves Bloor are already occupying the soap box. William D. Haywood will speak for them on Saturday night, November 4th, at New Memorial hall, which seats 7,000 people.

The "Overall band," composed of thirty comrades, will also be "heard from," and Comrade Taylor, the hustling literature agent, is always on the job. Go to it, Comrades. Close up the ranks and raise hell with the capitalist system in Columbus.

Local Akron has a full ticket in the field with George P. Smith heading the list as the mayoralty candidate. The whole town concedes that the socialists will elect several of their men and the Local comrades are putting every effort to talk socialism at meetings between now and election. Comrade Margaret Prevey and Fred T. Childs are both doing splendid work, as of old. *The Summit County Socialist*, Akron's city paper, is reaching people that would not be accessible any other way. The wards are all organized and

the boys and women comrades say they are fighting "to win." The use of a large tent, which seats 2,000 people, has been donated the local for the fall campaign. Haywood will speak for us on October first.



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Local Canton.—The Socialists of Canton, Ohio, have an excellent chance of electing their city and township tickets this fall, and they are certainly on the job with both feet, as the following facts show: Five thousand copies of *The Social Revolutionist* are distributed in Canton every week. This is a "live" paper published by the local organization, which is composed of active and energetic members. Meetings are held every night in some part of the city, as well as noon hour talks at the factories. Comrades Allen Cook, Geo. McCloskey, J. F. Eaton and Harry S. Schilling keep the soap-box warm, and more agitation work is being done than ever before.

Comrade Harry S. Schilling, candidate for mayor, has been a member of the Typographical union for sixteen years, and a Socialist for nine years. In 1900 he graduated from the National Law School in Washington, D. C., and was admitted to the bar in the state of Indiana. For some time past he has been working on the *Social Revolutionist*.

All the candidates are competent for

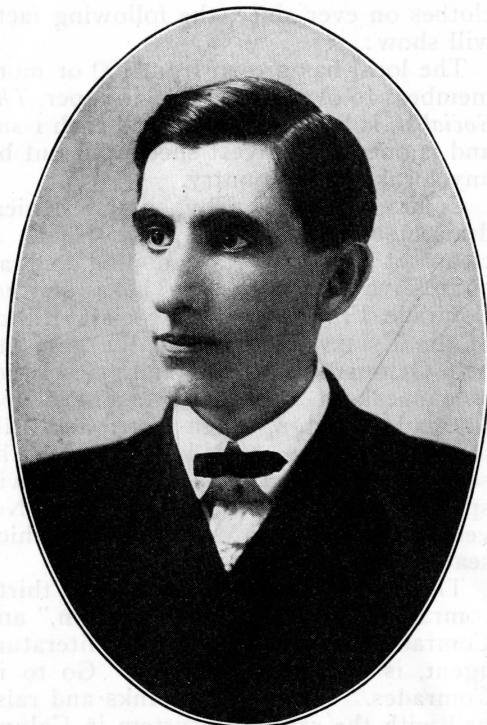
the positions for which they were chosen, whereas the old parties are so disgusted with their candidates that they are talking of putting up an independent candidate for mayor. From present indications the comrades will elect their entire ticket.

Local Cincinnati has put up a working class ticket, with Lawrence A. Zitt running for mayor, and the Socialist campaign is arousing every working man and woman in the city. It is an inspiring thing to hear the speeches of the Socialist party candidates after the bunk Boss Cox and his servants have been dishing out the past few years.

Judging from the Socialist candidates, they must be having a hot educational campaign and an extremely class-conscious one, for nobody is advocating public ownership of the Town Pump or any other capitalist reforms. As Comrade Zitt writes, "we believe here in Cincinnati that our backwardness is largely due to the fact that we have never wandered one step from the program of the WHOLE PIE, although you will notice



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from our platform that we also demand and intend to secure as many slices as possible, whether large or small." He adds that the party in Cincinnati is working to place itself in a position to handle the ever-growing socialist sentiment immediately it is created by outside forces of a capitalist nature and not give it an opportunity to be side-tracked by some wishy-washy reform movement that happens along."

Good for Cincinnati! When you build upon the rock of Education, you build permanently. This is the only way to make a real socialist movement anywhere.

The Cincinnati Platform is clear and to the point: "The Socialist Party is pledged to secure to the workers the full social value of the product of their toil" is the backbone of it and this is the heart and soul of Socialism.

Cleveland, Ohio.—The Cleveland comrades have been so well organized for years that nobody was surprised to learn that they are taking such an active part in the garment workers' strike. In writing up a recent monster public demon-



TOM CLIFFORD.

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"Judged by the recent reception tendered Ruthenberg, he will be Cleveland's next mayor." Comrade C. E. Ruthenberg is the Socialist candidate and is at present organizer of Local Cleveland. He knows how to do big things. On Labor day they organized a selling squad of "live ones" and disposed of 2,000 copies of the Fighting Magazine for the benefit of the strikers.

We quote from a letter received from that veteran fighter, Tom Clifford: "The movement in Ohio looks mighty good. In Cleveland we expect to elect three councilmen, your humble servant among the number. We certainly have the old party politicians up in the air and we are going to keep them there."

Comrade Theodore Lockwood, a black-listed machinist and literature agent, helps carry on an aggressive educational campaign three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. During the past twelve months he has placed over 4,000 copies of the Fighting Magazine in the shops. He



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has regular routes and receives the hearty co-operation of the comrades in his work.

Comrade Frank Bohn, who spoke in Cleveland on the 16th, reports unprecedented enthusiasm and splendid meetings. Where the educational side of the work is carried on as faithfully as it is in Cleveland, a sound, class-conscious Socialist will be found behind every vote cast. There is no yellow streak in the Cleveland local.



HENRY Q. SCHREIBER.

Local East Liverpool.—The Socialist movement of East Liverpool, which selected Henry O. Schreiber to head the municipal ticket at the November election, is one with the usual militant membership required to make a movement successful. Last November the vote for Socialism went to 602 from 245 the previous November, and if indications are any value to judge from, the educational work which has been done will place the Socialists in charge of the city government next election.

Comrade Henry O. Schreiber is a clerk in a grocery, having graduated to that position from the clay bench of a pottery. His wife, an ex-school teacher, has been selected for the school board, and her chances for election are even better than those of her husband.

Last October the *Free Press* was launched, and each week since that time a free distribution of 10,000 copies has been "religiously" placed over the city and the adjacent towns of Wellsville, Ohio; Newell, W. Va., and Chester, W. Va. A great number have also filtered into the country and the result is that Socialism has made immense strides amongst the farmers.

To show the political situation here it might be well to tell of a politician who went into a pottery to canvass for himself for the approaching primaries. He was told by a comrade that it would be useless to do so owing to the workers all being Socialists. He said he would take the chance, however, and on his return remarked, "I found one who is going to vote for me." When asked who it was he replied, "I won't tell for you might get him also."

Not the least of the many things done by this organization was the picnic they held at Rock Springs, a picnic ground just across the river. Over 300,000 pieces of advertising matter were distributed over the picnic zone, special trains were arranged for and 5,000 people were expected. It can be imagined how the workers, who labored for the picnic's success, viewed the situation when train-load after train-load was dumped into the grounds until fully 15,000 red ribbon wearers were spread over the grounds. It was the big thing of the movement in this part of the world, and arrangements are now under way to make it even a bigger thing next year. Nothing less than the nominee for president will do for the main attraction.

Comrade Vernia adds, "Frank Bohn has just closed a series of open air meetings and they were good ones, and he surely added to a "live" movement. It looks like we are going to carry this village. If we don't we will have a lot of fun scaring the old party barnacles."



HENRY Q. SCHREIBER.

Local Hamilton.—Local Hamilton, composed of 286 members in good standing, with headquarters on the principal street of the city, has the old capitalist parties on the defensive this fall. They are publishing their own propaganda paper, *The Hamilton Searchlight*. During the campaign they are putting one of these papers into every home every week, and they are engaging all the best speakers available. Wm. D. Haywood will speak for them October 27th in the Coliseum, which holds 2,000 people.

The comrades have a full ticket in the field, with Comrade Joseph Felblinger at the head of the ticket. Comrade Felblinger was born and educated in Weiller, Germany, and came to America in 1892. He is one of the oldest fighters in the local movement, is married and has four children. He is a member of the Machinists union, No. 241, being a machinist by trade, and is heart and soul on the side of the working class. Comrade Hinkel writes us that the old party politicians admit the strength of the Socialists and know they are a force to be hereafter reckoned with. "Our vote last fall was 1,900, giving us second place, with the Republicans third."



JOSEPH FELBLINGER.



GROUP OF HAMILTON COMRADES ON SOCIALIST TICKET

First Row—	Felblinger, Furgerson, Shaefer, Primmer, Cook, Bevington, Geis, Callahan, Aker,
Second Row—	Hinkel, Overly, Norris, Myers, Manny, Henkel, Hinkel
Third Row—	Fishwick, Penwell, Sutter, Rogers, Fromm, Jr.

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Local Mansfield makes up in enthusiasm what it lacks in numbers. The comrades are concentrating their efforts on pulling off a few rousing big meetings rather than holding many small ones. Comrade Debs is booked for October 4th and William D. Haywood will close the campaign on November 5th.

Comrade A. J. Roth, who heads the ticket, is a railway man who stands steadfast for the interests of his class and is well known among the workers.

Now is the time for the workingmen of Mansfield to show the stuff they are made of by backing up a straight working class ticket at the ballot box.

An Industrial Giant.—Industrially Ohio is outstripping her sister states by leaps and bounds. In returning to the Buckeye state after a few years' absence, one is amazed to see old landmarks dotted by new mills and factories. Farms and wheat fields are retreating before the aggressive march of Modern Industry. But close upon the heels of capitalism came an awakened and aroused working class. The Ohio comrades are fighters. They never sleep. And they are laying a firm foundation of EDUCATION.



A. J. ROTH.

HAYWOOD HITS HARD

By AN OGDEN COMRADE

THE Haywood meeting held in Ogden, Utah, September 7th, was the largest labor meeting ever witnessed in Ogden. Comrade Haywood spoke from the stage of Ogden theater, having the largest seating capacity of any auditorium in the city. The house was packed and the walls bulged with applause.

To reduce expenses and augment the attendance the committee in charge permitted the Progressive Republican league of this city to use the theater from 7 to 8:15 on the evening of the Haywood meeting. This delayed the opening of the Haywood meeting until about 8:20, at which time the house was filled to the galleries. Senator Moses Clapp of Minnesota talked on reform politics for one hour, while the big miner and the Socialist committee waited in the flies. Big Bill took some mental notes as the insurgent spoke.

When Clapp and his gang cleared the stage the Socialists took possession. Nearly the entire audience of 1,500 people remained in their seats. Vacated seats were taken by persons who had not cared to attend the Clapp meeting so that by the time Haywood opened the audience was larger than when the senator left. The big miner paid his compliments to the politician who had preceded him in no uncertain terms. The harder Haywood roared the louder the audience applauded. The most lamentable thing about the Socialist meeting was that the Senator did not remain to hear it.

Comrade Haywood is one of the ablest speakers in the entire Socialist movement. He ranks with the ablest orators of today. His lecture was far above our expectations and the meeting was in every respect a success. The Ogden newspapers devoted more than a column to his talk.



A. J. ROTH.

BE YOUR OWN GOVERNMENT

By

TOM O'CONNELL

IN the first place, don't vote the Socialist party tickets because somebody tells you to. We do not want the blind votes of men who have no idea what the Socialists are trying to do, and who, consequently, cannot help the work along.

We want intelligent votes—good, sound Socialist votes that will stick until we have accomplished our one great aim—the abolition of the wage system.

Why not elect men from the shops and mines and factories who will SERVE the working class instead of those who will do whatever the bosses tell them to do. Why not put Socialists in office to SERVE YOU instead of the boss?

Remember, friends, that the men controlling the government control the army and navy. I want the army and navy on the side of the working class, so that when we organize in the shops and factories, in the mills and mines, they will not be used against us. When YOU say what the troops shall do, they will never be called out to shoot down striking workingmen. And you can control them whenever you get wise and join with other working class Socialists to BE the government.

You won't have to fight for "free speech" or the right to organize when and where you will when you or your comrades sit in official places. You NEED the police force, you need judges who will render decisions in YOUR favor, and laws passed in YOUR interests. You need to control all these forces that keep down the working class in order to win.

It is wiser to use the army and navy for yourselves than to permit the enemy to use them against you.

It is foolish to be beaten over the head by the police when you can own the police force and use them to help your fight along.

Why keep capitalist judges in office when you can put in yourselves—workingmen—who will stand ever ready to do any and everything under the heavens

to advance the interests of the working class?

You workingmen know that life is one great big fight! We Socialists call it the Class Struggle. We know the more the boss gets the less there is left for you and me. And we don't want to overlook one single thing that will help us win out.

We know why the boss IS a boss. It is because he owns the mine, the mill, the farm or the factory. That is why we work for him. If you or I owned the mill, we would be BOSS and he would be begging us for a chance to work.

Socialism proposes that the working CLASS shall own the mines, the mills, the land and the factories. We want the people who work to own these things in common. Then we will all work for ourselves. The things we make, the bread we bake, the shoes we sew—will belong to us. We will get the full value of our products and there will be no bosses, for we will own the mills and factories and mines.

Under Socialism there will be no unemployed. All men and women will co-operate to use the best machinery to get done the necessary work of the world in the shortest possible time. There will be plenty of the good things of life for everybody and everybody will have time to live and study and enjoy himself.

Of course you cannot win out altogether by voting. You will have to organize in the factories and mills and mines, too. You will need industrial unionism—REAL unionism—in the shop, but you will need YOUR men in political power—in office to SERVE you and back up the fights and struggles you will have to make IN the shop and against the capitalist.

If you are a workingman, think over the aims of Socialism and read up on the subject and you will be with us for we are the only people in the world who mean to make each man a joint owner of the factory wherein he works—and the man that owns the factory owns the job.

EDITORIAL

The Beginning of the End. A year ago the working class of England seemed in a more hopeless condition than that of any other great capitalist nation. In no other country did the ruling class seem to be fortified by such a mass of stolid conservatism on the part of the more highly paid workers or by such abject and helpless misery on the part of the common laborers. Yet even in England the Machine has been silently making revolutionists, and the ruling class of the world gasps at the glimpse of what the working class can do when once aroused. We will not repeat on this page the story of the great strike of English transport workers, told elsewhere in this issue. Enough to say that it is a triumphant vindication of the new tactics of revolutionary unionism and industrial socialism. If the immediate material gain for the strikers is slight or doubtful, the reason is that they carried the handicap of conservative leaders chosen in advance by the old craft organizations. These leaders were easily duped (if nothing worse) by the agents of the capitalist class, and as we go to press the immediate outcome of the strike is still uncertain. But the great and glorious result of this uprising of the workers is that they have at last realized their own strength that grows out of solidarity, and have made all the world realize it. This lesson once learned will not be forgotten. The movement toward ONE BIG UNION has received a mighty forward impulse, and not in England alone but in the whole capitalist world. Capitalism is in full retreat; its magnates and its legislators will gladly yield much to save what they can. And the revolutionary movement of the working class is swelling into a flood that if not turned aside will soon sweep all before it.

The Socialist Party and the Revolution. Upon the hundred thousand active members of the Socialist Party of America today a tremendous responsibility has been thrust. We hold the key to the situation. We are at the parting of the ways. We can have one of two things but not both. Revolutionary sentiment in the mass of American workers is as yet only dormant, waiting for the occa-

sion to awaken it and the channels through which to move. The historic mission of the Socialist party is to develop and organize the awakening spirit of revolution among the American wage-workers—to weld them into a compact, resistless army with one definite aim—to snatch the control of industry from the hands of the capitalists and place it in the hands of the men and women who are doing the work. To this aim all our efforts, political or economic, must be subordinated. Our political campaigns must be carried on with the single purpose of recruiting the army of the Revolution, and if by chance we incidentally win an office here and an office there, then we must see that these offices are administered with the one aim of preparing for the Revolution. This we can do if we will. Or if we will, we can chase after votes and offices and we can get them. We can ally ourselves here with the corrupt machine of the labor fakirs and there with the anti-graft committee of the little capitalists. We can welcome into our membership thousands of people who will evade signing our pledge accepting the principle of the class struggle, or worse still, will sign it with mental reservations and immediately begin doing all they can to nullify it. We can, by such means, elect hundreds of our members to legislative halls, and our bosoms can swell with pride as we see them uniting with capitalist politicians to put through just such reforms as the capitalists need in order to keep the wage-workers half-contented for a few years more, while profits go on multiplying. We can thus see the Socialist party grow into the most efficient machine ever devised to retard the coming of Socialism. We must choose and choose soon.

A Good Beginning.—The National Committee of the Socialist party has recently passed a motion providing that in future neither the National Committee nor the National Executive Committee shall employ themselves, either directly or indirectly. This is an important step toward reorganizing the party in a way to make it really democratic and really revolutionary.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

International Labor Conference.—The seventh conference of the so-called international labor secretariat took place at Budapest, August 10-12. The national organizations of nineteen countries are affiliated with the secretariat. Together their membership counts up to more than 6,000,000. At the conferences, however, each nation is represented by a very small number of labor union officials, most of them by only one. The sessions, therefore, are in the nature of committee meetings. In the choice of subjects with which they deal the conferences of the past have severely limited themselves. The general strike, antimilitarism, the fight for an eight-hour day, and other such vital matters have been considered beyond their range. Obviously, then, the secretariat cannot at present be of much use to the working-class. Its significance lies chiefly in the fact that it exists at all. Barren as its meetings may seem, they are the sign of international solidarity, and out of them will probably grow a really vital and powerful international organization of labor.

One entire day of the recent conference was devoted to the proposed admission of the Industrial Workers of the World. It is the rule of the secretariat to admit only one organization in each country. This rule has been adopted and enforced in the interest of unity in the various nations represented. Since Mr. Gompers made his famous visit to the conference held at Paris two years ago the American Federation of Labor has been admitted. Consequently there is no room for any other American organization. Nevertheless, the delegates of the French Federation General du Travail went to Budapest prepared to fight for the admission of the I. W. W., and the latter organization had Mr. Foster on hand to represent it at this conference. There was a long and bitter argument, partly on the relative merits of the two American organizations and partly on the formal question as to whether it was possible or advisable to admit two organiza-

tions in one country. The tactics of the A. F. of L. were severely criticized. But when it came to the real point of the matter, all the delegates except those of France, held that the old rule of one-nation-one-union, must be upheld. So the I. W. W. was kept out by a nearly unanimous vote.

The next important matter taken up was that of international solidarity in case of strikes and lock-outs. The Swiss delegate introduced a resolution providing that international aid is to be given only to unions affiliated with their national organizations and through them with the international bureau. This was amended so as to provide for certain exceptional cases, and finally passed. It was opposed by the French on the ground that it would increase red tape at the expense of effective fighting.

Two of the most important resolutions presented, deal with the future form of the international movement. One provided for an international labor congress, the other for an international federation of labor. Both were referred to the various national executive committees for further consideration.

Were it not for the fact that these latter resolutions point the way to an effective international organization, one would be tempted to say that the conference held at Budapest was hardly worth the money spent for railway fares.

France. Reorganization of the Railway Workers.—The great French railway strike of last October was in some respects a great success. As an exhibition of the power of the working-class it was supreme. But as a strike for a definite purpose, it was a failure. Ever since it was declared off the union of railway workers has been doing its utmost to gather its forces and arouse its members for new and greater conflicts. Under the circumstances, this has been peculiarly difficult. It is not necessary to repeat here the story of the strike or to try to explain why it was not completely suc-

cessful. But it was not successful, and ever since the fact became known, French Socialist and labor papers have been filled with charges and countercharges against various leaders and factions. The Socialists, especially the directors of *l'Humanité*, have been accused of bending the course of events to suit their own political purposes. Their answer has been that they acted with the strikers only at the invitation of the latter and that defeat was due rather to inadequate preparation than to any mistake of the committees placed in authority. So much has been said on both sides that it is utterly impossible for one looking on from afar to reach any conclusion as to the rights and wrongs of the matter. But the result of the long and miserable discussion is clear. It has increased the bewilderment and discouragement which naturally result from defeat. The men have seen 2,000 of their most militant comrades left out of a job and facing starvation. They have seen the Socialist attacks on the government remain without immediate results. Many of them have grown skeptical as to their whole form of organization and method of fighting.

It was with the rank and file in this state of mind that the national congress of the railway workers met on August 2. The delegates were divided into two factions, going by the time-worn ranks of revolutionists and reformists. But these names as applied to French railway men have little of their usual significance. The "reformists" are those who believe in legal means of bringing about the domination of the working-class. Most of the Socialists belong to this group. The "revolutionists" are those who believe in sabotage. Most of these have lost faith in political action. The reformists were in the majority.

The debate on sabotage was long and heated. A number of railway accidents have occurred recently which the government is attempting to trace to the activity of saboteurs. The attendant excitement is being used against the railway organization. The reformists naturally wished to re-establish themselves in public opinion by declaring themselves in opposition to acts of violence. A resolution beginning with the following para-

graph was adopted by a large majority: "The congress protests against the monstrous methods employed by the government to discover the perpetrators of the acts of sabotage at Barentin and Pont-de-l'Arche, criminal acts of which we ourselves disapprove."

Though this action was a victory for the reformists, the only other important proposition adopted was introduced and championed by the revolutionists. This was a resolution in favor of replacing the present single national union by a federation made up of unions on the various separate railways. The revolutionists argued that control of all the railway workers in France by one central committee made the organization too stiff and unresponsive to the needs of the various sections of the country. It takes too long to begin or end a strike. The new form of organization is expected to remedy this defect. Simultaneously with this division of control goes the beginning of a closer relationship with the revolutionary Confederation General du Travail. The central offices of the railway organization are to be removed to the headquarters of the federation.

At the Congress of Mines, it will be remembered, the Socialist members of the Chamber of Deputies were directed to vote for the new insurance and pension law and then to begin immediately a campaign to improve it. This represents the position taken from the beginning of the discussion of this law by most French Socialists. They said: "The law is bad, it will take from you a part of your meager wage; but submit to it now, and we will see that it is amended so that in time it will be of some use to you."

Not so the Confederation General du Travail. The members of the federation said: "This law is worse than useless; we will kill it by the simple method of refusing to pay what it requires or receive what it offers." This attitude of the great French union has been so effective that the new law is as yet practically inoperative.

On July 9, after this fact had become evident, the national executive committee of the Socialist party voted to advise Socialists to copy the Federation tactics. Better late than never.

England—Socialist Unity in Prospect.

—There comes cheering news from England. The Labor Party goes surely to an unwept grave and a united Socialist movement appears on the horizon. To be sure there is nothing surprising in the news of discontent in Labor Party ranks. Just now when England is stirred by the spirit of revolt this party of labor has fairly effaced itself from the political map. Its support of Lloyd-George's Pension Bill brought it to its finish. Since it went the limit in working for this measure, even going so far as to practically shut off the possibility of introducing amendments, it has been impossible to hide the divisions among its members.

Here we have Philip Snowden and Mr. Lansbury openly breaking with their leader. In a letter to the labor leader, Mr. Snowden comes out with the truth in plain terms: "I have of late become accustomed to the officials of the Labor Party voting with the government under all circumstances and conditions. Mr. Keir Hardie said at the I. L. P. Conference in London that the Labor Party had ceased to count. It has gone beyond that, and its professed independence has become an object for the sneers and contempt of all parties in the House of Commons. And Mr. Lansbury, with the new pension bill in mind, declares: "I am in the House of Commons to preach the doctrine of prevention rather than the theory of insurance."

No doubt Snowden is right. The Labor Party has become an object for sneers and contempt. But Socialists the world over, can see nothing but good in the public announcement of the fact in the party's organ. We may be sure that practical politicians of the Labor type will not be found on the unpopular side. No doubt they have had their ears to the ground and have heard things quite different from parliamentary flub dub.

At the very moment when Labor Party Socialists are ready for revolt, comes the news of a Socialist unity conference. At the Social Democratic Party conference held at Coventry last Easter, it was resolved: "That this conference affirms its desire for a United British Socialist party, and in order to achieve this desire, the Executive Council be instructed to invite

the co-operation of other bodies, such as the Socialist Federations, in the issuing of a circular of invitation to be dispatched to every S. D. P. branch, I. L. P. branch, and to local Fabian societies which believe in industrial and political action." The circular was to ask all the organizations in favor of unity to take part in a conference.

In accordance with the above resolution, the call to a unity conference has now been issued. It is signed by the S. D. P. and a round dozen of other organizations. All of these societies "recognize that the socialization of the instruments of production, distribution, and exchange can alone put a stop to the class-struggle existing in our capitalist society of today, and that independent political action on Socialist lines is necessary as a means to that end." They formally repudiate affiliation with the Labor Party, as a means of attaining unity, for the obvious reason that "Socialist unity can only be brought about by Socialists, and not by those who are not Socialists."

The prospects of the British Socialist Party are not bad. The S. D. P. contains 18,000 members, and the various local Socialist organizations boast 20,000 more. Besides these, there are hosts of unorganized Socialists. One comrade estimates that the new party will start with about 50,000 members. "In six months from now," writes Victor Grayson, "We shall have something to show for our labors. And the capitalist class and the capitalist press will know we have been busy. . . . All hail the British Socialist Party."

At the risk of being premature, the REVIEW offers congratulations and good wishes to our English comrades. In times past, it has criticized the Social Democratic Party. It has never been able to understand the segregation of English Socialism from the direct industrial fight of the working-class. We are still unable to understand it. During the past month, in the midst of the tremendous upheaval of the English working-class, our comrades on the "tight little island" have been so cut up by a defeat at a by-election, that they have hardly felt the revolutionary thrill which the seamen, dockers and railwaymen have sent round the

world. Now, of all times, at the very moment when the capitalist world has been a-tremble in the face of a new revolution, the revolution which is the object of all Socialist endeavors, the old Socialist leaders have been wailing. "Behold how little has been accomplished by all our work."

The editor of *Justice* takes pains to explain that the English Socialists stand far off from the industrial struggle. In an article on the recent great strikes he says: "We Social Democrats, stand by the workers in any conflict in which they may be engaged. We do not advocate strikes, although we support them; but we must never cease to insist upon the truth that, whatever they may gain by a strike, the emancipation of the working-class will never be achieved save by conquest by that class of political power." This is the sort of Socialist thinking that was common in France twenty years ago and in America some ten years back. "Strikes may be very good in their way," we are told, "at least we may as well humor the ignorant working-man in his notion that they are; but votes!—Ah, votes are the thing!"

We feel especially glad at the prospect of a new party, for a new party is bound to be vital. It will grow out of the needs of the present moment. No doubt it will become a real part of the labor movement. Perhaps its members will not "stand by" the workers, but be the workers. And perhaps it will be generous enough to allow to the direct action of the workers on the industrial field some small part in bringing in the revolution.

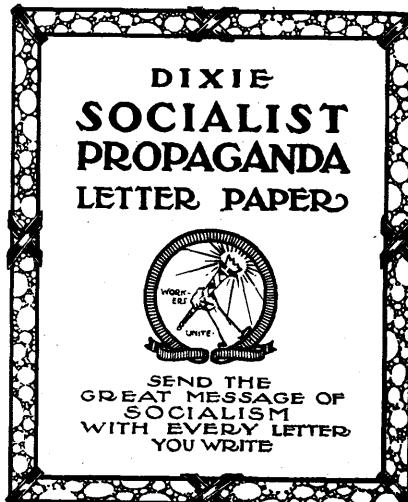
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NEWS AND VIEWS

A Socialist Newsdealer.—Comrade Edward Weinstein, who runs the Progressive Book and News Stand at the northwest corner of Sixth and Market streets, St. Louis, says he is "probably the only exclusive Socialist newsdealer in the Union." Whether he is right or not, he is the only one in St. Louis just at present, so far as we know, and we trust that our St. Louis readers will look him up and help him extend his work.

Results in England.—Comrade Fred Shaw of Lindley writes: "Marxism is just beginning to tell with our younger brood of Marx students. Your books are responsible for fully 80 per cent of the newer development, and I delight in pushing them. Without "our" books, I should have no interest in lecturing. I have just got back home from Derby. My last meeting was held in Derby Market Place. It was a fine one. The men from the railroad goods yard were out on strike and I gave them a talk on Industrial Solidarity. We sold out all our pamphlets on the subject." Fred Shaw is another comrade that will be heard from. Like Tom Mann and Ben Tillett he goes to the industries—the factories and mines, with a proposition the workingmen understand. Industrialism appeals to them at once. In fact industrial unionism or One Big Unionism is spreading over England like wildfire.

Comrade Pasquorette, a young miner working in Westmoreland County, Pa., writes sending \$5.00 for the REVIEW and books. He says it is his the contents of his first pay envelope. There are some empty houses here owned by farmers, he says, but the company will allow no man to live in them. They must all rent from the company as well as purchase all supplies at company stores. As usual the shacks are good enough for the workers while the employers live in mansions. We are very glad to hear from a young comrade who is able to see the way out for the workers at so early an age. If we had all learned about socialism when we were in our teens, how many years of wasted effort we might have saved!

To Visit America.—Comrade R. S. Ross, ex-editor of the Australian Social-Democrat and editor of the Maoriland Worker, Australia, one of the best socialist periodicals in the world, writes thus of Comrade H. Scott Bennett, who expects to visit the United States next year. "He is the orator of the Australian socialist movement. From street speaking he passed to hall lecturer and thence to Parliament. As labor candidate, he put up a memorable fight at Ballarat and wrested from a wealthy Tory a supposedly safe seat. Ere his term had ended he had decided to withdraw from Parliament notwithstanding he could have held his seat and three hundred pounds a year. He became associated with Tom Mann, H. E. Holland and others and formed the Socialist Federation of Australia. Later on he was organizer for the International Socialist Party of Sydney, and was lecturing every Sunday night

to crowded houses. Later on he toured New Zealand, making an extraordinary impression everywhere. At present he is speaking every Sunday night to audiences of over 2,000 and capably editing the Social Democrat. We are sorry to lose Bennett from Australia, but the movement here wants him to see the world's movement in operation and it wants the world, America included, to hear the truth about Australia. Scott Bennett is finely equipped for this work and for this message and the comrades in the United States are in for an intellectual treat. In culture and fundamental presentation of facts, he stands among the foremost. He is no trimmer nor opportunist. To his advocacy Industrial Unionism owes much of its growing popularity in these lands 'neath the Southern Cross. He is also an apostle of rationalism and he can reach the crowd. This distinctively Australian socialist has been practically all over both Australia and New Zealand. Has seen its strikes and noted its experiments in compulsory arbitration and other labor legislation. He has met every sociological traveler of note and read the chief world's books of his time. No one in Australia is better fitted to speak to the American socialists on the things being done in Australia and of the problems of working class organization in these parts.

Barred The Review.—A comrade in one of the penitentiaries—a man who has served eight years, and is now only twenty-three years old—writes that he can no longer get the REVIEW or the *Appeal to Reason* because they have been barred from "his penitentiary." "I have been a subscriber to the *Appeal* and the REVIEW for some time," he says. "I must admit that the value of these periodicals has always been underestimated. The *Appeal* was condemned here because of its printed article showing how cruelly the inmates of Leavenworth prison are treated and because its circulation has grown so fast inside the prison walls. THE REVIEW and the *Appeal* has made many socialists in the New Jersey State Prison. Keep on printing pictures in the REVIEW. When the eye has been attracted there is a desire to read what follows. You may print this letter, but do not use my name. You now understand why I cannot work more for socialism."

From Higbee.—Comrade Evans writes: "My funds are very limited but I enclose \$1.00 for another yearly subscription to the REVIEW. I consider the REVIEW the very best magazine published in the interests of those who toil."

From a Soap Boxer.—Comrade W. G. Henry said recently to his soap box audience in a Western city, "If Mary E. Marcy's Shop Talks on Economics could be placed in the hands of 100,000 intelligent non-socialist workingmen and they would give it a careful reading, it would form a nucleus to an army of revolt that would lead the working class farther and faster from wage slavery than anything yet published in the same number of pages. I have learned much from it myself."

From the Arkansas State Secretary.—Comrade Ida Hayman Callery writes about Shop Talks on Economics, our new 10-cent pamphlet, as follows: "I am not going to let another day slip by without telling you how much I appreciate Shop Talks. It is certainly fine. Just what we need and so clear and simple that a child could not help but understand. Mrs. Marcy is certainly demonstrating that a woman can make good and I am more than glad."

He Got His Time.—A comrade writes: "I am certainly pleased with the REVIEW, for it is the only magazine that speaks the truth about Capitalism. I have lost my job at Somerset, Colo. No reason was given, and I think it was on account of my receiving socialist literature through the post office, which is in the company store. No man can get his mail from that post office until every clerk, the superintendent and the boss have looked at it. The second time I received the REVIEW at Somerset, Colo., I GOT MY TIME CHECK ALONG WITH IT. I am leaving Diamondville, Wyo., today but you may expect another REVIEW subscription from me as soon as I get settled again."—E. H. Potter.

Look at Waterloo, Iowa.—Comrade Esther Edelson reports Waterloo, Iowa, as doing big things. She says the comrades there have discovered the way to hold successful open air meetings. These meetings are usually held in the park. The park being a public place, the socialists claim they have as much right to use it as anybody. It is situated in a working class district and the men and women find socialism brought to their very doors. The comrades rent chairs so that every listener will have a seat. This makes them willing to contribute toward financing other open air meetings. Tired workers are always glad to have a comfortable seat in the park where they can hear a snappy talk on a subject that concerns their own welfare. It is a very good plan and we hope other locals will take it up. And don't forget to sell every listener a copy of the current number of the REVIEW. It will leave 5 cents in your treasury and get him to reading the right kind of literature.

The Naked Truth.—Comrade R. C. Abell of New York writes: "It is with pleasure that I renew my subscription to the REVIEW. It always more than comes up to my expectations. The REVIEW publishes articles no other magazine would dare touch upon. It tells the naked truth."

Wants More Lessons.—Comrade Swerak of Brooklyn says: "I like the REVIEW for its fighting qualities and especially do I value Mary E. Marcy's lessons on socialism. We have had discussions and lectures on them in our branch. And the attendance was always good and the comrades interested. I think it would be a very good idea if the REVIEW would continue to publish such lessons on Socialism or Industrialism or some other subject of interest to the workers."

From a Red.—"Tell them at the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW," said Tom Mann to a

comrade who was writing us from Liverpool, "that for the sake of the deliverance of the workers we are fighting on the principles so often expressed by them—those of INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM."

Annual Socialist Encampment at Grand Saline, Texas.—The great Eighth Annual Socialist Encampment at Grand Saline, Texas, August 7th to 12th was not only the largest Socialist meeting ever held in the south or southwest, but it was the most stupendous gathering of any kind that ever assembled in north or east Texas.

The weather was superbly favorable for the week, bright and clear without an indication of rain, with the moon beaming in the full of its glory, making each hour of every night as bright as day.

By noon Tuesday there were ten thousand people in the park, and stopping room was at a premium, with an incessant procession of pedestrians, conveyances and horsemen flowing in from every direction. Soon there was not room on the grounds to turn a vehicle around; the grounds overflowed and incoming vehicles camped along the sides of the public roads wherever a stopping place could be found. Along the highways traveled the least wagons were camped in rows nearly a mile long. A very conservative estimate places the attendance on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday at 10,000 daily. Probably 50,000 different persons passed through the gates during the week, as the crowd changed up often, the people going and coming incessantly in never ending processions.

The encampment has outgrown the old grounds at Richardson Park and will have to secure larger quarters for next year.

The large water-proof tabernacle with a seating capacity of 2,000 proved too small to seat the audiences which numbered fully 3,000 three times daily during the three heaviest days of the meeting.

After the seats were all taken people stood listening all around the pavilion for 50 feet from its outer edges, beneath the surrounding shade.

From 12 to 20 speakers were on the grounds at all times, among them: A. W. Ricker, associate editor of the *Appeal to Reason*; Stanley J. Clark, that storm petrel of the Social-Revolution; Richey Alexander, secretary and general manager of the encampments. These were on the program and many more.

The audiences listened as eagerly to and applauded as heartily the speeches of the young comrades as readily as they responded to the lectures of the masters of the platform.

In the grim determination, profound attention and electrical flames of applause that swept over the great audiences one could almost see the waves of revolt surging in the minds of the workers of farm and factory, and catch the spark and spirit of the coming revolution.

Butte Heard From Again.—On September 5th we received another order from the Butte Miners, Local No. 1, W. F. M., ordering 100

more copies a month of The Fighting Magazine. Perhaps our readers have heard how the working men and women in Butte put socialists in as officers of their unions, their city jobs and as the servants of the labor movement there in general. They don't choose men "to serve ALL the people" but they pick men whom they can trust to serve the working class. The Butte Miners' Union is the largest in the northwest and they are always in the front rank when there is any fighting to be done for the wage workers. And those union men choose, as their public servants, men who are headed for Revolution—men who are socialists through and through. We are glad to hear from our Butte friends again. When such men back the REVIEW we know it is becoming in deed as well as in WORD a Fighting Magazine. Take a tip, you other labor organizations. Look at your brothers in Montana and get wise. You can't educate yourselves unless you read good socialist literature. You can't know about the labor movement if you don't read the right magazine. Get your local to send in \$20.00 and get a bundle of REVIEWS each month for a year. You will be surprised at the result. Our Butte letter came from a comrade who stands very high in the hearts of Union No. 1, but he said: "Don't mention any names as we are all workers for the cause here, and are not looking for any public notoriety. We are just good HUSTLING comrades." It is easy to see why Butte is one of the most revolutionary cities in America. And keep your eye on Mayor Lewis J. Duncan. He is another good man and built of the right timber. You don't hear him talking about being a "leader." Evidently he thinks he is on the job to SERVE the workers. It sounds a little bit new, but awfully good to us.

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