

OCTOBER, 1914

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It may surprise some to know that the professor went to his defeat before the masterful logic of the man of the people. The victor was none other than our great Frederick Engels, co-worker with Karl Marx.

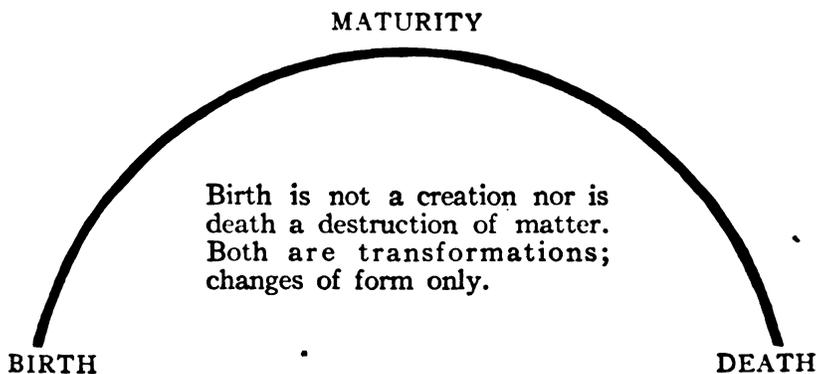
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THE RED FEAST

BY
A PAINT CREEK
MINER



John Sloan in The Masses

His Master:

“You’ve done very
well.

Now what is left of
you can go back
to work”

AYE, fight, you fools—you workers torn with strife,
And spill your steaming entrails on the field;
Serve well in death the men you served in life,
So that their wide dominions may not yield.

Serve well that flag—the lie that still allures;
Lay down your lives for land you do not own,
And give unto a war that is not yours
Your glory tithe of mangled flesh and bone

Ah, slaves, you fight your master’s battles well,
The reek of rotting carnage fills the air;
Your trampled bodies give forth fetid smell—
Sweet incense to the ghouls who sent you there—

A bloody mass of high heaped human woe
For hungry vultures hovering on high
Black dogs, red muzzled, through the trenches go,
Where your wan, pallid features face the sky.

Go, stagger back, you stupid slaves who’ve “won,”
Back to your stricken towns to toil anew,

For there your dismal tasks are still undone,
And grim Starvation gropes again for you!

What matters now your flag, your race, the skill
Of scattered legions—were they not in vain—,
Once more beneath the lash you must distil
Your lives to glut a glory wrought of pain.

In peace they ever lash you to your toil,
In war they drive you to the teeth of death,
And even when your life-blood soaks the soil
They give you lies to choke your dying breath.

So will they smite your blind eyes till you see,
And lash your naked backs until you know
That wasted blood can never make you free
From utter thralldom to the common foe

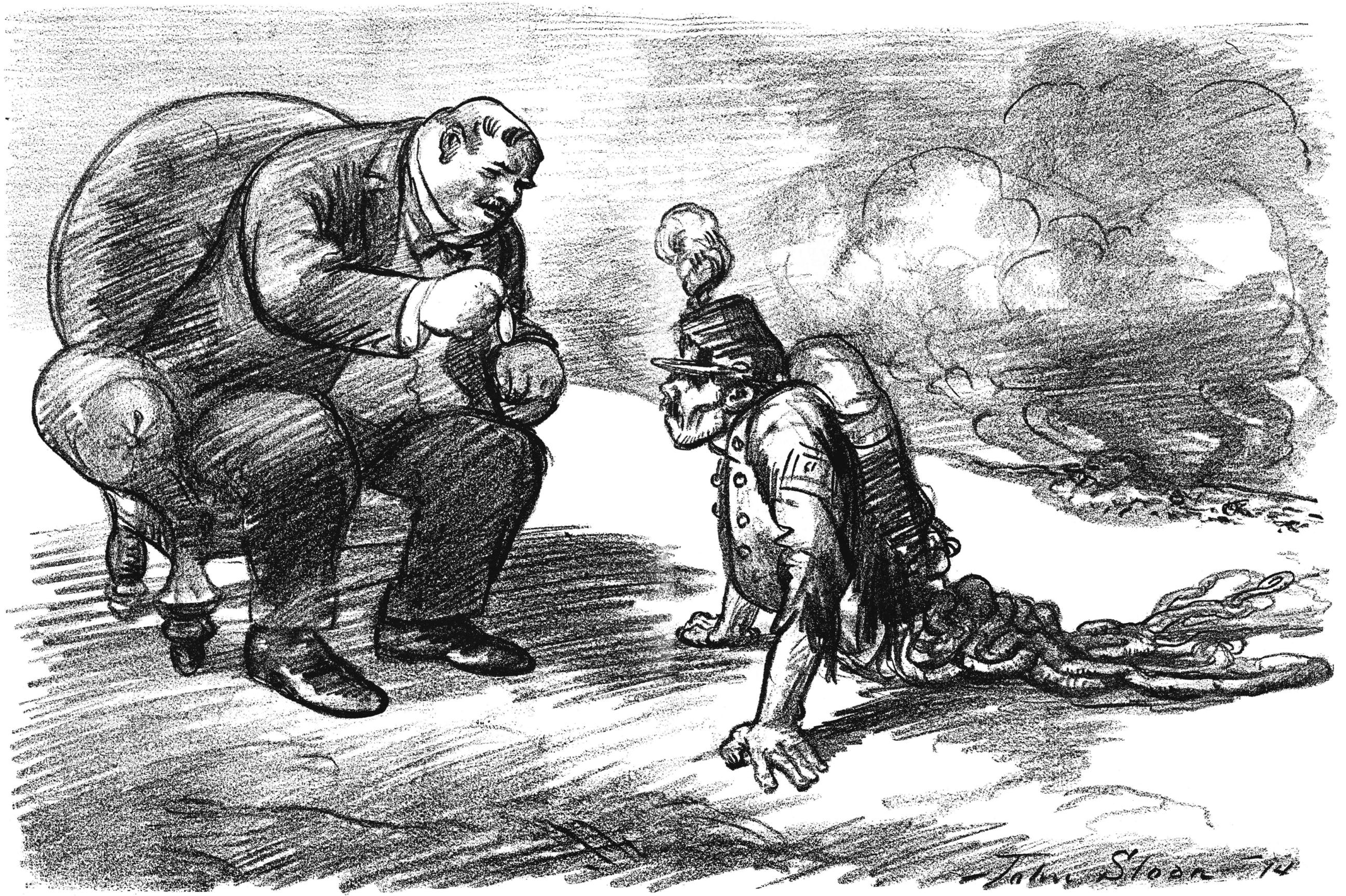
Then you will find that “nation” is a name,
And boundaries are things that don’t exist;
That workers’ interests, world-wide, are the same,
And ONE the ENEMY they must resist!



His Master:

“You’ve done very
well.

Now what is left of of
you can go back ck
to work”



Drawn by John Sloan.

His Master: "You've done very well. Now what is left of you can go back to work."

The
INTERNATIONAL
SOCIALIST REVIEW

VOL. XV

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No. 4

THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR AND SOCIALISM

BY ANTON PANNEKOEK (BREMEN)

S UDDENLY, like a meteor from the sky or an earthquake, the world-war has broken out over the unsuspecting and terrified nations of Europe. No one thought of war, no one really wanted it, princes and cabinet members were traveling or at bathing places—out came the ultimatum of Austria to the Servian government, and after a week of strenuous efforts to preserve peace the nations one after the other slid down into the abyss as if drawn by an irresistible fate.

Never before was it made so plain that mankind does not make history according to its own will but is driven by external social forces more powerful than itself. Superficial newspaper writers seek to lay the blame on individual persons. One alleges as the cause of the war the ambition of the German Kaiser; another the criminal frivolity of the Czar; another the jealousy of England. One who views the world from the standpoint of a peasant or shopkeeper asks how is such madness possible? Good-hearted idealogists are astonished that on the high plane of human culture such a senseless butchery of human beings can take place.

They are all ignorant of the real world; they are now just learning that the essence of capitalist society is oppression, hate, world competition, enmity and the rule of force.

THE CAUSES OF THE WAR.

The socialist, who has learned to understand the essence of capitalism, sees also

clearly the cause of this war. It is unnecessary to discuss it at length, here as this was done in our article "*War Against War*" in the I. S. R. for February, 1913. The economic source of imperialism was there laid bare, and it was shown why the states of Europe have formed themselves into two triple alliances; how the mighty industrial development of Germany forces it to acquire more world power, more colonies; how in this attempt it always found England its chief enemy; and how the revolutions in the Balkan peninsula gave the start from which anew a European war threatened to develop. We only need to connect with our former article and take up the thread where we there dropped it.

The Balkan war of 1912 increased the self-respect of the Balkan nations and aroused in them strong national feelings, but did not satisfy them, because all the new boundaries were artificial. Servia, through the jealousy of Austria, was left small and far from the sea. Austria was torn by the antagonism of many nationalities within her own boundaries and feared that the million Servians in Austria would strive for a union with Belgrade.

A democratic autonomy would have won them for Austria; but this did not suit the court, bank and army camarilla in Vienna, and because this ruling clique had at hand all the military resources of a first-class modern state war against the restless foreign Serbs appeared to be the only means for solving the Servian question at

home. The assassination of Crown Prince Franz Ferdinand served as a welcome pretext for this solution of the difficulty.

The attack of Austria on Servia brought first Russia and then Germany to its feet. Russia always plays the role of protector of the Slavic states of the Balkan, yet leaves them in the lurch when it suits her; but she will not permit an extension of power in the Balkans by Austria; for behind Austria stands Germany.

Austria is the advance guard which opens the way for Germany into Asia, where Germany on account of the Bagdad railroad has large capitalist interests. In Asia Minor and Armenia, German and Russian expansion came into contact with each other. It was only by the threats of Germany that the Czar was forced a year ago to desist from a plan to conquer Armenia.

Now, again, Germany demands that he leave Austria isolated and thereby confess his own weakness before all the Asiatic nations. But the Russian army, though absolutely worthless a few years ago, had become in the meantime somewhat improved; the Russian government clique no longer felt itself to be wholly powerless. So out of the advance of Austria (supported by Germany) on the Balkans arose the attack of Russia on Austria and the attack of Germany on Russia. Thus the European war was on, for France stood in a firm alliance with Russia.

Germany could have prevented the war if she had demanded at Vienna some relaxation towards Servia; but she found the occasion favorable for war, especially as she hoped that England would remain neutral, having adjusted the sharpest points of difference by an agreement with her as to Mesopotamia.

Economically considered, the antagonism between Germany and France is not so great as that between Germany and England. In Turkey French capital works fraternally with German. The Bagdad Railroad is a joint undertaking by German and French capital, which even in the struggle for mining concessions in Asia Minor make common cause against the English-American group (Ernest Cassel, Kuhn-Loeb). When there was a lack of capital in Germany in times of the highest industrial prosperity, French capital was

sent to Germany. Germany has repeatedly tried to approach closer to France, chiefly for the purpose of getting the rich supplies of French capital for use in her industries and foreign enterprises.

But in the way of this stood the traditional hate for Germany and the hope of revenge for Alsace-Lorraine. Because of this revenge idea the alliance with Russia was formed and billions of the savings of small French capitalists were invested in Russian government bonds. Hence France remained firmly chained to Russia against Germany and forms in this war the strongest and most dangerous foe of the German army.

What positive advantages Germany hoped for out of this war is apparent from its offer to England that it would make no change in the boundaries of Belgium and France in Europe, but would be satisfied with the colonies of these countries, if England would keep out of the conflict. Germany had long had its eye on the Congo state to round out its African possessions. This, together with strategical considerations, was the reason for drawing Belgium into the strife.

The social democratic parliamentarians of Belgium, Vandevelde and his friends, who some years ago were eager to have the Congo state made a Belgian colony, did a poor service for the Belgian working class by this high play of statesmanship.

But it is a mistake to believe that Germany's attack on Belgium was the reason that led England to take a hand in the war. Had England done nothing and quietly looked on till the power of France and Russia was broken by Germany, then the result would have been that France, disillusioned and left in the lurch, would have made peace quickly, and that thereupon a closer combination of middle European continental powers would have been formed, which would necessarily have turned its attack toward England. Then would have followed the great struggle between the old full-fed wolf, England, and the young hungry wolf, Germany, under far more unfavorable circumstances for England. Hence England had to jump in now to defend its world-position; only it was difficult for the government, because public opinion was against war. But this was changed by the German attack on Bel-

gium, and then the English government was able to coolly declare war.

Thus the world war grew apace. It is not an accidental war, springing up because of a particular object of contention. As some years ago the tension over Morocco brought on the danger of a war the socialist press pointed to the Moroccan mining concessions of Mannesmann Brothers as the object for which German soldiers were to risk their bones. Now the bourgeois press asks the socialists with scorn, "You are always saying that wars are waged only for capitalist interests; where then are the interests of capital here?"

The pure type of an imperialistic war is to be recognized by this: It does not break out on account of a particular object, but arises from the *general* antagonisms of states. These antagonisms are rooted in the competition to win world power or to defend it; and this struggle for world power is nothing else but the struggle of every country to win for its capital colonies, contracts, spheres of influence and favorable opportunities for investment in Asia and Africa. Every country has for a long time felt itself threatened by others because all of them make hostile preparations against one another. Hence every one of them believes itself attacked by the others.

All Germans are convinced with granite firmness that they are only waging a war of defense against an impudent assault of Russia; in France and England the talk is about Germany's insatiable greed for dominion, which would conquer Europe. At the same time every country believes it is protecting culture or some other holy object against foreign barbarians, though in reality they all stick equally deep in capitalist barbarism which ruthlessly sacrifices wealth and human life for world power and capitalist interests.

In this war we see clearer than ever before how powerful imperialism is and how impotent are all peace congresses and peace societies. It is true that the forceful struggle for world-power brings direct advantage to large capital only; but the whole possessing class feels itself in harmony therewith. All contractors, business men, merchants and educated or professional people (engineers, technicians) have the feeling that better business, better posi-

tions await them in proportion as their country increases its reputation in the world and as large industry prospers. Hence an imperialistic policy finds a sounding board in the entire propertied class.

Twenty years ago in Germany the liberals and the Catholic Center party were opponents of militarism and the colonial policy; but since the elections of 1907 all opposition of these petty bourgeois circles against policies of violence and force has disappeared. The firm determination, rising at times even to joyous enthusiasm, with which the mass of the German people now enter into the war (and the same determination is seen in Austria, France, Belgium and England) demonstrates that at present the requirement of large *capital* for room to expand *dominates* the spirit and will of large masses of the people and leads them with compelling force.

But how is it with the proletariat?

THE WAR AND THE WORKING CLASS.

The same evolution which makes large capital master of the world also makes the working proletariat the most numerous class of society. This class, which suffers all the wretchedness and oppression of capitalism, but derives no benefits therefrom, also has to bear all the horrors arising from war. If they come home from the war as victors, then capital has the advantages and profits, but they themselves are again the same exploited propertyless proletarians as before.

It is clear then that working men must be opposed to every war. They look upon the proletarians of foreign lands as their brothers, their comrades, but upon the owning class of their own country as their enemies and oppressors. How could they be brought to shoot their brothers at the behest of their enemies? Class-conscious workers desire to carry on the class struggle in order to abolish capitalism and in lieu thereof to establish a cooperative community, a Socialist society.

The Socialist workers of all countries, as well as the labor unions, have repeatedly at their congresses expressed their abhorrence of war and protested against it. Two years ago the great international demonstration at Basel took place. Unfortunately all discussion over the methods of combatting war was omitted out of fear that then the beautiful picture of unanim-

ity would be damaged; *appearance* was put above *essence*, and now it transpires how much weaker the peace power existing in the proletariat is than we then hoped.

The undeveloped workers without class-consciousness are easily stampeded by the old catchwords, love of country and patriotism. But even the more enlightened organized workers fall easily under the influence of the rushing tide of imperialism. In the labor unions, whose struggle always looks only to direct material advantages and neglects great ideals and intellectual development, an opinion is current that raw materials are needed for industry and hence that forcible subjection of tropical countries is in the interest of the working class.

The reformist policy in the most diverse countries aims at an approach toward the progressive and reform-favoring part of the bourgeoisie and in exchange therefor is ready to take part in the administration, to vote budgets, and approve of colonial projects. A backward movement, governed by old bourgeois catchwords, it, too, speaks of patriotism and the duty of working men to defend their fatherland and its "culture."

In Germany the dominance of this reformism was prevented by the traditions of radicalism and by oppression from above. Because the reactionary police state treated workers as men having inferior rights, it aroused their keen resentment, which expressed itself in uncompromising and bitter opposition to the policies of the government. But whoever followed the events attentively could not but notice that here radicalism by no means meant a revolutionary spirit. Behind the large and mechanically repeated revolutionary phrases there was frequently nothing but petty bourgeois Philistinism, which dreaded every fresh initiative, and especially was there a lack of understanding of modern politics.

In "*Vorwaerts*" and other newspapers the policies of the government and militarism were criticised according to the old schedule. They scolded the stupidity and ridiculed the incompetence of official personages and tried to convince the bourgeoisie that their politics were unreasonable, that they were making a mistake in building warships, that their colonies were

worthless—in short, that they really would do better to resign and put efficient social democrats at the helm.

This whole method was at bottom an attack on the politics of modern grand capitalism from the petty bourgeois standpoint of "small business" and shows that all understanding of modern political development was lacking. And fitted in with this was the theory which undertook to show in the scientific organ of the party, the "*Neue Zeit*," that the doctrine of Marx, that fiery, revolutionary champion, meant a *passive waiting* and that all revolutionary activity was nothing but unscientific anarchism.

A small group of social democrats, with more revolutionary sentiments, sought to bring about a *comprehension of imperialism* and the foreign policy of Germany (especially Karl Radek, a young Polish author, and the Socialist newspapers of Leipzig and Bremen.)

They showed that the strength of imperialism is much greater and is rooted much deeper in the owning class than was thought, and that it controls the whole domestic policy; and that it can only be fought by having the proletariat take up with all its might an active, aggressive struggle against it. How can the proletariat conduct this struggle? First, by a thorough enlightenment of the masses, and secondly, by mass action.

When the working masses have become strongly organized and deeply imbued with Socialist doctrine they can by great street demonstrations and by political mass strikes win concessions from their governments and strongly influence their politics. This is especially true with reference to the danger of war outbreaks. While the old radicals continually repeated the phrase, "Governments do not dare to begin war for fear of the proletariat, for war means social revolution," the revolutionary Left emphasized the fact that the proletariat cannot prevent war by standing pat but only by energetic, active aggression.

For this purpose as soon as danger of war appears and nationalistic demonstrations in favor of war begin to be made the working men should fill the streets in masses and chase away the howlers. If the danger becomes more threatening, the demonstrations must become more ener-

getic; under a general strike the masses must be sent into the streets instead of going to the factory, and for these few days they can live wholly for the great political struggle.

If the government tries to forbid the demonstrations and to prevent them by force, then all the more must they be kept up. Even if thousands thereby perish, what is that compared with the hundreds of thousands who fall in war? And in war they fall for capital, in the street fight they fall for the proletarian cause.

Since the government is always able to maintain peace by some concession in the negotiations, it is quite possible that such devoted sacrifices of the working masses in all large cities would make the government cautious and thus preserve the peace.

All this applies to the German proletariat at the outbreak of the present war. Had the social democratic party firmly resolved to oppose the war with all its might and had it aroused the masses to opposition and shunned no sacrifice, then perhaps this fearful war would have been avoided. A successful action like this would have been at the same time an important victory, a step forward for Socialism.

But whoever has followed the tactics of the German party of late years must entertain strong doubts whether it was capable of such action. Six years ago an attempt at mass activity was begun in the struggle for the Prussian franchise, but it was soon dropped, because the leaders of the party were afraid of a clash with the powerful military.

Had this beginning of revolutionary aggression continued, then the German government would have had too much to do with its internal troubles to think about war. The fact that this tactic came to an end after the brilliant conflicts of 1910 means an acknowledgment of its own weakness by the party. Since then a lukewarm spirit, adverse to sharp conflict, got the upper hand in the movement. The bureaucracy at the top became ever stronger and was disinclined to risk itself in revolutionary struggles.

It is true, there was an external growth of the organization, which is the necessary prerequisite for a fight, but at the same time they shunned that fight more and more in order, as they claimed, not to en-

danger this precious organization. Every independent initiative of the masses which occasionally broke out in the struggles of the labor unions against the counsel of the leaders was branded as a "lack of discipline" and "anarchism." Thus there was lacking in the German labor movement all the prerequisites for coming out boldly against the threatening war.

To expect from narrow parliamentarians and bureaucrats like Scheidemann and Ebert any revolutionary initiative would have been ridiculous, and just as little could one expect that the masses, accustomed to do only what the party ordered, would now come forward independently without the leaders of the party.

On Tuesday evening, the 28th of July, well attended meetings were held to protest against the war. That was all. And in these meetings there was a total lack of enthusiasm. With a feeling of depression, they realized that Fate was approaching without being able to stop it.

But there was not only lack of capacity for action against the war. The question *how* the war could be resisted was never even raised, because the question *whether* the war ought to be resisted was not even answered with a decisive *Yes*. Among the workers was a lack of spirit to come out against the war. More than that, in wide circles, even among party members, they were *for* the war. In the "*Vorwaertz*" and many other party papers the war was set forth as a "war against the blood-czar," a war against Russian barbarism. They cited Karl Marx, who in 1848 had urged Germany to a war against Russia; they overlooked the fact that that applied only so long as Russia dominated and threatened Europe as its most powerful military state.

Thus the war was made popular among the working masses. In vain did a few newspapers of the Left lift their voice against it. Here is shown how heavily the non-comprehension of imperialism revenged itself. Had there been everywhere a clear insight into the fact that today Russia, equally with Germany, is a capitalist country, pursuing a policy of commercial imperialism, and that the war was to be waged merely about the expansion of Germany in Asia, and had this truth been hammered into the masses by our press

day in and day out, then the workers would not so easily have become the victims of bourgeois patriotic phrases.

Now, however, it appeared to the workers, who had always learned to hate most of all the grewsome Russian czarism, that the German government, which formerly cultivated an intimate friendship with the czar's regime, had really been converted to the views of the proletariat in order to wipe out that disgrace of Europe, the bloody rule of the Cossack lash. Hence, it could not occur to the undeveloped mass of the German workers to hold back the German government from the war against Russia. Hence the little band who feared the war as a great evil could do nothing.

This explains why the social democratic members of the Reichstag (only a small minority opposed it) voted the emergency war credit for the government under the plea that Germany was conducting a defensive war for civilization against Russian barbarism.

This position of the German social democracy marks a turning point in its history and a breach with its previous tactics. (In 1870 in a similar case Bebel and Liebknecht abstained from voting, and Bebel declared later that he would have voted against the war appropriation if he had dreamed of Bismarck's deception as to Napoleon's alleged attack.)

From lack of courage and strength for resistance, they now fell willingly into the trap which the government had set for the people, viz., that it was merely waging a war of defense against an impudent assault. There was also the fear that if the party voted against the war appropriation, it would call down the wrath of public opinion, and suffer violence through the arrest of its leaders and the suppression of its party papers by the government. They avoided a clash for fear of injuring the organization.

These representatives of the party now think that by their prudence they saved the party organization. Superficially considered, they appear to be in the right, for the party is now treated from *above* more favorably than ever before; but the *socialist soul has thereby been sacrificed*.

The bourgeois press praises the social democracy for its patriotic stand. The

whole position of the party in the country has changed; it is now recognized by the government as on an equal footing with other parties; the numerous exceptional laws against it are repealed; all is friendship and unity between social democracy and bourgeoisie. The class struggle against the bourgeoisie is heard no more; the Socialist backbone of the party is broken.

Many a one will ask himself, how could there be such a collapse of the once so proud and class-conscious party, the strongest and most radical in the world? We have already said that within the party the symptoms of a change were long present, but did not come to the surface owing to the force of tradition and old habituated phrases. But in stormy social crises, when the passions of men are stirred to the depths, the venerable catchwords fall suddenly away like a torn cloak and *what one really is*, what lies in one's deepest nature, is unexpectedly revealed.

The leaders of the party, parliamentarians and officeholders, were averse to keen strife and, though retaining the Marxian expressions, had repeatedly sought in elections to let the party cooperate with the liberal progressives. And the masses, thanks to a twenty-year economic prosperity, had gradually become demoralized.

True, large numbers became members of the Socialist party, because they looked upon this as the class party of the workers, and they were also for the most part opposed to political compromises, because they were socially and politically heavily oppressed. But there were few indications of deep revolutionary feeling of a really rebellious spirit. The history of the labor movement shows how in times of crisis the revolutionary spirit grows, in times of prosperity contentment. Hence, people wondered why the long and great prosperity showed so little effect on the political attitude of the German workers. The answer is found in the present collapse, the sudden submission to imperialism and the fraternization with the bourgeoisie.

Of course, this will not last forever. Government and bourgeoisie are now so friendly to the workers only because they need them badly, because in so dangerous

a war they must rely on the good opinion of the masses. Soon enough this condition will change and when the necessities of the government are past, the persecutions will begin again. But when that comes the party cannot simply turn back again to its old ways. The scars of this unnatural war compact will remain.

It is not impossible that a portion of the party will abandon permanently the class struggle and that sharp inner conflicts and divisions will arise out of it. But what course the labor movement will take in the future cannot be determined until the results of the present war are clearly seen.

(Translated by Marcus Hitch.)



—International News Service

BELGIANS IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE MALINES.

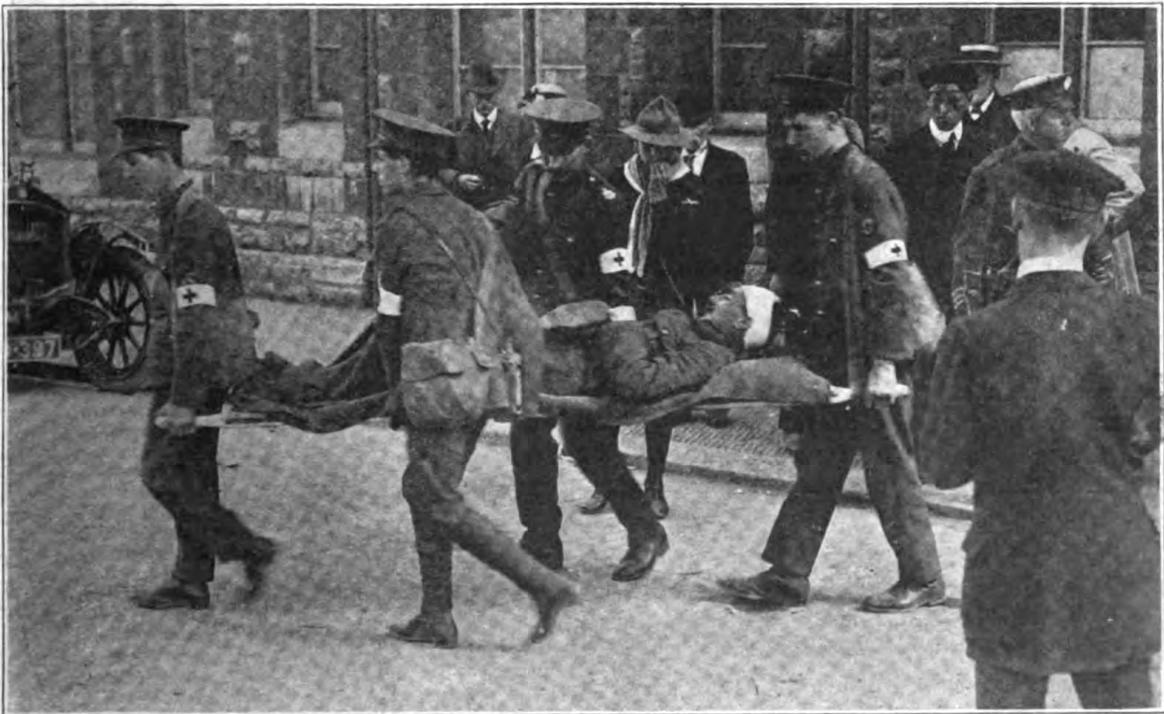
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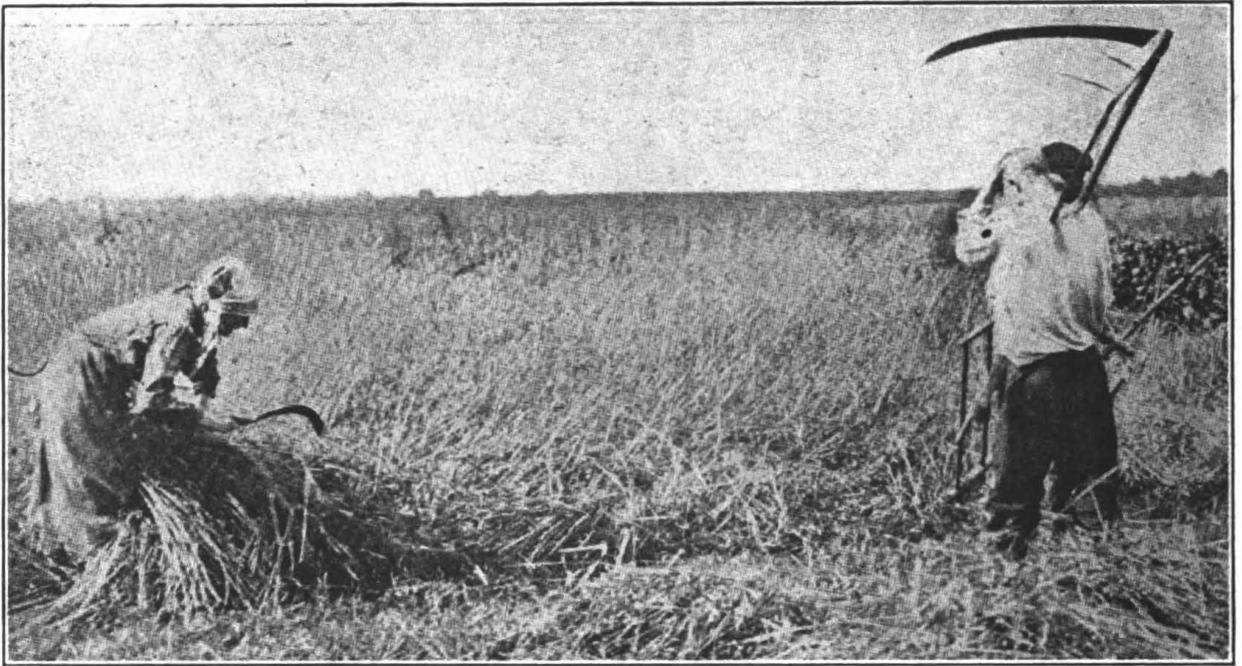
—International News Service

THOUSANDS OF WORKING CLASS HOMES HAVE BEEN BROKEN UP IN BELGIUM. THIS PICTURE SHOWS WORKING PEOPLE WITH THEIR "PROPERTY" ALONG THE ROAD TO BRUSSELS.



—International News Service

BRITISH SOLDIER BEING CARRIED FROM THE FIELD OF "HONOR" TO THE SURGEON'S KNIFE.



PRODUCTION AND DESTRUCTION IN THE SAME FIELD.

Degradation in the Hope of Conquest

BY GEORGES CLEMENCEAU

(Comrade Robert Rives LaMonte, our Associate Editor, now marooned in France, sends us this article, clipped from *L'Humanite*, the Paris Socialist daily, of August 14. The author is a radical deputy, not a Socialist, but that the French Socialists agree in the main with his criticism is evident from the prominence given it. Comrade LaMonte writes: "I agree fully with Clemenceau. The German comrades have been weighed in the balance and found wanting.")

WE now have the proceedings of the Reichstag session at which war was declared. The French Socialists, whose own conduct is admirable, must have been strangely deceived in reading the declaration by which the German Socialists lined up behind the kaiser against us. Thus vanish certain hopes too beautiful to last.

For myself, it required only a very moderate dose of perspicacity to predict what has happened, for it was glaring enough to all unprejudiced eyes. But my powers of foresight failed me in this respect, namely, that I had expected that the Social Democracy, to save its face, would take the trouble to disguise its game by seeking some ingenious method for putting us in the wrong. But we have done nothing that

can be exaggerated or distorted into a wrong against Germany. Therein was the fine opportunity for whoever might have thought of a noble effort in favor of peace. One word, one gesture, recorded by history, would have attested that on that accursed day one generous heart still beat on German soil. No voice was raised.

In 1870 M. Thiers, a man of acuteness, but of little depth, had courageously faced the outcries and threats of misguided French deputies in the hope of saving the honor of France and the inalienable rights of reason. It seems that our German Socialists have not yet arrived at the mental stature of that simple capitalist politician. One of them came forward sadly to read a paper that ought to be nailed to the door of the Peace Tribunal at The Hague in



Photos by Underwood & Underwood.
PEASANTS AND SOLDIERS IN BELGIUM, NEAR THE FRENCH FRONTIER.

order to warn those who cross its threshold that they must leave all hope behind of attaching their dream to reality for a long time to come.

The kaiser's sophisticated Socialists announce to us with downcast eyes that "up to the last moment" they have "struggled to maintain peace." I do not know in what cellars those magnificent battles were fought, but I regret to state that their thunderings have not reached our ears. A few pale documents overspread with the usual verbiage of people concerned with preserving the form, in view of the treasons that are to follow—that is all that I can find to the credit of German "idealism." Again, even so much is not certain, for in the course of the period during which the tempest was gathering some extracts from *Vorwaerts*, the Berlin Socialist daily, which have reached us demand a forced interpretation if we are to see in them a resolute protest in favor of peace.

"The policy of imperialism," declares Haase, a Socialist member of the Reichstag, "is the reason why the whole world is in arms, and that the nations are rushing against one another to pour a torrent of blood over Europe. It is the defenders of this policy who bear the full responsibility

in the eyes of the world." *Whose* policy of imperialism, Mr. Deputy? You dare not lay the crime at the door of the aggressors, because you would have to accuse the *kaiser*, in whose service you are about to reach the hypocritical conclusion that you ought to go and shed French blood. Is it France that wished to dominate, enslave, terrorize Europe, or might it not be the Germany of William II? On that decisive day, when the chance had come for you to say a word of truth in the service of that Humanity which you falsely pretended to serve, you miserably stole away. You have the face to speak of combats that you have sustained for the cause of peace with your brothers of France. Then tell us, since they have not for a single moment betrayed that cause, since no provocation can be laid to their charge, how comes it that you are going, of your own free will, to aim machine guns at them tomorrow? It is too late for you, so you pitifully argue, "to pronounce on the cause of this war." And why? When you are taking up a gun to aim at the heart of those whom you call your brothers, it seems as if this would rather be the time to ask yourself the reason. But I am honoring you too much in talking to you as an equal. Follow your

master, on your chain, and be silent, since you did not find courage to say the expected word when the hour of Destiny sounded.

Never were there fewer pretexts for declaring war. "Why is Germany going to fight?" There was perhaps enough in this simple question to hold destiny in suspense, through the impossibility of making any answer that was not flagrant hypocrisy, cynical falsehood. A quarrel between Austria and Servia? It was not the first. Why could not this have been arranged like the others? Especially when the Servian government conceded everything, except its right to life, and when Austria herself was about to accept the mediation proposed by Sir Edward Grey at the moment when war was declared on us.

To make a European war, of unheard-of proportions, out of a state of things where the two parties confronting each other were accepting peace, that is not an easy thing. William II succeeded in it through the force of his genius. Nevertheless, whoever might have desired to oppose this achievement found the road wide open before him. Never was action so easy, never were so many conditions for success accumulated. From the Reichstag one might speak to all Germany—yes, to all civilized countries. German Socialism remained voiceless. And when a word from the torch bearers of German Idealism (?) makes itself heard, it is to warn us that the comrades must fly to the "defense of their fatherland."

Defend the fatherland against whom? Hardly against Russia, since it was not mobilizing on its German frontier, and it is precisely under these conditions that Germany declared war upon it. I see indeed a vague allusion to "Russian czarism." I should like to know what reproach can be made against this by German czarism. The Russian nation is a nation of high idealism, with the supreme merit of providing men willing to die in support of their ideas. Even when the ideas are false there is a certain grandeur in this. Some may admire it more than to organize magnificently for the service of an idea, only to crouch to earth and betray it at the moment of danger.

When has Russia acted in hostile fash-

ion against Germany? When has it shown in any way that it desires the smallest portion of German territory? Where is the aggression, the provocation, the act or the word uncovering an evil design?

And republican France? Good gentlemen of humanitarian justice, must a Frenchman inform you that it is against the France of the revolution that you are marching? I challenge you to tell why, without uttering a shameless falsehood. Reveal, if you can without blushing, what wrong we have done you. At least do you know what your government has invented against us—that government with which you are identifying yourself, and under whose flag you are enlisting? It has accused us of bombarding Nuremberg from the clouds. It has said it, the charge is in writing, it can not be effaced. Come, take courage. Dare to say that you believe it, and that it is to avenge this "aggression" that you come to shoot children in our villages. Say at least that others believe it—except the inhabitants of Nuremberg, embarrassed at the request to point out the havoc wrought. Then the lie was indeed too clumsy to pass your lips. Do not act disgusted. You have swallowed plenty of others. I trust that some day in your schools, when the little children ask the cause of a war which will have bathed all Europe in blood, your teachers, removing their glasses to invoke the powers above, will tranquilly reply: "The French had bombarded Nuremberg."

But let us leave the Socialists with their German Jesuitism, protesting as best they may that *perhaps*, some other time, there was some provocation, and let us pause a moment to regard the chancellor of the empire, the shadow of his master, who for his part poses as the shadow of Supreme Justice. All these shadows, condensed into a light of sovereign authority, have violated the law of nations in Luxemburg, in Belgium, and are preparing to violate it in Holland—all of which has led Switzerland in its turn to arm against them. One might suppose that for Socialists, even Germans, this was not a negligible act. They have not taken the precaution of questioning Mr. Bethmann-Hollweg, but he, good prince, without any demand upon him, has been kind enough to explain: "The occupation

of Luxemburg, of Belgium, is *contrary to the law of nations.*" There is no great merit in confessing it when the entire press of all free countries is howling with indignation. However, we have the confession. Let us look at the explanation. "France was ready to attack, and an attack on the lower Rhine *might have been fatal to us; that is why we disregarded the justified protests.*" Completer impudence cannot be conceived. Do you know what the Germans are doing when they bombard and shoot the Belgians? They are killing men in their own homes to put a stop to their justified protests. In other words, the Belgians are in the right, so their murderers proclaim—but the Germans were obliged to assassinate them because "they got through the business as best they could." That is the classic excuse of assassins on trial.

"This man was in my way. He *might have* troubled me in what I wanted to do. His pockets were full. *I got through with the business as best I could.*"

German Socialism heard these words and it made no move.

Better still, it applauded this professor of a new law which gives full leave for those whom it annoys to strangle it in the corner of a wood. Up to now, law was, by definition, a rule, respect for which was imposed equally upon each. Germany has changed all that. Law such as she accepts must be respected by others, but on the condition that she may violate it when she chooses, by virtue of the supreme law of highwaymen: "We get through with the business the best we can."

That is what Junkers and Socialists, clasped in a common embrace, have applauded. It is necessary to put this on record, to point out the low water mark of a national morality, which in modern times cannot descend lower. To fall thus far, in the crazy hope that such moral inferiority will serve as a ladder on which to mount to power—this means that they have remained a foreign body within European civilization. There is no country, no continent, no planet, where villainy can be a tool of greatness.

Translated by Charles H. Kerr.



Photo by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.
SCOTCH HIGHLANDERS GOING INTO ACTION.

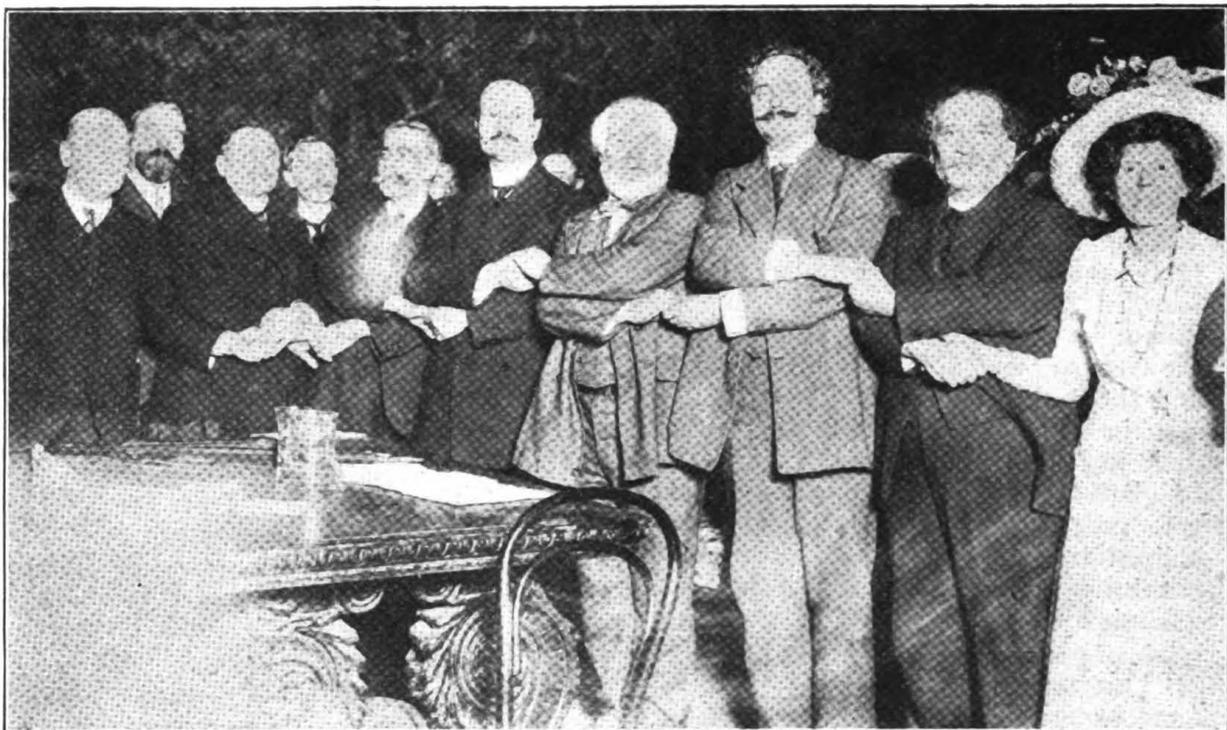


Photo by Barratt, London.

COMRADES WHO TOOK PART IN THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL PROTEST MEETING AGAINST WAR HELD IN LONDON, ENGLAND. NAMES LEFT TO RIGHT—J. F. GREEN, W. S. LANDERS, EDMUND AUSLEE (BELGIUM), J. MIDDLETON, LUDWIG FRANK (GERMANY), J. KEIR HARDIE, JEAN LONGUET (FRANCE), PLATIN E. DRAKOULIS (GREECE), MISS SCATCHARD.

War and the European Socialists

It is with the most profound feelings of regret that the Socialists in America read of the Great War which is being waged by Germany and the Allied Forces in France today. That Socialists are engaged on both sides of the conflict does not tend to inspire our enthusiasm.

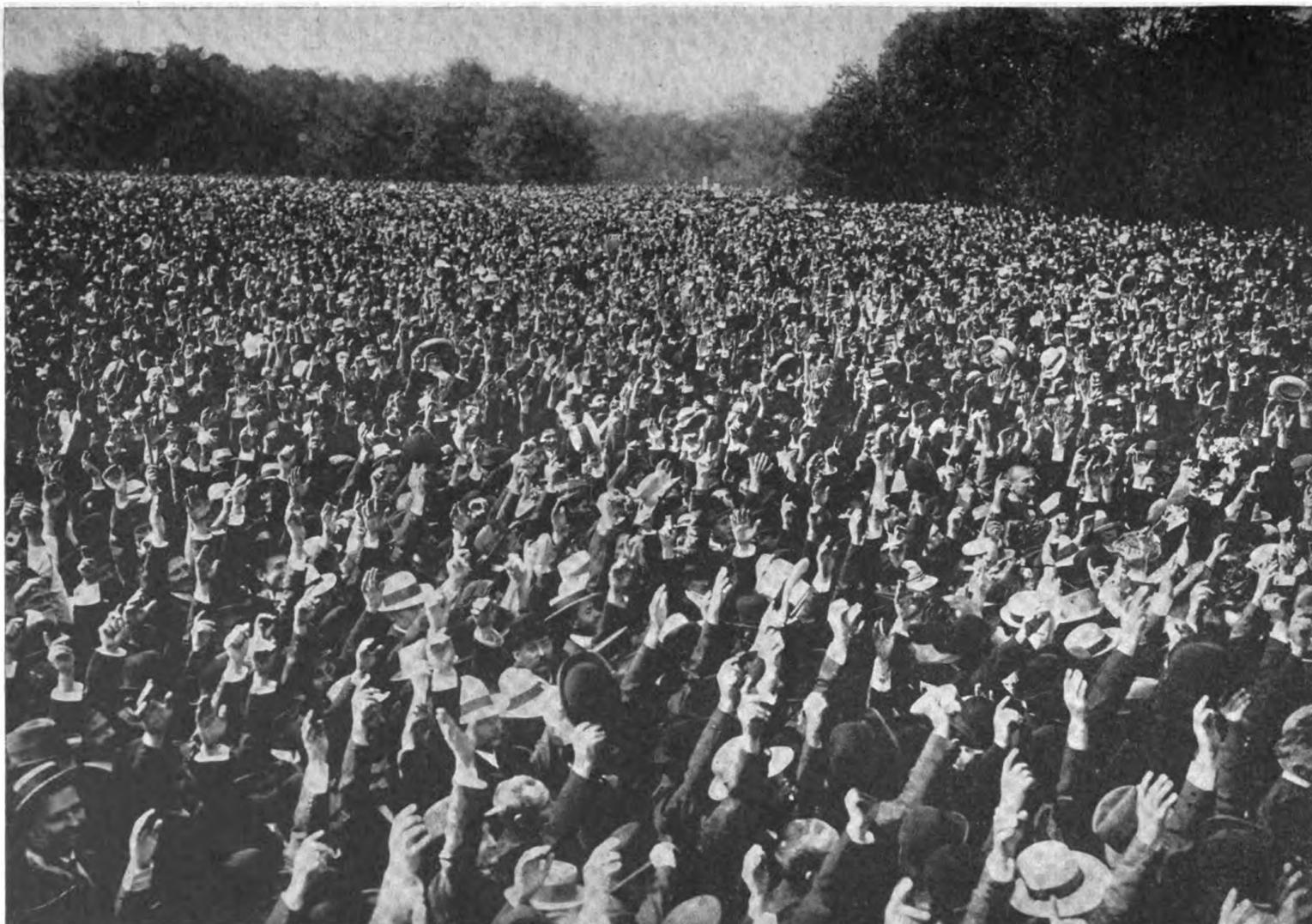
A German comrade writes that we must withhold judgment against the Social Democrats. Upon the night on which martial law was proclaimed throughout Germany, according to his report, the seventy-nine Socialist papers were suppressed, their clubs and unions were prohibited from holding meetings and more than one man endangered his very life in his continued protests against the war.

In the face of the rising tide of patriotism and the perilous military oppression, the German Social Democrats held meetings and made public demonstrations in protests against the impending war at Stuttgart, Strassburg, Weimar and Berlin until

a "state of war" was declared. Naturally, they did not invite martyrdom. He assures us that they are today, in the midst of the war madness and fighting, doing their best to turn events to working class good. Perhaps, when the combat has ceased, they may be able to free Germany from the burden of oppression and militarism under which she has been so long staggering.

In the latest issue of *Justice*, the well-known English Socialist weekly, we find the following interesting information:

We have not said anything till now about the attitude of the Social-Democratic Reichstag Party on the vote for the war credit of £250,000,000. But we have now received from our comrade Köttgen, the London correspondent of "Vorwärts," a translation of an article which appeared in that journal on August 5. The article deals with the proceedings of the Reichstag on August 4. At the adjourned sitting at 5 o'clock Haase read a declaration in which the party justified its decision to vote the war credit. It stated that "the Social-Democracy refuses to undertake any responsibility for the policy that had led



100,000 GERMAN SOCIAL DEMOCRATS IN AN ANTIWAR DEMONSTRATION, BERLIN, 1910.

to the war. That responsibility rested upon the shoulders of those who had followed that policy. Up to the last hours the Social-Democracy had fought against that development and had worked for the maintenance of peace in concert with their French brethren. A rousing cheer from the Social-Democratic benches underlined that sentence. But now that the question was no longer one of peace or war; now that they had to decide how the defence of the country was to be conducted, the Social-Democracy made true what they had always asserted: now they were not going to leave the Fatherland in the lurch. In doing so the party was acting in conformity with the International, which had ever recognized every people's right to national independence and self-defence. But just as resolutely the party was against any war of conquest. It demanded, therefore, that the war should be ended as soon as its object, national safety, had been attained and the opponents were inclined to make peace. . . ."

The war credit was passed unanimously, other bills went through their readings, and at 5:45 the Speaker of the Reichstag, Herr Kämpf, gave his closing speech.

We must confess that this article in "Vorwärts" and the attitude of the Social-Democratic Party in the Reichstag appears to us explainable only on the assumption that martial law having been proclaimed in Germany on July 31, the Reichstag outside of the governing circles was ignorant of the real position of affairs. As against a threatened attack by Russia, the bolt of the Social-Democratic Reichstag section is perfectly justifiable and justified under the decisions of International congresses. The declaration of war against Russia was made by Germany on August 1, but on that day German soldiers also seized the railway station at Luxemburg, concentration of troops having already taken place at Aix-la-Chapelle. On the following day the ultimatum to Belgium was delivered, and the declaration of war against both Belgium and France on the 3rd. *All this was done before the voting of the war credit in the Reichstag on the 4th.*

The Reichstag is adjourned till November 24. If it assembles on that date the tactics of Prussian "national defence" may by that time be public property in Germany. We are sure that then the 110 Social-Democratic deputies will follow the noble example of Liebknecht and Bebel during the Franco-Prussian war.

The French are being led to war by a premier who had been a leader in the Socialist party. Hervé, who has long advised French soldiers to desert in time of war, himself applied to enlist under the colors. The Confederation Generale du Travail, for so many years known as the revolutionary syndicalist organization of France, issued an appeal to all trade unionists to join in the defense of France.

One cannot help rejoicing over the spirit of toleration shown by the British government and the courage of some of our English comrades. A great meeting of protest was held in Trafalgar Square the Sunday before England declared war against Germany. It was attended by many thousands of working people, seven thousand Socialists and thousands of trade unionists carrying the red banner of the National Transport Workers' Union. During the meeting a Russian, a German, a Frenchman and a Swiss embraced each other and joined hands while the crowd cheered.

The British Socialist party issued a manifesto to the workers of Great Britain declaring "it is not a war of peoples," that "the workers of Germany declared vehemently against war." After war had been declared, however, nearly all these groups decided to discontinue opposition to the government's policy, except the revolutionary union group.

The *Daily Herald*, which George Lansbury edits in the interests of industrial unionism, continues its protest against the war since it actually began.

"If the protest against war is to be made effective," it declares, "those workers who have in their power the control of transport and communication must refuse to allow them to be used for an end which will cause untold human suffering. They must strike against war. The labor leaders must act at once. Here is given to the worker the opportunity to strike a blow at the very heart of the capitalist system. The weapon stands ready to the workers' hand. May they dare to be wise."

Acting on this advice, the Welsh miners at Cardiff refused unanimously to mine coal urgently needed for the navy, saying: "We decline to encourage or in any way countenance the active intervention of this country in the present European conflict."

A ministerial party member declared in the House of Commons: "If those men had acted in that way in Germany, they would have been taken out and shot forthwith."

The work of these comrades has only been exceeded by the accomplishments of the Socialists and Syndicalists in Italy who have presented so united, so courageous and

so powerful a front to the Italian government that they have forced Italy to thus far remain neutral in the war.

Now news comes that the Social-Democratic members of the Russian Duma openly opposed the war. Despite the autocratic power of the Czar and his cohorts, the Russian Socialists stood firm in their opposition and refused to approve the war appropriation. They first demanded an amnesty for all Socialist political prisoners and a general policy of conciliation toward the oppressed nationalities. It was, most likely, this demand which was responsible for the recent action of the Russian Government toward the Poles and Jews.

"The proletariat will defend the civilization of the world against this attack.

"The conscious proletariat of the belligerent countries has not been sufficiently powerful to prevent this war and the resulting return to barbarism.

"But we are convinced that the working class will find in the international solidarity of the workers the means to force the conclusions of peace at an early date. The terms of that peace will be dictated by the peoples themselves and not by the diplomats.

"We are convinced that this war will finally open the eyes of the great masses of Europe, and show them the real causes of all the oppression and violence they endure, and that



Underwood and Underwood.

BRITISH TROOPS IN THE TRENCHES.

When a definite promise to grant these concessions was refused, Valentin Khaustoff, speaking in the name of the two Socialist groups in the Duma, August 8, read the following statement, amid the cheers of the left and the hisses of the right:

"A terrible and unprecedented calamity has broken upon the peoples of the entire world. Millions of workers have been torn away from their labor, ruined and swept away by a bloody torrent. Millions of families have been delivered over to famine.

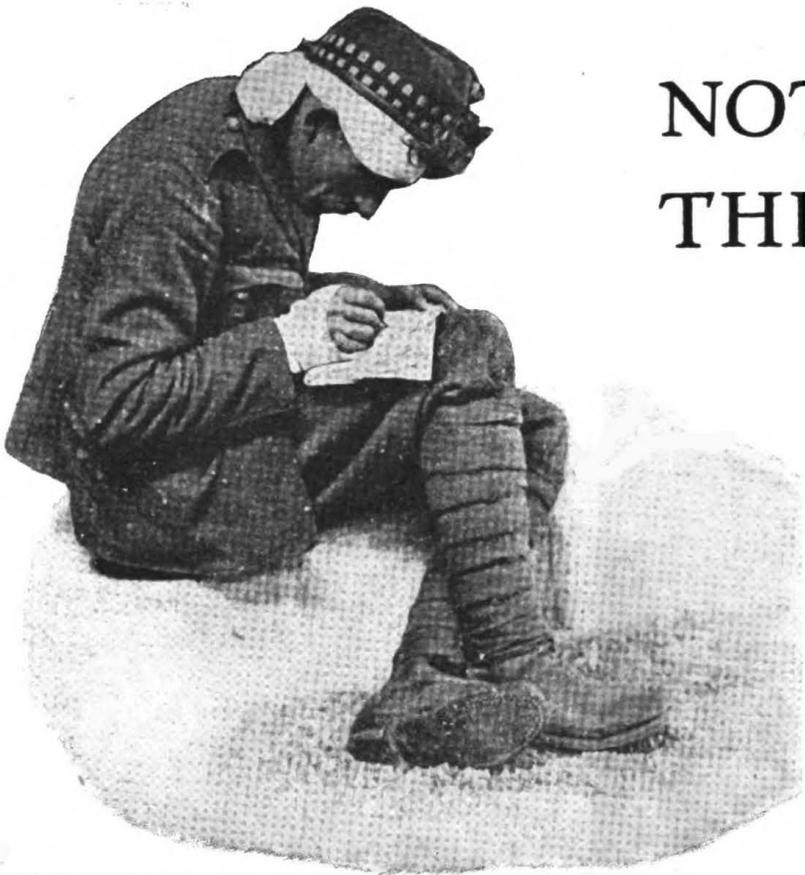
"War has already begun. While the governments of Europe were preparing for it, the proletariat of the entire world, with the German workers at the head, have unanimously protested.

"The hearts of the Russian workers are with the European proletariat. This war is provoked by the policy of expansion for which the ruling classes of all countries are responsible.

therefore this new explosion of barbarism will be the last."

After reading this declaration the Social-Democrats left the meeting hall. They were followed by the members of the Labor party. Neither of these parties shared in the vote of military credits nor the vote of confidence in the government.

Perhaps, after all, when all the cards are laid upon the table, it will be proven that Italy, the home of revolutionary unionism, working hand in hand with a militant Socialist party, can boast of more actual accomplishment than the German Social Democracy after all these years of patient "preparation." At any rate, thus far the Italian working class alone of all Europe has been able to prevent its country from embarking in war.



NOTES ON THE WAR

AT CHARLEROI

From
A French Soldier

International News Service.

WOUNDED BRITISH SOLDIER WRITING "HOME."

MANY times was Charleroi taken from us and regained only after the most severe fighting. Sometimes it seemed to me that we were hurling our bodies against a solid and immovable wall that spat flame and death into our faces.

The streets of the town are narrow and we were at all times at such close quarters that our movements were impeded. We had one advantage over the Germans here, however. We were better able to move about and bring our guns into play than they were. Our weakness became our strength. Being few in numbers, we did not so greatly hinder one another. The shots of the Germans often felled their own men.

At the beginning of the attack hundreds of Germans were swept down and soon these numbers swelled to thousands who fell as they charged. And more were always falling. Many of our own boys were killed or injured and we could not stop to give them a single thought. We were battling for our own lives, to retake what we

had lost or hold out against the German attacks.

Perhaps you think sometimes of the horror too horrible to be true, of the tragedy that occurred elsewhere, but can never reach the safety of your own home, or the catastrophe that swooped down in the land across the border, so terrible that it seems to you like nothing upon this earth but an uncanny nightmare of horror.

The fighting in the streets of Charleroi will remain always in my mind as a hazy dream of cataclysmic madness, the most awful fear I have ever known—come true—before my very eyes, surrounding me on all sides!

As in the clutch of a swirling insanity, we felt ourselves struggling and trampling upon the writhing bodies of our fallen comrades to maintain our own footing, until there remained only a crushed and oozing mass beneath our feet. A strange moaning assailed our ears and the stench that arose from the bodies of the dying almost overcame us.

From *The War* (London).

TYPICAL FRENCH SCENE.

Later, from the steps of a church, I saw the Germans still pouring into the narrow streets. They were fighting and screaming. Many dropped as they advanced. Our guns slew whole rows of them, but the steady stream of men behind forced them into closer and closer quarters. At length the relentless pressure from behind became so great that men began to be crushed by it.

Still the shells poured forth, but the dead and the wounded did not fall. They were held rigidly upright by the solid mass of human madness. There was no chance for

any retreat then. All were wedged in between stone buildings, trampling their comrades underfoot. Fighting arms tore at their neighbors as men struggled alike for breath and for terror of the flames of death which they faced.

One in a slate gray uniform, hit by a shell, with his brains bespattering his comrades, fell dead against their shoulders and was borne, upright and onward, with them by that irresistible pressure from behind.

After three hours the dead were breast high everywhere.

And what are we fighting for?

ON SEA

HOW the German cruiser Mainz met her doom is told in a letter received from a member of the crew of the British light cruiser Southampton. The letter says:

"In the morning we had a brush with two German destroyers off Helgoland and we hit them twice before they disappeared in the mist. We turned back and were on our way at a good pace when we were recalled by wireless from another British ship

saying that she was in difficulty with a German cruiser.

"We immediately turned about and made at full speed for the scene of operations. We found that the enemy was a three-funneled cruiser, somewhat larger than our ship. We opened fire at 13,000 yards and the enemy replied. Things began to look lively, as we were putting shells into her at the rate of thirty a minute, each shell being a

six-inch lyddite whose fumes killed everyone within sixty yards and set fire to everything near by.

"Soon the Mainz was afire and the next shell we sent went through two of her funnels and the mainmast. What a sight she was! The fire amidships made her funnels red hot, while flames and smoke poured out from all parts of the vessel. Her port side was like a sieve, every gun was smashed, the whole upper deck in chaos and the bridge a mass of tangled iron.

"We passed within 200 yards and only three living human beings were visible on the decks of the German cruiser. Many had jumped overboard and most of these

were rescued, but the total list of saved was only 86 out of a crew of 500.

"After this heavy firing was heard ahead and we shot forward again, soon coming up with another German cruiser similar to the previous one. We repeated the previous action, but this second cruiser sank so quickly we could save none of the crew.

"Before this was over a third ship came up and gave us a broadside, to which we replied enthusiastically, leaving her soon afterward in a sinking condition.

"This made three ships done for in less than an hour of actual action. We decided we had done a good day's work, so we shot away for home and safety. There is not a shell mark anywhere on our boat."

The Krupp Monster

IF GERMANY wins the war it will not have been science that conquered; it will have been the science of warfare, such as other nations have known and practiced, though not so well, but above all it will have been the science of artillery, for the pinnacle of German war science is the 42 centimeter (16.5-inch) Krupp mortar, the most miraculous and powerful weapon designed in the history of war.

The Krupp mortar is the one unique and astonishing product of this month of fighting. It has smashed apparently impregnable fortifications like those of Liege and Namur, has been battering at the perfect defenses of Antwerp, and unless all predictions by German artillerists go astray, may blow open a roadway to Paris.

The Krupp mortar is known only by a few.

For eight years the Krupps worked at the secret while guarding it with most rigorous precautions. This year they perfected it. This mortar fires the largest and most dangerous projectile ever shot from a weapon. In making it no single workman worked on more than one small piece, and one vital part of the machinery was made in Austria.

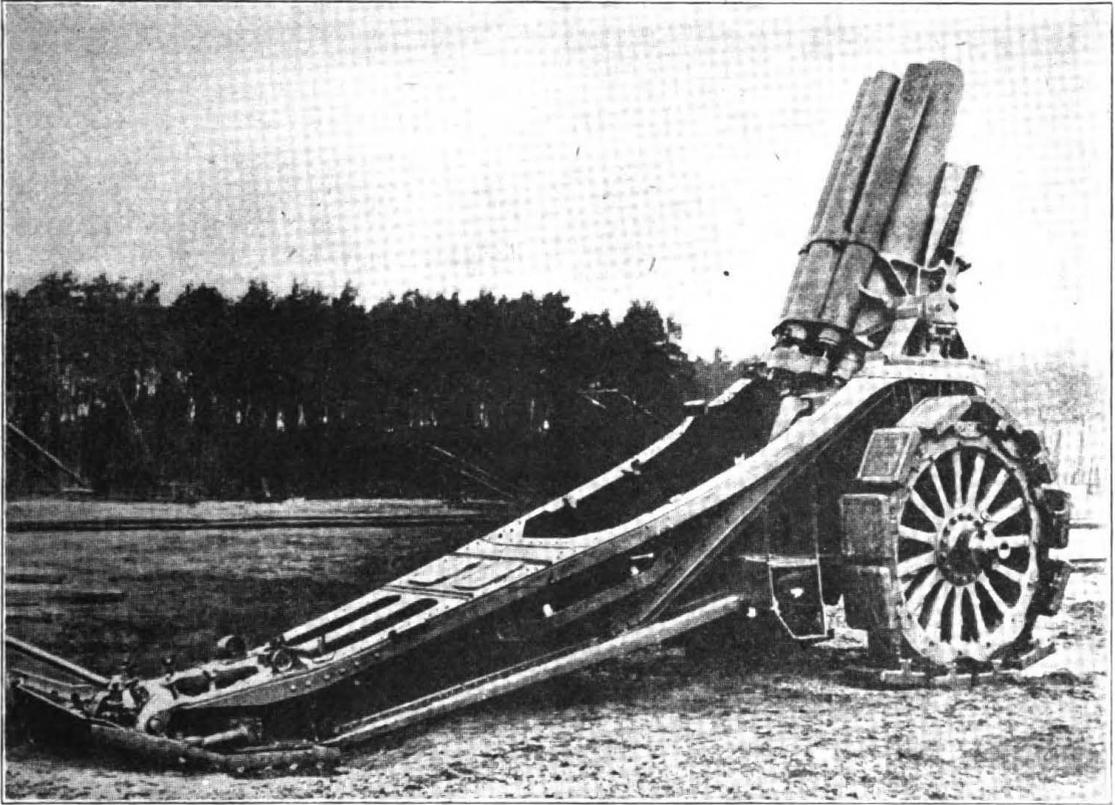
Even the artillery subcommittee of the bundesrath was not informed this year. It was merely asked to withhold debate on the artillery situation, as something "extraordi-

nary" was being provided. That something extraordinary was first seen when the Liege forts, which could withstand any artillery fire known to Belgian officers, collapsed like shanties, burying thousands of the garrison under the wreckage.

At Namur the same story was repeated. I have just read an account in an English newspaper of the capture of Namur, in which it is said that two French regiments, coming to the relief of the garrison, found such carnage that they retired in awe. But the surprise of the Belgians was no greater than that of the German artillery officers themselves, who watched incredulously the miracle of the Krupp mortar. All that the official dispatches told the German public was that "the enemy had not reckoned on the power of our artillery."

At some distance from a fort a space was cleared and a great mortar set in a concrete bed occupying a circle with a radius of 100 feet. Behind the mortar and outside this circle was a tunnel leading to a subterranean chamber. The great mortar was sighted, the projectile was set in place and then the gunners retired to their underground chamber. Here they pressed a button and the mighty shot was fired.

The explosion was terrible. Anything within fifty feet of the gun at the time of the explosion would be killed. Even men



International News Service.

11-INCH HOWITZER SIEGE GUN USED BY GERMANS AGAINST THE FORTS AT MALINES.

in the neighboring armies complained of headaches and toothaches from the jar and the same complaints were made by the men in the forts where the projectiles exploded.

The projectile pierced through one, two and three ordinarily impenetrable walls and buried itself in a fourth. Here it lay silent many seconds, then exploded like a volcano, bringing to the ground in ruins every stone which had stood upon another.

A shot fired into the center of a fort buried itself deep in the ground and lay there as though gathering strength for its demoniacal eruption. Then, after twenty seconds, it exploded and razed the proudest walls in Belgium.

Each shell costs \$2,500. What it contains nobody but the Krupps know. It is brought to the battlefield in pieces and assembled by the highest paid and most trusted of the Krupp engineers. It is aimed and loaded by them and not one member of the artillery corps in the kaiser's army has anything to do with it. The slogan of these men is, "One shot for one fort."

THE COST OF WAR

By Harry Kemp

I sing the song of the great clean guns that
belch forth death at will.

Ah, but the wailing mothers, the lifeless
forms and still!

I sing the song of the billowing flags,
the bugles that cry before.

Ah, but the skeletons flapping rags, the lips
that speak no more!

I sing the clash of bayonets, of sabers that
flash and cleave.

And wilt thou sing the maimed ones, too,
that go with pinned-up sleeve?

I sing acclaimed generals that bring the vic-
tory home.

Ah, but the broken bodies that drip like
honeycomb!

I sing of hosts triumphant, long ranks of
marching men.

And wilt thou sing the shadowy hosts that
never march again?

—The Public.

Workers Arise and Seize The Earth!

BY FERDINAND MARAIS

THE matter with you working men and women is that you are starved in mind as well as in body. And you are starved in mind and body because you are slaves. And you are slaves because you allow other people to tell you how and when you may work.

There is only one crime, and that is the crime of being poor. It is a crime not only against yourselves but, what is worse still, against your children.

There is no reason whatsoever for any man, woman or child to suffer poverty in this twentieth century. Enough machinery now exists to provide everybody with a good house to live in, good food to eat, and good clothes to wear. You wage slaves who produce abundance of these good things for your masters are badly housed, badly clothed and badly fed. If you only understood why it is that you suffer cold, hunger and nakedness in the midst of plenty you would soon take steps to bring about a great change in society. It is my purpose and the purpose of the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW to try to explain to you the why and the wherefore of these things.

First of all you must know that you are enslaved and poverty-stricken because your masters have taken into their own exclusive possession the land (which no human being has created) and the machinery (which has been created by the strength and skill of the workers of all ages). Through this ownership they own your job and therefore they own you. Shakespeare says: "You take my life when you do take the means whereby I live." Well, the means whereby you wage-slaves live is your job; and the boss holds the club of hunger and death over all of you by the ever-present threat that he will deprive you of your job if you kick against his terms. And, as you must be well aware, the terms of the boss are that you shall work as hard and as long as possible for the smallest possible wage.

The very fact that you have been forced to join with one another into unions to resist the boss's robbery of your strength and skill proves that you feel yourselves to be

helpless as individuals against this tyranny. You feel that your union is the only thing that stands between you and misery.

But the boss knows how to defeat you in spite of your unions. Out of your class he has taken a number of strong young fellows. He dresses them up in uniform, puts clubs and rifles in their hands, and tells you that they are for the protection of life and property. Whose life and property? How much property are you slaves in danger of losing? Who threatens to take your lives? Why, you know you have no property to speak of, and your lives are threatened by the boss every day of the week!

Who gets killed when you strike for better conditions of life for yourselves and your families? Do the policeman and the soldier protect you against the boss who wants to take away the only property you have, your labor power? Of course not. It is you working slaves who are food for steel and powder. You are shot down like dogs as in Johannesburg or in Colorado. Is it not terrible to think that the boss can hire working people to kill one another for his profit? Is it not terrible to think that you working people supply arms and ammunition to your own brothers that they may murder you at the command of the boss? Is it not worse than criminal for you to man the engines that allow those hired murderers to go backward and forward to the places where the boss orders a working class massacre to take place? Why don't you working men and women force the boss to do his own dirty work?

I said that you are poor because the boss owns your job. But you may not yet understand why it is that you cannot make headway in spite of your unions. The reason is simple. You cannot escape poverty so long as you allow the bosses to keep the land and the machinery as their private property. You think, perhaps, that reforms will improve your conditions of life, but you are absolutely mistaken. You are wasting your time, as I hope to be able to prove to you.

Things are made under the present sys-

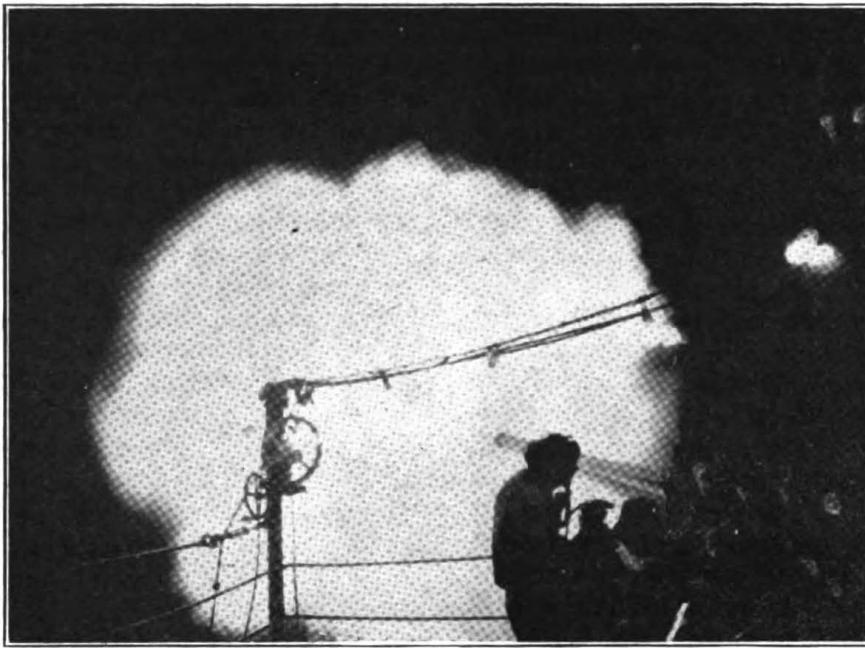
tem of private ownership not that they may make you more comfortable, but that they may bring a profit to the boss who owns the machines. Suppose you are employed making chairs. You get, say, 25 cents in wages for making one chair, the material of which costs, say, 50 cents. Therefore, the actual cost of making the finished chair is 75 cents. But you cannot buy that chair for 75 cents if you want it for the use of your family. The boss will charge you two dollars for it. It is the very same with boots and shirts and beds and meat and bread. Now, if you will only think the thing out for yourselves you will see that reforms can never benefit you. You working people are 90 per cent of the population. You produce by your labor every article of necessity and luxury—I include luxury, because you feed and house and clothe the artist and musician while they are making fine jewelry and pictures and books and sounds for the boss. But if you only get in wages a fifth of what you produce, how can you buy back more than a fifth of the articles put on the market for sale? How is the surplus four-fifths disposed of?

Just try to puzzle this thing out. When there is a surplus of things for sale, there is what the so-called political economists describe as an individual crisis. They say there has been an overproduction, but if they told the truth they would tell you that you have been robbed of four-fifths of the result of your labor. The boss class and their hangers-on are only 10 per cent of the population, and as they have already more than enough of the good things of life, they cannot possibly consume all of this surplus. What do they do with it? Well, they waste a lot of it by employing some of you to act the flunkey to them. Thousands of your womenfolk are forced to sell themselves so that the boss can satisfy his beastly lusts upon them. A lot of politicians, lawyers, judges, parsons, editors and authors are paid out of the surplus for the purpose of telling lies to poison your minds. But by far the greater part of the surplus goes towards the upkeep of policemen and soldiers who are used to club and shoot you in the streets when you dare make a stand for your rights. If it were not for all this waste of wealth, there would be a state of unemployment so vast that the capitalist system would fall to pieces in one week.

You working men and women are poor, and when you have finished your day's toil are too tired and careworn to be able to think out these things clearly. And the boss, with a devilish cunning unknown in any former age, has at his command an army of writers and talkers who are paid to keep you ignorant of the fact that you are being robbed and murdered for his profit. The parson will tell you that poverty must always exist and that you must look beyond the sky for happiness. The schoolmaster teaches your children lies about history and science. The editor tells you lies about political economy. The politician talks about patriotism and advocates reform.

You wage slaves have no country, no religion, no patriotism that is of any use to you. The only thing you want to know is how to get rid of the boss. Reform won't help you. If you could get a minimum wage for all workers, the use of more improved machinery would only create a greater unemployed problem, while the price of everything you use would increase. Some say that the industries should be "nationalized." or, in other words, that the government should take them over and run them for your benefit. But the government is simply the politicians and judges and soldiers and policemen who make and carry out laws to shoot you down when you revolt. How can you expect to be better off as slaves to the capitalist state. The private boss only wants nationalization at his price. Workers employed by the state in Europe, Australia and South Africa are treated as mutineers if they strike and may suffer the death penalty. A "nationalized" industry is just as much the property of the boss as a private industry. The government in that case acts directly as slave drivers, in order to compel the slaves to make a profit for the owners of state bonds.

You workers do not want reform. You want *Revolution*. You must join together in one great union of workers, male and female, young and old, so that you may prevent organized scabbing. You must *seize* the land and the factories and starve out the robbers and their hired liars and murderers. You must make them taste their own gruel. Let your motto henceforth be "*Unity is Strength and Might is Right.*" No quarter to the robber class! Get together, ye downtrodden and seize and enjoy the earth!



NIGHT PRACTICE IN THE AMERICAN NAVY. A RECORD OF TEN SHOTS AND TEN HITS IN ONE MINUTE AT A RANGE OF OVER ONE MILE WAS MADE ON THE NIGHT THIS PHOTO WAS TAKEN.

GRAPPLING WITH

BY MARION

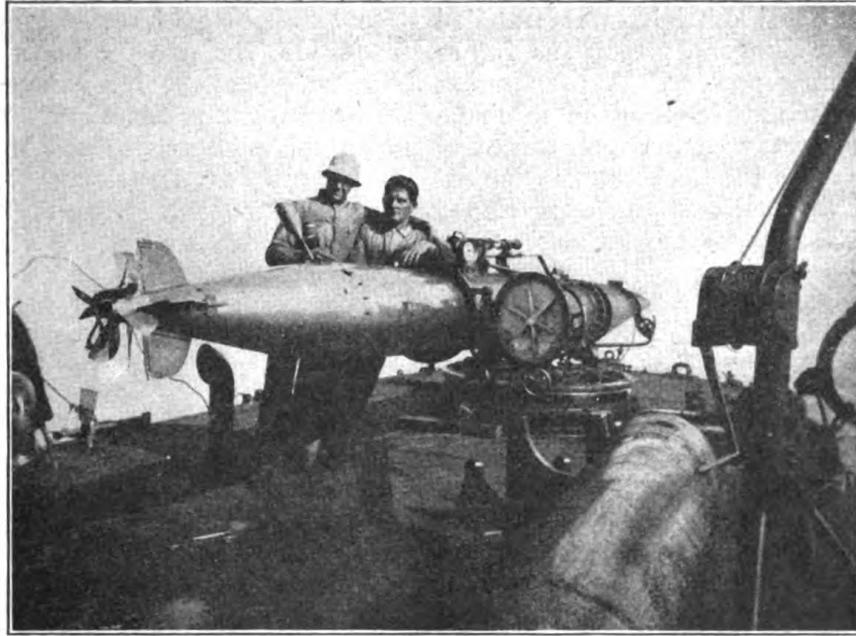
THE Devil, with his evil eyes on the masters and spoilers of Europe, has been in a state of high glee for some time. He grinned when the heir to the Austrian throne was assassinated. When Austria flung her ultimatum at Servia he chuckled in his iron throat, and when the black war eagle of Germany flapped screaming from his perch his Satanic Majesty cackled—laughed long and loud—till the glowing, saffron walls of hell resounded with his fiendish shouts. And the echo that rumbled back through his dread caverns from his earthly dominions was the harsh rattle of a thousand anchor chains as a thousand men-of-war sprang from their moorings and put to sea in search of prey to rend, tear and destroy.

The Ruler of the Regions Below is the grand patron of all ships of war for there is nothing in all the universe so typical of hell as a warship in action. It is designed to consume and obliterate with shock and sulphurous flame. It is the one and only man-made, Devil-inspired thing that is more

powerful than the acts of Nature. The tornado, the cyclone and the volcano are her supremest efforts. But a storm blows out in a few hours and a heavy battleship in the deep sea laughs at the fiercest gale. A volcano is stationary and its death-dealing eruption is confined to a small region. But the man-of-war moves here and there and everywhere, dealing its lightning bolts, any one of which is more terrible than any blast from the Heavens.

A first class battleship, fully armed, coaled and provisioned, could set out from any port in the civilized world and lay a hundred cities in ashes, killing more than a million human beings.

An instrument that can throw a dozen thousand-pound balls of steel filled with high explosive at one time more than fifteen miles is the work of the Devil, and so there is great hilarity in the halls of Hades now that the war-dogs of Europe are at each others throats. Every broadside from above is greeted by a monstrous clapping of iron-gauntleted hands—and as the eager



LOADING THE WHITEHEAD TORPEDO. THE TORPEDO COSTS ABOUT \$6,000. THEY ARE 20 FEET LONG, 18 INCHES IN DIAMETER AND WEIGH 2,200 POUNDS.

DEATH ON SEA

WRIGHT

Devils watch the fiery approaches their red-rimmed eyes are gladdened by the hosts tumbling downward from the awful carnage from above—hosts of kings, ministers, diplomats, bankers—NO! The toil-stained workingman is filling hell to its capacity at present—the workingman alone! The king is in his palace and the minister enjoys his suite. The diplomat toys with his wine menu and the banker is comfortably checking interest on his war loans at his elegant desk. The priest is smugly demanding of God to “bless our arms with victory” while the big man with the fat paunch who regularly clips dividends is urging “the duty you owe your country” to beardless youths whose untried arms are hardly strong enough to bear a rifle.

And out in the cold, tumbling wastes of the North Sea—what of the boys—sons of working people who but a few months ago were forging useful instruments in the shop or tilling the soil for food.

The soldier at least dies in the open with the blue sky above him. His last breath—

before it is torn out of him by a brother workingman—is of pure air, but not so the sailor. The fondest dream of the founder of the Inquisition never pictured the deaths that are suffered by men who fight and die on the sea.

A ship is divided into many compartments and each of these may, and in battle does, become a torture chamber for the men stationed there. A shot from the enemy cuts a steam pipe. The live steam pours out instantly and slowly cooks to death, like a lobster or crab, the men in that compartment. There is no escape—nothing can be done—a man may not leave his station even if he tries—the hatches are battened down over his head. The live steam spurts out from the torn pipe and licks the skin off writhing, living bodies. The ship rushes on and a shell finds its way into the fire-room. Here the horrors of boiling to death are repeated with the added torture of red-hot coals of fire and ashes scattered about.

A shell bursts between decks and those

who are not killed outright are strangled to death by the pungent, poison gas fumes from the burning powder. A preparation is used in the explosive designed to choke to death the men who are not torn and mangled. Around the decks and in unprotected places the bodies of men are ripped to pieces by small shot and shell fragments. Down in the very bowels of the ship and in the most protected position, the surgeon has his battle station and here are dragged the mangled wretches who survive the first shock. There is a great tub for the arms, legs and entrails. And there is no time for chloroform. A bag of smokeless powder takes fire in a gun-room and does not explode. It burns with an incredibly fierce, white-hot flame and spews and sputters about, inflicting horrible burns on the men in the room. Wreckage is thrown down and men are pinned to the deck with stanchions and splinters through their bodies and limbs. After an hour of battle the ship is a charnal house. The survivors work over and on the burned and mangled bodies of their shipmates.

From the colorful accounts of naval battles in the capitalistic histories we who only read of sea fights imagine sailors cut in two by giant balls and the ship taking a quick plunge, carrying her crew to a merciful death by drowning. And they picture the crew being taken off in the boats after the ship goes down—but it is not so! Boats are of wood, and all wood is thrown overboard when the ship is cleared for action. A wooden boat would fly into splinters or take fire upon being struck by a shell, therefore boats are dangerous. Before a battle the ship's boats are lowered into the sea and tied in a line and anchored. Only one or two at the most are left on board. When

the battle is over, or she is in a sinking condition, she may be miles from the line of small boats. Her exhausted men leap like rats into the ocean and are sucked down with the plunging vessel, or they remain to swim a few despairing strokes and then sink, choking and struggling.

Where men are rescued after a naval engagement this usually follows after a battle between small, detached vessels, where the victor is able to steam up and pick up the vanquished, but in the battle of dreadnaughts in fleet formation this would not be possible as the victor would be compelled to keep in action as long as one of the enemy's ships remained afloat. It is entirely probable that a great many ships will disappear instantly in a great sheet of flame by having shells burst in their magazines. In such cases every man will be lost.

Already the giant dreadnaughts of the warring powers may have met in a titanic death grapple. It is impossible to get authentic news from Europe at this time. We know that at the very outbreak of the war the German mine-layer *Koenigin Luise* was sunk by British destroyers and only 50 of her crew of 130 men were saved—and they were not saved, for after the engagement, while the British cruiser *Amphion* was steaming away she struck a mine and foundered, dragging down with her twenty of the German prisoners who had been chained in the forecabin.

With over two hundred submarines, five hundred torpedo craft, and two hundred heavy ships engaged in the war the loss of life on the sea is certain to be appalling. And WHAT FOR? What do the workmen who feed this Devil's holocaust get out of it?



THE BATTLE OF BUTTE

By William D. Haywood

SPEAKING of the situation in Butte, Montana, continual reference is made to the "new union." It isn't exactly a new union. It is the same old membership, the same old militant western spirit, but it has put on a brand new suit of digging clothes. The old outfit was too rotten to hold another patch so they chucked it from hat to boots over the dump.

Togged out with a new name, Butte Mine Workers' Union has enrolled 8,500 mine workers under its "candle stick." This is about double the number of members the W. F. M. had when the fuse was spit,—and the labor fakers say this is disruption—with dampened eye they deplore the idea that the Gibraltar of Unionism has been rent asunder. This hypocritical plaint is answered by the magnificent solidarity of the new union, which is bigger, better and stronger than "Number Wan" ever was in her palmyest day, even when Charley O'Brien was the bulldog of the treasury.

These splendid results have not been achieved without energetic effort on the part of mine workers. They have been working diligently to clean up, ever since the big noise on the 23rd of last June. Nearly 9,000 members. Just think of it! Nine thousand miners now determined to improve their working and living conditions.

Direct Action was employed as no other means could have been used to rid themselves of the incubus,—the boss controlled union—that had fastened itself upon them and was sapping their life blood. Direct action was used in building up the membership of the new union. But let the Socialist mayor tell the story. It is part of a censored article intended for publication in *The Butte Socialist*. It was cut out by the military authorities, who are conducting the Battle of Butte. This clipping shows that Mayor Duncan has a commendable appreciation of direct action notwithstanding his tirades against the I. W. W..

"On Thursday, August 27th, the Mine

Committee, attended by numerous followers, visited the Anaconda Mine, one of the largest and richest producers, segregated thirty-seven of the men waiting to be lowered, brought them into the city, required that they destroy their W. F. of M. cards and join the new union. All but three of these complied with these demands, stating it had been their intention to do so before but they had neglected it. None of them was beaten up or hurt in any way. In fact, the sheriff and several deputies who were on the scene saw no occasion to make arrests. This method was one which has been common in Butte. In fact, on this occasion gentler methods and less abuse were used than has been the case in former times when the old organization was in power. The only other difference was that the large number of followers that were present, because of a partial shutdown of the mines, made the occasion more dramatic than has been customary.

"The other three men, who were recognized as company stool pigeons and gun men, were not allowed to join the new union, but were escorted outside the city and told to 'beat it' and never dare to return to Butte. They were not personally injured in the least, and no fighting, or disorder, or even loud talking took place. This deportation, also, is a practice which has frequently been followed by organized labor in Butte to rid the city of spies and other vermin injurious to the working class. Incidentally, it may be said that these men afterwards returned to the city but were unmolested. They have been sufficiently disciplined."

Immediately following this formal lesson in direct action, the membership of Butte Mine Workers' Union increased over two thousand.

Ten days previous to the occurrence just reported, the new union held a meeting and proceeded to do some legislating on their own initiative. No lawyers, no politicians, no preachers were among this

body of law makers. None were present except men who work in and around the mines. Men who knew the details of conditions which came up for discussion. Earnest men who debated the questions seriously. To them better conditions meant longer life or quicker death. They were grappling with the White Plague, death dealing gases and dust, prevention of disease and death. Facts regarding the condition of the mines in Butte were exposed before the United States Industrial Relations Commission. "Kaiser" Kelly of the Amalgamated Company said he would make the necessary improvements in the mines if it would not increase the working expenses.

The lawyers, preachers and politicians dreamed of a legislature that would make it compulsory for the mining companies of Butte to install equipment for the protection of the health, life and limb of the under-ground worker. But the men of the mines know that the great wealthy and influential corporations control the legislative, executive and judicial branches of the government of Montana.

There is just one body where the tentacles of the octopus had not reached its slimy coils. It was the Butte Mine Workers' Union. There the miners met in council and adopted the following rules of action, which were posted in the mines of Butte. Who will gainsay the effectiveness of Direct Action!

NOTICE!

MINE WORKERS, ATTENTION.

Pursuant to an action taken at a regular meeting of the Butte Mine Workers' Union, August 17, 1914, wherein your Executive Committee was empowered to wait upon the different heads of the mining companies and lay before them the matter of abolishing the system of blasting at dinner hour, and the dampening and laying of the dust, the ventilating of blind workings and hot boxes by means of fans.

This is to notify you, that your union has made arrangements with the companies whereby these conditions will be corrected at the earliest possible moment. And you are hereby notified that after this date there will be no more blasting at dinner hour or during the shift, and any infraction of this order must be promptly reported to the union. A water system will be installed as quickly as possible for dampening the rock before pulling in the chute and the workings where needed, and fans installed where much needed. You are requested to report to the union any places

which you consider wholly unfit to work in, and the union will see to it that such condition is corrected. You are further notified that wherever water is now available to be sure, in interest of your own health as well as that of the rest of your fellow workers, to use it. Careless or indifferent workers failing to do so should be promptly reported to the union, or your grievance committee on the job. The workers are admonished in the interest of health, sanitation and common decency to use toilet tanks wherever provided, and where there are NONE REPORT THAT FACT IMMEDIATELY TO THE UNION.

In the case of careless and indifferent workers evacuating in the gobs or around the workings, prefer charges against him in the union, or use direct action. Do not throw foodstuffs around levels, or in stopes or workings, as decaying food in a mine is a dangerous source of disease infection, and careless workers doing so should be promptly reported to the grievance committee or your union. Report to your grievance committee on the job any grievance which may arise and in case you are unable to settle it FAIL NOT to bring it before your union. Treat the boss in the mine upon that reciprocal basis and relation upon which should most justly rest the traffic between individuals of all mankind, and upon no other. Treat him as every man WHO IS A MAN should treat every other man. Stand up in full dignity of real manhood and do not under any circumstances tolerate in the future as in the past from any boss, any bulldozing, browbeating, bamboozeling, or abuse of any kind, and if you receive any such treatment, do not be slow in letting it be known to the grievance committee or the union. If you feel you have been unjustly discharged without warrant or sufficient causes do not be slow in letting it be known. And let us all work, pull and co-operate to build a union, for, by and in the interest of all workers.

(Signed) GEO. R. TOMPKINS,
JOS. SHANNON,
MIKE SULLIVAN,
WM. STODDARD,
Executive Committee.

When Vice President Kelly and the other mining officials, managers, supes, bosses big and little, read this notice, though it was agreed to by some, arrangements were made for a special session on the 6th floor of the Big Ship, (Company Store). The subject of discussion was the New Union, and how it could be wiped out. The Rockefeller interests had massacred labor on previous occasions. It could be done again. But first they must have the militia and martial law must be declared. Some excuse must be given justifying the governor in sending troops. Destruction of

company property, that's it. Any governor can get under the cover of protecting private property and maintaining law and order for a robber gang if the thieves are big enough. Everything was quiet in Butte and not five cents' worth of company property had been destroyed, but plans had been made to this end. It is said that a circular was set up and locked in the forms in the office of the company paper offering a reward of \$10,000 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the person or persons guilty of dynamiting the office of the Parrot Mine before the explosion occurred. The door of the rustling card office was blown off its hinges.

The Butte Miner, a company paper, began to scream blue and bloody murder! Soldiers! Help! Miners threaten! Quick militia!

The governor acted more promptly than when the president of the Western Federation asked him for "protection." He sent the troops as soon as they could be mobilized.

After the declaration of martial law, Provost Marshal Conley, acting under the major's orders, invaded without warrant, the office of the Butte Mine Workers' Union. There the officials began an unlawful search, were guilty of unlawful seizure and committed unlawful arrests. Joseph Shannon, a member of the Executive Committee, was arrested on a trumped up charge, and is being held incommunicado. Shannon is an old time resident of Butte, who has for years worked in its mines. He has raised a large family there and has thousands of friends among the miners of the west. His chief offense is being a member of the I. W. W. and being tireless in expounding and working for the principles of industrial unionism. A search was made for Mucki McDonald, president of the union, and Joe Bradley, the vice president, who was also an I. W. W. Ed Ross, another member, was placed under arrest, with James Chaplin. For these men the writ of habeas corpus was denied. Then the officers, backed by the militia, attacked the fortifications of the I. W. W. Propaganda League. Here seven more members were arrested. Next day they were tried by the

summary drum head court. Three were released while four were convicted, sentenced to fine and imprisonment but given the privilege of leaving the camp within twelve hours. A few minor cases have been tried by the military court, but its chief function is that of a deporting bureau. Every day men are being dragged before the kangaroo judge and expelled from the camp.

The bravery of the uniformed protectors of law and order has been shown on several occasions. In one instance, after a long siege, they arrested a barber, who had refused to cut the hair of a private militiaman. Major Roote, the kangaroo judge, with great dignity, delivered the following sentence: "The Court finds you guilty of insulting the governor of the state, the uniform of a national guard, the uniform of the United States and the flag, and directs that the captain of the guard hand you over to the provost marshal to be confined in a military prison in Silver Bow county for a period of sixty days."

"I would like to have a few hours to arrange my business affairs," said the prisoner.

"The guard is directed to take you to prison at once, and to keep you there for the full period of sixty days," replied Major Roote. "If you have any business affairs to arrange, send for some of your friends who are opposed to the National Guard and whom you were afraid of losing if you cut the hair of one of its members."

This ridiculous story reminds me of an incident that occurred during the great Lawrence strike. A crowd of Italian women and girls had captured an officious policeman. They took his gun, club and star and were in the act of removing his pants, intending to throw him over the bridge into the river when the cavalry charged the women and rescued the captive. Many of the women were haled into court where Judge Mahoney found the women guilty and sentenced them to a term in jail, after giving them a lecture in an impressive voice, explaining that the body of a policeman was sacred.

Aside from the humorous incidents that occur, it is a grave matter for martial law to exist in any community.

When the writ of habeas corpus has been suspended, when the right of free speech, free press and free assemblage is denied, it tries the patience of the best of men. The Mine Workers met this grievous situation with this address:

To the members of the Butte Mine Workers' Union:

"We, your executive committee, ask the Butte Mine Workers, at this critical moment to use your best judgment and caution for maintaining peace and order.

"Enemies of organized labor at this time in Butte, same as elsewhere, might take advantage of our acute situation and perpetrate violent acts for the purpose of implicating innocent people, with the martial law enforced upon us, and should this occur, we ask every man to refrain from all violence, as we trust that the deep moral sense or justice in this community and throughout the state will eventually clear the situation.

"We have up till the present established the fact that we are industrious and peace-loving men, with a view to promoting highest ideals of human society, maintaining our homes and educating our children.

"With this in view, we are all united. Remain true for our great cause and show the world that we stand for the highest order of mankind.

"JOHN A. NIVA,
 "GEORGE TOMPKINS,
 "JOE SHANNON,
 "MIKE SULLIVAN
 "WILLIAM STODDARD,
 "Executive Committee."

With their gunmen and their state troops entrenched, with their governor ready to call upon their president for their regular soldiers if they deem it necessary, the mining companies began to snarl and growl, showing their fangs and uncovering their claws.

A statement signed by many of the companies, pay a splendid tribute to the Butte Mine Workers' Union as follows:

"The attitude of the Mine Workers' organization toward the employer, as expressed in their published notices and in the constitution adopted by it, put that organization beyond the possibility of

being recognized or dealt with in any way, and so far as that organization is concerned, the undersigned companies will not now, nor at any time in the future, recognize its jurisdiction or permit it to interfere in any way with operations conducted by any of them."

To which the miners reply in a lengthy statement of which these are the salient points:

"The present situation in Butte has been brought about by the Amalgamated Copper Company in its efforts to accomplish the following results:

"1. It is the opening gun in their campaign against the Workmen's Compensation bill. They have taken this means of trying to turn the citizens of Montana against the Butte miners by endeavoring to demonstrate that they are an undesirable element.

"2. They wish to destroy the present Butte Mine Workers' Union which has approximately 99 per cent of the miners working in this camp enrolled voluntarily.

"3. To draw a red herring across the trail during the coming election in the hopes that they will have complete control of the political situation in the state and in Silver Bow county. This can only be accomplished by the deportation of miners from this camp, as the time has passed in Butte, regardless of what force might be used, when this company can any longer control us in a political way, or when we are going to permit them to dominate our union affairs."

Thus the lines are clearly drawn, the doctrine of the identity of interest between capital and labor is eradicated in Butte.

The battle is between the copper barons and their idle, useless stockholders and the miners and their wives and babies.

The miners know that they are in bad ground. Clear heads, calm judgment and patience are necessary now. They are making headway slowly, driving both back and side lagging, with breast boards tight, there will be no run, and when this bit of dangerous ground is well timbered up, the pay streak, with a good gouge, is just ahead.

LETTER FROM A BUTTE MINER

BUTTE, today is under martial law. The National Guard arrived in the city on the evening of Sept. 1, and pitched their tents on the hillside overlooking the city. Next day they moved further down and near the center of the town, taking possession of the new court house and are now using the chambers of the three district judges for lounging and sleeping quarters. Six machine guns are a part of their equipment and a military mass is said every Sunday to aid them in their good work.

They are in command of Major Donohue, author of the infamous Donohue military bill, which became a law at the 1911 session of the legislature, but which was later defeated by the people of the state on a referendum. It was drawn to conform to that other equally infamous Dick military law of national renown. Frank Conley, who herds the unfortunates in the Deer Lodge penitentiary, is second in command.

The soldiers were sent here at the solicitation of the copper trust, the dear business men and the county authorities, and over the protest of the Butte Mine Workers' Union and the city authorities.

Mayor Duncan is charged with a violation of his obligation as mayor and an action to remove him from office is now pending in the courts. It will probably be decided before this issue of the REVIEW reaches its readers.

Since martial law has been established in Silver Bow county, all police authority has been usurped by the military authorities. Soon after the arrival of the militia, the copper barons announced their repudiation of the rebellious policy of the new union. They also maintain a repudiation of the old local of the Western Federation, which amounts to a repudiation of something that exists in name only, but not in fact, for the miners have entirely deserted its jurisdiction.

However, one fact should be noted,—that the copper barons are very careful to state that they will continue to recognize the craft unions, such as blacksmiths, carpenters, machinists, etc., and propose to maintain a reciprocal relation based upon former con-

tracts with them. A. F. of L.ism is perfectly satisfactory, while any organization based upon industrialism is taboo.

The prevailing belief of the miners is that the soldiers were brought in for the purpose of meeting any contingency that might arise when this card was played.

The attitude of the copper barons is consistent with their economic interests insofar that they propose to prevent any possible advantage which may be conceded to the miners through intelligent industrial solidarity.

Since the organization of the old union thirty-six years ago wages have never been increased. The scale was \$3.50 per day at its inception and is the same today, in spite of the fact that the cost of living has increased from 40 to 60 per cent.

During this period there is not a craft union in the Butte district that has not succeeded in raising its wages at least twice.

It is well known that the mining companies considered the old union one of their biggest assets on account of the interest always displayed toward the victims of this piratical crew.

If the widow or other dependent asked for assistance, she was met with this: "Have you been to the Union? No. Well, you had better see them; they always look after such cases."

The eight-hour scale was given to the miners here as a result of promises made by all the political parties to the miners for their support in the big war between the Amalgamated Copper Company and the Heinze interests.

Soon after the birth of the new union, it immediately proceeded to show its activity in behalf of the working class by attempting to inaugurate a number of remedial measures that had been discussed for years by the miners and which the old union had never attempted to put in force.

The most important of these measures was one to abolish the practice of blasting during the shift; another was to compel the use of water in dusty places. The mining companies had already agreed to these requests and also to a number of others of

almost equal importance. No one not connected with the workings of the mines can appreciate the beneficent effects these measures would have on the health, safety and longevity of the miners, if put in operation.

Now the companies have suddenly refused to stand by their agreement with the new union on the ground that its radical tendencies preclude the possibility of its being dealt with by any capitalist body.

This comes with poor grace from men who prate so much about the sacredness and inviolability of contract. In other words, it is another indication that the capitalist recognizes no law when it interferes with what he deems is to his own material interest.

Up to the present time, the military authorities have developed no startling, savage traits other than arresting President McDonald and Vice-President Bradley on the charges of inciting riot and kidnaping.

Jos. Shannon, a member of the executive committee and a number of others active in the new union are also in the toils on similar charges.

The kidnaping charge is ridiculous to any one familiar with local conditions. Two men who absolutely refused to join the Butte Mine Workers' Union and two others who were found with guns on their person, were taken from the hill and ordered to leave the district. These identical tactics were practiced by the old local since its foundation and never a word of protest was raised by any one in authority in Silver Bow county.

The new union has now an enrollment of 8,000. The copper trust may expect to do great things by using the militia as a big stick, but old John D. and his satellites will have to think again if they anticipate breaking the spirit that brought together this great body of workers.



—St. Louis Star.
"AS OTHERS SEE US."



OVER SIX THOUSAND WOMEN ARE EMPLOYED PACKING HERRING.

Capitalism in Shetland

By ARCHIE CRAWFORD

CAPITALISM has not yet reached the North Pole, but it has firmly planted itself in close proximity.

At Lerwick, the principal town on the Shetland Islands, situated in a latitude more northern than Greenland's Cape Farewell, Capitalism pursues its inexorable and relentless process of exploitation in its most up-to-date fashion.

Lerwick has recently become the greatest herring fishing and curing center in the world. The development of the fishing industry reveals the same line of Capitalist evolution all other industries have experienced. In the early days the Shetlanders prosecuted chiefly the fishing for cod, ling and tusk. They were compelled to deliver their entire catches up to their landlords and accept without demur whatever reward he chose to give in exchange. When they were too old to catch fish they became undesirable tenants and were turned out of their homes to make room for younger and more virile slaves.

In the beginning of the eighties the Crofter fishermen turned their attention seriously to the herring fishing. Bigger interests had to be served and so land reform laws were passed through the British parliament which curtailed the

power of the landlords to tyrannize and rob their tenants. Following this relief the Shetlanders came to possess a very fine fleet of first-class sailing boats, which latterly were fitted with steam appliances for hauling their nets. The fishing grounds were comparatively close to the mainland. The fancied security of these "petite" Capitalists was of short duration.

The demand for herring on the Continent of Europe knows no bounds. The existence of an inexhaustible source of supply near Lerwick was proved. Great Capital recognized in these factors a fine proposition. A year or two ago steam vessels, called "Drifters," were built by "foreign" Capitalists and in the season these crawl towards Lerwick through the North Sea like a procession of migratory ants. With their appearance on the scene the herring disappeared from the grounds close to the mainland, but were followed by the "Drifters" sixty and seventy miles out to sea, where the sailing fleet could not profitably venture. They carried a multiplicity of nets and landed huge catches. About six hundred of these drifters land their catches daily or on alternate days. The cheapened mode of production has lowered the



TWO HERRING GIRLS

price per "cran" and alas! alack! the sailing fleet of yesterday is now no more.

It is a wonderful sight to see these drifters follow one another like bees into the harbor. They jostle each other at the landing point as they come in and back out, just as human beings do at busy street corners in our large cities. Unlike other fishing centers, which stick to old customs, the whole catch is not landed at the market. A mere sample is shown and the entire catch (value \$200 to \$700) knocked down to one or the other of the great buyers who represent curing companies whose stations or private wharves are dotted around the harbor. So perfect is the system that a catch of ten thousand crans (a "cran" is the fill of a large basket and constitutes a carrying load for one man) may be landed and disposed of before 4 o'clock in the afternoon and yet not a trace of the day's fishing is discernible.

A visit to the curing stations brings to light fresh and more damning facts concerning the industry. A drifter at the wharf is landing its crans of herring with

exceeding haste. A bonus system gives all the crew and fishermen an "interest" in the business and all are anxious to get away to sea again. Not an hour's rest nor a meal is taken on land from the beginning till the end of each week. The crans are counted and the herring tipped into a great trough or tank, where it is liberally mixed up with salt. Excepting for the coopers who close the barrels, the rest of the work is performed by girls who gut and pack the fish with a deftness and dexterity which is astonishing.

In all probability some six thousand or more girls are employed in this department of the fishing industry. They are recruited mainly from the highlands of Scotland. They follow the herring north to Lerwick and south to Peterhead, Aberdeen, Lowestoft and Yarmouth, etc. They are not yet organized, although they could easily be induced to join up in a union. The result of their individualized condition is manifest in the immoral conditions which surround them. As they are only required for a season of three or four months in the year no effort is made to decently house them. Rows of filthy huts have been built close to the stations and no less than six inhabit each room, small in area and with ceilings which makes one who enters stoop. They have no set hours, being compelled to work as the catch is landed and until the last of the catch is gutted and packed. Hence these girls may be lounging about till 11 o'clock in the forenoon, when suddenly the work will start and without a stop they will work through till 3 a. m. next morning. The outcome of this, in the case of quite a number, is disastrous. At the week end, in search for rest, change and recreation, they gather in dancing halls and in the reaction which sets in, lose control of themselves. The men, who work under similar conditions, and the overworked fishermen, give full play to their passions. Many of them get the worse of drink and molest the girls, whose wooden huts offer no protection, even if protection were desired, to the aggressive men. There are, of course, a great proportion of respectable girls, but the conditions of life are most demoralizing and men and women are merely the helpless victims. If property was being destroyed, plenty of protection would be

provided, but in the mere destruction of the morals of men and women—well, to Capitalism it is a good thing, for it aids the manufacture of slaves.

The fingers of these herring girls suffer frightfully from bone cuts. The salt and pickle make these cuts painful. Girls are to be seen with every finger of both hands bandaged.

The Shetlanders have experienced Capitalism in another industry which, if of minor importance, is nevertheless world renowned. There are very few people who have not heard of Shetland hosiery. The softness, delicacy and beautiful design of the lace shawls and the great warmth and durability of the articles for general wear, knitted by women of the Shetland Isles, are universally known. Knitting is a habit with these women. No matter what the nature of their work; bringing home loads of peat, driving the cattle to the hills or shepherding their flocks, they are invariably plying their needles. The sheep of Shetland are of a distinct species. They are tiny and of numerous shades of color. Their sustenance is meager and to make the most of the scant vegetation they are compelled to roam over the rugged hills and bleak moorland. Hence they are exceedingly hardy. The sheep are not shorn, but the wool is removed by a process (rooin) which preserves the fleece. The wool is first teased to remove impurities, carded and spun by hand.

Alas! Germany has started to make Shetland wool and manufacture "home-made" Shetland shawls and woollen fineries, and an innocent public abroad is thus taken in. The hard working knitters are compelled to sell their products to local storekeepers who insist on them taking goods from their shelves in lieu of cash. Competition has forced the Shetlanders to send their wool to English mills to be carded and spun and returned again. Hence the delicate art of hand carding and spinning threatens to disappear.

The Shetlanders, therefore, living over a hundred miles from the Scottish mainland, almost in Arctic regions, where at times daylight is perpetual and the sun's rays never disappear from view even at midnight, have come to know Capitalism in its most brutal and aggressive form.



SPINNING SHETLAND WOOL

It is little wonder that the philosophy of Socialism and Industrial Unionism found a home there almost ten years ago. A branch of the British Socialist Party exists here, 180 miles north of the nearest branch of any Socialist organization. The secretary, Magnus Manson, a pioneer member and a Socialist and Industrial Unionist of the first order, is chairman of the local School Board. Comrades F. H. Pottinger and Groat are also on the School Board, the former being one of three Socialist members on the County Council. The Party is also represented on the Town Council. All opposition to Socialism has been destroyed, a fact the comrades very much deplore. The Socialist spirit is very widespread. One would expect a visit from royalty to create wonder and enthusiasm in far-away Lerwick, but the Duke of Edinburgh on his recent visit didn't raise a cheer and the writer has to confess that it was the first place he struck where his autograph was not desired by anyone.

The Octopus Capitalism has reached

its tentacles to the uttermost ends of the earth and labor is hot on its trail. Everywhere Capital and Labor is lining up in juxtaposition. Swords are gleaming, some have crossed, and here and there, on the distant Rand and in Colorado, a few thrusts have been made by Capital which Labor throughout its ranks has

felt. Countenances are becoming serious and grim. Determination to do and dare, to fight and finish, feature Labor's warriors. Sooner than we think we will be plunged into the vortex of a mighty struggle from which Labor will emerge victorious and triumphant.

It *must* be so.

The Twilight Sleep for Women

By SAM SCHMALHAUER

HOPE springs eternal in the human breast! Most fortunate that it is so. The most damning charge against our corrupt capitalistic régime is the fact that the wonderful achievements of science must wait like a beggar upon the good will of Commercialism before they can be put at the service of a needy people. The Profit-making germ eats into the very vitals of social progress. . . . Comes a great scientist with a useful invention. A sincere working folk's government might easily become a benefactor by socializing the new good. Why our politician's government doesn't, we need hardly waste our time inquiring. Every Sunday school boy knows why. The Chinese wall of exploitation stands immovable between Use-for-many and Profit-for-few. Feudalism stalks everywhere: in business, in religion, in law, in education. So it comes about that in a competitive society, hope comforts the many, while profits console the few. What to do? Socialism gives the most intelligent answer yet offered by any school of thinkers. . . .

Wealth has so many palpable advantages. Its most insidious virtue resides in its unlimited, self-constituted right to appropriate to itself those secret inventions which learned doctors may whisper about intramurably, while fashionable ladies and landlords of high degree conspire to keep the coveted knowledge among themselves. There is such danger in corrupting the masses! Hath not the iron Prince of Peace, Herr Bismarck, wisely pronounced: "An educated proletariat is the greatest source of danger to a country"? (The reader will kindly notice the subtle definition of the word "country.") It thus hap-

pens in this most perfect of all possible worlds, that the owners of wealth may employ the most expensive Medicine-Men to keep them from breaking (or fulfilling?) God's moral law in marriage, while owners of illth must produce and produce and produce—children—until a blade of grass has a more envious market value than a human suckling of the proletarian mother. All because Profit and Special Privilege are the bedfellows who sleep the sleep of the righteous in Every City of Dreadful Night.

Those courageous men and women who are now engaged in the stubbornest contest of all—that of bringing sex-knowledge, especially in relation to the regulation of their offspring, to the victimized mothers and fathers of the Abyss—bitterly understand how ungodly it is to dare to steal the sacred fire from the Mt. Olympus of Feudalism! A Prometheus-bound is safer under Capitalism than a Paradise-lost! Truly, what advantage is there in possessing the costly secrets of nature, if that leveler, Social Democracy, will swoop down upon the Privileged and unceremoniously snatch their treasures away for the free enjoyment of the humblest citizen? The first tree that bore the placard "Forbidden Fruit" was the ominous forerunner of all manner of special privileges. Oh, simple reader, don't you understand that he who dares to taste of forbidden fruit thereby declares himself the equal of God, who knoweth both good and evil? And don't you now recall that Gods have always been human men writ large, with this difference: Men were limited in wrongdoing; the Gods, *never*?

This little contribution is intended essentially for women. The caption, "The Twilight Sleep," has especial significance for

women—at present, for the harassed wives of the plutocrats; in the dawn of a better tomorrow, for every sweet little mother of the poorer folk.

Historians have never done even a blindfolded justice to the problems—of—pain of women. Our scholarly chroniclers of fables have never had the imagination—certainly not the intellectual honesty—to speak the truth about woman's manifold bondages. We had dumbly to await the advent of the Mary Wollstonecrafts, the Olive Schreiners, the Charlotte Gilmans and Ellen Keys before our tongues were loosened and our consciences unhooked. They dared to think and indite our gnawing thoughts. In choral response to their Songs of Emancipation rise the million-voiced Socialist-Feminists, self-reliant, intellectual, purposeful. The noblest task of women (I am intentionally excluding the tabby female of the species) is not political enfranchisement; nor yet equal legalities with males; nor even industrial unionization, though all these assets are important enough to claim every radical's fighting approval. In the midst of these strifes the Scientific Woman is the ministering angel most in demand. She who will wisely counsel the proletarian mother how to limit her offspring, how to humanize the sex relation, how to make her life self-dependent and joyous, how to live her married life hygienically. . . . All hail to those benefactresses (and benefactors) like Dr. Robinson, the Pankhursts, *mère et fille*, and Margaret Sanger, who dare to attempt to spread the knowledge of the control of reproduction even to the humblest comrade (whose urgency is greatest).

The Revolution of Revolutions is about to break upon the shores of time, and with the incoming tide old landmarks of prejudice and stupid custom will be neatly washed away. Forever, let us hope. Think what it would mean to the social status of the hardest working class if every mother and father could intelligently control and direct their own racial future by bringing into the world that number of babies only whom they whole-heartedly desired. God, what a pure blessing, undreamed of by the deaf, dumb and blind generations of yesterday!

I simply cannot forget, because the plaintive cry is still in my brain, the heart-rending reiterations of a dear little mother

at the Doctor's one evening when she was being examined to circumvent pregnancy. I was waiting patiently with a sick friend, ruminating upon the here and heretofore, when I heard a soft cry like the moan of a helpless suppliant. I listened and then my heart slowly began to melt for the woman who was pathetically begging the Doctor to give her something to prevent conception. She spoke in sweet German accents, beseeching the dear doctor to help her, only this time. She revealed how at the birth of her first child, now a lovely young daughter (did the daughter dream of a mother's pain as she romped in the fields hardby?), the physician had delivered the babe with difficulty, so that she had never quite recovered from a laceration of the womb.

I wonder even now how doctors with human hearts can listen and dare to remember the immedicable woes of women. The little mother went on to explain that she didn't want any more children, that she simply couldn't, simply couldn't bear another child without dying. Would the doctor please, only this time, help her. And the doctor, sadly doubtful, sadly speaking, promised to do his best!

Yet there are those influential idiots saddled with the fear of God and the ignorance of man who would preach the Religion of Fecundity, of begetting and begetting as God "wills" it. Happily for humanity's welfare, science, reinforced by conscience, has planted its faith firmly upon the high resolve that no human child shall be brought into this world except at the loving will of its progenitors. The sweet dream of our Olive Schreiner's, "that sexual love, that tired angel—shall yet, at last, with eyes bathed from the mire and dust in the stream of friendship and freedom, leap upwards, his white wings spread, resplendent in the sunshine of a distant future, the essentially good and beautiful of human existence," trembles on the threshold of realization for more and more women.

In Germany at present a wonderful experiment is in process, which comes as a God-send to the woman's world. Not only shall we preach from the Mount that all women have an inalienable duty to the race—that of limiting their progeny as they themselves see fit, "God's divine laws" notwithstanding,—but from this moment for-

ward, we may dare to inspire the mothers-to-be with the hope that ere long child-bearing itself will have become a painless, loftily joyous experience. Two famous physicians, Drs. Gauss and Krönig, have perfected a method of eliminating the mental agonies accompanying the workaday child-birth. A special clinic has been isolated for the purpose and pilgrims-in-labor travel thither to enjoy the blessings of the wonderful treatment. Even dull, unimaginative men must know that the passion for motherhood is scarred with perils to life and limb. Of these perils the most pervasive is fear: the fear of death, the fear of insufferable pain, the terrible fear of fear itself. The task of humane science (supported by woman) must be to help to confute the indictment of Madeleine who with terrible truth says to Annette in Brieux "Maternity": "You must be brave, now that you know what life is, brutally as it has been revealed to you. Almost all the women you think happy have gone through an inner catastrophe. They make themselves forget it because their very tears give out. Suffering is reticent, and they conceal theirs. But there are few women whose lives have not been broken, few who don't carry within them the corpse of the woman they would have wished to be." He who can minimize these oppressive ailments is a holy benefactor of the race. The Messianic call has been sounded for all women in bondage to give heed. The day of deliverance is breaking. Let joy be unconfined—even for married women!

One sad thought beclouds our joy. Because the sucklings of the proletariat have committed the irrevocable folly of having chosen poor parents, the beneficent child-birth must remain the superadded luxury of the wealthy mother. Painless childbirth has been accomplished in the Baden Frauenklinik in the city of Freiburg and nowhere else. Who can afford the coveted privilege of traveling with one's baby aborning from Cairo or London or New York to the German paradise? Thus the bitter fact is borne in upon us for the millionth time that the proletariat must dumbly wait like the outcast leper in "The Vision of Sir Launfal," before those that have shall share (without coercion) their "fine wheaten bread" with those that have not. Yet, we may take courage from the same poem for Sir Launfal—representing the

capitalistic desire for exclusive privileges—wakes from his dream to find the Holy Grail in the neighborly sharing of goods with his fellowmen. Soon, let us hope, science will generously yield even this newest knowledge (of how to assuage the pangs of motherhood), to the poorer folk who cannot afford a trip to Germany for the Twilight Sleep, during which painless babes are happily brought to life on earth while their dimly conscious mothers dream the dreams of the just.

This "Dämmerschlaf" is a kind of semi-hypnosis. Absolute silence must surround the patient. Special, uninterrupted care by doctors and nurses accompanies the treatment. The success or failure of each individual experiment hinges upon very delicate memory tests, which latter begin soon after a dose of a peculiar chemical, "Scopolamin," has been given to the woman lying-in. (The scholarly reader interested in the technical side of these memory tests may consult Prof. Baldwin's "Story of the Mind" for the significance of the fascinating nomenclature, "Amnesia," "aboulia," "aphasia," "motor-child," "sensory-child," etc., which common courtesy dictates that the writer omit from this simple essay.)

We have said that a cautiously regulated dose of scopolamin is tendered to the mother-in-labor. Within less than an hour, the memory tests are begun, purporting to show when consciousness has begun to sag. If familiar objects in the room are no longer cognizable, the doctor concludes that apperception has been paralyzed; in simpler words, the mothering patient is entering the Twilight Zone hovering between complete forgetfulness and mild subconsciousness. This harmless drugging of the mind is the "sine qua non" of the experiment. While the mother blissfully sleeps and dreams of Jacob's golden ladder or the dawn of more Socialism, the dexterous physician delivers the babe *painlessly born*. What ineffable delight!

Like all good stories, this one must leave much to the reader's kindled imagination. If she (or he) is impatient to know all the medicinal details of this Twilight Sleep, let her (or him) spend the summer at the Frauenklinik of the famous University of Baden, where rich mothers from the whole semi-civilized globe repair to enjoy their painless childbirths. Truly we may now rejoice with those women who have labored

for woman's *complete* emancipation: emancipation from domestic drudgery (Charlotte Gilman); from sex parasitism (Olive Schreiner); from political slavery (Emmeline Pankhurst); from marital infelicity (Ellen Key); and finally from the bondage of Fecundity (every woman who has a conscience).

When woman and science (aided by the process of Socialization), will have brought these moral reliefs to the race of women; when control of reproduction will have been made universal knowledge and practice; when the blisses of the Twilight Sleep will

have transformed the animalism of forced childbirth into the sweetest dreams of peace for motherhood; then perhaps we may expunge those tragic lines of Matthew Arnold's from the anthologies of poetry:

Ah, love, let us be true
 To one another! for the world, which seems
 To lie before us like a land of dreams,
 So various, so beautiful, so new,
 Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
 Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
 And we are here as on a darkling plain
 Swept with confused alarms of struggle and
 flight,
 Where ignorant armies clash by night.

We Slaves from the Mines Down Below

BY PATRICK BRENNEN

WE delve in the mines down below,
 down below,
 Yes, we delve in the mines down
 below.

We give to the world all the wealth that
 we mine,

Yet we're slaves in the mines down below.
 We are stripped to the waist like the sav-
 age of old,

Down in the regions where cold is un-
 known.

Our masters have made us for ages untold
 Their slaves in the mines down below, down
 below,

Their slaves in the mines down below.
 With shovel and pick we work till we're
 sick,

Down in the mines down below, down be-
 low.

With hammer and drill we drive, and we fill
 Our lungs with the gases, the gases that kill.
 We're sent to the flats all rigid and still,
 We slaves from the mines down below,
 down below,

We slaves from the mines down below.
 But now stand together for once at the top,
 And you bet your sweet life that those mur-
 ders will stop.

And don't go to work till you have your
 own way,

Down in the mines down below, down be-
 low,

Down in the mines down below.

The Unconsumed Surplus and What It Means in the World

By Charles Edward Russell

UNDER the present form of industry, which we call the Capitalist System, let us say that a man makes daily in a factory the equivalent of four pairs of shoes. He gets paid in wages \$2. But the shoes are worth \$8 in the factory. The consumer that finally buys and wears them will probably have to pay \$4 or \$5 a pair for them. But we need not go so far as that.

The worker with his \$2 in wages can buy back and consume only \$2 worth of commodities. That leaves \$6 worth of wealth in the form of shoes, hats, stoves or whatever the product may be, for the capitalist, the owner of the factory. The capitalist deducts the cost of his raw material, rent and other expenses and still has left a profit in the form of product. The amount of this profit varies in different industries, but its existence must be assured, under the present system, if the enterprise is to continue; for our entire industrial organization as it is constituted today is based upon the assurance of profit.

But the owner of the factory has only one pair of feet, one head, and in numbers he is comparatively few. He has only one body to clothe, one stomach to feed. With his best efforts he is unable, as an individual or as a class, to consume all the wealth that is created for him by other men's labor. Labor would be able to consume its own product but is not allowed to do so because the wages of labor permit it to buy back only a fraction.

So we have what is known to economists as the Unconsumed Surplus. Every year all the countries of the world that are by some mistake called "civilized," produce in various forms of wealth more than they consume.

To get rid of this unconsumed surplus is the problem of industry today.

There would be one sensible, obvious and reasonable method of getting rid of

it, namely, to pay the workers that have produced it enough in wages and salaries to enable them to buy back their own product, in other words, to increase the purchasing power of the working class. But the masters of industry of the country, the "managerial brains," by whose wisdom we set so much store, appear never to have thought of so simple a solution as that.

So manufacturers and merchants continue their present futile efforts to get rid of their surplus stocks by "making business better." That is, they attempt, by one childish device after another, to compel the small percentage of the population that has purchasing power to buy things that they do not need.

To this worthy end are employed a vast army of advertising experts and salesmanship specialists. An appalling sum of human effort and intelligence is perverted from legitimate channels of activity and is prostituted to the service of designing and forcing upon the market continual changes in "fashion."

Though no form of human product escapes it, the most obvious manifestation, perhaps, of this species of insanity is apparent in woman's wearing apparel, for the reason that the idle rich woman has more per capita spending power than any other class and that her desires have not evolved beyond the primitive demands supplied by endless variations in the decking of her own person.

We have, therefore, one ridiculous fashion in April, another in May. One monstrous absurdity assaults our vision in January, another in February. We no sooner accustom our eyes to woman-kind tied in around the ankles than they suddenly balloon out at the base. We train ourselves to regard with philosophical equanimity hats perched at a precarious angle on the top of the head when suddenly, as with a flail, all high hats are swept from the landscape and

feminine headgear is once more jammed bucket-wise over forehead and eyes.

Season after season the unsophisticated public is treated to the same delighted announcements of the fashion mongers that whereas last year collars were high, this year they will be low, that last season's skirts were wide at the bottom but this year they must be wide at the top. The fashion venders, the commercial insiders, bear these tidings without shock. Naturally. What else would you expect?

Blame the folly of womankind? That is the easy and superficial thing to do. Meanwhile just how strong-minded must an individual woman needs be to dress in one fashion while her world dresses in another? Are you not yourself ready to ridicule and call "queer" the slightest deviation from the prevailing standard? If you think the responsibility for the silliness of fashion lies in the vanity of woman, suppose, Mr. Superior-Minded Philosopher, you try arraying yourself this season in that perfectly good straw hat and pair of pointed shoes that you set away a few years ago. Or why not bring out that bicycle which you once found both useful and enjoyable and which is still practically as serviceable as ever?

The responsibility lies not in the folly of individual woman or man. The responsibility lies in a social and industrial system which is deliberately designed to compel its members to buy things that they do not need. If they did not do this our whole industrial and commercial organization, as at present constituted, would fall to the ground with a crash. Against this system the individual is helpless.

Under the present organization of Society a vast majority of the population is unable to buy more than the barest necessities of life. Great masses are unable to buy even these. If the small minority that possesses purchasing power was not practically forced to buy more than it really wanted or needed, our whole present system of industry would fail. And in spite of what may be called the desperate efforts of manufacturers and merchants and their hired talent to compel ever quicker and more reckless

changes of fashion signs are not wanting to indicate that this crash nevertheless cannot much longer be averted.

It is estimated that last year two billion dollars was expended in the United States on advertising and "salesmanship" and still is heard from Maine to California a general complaint that Business is Bad.

The President assures the nation that this condition is but Psychological. Glowing Crop Reports are circulated as evidence of a well fed populace. Old party political orators find assurance of national prosperity in the annual report of the Department of Commerce, which shows American exports exceeded imports by \$653,000,000.

But all the time the merchant looks with dispirited eyes upon his shelves of goods which will not sell. The commercial traveller finds it hard to maintain that light assurance and optimism which salesmanship experts assure him is the successful commercial manner, in the face of ever lighter order books and ever mounting household expenditures. The eyes of the Unemployed leap across the Crop Reports to scan with eager ferocity the Help Wanted column. And as mayhap one of this gaunt army catches the light assurance of the well-fed that with Exports exceeding Imports all is necessarily well with us, perhaps at least a glimmer flits across his confused and tired mind of that profound though seldom regarded economic fact, that over-exportation abroad indicates under-consumption at home.

The great Siegel dry goods enterprises failed in March, the Claffin chain of stores went to the wall in June. In every large city in this country today are closed stores and factories with goods on their shelves and signs on their front doors reading "Bankrupt Stock" or "Receiver's Sale."

And in every city and village in this country today human beings are walking the streets looking for work and destitute of the barest physical necessities of life. Necessities which lie stacked up on counters and in warehouses, which their labor has produced and which the insane Capitalist or Profit system does not allow them to use.

This condition of industry in which factories shut down, stores close, and men are laid off is called variously a slump, a business depression, hard times. What it really means is that men must walk the streets and beg for work because they have worked too much. They and their families must do without the barest necessities because they have produced too much.

All the wheels of industry must slow down until the Unconsumed Surplus is worked off. Sometimes even with all the resourcefulness of high salaried managerial skill this can not be accomplished at home. Then the capitalist owners of industry begin to look abroad for a foreign market for their goods and foreign investments for their surplus capital. For the high purpose of finding a dumping ground abroad for a surplus domestic product, capitalists force wars. Then under the guise of "Patriotism" the workers of one country are fooled into going to the front in defense of their Nation's honor. There they murder in battle the workers of another country and help to destroy some of the wealth that they have produced and for lack of which their families are suffering at home. Also they help to send interest rates up for the gentlemen whose patriotic services in the nation's honor consist in staying at home and financing these undertakings.

Meanwhile, just in the name of common sense, how does the whole thing strike you?

You pinch and scrimp and save, Madam Housewife and Mother. You force your weary eyes to remain open a little longer at night in order to put another patch on the little fellow's trousers. And your reward for that will be to learn at the end of the season that your boy's father has been laid off from work because the manufacturer for whom he toils has hundreds of dozens of pairs of unsold trousers left over on his shelves. You save and scrimp and pinch, you cherish eggless recipes and learn to feed your family on six eggs a week and your reward for that is to read one day the statement of Dr. M. E. Pennington, Chief of the Food Research Laboratory of the

Department of Agriculture, that \$50,000,000 worth of eggs in this country never reach the consumer at all but are sent to the garbage dump and destroyed.

In the very face of the most palpable and desperate efforts of our owners of industry to work off their surplus product we are cursed in this country with a breed of shallow-minded reformers who assume that the remedy for all our economic and industrial ills is to create more product. Back to the land is a popular slogan with these profound thinkers. Let us raise two hogs where but one was raised before. Or let us put up more dwellings that all may be well housed.

Meanwhile, miles of bill boarding beseech the prosperous in pocket to buy Our Particular Brand of bacon. And rows of good houses and apartments stand vacant while the poor pack their tenements a little closer. Also rents are no lower and the price of bacon is shoved a notch higher to cover the cost of our latest "advertising campaign."

But the shallow-minded reformer apparently uses neither his eyes nor his reasoning faculties. To him appears no flaw in the argument that if 96 per cent of our population are ragged, underfed and ill-housed for lack of enough production it should be necessary to expend two billion dollars annually in the insane devices of advertising in order to get rid of a surplus product.

He never once questions the reasonableness of an arrangement by which it is necessary to employ a vast army of shopkeepers, market men, clerks, salespersons, agents, solicitors, advertising staffs and selling experts to supplicate possible purchasers to buy in a country in which the vast majority of the population are lacking the barest physical necessities.

When the country was young and the wilderness to be conquered men often worked from sunrise to sunset to produce for themselves and their families the things that they needed. Today the great masses of men and women toil long hours to produce more commodities for those that do not need them because they already have too much.

Between those that do need the wealth and the wealth that they need is interposed the Capitalist or Profit System. They are not allowed to consume the product of labor except by paying a profit to the owners of labor.

The basic principle of Capitalism is that money breeds money. If an owner invests in the stock of an industry \$100 this year he expects to take out of that industry \$105 next year. If he does not get his increase the enterprise is called a failure. But money does not breed money, wealth does not breed wealth, except out of human toil. Mr. Rockefeller might stack up a pile of dollars as high as the Woolworth building and they would not turn one wheel or stoke one fire. He might cover his vast acres with stocks and bonds and they would not bring out of the earth one gallon of oil.

It is only through human toil that the resources of earth are delivered up to swell the fortunes of the owning class. For every dollar of wealth an owner or investor gets that he has not earned some toiler has earned a dollar that he did not get.

And the dollar that he earned and did not get will be added to the already staggering hoards of the Unconsumed Surplus of the Rockefellers, Astors and Morgans. There all the devices of Newport villas, steam yachts and boarded up Fifth avenue mansions will not enable these men and their heirs to squander all of their surplus product upon themselves. It will therefore have to be reinvested and will once again constitute an additional demand for profit out of the sweat and blood of labor.

A favorite defence of capitalists used to be that "they give employment to labor." Mrs. Grabitall's \$75,000 dinner dance was justified on the plea that so many persons were given employment in its preparation. The order of mind that finds in this argument a justification for capitalists would doubtless hold that fires and cyclones perform a useful and beneficent service to society. These also destroy what they cannot consume.

"Fleas," observes some philosopher, "give employment to a dog." But no one ever called them a benefit to the dog.

Neither is capital a benefit to labor. It is not additional toil of which labor stands in need, but a chance to gather to itself some of the fruits of its own industry.

Under a sane instead of an insane economic system the more the workers produced the greater would be their rewards from their toil. Under a Co-operative or Socialist form of Society increased efficiency on the part of a man or a machine would result in shorter hours of labor and greater benefits to all. Under the present competitive, Private Ownership Form of Society, increased efficiency on the part of a man or a machine results merely in throwing greater numbers of his fellow workers out of a job and in piling up the Unconsumed Surplus for the fortunate few.

It has been estimated that even in the present stage of invention all the work of the world necessary to supply mankind with all of its needs could be performed if each adult person worked four hours a day. The excess time that the great army of workers now toil is in order merely to pile up more interest and dividends for the Rockefellers, the Vanderbilts and the Morgans.

Meanwhile Business does not get Good and it will not get good. All the tariff tinkering, currency reform, trust busting and the entire program of regulative measures of the Democratic Party, the Republican Party and the Progressive Party will not make business good. All the advertising campaigns and efficiency contests of the commercial experts will not make business good. Strive as we may to conceal this condition, to disguise it under the head of "a temporary depression," to lie about it in the columns of the kept press, business is bound to get worse and steadily worse. In the very nature of things it can not be otherwise so long as the present organization of Society endures.

More and more factories will shut down, greater numbers of stores are bound to fail, railroads will lay off still more men, an ever increasing army will tramp the streets begging for what should be the natural heritage of work. While inside the shops and warehouses

will be stored up the commodities that these men and their class have produced and for lack of which their families are suffering in destitution and misery.

There will be not one essential change in these conditions of widespread wretchedness, Mr. Reformer; your business will never again be good, Mr. Merchant, until labor gains the purchasing power to buy back its own product.

This will come about only when the wages and salaries paid to labor equal the full value of the product of labor. That will be when labor itself instead of capital owns the Nation's industries.

The first big step toward peace, sanity and industrial freedom will be for the Workers to own the Trusts, and not to own them and operate them for the benefit of the idlers and the Parasites, but to own and operate them for the sole benefit of the workers. These alone produce wealth; these alone should have the wealth that they produce, and the control and direction of industry. Government ownership that stops short of democratic management will never reach the heart of existing evils. Control by and for producers is the one practical solution.

THE above article is reprinted from Charles Edward Russell's new Campaign Book entitled "*Doing Us Good—And Plenty*". Written in the light of years of practical experience before American audiences, this book will prove to be just what YOU need for YOUR non-Socialist neighbor.

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INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

The War, the People, and the Future.
—Since the last REVIEW went to press the great European carnage has gone on at dizzying speed. A month ago Germany was throwing the first troops over the border. As this is written (Sept. 1) houses and shops are being dynamited along the lovely river Oise so that the guns at the gates of Paris may have a clean sweep to the north, English troops have fought in Flanders, as they have done so often in times past, and their shots have been echoed from around the world by a Japanese army landing in China. And Turkey is to declare war on somebody and enter the fight on the side of Germany.

Let no one ever again say that Socialists are the enemies of property. Every traveler has lamented over the bare little modern towns on the upper Rhine which mark the sites of fine medieval cities destroyed by Napoleon. And many a one has breathed a sigh of thankfulness when he has looked at the great tower of the cathedral of Strassburg and seen it still standing, though bent and marred by the German cannon in 1870.

The Capitalists and Sacred Property

We believed that the world had got beyond such things. And now comes the news from Liege, from Ghent, from Louvain. Louvain has been purposely, wantonly, systematically burned to the ground. A university has been destroyed with all its scientific instruments and collections. A great library has been leveled with the ground. An ancient cathedral, a magnificent product of the fine art and craftsmanship of the Middle Ages, has been shattered. And the old Hotel de Ville, a speaking memorial of the civic life of by-gone centuries, has been defaced past recognition. When capitalist judge or legislature poses before us as the defender of property we can point to Louvain. There is the perfect work of our money-getting system. Nothing is sacred before it. We knew it had no re-

gard for life. Now we know it has no regard for science, for art, for craftsmanship, for property.

We expected life to be sacrificed, but no one had foreseen such rivers of blood, such acres of wounded and dying. The war prophets, with H. G. Wells at their head, were all wrong. They told us this conflict might be decided by the brilliant adventure of some hero in an aeroplane or a submarine. And the press agencies have eagerly chronicled every exploit of a possible hero. But they have proved to be nothing more than the by-play of war. The thing is settled now as it was in 1870—by the ceaseless hurling of masses of human beings. The only differences are in numbers and speed. Armies are bigger and they go faster.

The Capitalists and Human Life

Forts and other defenses are nearly useless. The stronger force goes ruthlessly over all resistance. The dead and dying are left behind in scores of thousands. Young boys, many of them Socialists and members of labor unions, lie mutilated over wide stretches of Belgium and northern France. And their working-class mothers and fathers wait for them at home from the western Ireland to eastern Germany.

The People.—But we Socialists may well leave the sentimentalizing to the capitalist cartoonists. Our business is to understand—and to see to it that other people understand. Most of our countrymen are talking nonsense about who started it. The thing is a perfect circle. The Germans say Russia started it by inciting the Serbs to conspire against the government of Austria, and then mobilizing the moment Austria declared war.

The Cat and Its Tail

The Russians say the Germans started it by encouraging Austria to expand toward the east at the expense of the Slavs. The French say the Germans started it by throwing troops across the border. The English say the Germans started it by violating

the neutrality of Belgium. The Germans pretend to be defending Europe against the barbarism of Russia. The French pretend to be defending Europe against the barbarism of the ruling class of Germany. The people who reason this way give a good imitation of a cat pursuing its tail.

The important truth with regard to the whole matter is that no people of Europe wanted war. Not a single nation was in favor of it. In Austria the

No Nation millions of working people
Wanted fought against it to the end.
War Their papers were censored and suppressed. Their meet-

ings were dispersed. At the last moment, on July 25th, they addressed their comrades in Germany: "Peace is the most precious blessing to humanity and the greatest need of nations. We are not responsible for this war. * * * We recognize our union with the workers of the entire world, and not least with the Social Democrats of Servia." On July 28th the papers reported great war enthusiasm in Berlin. As a matter of fact there were held on the night of that day some fifty anti-war meetings in Berlin. And they were packed with the serious-minded working people of the city. All the noise in the streets was made by a comparatively small number of boys. On July 31st Vorwaerts, the official organ of the 4,000,000 German Socialist voters, said editorially: "As the party which stands for international solidarity among all peoples, we make our entreaty and give our warning to the responsible persons of every nation. The German people, as the demonstration of the German proletariat has shown, want peace." In France it was on account of a peace demonstration that our comrade Jaurés met his death. Surging crowds filled the streets crying, "Down with war!" The English, of course, were opposed to it from the beginning. On Aug. 2, fifteen thousand cheered Keir Hardie in Trafalgar square when he denounced the government for going to war without consulting the country.

And Italy! The Italians did not want it, and they did not have it. The labor unions and Socialists held a conference. The Socialist deputies told the govern-

ment that a declaration of war would be followed by a revolution. *And there was no declaration!* When they tell us the peace movement has failed we Socialists can point to Rome. As once she led the world in war, now she leads in peace, and our generation of propaganda has not been in vain.

The Socialists.—One cablegram would tell us that leading German Socialists had been shot. Another would tell us that they were on the firing-line shooting other people. The truth is that we know nothing of what has happened in Germany since July 31st. Then, when the government was just on the point of shoving troops into France, the German Socialists were fighting hard against war, as they have always fought.

Resolving There is absolutely no reason
Against to believe that they
An have changed their faith or
Earthquake their tactics. They did not call for a strike or a meeting. Nobody but an idiot would stand on this side the Atlantic ocean and demand that they should do so. Resolutions and demands count little in the face of an earthquake.

In France and Belgium the situation was different. These countries were attacked. Before the people knew what had happened many of them were driven from their homes, their villages were burned, their whole world was wrecked. Their most primitive instincts of self-preservation were all-powerful. So Emile Vandervelde joined the Belgian cabinet and Marcel Sembat and Jules Guesde joined that of France. The Socialist party of France had just recently decided not to permit its members to enter any cabinet controlled by bourgeois parties. But under the stress of circumstances the executive committee called on Guesde and Lembat to accept the posts offered them. Guesde is one of the bravest, cleverest revolutionists in the world. "I am entering the cabinet not to govern, but to fight," he said. It would be futile to praise or blame these comrades. In the midst of terror and imminent death they are doing what seems to them right.

The Causes.—It is the war of big business. This was explained in detail last month, but it must be insisted on always.

When You Want to Laugh—Eat!

And If You Want to Eat Without Food Fears Take a
Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet After Each Meal.

Laughter, smiles and mirth never go with a "caved-in" stomach. Fancy a-man-afraid-of-his-food laughing! There is always that haunting feeling that a sick stomach is nothing to be mirthful about.



"My old grouchy days are funny to me now."

Just make up your mind to help nature help herself. Give your body a chance to make good. Heal the raw edges of your stomach and give your blood the tools to make digestive fluids with.

There is only one way to make the body well—give it the chance to make itself well. Harmful and strong medicines handicap the system. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets go into the stomach just like food. They are dissolved and there they strengthen the weakened juices of the digestive apparatus until the digestion is made normal.

There is nothing mysterious or magical about them. Science has proved that certain ingredients make up the digestive juices. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are these concentrated ingredients—that is all there is to it. One grain of a certain ingredient contained in Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest 3,000 grains of food. This illustrates how you aid nature to restore her worn-out materials. When a stomach which is filled with fool receives a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet, it is more able to digest the food than it would be without it. The work is not so hard nor the task so long.

When the meal is finally assimilated the entire system absorbs more nourishment and harmful food effects are eliminated easily, quickly and with the maximum of benefit.

Every drug store carries Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. To anyone wishing a free trial of these tablets, please address F. A. Stuart Co., 150 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich., and a small sample package will be mailed free.

The Kaiser is a figurehead. He has consistently opposed war. He was taken by the ears and plunged into this terrible struggle. The statesmen of England and France are not one mite better than those of Germany. Look at India. Look at Egypt. Look at Morocco. They are all exactly alike in essentials. The only difference is that the French and English got there first. Having tucked all the available parts of the earth safe away in their maps they could afford to be polite. The German came late. To get what he considered his share he had to act much like an animal with a large grunt and a curly tail.

To be exact, German capitalists, who run the Austrian government just as they do that of Germany, want to control the rich expanding country to the southeast. All this talk about a Servian plot against the Hapsburgs was manufactured to give the Austrian

The Terrible Serb Germans an excuse for taking what they wanted. When one thinks of the terrible conditions in the Slavic provinces of Austria the notion that anyone should find it necessary to foment rebellion there becomes comic.

The Russians, on the other hand, have nurtured Pan-Slavism with the notion of absorbing the various odds and ends of Slavic peoples lying loose about the Balkan States. So when Austria moved Russia moved. When Russia moved Germany moved. For Germany represents the financial powers which started the whole matter. And Germany, for strategic reasons, began her attack on France instead of on Russia.

And England, as Keir Hardie pointed out, did not enter upon hostilities solely because Germany broke her treaty with regard to Belgian neutrality. England has broken plenty of treaties in her time. Her government doesn't do things for

the sake of "honor." Her chief policy for years has been to bottle up German commerce. Here was her chance to sweep German shipping from the seas. And she has done it. The North German Lloyd and Hamburg American Line are no more. Now the White Star and Cunard have their chance. There is much more than "honor" at stake.

The Future.—Lord Kitchener is prepared for a three-years' war. An English expert writes to the papers that the whole thing will be decided in a month. The truth is that nobody knows what to expect. But we Socialists cannot help wondering what the outcome will be. What of the working class? What of the revolution?

There have been reports of mutinies. In Belgium a group of German soldiers gave themselves up and said they would not fight because they were Socialists. In one German city a large number of Socialists refused to join the colors. As suffering increases and the men gain time to think there will be more of this sort of thing. But for the present the war has checked the Socialist movement. The international congress was not held. Papers have been suspended. Meetings are forbidden. All the regular avenues of communication have been cut off, all the means of organization suspended.

But in the end the tide will turn. Food will be scarce. Prices will rise. Taxes will be higher than ever.

When Johnnie Comes Marching Home Labor will be scarce. The government will need the support of the people and the people will be suspicious of the government. Then will come our day. The

great capitalist game of pretense will be played out. The people will begin to play their own game.

And all this is leaving out of account the possibility of such a great uprising as followed 1871.

EDITORIAL

Socialist Unpreparedness in Germany

WE do not imagine for a moment that a single German Socialist actually wanted War any more than we believe the English, French and Belgian comrades wanted War. Just the same, now that, in spite of the strong anti-military sentiment of the French Socialists, in spite of the anti-war propaganda of the English movement, above all, in spite of the 4,500,000 voting Social Democrats in Germany, we find the working classes of Europe flying at each other's throats, it is time that we took stock of ourselves. We must know just how much froth there is upon the beer.

For the last ten years one of the subjects discussed at the International Socialist Congresses has been war and militarism. Year by year the great European powers have been spending larger and ever larger sums upon dreadnaughts, upon standing armies and navies, upon armaments and other munitions of war. Every intelligent European Socialist knew that some day the capitalist class would seek to plunge the working class of Europe into war.

How then did they handle the question of War? We have on file in our office the reports of various international congresses with the speeches made by Socialists of note all over the world, upon the subject of War. We have waded through long harangues of wordy rubbish in which one Great Man has informed a waiting world of his antipathy to war and another Great Man has hurled anathemas at the Gods of Patriotism. We have even found, tucked away, and speedily cut short by the authoritarians of the various countries, an earnest plea from some unofficial and unobtrusive delegate for the discussion of some *practical tactic* with which the United Socialist parties of Europe might meet any war crisis that should happen to arise.

At the International Socialist Congress held at Copenhagen in 1912 the GENERAL STRIKE was proposed as a measure that might afford the revolutionary working class a weapon sufficiently strong to avert European war. A few earnest delegates, from almost every country represented, sought to awaken the majority of the delegates to the necessity for action endorsing the General Strike as a weapon to prevent War.

William D. Haywood, at that time a member of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party of America, was the ONLY AMERICAN Socialist who VOTED IN FAVOR of this proposal. The German Socialists were almost unanimous in their ridicule of the General Strike as a weapon in any event whatsoever.

So the matter was referred back to some committee or some sub-committee and buried for another two or three years, as had been done repeatedly in the past.

We have carefully sifted the wheat from the chaff of these international reports. The German delegates with a few notable exceptions refused to consider ANY practical measure for the prevention of war. Here we find the largest body of Socialists in the world, the strongest numerically, permitting its elected delegates to evade the question of WHAT TO DO in a world crisis. And our own delegation was very little in advance of the German comrades.

The Socialist Party in the United States today has proposed no definite tactic to be used to prevent war in our own country. Of course we are all opposed to war. The German comrades were opposed to war and the French and the English. And today they are reluctantly marching to the front to shoot

down their comrades beneath the tri-colors or the German or English flags.

We do not blame any man for going to the front if he is called out by a score of armed gendarmes ready to shoot him down in case he shows any resistance. We know that many of our European comrades were driven to battle in just this way. The same thing may happen to us in "our" own country tomorrow or next week, if we do not get together and evolve a paralyzing tactic that will mean the collapse of all war bubbles. We blame them only for forging no weapon to avert the crisis.

It is up to us to meet the issue FACE TO FACE today. We must avoid the mistakes of our European comrades—particularly of the German Social Democrats. We must go on record for a General Strike in time of war.

The German comrades "protested" before war was declared. They "passed resolutions" and "objected" over their steins. But they had no message ready to hand for their party members when war was actually declared. Nobody knew what to DO except to protest privately. The Social Democracy, 4,500,000 strong, had not the menace of a single weapon to hold over the head of the kaiser. Each and every Social Democrat was opposed to the war but they had no plan for practical united action to prevent it.

The German comrades might look through the voluminous pages of the reports of the International Socialist Congresses for some practical stand taken against war by the German delegates. They would search in vain for any advocacy of a practical preventive tactic.

German Socialist officialdom has always strenuously opposed violence. They have held up their hands in holy horror at the mere suggestion of the destruction of the private property of the German capitalist class. But today German comrades are taking part in the wholesale destruction of the property of French capitalist and peasant alike, of Belgian capitalist and of Belgian peasant.

By continuously dinning into the ears of the German working class a respect for private property, they have robbed

the rank and file of all initiative in aggressive action during the present war.

Of the thousands of train loads of soldiers that were rushed to the French and Belgian border when war was declared, we have yet to hear of one train that failed to leave on schedule time, of the wrecking of one railroad, of the blowing up of a single bridge, of the destruction of one car load of ammunition.

Social Democrats, themselves, boast that one man out of every three in the German army, is a Socialist. Four million, five hundred thousand Social Democrats and not one train delayed in rushing troops to murder French and Belgian workingmen! Could impotence go any further?

Remember—we do not question the desires of the German comrades. For years we have pointed with pride to their splendid educational facilities, to their wonderful press, to their unequalled contributions to the literature of scientific Socialism. We have long sat at their feet to learn on questions of Socialist THEORY. Hitherto we may have mistakenly turned to them for light upon questions of revolutionary *tactics*.

A group of workingmen and women may be actually sweating and oozing Socialist theory but when this theory becomes almost wholly divorced from practical tactics, from practical *action*, when such theory is absorbed at the expense of result-bringing ACTION, it is so much froth upon the beer. We think it time to precipitate a little of this wonderful knowledge into practical ACTIVITY. Theory that does not crystallize itself into some kind of *action* has never moved a bag of potatoes. Four million, five hundred thousand German heads full of theory went to WAR against French workingmen. A large number of French heads full of theory went to war against Germany.

The THREAT of rebellious *action*, of a General Strike in Italy, forced the Italian government to remain neutral in the present war.

Isn't it time we began to measure our strength in our ACCOMPLISHMENTS rather than by our powers in theoretical argument? Isn't it about time we began

to labor for achievements rather than SEATS in the Reichstag or the Parliament? Or rather should we not measure our strength by the power our elected representatives display, and the power the whole revolutionary army is able to

display, in OPPOSING power-mad king and kaiser.

Now is the time for US to co-operate in endorsing a tactic that shall make a repetition of the European tragedy impossible in America.—M. E. M.

August Bebel on the Franco-German War

“BISMARCK duped the whole world, making every one believe that Napoleon provoked the war, while poor, peace-loving Bismarck was the aggrieved party.

“Knowing nothing of the imminence of war, we had called a party meeting for the 17th of July. Now we had to define our attitude towards the war, and did so in the following resolution: ‘This meeting protests against any war, but one undertaken in the interests of freedom and civilization, as a crime against modern civilization. This meeting protests against a war waged in the interests of a dynasty, which jeopardizes the lives of hundreds of thousands and the welfare of millions in order to satisfy the ambition of a few of those in power. This meeting hails with joy the attitude of the French democracy, especially of the Socialist workers, and declares its complete sympathy with their efforts to prevent the war, and expects the German democracy and German workers to uplift their voices for the same purpose.’

“The Reichstag was to be opened on the 19th of July. Liebknecht considered it was our duty to vote against any war loan. But it was thought that a vote against the loan would be a vote in favor of Napoleon. The only possible course was for us to abstain from voting. Liebknecht finally agreed to

this, and to justify our action we had the following declaration inserted in the Journal of the Reichstag:

“The present war is a dynastic war in the interest of the Bonaparte dynasty, as the war of 1866 was in the interest of the Hohensollern dynasty.

“We cannot vote the moneys required for the conduct of this war, as this would imply a vote of confidence in the Prussian government, which prepared the war for this war by its proceedings in 1866.

“Neither can we vote in an adverse sense, as that would be equivalent to approval of the wicked and criminal policy of Bonaparte.

“As we are in principle opposed to all dynastic wars, and as Socialist Republicans and members of the International Association of Labor, which, without regard for nationality, opposes all oppressors and strives to unite in one fraternal union all the oppressed, cannot, either directly or indirectly, declare for the present war, we therefore abstain from voting, in the confident hope that the peoples of Europe, taught by the present fateful events, will do everything to conquer their rights of self-direction, and to abolish the existing supremacy of class and the sword, which is the cause of all public and social evil.”



PUBLISHERS DEPARTMENT

More Capital Needed

IT is not our habit to fill the pages of THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW with urgent appeals for financial help—a practice too common among Socialist periodicals. Our resources are slender enough, but we aim to keep our outlay within our income, spending what we have earned rather than what we can borrow. In this way we believe more can be accomplished in the long run.

At the present time, however, we have to meet exceptional conditions that could not have been foreseen. For many months a large number of our most loyal supporters have been out of work and unable to buy books or to renew their REVIEW subscriptions. Now, just at the season when a decided improvement could have been reasonably expected, the European war has thrown other thousands out of work and has for the moment cut off most of the demand for our standard Socialist literature. Our ordinary receipts for the month of August were \$500 short of meeting our ordinary expenses.

The printers and paper-makers have been paid. The money has been advanced by comrades who need to have it returned. The total loans from stockholders, including some which we can keep for some time to come at a low rate of interest, amounted on September 1, to \$5,323.47. About \$2,000 of these loans should be repaid at once, and we should also have a reserve fund of \$1,000 to carry us over to the book-buying season.

This is YOUR Problem.—We in this office have done what we can already. Everything we have has been used in building up this publishing house. The total capital stock thus far paid in is \$37,600.00, of which about two-thirds is the property of comrades who own each one \$10.00 share. Our total authorized capital is \$50,000.00, so that 1,240 shares of \$10.00 each are still in the treasury of

the publishing house. The way to pay off our debt and to raise the working capital needed is to sell these shares, and if YOU are a friend of the REVIEW and want to see more of the literature of Marxian Socialism circulated, you should subscribe for one.

Stockholders Buy Books at COST.—The publishing house is not run for profit but for Socialist propaganda and education. No one has ever drawn a dollar in dividends. The advantage in holding a share is that any stockholder can buy any of the books published by us at **half** retail prices if sent by express at purchaser's expense, or at **forty per cent** less than retail prices if we pay postage or expressage. Experience shows that these prices just cover the cost of printing and circulating the books.

First Lot of Books for LESS Than Cost.—As a special inducement to YOU, we will for \$11.20 cash with order send you a fully-paid certificate for a \$10.00 share of stock, and will also send you by express an assorted lot of books published by us, your selection, to the amount of \$10.00 at retail prices. If you wish more books sent at the same time you can have them for half price; for example, by sending \$16.20 you will get a share of stock and books to the amount of \$20.00 at retail prices. This is the best and cheapest way to start a library, either for yourself or for the Socialist Local to which you belong.

The Need Is Urgent.—We have had hundreds of letters from comrades saying that they hoped to subscribe for stock later on. Right now is the time we need your help. Send \$11.20 by the first mail if you can. Book catalogue and illustrated booklet telling exactly how our co-operative publishing house is organized and run will be mailed promptly on request. Are you with us?



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The past has proven that the old-fashioned antiquated truss and appliance won't help you—it can't; its construction is all wrong. A new star of hope has arisen for the ruptured—a natural outcome from the deficiencies of the past. There is hope, joy and comfort awaiting you.

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In wearing my Rupture Lock you have absolute protection at all times. You may do any kind of work and get in any position under any condition. We will prove this, by a 30 DAY TRIAL.



Books Received

Songs of Rebellion. By Adolf Wolff. New York: Alfred and Chas. Boni. \$1.00.

Goethe has said that no real circumstance is unpoetical so long as the poet knows how to use it. Whether the author of these verses has known how to use the materials he has chosen for his art is a matter whose decision will rest, in the last analysis, upon the individual taste of the reader. But so in fact does all criticism.

Assuredly, he maintains towards the universe and toward all of its phenomena the attitude of a poet. Assuredly, too, he is daring; nothing, if not daring. That some of his pieces display a genuine, if modest, gift of lyricism cannot, I think, be denied. At the risk of being called a Philistine, I hazard the belief that with a little more attention to the requirements of rhyme and rhythm the entire level of the performance would have been distinctly raised.

I especially liked the lines beginning "I thought you dead, I thought you dead to me"; liked them that is because they sing themselves.

I confidently believe that by the unsparing application of self-criticism, by holding no law higher than the promptings of his own talent—save the law of beauty itself—and by avoiding such great, but for him dangerous models as Walt Whitman this young writer will eventually become in form what he already is in spirit—a true poet.—L. H. U.

The Social Significance of the Modern Drama.

By Emma Goldman.

In a dynamic age like ours it is quite natural that literary art should achieve its supreme expression in the drama, that is to say, in the literature of action. At a time when thinking men everywhere are busied in the great task of transvaluation, it is inevitable that that drama shall declare war against ancient and generally accepted values. One is amused to observe the zeal which the clergymen and the conventional critic display, the one in depreciating the merit of modern plays, the other in obscuring under the dust of technical discussion their real significance.

Not the least important service which Emma Goldman has rendered us in these lectures has been to uncover the revolutionary message of the contemporary drama so that he who runs may read.

It may be that her interpretations differ in

some instances from those which the authors of these plays would have given. In one case, that of *Damaged Goods*, M. Brioux's obvious teaching on the subject of marriage seems to have been passed over in silence. Indeed, this playwright is not more revolutionary than are many of the participants in our state and national conferences of charities and corrections. To say this, however, is not to detract in any way from the merit of Miss Goldman's book as an eloquent and stimulating introduction to a study which no socialist of whatever school can afford to neglect.—LILIAN HILLER UDELL.

Henry Demarest Lloyd: A Biography. By Caro Lloyd. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$5.00.

Evolution and revolution—progress has been attained in both ways: the irresistible advance through long and painful periods of times and the equally irresistible cataclysms brought about by sudden and imperious necessity which respects no theories about progress no matter how reasonable or scientific they may seem. The events of the world may be symbolized in its Napoleons and its Adam Smiths.

The way in which we as individuals react to the pain of the world can only be explained by that elusive word—temperament. The present biography gives an interesting example of the workings of a mind disciplined in the scientific evolutionary school.

Lloyd was a man keenly sensitive to the sufferings of his fellow men. Yet throughout his long and useful life—1847-1903—we see the temperament of an earnest student—a student who is firmly convinced that the tragedy of the world can gradually be diminished by carefully thought-out scientific remedies peacefully applied. We see him, note book in hand, studying all the symptoms of social disease, analyzing, classifying, arranging, re-arranging, piling fact upon fact, that he might frame an argument strong enough to touch all men by sheer force of logic. He thus accumulated enough adverse data regarding the Standard Oil Company to dissolve seventeen "wicked" corporations, yet somehow the Standard Oil Company refused to disappear. Why? Because Lloyd in all his attacks upon the strongholds of tyranny was not the spokesman for a militant working class conscious of its burdens and conscious of its power. He remained by a detached and generous observer.—H. L. UDELL.

"The Call of the Carpenter." By Bouck White. (Blackwell's Island Edition.) 50c. Church of the Social Revolution, 42 Washington Square, New York City, sole agent.

The issue of a cheap edition of Bouck White's social interpretation of the Christian religion serves to call our attention to the fundamental fact in the life of the English speaking people. In the Catholic countries of Europe, collapsed by reason of its rigidity, the bourgeois revolutions and modern industrialism both served to crush and drive the church throughout western continental Europe. In England and America history took a different course. The bourgeois revolution was accomplished in the middle of the seventeenth century. The church clothed itself in the intellectual garb of puritanism, and as such has lived until today. As Bouck White well shows, this has resulted in what is perhaps the most colossal system of religious and social hypocrisy that the world has ever known.

Jesus was a carpenter, yet he is worshipped by Rockefeller and Morgan. Jesus was also a revolutionary communist. He "denounced those in power," says White, in "The Call of the Carpenter" as "devourers of widow's houses," "children of hell," "blind guides," "fools and blind," "hypocrites," "full of extortion and excess," "whited sepulchres full of dead men's bones," "serpents," "generation of vipers," "how can ye escape the damnation of hell?"

Every good teacher knows that it is his business to start a lesson with something which the student fully comprehends and proceed from that to the discovery of new truth. That is what Bouck White does with the minds of the millions of American wage workers, farmers and others who are still found in the orthodox bourgeois churches. His interpretation of the methods of Christianity, fully understood, leads them into the way of Socialist thinking.

We wonder whether Socialist members in Chicago, New York and San Francisco quite realize that the American born miners of West Virginia and Arkansas, who are the most desperate fighters our working class has yet produced, are practically all church members of one sort or another. To start the education of these workers on a materialist conception of history is not an intelligent method of winning them for the revolutionary movement. We prophesy a wide distribution of "The Call of the Carpenter." It puts a grappling-hook in the very spot where the minds of millions of workers are now located, and drags them relentlessly forward.—FRANK BOHN.

What is the Revolutionists' attitude towards LOVE AND MARRIAGE?

Here is one man's answer to this question sincerely and eloquently expressed—

- The Evolution of Sexual Morality, By Wm. Thurston Brown, 10 Cents
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NEWS AND VIEWS



A New Socialist Daily—Recognizing the necessity of a revolutionary socialist paper, forty-seven locals of the Finnish Socialist Party have successfully started their new paper, "Socialisti," at Duluth, Minn. Over \$4,000 worth of stock has been issued and several thousand subscribers secured.

Minnesota Socialist Party Favors Unity.—

The Socialist Party in the state of Minnesota has adopted the resolutions and recommendations of the Unity Conference held at St. Paul on April 26th, between representatives of the Socialist Party in Minnesota and the Socialist Labor Party of the same state. The vote on the question of adoption of the report stood 616 for and 110 against.

By this action the party in the state of Minnesota is placed squarely upon record in favor of a joint national conference between the Socialist Party and the Socialist Labor Party for the purpose of bringing about the organization of one political party of Socialism in the United States.

The Minnesota conference was brought about by the adoption of a resolution at the state convention of the Socialist Party at Brainerd, on the 14th of February, 1914, which declared in favor of one political party of Socialism in the United States and provided for a committee to arrange a conference with representatives of the S. L. P.

Having been adopted by the Minnesota organization, the matter is now before the national body and is awaiting seconds sufficient to secure a national referendum. All locals and comrades who are in any way interested in this matter should take action and send in their request for a vote of the party on the question of Unity and the organization of one political party of Socialism in the United States.

Unity Conference Report

A party owned press and literature publishing department is absolutely necessary to the successful administration and sound development of a Socialist political party.

The entire proprietary rights of a party paper to be invested in the national organization of the party.

We recognize the necessity of an industrial organization of the workers, the abolition of craft unionism and the united industrial and political action for the purpose of securing and holding the means of production.

The introduction of reform questions and issues into the program of a political party of Socialism is responsible for the mixed and clashing opinions within the Socialist Party and tends to attract to the organization an element that seeks political preferment through compromising tactics, and creates in the minds of the workers particularly false conceptions regarding the Socialist movement, and hinders the work of educating the working class for the overthrow of capitalism.

The strict adherence to Socialist principle and revolutionary tactics should be furthered and protected by a rigid system of discipline.

State and local autonomy in a political party of Socialism leads the party and the workers into wrong channels and tends to enhance local reform issues so the detriment of the Socialist movement, and moreover tends to create lax systems of discipline in the party and separates the party instead of solidifying it.

Over 1,000 New Readers.—The REVIEW rebels certainly got into their hustling clothes during Red Week, as shown by the following list of those sending in ten or more new subscribers. The Bundle Order Bunch also got busy, sending in over 400 orders from Alaska to Africa, amounting to almost 15,000 copies. Comrade Mussared of Johannesburg, South Africa, writes: "You can increase my standing monthly bundle order from 50 to 100 copies." In fact there is a steady increase in demand from foreign comrades for the REVIEW.

We are already receiving letters from foreign comrades offering their co-operation in supplying the REVIEW with first-hand information regarding the conditions in their respective countries and we feel sure Review readers will eagerly read what they have to say regarding the European "murder fest." The first article to reach us is by Dr. Anton Pannekoek and a comrade is now busily engaged translating it for this number of the REVIEW. Comrade Pannekoek's ability is recognized everywhere among European Socialists.

We are sparing no expense in securing the best possible photographs from the International News Service, Underwood & Underwood of New York City and other companies who have photographers in Europe.

We are going to try and make each succeeding issue of the Review better than the preceding one and we know that our readers will appreciate our work by keeping busy on the circulation end. By co-operating together we can make the REVIEW the greatest illustrated Working Class magazine under the sun.

McKinley, Ruskin, Fla.....	21
Knight, Rex, Ark.....	10
Strub, Denver, Colo.....	10
Davis, LaPryos, Tex.....	10
Pierce, St. Marys, O.....	10
Greenberg, Devils Lake, N. D.....	34
Kramer, St. Joseph, Mo.....	10
Harleman, Kansas City, Mo.....	10
Houseweart, Pittsfield, Ill.....	13
Nordquist, Des Moines, Ia.....	13
Hanuer, St. Louis, Mo.....	11
Sagona, Garyville, La.....	14
Carnes, Catlin, Ind.....	10
Dake, Schenectady, N. Y.....	10
Renner, Davenport, Ia.....	10
Turano, Reno, Nev.....	10
Kovacs, Duquesne, Pa.....	10
Howe, Grand Rapids, Mich.....	14
Rackleman, Reno, Nev.....	10
Julius, Wilburton, Okla.....	10
Hoeller, Inverness, Mont.....	16
Johnson, Duluth, Minn.....	10
Betton, Lafayette, Colo.....	10
Betts, St. Louis, Mo.....	19
Holm, Seattle, Wash.....	10
Marsh, Plainfield, N. J.....	21
Spiker, Salem, Ohio.....	17
Tucker, Rolla, Mo.....	18
Whiteneck, Wabash, Ind.....	10
Conzett, New Castle, Pa.....	10

Mires, Duluth, Minn.....	10
Harris, Eveleth, Minn.....	18
Evans, Medberry, N. D.....	20
Hobson, Pasadena, Cal.....	10
Wallace, Maryville, Ill.....	10
Rose, Elwood, Ind.....	10
Bellamy, Hope, Idaho.....	10
Snowman, Fruitvale, Cal.....	10
Anthony, Mishawaka, Ind.....	10
Lee, St. Joseph, Mo.....	10
House, Coshocton, Ohio.....	24
Ford, Richmond, Ind.....	20
Cappock, Tipton, Ind.....	10
Anderson, Cloquet, Minn.....	10
Ross, Riverdale, Cal.....	14
Anthony, Toronto, Ont.....	11
Porter, Hansboro, N. D.....	14
Hall, Olean, N. Y.....	10
Youngfledt, Kewanee.....	10
McFarland, Fairpoint, Ohio.....	10
Stiefel, Hazel Dell, Pa.....	10
Becker, Sheridan, Wyo.....	11
Bitterman, Avery, Iowa.....	10
Bagby, Pearl, Ill.....	10
Bowen, Georgetown, La.....	12
House, Coshocton, Ohio.....	24
Sturman, Norris City, Ill.....	11
Miller, Jerome, Ariz.....	12
Banner, Veedersburg, Ind.....	11
Trapp, Hemet, Cal.....	11
Bailey, Elyria, Ohio.....	10
Baker, Columbus, Ohio.....	10
Parker, Wakefield, Mass.....	10
Clapp, Ithaca, N. Y.....	10
Dubrock, Cowanshannoc, Pa.....	20
Washer, Saranac Lake, N. Y.....	12
Sutcliffe, Des Arc, Ark.....	11
Morrell, Mankato, Minn.....	10
Austin, Plainfield, N. J.....	10
Bentell, Rahway, N. J.....	10
Schlicht, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	10
Freeland, Jacksonville, Fla.....	10
Clark, Brainerd, Minn.....	10
Morrill, Minneapolis, Minn.....	10
Middendorf, Hamilton, Ohio.....	10
Gelfand, Minneapolis, Minn.....	13
Collins, McMillan, Okla.....	10
Miller, Jerome, Ariz.....	41
Pitman, Cortland, Ariz.....	10
Maurer, Yakima, Wash.....	10
Latshaw, Brinsmade, N. D.....	10
Porter, Hansboro.....	14
Nunes, Denver, Colo.....	10
Ritscher, Meredosia, Ill.....	10
Curry, Peoria, Ill.....	12
Fossen, Duluth.....	10
Mosier, Waverly, Ohio.....	10
Uetz, Des Moines, Iowa.....	34
Cargan, Superior, Wis.....	10
Becker, Sharpsville, Pa.....	10
Reinartson, Ft. Dodge, Iowa.....	10
McKay, Des Moines, Wash.....	10
Bangert, Buffalo, N. Y.....	11

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SUICIDES IN THE ARMY

(Translated by Paul Zierold)

THE Chemnitzer Volksotimme has compiled and published the following statistics of the victims in the German army in times of peace. During the years 1878 until 1911 there were 2,353 attempted suicides without fatal results.

In the last eleven years 2,853 soldiers were punished for desertion, which consisted of an annual average of about 700 years in prison sentences or a total of 8,250 years for the entire eleven years. And in forty-four years from 1870 to 1911 the total prison sentences amounted to 32,000 years.

Two thousand nine hundred and eighty-two soldiers are annually punished for military insubordination, and in the last forty-four years more than 50,000 years in prison sentences and hard labor sentences for insubordination were given.

For bad treatment, torture, etc., of soldiers, about 800 cases are made public annually, and notwithstanding the insignificant punishment meted out to superiors in such cases, 13,000 prison sentences were pronounced upon officers in the past forty-four years.

In other words, this means that in round numbers 100,000 years of prison life have been the result of the German military system in forty years.

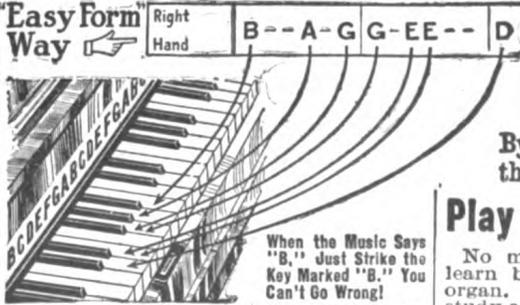
During forty-four years 10,439 soldiers actually committed suicide, principally to avoid punishment or brutalities of some kind or another. Every year from 220 to 240 soldiers put an end to their lives because they cannot endure the cruel treatment of their superiors. In this same period of time 189,202 were so seriously injured in the army in time of peace as to have to be discharged from service; 6,676 of these accidents resulted fatally.

The cause of this barbarism is the iron discipline, which degrades unwilling men into instruments, transforming them into mere tools in the hands of their superior officers. Bad treatment, torture and humiliations kill the love of life in these youths.

Every father and mother should consider well before they permit the sacrifice of their sons to the satisfaction of militaristic ambitions.

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Old Style Way 

"Easy Form" Way 

Right Hand B--A-G G-EE--D

When the Music Says "B," Just Strike the Key Marked "B." You Can't Go Wrong!

Note how simple this is compared to complicated old-style music where a beginner couldn't even find the right key.

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By This New "Easy Form Method" that Enables a Child or Beginner to **Play Well In ONE EVENING**

No more mysterious, difficult notes to learn before you can play the piano or organ. No more spending of years in study and practice. Why? Because music has now been simplified so that anybody who can read printed letters—A-B-C-D-E-F-G—can read the new "Easy Form" music at a glance, and the key-board guide which is placed in back of the key board shows you where to put the fingers of both hands on the right keys every time.

No chance for failure, anyone can learn quickly. Young children and old people learn to play in a few hours and amaze and delight their friends.

You can test and prove this method without a cent of cost. Just send the coupon. Complete instructions, keyboard guide and 100 pieces of selected sacred, popular and dance "Easy Form" music will be sent you prepaid. Test it and enjoy it for seven days—then either return it and owe nothing, or keep it and send us \$1.50 down, and \$1.00 per month until a total of \$6.50 in all is paid.

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Easy Method Music Co.,
698 Clarkson Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Please send the "Easy Form Music Method" and 100 pieces of music for 7 days FREE trial, as per terms of this advertisement.

Number of keys on piano or organ?.....

Do you play old-style note music?.....

Name.....

Address.....

Mrs. Sanger Arrested.—Not content with holding up three issues of the *Woman Rebel*, a monthly journal dedicated to the emancipation of woman, the United States postal authorities caused Mrs. Margaret H. Sanger, its editor, to be arraigned on three indictments charging violation of postal laws. The authorities allege advocacy of "assassination and the use of dynamite in social reform."

In the two other indictments Mrs. Sanger is charged with publishing "obscene, vile and indecent" articles concerning sex matters. Mrs. Sanger entered a temporary plea of not guilty before United States District Court Judge Hazel, who released her on her own recognizance.

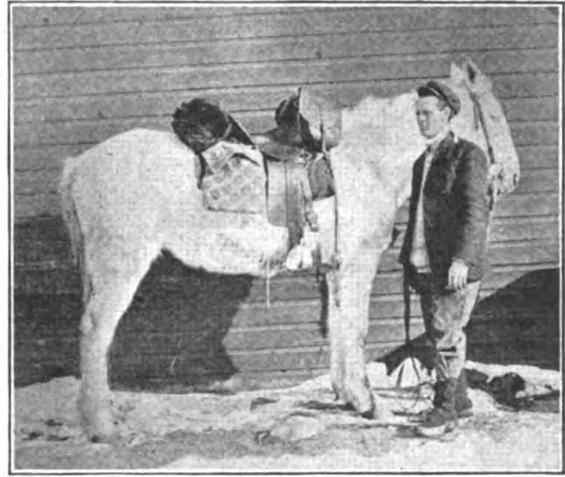
"This had to come sooner or later," she said later, "and I welcome any method of vindicating my theories. Until the postal laws are changed in certain regards, it will be impossible for me to carry out the great work I have started for my sex."

Strike on the Job.—Traveling back to London lately, I could get nothing to eat on the journey, and when I reached Paddington there was a long delay through the difficulty of getting a porter. But that was another story. It happened to be the second day of the two days' strike of the Great Western restaurant-car staff. Many of the other railway servants had struck sympathetically—not, like the dining car men, by going out, but by staying in. Their scheme was a curious one, and had an element of the humorous in it, if one's personal inconveniences were not annoying enough to blunt one's appreciation of a joke. Their policy was to give the railway company trouble by working strictly according to the official rules.

There is a rule, for instance, forbidding "flying shunts." This means that carriages must not be coupled up while they are in motion, but the men must wait until each succeeding car has come to an absolute standstill. But the "flying shunt," dangerous as it is, takes place many times daily, or the work never would be done in the required time. On Friday, however, every car was brought to a dead stop before the next was coupled, with the result that the process took twice as long as usual.

Again, when a railway servant supplies a train with water or attends to the lamps, he is accustomed to jump from the top of one car to the next. The rules prescribe that his duty is to descend the steps, walk to the next car, and then climb up again. These instructions were scrupulously followed on Friday. In consequence of all this unprecedented obedience to orders, big excursion trains for the west of England started from the London terminal as much as an hour and a half late.—*The Nation*.

From Toledo.—"I have never been a subscriber to the REVIEW, but have read it right along for the last two years. It always keeps one tune, one spirit, of a real revolutionary character. I have resolved that it should come to me regularly, so enclose a money order for \$1.00 for the coming year."—Wilt.



COMRADE SMITH OF CANADA, WHO COVERED 900 MILES, LECTURING AND SELLING BOOKS.

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Ford & Suhr: A joint committee composed of various A. F. of L. unions, the Socialist party and the I. W. W. held a monster protest meeting August 10 in behalf of Ford & Suhr, who have been convicted of murder by the courts of Yolo county. Their only crime was an attempt to secure better conditions for the hop pickers on the Durst ranch at Wheatland last year. Austin Lewis spoke to a large crowd for nearly two hours. The audience showed their appreciation of the speaker by donating \$50.00. Ringing resolutions denouncing the verdict were presented by Harry McKee, Socialist candidate for congress, and passed without a dissenting vote. J. M. Cameron acted as general chairman and proved to be the right man in the right place. Yours for the revolution.—Local 66 I. W. W.

Hop Pickers.—The picket line which has been maintained at Wheatland since August 10th disbanded on the morning of September 1st. During those three weeks most effective work was done by some 100 or more red-blooded I. W. W.'s and other organized workers. Out of 1100 pickers on the Durst ranch over 700 were pulled off the job by incessant agitation on our side.

The foreign races appeared to most readily grasp the idea of industrial solidarity, and most of them refused to scab on men in jail. The American scissorbill ran true to form and scabbed to the limit. His cry was, "I'm getting mine." Perhaps he will get his in a different way soon. All things considered it is the general feeling among those who actively engaged in the strike that it was a success in every sense.

Some \$600 expended by the workers made Durst put a plaster of \$125,000 on his property. That is putting a center shot in the bosses' pocketbook, all right. Our efforts must now be centered on continuing the struggle for the release of Ford and Suhr. Any relaxation on our part would be fatal to ultimate success. So let's go forward more determined and confident of gaining our just demands.

To all those who helped with funds or on the picket line, we extend our appreciation. After the decision of the Appellate Court is handed down, a complete statement of receipts and expenditures will be compiled and mailed to all locals and subscribers.

Don. D. Scott has resigned as secretary of the defense committee. Send all funds to Harry Burlingham, 114 J St., Sacramento, Calif.—Hop Pickers' Defense Committee.

Whereas, Albert McIntosh, a veteran of the Socialist and I. W. W. movements, who died

—in harness—lately at Holbrook, Arizona, had been denounced some time ago as an expelled member of the I. W. W., a dishonest man and a police stool-pigeon, we, the members of Local 272, I. W. W., Phoenix, Arizona, unanimously express our strong conviction, based upon our personal knowledge of the man and upon investigation of said charges, that said charges were brought against him, in error, and that McIntosh was a true man, ardently devoted to the cause of the worker, a man of whom the movements he was connected with had every reason to be proud, whose memory will be cherished by at least a few.

The Colorado Verdict.—A Colorado court-martial has "exonerated" twenty-three Colorado militiamen, charged with murder, manslaughter, arson and larceny.

This verdict shows what hand-picked judicial bodies can do when they try.

For no fair-minded person who has followed the Colorado conflict is going to believe for a moment that this verdict is not a whitewash that was planned and carried through with deliberation.

The Colorado court-martial may acquit until it gets tired of the pastime, but it cannot force American public opinion to acquit. Nor can it compel the working class to change its mind about the sort of tribunal this court-martial is.

If ever there has been a shame, a scandal, a burning injustice, a hot belch from the mouth of the inferno, it is now doubly riveted on the ruling class of Colorado.

From a Kansas Rebel.—"Please send me twenty copies of the September REVIEW for which I enclose \$1.00.

"The clear, concise manner in which the REVIEW puts the class struggle and the way out is not surpassed by any other Socialist publication.

"Send me those ten sample copies and I will use them to good advantage."—Fisher, Parsons, Kans.

From an Old Stockholder.—"Enclosed find \$2.00 for the REVIEW during the coming two years, and you will never get orders from me to stop it so long as it breathes the true spirit of the Revolution."—M. Conway, Roy, Canada.

From Jake Long, Olive, Okla.—"The REVIEW is the best working class educator I have ever seen. Enclosed find \$1.00 for subscription."

Loaded with Dynamite.—"The September issue of the Fighting Magazine was certainly loaded to the muzzle. I like to see dynamite ably handled. Hope I can do more for the REVIEW."—Iverson, Madison, S. D.



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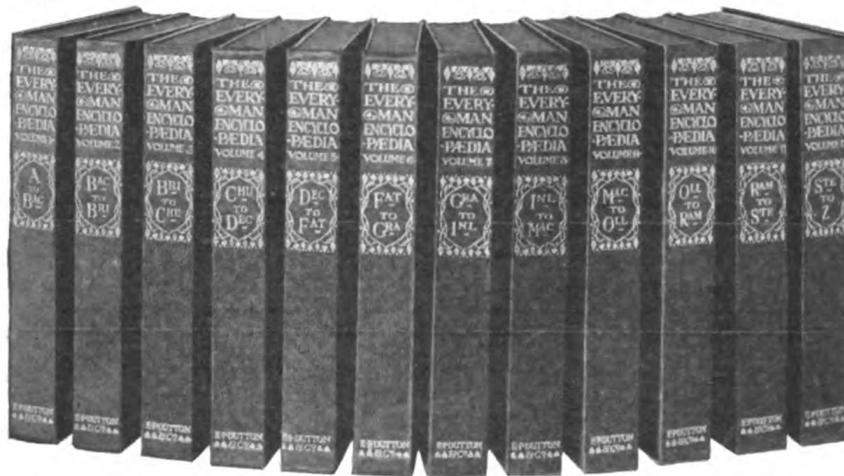
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