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JANUARY, 1917

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**THE
DREAM
OF
DEBS**

BY

JACK LONDON

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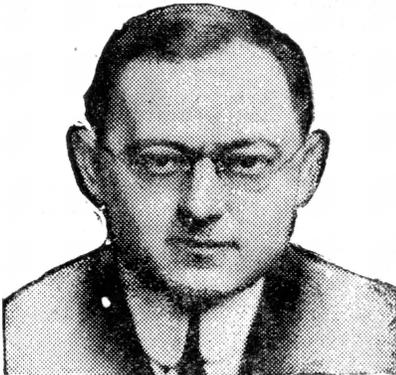
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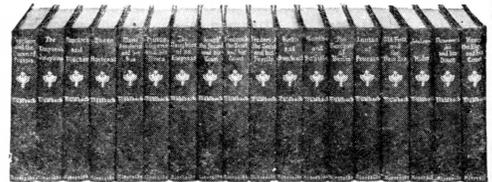


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The
**INTERNATIONAL
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Vol. XVII

Edited by Charles H. Kerr

No. 7

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

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CHARLES H. KERR & COMPANY, Publishers (Co-operative)

341-349 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

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



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Jack London
Oct. 28/15.



Opera for the Revolution,
Jack Gordon
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"The Dream of Debs"

By JACK LONDON

(Written exclusively for the Review)

I AWOKE fully an hour before my customary time. This in itself was remarkable, and I lay very wide awake, pondering over it. Something was the matter, something was wrong—I knew not what. I was oppressed by a premonition of something terrible that had happened or was about to happen. But what was it? I strove to orientate myself. I remembered that at the time of the Great Earthquake of 1906 many claimed they awakened some moments before the first shock and that during those moments they experienced strange feelings of dread. Was San Francisco again to be visited by earthquake?

I lay for a full minute, numbly expectant, but there occurred no reeling of walls nor shock and grind of falling masonry. All was quiet. That was it! The silence! No wonder I had been perturbed. The hum of the great live city was strangely absent. The surface cars passed along my street, at that time of day, on an average of one every three minutes; but in the ten succeeding minutes not a car passed. Perhaps it was a street railway strike, was my thought; or perhaps there had been an accident and the power was shut off. But no, the silence was too profound. I heard no jar and rattle of wagon-wheels, nor stamp of iron-shod hoofs straining up the steep cobble-stones.

Pressing the push-button beside my bed, I strove to hear the sound of the bell, though I knew it was impossible for the sound to rise three stories to me even if the bell did ring. It rang all right, for a few minutes later Brown entered with the tray and morning paper. Though his features were impassive as ever, I noted a startled,

apprehensive light in his eyes. I noted, also, that there was no cream on the tray.

"The creamery did not deliver this morning," he explained; "nor did the bakery."

I glanced again at the tray. There were no fresh French rolls—only slices of stale graham bread from yesterday, the most detestable of bread so far as I was concerned.

"Nothing was delivered this morning, sir," Brown started to explain apologetically; but I interrupted him.

"The paper?"

"Yes, sir, it was delivered, but it was the only thing, and it is the last time, too. There won't be any paper to-morrow. The paper says so. Can I send out and get you some condensed milk?"

I shook my head, accepted the coffee black, and spread open the paper. The headlines explained everything—explained too much, in fact, for the lengths of pessimism to which the journal went were ridiculous. A general strike, it said, had been called all over the United States; and most foreboding anxieties were expressed concerning the provisioning of the great cities.

I read on hastily, skimming much and remembering much of the labor troubles in the past. For a generation the general strike had been the dream of organized labor, which dream had arisen originally in the mind of Debs, one of the great labor leaders of thirty years before. I recollected that in my young college-settlement days I had even written an article on the subject for one of the magazines and that I had entitled it, "The Dream of Debs." And I must confess that I had treated the idea very care-

fully and academically as a dream and nothing more. Time and the world had rolled on, Gompers was gone, the American Federation of Labor was gone, and gone was Debs with all his wild revolutionary ideas; but the dream had persisted, and here it was at last realized in fact. But I laughed, as I read, at the journal's gloomy outlook. I knew better. I had seen organized labor worsted in too many conflicts. It would be a matter only of days when the thing would be settled. This was a national strike, and it wouldn't take the government long to break it.

I threw the paper down and proceeded to dress. It would certainly be interesting to be out in the streets of San Francisco when not a wheel was turning and the whole city was taking an enforced vacation.

"I beg your pardon, sir," Brown said, as he handed me my cigar case, "but Mr. Harmed has asked to see you before you go out."

"Send him in right away," I answered.

Harmed was the butler. When he entered I could see he was laboring under controlled excitement. He came at once to the point.

"What shall I do, sir? There will be needed provisions, and the delivery drivers are on strike. And the electricity is shut off—I guess they're on strike, too."

"Are the shops open?" I asked.

"Only the small ones, sir. The retail clerks are out and the big ones can't open; but the owners and their families are running the little ones themselves."

"Then take the machine," I said, "and go the rounds and make your purchases. Buy plenty of everything you need or may need. Get a box of candles—no, get half a dozen boxes. And when you're done, tell Harrison to bring the machine around to the club for me—not later than eleven."

Harmed shook his head gravely. "Mr. Harrison has struck along with the Chauffeurs' Union, and I don't know how to run the machine myself."

"Oh, ho, he has, has he?" I said. "Well, when next *Mister* Harrison happens around you tell him that he can look elsewhere for a position."

"Yes, sir."

"You don't happen to belong to a Butler's Union, do you, Harmed?"

"No, sir," was the answer. "And even if I did I'd not desert my employer in a crisis like this. No, sir, I would—"

"All right, thank you," I said. "Now you get ready to accompany me. I'll run the machine myself, and we'll lay in a stock of provisions to stand a siege."

It was a beautiful first of May, even as May days go. The sky was cloudless, there was no wind, and the air was warm—almost balmy. Many autos were out, but the owners were driving them themselves. The streets were crowded but quiet. The working class, dressed in its Sunday best, was out taking the air and observing the effects of the strike. It was all so unusual, and withal so peaceful, that I found myself enjoying it. My nerves were tingling with mild excitement. It was a sort of placid adventure. I passed Miss Chickering. She was at the helm of her little runabout. She swung around and came after me, catching me at the corner.

"Oh, Mr. Cerf!" she hailed. "Do you know where I can buy candles? I've been to a dozen shops, and they're all sold out. It's dreadfully awful, isn't it?"

But her sparkling eyes gave the lie to her words. Like the rest of us, she was enjoying it hugely. Quite an adventure it was, getting those candles. It was not until we went across the city and down into the working class quarter south of Market street that we found small corner groceries that had not yet sold out. Miss Chickering thought one box was sufficient, but I persuaded her into taking four. My car was large, and I laid in a dozen boxes. There was no telling what delays might arise in the settlement of the strike. Also, I filled the car with sacks of flour, baking powder, tinned goods, and all the ordinary necessities of life suggested by Harmed, who fussed around and clucked over the purchases like an anxious old hen.

The remarkable thing, that first day of the strike, was, that no one really apprehended anything serious. The announcement of organized labor in the morning papers that it was prepared to stay out a month or three months was laughed at. And yet that very first day we might have guessed as much from the fact that the working class took practically no part in the great rush to buy provisions. Of course not. For weeks and months, craftily and secretly, the whole working class had been laying in private stocks of provisions. That was why we were permitted to go down and buy out the little groceries in the working class neighborhoods.

It was not until I arrived at the Club that afternoon that I began to feel the first alarm. Everything was in confusion. There were no olives for the cocktails, and the service was by hitches and jerks. Most of the men were angry, and all were worried. A babel of voices greeted me as I entered. General Folsom, nursing his capacious paunch in a window-seat in the smoking-room, was defending himself against half a dozen excited gentlemen who were demanding that he do something.

"What can I do more than I have done?" he was saying. "There are no orders from Washington. If you gentlemen will get a wire through I'll do anything I am commanded to do. But I don't see what can be done. The first thing I did this morning, as soon as I learned of the strike, was to order in the troops from the Presidio—three thousand of them. They're guarding the banks, the mint, the post office, and all the public buildings. There is no disorder whatever. The strikers are keeping the peace perfectly. You can't expect me to shoot them down as they walk along the streets with wives and children all in their best bib and tucker."

"I'd like to know what's happening on Wall street," I heard Jimmy Wombold say as I passed along. I could imagine his anxiety, for I knew that he was deep in the big Consolidated-Western deal.

"Say, Cerf," Atkinson bustled up to me, "is your machine running?"

"Yes, I answered, "but what's the matter with your own?"

"Broken down, and the garages are all closed. And my wife's somewhere around Truckee, I think, stalled on the overland. Can't get a wire to her for love or money. She should have arrived this evening. She may be starving. Lend me your machine."

"Can't get it across the bay," Halstead spoke up. "The ferries aren't running. But I tell you what you can do. There's Rollinson—oh, Rollinson, come here a moment. Atkinson wants to get a machine across the bay. His wife is stuck on the overland at Truckee. Can't you bring the Lurlette across from Tiburon and carry the machine over for him?"

The "Lurlette" was a two-hundred-ton, ocean-going, schooner-yacht.

Rollinson shook his head. "You couldn't get a longshoreman to load the machine on board, even if I could get the 'Lurlette' over, which I can't, for the crew are mem-

bers of the Coast Seamen's Union, and they're on strike along with the rest."

"But my wife may be starving," I could hear Atkinson wailing as I moved on.

At the other end of the smoking room I ran into a group of men bunched excitedly and angrily around Bertie Messener. And Bertie was stirring them up and prodding them in his cool, cynical way. Bertie didn't care about the strike. He didn't care much about anything. He was blasé—at least in all the clean things of life; the nasty things had no attraction for him. He was worth twenty millions, all of it in safe investments, and he had never done a tap of productive work in his life—inherited it all from his father and two uncles. He had been everywhere, seen everything, and done everything but get married, and this last in the face of the grim and determined attack of a few hundred ambitious mammas. For years he had been the greatest catch, and as yet he had avoided being caught. He was disgracefully eligible. On top of his wealth, he was young, handsome, and, as I said before, clean. He was a great athlete, a young blond god that did everything perfectly and admirably with the solitary exception of matrimony. And he didn't care about anything, had no ambitions, no passions, no desire to do the very things he did so much better than other men.

"This is sedition!" one man in the group was crying. Another called it revolt and revolution, and another called it anarchy.

"I can't see it," Bertie said. "I have been out in the streets all morning. Perfect order reigns. I never saw a more law-abiding populace. There's no use calling it names. It's not any of those things. It's just what it claims to be, a general strike, and it's your turn to play, gentlemen."

"And we'll play all right!" cried Garfield, one of the traction millionaires. "We'll show this dirt where its place is—the beasts! Wait till the government takes a hand."

"But where is the government?" Bertie interposed. "It might as well be at the bottom of the sea so far as you're concerned. You don't know what's happening at Washington. You don't know whether you've got a government or not."

"Don't you worry about that!" Garfield blurted out.

"I assure you I'm not worrying," Bertie smiled languidly. "But it seems to me it's

what you fellows are doing. Look in the glass, Garfield."

Garfield did not look, for had he looked, he would have seen a very excited gentleman with rumpled, iron-gray hair, a flushed face, mouth sullen and vindictive, and eyes wildly gleaming.

"It's not right, I tell you," little Hanover said; and from his tone I was sure that he had already said it a number of times.

"Now, that's going too far, Hanover," Bertie replied. "You fellows make me tired. You're all open-shop men. You've eroded my ear-drums with your endless gabble for the open-shop and the right of a man to work. You've harangued along those lines for years. Labor is doing nothing wrong in going out on this general strike. It is violating no law of God nor man. Don't you talk, Hanover. You've been ringing the changes too long on the God-given right to work . . . or not to work; you can't escape the corollary. It's a dirty little sordid scrap, that's all the whole thing is. You've got labor down and gouged it, and now labor's got you down and is gouging you, that's all, and you're squealing."

Every man in the group broke out in indignant denials that labor had ever been gouged.

"No, sir!" Garfield was shouting, "we've done the best for labor. Instead of gouging it, we've given it a chance to live. We've made work for it. Where would labor be if it hadn't been for us?"

"A whole lot better off," Bertie sneered. "You've got labor down and gouged it every time you got a chance, and you went out of your way to make chances."

"No! No!" were the cries.

"There was the teamster's strike right here in San Francisco," Bertie went on imperturbably. "The Employers' Association precipitated that strike. You know that. And you know I know it, too, for I've sat in these very rooms and heard the inside talk and news of the fight. First you precipitated the strike, then you bought the Mayor and the Chief of Police and broke the strike. A pretty spectacle, you philanthropists getting the teamsters down and gouging them."

"Hold on, I'm not through with you. It's only last year that the labor ticket of Colorado elected a Governor. He was never seated. You know why. You know how

your brother philanthropists and capitalists of Colorado worked it. It was a case of getting labor down and gouging it. You kept the President of the Southwestern Amalgamated Association of Miners in jail for three years on trumped up murder charges, and with him out of the way you broke up the Association. That was gouging labor; you'll admit. The third time the graduated income tax was declared unconstitutional was a gouge. So was the Eight-hour Bill you killed in the last Congress.

"And of all the unmitigated immoral gouges, your destruction of the closed-shop principle was the limit. You know how it was done. You bought out Farburg, the last president of the old American Federation of Labor. He was your creature—or the creature of all the trusts and employers' associations, which is the same thing. You precipitated the big Closed Shop Strike. Farburg betrayed that strike. You won, and the old American Federation of Labor crumbled to pieces. You fellows destroyed it, and by so doing undid yourselves; for right on top of it began the organization of the I. L. W.—the biggest and solidest organization of labor the United States has ever seen, and you are responsible for its existence and for the present general strike. You smashed all the old federations and drove labor into the I. L. W., and the I. L. W. called the general strike—still fighting for the closed shop. And then you have the effrontery to stand here face to face and tell me that you never got labor down and gouged it. Bah!"

This time there were no denials. Garfield broke out in self-defense:

"We've done nothing we were not compelled to do, if we were to win."

"I'm not saying anything about that," Bertie answered. "What I am complaining about is your squealing now that you're getting a taste of your own medicine. How many strikes have you won by starving labor into submission? Well, labor's worked out a scheme whereby to starve you into submission. It wants the closed shop, and if it can get it by starving you, why starve you shall."

"I notice that you have profited in the past by those very labor-gouges you mentioned," insinuated Brentwood, one of the wiliest and most astute of our corporation lawyers. "The receiver is as bad as the thief," he sneered. "You had no hand in

the gouging, but you took your whack out of the gouge."

"That is quite beside the question, Brentwood," Bertie drawled. "You're as bad as Hanover, intruding the moral element. I haven't said that anything is right or wrong. It's all a rotten game, I know; and my sole kick is that you fellows are squealing now that you're down and labor's taking a gouge out of you. Of course I've taken the profits from the gouging, and, thanks to you, gentlemen, without having personally to do the dirty work. You did that for me—oh, believe me, not because I am more virtuous than you, but because my good father and his various brothers left me a lot of money with which to pay for the dirty work."

"If you mean to insinuate—" Brentwood began hotly.

"Hold on, don't get all ruffled up," Bertie interposed insolently. "There's no use in playing hypocrites in this thieves' den. The high and lofty is all right for the newspapers, boys' clubs and Sunday schools—that's part of the game; but for heaven's sake, don't let's play it on one another. You know, and you know that I know, just what jobbery was done in the building trades strike last fall, who put up the money, who did the work, and who profited by it." (Brentwood flushed darkly.) "But we are all tarred with the same brush, and the best thing for us to do is to leave morality out of it. Again I repeat, play the game, play it to the last finish, but for goodness' sake, don't squeal when you get hurt."

When I left the group Bertie was off on a new tack tormenting them with the more serious aspects of the situation, pointing out the shortage of supplies that was already making itself felt, and asking them what they were going to do about it. A little later I met him in the cloak room, leaving, and gave him a lift home in my machine.

"It's a great stroke, this general strike," he said, as we bowled along through the crowded but orderly streets. "It's a smashing body-blow. Labor caught us napping and struck at our weakest place, the stomach. I'm going to get out of San Francisco, Cerf. Take my advice and get out, too. Head for the country, anywhere. You'll have more chance. Buy up a stock of supplies and get into a tent or a cabin somewhere. Soon there'll be nothing but starvation in this city for such as we."

How correct Bertie Messener was, I never dreamed. I decided mentally that he was an alarmist. As for myself I was content to remain and watch the fun. After I dropped him, instead of going directly home, I went on in a hunt for more food. To my surprise, I learned that the small groceries where I had bought in the morning were sold out. I extended my search to the Potrero, and by good luck managed to pick up another box of candles, two sacks of wheat flour, ten pounds of graham flour (which would do for the servants), a case of tinned corn, and two cases of tinned tomatoes. It did look as though there was going to be at least a temporary food shortage, and I hugged myself over the goodly stock of provisions I had laid in.

The next morning I had my coffee in bed as usual, and, more than the cream, I missed the daily paper. It was this absence of knowledge of what was going on in the world that I found the chiefest hardship. Down at the club there was little news. Rider had crossed from Oakland in his launch, and Halstead had been down to San José and back in his machine. They reported the same condition in those places as in San Francisco. Everything was tied up by the strike. All grocery stocks had been bought out by the upper classes. And perfect order reigned. But what was happening over the rest of the country—in Chicago? New York? Washington? Most probably the same things that were happening with us, we concluded; but the fact that we did not know with absolute surety was irritating.

General Folsom had a bit of news. An attempt had been made to place army telegraphers in the telegraph offices, but the wires had been cut in every direction. This was, so far, the one unlawful act committed by labor, and that it was a concerted act he was fully convinced. He had communicated by wireless with the army post at Benicia, the telegraph lines were even then being patrolled by soldiers all the way to Sacramento. Once, for one short instant, they had got the Sacramento call, then the wires, somewhere, were cut again. General Folsom reasoned that similar attempts to open communication were being made by the authorities all the way across the continent, but he was non-committal as to whether or not he thought the attempt would succeed. What worried him was the

wire-cutting; he could not but believe that it was an important part of the deep-laid labor conspiracy. Also, he regretted that the government had not long since established its projected chain of wireless stations.

The days came and went, and for a time it was a humdrum time. Nothing happened. The edge of excitement had become blunted. The streets were not so crowded. The working class did not come up town any more to see how we were taking the strike. And there were not so many automobiles running around. The repair shops and garages were closed, and whenever a machine broke down it went out of commission. The clutch on mine broke, and love nor money could not get it repaired. Like the rest, I now was walking. San Francisco lay dead, and we did not know what was happening over the rest of the country. But from the very fact that we did not know we could conclude only that the rest of the country lay as dead as San Francisco. From time to time the city was placarded with the proclamations of organized labor—these had been printed months before and evidenced how thoroughly the I. L. W. had prepared for the strike. Every detail had been worked out long in advance. No violence had occurred as yet, with the exception of the shooting of a few wire-cutters by the soldiers, but the people of the slums were starving and growing ominously restless.

The business men, the millionaires, and the professional class held meetings and passed proclamations, but there was no way of making the proclamations public. They could not even get them printed. One result of these meetings, however, was that General Folsom was persuaded into taking military possession of the wholesale houses and of all the flour, grain and food warehouses. It was high time, for suffering was becoming acute in the homes of the rich, and bread-lines were necessary. I know that my servants were beginning to draw long faces, and it was amazing—the hole they made in my stock of provisions. In fact, as I afterward surmised, each servant was stealing from me and secreting a private stock of provisions for himself.

But with the formation of the bread-lines came new troubles. There was only so much of a food reserve in San Francisco, and at the best it could not last long. Organized labor, we knew, had its private supplies;

nevertheless, the whole working class joined the bread lines. As a result, the provisions General Folsom had taken possession of diminished with perilous rapidity. How were the soldiers to distinguish between a shabby middle-class man, a member of the I. L. W., or a slum-dweller? The first and the last had to be fed, but the soldiers did not know all the I. L. W. men in the city, much less the wives and sons and daughters of the I. L. W. men. The employers helping, a few of the known union men were flung out of the bread-lines; but that amounted to nothing. To make matters worse, the government tugs that had been hauling food from the army depots on Mare Island to Angel Island found no more food to haul. The soldiers now received their rations from the confiscated provisions, and they received them first.

The beginning of the end was in sight. Violence was beginning to show its awful face. Law and order were passing away, and passing away, I must confess, among the slum people and the upper classes. Organized labor still maintained perfect order. It could well afford to—it had plenty to eat. I remember the afternoon at the Club when I caught Halstead and Brentwood whispering in a corner. They took me in on the venture. Brentwood's machine was still in running order, and they were going out cow-stealing. Halstead had a long butcher-knife and a cleaver. We went out to the outskirts of the city. Here and there were cows grazing, but always they were guarded by their owners. We pursued our quest, following along the fringe of the city to the east, and on the hills near Hunter's Point we came upon a cow guarded by a little girl. There was also a young calf with the cow. We wasted no time on preliminaries. The little girl ran away screaming, while we slaughtered the cow. I omit the details, for they are not nice—we were unaccustomed to such work, and we bungled it.

But in the midst of it, working with the haste of fear, we heard cries, and we saw a number of men running toward us. We abandoned the spoils and took to our heels. To our surprise we were not pursued. Looking back, we saw the men hurriedly cutting up the cow. They had been on the same lay as ourselves. We argued that there was plenty for all, and ran back. The scene that followed beggars description. We fought and squabbled over the division like

savages. Brentwood, I remember, was a perfect brute, snarling and snapping and threatening that murder would be done if we did not get our proper share.

And we were getting our share when there occurred a new irruption on the scene. This time it was the dreaded peace officers of the I. L. W. The little girl had brought them. They were armed with whips and clubs, and there were a score of them. The little girl danced up and down in anger, the tears streaming down her cheeks, crying, "Give it to 'em! Give it to 'em! That guy with the specs—he did it! Mash his face for him! Mash his face!" That guy with the specs was I, and I got my face mashed, too, though I had the presence of mind to take off my glasses at the first. My! but we did receive a trouncing as we scattered in all directions. Brentwood, Halstead and I flew away for the machine. Brentwood's nose was bleeding, while Halstead's cheek was cut across with the scarlet slash of a blacksnake whip.

And lo, when the pursuit ceased and we had gained the machine, there, hiding behind it, was the frightened calf. Brentwood warned us to be cautious, and crept up on it like a wolf or tiger. Knife and cleaver had been left behind, but Brentwood still had his hands, and over and over on the ground he rolled with the poor little calf as he throttled it. We threw the carcass into the machine, covered it over with a robe, and started for home. But our misfortunes had only begun. We blew out a tire. There was no way of fixing it, and twilight was coming on. We abandoned the machine, Brentwood puffing and staggering along in advance, the calf, covered by the robe, slung across his shoulders. We took turn about carrying that calf, and it nearly killed us. Also, we lost our way. And then, after hours of wandering and toil, we encountered a gang of hoodlums. They were not I. L. W. men, and I guess they were as hungry as we. At any rate, they got the calf and we got the thrashing. Brentwood raged like a madman the rest of the way home, and he looked like one, what of his torn clothes, swollen nose, and blackened eyes.

There wasn't any more cow-stealing after that. General Folsom sent his troopers out and confiscated all the cows, and his troopers, aided by the militia, ate most of the meat. General Folsom was not to be blamed; it was his duty to maintain law and

order, and he maintained it by means of the soldiers, wherefore he was compelled to feed them first of all.

It was about this time that the great panic occurred. The wealthy classes precipitated the flight, and then the slum people caught the contagion and stampeded wildly out of the city. General Folsom was pleased. It was estimated that at least 200,000 had deserted San Francisco, and by that much was his food problem solved. Well do I remember that day. In the morning I had eaten a crust of bread. Half of the afternoon I had stood in the bread-line; and after dark I returned home, tired and miserable, carrying a quart of rice and a slice of bacon. Brown met me at the door. His face was worn and terrified. All the servants had fled, he informed me. He alone remained. I was touched by his faithfulness, and when I learned that he had eaten nothing all day, I divided my food with him. We cooked half the rice and half the bacon, sharing it equally and reserving the other half for morning. I went to bed with my hunger, and tossed restlessly all night. In the morning I found Brown had deserted me, and, greater misfortune still, he had stolen what remained of the rice and bacon.

It was a gloomy handful of men that came together at the Club that morning. There was no service at all. The last servant was gone. I noticed, too, that the silver was gone, and I learned where it had gone. The servants had not taken it, for the reason, I presume, that the club members got to it first. Their method of disposing of it was simple. Down south of Market street, in the dwellings of the I. L. W., the housewives had given square meals in exchange for it. I went back to my house. Yes, my silver was gone—all but a massive pitcher. This I wrapped up and carried down south of Market.

I felt better after the meal, and returned to the Club to learn if there was anything new in the situation. Hanover, Collins and Dakon were just leaving. There was no one inside, they told me, and they invited me to come along with them. They were leaving the city, they said, on Dakon's horses, and there was a spare one for me. Dakon had four magnificent carriage horses that he wanted to save, and General Folsom had given him the tip that next morning all the horses that remained in the city were



DEATH MASKS OF THE MURDERED WORKERS

Remember the Fifth of November

By WALKER C. SMITH

"Do you remember the fifth of November,
With its gunpowder, treason and plot?
I see no reason why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot!"

THIS ancient English verse in commemoration of the exploits of Guy Fawkes applies so undeniably well to the operations of the murderous master-class mob on Bloody Sunday at Everett, Wash., that it should be accorded a place among the songs of the social revolution.

Why should we forget that five members of our class were shot down in cold blood by the scab-loving lackeys of the lumber trust on November 5, 1916? Why should we forget that many of our brothers were punctured by the poisonous copper bullets and soft lead slugs from the guns of the open-shop camoristas acting for the commercial clubs on the Pacific coast? Why should we forget that seventy-four stalwarts of labor, absurdly charged with first degree murder, are at the mercy of the half-crazed sheriff of Snohomish county and thirty-four more are imprisoned in the King county bastille on the charge of unlawful assembly? I see no reason why any of these

things "should ever be forgot" by the working class.

Felix Baran, Hugo Gerlot, Gus Johnson, John Looney, Abe Rabinowitz—French, German, Swedish, Irish, Jewish—these are the true internationalists who died in the fight for free speech in this "land of liberty." In the words of Courtenay Lemon, "That the defense of traditional rights to which this government is supposed to be dedicated should devolve upon an organization so often denounced as 'unpatriotic' and 'un-American' is but the usual, the unending irony of history." The names of those who are martyrs to the cause of free speech will be a source of inspiration to the workers when their cowardly murderers have long been forgotten.

Am I too bitter against the sheriff and his accessories? Let their own actions testify.

On the evening of November 5 the open-shop outlaws gathered in the Everett Commercial Club to hear the results of their massacre. Shortly after the steamer Verona had docked in Seattle the news was telegraphed to them. The *Seattle Times* of November 6 report-



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ed that "When the message was read and the posse learned for the first time of the effect of their shots—that four were dead and twenty-five wounded—many began to cheer." Imagine a bunch of red-handed murderers jumping up and down like maniacs and yelling "Goody! Goody! We got four of them!" Many of the members of the Commercial Club—all the sane ones—resigned in disgust.

Directly following the outrage Louis Skaroff was arrested when he courageously tried to hold a street meeting. The next night Mayor Merrill had the night jailer take Skaroff to a private cell, where the two "Pillars of society" put him thru the third degree. The boy was badly beaten and the ligaments in his hands severely wrenched when the mayor jumped upon the bed after Skaroff's hands had been forced beneath the casters.

Deputy H. L. Stevens was found wandering around Seattle a few days after the tragedy making the boast that he had killed two men on the Verona. He was apprehended and is now in an asylum at Sedro-Wooley. One deputy is reported to have committed suicide upon realizing the enormity of his offense. A number of others have resigned and left for parts unknown.

The seventy-four prisoners were so nearly starved that they were forced to protest by means of a hunger strike. This was adjusted when their attorney arrived in the city. But Attorney Moore finds it difficult to see the prisoners and is often forced to wait for hours. On one occasion he was absolutely refused permission to see his clients at all! Petty persecutions within the jail are too numerous to mention.

A committee of Socialists, labor unionists and other Everett citizens secured leave from the jail authorities to serve a "Dinner of Thanks" to the prisoners. With the aid of the Cooks' and Waiters' Union a fine meal was prepared. When the committee reached the jail Sheriff McRae refused to allow them to enter and the prisoners were served with moldy mush, strongly doped with saltpeter, in place of the repast prepared for them on Thanksgiving day.

It is only by the interposition of the mayor of Seattle that the Everett authorities are prevented from taking Ed Roth, who lies seriously wounded in the Seattle city hospital, to throw him in a filthy jail cell to die.

These and many other instances of degenerate action indicate the depths of human depravity to which the open-shop



SECTION OF THE FUNERAL PROCESSION



SECTION OF THE FUNERAL PROCESSION

lumber trust has forced its Everett mercenaries.

The trend of public sentiment is clearly indicated by the noble way in which the craft unions and the citizens in general have swung into line in this battle for free speech and the right to organize. On November 19 speakers from all walks of life addressed the largest audience that has ever gathered in Seattle's greatest hall. The secretary of the Everett Building Trades Council, J. Michel, told of brutalities in his city prior to the massacre. "Not a man in overalls is safe," stated Michel. "Men just off the job with their pay checks in their pockets have been unceremoniously thrown out of town just because they were working men." The thousands of people present at the meeting voted unanimously for a federal investigation. Large meetings have been held before practically every foreign speaking organization in the surrounding territory. There have been speakers before the women clubs, the university bodies, the temperance organizations—everywhere that a hearing could be had. The only bodies that are opposed to a governmental investigation are the commercial clubs, the Chamber of Commerce and McRae's band of outlaws.

Any doubt that existed as to public sentiment was dispelled by the funeral of Felix Baran, Hugo Gerlot and John Looney on November 18, Gus Johnson having been buried by relatives and the body of Rabinowitz sent to New York at the request of his family. Thousands of workers, each with a red rose or carnation on his coat, formed in line at the undertaking parlors and silently marched four abreast behind the three hearses and the automobiles containing the eighteen women pallbearers and the floral tributes to the martyred dead.

To the strains of the "Red Flag" and the "Marseillaise" the grim and imposing cortege wended its way thru the crowded city streets, meeting with expressions of sorrow and of sympathy from those who lined the sidewalks. The solidarity of labor was shown in this great funeral procession, by all odds the greatest ever held in the northwest.

Arriving at the graveside in Mount

Pleasant cemetery the rebel women reverently bore the coffins from the hearses to the supporting frame above the yawning pit. A special chorus of one hundred voices led the singing of "Workers of the World, Awaken," after which the chairman introduced Charles Ashleigh.

Standing on the great hill that overlooks the whole city of Seattle, the speaker pointed out the various industries with their toiling thousands and referred to the smoke that shadowed large portions of the view as the black fog of oppression and ignorance which it was the duty of the workers to dispel in order to create the workers' commonwealth. The entire address was marked by a simple note of resolution to continue the work of education until the workers have come into their own, not a trace of bitterness evincing itself in the remarks. Ashleigh called upon those present to never falter until the enemy had been vanquished. "Today," he said, "we pay tribute to the dead. Tomorrow we turn, with spirit unquellable, to give battle to the foe!"

As the words of "Hold the Fort!" rang out upon the air a shower of crimson flowers, torn from the coats of the assembled mourners, covered the coffins and there was a tear in every eye as the bodies slowly descended into their final resting place. As tho loath to leave, the crowd remained to sing the "Red Flag" and "Solidarity Forever!"

By my side during the entire occasion was a minister, drawn partly by sympathy, partly by curiosity, and at the conclusion of the final song he turned to me and said in a broken tone, "A most impressive ceremony! A wonderfully impressive ceremony!" This despite the fact that religious formalities were entirely dispensed with.

No one present during the simple tho stirring service can ever again look upon the class struggle as a mere bookish theory. The thought that five of our comrades and fellow workers have given their lives in Freedom's cause is a compelling call to action. Every liberty-loving person in Seattle and vicinity is sparing neither time nor money in this case. To the rebels thruout the country I wish to say once more:

"Do you remember the fifth of November
With its gunpowder, treason and plot!
I see no reason why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot!"

Funds are urgently needed. Make remittances to HERBERT MAHLER, secretary • Everett Prisoners' Defense Committee, Box 1878, Seattle, Wash.



HOME OF AGRICULTURAL WORKER IN PORTO RICO

Our Benevolent Government

By NINA LANE McBRIDE

TO BE, or not to be, is the question that faces the workers of Porto Rico. Whether they shall be granted American citizenship that will practically disfranchise one hundred and seventy-five thousand workingmen out of a total of two hundred and five thousand voters of the whole island, or whether to remain as they are, and retain the civil rights which they now possess.

There is a bill now pending in the Senate of the United States, which is known as the "Jones Bill," and which, if it becomes a law, will define forever the status of the people of Porto Rico. The bill contains several clauses of a reactionary character, to which the Free Federation of Workingmen of Porto Rico most emphatically protest.

Section 26 of the bill says:

"No person shall be a member of the Senate of Porto Rico * * * who does not own * * * taxable property in Porto Rico to the value of no less than \$1,000 * * *."

Section 27 of the same bill says:

"No person shall be a member of the

House of Representatives * * * who does not own * * * and pay taxes upon property of the assessed value of no less than \$500 * * *."

Section 35 of the same bill states:

"That no person shall be allowed to register as a voter or to vote in Porto Rico unless * * * he is able to read and write or * * * he is a bona fide taxpayer." This has been amended by adding these words: "That all legally qualified electors of Porto Rico at the last election shall be entitled to register and vote at elections for ten years from and after the passage of this Act."

If Congress enacts the bill with that clause, it will disfranchise three out of every four voters of Porto Rico.

Santiago Iglesias, president of Porto Rico Federation of Labor, when commenting on the Jones Bill, said: "It is indeed a very serious question, that the same bill which purports to grant American citizenship to the people of Porto Rico shall take away the civil rights that our people enjoy and possess, so it will clearly appear to the minds of the people



HOME OF AGRICULTURAL WORKER IN PORTO RICO



that in being honorably bestowed with citizenship of the United States they are going to lose their civil rights, and a property clause is going to be created to make the laws and to rule the working people, who constitute 90 per cent of the people of the island.

“On the other hand, no means are provided to enable some 300,000 children to attend school, which amounts to 60 per cent of the total electoral population, who, because of the inability to obtain an education, will be deprived of the right of franchise. Moreover, only such citizens as pay a tax are privileged to be representatives in the Legislature of the island. Workingmen, however bright and intelligent they may be, if they pay no taxes will be disqualified and robbed of the right to be representatives. The people of the island want to solve a great economic problem, and the right guaranteed by the new constitution to use the government, whose upholders they are, to obtain loans at a low rate of interest, and the government in making such loans should also do away with the dreadful usury prevailing throughout the country. In so doing the government would also hamper and lessen the social and industrial oppression of the masses and help thereby in diffusing the wealth.”

In a statement addressed to the President, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Iglesias, in protesting against the proposed legislation, said: “The private monopoly of vital interests of the community of the island is detrimental to the well-being of the people, and such monopoly and control of the wealth produced by the people is creating among the popular minds a moral state of indignation against the hateful industrial oppression which has been the cause of so much wretchedness, privation and hunger among the working masses.”

“We hope the United States Congress will enact a constitution furthering the common good of all the people of Porto Rico and in the general interest of the island, ridding the masses from the social and industrial oppression they suffer, oppression which is casting discredit upon the American flag. Congress should suppress the monopoly affected by the corporations; the exportation of the wealth produced by Porto Rican workers should be regulated so as to retain the greater part for the benefit of the inhabitants of the island. Now more than 60 per cent is exported, a circumstance which turns the island into a trading post operated by underfed and barefoot laborers, and in this way the constitution would benefit

the whole people, and not a specially privileged class or party."

The labor movement has made great progress in all the trades and different industries of Porto Rico. The spirit of the labor movement and organization is just at the present time more intense than ever before in past history. It seems that the seed of unionism sown for so many years is now sprouting strongly and vigorously in the labor field of the island.

Strikes are more frequent and more numerous than at any other time in the history of the labor movement of the American Federation of Labor in Porto Rico. The coal workers, the longshoremen, the men employed at the wharves and railroad warehouses, have risen to a man and gone on strike, and all of their demands have met with success. Their victory has been materially encouraging, and has cast considerable credit on the various labor organizations that have been helping and leading in these movements.

Engineers, firemen, motormen, conductors and laborers in the railroad shops and trolley men of San Juan and the island, went on strike en masse and won their demands.

The building trades, carpenters, masons, helpers, etc., went on strike and demanded an eight-hour day and higher wages and got both. The workingmen in the foundries, blacksmiths, machinists, etc., and the female operatives of the Porto Rican Tobacco Company, some 2,000 in number, struck, as did the butchers, meat cutters and workers in the Department of Sanitation, and their demands were granted. All this has happened since the middle of last August. As a result of the strikes, some twenty charters are to be granted to new unions, and each union will contain a full contingent of members with more experience than ever. The workers of Porto Rico are fast learning the value of organization in both the industrial and political field.



Flashes Along the Battle-Line

By MILITANT

1917 IS a year trembling with possibilities. In the transportation industry—the one industry that controls the veins and arteries through which the blood of the economic system travels—things are going to happen. If the Big Four brotherhoods, for unknown reasons, fail to make good on their “Eight hour day or strike” demands, there is sure to be reorganization from the ground up in those brotherhoods, with possibly a smash-up and new formations. If the Big Four brotherhoods win and get all they ask for, the unrest of this victory is sure to pass on to the shopmen and unskilled rail workers. As sure as the trainmen and enginemen on all the American railroads achieve through direct action their demands for higher wages and better conditions, the thrill of that action and method will affect the other 80 per cent of railroad workers. Already that 80 per cent has had the nerve to present a petition to congress asking for the same wage increase stated in the Adamson law for trainmen and enginemen. It is a sign of hope that the unorganized 80 per cent dare petition. Next they must organize. May be they will get organized the quicker when they find their petitions to congress getting them no returns except a door slammed in their faces. Besides the transportation industry are steel, agriculture, textile, mines and other industries where unrest broods, organizers are busy, bosses are vaguely uneasy. With 1917 expected as the year in which England and Russia are to reach their maximum of war efficiency, munitions and food exports from America will go on and the American working class fighting higher prices, fighting against constant wage reductions, made operative through constantly diminishing purchasing power—the American working class in 1917 has brighter chances than any time in its history for showing solidarity, for learning the power of solidarity.

THE coming month will see the railroad brotherhoods push through and win their eight-hour day demand—or turn crawfish. The time for bluffing on both sides will be up.

It was last August that Austin Garretson, chief of the trainmen, broke into tears in the White House and said the two sides were as cave men gnawing a bone, and his instructions from his men were to call a strike, push direct action, and never for a minute stand for arbitration. On the demand then of Garretson and the other brotherhood chiefs, congress passed the Adamson law. The coming month will see whether that law is a fake and a stall, a bone with no meat on it or whether it's something real and worth chewing on for awhile.

In one speech after another through the fall campaign and before the American Federation of labor convention and elsewhere, the brotherhood chiefs, with the exception of Warren S. Stone of the engineers, came through flatfooted with declarations that no arbitration, no monkeywork of courts and judges, no trickery of law and politics and legislation, would interfere with their program of an eight hour day or a strike the first week of the year 1917 Anno Domini.

If, and, but, maybe, unless, perhaps—the the whole vocabulary of hesitation and indecision has been absent from the pronouncements of the rail chiefs—excepting Warren S. Stone.

“Why pick on Warren Stone?” might be a fair question if Stone had ever in his career shown any signs of being a pinch hitter. The danger line—the border where hazards lurk and men take daring chances—has never known Warren Stone very well. He is the one official in the four brotherhoods who has most often spoken a good word for arbitration and whose utterances throughout this year have least often had

the militant swing and challenge that came from Carter of the firemen, or Lee of the trainmen. In the quartet of rail brotherhood chiefs, Stone is notoriously the conservative force. Long ago the present situation would have come to a head and the organization of the railroad workers into one big industrial union, would be farther along if the engineers' brotherhood had somebody other than a respectable Y. M. C. A. booster for its grand chief.

POLITICAL government as usurped, misused and perverted by courts and judges, got some hard knocks from the American Federation of Labor in its annual convention.

Instead of the vague, polite, ladylike way the A. F. of L. handles the courts and judges usually, this time the big agglomeration of American craft unions went in for rebellion and defiance—almost regular I. W. W. roughneck stuff. The resolutions' committee of the convention stated the injunction question to be "the paramount issue in all future political activities." The report attacked the decision of the Massachusetts Supreme Court classifying labor as property. The following defi to American courts and judges was adopted by the convention unanimously:

It seems to be a settled purpose of interests antagonistic to the freedom of men and women who labor to pervert and then use the judiciary to misconstrue constitutional guarantees and thereby nullify legislative enactments so as to leave but one remedy; and we, therefore, recommend that any injunction dealing with the relationship of employer and employe, and based on the dictum, "labor is property," be wholly and absolutely regarded as usurpation, and disregarded, let the consequences be what they may.

Such decisions as the one rendered by the Supreme Court of the state of Massachusetts have their roots in class interests; it is usurpation and tyranny. Freedom came to man because he believed that resistance to tyranny is obedience to God. As it came, so it must be maintained. Kings should be and were disobeyed and sometimes deposed. In cases of this kind, judges must be disobeyed and should be impeached.

LONG has the charge been hurled by Labor that the business of law, jurisprudence and so-called courts of justice is a farce and a mockery.

The Haymarket convictions a frame-up. The conviction of Joe Hill a frame-up. The

conviction of Suhr and the California hopfield I. W. W. men, a frame-up. The conviction of Schmidt in Los Angeles a frame-up.

Long have charges like those been hurled by Labor at the courts of Capitalism.

New force is given these charges in the entry of Bourke Cochran, the New York lawyer, into the case of Warren K. Billings in San Francisco. Against Billings and four others indictments were returned for conspiracy to murder through bomb explosion in the 'Frisco preparedness parade, July 22nd.

Lawyer Cochran read the transcript of the evidence on which Billings was convicted. So rotten, crooked and flimsy does this evidence look to Cochran that he is freely and voluntarily entering a defense fight aimed to keep the police, courts and capitalists of California from sending the five accused men to prison.

WILL it help get the Pullman porters and Pullman car builders to organize if we tell what the wife and daughter of the Pullman company founder wear when they go to grand opera? With the aim of pushing along organization through unrest, this from the *Chicago Examiner* report of the production of "Faust" in Chicago, is printed:

"Mrs. Frank O. Lowden (formerly Miss Florence Pullman) was handsomely gowned in silver and lavender brocade; her jewels were a dog collar of pearls and a long single string of large sized pearls, reaching far below the waist. Her mother, Mrs. George M. Pullman, wore a beautiful creation of orchard tulle and silver lace, a dog collar of diamonds, close-fitting pearl earrings, and an unusually long string of pearls."

Dog collars of pearls and of diamonds seemed to figure big at the opera this year. Have you a little dog collar of real jewels in your home?

BRYAN names nine false gods. Beginning with gold and fashion and ending with gambling and drink. Why not make it 99 or 999? The false god business is wholesale, not retail.

When W. G. Lee, head of the railroad trainmen's brotherhood threw out this piece of shrapnel to the A. F. of L. convention in Baltimore, he was going some. Is the tactic

of politics, palaver and arbitration now to be replaced with a tactic of direct action and immediate results?

"I am about anarchist enough to say that we are going to work for the eight-hour day for all classes (of railroad service). If we can't get it peaceably, we will fight for it."

IN nearly every large city in this country street cars are filled with straphangers.

Hanging on a strap during a rush hour in a packed car is hard work.

It is harder work than some hard work for which Labor gets wages.

Yet for straphanging no workingman, no working girl gets wages.

In fact, the working class pays good hard-earned cash from its wages for the privilege of being a hard-working straphanger.

In no large American city has the working class solved the problem of how to escape being tortured as a straphanger after finishing a day's work of being exploited as a proletarian wage earner.

Relief from straphanging is more easy to attain through political action than relief from workshop exploitation.

Why hasn't the American working class used its ballot at this point?

THE Danish War Study Society figures to August 1, 1916, the dead in the European war number 4,600,000. Wounded, 11,245,300. Hopeless cripples, 3,373,700. The foregoing does not include a large number dead from disease, exposure and hardship. Nor does it take in any of the dead among prisoners of war. The society states 5 per cent of English prisoners in Germany have died. Nor in the foregoing is there any account of the totals of dead and sick, diseased and crippled, among civilians of the nations at war. Altogether the working class of Europe is living today in the darkest of dark ages. It may be noted that this is the gloomy view of the war and does not cultivate healthy psychic factors. Truth is that life is a happy picnic of fun and joy for the American working class when contrasted with the lives of the workers of Europe.

ORGANS of small manufacturers squirming under government regulation are printing a quote from the *Manilla* (P. I.) *Times*, as follows:

"Governments move in a mysterious way their blunders to perform."

Los Angeles, Frisco, Mesaba Range, New York, New Jersey—from nearly all ten cities and states—the working class says "yes" to this sentiment.

WHY is booze outlawed in 2,543 of the 2,953 counties of the United States? Why are the big booze makers about ready for the commercial knockout? Why have the booze makers so few friends nowadays? Is there any connection in the fact that the distillers of whiskey are cheap sports, cheaper than any prohibitionists? What's the reason it's impossible to buy any union label whiskey? Does making whiskey muddle workmen so they won't organize?

ALMOST a century ago Wendell Phillips was telling America it was governed by newspapers. Before Phillips, Tom Jefferson was saying the same thing. Now Herbert Bayard Swope, in a book reporting what he saw during a year stay in war-circled Germany, quotes a high official of the German government as saying: That the war is going to settle among other things the point whether it is better to be a "journalistically ruled nation like America or a non-journalistic nation like Germany."

PHYSICAL wear and tear, all the cost of shattered nerves and wrecked health that accompany a big labor strike, is an attendant circumstance of war in the home towns far back of the trenches in Europe. Soldiers and officers come back from the firing lines "out of their heads" from being hammered with sights and sounds of the colossal madhouse at the front. The following quotations are chosen from an article by Sir James Crichton-Browne, a British surgeon, who writes from what he has seen:

"Large numbers of soldiers suffering from mental and nervous breakdown have already returned from the front, and are to be found in the special hospitals provided for them. In asylums, too, are to be found some cases, mostly officers, suffering from what might be called bellamania, a state of restlessness and mental exaltation arising out of absorption in military duty, and

characterized by delusions on military topics and egotistic garrulity."

"Munitions workers, shipyard workers and artisans of many kinds have been working under high pressure and not without some of the excitement which has hurried on our soldiers in the field."

"The craving for cocaine, veronal, morphia and other anodynes, sedatives and narcotics, much more destructive than alcohol, which has lately declared itself in certain classes, is indicative of profound nervous changes and ominous of nervous disease hereafter. It can scarcely be doubted that during the lifetime of the present generation, nervous derangements will be more abundant than they have hitherto been."

An Associated Press dispatch from Portland, Ore., December 9, says a bull in the Pacific International Stock Show brought the record-breaking price of \$21,500. Never before has a bull brought so much cash in one throw, says the Associated Press. Which reminds some of us we would like to ask Melville Stone, Victor F. Lawson and other heroes of the Associated Press whether that organization isn't about the best authority in the United States when the discussion is on the subject of bull.

WHEN you enter it you hear a sound—a sound as of a mighty poem chanted. Listen long enough and you will learn that it is made up of the beating of human hearts, of the nameless music of men's souls—that is, if you have ears. If you have eyes you will presently see the church itself—a looming mystery of many shapes and shadows, leaping sheer from floor to dome. The work is of no ordinary builder! The pillars of it go up like the brawny trunks of heroes; the sweet human flesh of men and women is molded about its bulwarks, strong, impregnable; the faces of little children laugh out from every corner-stone; the terrible spans and arches of it are the joined hands of comrades; and up in the heights and spaces there are inscribed the numberless musings of all the dreamers of the world. It is yet building—building and built upon. Sometimes the work goes forward in deep darkness; sometimes in blinding light; now beneath the burden of unutterable anguish; now to the tune of great laughter and heroic shoutings like the sound of thunder. Sometimes in the silence of the night one may hear the hammerings of the comrades at work up in the dome—the comrades who have climbed ahead.—*The Servant in the House.*

THE COUNCIL

Now Hans and Jules and Tommy
Sneaked out of their trenches one night,
And met in the dreaded mid region—

But they did not meet to fight.

They met, with Karl and Rustum,

With Jamie and Big Ivan,

To swap ideas and cigarettes,

And talk of the rights of man.

They talked of neglected labor,

Of crops and trade and things,

Of ruin and senseless slaughter

And the insane quarrels of kings.

And they talked of home and duty,

Of love and children and wives,

And the higher cost of killing

And the cheapness of human lives.

And they spoke in tones of wonder,

Of what they were fighting for,

And they passed a resolution

To call off the senseless war.

For you can't have war, they decided,

Unless you have men to fight—

Of course this never has happened,

But then, you observe, it might!



NEFF,
AGRICULTURAL WORKER



LITTLE,
MINE WORKER



CARTER,
MARINE TRANSPORT WORKER

The Tenth Annual

IT TOOK twelve days of hard work, with a lot of overtime on committee work, to complete the most successful convention in the history of the Industrial Workers of the World. It met in Chicago on November 20th and the delegates were called to order by William D. Haywood, Secretary-Treasurer of the organization.

Almost all conventions look alike and act alike. A machine, composed of job holders, has a cut and dried program and policy which is to be put over, the delegates voting from time to time like so many dummies, when they are not busy pulling wires for pie cards.

But here was a convention that the on-looker felt was different—a spirit of democracy ruled the sessions. It was a rank and file convention. There was no caucusing in quiet corners. There was no playing politics on the floor, and the conventional steam roller would have been met with direct action by every delegate on the roll call.

One glance at the delegates told that it was a working class convention and they got down to business in a hurry. There were no squabbles or soap box speeches, there was no oratory by leading lights, because there were no leaders. Honest differences of opinion were thrashed out

to harmonious conclusions, and although the agricultural delegates controlled the voting strength, by having 37 votes each, yet they voted as delegates with one vote apiece. There were only two roll calls during the long convention.

Perhaps the most important work accomplished was the structural changes in the form of organization. National Industrial Unions were abolished; they had not delivered the goods, and, therefore, went to the scrap pile. They will be supplanted by Industrial Unions directly affiliated with General Headquarters and by Industrial Unions with subordinate branches, such as the Agricultural Workers' Organization.

A General Recruiting Union will be established with recruiting unions to function as a propaganda organizing machine at points where Industrial Unions have not been formed.

The job delegate method of organizing, so successfully worked out by the A. W. O., was unanimously endorsed by the delegates.

It was recommended that the office of General Organizer be abolished, as it never functioned.

Many radical changes will be made in the constitution, as the delegates fresh from the rank and file realize that they



KING,
AGRICULTURAL WORKER,



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TARO,
MIGRATORY WORKER

I. W. W. Convention

are taking part in a class struggle and that the organization must conform to the changing conditions of industrial development. If the proposed changes meet with the approval of the membership it will be because they consider them to be the best interests of the organization.

Solidarity and the Publishing Bureau, now located in Cleveland, Ohio, will be brought to Chicago in order to secure greater efficiency by being in close touch with General Headquarters. Ben Williams, who has served on the job many years as editor of the paper and manager of the Bureau, will retire as soon as his successor has been elected. Ralph Chaplin, Grover W. Perry and Justus Ebert are nominated by the convention and one will be elected by the membership.

The convention voted \$5,000 to be held in trust by the General Office for work on the Mesaba Range, and a like amount to be used in defending members of the organization who are now in jail at Everett, Washington. Smaller sums were set aside to help out the foreign-speaking press, which is now growing rapidly.

Telegrams were sent to all prisoners of the class war in jails and penitentiaries, including faraway Australia. A telegram

of condolence was also sent to Charmion London, wife of Jack London.

Many interesting resolutions were passed, the following being of especial interest to REVIEW readers:

A DECLARATION

We, the Industrial Workers of the World, in convention assembled, hereby re-affirm our adherence to the principles of Industrial Unionism, and re-dedicate ourselves to the unflinching prosecution of the struggle for the abolition of wage slavery, and the realization of our ideals in Industrial Democracy.

With the European War for conquest and exploitation raging and destroying the lives, class consciousness, and unity of the workers, and the ever growing agitation for military preparedness clouding the main issues, and delaying the realization of our ultimate aim with patriotic, and, therefore, capitalistic aspirations, we openly declare ourselves determined opponents of all nationalistic sectionalism or patriotism, and the militarism preached and supported by our one enemy, the Capitalist Class. *We condemn all wars, and, for the prevention of such, we proclaim the anti-militarist propaganda in time of peace, thus promoting class solidarity among the workers of the entire world, and, in time of war, the General Strike in all industries.*

We extend assurances of both moral and material support to all the workers who suffer at the hands of the Capitalist Class for their adherence to the principles, and call on all workers to unite themselves with us, that the reign of the exploiters may cease and this earth be made fair through the establishment of the Industrial Democracy.



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BRAZIER,
AGRICULTURAL WORKER

The most important report received by the convention was submitted by the General Secretary-Treasurer.

Total receipts for the year ending August 31, 1916, were \$50,037.28, and disbursements for the same period amounted to \$31,291.75, leaving a cash balance on hand September 1st of \$18,745.53. A large number of old debts had been cleaned up and all bills were being paid promptly.

One hundred and sixteen charters have been issued to the workers in the various industries. Of these new unions, the Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union, No. 400, has enrolled over 18,000 members, and maintains large headquarters at Minneapolis.



JONES,
ELECTRICAL WORKER

Metal Mine Workers' Industrial Union, No. 490, with headquarters at Virginia, Minn., has added several thousand members during the recent strike on the Mesaba Range. "Many of the camps are organized to a man, as the miners appreciate the fact that they are not shackled with any time agreements or the check-off system so much sought after by the U. M. W. A. and the W. F. M. In every mine the conditions have been materially improved, while the men are free handed to make demands when the time is ripe."

"Prospects in the copper mines of the West are showing up fine. Unions are established in several camps in Arizona. At Cooper Hill, where a so-called organizer of the "Civilized Plain" type recently received some harsh treatment, the I. W. W. has a growing membership. The Mexicans of that state, who have always been discriminated against by workingmen and bosses alike, are showing pronounced activity in the organization, and will become earnest members of the I. W. W."

Coal mine workers in the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania, where the miners, organized and unorganized, are up in arms against the four years' contract imposed upon them by the officials of the U. M. W. A., are becoming educated to the power they possess when organized in one big union. These miners are Polish, Lithuanian and Italian.

Railroad Workers' Industrial Union, No. 600, has several delegates on the road and steady progress is being made.

Metal and Machinery Workers' Industrial Union, No. 300, has been chartered and an active campaign planned for the coming year.

Textile Workers are reaping the benefits of the strikes conducted by the I. W. W. At Paterson, N. J., a nine-hour day has been secured. Wage increases have been made to the workers in the woolen mills of Lawrence.

Marine Transport Workers are showing renewed activity along the Atlantic Coast, on the Great Lakes and in all ports on the Pacific Coast.

The Lumber Workers united with No. 400 did splendid work for themselves last fall and winter, raising the wages in many places from \$16 to \$40 a month and board. This winter the lumberjacks are

going to unite and put up a solid front to the boss, which will mean more money in the pay envelope and better living conditions.

The Delegate System has proved to be the most effective system of organizing. The delegates are organizers on the job under the control and responsible to a recruiting or industrial union which issues the credentials. Delegates are equipped with membership books, due stamps, constitutions, application blanks, report blanks and literature. They are empowered to initiate new members whenever they find them, making out their card, putting in stamps for dues paid, furnishing a report to the secretary for all moneys collected.

Strikes have occurred in many states and industries, with which REVIEW readers are more or less familiar. Many small strikes were won in short order, such as the Granite Workers at Lohrville, Wis., where the company was forced to discharge the superintendent and do a lot of other unpleasant things.

Papers and Literature: Solidarity, the official English paper, has had a desperate struggle, but is now on a sound footing. It will be greatly improved during the coming year. The Industrial Worker, at Seattle, Wash., is the most popular working class paper on the coast. It surveys the class struggle, talks working class talk and is on the job to stay.

The papers printed in foreign languages are: In Hungarian, A Bermankas; Italian, Il Proletario; Polish, Solidarnos; Lithuanian, Darbininku Balsas; Russian, Rabochaya; Spanish, El Rebelde; Jewish, Industrial Unionist; Portuguese, A Luz; Swedish, Allarm; Slavonian, Industrijalni Radnik. These papers are doing splendid work.

The Secretary-Treasurer made many valuable suggestions as to the conduct of strikes, the necessity for expanding the educational work and carrying on the work of the organization.

Many earnest fights have been made by the I. W. W. to re-establish the right of Free Speech in the United States, notably at Sioux City, Iowa, and at Paterson, N. J., both ending in victory. The fight is now on in Everett, as all REVIEW readers know.

Defense: Hundreds of members of the organization have been imprisoned dur-



ing the past year and the General Office has assisted to the limit of its ability in the defense. Several members charged with murder were acquitted. Meanwhile Charles Cline in Texas, Ford and Suhr in California, are still in prison, and the agitation to secure their release must be redoubled. More than a score have been murdered by hired gunmen.

In closing his report Fellow Worker Haywood said, "The principles of this organization are as sound and ring as true as worthy metal. The idea of The Industrial Workers of the World, founded as it is on the class struggle, is imperishable. Its ideals quicken the pulse and strengthen the heart of every member. Its members are to a remarkable degree free from all religious superstitions, no longer hoodwinked by political chicanery—looking upon the exploiter, whether a farmer, a small business man or a trust magnate, with a clear vision that recognizes a common enemy. Youthful, courageous, and full of vigor, this organization is facing a future teeming with fruitful possibilities."



LAMBERT,
CONSTRUCTION WORKER

Mass Action in Russia

By S. J. RUTGERS

AMONG the European Left Wing Socialists, no historic event prior to the world war has had a greater influence upon general conceptions than the mass actions during the revolutionary period in Russia.

Under most difficult conditions of Absolutism and unscrupulous brutal police power, the achievements both in the way of economic improvements and political results have been astonishing. Out of the actual practice of the fighting grew a unity of action in which demands for wage increases and the eight-hour day were intermixed with political demands, such as free speech and free press, recall of cruel bureaucrats and a Democratic Republic instead of the Absolutistic government.

The form of this gigantic struggle was mostly that of mass strikes and street demonstrations, accidentally leading to actual resistance against police and military forces.

To those who cannot see beyond parliamentary reforms and the labor union fight for keeping up the standard of living, this period of class struggle must look like another world. Those, however, who feel that capitalism can never be overcome by talking reforms or by arbitrating about the standard of living, the study of this period is most instructive and promising. And especially to our American comrades, this knowledge must be highly valuable, because they are confronted by the same brutal methods and a similar absolutistic government, be it in a democratic disguise, that had to be dealt with by the Russian workers. A similar situation is growing all over the world, now that we enter the period of industrial Feudalism or Imperialism, and the lessons of the Russian revolutionary period deserve the general interest, but as the United States is ahead in this development, they certainly are not the least interested party.

It is beyond the scope of an article in a REVIEW, and it would certainly annoy the readers to give too much in detail

the facts and results of this interesting period of class struggle. Those who feel the importance of the subject should read "Massenstreik, Partei und Gewerkschaften," by Rosa Luxembourg; "Algemeene Werkstaking en Socialdemocratie" and "Geschiedenis von den Proletarischen Klassenstrijg," by Henriette Roland Holst, translated into German, Lettisch and Russian; "Politische Streik," by Laufenberg, or some of the other books and pamphlets on this subject, none of which, however, has been translated into English, as far as I know, and all of which were written before the world war.

I will try to give a few facts, a few examples which may appeal to those minds that have already a notion of the importance of mass action in future class struggles. Of course, it is essential to bear in mind that conditions in Russia at that time had their own character and that we can never expect to imitate methods which were themselves the result of historic developments and conditions and by no means brought about according to some scheme of a clever headed man or group of men.

Conditions in Russia no doubt were most unfavorable to any kind of action, the workers being under the iron heel of an absolutistic government, unorganized, uneducated, a large percentage of them knowing neither how to read nor write. And notwithstanding this, notwithstanding mistakes and disappointments, we notice results that compel us to ask. What could not have been accomplished if similar methods were backed up by the organization and intelligence of a modern machine proletariat.

The high mark of the proletarian movement in Russia was after the defects of Russia in the Russian Japanese war in 1905 and 1906, but the specific methods already had originated before the war.

Especially the years 1902 and 1903 show an extensive and successful action in the southern part of Russia, and as

early as 1896 and 1897, there was a period of big strikes in St. Petersburg (Petrograd).

In the spring of 1902, several cities, such as Batum, Nischni Nowgorod and Saratow, had their mass meetings and street demonstrations against deportations of "undesirables" by the Russian Government, at which meetings workers were fired upon and which resulted in the imprisonment of a great number of workers.

But the same year had another wave of mass actions, originating in Rostow. This time it was a demand for the nine hour day, increase of wages, etc., which led to a general tie-up of labor, and mass meetings in Rostow, which were daily attended by fifteen to twenty thousand workers. This movement was organized by a committee of social democrats; and freedom of speech and press for some time was actually conquered and used to its full extent for education and attacks upon the Government. The movement spread to Tichoretzkaja, but was finally beaten up by police and cossacks, only to spring up again a few months afterwards in the middle of 1903 all over southern Russia: Baku, Tiflis, Batum, Jelissawetgrad, Odessa, Kijew, Nikolajew, Jekaterinoslow, etc. Originating in different cities with demands for increase in wages and other direct improvements, the movement soon grew beyond the scope of purely economic action into a more general or political class issue.

In Odessa, for instance, the railroad workers asked an increase in wages. Three days afterwards the longshoremen joined; two days more brought the seamen into the movement; five days later the streetcars were tied up. A meeting of seven to eight thousand workers decided to visit all the factories and their number grew to forty or fifty thousand men, who tied up the harbor and all the industries. In Kijew, the movement also started among railway men who claimed wage increases, followed by the foundry workers. The Government threw two railway delegates in prison and in a general protest, it was decided that the trains should not leave the station. A big crowd of workers with wives and children stood on the track to prevent the trains from running. Soldiers shot into this mass,

killing many of them, among whom were women and children. This was the sign for a general strike, mass meetings, speeches as well as the killing and imprisonment of more workers. The movement ends, but starts again in Nikolajew and Jekaterinoslow and results not only in some material improvements, but also in a most remarkable **spiritual uplifting** of these most oppressed workers.

To quote a bourgeois paper, *Oswobozhdenje*: "The workers embrace each other in the streets, cries of delight and enthusiasm, songs of freedom, gay laughing, humor and joy are heard among the masses of many thousands who move through the town from morning to evening. The spirit is noble, it could not be imagined that a new and better life on earth had sprung up. A highly earnest and at the same time idealistic and touching picture." Such was the impression even on a non-socialist newspaper writer.

After a period of less action during the first part of the Russian-Japanese war, the growing unemployment leads to a general strike in Baku in December, 1904, which puts the control of the city during a couple of weeks fully into the hands of the workers.

In January, 1915, a general strike becomes effective in St. Petersburg, as an immediate result of the discharging of two workers of the Putilow Works (munitions and steel), which caused a sympathetic strike of 12,000 workers. The Social democrats thereupon started an extensive campaign and a program was adopted containing the eight hour day, freedom of organizations, speech and press, etc. In a few days, one hundred and forty thousand workers joined the strike and meetings were held, the discussions on which resulted in the adoption of the program with the eight hour day as principal demand. It was this program that was to be put before the Czar by a procession of two hundred thousand men and women at the head of which marched the priest Gapon and which resulted in the massacre of two thousand men, women and children by the Russian cossacks. (The "Red Sunday," January 22, 1905).

This massacre was the signal for a real wave of mass actions and general

strikes all over Russia, in Poland, in Lithuania, in the Baltic provinces, as well as in the Caucasus and Siberia. This time it was not so much economic demands broadening into political action, but rather the reverse. In all parts of Russia social democratic committees issued proclamations to arouse protests against the massacre in St. Petersburg and brutality of the existing Government. And these general strikes of protest develop finally into innumerable local and partial strikes for direct improvements in all parts of the country, in which railway strikes play an important part with here and there even military strikes, such as the revolts of the mariners in Sebastopol, Kronstadt, Libau, Vladivostock, etc.

This splitting up of the general strike into minor actions for direct improvements, must look rather discouraging to those among syndicalists as well as socialists, who have a conception that the "general strike" or the "political revolution" once upon a day will change the hell of Capitalism into the heaven of Socialism. This kind of "revolutionists" generally prove to be opportunists as far as actual fighting is concerned, which is logical: if you expect that the capitalist Society can be overthrown by some big action and the time for that supreme action has not yet arrived, you may as well try to make the best of the present state of things and combine opportunistic action with revolutionary education for the "great day."

The revolutionary period in Russia, however, is a splendid example to prove that education and action always have to go hand in hand and that revolution does not fall from heaven or as the result of some accident, but grows out of the intensified normal fighting in the class struggle. And it shows at the same time, that political and economic action finally become so interwoven and mixed up, that it is hardly possible to tell where the demands for direct improvements end and general or political demands start in.

The more we proceed into the highest developments of revolutionary mass action, the more we shall find that there is only one class struggle all along the fighting line against capitalism. Which does not mean that we have to overlook the

historical necessity of having both socialist political parties and labor or industrial unions and which, of course, is the very opposite of a conception which wants no political action at all.

The revolution is a long social process with victories and defeats, but even the defeats will often result in direct improvements as is shown during the Russian revolutionary period. The result of this period has been, that the standard of living of the industrial proletariat has been improved. In a great number of industries all over Russia, the eight hour day was actually conquered. In other parts, it was a nine hour or a ten hour day and at the same time, wages were increased and conditions improved. It is true that many of these advantages were lost again during the contra-revolutionary period that followed, but nevertheless, it shows what can be accomplished even under most unfavorable conditions and without any previous organization. The development of Russian industry is such that we could not expect a continued success, without cooperation from the rest of Europe.

What the Left Wing socialists in Europe at that time hoped for was that German socialists would learn from the Russian mass actions and bring this kind of action on a higher, stronger, organized plane, which, no doubt, would have backed up the Russian movement in return. We know that there was much discussion over the "general strike" at that time in Germany, and even a beginning of action, but the conservative leaders of the labor unions as well as most of the leaders of the Socialist party crushed this movement. And it will remain the everlasting disgrace to the memory of Kautsky, who had given a theoretical prediction of just this kind of action, that he failed when action was required and backed up the opportunistic leaders with his great influence upon the more revolutionary wing of the Socialistic party. A small group among whom Rosa Luxembourg was the most militant, did their utmost, but Kautsky's advice to use mass action only on the **defensive**, "Ermattungs-Strategie," was followed up and even the labor union leaders had no objection to declare for **defensive** mass action. By this advice, even more than

by his advice not to vote against the war credits, Kautsky will have to bear his part of the responsibility of the failure of the German party in the war crisis.

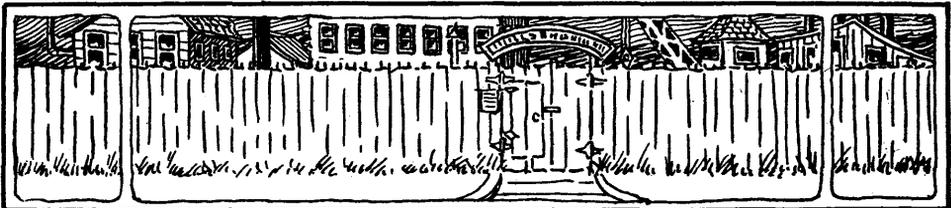
The period of mass action in Russia can give us a better insight in the forms in which a proletarian revolution will have to develop, it shows how the results will strengthen the material position of the workers and at the same time mean an intellectual and cultural growth, which surpasses by far all that could be accomplished by the most extensive campaign on purely educational lines. And what is more perhaps even than this, the organization will grow in the fighting and will take new and really democratic forms. Out of the revolutionary mass action in Russia have sprung up a number of organizations that survived this period and this is the best answer to those "leaders" who never venture to act for fear that their organization (and by the way, their well paid jobs), will be destroyed. Maybe that a certain form of organization, which is no longer in harmony with historical developments, will be destroyed, but only to give rebirth to new and more efficient forms of organization, more elastic and more democratic.

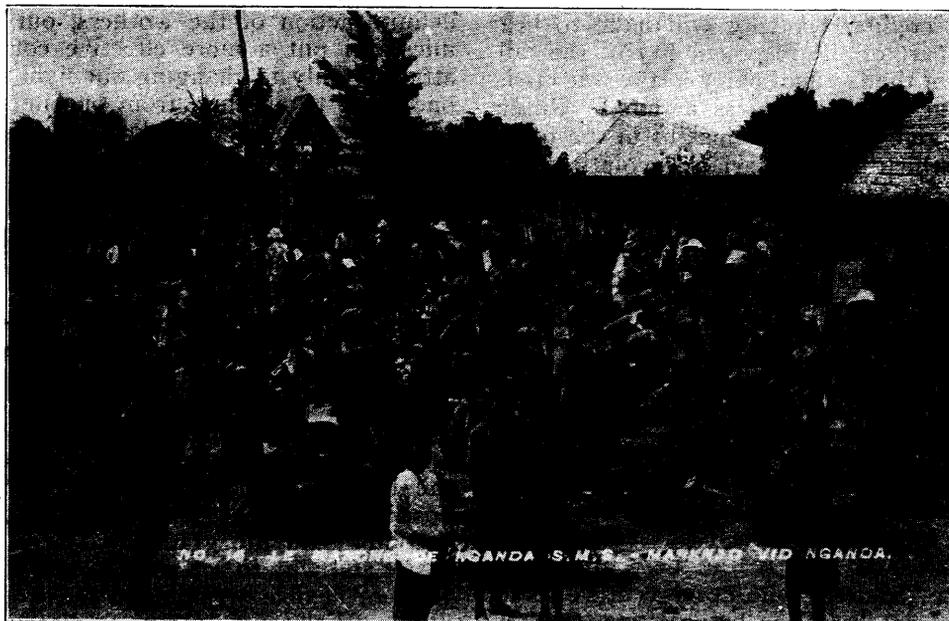
For the Russian mass action has shown beyond all doubt that the rigid form of one-sided action according to certain well-established formulas with strong men in control, who, according to circumstances, may become labor leaders, or e. g., railroad presidents, is obsolete in the period of revolutionary

fighting, which is on hand. Against each definite action of the workers, our enemies can put a more effective counter-attack. Only in changing our fight from one place to another, from one industry to another, from day to day, breaking off a movement before a massacre can be arranged, only to start it elsewhere or to start it anew when the military forces are withdrawn, only by working hand in hand in claiming material improvements and political power, bread and rights, leisure and freedom, only by strikes of protest, as well as strikes of sympathy and strikes to force direct improvements, only by actually developing all these actions into an organized system of mass action in which, of course, the leaders will lose their predominant position, and success can only result if the rank and file gradually learns how to act and why to act, only in this higher form of flexible organization can we hope to win. For to win means to disorganize the present political system, means to create a higher form of organization than capitalism could produce.

It is not sufficient to follow the industrial organization of capitalism in replacing craft unionism by industrial unionism, but we must develop our organization beyond the highest form of capitalist organization into a unity of efficiency and democracy, a unity of economic and political action, into *mass action*.

The perfection of mass action in this sense, means upon a certain degree of development, the victory of the socialist commonwealth.





SCENE IN THE CONGO COUNTRY

Blacks and Whites in the Congo

By GEORGE HARDY

WE STARTED on a trip to the Belgian Congo from the east coast of England, traveling south to the English channel, at the mouth of which we were held with a cordon of torpedo boats and destroyers encircling us because a hostile submarine had escaped through the friendly channel of the mine field.

Immediately our minds ran back to the scenes we had so recently left up coast—fields of waving grain, dotted with small wooded patches amidst which rise the castles of the late feudal barons, last remnant of the old days. These grounds are everywhere encircled by neat green hedges. And then our minds come back to the cordon of torpedo boats and we wonder whether we have actually escaped those dark days of piracy and plunder after all.

As soon as we escape through hostile waters, we begin to pass the nautical milestones, lighthouses, great rocks on the rolling coast of Spain, then we cross the

mouth of the Mediterranean, gliding in the sunshine past the Canary Islands, where we are no longer able to see anything but the shark infested waters and an occasional school of fish leaping and jumping in the torrid sun.

And then some morning through the misty atmosphere of the tropics we find ourselves at the mouth of the Congo River. At the port of Banana we pick up the crew of natives who will work the cargo at the ports of Boma and Matadi on the Congo River.

But here any liberty-loving person finds that, after all, he has not left behind him the barbarities of capitalism. Four foot clubs are used to drive the natives, who are paid the enormous sum of one Belgian franc (twenty cents) a day, for working from 4 a. m. to 10 o'clock at night, with two or three short periods of rest, when they receive their allowance of rice and salt junk, which is so rotten that it would be scorned by a hungry dog.



SCENE IN THE CONGO COUNTRY

These abuses are perpetrated under the charter of the Compagnie Belge Maritime Du Congo, in which King Albert of Belgium is said to be interested.

At Boma, the capital of Belgian Congo, about forty miles up the river, the work of unloading begins. Officers armed with clubs are stationed at each hatch on board ship and on shore, and they take an occasional whack at the bare backs of the natives to speed up work or punish the black with the smoldering or contemptuous eyes.

A walk through the small town shows how many other things are exported to the Congo besides general merchandise. Catholic statues dot the extensive and beautiful grounds which surround the house of the governor-general. This house and these grounds are protected by native sentries who carry rifles and bayonets. And everywhere is evidence of the importance of cheap whiskey. And so we have the old trio—the gun, the church and the whiskey.

Night arrives and no sleeping quarters are provided for the native workers, who sleep on hard, dirty decks of the ships which brings back longings for the cosy grass-woven huts to which they are accustomed, as the rotten fare recalls the fresh fruits and nuts that make up their native fare.

The dampness of the tropic nights makes it dangerous for any one to sleep in the open. The air is full of deadly fevers. The heat of the day causes a vapor to arise every night from the snake infested grasses.

After a couple of days of savage slavery, which is hidden behind the franc a day wage, the boats leave for Matadi. A few hours' run against the rushing current of the river and we find slavery more glaring and more open, for Matadi is the center of trade, also a railway center, where ivory, palm oil, copra and copal, etc., are brought for shipment to Europe.

The white population sleeps from 11 to 3 o'clock, but there is no respite for the natives, who toil until their bodies look as though they had been dipped in oil, so covered are they with sweat.

The writer saw an officer go down into the hold of the ship and beat a native without mercy because he did not work fast enough in this heat. Another officer stood on the toes of a native worker who had squatted to rest during the rest period, and beat the bare legs of the native to make him

draw his foot from beneath the hob nailed boots of the noble (?) white man. Meanwhile the officer twisted the ear of the black man. It was easy for anybody to recognize the superiority of the caucasian race over the ethiopian. The attitude of the natives is one of manufactured smiles and European salutations and barely concealed curses.

It is a pleasant little custom of the officers to throw the dregs of their glasses of lime juice into the faces of the Congo boys who serve them. I saw a native injured internally by a sling of sacks weighing nearly a ton. He was allowed to lie dying on the bare deck of a boat. The quartermaster declared he could not endure the groans of the unlucky man and he was removed the next day, a physician expressing surprise that he still lived.

Very naturally it occurs to the stranger to inquire why the natives, who possess land and plenty of fruit and nuts for food, submit to such treatment. You wonder why they labor. One of the answers is the system of taxation which the modern capitalist class has seen fit to lay upon them to force them to work. Without this tax of twelve francs a year the natives would be able to live in ease upon their own land, in their own fresh huts, and live upon the plenty provided by a generous Nature. This tax makes the capitalists independent of foreign workers.

And yet, strange as it may seem to you, my dear civilized reader, some of these natives *hate work* so much, or work for the Belgian capitalists so very much, in particular, that they refuse to earn and pay their 12 francs annually to the Belgian government.

Such natives are quickly taught the benevolence of that government. They are arrested and placed in gangs with chains around their necks and forced to work for three months for the state. They carry the mail on their heads to the boats; also bear the trunks and luggage of the white parasites to and from the boats and perform municipal labor. You can see them lugging vegetables home for the Europeans, the white person in front and the black offender twelve paces in the rear, and an armed guard trudging behind the loaded slave.

A trip to the Mission Station will convince any fair-minded investigator that they are centers for introducing trade for they

carry articles of commerce inland where it is impossible to set up stores. For these commodities the natives exchange antelope horns, tusks of ivory, etc., etc. Needless to say the capitalist class does not permit even these Faithful Servants to grow rich. The slogan of the missionaries is "Teach the native God and Work." The task is a difficult one. Natives are "often so ignorant that they are satisfied with the bounty provided by Mother Nature." Strange, isn't it?

Once, however, the majority of the natives are convinced by a desire for European trinkets and the words of the missionaries, customs and standards change, short work is then made of the defaulters who, as a missionary admitted to me, are placed in contract slavery under strict supervision on a plantation owned privately by absentee slave and land owners. And thus the good work of teaching the unregenerate black man to love to labor (for the profit of his superior white master) goes merrily on.

Missionaries have strange excuses to make for the brutalities of the ship offi-

cers. The "condition of the country makes men cranky," etc., etc.

Here, too, we have prostitution in the name of 12 francs a year taxes. Natives, married on the European plan, forced by unnatural conditions to produce so much money annually, solicit white men to cohabit with their wives. And so, along with prostitution, and whiskey and religion, the great white man brings syphilis and other diseases into the Congo. "But then," says the Belgian, "these natives are of a lower order, so it does not matter."

But, brother workingman, it is not the natives nor even the Belgians who are to blame for such things. It is the capitalist system, the profit of wages system, that is to blame. Abolish this system and it will be unnecessary to make criminals out of aborigines in order to "show them the way to progress" in the world's coming progress, where neither war nor slavery shall exist and where men shall work for the collective development of the people of all countries, when all shall enjoy the pleasures of life and all forms of slavery be abolished in the new Socialist Industrial Republic.

"Capturing Political Power in Oklahoma"

By W. E. REYNOLDS

PRIOR to the election of 1916 the Socialists in particular and the country in general were led to believe that Oklahoma was sure to send two or three Socialists to Congress, elect a majority to the State Legislature and, in short, capture the state for Socialism.

This belief was held by the Oklahoma State Secretary, who published his predictions in the capitalistic press. The same belief was held and broadly published by the *Appeal to Reason*. Now, that the votes have been counted and the "stubborn historical fact has dispersed all intoxicating effects of self deception," let us examine "this form of Socialism which ended in a miserable fit of the blues."

Oklahoma, though one of the newest states, is one most in the grip of modern capitalism. Where twenty-three years ago free homes were given away by the thousand, today, 68 per cent of the farm population in 47 counties are tenant farmers.

These tenants are not only poor but destitute, their "homes" in the great majority of instances being without the simplest, and generally considered, necessary conveniences. They have no cooking ranges, no sinks, no kitchen appliances (often no kitchen to put them in) no linoleum, no carpets, not enough dishes to set the table for the family. Their furniture is of the most rudimentary kind, boxes and benches doing duty in the absence of chairs. A bathtub is a luxury which not one in a thousand may enjoy.

Houses without plaster, cracks you could kick one of the dogs through, floors uneven or missing, card board or rags doing duty for missing window panes, outbuildings dilapidated or absent;—this is not a description of an exceptional case, but of the average tenant's home in Oklahoma. Their possessions may be summed up as follows: A mortgage on the team and necessary equipment, a few dilapidated house furnishings

and rags, a raft of children, some mail order catalogs and a well thumbed bible.

A Fijii Islander thought he had a vision of Heaven upon approaching the Seattle skyline. An Oklahoma tenant farmer's wife would have the same emotions if she were permitted to view the kitchen of a Ford employee.

In short, the tenant is destitute, poorly educated, hopelessly in debt and desperate. Upon the basis of this misery "Oklahoma Socialism" was founded. It is a conglomeration of Utopianism, humanitarian sentimentalism, "good morals" crusading, etc.

The speakers were an aggregation of pulpless preachers and sky-pilots-elect who will peddle any kind of piffle for pay, a few clever politicians and several politicians not so clever, but just as hungry for pie, many agitators who drew more of their material from imagination than from books, a few Christian Socialists, rationalists, "constructive" reformers, hole and corner reformers, advocating everything from food embargo to prohibition, or a new religion, law enforcement, free soup for school children, or a new grader for our district. Then there was a goodly sprinkling of clear-cut, class conscious, sworn enemies of the Capitalist system who will rally to no battlerey short of "Workers of the World Unite."

A compact and complicated political machine was builded and a considerable amount of literature distributed—but in almost every instance it was anything *but Socialist literature*.

Instead of teaching the people that their misery is due to the development of Capitalism and the consequent social division of labor with its attendant increasing poverty for the masses, and increasing riches for the classes, they were taught that their misery is due to the Democratic machine of Oklahoma. Hence their fight was centered on their Fair Election Law and, in many instances, with an open alliance with the Republican party.

Milwaukee Socialists lost in this last election because they had been taught that child labor laws, government control of railway situations and such reforms were Socialism. Wilson had delivered just that kind of goods and was therefore entitled to the vote. Even so, Oklahoma.

The Socialists lost by division of forces, one part throwing their support to the Re-

publicans to "beat the Donks" and the other part supporting Wilson because the greater part of the literature distributed by the Socialists was of the sentimental anti-war variety. Thus easily was Socialist (?) energy and Socialist coin converted into votes for Wilson.

These are the facts. Much energy expended, much "agitation," much noise and little real education. While the organization is now confronted with the inevitable reaction and "set of the blues," much of real worth has been accomplished. The popular prejudice against the term Socialism has been broken. The people are now aroused and flock to Socialist meetings in crowds, and are ready and willing to assimilate any real information we may have to offer. The organization has been taught its lesson. Liebknecht's No Compromise is a "best seller" today. The futility of reform measures has been rudely but, nevertheless, effectively, brought home to some of the "leaders," and now, on all sides, one hears, as never before, the cry for economic organization and education.

At an after election meeting of the interested agitators and propagandists the sentiment for industrial or left wing Socialism was overwhelmingly strong, and the motion for the beginning of an organization to establish scientific Socialist study clubs was passed without a dissenting vote. Therefore the loss of 7,773 votes from the 1914 vote is more in the nature of a gain. It is a loss the Socialists could well afford to stand in exchange for the *Gain* of an increasing desire for education, economic organization and the valuable lesson of No Compromise, No Political Trading.

Out of the ruin of the reactionary and Utopian Socialism of the past, with its sentimentalism (its Socialist and religious twins), its scramble for votes and for pie, is already developing the nucleus of a scientific Socialism with its clearer vision, its grasp of the relationships of men and events and its promise of a new and better life which will free humanity.

Utopian Socialism in Oklahoma fell with a crash and with it fell the hopes of the reformers, but out of the ruins is springing a movement which is destined by the logic of events to be a great factor in the coming revolution which shall have for its aim the establishment of the Industrial Republic.

Marxian Economics

AN OUTLINE

(Note: Many Locals have written us that they are looking for a study course in the winter numbers of the Review. We have, therefore, written a short resumé of the Marxian Theory of Value and suggest that Study Clubs order copies of Shop Talks on Economics to supplement this brief outline. During the next few months Mary Marcy will continue the articles contained in Shop Talks, discussing, in particular, the position of the necessary workers who produce no commodities, the transportation workers and the position of the farmer. There will also be a lesson on How Surplus Value Is Divided. Copies of Shop Talks, published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., sell at 10 cents each. In bundles, 6 cents a copy.)

Surplus Value.

SOCIETY today is concerned chiefly with the production, the transportation and the exchange of commodities, the things that satisfy some human need or want. In short, our chief concern has ceased to be the welfare of the human race and has become the buying and selling of commodities.

Millions of men and women are daily producing things to be sold—food, clothing, houses, coal, cars, electric power, gold, ores, *human strength*, or labor power, and many other commodities.

Now, among all the thousands of commodities produced by the labor of men and women there is only one commodity which is able, of itself, to produce *more* value than is represented in it. Take coal, for example. If left in the coal yards, or in the mines, coal can never build a fire to produce steam, or to warm houses. No matter where it lies, coal will only represent the value (or necessary social labor) that was taken to produce it. Coal is unable to produce any value. In fact, coal itself only contains value because necessary social labor has been spent in mining, weighing and transporting it. It is the necessary social labor of the workers which determines the value of the coal.

Or, take a train of freight cars. They represent only the value, or necessary social labor, that has been spent in producing them. They create no value. The same is true of all other commodities except the one you and I have to sell. Our human strength, or labor power is the one exception. Our strength, or our power to labor, is able to produce not only enough to feed and clothe and shelter us, and our children;

it is capable of producing sufficient *additional* value to support two or even four or five other people.

No matter how unskilled you may be, if you are a strong man or a strong woman, you can mine enough coal to warm a hundred people; raise enough wheat and cattle to feed several scores of men; weave enough cloth to clothe three or four dozen persons.

You can produce enough value to raise your children and support yourself, and keep your two strong hands on the labor market, and *create a lot of surplus value* for your boss besides.

The value of any and all commodities is determined by the average necessary social labor taken to produce them. The woman who weaves cloth by hand does not determine the value of cloth. The worker using a modern machine produces a dozen times as much material in the same number of hours. Value is determined by the social labor *necessary* to produce it in a given state of society.

The modern machine creates no new value, but the skilled or unskilled worker operating the machine is able to weave ten or twenty times as much cloth as the hand worker. And the value of the cloth is determined by the necessary social labor taken to produce it. Machinery everywhere greatly increases the productive power of the working class. It does not greatly increase the value of their product.

Now, when you go to a boss and offer your power to labor, or your strength, for sale, you want to get as high a price for it as possible. And your boss wants to buy as cheaply as possible. The employers like a crowded labor market, where there are more men than jobs; you like

more jobs than men because a wide demand for labor power means a high price for labor power, or "high wages."

As a rule the employing class is compelled to pay the working *class* the value of its labor power, or enough in wages to support the workers and to enable them to raise children to fill the future ranks of labor.

Today in almost every civilized nation, less than one-half the people are engaged in productive or useful labor. This is proved not only by Government labor statistics, but by the European war. In the warring nations about one-fifth of the people, and the least skilled workers at that, are supporting whole countries like France and Germany and England *on a war basis*.

By the use of modern machinery the worker has become able not only to support himself and his children, but two or three, and even four and five, other individuals as well.

Now, profits are not made by the employing class buying the labor power of the working class *below* its value and selling the products of the workers *above* their value. Employers nearly always pay wages that will enable the workers to reproduce themselves and their labor power. They nearly always pay the workers the *value*, or social labor necessary to produce their labor power. And, as a general thing the products of the workers are sold to the consumer *at their value*.

But the worker can produce the value of his labor power by working two or three hours in the mine or factory or mill of the boss, while he continues to work five or six hours *more* for the boss. In other words, his *products* are several times as valuable as his labor power. Revolutionists demand that the workers receive the value of their products and cease having their strength and their brains regarded, bought and sold as commodities, as men buy pigs, or iron, or coal or cloth. We demand the value of the things we make.

Now, remember, when you have worked two or three hours, you have produced enough value to pay your own wages, to pay for your own labor power. But the boss hires your labor power by

the day or week, and it is to his interest to make your work as many hours as possible, because all the hours you work for him, after you have produced the value of your labor power (or your wages), means just so much value that the boss may appropriate; means just so many more commodities (that you have made) which the boss will have to sell.

Suppose \$4.00 in gold represents 2 hours of necessary labor, and suppose you receive \$4.00 a day for your labor power, and that \$4.00 a day will enable you to support yourself and your family, because the necessities of life for yourself and your family represent 2 hours of necessary social labor. Then, when you have worked two hours in the factory or shop, you will have reproduced the value of your labor power. But you may work eight hours a day in the shop. Then your products will represent *eight* hours of necessary social labor, or four times the value of your wages.

If the consumer buys the shoes you make, or the coal you mine, at their value, they will pay \$16.00 for shoes or coal which you and your fellow workers produced and for which you only received \$4.00. So you see that there is a wide margin of profit left for the employing class, even though you receive the value of your labor power and your products are sold at their value.

We live today in a world subordinated to the buying and selling of commodities. The brains and strength of the working class are bought and sold on the labor market just like all other commodities are bought and sold. But the working class is waking up. It is demanding the abolition of the wages system, the system which makes our strength and our brains mere commodities. We intend to organize to demand the value of our products for the workers themselves.

Questions

1. What is a commodity? Name several other commodities beside coal and gold and labor power.
2. Are the interests of the capitalist class and the working class identical? Why not?
3. When ten men compete to sell their labor power, who gets the job? Does this reduce wages?
4. What happens when there are several jobs for each worker? Do wages rise?
5. What determines the value of a commodity?

6. What commodity does the worker sell to his employer? Does he usually sell it at its value? What would happen if the working class had to sell its labor power considerably below its value? Would the working class be able to continue on the job?

7. What is it that prevents the workers from selling their labor power much above its value? Does the competition among the workers for jobs have anything to do with wages?

8. As a rule, are commodities produced by the use of modern machinery, increasing or decreasing in value? Do they contain more or less necessary social labor?

9. When the commodity, gold, decreases in value, what happens to the general prices of all other commodities? Do prices rise or fall?

10. How is it possible for a capitalist to pay his wage workers the value of their labor power and sell their products at their value and still make a profit?

11. Suppose all rent for working class homes was abolished and the workers were given houses rent free, would wages fall? Why? Would the condition of the working class be improved? Why not?

12. Why are wages higher in Chicago than they are in Milwaukee? Why are wages higher in Milwaukee than they are in Mexico? What determines wages?

13. Would it help the working class to abolish taxes and lower the cost of living? Why not?

14. Does the cost of living have anything to do with the wages you receive? Would general cooperatives in America for reducing the cost of living benefit the working class, or would they merely lower wages?

(Don't forget to send 10 cents for a copy of Shop Talks and study this question of value at greater length. Next month Mrs. Marcy will contribute a new chapter on Marxian Economics.)

A Snare of the Enemy

By LEO LAUKI

IT IS to the interest of the robber class to befog the view of the working class so that they may not see clearly how to fight for their emancipation in the shortest possible time and by the most direct methods.

There is no question but that a class can attain liberty when it really goes after it. And surely the working class today is eagerly striving for economic and social freedom.

During these trying days of the European war, especially in America, either consciously or unconsciously, it is the policy of the capitalist class to detach the eyes and minds of the workers from the world's drama and to impregnate in the minds of the workers silly palliatives and humbuggery for fighting against imperialism. These palliatives are framed up by capitalist apologists and called such beautiful names as the "World's Peace Movement," the "League to Enforce Peace," the "Movement to Curtail Preparedness," etc., etc.

In every country, of course, such and kindred movements will find a ready and eager hearing and following among the workers who have had to bear all of war's suffering and who receive none of its bloody profits. But if the workers are not shown the meaning of such sham

peace movements, they will sooner or later be awakened to the meaning of J. P. Morgan peace movements, the peace movements "of all the capitalist groups," as rudely as they were awakened by the war of 1914 to the hollowness of European civilization, German Kulture, French Democracy and English Liberalism.

I do not doubt that after the war there will be great movements of an international scope for peace along these lines. I believe there will be a great sentiment among the masses and among the upper classes in favor of World's Peace. But I want to say that this will be of a superficial nature, a new coat of painting to cover the old, real thing—whose name and nature will remain the same as before. It will be planned by Capitalism and Capitalism will be in control.

Whether we scratch the paint off modern "civilization" or "democracy" or whether we scratch the new coat of painting off the new "World Peace Movement," we will find the old enemy, Capitalism, underneath.

We can understand this better when we remember that this will not be the first time the ruling classes have worked the universal peace idea for the purpose of satisfying the heart's desire of millions

of people and of several nations torn and disrupted by the bloody wars of many years.

After the Napoleonic wars it was the pet entertainment of the governments to talk, write, legislate, promulgate and play the intricate game of open and secret diplomacy—all for the purpose of ridding Europe of the "arch peace disturber, Napoleon Bonaparte." The King of Sweden believed that Napoleon was the Antichrist and so declared it his own duty to fight against him. After Napoleon had been captured and sent to St. Helena, like a dangerous animal, on the assumption that only then could the people again have peace, the rulers of Europe hastened to effect an alliance for the purpose, so they advised the multitudes, of insuring the peace of Europe for all time to come.

This league of the great Europeans of 1815 was called by the bold name "The Holy Alliance," and everywhere it was hailed as the harbinger of Eternal Peace. We must remember that this was not a sentimental peace movement alone, but, like the peace movement headed by Wm. H. Taft, in America, which says that "there must be a military, an international police power to enforce world's peace, so the Holy Alliance believed that the nations of this league should maintain great allied armies to force peace upon the outsider which sought to break it.

And the irony of fate has shown that this Holy Alliance of sanctified tunics has bared the paraphernalia of the most reactionary and cruel warrior. Instead of bringing "eternal" peace," it has brought new and more horrible wars to the people of Europe.

And it is the same today. We may expect our own ruling classes and their leagues "to enforce peace" and their talk of limiting or abolishing militarism, to be merely a timely move to satisfy the peace cravings of the working classes for peace, working classes which might otherwise become dangerously rebellious and try to enforce peace by their own revolutionary forces and methods. Ultimately these great peace leagues of the great capitalist nations will *turn out to be the most powerful war alliances.*

It is therefore the duty of all class conscious workers to awake from their hypnotic dreams of a bourgeois peace movement and to open their eyes and their minds to independent thinking on this most important question.

The working class must use its own methods to fight against war and imperialism as it is finding its own way to fight against the trusts, the gigantic capitalist economic organizations. The working class must fight Capitalism in general.

Just as a failure on the part of the working class to understand monopolies caused them to long waste their efforts by following the middle class into their programs of retrogression, just so the *fear* that *militarism* always makes for *war*, may lead us astray. This is not true. Militarism may lead to rebellion and revolution, as history has proven in the case of the rebellion of the slave armies of old and decaying Carthage, in the case of republican Rome when on the high road to imperialism, etc.

When the working class begins to understand that by the development of industry, and especially of machinery, the machine worker will take the place of the manual laborer, not only in industry but in the machinery of war, in the armies and navies of the capitalist states, they will understand that both the *industries* and the *war* machinery will, by this development, become more and more dependent on the labor power, hand and brain power, of the great working class armies, of the *whole* working class. This means that the more the capitalist class builds up its war machinery, the more dependent it becomes internally and externally on the working class.

Whatever may be the outcome of bourgeois peace movements one thing is sure, when the workers organize industrially, if they keep up revolutionary agitation and education among themselves, they will understand that the development of modern war machinery is making new ground for the extension of the revolutionary industrial organization of the workers inside of the barrack walls and steel plates. They will learn to prepare for every exigency.

The best proof that the working class will have struck the right line of action, when it begins to prepare for capturing the machinery of war, through a military mutiny inside and through a general strike outside, is that so soon as the workers start an earnest propaganda along these lines, the most ardent bourgeois peace apostles will unmask themselves and yell about the sacredness of the army, the navy, etc., etc. In fact, they will all hurry into the camp of Teddy, the Terrible, and stand with him—against the real peace movement of the proletariat—the general strike and mutiny.



HEADQUARTERS AND MEMBERS OF THE I. W. W. AT SAND POINT, IDAHO

The Short Log Country

By C. R. GRIFFIN

WE ARE sending you some good news from the White Pine forests of northern Idaho, one of the great strongholds of the Lumber Trust. Sand Point is the site of one of the biggest sawmills in the world, the Humbird Lumber Company's big plant employing hundreds of men here during the summer season. The Humbird Company also has a somewhat smaller mill three miles from here, at Kootini, the two plants combined cutting millions of feet of lumber every season for the markets. This is the famous Idaho White Pine and is sent by rail to all parts of the United States.

The working conditions for the sawmill employes in this big industry are as follows: Ten hours a day from 7 o'clock in the morning till 6 o'clock at night, with one hour from 12 to 1 for dinner. The wages range from \$2.25 a day for common labor to \$7 a day for a few

highly skilled men such as saw filers and head sawyers.

The Company employs married men as far as possible, believing these to be the most submissive and most easily driven. The old abuses of Company stores and Company houses exist here the same as in many other places.

For the single men in their employ the Company runs a boarding house—where "cheap" board and room can be had for \$5.50 a week.

The Humbird Company owns and operates its own railroad system, leading from the logging camps in the mountains to the two big sawmills. In the hills, in all directions from town, are also located logging camps belonging to several other companies and small contractors.

The hours of work in these camps at this time of the year are from daylight till dark. Going wages are \$2.75 low and raising in some camps to \$3.50 for saw-

yers. The loggers board with the company at all the Camps, the usual charge being 90 cents a day. This includes the privilege of spreading his blanket in a bunk in the crowded, poorly lighted bunk house. These bunk houses are poorly ventilated frame structures accommodating (?) from sixty to eighty men. Double decker bunks, lack of springs and mattresses and frequently the presence of vermin in the place makes any real rest after a hard day's work well nigh impossible.

The men are expected to furnish their own bedding and any worker asking the foreman for a job—without having a good sized "turkey" on his back will usually be turned down. All camps have the hospital graft and a dollar a month for the hospital is deducted from the first day's pay. Long years of such abuse has finally opened the eyes of the Northern Idaho lumber jack and, like his brother

in Minnesota, the Puget Sound country and elsewhere, they are ripe for organization. Of course, that means the I. W. W., the One Big Union, with its inspiring message of Working Class Solidarity.

The workers who go into the forests and at the risk of their very lives, fell timber, take it to the sawmills and manufacture it into lumber, are no longer content to slave their lives away for a miserable existence. They are demanding more of the good things of life and are organizing to get it—as will be seen in the picture that I am sending under separate cover. Sand Point Branch of the I. W. W. is little more than a month old, but already we have several hundred members on the job in this part of the country. The picture shows a few of the rebel lumber jacks and are a small part of the bunch who are organizing on the job to give battle to the Lumber Trust.



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The Suitcase Ghost

By ROBERT MINOR

LIKE the giant trees that astonish the eye of the traveler, like the wonderful climate and other marvels of the state, California produces the most amazing manifestations of the Labor Struggle.

Since the McNamara plea of guilty, there has been a ghost in nearly every labor dispute. That ghost is "*the Suitcase*." There is a suitcase in every strike. Sometimes made of yellow leather, sometimes of black morocco, the suitcase is more often built of nightmares—pure imagination. But the *suitcase*, in one form or another, is a California institution.

When made of more than imagination, the suitcase has usually been (since the McNamara case) in the hand of an agent of the corporations, and loaded with dynamite.

In Stockton, three years ago, Anton Johannsen, labor organizer, "got the drop on" a gunman who came to his hotel room to kill him for the Merchants' Manufacturers' and Employers' Ass'n. The trapped gunman confessed that it was his intention, after killing Johannsen, to place a suitcase of dynamite in his room, another suitcase of the same explosive in the Santa Fe station checking room, with the check slipped into the pocket of the Secretary of the Building Trades Council. One of the other plotters, J. J. Emerson, was caught by a bungling policeman with a suitcase of dynamite, confessed to the plot to "plant" it so as to blame the strikers, but was, of course, acquitted in spite of the confession. (What are courts for?) Ed Nolan and Tom Mooney were instrumental in the exposé.

In the same strike, Warren K. Billings, then 19 years of age, out of a job, was accosted by strangers who offered him \$50 to carry a *suitcase* to Sacramento, to be delivered to two men whom he was to meet in a saloon. The boy accepted the offer. The men waiting for him in the saloon in Sacramento proved to be detectives, the suitcase contained dynamite, and Billings was given a two-year sentence.

When an explosion occurred in the San Francisco preparedness parade and killed ten persons, the blame was laid upon labor organizers *with a suitcase*. This in spite of the fact that the most reliable witness, a prominent physician, and several others whose names the police promptly lost, stated that they had seen a large, cylindrical bomb thrown.

For, the only way to scare Labor off from defense of a labor case is to shout "*SUITCASE*" at them, instead of "*Booh!*"

Ed Nolan, Tom Mooney, his wife, Rena Mooney, Warren Billings, and Israel Weinberg are now on trial for their lives for the preparedness parade *suitcase*. Such is the psychology of the Coast, that no evidence was even introduced to prove that the Labor men had a *bomb*; only a *suitcase*, with its contents not even referred to in the evidence!

In cases of public excitement in California, everybody sees suitcases. With \$17,000 as their reward for the "seeing," one prostitute, one cocaine victim (just emerging from a drug store), one proven perjurer-detective, one strikebreaker, and various casual glancers, thought that they saw Billings on the day of the explosion with a suitcase that was yellow—no, black—no, let's see, it was brown "or something like that"—or, rather, it was a *camera case* a part of the time.

After proving a perfect alibi and showing by photographs that the sole witness who claimed to see him at the scene of the crime was perjuring himself, Billings was convicted in his first trial, *not because he was guilty*, as the professional jurymen afterward explained, *but so that he would help the District Attorney find the real dynamiters*.

The authorities had obliterated the criminal records of *all* of their principal witnesses until after Billings was convicted. But the final exposure left the state without any witnesses against the second victim, Mooney. Witnesses had to be got.

So, one Charles Organ, colored, picked up for forgery in Los Angeles and given

his third penitentiary sentence, was instructed by detectives to say that he had been given \$500 by Tom Mooney to blow up the Liberty Bell (don't laugh) with a *suitcase* bomb. All would have gone well for "justice" if Organ had not been taken away from the association of detectives and put into the comparatively honest company of convicts, where he got ashamed of his role and made the following confession:

"When in San Francisco jail I wrote four letters denying this lie, three to local newspapers, and one to Mr. McNutt, Mooney's attorney, but I guess they were suppressed. When I was arrested in Los Angeles, two detectives came to me and said: 'You know Mooney, the "bomb man."' I told them I didn't. But they dictated the whole 'story' to me, about the \$500, throwing the bomb in the bay and filling the suitcase with bricks. They told me that if I stuck to this story I'd get off with a light sentence on the check charge, and also get a piece of the \$17,000 bomb reward. In San Francisco jail they brought Mooney out alone, and prompted me to identify him, but I refused. I never saw Mooney in my life before."

"Suitcase Justice" received an awful blow by this bit of honesty in an unexpected quarter, in view of the fact that the other two principal witnesses against Mooney, one of them had been proven a liar by photographs of Mooney a mile and a quarter away from the crime, and the other, Mrs. Allie Kidwell had written a letter (which fell into the hands of the defense) explaining to her husband, another forger in San Quentin penitentiary, that she was being given a pardon for "hubby" in exchange for her swearing that she saw Mooney acting suspiciously at one of the places figuring in the case.

It is simply awful that the muckrakers keep on discovering the prostitution records of the "heroic young ladies" who were going to dare death by testifying against the "desperate dynamiters" for the sake of the fair name of Justice and \$17,000, as well as the previous conviction of one young gentleman for giving syphilis to a seventeen-year-old girl. It has blocked the wheels of justice till—

One Charles M. Fickert, District Attorney (whose election was paid for by the

United Railroads to the amount of \$100,000, for the single purpose of dismissing indictments against United Railroad bribers), has seen one gubernatorial ambition go to smash in the anger of Labor against the rotten effort to hang four men and a woman for their labor activities against the United Railroads. And—

One James Brennan, Assistant District Attorney, has seen the light and backed out of the prosecution of the frame-up, for the sake of his ambition to be elected City Attorney.

Poor Fickert was left to hold the bag—the *suitcase!* The Building Trades Council and the Labor Council followed the California A. F. of L. convention in denouncing the frame-up. The ghastly scheme has half fallen through. Something had to be done quickly.

So a little frame-up within the big was planned. Israel Weinberg, against whom the prosecutor admitted in private that he had no evidence, was to be kidnapped in an automobile, taken to some mysterious destination with a load of plug-ugly detectives, and—well, nobody would have known what happened, but a *CONFESION* was to be announced, with plenty of gentlemen-detectives to swear to it.

But Weinberg's little wife happened to be in the jail when the attempt was made, and by her Weinberg got word to his lawyers and newspaper men and the beastly plan was blown up by publicity. The town has temporarily forgotten the awfulness of the thing in a good, hearty laugh at poor, simple, rotten Fickert.

What's to be done? Fickert has let the real culprits escape—has *not even investigated* the real bomb affair, and he "has to get somebody," as his assistant plaintively explained, "or the people will get us"!

WANTED: Quick, by the prosecutor, cocaine victims, pimps, prostitutes, gunmen—anybody who will swear to what's wanted. \$17,000 reward!

And—

WANTED: Quick, by the defense, money to pay court expenses to thwart the crime and forever lay the *suitcase ghost* in California!

ROBERT MINOR,
Treasurer, International Workers' Defense League, 210 Russ Building, San Francisco.

The Present War Crisis

By WILLIAM E. BOHN

Three months ago I wrote in *THE REVIEW* that the war seemed to have entered upon its last phase. Since then there has been an astonishing reversal. During the past month much has happened that needs discussion and interpretation. We American Socialists are not much interested in who wins the war, but we are immensely interested in what happens to human nature and human institutions while the war is being won and lost.

From the beginning the Central Powers have been at great disadvantage. They have arrayed against them nations occupying in Europe territories five times as extensive as theirs. The inclusion of Australia, South Africa, India, and Canada makes the territorial preponderance of the entente even more impressive. In population the odds were not quite so uneven. A moderate estimate places them at three to one, so far as the European participants are concerned. The entente allies had, moreover, the incalculable advantage of the control of the seas. This gave them at their back all the world as a magazine of munitions and food. On the other hand the Central powers had, so far as physical circumstances are concerned, only the advantage of having the inside line to defend. Being on the inside of the circular battle-front they could more quickly and easily move troops and bring forces to bear than could their enemies. That is, their only physical advantage was a purely strategic one.

To any one who believes in economic determinism the outcome seemed a foregone conclusion. The economic advantages were all on one side. So when the Germans took possession of Belgium, a part of France, Servia and Poland, the writer of this article wrote in *THE REVIEW* that all Germany's victories could do nothing more than postpone her ultimate defeat. When Italy and Roumania joined the entente and Greece was pressed into its service, the result seemed doubly sure. Three months ago the English forces were making some little progress on the western front and the Roumanian army was dashing into Austrian territory. So the last phase of the war seemed to have begun.

Since that time a most illuminating change has come over the face of things. The progress on the west front stopped dead after an advance of a few miles. The Roumanians were driven back and crushed between two German forces. At the present writing (Dec. 10) a German general occupies the royal palace at Bucharest, while the Roumanian troops and their Russian allies are in wild retreat. The Germans have a system of government for Roumania all worked out in advance, and have elaborated plans for an attack on Greece.

These developments have produced astounding results in Paris and London. At the beginning of things there were loud cries against German autocracy. The fight was all for liberty against tyranny. Now a Liberal French Senator rises to say: "I should today like to see the Statue of Liberty veiled and dictatorial hands seizing the power to lead us to victory. I no longer recognize civil rights; I only recognize the right of war." France has been from the beginning better organized than England. Her Premier is an ex-Socialist and her Minister of Munitions is a Socialist. They have recognized the necessity for social control of production and distribution of food and clothes. The French middle class, a small bourgeois class, has gone into the war with enthusiasm and has proved itself possessed of a good deal of intelligence and stamina. French officialdom is recruited from the business classes. The young officials and officers have been well trained in excellent schools. In the trying situations arising during the past two years they have not done as well as the Germans, but they have done very well. The profit system has been the great enemy to effective effort. Of course they have the profit system in Germany. But there it is curbed. German concerns make fifteen to twenty per cent. French munition manufacturers are making fifty or seventy-five. In other ways the profit system hinders the nation in its purpose to kill Germans. A good deal of shoddy goes into the goods for which people pay war prices, and the munitions furnished to the government are not always according to specifications. A German officer is reported

to have said that most of the French shells which explode are made in America.

More than this, France is more democratic than either Germany or England. Under war conditions a large section of industry has been run by a cabinet responsible to Parliament. A political system which grew out of the needs of a small production era about a century ago has been forced upon a large scale economic system which was being developed at frantic speed. The democratic political system has naturally failed to stand the test. So we have heart-rending cry for "a great man." A tyrant would be welcomed if he could bring order to the existing chaos. French Socialists, like others, have been working, both before the beginning of the war and after it, for centralized, responsible, effective control of industry. The capitalists have refused to have profits interfered with. The anarchy of small-business government allowed them to make money. Inefficiency did not bother them so long as they made fortunes. But now the Germans may get them and take the fortunes. So the blessed liberty to grind down workers and "make" as much as possible has to be given up.

In London the change is even more striking. There we have had government by a combination of bourgeois and landed aristocracy. The rulers of England are a distinct class, a sort of mandarin class. The whole English system of society has been defended on the theory that this class is worth the high price paid for it. It owns the lands and reaps the chief profits of industry. It is expensively educated in Latin and Greek and other things which have very little to do with modern life. It is prepared for leadership in war by devotion to English sports. It remains resolutely aloof from the working-class and its troubles and keeps its class instincts alive at all hazards. In business the English are much like Americans. To the great capitalists liberty over there, as here, has meant liberty to grind down the poor. In government democracy is much less pronounced than in France. It has been largely carried on by a system of bluff. Nominally the cabinet is responsible to Parliament. But this does not mean that mere members of Parliament are admitted to the secrets of foreign or domestic affairs. It means merely that the ministers appear now and then, make solemn faces at the assembled Commons

and assure them that everything is being properly taken care of. If a member protests, the solemnity is increased and the minister assumes an injured air. Perhaps he remarks, "That sounds remarkably like a protest." And this is taken as a complete answer. Recently the members of the house grew excited about Roumania. The Roumanians had jumped into the war on the side of the entente. After their first impetuous spring they were being slowly crushed between Von Falkenhayn on the north and Von Mackensen on the south. The Italians, the English, the Russians were not at all worried. Not a step was taken. Not a thing was done. England is supposed to have three or four million men under arms. People were naturally asking where they were. One member of Parliament had the temerity to rise in his place and ask the cabinet what was being done to help Roumania. Lord Grey, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, drew out his face to extra solemn length and said: "I beg the gentleman to believe that everything is being done that can be done." That was all. Apparently nothing was being done and nothing was done for weeks and months afterward. The solemn reply was pure bluff. But the member had to pretend to be satisfied with it. That is, there has been control of great industrial and military affairs by a cabinet of about twenty members practically irresponsible. If the twenty had been able to do the job set for them they would have been hailed as heroes. But they have failed. So the cry has gone up for a new government and, especially, for a small council to be responsible for the conduct of the war. Lord Northcliffe, who may be taken to represent the more intelligent section of bourgeois opinion, demands good organization.

English Socialists have for more than thirty years held the inefficiency of the English political system up to ridicule. Robert Blatchford and Henry M. Hyndman have led in the attacks, and since the opening of the war they have been increasingly bitter. They, of course, are with the government so far as its purposes are concerned. They exceed the Prime Minister in their desire to kill Germans. Their objection to him is that he does not do it fast enough. A Socialist, they feel sure, could attend to the job much better than he does. It is surely true that the English govern-

ment has only very slowly taken the steps which are necessary to effective activity of any sort. It is no more ineffective than our own government. The only difference is that in time of war blunders are immediately fatal. "Time and Hindenburg wait for no man," they are saying now in France. The American government potters about with the high cost of living situation as ineffectively as any body of men well could. In war it is different. So when I give this account of English affairs it is not with any feeling of superiority which I may lay claim to as an American. "Our" record in the Spanish-American war is far too fresh for that. We—especially as Socialists—are interested in this matter purely as a phase of the adaptation of government to the affairs of industry.

The English rulers have been hindered both by their class training and by the arrogant selfishness of English capitalism. The class-training has led them to act with dignity rather than with speed. Their faith in their own innate superiority has made it difficult for them to realize that they face a really dangerous situation. English capitalists, for their part, insist on "liberty." They want no such "bureaucracy" as they have in Germany. No, no. They are free men. They will make a hundred per cent if they can and any government which attempts to prevent it is as good as Prussian. The poor have suffered; the government has suffered. Even now, with food at starvation prices English land is still given over to hunting parks rather than to grain fields. And the English poor have to pay for bread whatever the profiteers demand. This is "liberty."

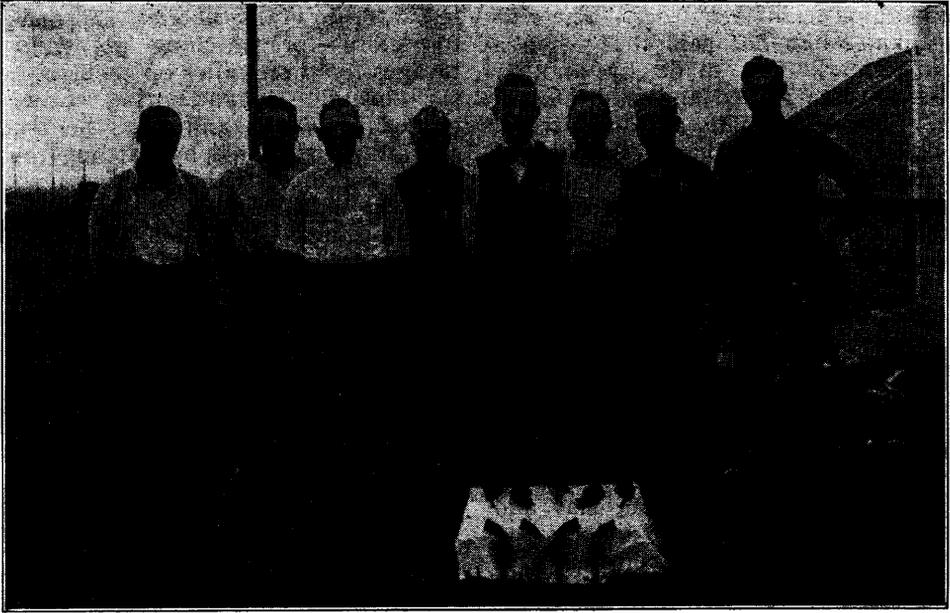
For the past ten years in England one politician has stood out above the rest. Men like Roseberry and Asquith have been content to hold their jobs. David Lloyd George has had ideas about things. He saw the poor dying off and it seemed to him a great waste. So he forced through his old-age pension bill. At the time we made sport of it here in the pages of *THE REVIEW* because it gave only a couple of dollars a week to men and women sixty-five years old. But it was a step in the direction of social responsibility. The income-tax law was another similar step. It goes without saying that Lloyd-George has been persistently opposed by the big capitalists. Of course what he has done is really in their

interests, but they have not recognized the fact. They have denounced him as a Socialist and an anarchist. Since the war began he has been the one who has tried to organize industry. He has been the one who has been able to persuade English laborers to give up the rights won through long years of struggle. He has gone from one center to another and made personal appeals. He is a man of great personal force. His appeals have in the main been successful. English workers have allowed the government to do to them what no group of employers could do. All the union standards have been broken down.

Being a man who really knows how to do things, Lloyd-George has wanted to go ahead and really beat the Germans, not merely talk about it. He found he could do nothing in the cabinet as it has been constituted, so he broke it up and is now in the process of building a new one about himself as leader. In England, then, the most advanced capitalist politician, the one most like the French ex-Socialists, has been called in to save the state. The man who has been trying for years to organize English society on something like a modern basis will be allowed to do for war what he was not allowed to do for peace. Peace-failure scared no one. That meant merely misery for the poor. War-failure alarms the whole population. That may mean disorganizing to the Germans. So the leaders of English society are willing to let Lloyd-George have his way.

The situation as a whole is one of the most interesting which the world has presented for a long time. The entente allies have every economic advantage but the Germans have more modern organization. The entente allies have the men and the money, but the Germans have used their brains. I still believe that under the circumstances the allies should win. In the end economic power will probably subdue brain power.

What the world faces takes on more and more the general character of the Napoleonic wars. It took the English fifteen years to best Napoleon. Or rather, it took Napoleon fifteen years to wear himself out beating the English. Then they sent him to St. Helena. Under modern conditions the Germans may wear themselves out in about half that time. Have patience, good people.



A GROUP OF GUNMEN

Victory on the Mesaba Range

By HARRISON GEORGE

We were all ready to go to press when the following telegram came in. We feel sure all REVIEW readers will be interested in the brief sketches that follow:

Virginia, Minn., Dec. 15, 1916.

Tresca, Scarlett, Schmidt, Mrs. Masonovitch, Orlandich, Treed, Phil Masonovitch, Nikich, Cernogorovich year sentence each. All cases against Gilday, Greeni, others dismissed. Full statement will follow. Funds needed here meet honor bound obligations. All committees rush balance funds on hand here. All together for freedom Everett and all class war prisoners.

ETTOR, GILDAY, FLYNN.

CARLO TRESCA, who was born in Sulmona, Italy, in 1879. Entering the labor movement at an early age, he became editor of a Socialist paper in his native town when he was only twenty years old. By 1904 he had shown his worth by being many times sent to prison on political charges. In 1903 he was elected secretary of the largest labor organization of Italy, the Syndicate of Firemen and Railroad Engineers. In 1904, however, he was given choice of eighteen months penal servitude or ten years exile for political offenses,

and, choosing exile, he landed in America in August, 1904. As organizer and editor he continued his fight for labor, now being editor of an Italian paper in New York, LL'Avenire. Jailed for months on different occasions, he was attacked by an assassin, who is said to have been an emissary of the Italian consul in Pittsburgh and his throat badly slashed. In the last six years Tresca has taken part in all big strikes of the I. W. W., which involved Italian workers. Lawrence, Little Falls and Paterson are only a few of the many strikes where thousands



A GROUP OF GUNMEN

cheered when Tresca stood before them. Now he is on trial for murder. The witness against him has said that when a certain remark was made by another speaker, Tresca smiled and said, "Good, good!" For a smile and one short word, twice uttered, Tresca has been charged with murder!

About Joe Schmidt volumes could be written and yet do but scant justice to his revolutionary career. As a lad of sixteen he became interested in the great scheme of things when he saw a beautiful girl sent to prison in his little native town in Russian Lithuania. In a short time he became active in the secret organizations that challenged the terrible Romanoffs. For seven years he traveled on the dangerous missions necessary among the Polish, Lithuanian, Slav and Tartar people, learning their dialects and spurring them on to self-liberation. He led three victorious strikes in Russia at Vilna, Shawly and Ponewez in 1903 and 1904. His sister aided him in his work and in the spring of 1904 both were arrested with five others—surrounded by soldiers at a secret meeting. Both were sentenced to Siberian exile, and his sister, then a beautiful young girl of seventeen, today remains an exile in the desolate, frozen territory of North Siberia, while her brother faces tyranny, not of the Romanoff's, but of the czars of American industry.

A valued man to the secret organizations working forbidden wonders under the nose of the Russian police, Schmidt was not allowed to long remain a convict-exile. With money sent "underground" he bribed a guard and one night in November, 1904, after his day's work in the convict brick-yard, he threw off the bricks piled over him by fellow prisoners and in the winter's darkness started on a terrible journey for liberty. Altho close to the Bering Straits across which lay Alaska, he feared recapture on the coast and so chose a longer route across the wilds of Asia, over the Ural mountains to Europe. Words—mere words cannot picture the awful hardships of his heroic and lonely break for freedom. He himself says his reason reels when confronted with its memories. Wading waist-deep through arctic snows, walking by night and hiding in the forests

and brush to sleep by day, following the line of the Trans-Siberian railroad—not too close—for watching the rails and bridges for three miles on each side were the brutal — man-hunting Cossacks; guided by winds and stars he trudged onward. Exhausted by battling the elements and often without eating for many days, he would almost collapse upon seeing food, near—but often denied to him.

Eating raw fish stolen from native traps, ever alert against recapture at guarded roads and bridges, he pressed on over the snowy passes of the Ural Mountains into European Russia. There were more settlements here and food could be begged at peasant doors, so adopting the part of a sick beggar, he fastened to his back the baskets carried by Russian beggars to collect crusts from house to house. In this guise he went on from village to village, always haunted by the fear of recapture. As he journeyed he heard the news of the 1905 revolution and of Bloody Sunday Massacre in Petrograd in front of the palace of the Tsar. Covered only by rags never removed from his body, the soles of his shoes gone and his frozen, bleeding feet marking his path; hair and beard long and matted, he indeed looked the part he played when, after six months, he arrived at the end of a three-thousand-mile trip in the City of Niznij Nowgorod. Here he was furnished money and after one more adventure in crossing the border, reached Germany.

Coming direct to America Schmidt was welcomed with an ovation by the Philadelphia Socialists and joined the American movement. In 1909 he first came in touch with the Industrial Workers of the World, and recognizing the effectiveness of their program, devoted himself to the industrial field under the banner of the ONE BIG UNION. He has been in many strikes, including Lawrence, and at Lowell where 16,000 strikers won their demand without a single arrest. Now a man of only 34 years, having passed through experiences shaming the writers of fiction with their puny plots and heroes, Joe Schmidt is on trial for murder because he made a speech in free America.

Scarlett—Sam Scarlett, a clean young lad with a pleasant Scotch glint in his eyes, has a record of daring enthusiasm on the athletics field which he trans-

ferred to the I. W. W. five years ago. Born in Kilmarnock, Scotland, of famous fighting blood, he came to Canada in 1903. A machinist by trade, he loved the sport of football, captaining the World's Champion Soccer Team at the St. Louis fair as well as the champion teams of Colorado and Utah. Graduating from craft unionism in the Harriman shopmen strike, he joined the ONE BIG UNION and has since devoted all his old sporting spirit to the struggle of the classes. He too is charged with murder because he made a speech.

Of the Montenegrin strikers, Orlandich, Nickich and Cernogorovich, Masonovich and his wife Malitza, there can only be told the same story of their humble lives of toil. Born in that little nation called "The eagle's nest of Europe," where women go to battle with the men against the invading Turk, they were all poor peasant laborers until lured to the industrial hells of Carnegie and Morgan by lying posters put up in old-country towns. Robbed and denied opportunity, they are examples of that great class who do the

hardest and most necessary work of the world, who eat the crusts of slaves and go unsung to paupers' graves. Let us honor these brave, simple people who sprang to the defense of a working-class woman struck down by a Steel Trust gunman.

O. N. Hilton, the "Little Judge," who never lost a case for the W. F. of M., together with Arthur LeSueur of the Peoples' College, lead the counsel for the accused. Hilton has taken sides with labor in many a legal battle. He was consulted in the Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone trials, at Lawrence and at Paterson. For five weeks he was in charge of the McNamara cases until supplanted by Darrow; besides these, he successfully defended Steve Adams in Colorado and the 350 defendants at Calumet. He is now disbarred from Utah because he told the supreme court of that state what he thought of its denial to Joe Hillstrom of a fair and impartial trial. Besides LeSueur, Hilton was assisted by Leon Whitsell of California, Victor Power of Hibbing and John Keyes of Duluth.

From Butte, Mont.—The Workingmen's Union of Butte, Mont., sends in their check for \$60, renewing their standing bundle order for THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW during 1917. The union has subscribed regularly for 100 copies of the REVIEW since 1912. The members appreciate the REVIEW and recognize the necessity of carrying on a militant educational campaign all the time. Comrade George Curry visited our office during the past month.

Going to Have a Library—The comrades of Local Vineland, New Jersey, are going to begin real educational work by taking advantage of our offer of a thirty-volume library. They will own their library in common. A comrade is building a bookcase. Education is the rock on which we must build, otherwise we will continue to float around up in the air at the mercy of every reform wind that happens to be blowing.

to be confiscated for food. There were not many horses left, for tens of thousands of them had been turned loose into the country when the hay and grain gave out during the first days. Birdall, I remember, who had great draying interests, had turned loose three hundred dray horses. At an average value of five hundred dollars this had amounted to \$150,000. He had hoped, at first, to recover most of the horses after the strike was over, but in the end he never recovered one of them. They were all eaten by the people that fled from San Francisco. For that matter, the killing of the army mules and horses for food had already begun.

Fortunately for Dakon, he had had a plentiful supply of hay and grain stored in his stable. We managed to raise four saddles, and we found the animals in good condition and spirited, withal unused to being ridden. I remembered the San Francisco of the Great Earthquake as we rode through the streets, but this San Francisco was vastly more pitiable. No cataclysm of nature had caused this, but rather the tyranny of the labor unions. We rode down past Union Square and through the theatre, hotel and shopping districts. The streets were deserted. Here and there stood automobiles, abandoned where they had broken down or when the gasoline had given out. There was no sign of life, save for the occasional policeman and the soldiers, guarding the banks and public buildings. Once we came upon an I. L. W. man pasting up the latest proclamation. We stopped to read. "We have maintained an orderly strike," it ran; "and we shall maintain order to the end. The end will come when our demands are satisfied, and our demands will be satisfied when we have starved our employers into submission, as we ourselves in the past have often been starved into submission."

"Messner's very words," Collins said. "And I, for one, am ready to submit, only they won't give me a chance to submit. I haven't had a full meal in an age. I wonder what horse-meat tastes like."

We stopped to read another proclamation: "When we think our employers are ready to submit, we shall open up the telegraphs and place the employers' associations of the United States in communication. But only messages relating to peace terms shall be permitted over the wires."

We rode on, crossed Market street, and a little later were passing through the working class districts. Here the streets were not deserted. Leaning over gates or standing in groups, were the I. L. W. men. Happy, well-fed children were playing games, and stout housewives sat on the front steps gossiping. One and all cast amused glances at us. Little children ran after us, crying: "Hey, mister, ain't you hungry?" And one woman, a nursing child at her breast, called to Dakon. "Say, Fatty, I will give you a meal for your skate—ham and potatoes, currant jelly, white bread, canned butter, and two cups of coffee."

"Have you noticed, the last few days," Hanover remarked to me, "that there's not been a stray dog in the streets?"

I had noticed, but I had not thought about it before. It was high time to leave the unfortunate city. We at last managed to connect with the San Bruno Road, along which we headed south. I had a country place near Menlo, and it was our objective. But soon we began to discover that the country was worse off and far more dangerous than the city. There, the soldiers and the I. L. W. kept order; but the country had been turned over to anarchy. Two hundred thousand people had fled south from San Francisco, and we had countless evidences that their flight had been like that of an army of locusts. They had swept everything clean. There had been robbery and fighting. Here and there we passed bodies by the roadside and saw the blackened ruins of farmhouses. The fences were down, and the crops had been trampled by the feet of a multitude. All the vegetable patches had been rooted up by the famished hordes. All the chickens and farm animals had been slaughtered. This was true of all the main roads that led out of San Francisco. Here and there, away from the roads, farmers had held their own with shotguns and revolvers, and were still holding their own. They warned us away and refused to parley with us. And all the destruction and violence had been done by the slum-dwellers and the upper classes. The I. L. W. men, with plentiful food supplies, remained quietly in their homes in the cities.

Early in the ride we received concrete proof of how desperate was the situation. To the right of us we heard cries and rifle shots. Bullets whistled dangerously near. There was a crashing in the underbrush;

then a magnificent black truck-horse broke across the road in front of us and was gone. We had barely time to notice that he was bleeding and lame. He was followed by three soldiers. The chase went on amongst the trees on the left. We could hear the soldiers calling to one another. A fourth soldier limped out upon the road from the right, sat down on a boulder, and mopped the sweat from his face.

"Militia," Dakon whispered. "Deserters."

The man grinned up at us and asked for a match. In reply to Dakon's "What's the word?" he informed us that the militiamen were deserting. "No grub," he explained. "They're feedin' it all to the regulars." We also learned from him that the military prisoners had been released from Alcatraz Island because they could no longer be fed.

I shall never forget the next sight we encountered. We came upon it abruptly, around a turn of the road. Overhead arched the trees. The sunshine was filtering down through the branches. Butterflies were fluttering by, and from the fields came the song of larks. And there it stood, a powerful touring car. About it and in it lay a number of corpses. It told its own tale. Its occupants, fleeing from the city, had been attacked and dragged down by a gang of slum-dwellers—hoodlums. The thing had occurred within twenty-four hours. Freshly opened meat and fruit tins explained the reason for the attack. Dakon examined the bodies.

"I thought so," he reported. "I've ridden in that car. It was Perriton—the whole family. We've got to watch out for ourselves from now on."

"But we have no food with which to invite attack," I objected.

Dakon pointed to the horse I rode, and I understood.

Early in the day Dakon's horse had cast a shoe. The delicate hoof had split, and by noon the animal was limping. Dakon refused to ride it further, and refused to desert it. So, on his solicitation, we went on. He would lead the horse and join us at my place. That was the last we saw of him; nor did we ever learn his end.

By one o'clock we arrived at the town of Menlo, or rather at the site of Menlo, for it was in ruins. Corpses lay everywhere. The business part of the town, as well as part of the residences, had been gutted by fire. Here and there a residence still held

out; but there was no getting near them. When we approached too closely we were fired upon. We met a woman who was poking about in the smoking ruins of her cottage. The first attack, she told us, had been on the stores, and as she talked we could picture that raging, roaring, hungry mob flinging itself on the handful of townspeople. Millionaires and paupers had fought side by side for the food, and then fought with one another after they got it. The town of Palo Alto and Stanford University had been sacked in similar fashion, we learned. Ahead of us lay a desolate, wasted land; and we thought we were wise in turning off to my place. It lay three miles to the west, snuggling among the first rolling swells of the foothills.

But as we rode along we saw that the devastation was not confined to the main roads. The van of the flight had kept to the roads, sacking the small towns as it went; while those that followed had scattered out and swept the whole countryside like a great broom. My place was built of concrete, masonry, and tiles, and so had escaped being burned, but it was gutted clean. We found the gardener's body in the windmill, littered around with empty shotgun shells. He had put up a good fight. But no trace could be found of the two Italian laborers, nor of the housekeeper and her husband. Not a live thing remained. The calves, the colts, all the fancy poultry and thoroughbred stock, everything, was gone. The kitchen and the fireplace, where the mob had cooked, were a mess, while many campfires outside bore witness to the large number that had fed and spent the night. What they had not eaten they had carried away. There was not a bite for us.

We spent the rest of the night vainly waiting for Dakon, and in the morning, with our revolvers, fought off half a dozen marauders. Then we killed one of Dakon's horses, hiding for the future what meat we did not immediately eat. In the afternoon Collins went out for a walk, but failed to return. This was the last straw to Hanover. He was for flight there and then, and I had great difficulty in persuading him to wait for daylight. As for myself, I was convinced that the end of the general strike was near, and I was resolved to return to San Francisco. So, in the morning we parted company, Hanover heading south, fifty pounds of horse meat strapped to his

saddle, while I, similarly loaded, headed north. Little Hanover pulled through all right, and to the end of his life he will persist, I know, in boring everybody with the narrative of his subsequent adventures.

I got as far as Belmont, on the main road back, when I was robbed of my horse-meat by three militiamen. There was no change in the situation, they said, except that it was going from bad to worse. The I. L. W. had plenty of provisions hidden away and could last out for months. I managed to get as far as Baden, when my horse was taken away from me by a dozen men. Two of them were San Francisco policemen, and the remainder were regular soldiers. This was ominous. The situation was certainly extreme when the regulars were beginning to desert. When I continued my way on foot, they already had the fire started, and the last of Dakon's horses lay slaughtered on the ground.

As luck would have it, I sprained my ankle, and succeeded in getting no further than South San Francisco. I lay there that night in an outhouse, shivering with the cold and at the same time burning with fever. Two days I lay there, too sick to move, and on the third, reeling and giddy, supporting myself on an extemporized crutch, I tottered on toward San Francisco. I was weak as well, for it was the third day since food had passed my lips. It was a day of nightmare and torment. As in a dream I passed hundreds of regular soldiers drifting along in the opposite direction, and many policemen, with their families, organized in large groups for mutual protection.

As I entered the city I remembered the workman's house at which I had traded the silver pitcher, and in that direction my hunger drove me. Twilight was falling when I came to the place. I passed around by the alleyway and crawled up the back steps, on which I collapsed. I managed to reach out with the crutch and knock at the door.

Then I must have fainted, for I came to in the kitchen, my face wet with water and whisky being poured down my throat. I choked and spluttered and tried to talk; I began by saying something about not having any more silver pitchers, but that I would make it up to them afterward if they would only give me something to eat. But the housewife interrupted me.

"Why, you poor man!" she said. "Haven't you heard? The strike was called off this afternoon. Of course we'll give you something to eat."

She hustled around, opening a tin of breakfast bacon and preparing to fry it.

"Let me have some now, please," I begged; and I ate the raw bacon on a slice of bread, while her husband explained that the demands of the I. L. W. had been granted. The wires had been opened up in the early afternoon, and everywhere the employers' association had given in. There hadn't been any employers left in San Francisco, but General Folsom had spoken for them. The trains and steamers would start running in the morning, and so would everything else just as soon as system could be established.

And that was the end of the general strike. I never want to see another one. It was worse than a war. A general strike is a cruel and immoral thing, and the brain of man should be capable of running industry in a more rational way. Harrison is still my chauffeur. It was part of the conditions of the I. L. W. that all of its members should be reinstated in their old positions. Brown never came back, but the rest of the servants are with me. I hadn't the heart to discharge them—poor creatures, they were pretty hard pressed when they deserted with the food and silver. And now I can't discharge them. They have all been unionized by the I. L. W. The tyranny of organized labor is getting beyond human endurance. **Something must be done.**

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Yours sincerely,

H. D. BANKS.



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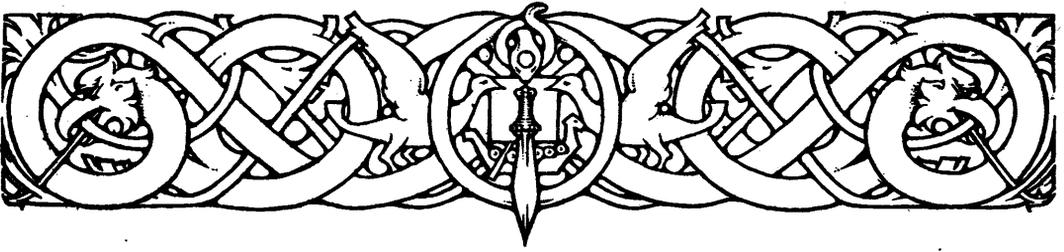
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City

R. F. D. State



The above is **C. E. Brooks**, inventor of the **Appliance**, who cured himself and who is now giving others the benefit of his experience — If ruptured, write him today, at **Marshall, Mich.**



INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

Karl Liebknecht's Defence. When Karl Liebknecht was on trial he sent two letters to the military court. His hope was that they would be presented to the Reichstag and so published to all Germany. In this he was disappointed. Everything was done to suppress them. They were read to a parliamentary commission, but got no further. The commission reported adversely to Liebknecht and on its recommendation the Reichstag decided not to protect its distinguished member. But the letters were carefully concealed. Of course Liebknecht was not unprepared for this result. He had preserved copies and finally managed to smuggle these out of prison. On November 23 copies of both documents reached the New York *Volkszeitung* and were published.

The first letter is a denunciation of Germany's part in the war. It refers in detail to facts and documents which prove that Germany is not waging a war of defense. It explains with painstaking care that the author's course of action is in accord with the declared program of the Social Democratic party and that an increasing part of the population is coming to agree with him in his stand. This first letter is heroically simple and clear.

But the second letter is a masterpiece of Socialist exposition. Evidently Liebknecht was fearful lest someone think he had a special complaint to make against the German government rather than against the capitalist-imperialist system. For the first letter said nothing about other governments. So the second letter was written to explain that he was not led to oppose the German government out of treasonable devotion to some other one. Here is this document:

"In connection with the criminal case against me I remark further:

"1. High treason is the veriest nonsense for an international Socialist. He knows of no hostile power which he could even think of 'aiding and abetting.' He is just as much a revolutionist against every foreign capitalist government as against his own. Not 'to aid and abet an enemy power,' but 'to damage all imperialistic powers in international co-operation with the Socialists of other countries' is the quintessence of his endeavors.

"He fights in the name of the international proletariat against international capitalism. He attacks it where he finds it and can effectively strike it; that is, in his own country. In his own country, in the name of the international proletariat, he fights his own government and his own ruling classes as the representatives of international capitalism.

"In this logical manner, through the national class-struggle against war, the international class-struggle against war becomes a reality.

"This is the sense of the words of Juarés that were chosen as the motto of my pamphlet, *The Class-Struggle Against War*, which appeared at the end of March, 1915.

"2. If the German Socialists, for example, were to fight the English government, and the English Socialists were to fight the German government, this would be a farce, or worse. He who fails to attack the enemy, imperialism, in its representatives with whom he stands face to face, but attacks it in the persons of those who are far away from him, and does so with the approbation and assistance of his own government (that is, the only representatives of

imperialism that are directly before him), is no Socialist, but a wretched tool of the ruling-classes. Such a policy is the promotion of the war. It is not the class-struggle, but the very opposite.

"Certainly the international Socialist, and he alone, because he is carrying on the class-struggle against his own government, has the right also to attack the foreign governments. But in all countries, including Germany, there is sufficient energy, unscrupulousness and demagogy for that purpose, so the Socialist must devote his entire strength to the attack upon his own government, so as to minimize the confusion.

"Therefore, I am not concerned here with the sins of others, but with those of the German government; indeed it is my duty to try to protect the foreign governments against unjust charges, because lies should never be spared, and because under the present circumstances lies serve better than ever the reprehensible purpose of inciting the nations against one another and of stirring up war hatreds.

"Whenever the occasion offered I attacked the foreign governments face to face in their own lands. I even did in Germany whenever I thought that doing so would serve a useful purpose or when I was at the same time attacking the German government. I shall never do so when I would thus be aiding and abetting the incitation to war.

"Because of my fight against Czarism and the Czar-like policy of the German government, I was hounded for years by the German authorities. Because of that just before the outbreak of the war, and contrary to all parliamentary traditions, I was handed over to the Court of Honor of the Bar Association by a Prussian Chamber of Deputies that was filled with hatred and indignation; during the war, in November, 1914, the proceedings against me were closed with a verdict of guilty. I shall hand over to you the material which will show how I regard attacks upon enemy governments under the present circumstances.

"3. It is inherent in the very nature of the conscious international struggle for the Socialist to look upon the co-operation of Socialists in all countries as a whole, for him consciously to do his part in his own land in this division of labor for a common cause, for him consciously to recognize his struggle and that of Socialists in other countries as functions that mutually com-

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The People's College takes pleasure in announcing a correspondence course in American History, written and conducted by A. M. Simons. There is no other man in the labor movement so well fitted to prepare and conduct such a course. "Social Forces in American History," by A. M. Simons, has sold through the sixth edition and is recognized as a classic. Simons worked for ten years on his "Social Forces." This course contains the sum of this ten years' work and the years since "Social Forces" was written.

Simons says: "This course is the equal of any introductory course in American History furnished by any American university. Moreover, the lectures will discuss many things which no university professor touches. These are the class struggles and the movements of labor. I want to make this course something exceptionally fine and am putting everything I have into these lessons."

This is something you cannot afford to miss. The labor movement of the United States faces today a tremendous crisis. You cannot take an intelligent part in the struggle unless you understand the evolution and operation of the forces that have made history in the past and are making history today. Be an intelligent and understanding rebel. Do some systematic reading under the direction of an expert. Send for catalog of this course today.

BRIEF OUTLINE OF COURSE

- 1—Why and how we study history. 2—European background of American History. 3—What Europeans found here. 4—Colonial conditions. 5—First stages of a new society. 6—Causes of the Revolution. 7—Formation of the union. 8—Rule of commercial and financial classes. 9—Rule of plantation interests. 10—The frontier and American History. 11—War of 1812, cause and effects. 12—Industrial revolution. 13—Struggle between wage and chattel slave owners. 14—Civil War. 15—Reconstruction in the South. 16—Growth of the great industries. 17—Beginning of the modern labor movement. 18—Concentration of industry. 19—Modern trade union movement. 20—Agrarian revolt. 21—Organization of capital for class struggle. 22—Summary and conclusion.

The People's College, Fort Scott, Kan. Dept. 1: Send me catalog of your course in American History by A. H. Simons.

Name.....
Address.....

plement each other; and thus he also consciously takes up the struggle against the other governments.

"To emphasize this international point of view against the enemy in his own land might appear as a motive for excuse, for uncertainty, for hesitation, and thus weaken the class-struggle. If this point of view must be expressed, it *should* be only for the purpose of making propaganda among those who may be won for the international Socialist policy against war and in order to make those who are promoting this policy understand what they are doing.

"In this sense and in this manner the social revolution of the working-class meets capitalism's war."

(Signed) KARL LIEBKNECHT.

Berlin, May 8, 1916.

It is little wonder that a man making such a statement was found guilty. In fact, he is guilty of the highest crime in the categories, the crime of pitting genius against wrong. That one sentence of his should be enough to hang any man: "In his own country, in the name of the international proletariat, the Socialist fights his own government and his own classes as the representatives of international capitalism."

Executive Committee of International Bureau. Emile Vandervelde, Belgian Minister of Munitions and chairman of the International Socialist Bureau, called together the latter body at The Hague on December 8 and 9. Two Germans attended, Phillip Scheidemann and Friedrich Ebert. Thus far we have had to depend upon cablegrams for news of the meeting. It appears to have been called to protest against the deportation of Belgians. It seems unbelievable that such a body should limit itself to the discussion of the rules of war. Let us hope that something was said about the working-class and the possibility of its reuniting. The fact that the German government allowed two Majority Socialists to attend arouses one's suspicions. Were the Germans as partisan and selfish in their purposes as Minister of Munitions Vandervelde seems to have been?

The Ancient Lowly

A History of the Ancient Working People from the Earliest Known Period to the Adoption of Christianity by Constantine

By C. OSBORNE WARD

Nearly all the ancient histories in the libraries are the histories of kings and their wars. The ancient historians despised the people who did useful work; their praise and their attention were reserved for the soldiers. The real story of the working people of Egypt and India, of Greece and of the Roman Empire was lost or buried out of sight.

It was the life work of C. Osborne Ward to dig up and reconstruct the true story of the working people of the ancient world. Not content with studying thousands of ancient volumes and manuscripts, he journeyed hundreds of miles on foot around the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, deciphering and translating inscriptions telling parts of the forgotten story of the ancient workers. The results of his research are summed up in two large volumes over 1400 pages.

Partial Contents of Volume I

The "Taint of Labor," ancient slaves and wage-workers alike despised.
Ancient religion and politics identical; the gods were the ancestors of the rulers.
Right of the Patriarch to enslave, sell, torture and kill his children.
Spartans used slaves as soldiers and murdered them at the end of the war.
A strike of 20,000 miners that destroyed the empire of Athens.
Crucifixion the penalty for strikers at Rome.
Revolt of 200,000 slaves in Sicily.
Revolt of Roman slaves led by Spartacus and successful for years.
Rome's organized working men and working women.
History of Labor Unions at Rome preserved in ancient inscriptions.
ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF THE RED FLAG.

Partial Contents of Volume II

How the Roman State deceived and destroyed the labor unions.
Strikes of the Hebrew and other slaves in ancient Egypt.
A vast system of secret trade unions throughout the ancient world.
Brotherhoods of workers in India.
Jewish and non-Jewish labor unions just before Christian era.
Christianity first propagated almost entirely within the unions.
Massacre of Christian wage-workers by the Emperor Diocletian and capture of the church organization by the Roman state under Constantine.

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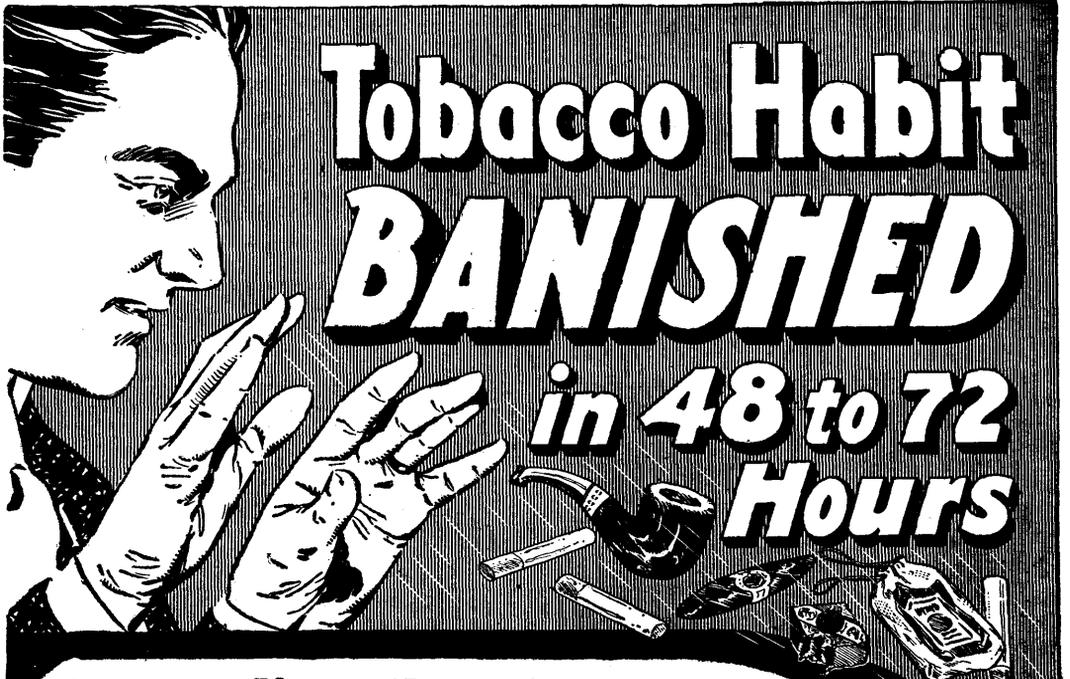
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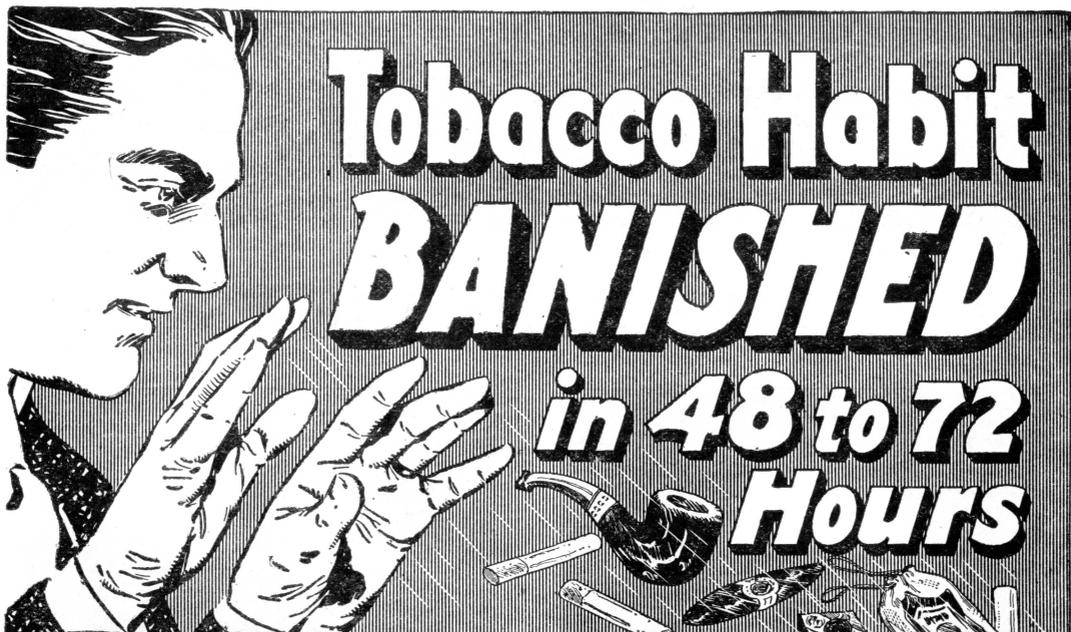
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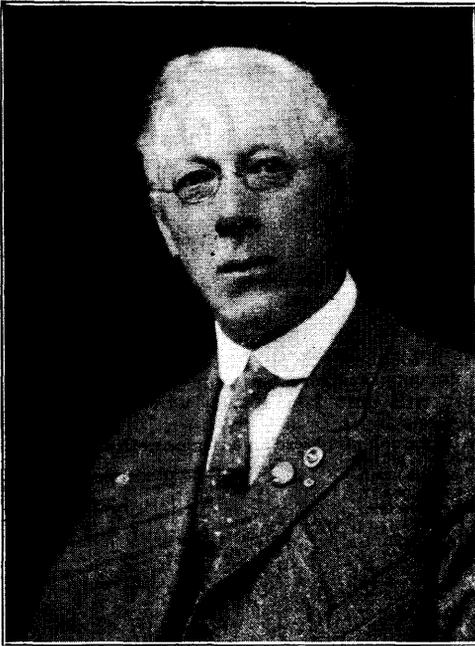
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COMMODORE THEODORE LOCKWOOD,
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This is the remarkable record of Comrade Theodore Lockwood, of Cleveland, Ohio, who is sixty-four years old this month.

Over ten years ago Comrade Lockwood, a machinist by trade, found himself blacklisted by the employers of Cleveland. He had been too active in the Socialist and Labor movement. Whenever he took a job his first effort was to induce his fellow workers to organize. For fifteen years he worked for the Standard Oil Company and the time came when the employing class tagged him as "dangerous" and "undesirable." Besides, he had lost several fingers from each hand in the unguarded machinery at which he was compelled to work, and this added to his difficulty in securing other employment.



HIS HANDS

Comrade Robert Bandlow, one of the best loved comrades who ever carried a red card in the State of Ohio, came to his assistance. He suggested that he secure a stock of literature and devote his time to the work of enlightening other workers. Lockwood was without funds and Bandlow loaned him \$10.00. The money was returned in three days, and since that time, ten years ago, he has kept steadily at work. From that day to this he never leaves his home without his pack of books and papers.

He worked out routes thruout the city and covers them once a month. On this day it is a railroad yard to be visited, and on the next probably he will be found handing his literature thru the pickets of a high fence surrounding a steel mill. He has worked up a big trade among the office workers down town in the big buildings.

Union meetings are not neglected and many of the men that are now active in the revolutionary movement, secured their first knowledge of Socialism and industrial unionism from this untiring comrade.

Thru the co-operation of Local Cleveland, Comrade Lockwood has a stand at all of the party meetings, which adds to his sales, altho, even the hardest kind of work brings him only a scanty income. Comrade Lockwood keeps at his work tirelessly and undiscouraged, altho, many a day he has gone without a square meal,



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and second hand clothing has been his "Sunday best." He despises charity and has turned down repeated offers of financial assistance from the comrades.

When he lands a steady customer he never lets up on him until he secures the name of a near friend who might be interested. This works like an endless chain. Now and then, he is barred out by the boss, but he has long since solved the problem of how to reach the worker in spite of opposition.

Comrade Lockwood has handled from 200 to 700 copies of the *International Socialist Review* every month during the past ten years. Or, an average of over 5,000 copies a year.

He has sold as many as 700 Socialist papers in one day on the public square, and has handled thousands of pamphlets and books. A conservative estimate covering the 10 years would be around 360,000 pieces of Socialist literature sold.

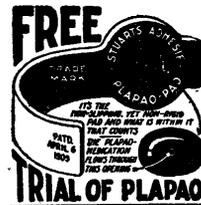
If you should ask our comrade how to become successful in this work, he would tell you as follows: First of all one must be posted and able to read character; know the literature you are selling and something interesting about the author; never lose your head in an argument; be patient and reason with your prospective customer, and finally, make your route on schedule time.

When the capitalists of Cleveland blacklisted our comrade they forced him into work thru which more Cleveland workers have been started toward the movement which makes them enemies forever of the system which has the power to blacklist, than thru any other single cause. More power to you, Comrade Lockwood, and on with the revolution!

Comrade Katayama and his charming little daughter, Ya See, stopped off in Chicago and spent an evening with the office force of the *Review*. Comrade Katayama and his daughter were on their way to visit Comrade and Mrs. S. J. Rutgers in New York. We are hoping that the little Japanese paper, of which Comrade Katayama is editor and publisher, will take on a new lease of life in the East. We see in the last issue of the *Heimin* that the *New Society*, a monthly Socialist paper published by Comrade Sakai, in Japan, has been suppressed by the government. But we understand it will be able to come out next month. Ever since its inauguration one out of every three issues has been suppressed. Comrade Katayama says in the *Heimin*: "Comrades in Japan have been oppressed by the government, yet with renewed courage they have kept on, their hopes and enthusiasm for ultimate victory never faltering. Those who were in prison studied some foreign language in order to study Socialism abroad first hand." The brave group of Japanese comrades is steadily increasing, and the writings of Socialists are making themselves felt all over the Japanese empire.

A New Japanese Stockholder—Comrade Nonomura of Japan sent in a remittance for a large order of books and a share of stock in the greatest American Socialist publishing company. This means more real socialist education in Japan.

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—THE—

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This is the most important of the works of J. Howard Moore, author of our recent books, "The Law of Biogenesis" (50c) and "Savage Survivals" (\$1.00). "The Universal Kinship" has been out of print some years; we have now in response to persistent demands issued a new and very attractive edition. The book includes the following chapters:

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The Earth an Evolution.
The Factors of Organic Evolution.
The Evidences of Organic Evolution.
The Genealogy of Animals.
Conclusion.

The Psychical Kinship

The Conflict of Science and Tradition.
Evidences of Psychical Evolution.
The Common-Sense View.
The Elements of Human and Non-Human
Mind Compared.
Conclusion.

The Ethical Kinship

Human Nature a Product of the Jungle.
Egoism and Altruism.
The Ethics of the Savage.
The Ethics of the Ancient.
Modern Ethics.
The Ethics of Human Beings Toward
Non-Human Beings.
The Origin of Provincialism.
Universal Ethics.
The Psychology of Altruism.
Anthropocentric Ethics.
Ethical Implications of Evolution.
Conclusion.

Mark Twain, the greatest of American writers, said in a letter written shortly before his death: "The Universal Kinship has furnished me several days of deep pleasure and satisfaction. It has compelled my gratitude, at the same time, since it saves me the labor of stating my own long-cherished opinions, reflections and resentments by doing it lucidly and fervently for me."

Jack London says: "I do not know of any book dealing with evolution that I have read with such keen interest. Mr. Moore has a broad grasp and shows masterly knowledge of the subject. . . . And then there is his style . . . He uses always the right word."

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Socialists, Attention!—The Agitation Committee of Lettish Branch Socialist Party of Cook County, upon receiving the December issue of THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW, and reading the articles, "The Left Wing—An Actual Beginning," by J. C. Rutgers, and also editorial, "Mass Action," decided to endorse and support in all possible ways the stand taken by THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW on this question, as explained in aforementioned articles. Furthermore, we inform all the Left Wing comrades and Socialist Propaganda League sympathizers that the Lettish Branch, at its regular business meeting Sunday, November 19th, decided to join the Propaganda League as a body, to build up the League and further its demands. We invite all the comrades in Chicago and vicinity to communicate with us in this matter; we will give all help possible to the propaganda of international socialism and mass action. Yours for the workers' world, A. Neifert, Secy. Agit. Committee, Lettish Branch S. P.

Aurora, Ill.—THE REVIEW is truly the magazine for the working class. I would like to subscribe for THE REVIEW, but I advertise it more by buying it at the different newsstands.—H. L. D.

Rock Island Reds Get Busy—Comrade Edgar Owens, organizer for local Rock Island, Ill., fires in an order for 600 yearly subscription cards "in a hurry," and writes, "At our meeting last night it was decided to get busy on THE REVIEW auto offer. We will be the proud possessors of a Ford within sixty days, and you watch our smoke next spring and summer, and after we get this whole county organized we will turn our attention to surrounding counties."

"According to official election returns Rock Island county is second to Cook county, and according to population our vote was the best in the state. Give us the benefit of 600 subscribers to THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW for a year and we will show results that will make them all sit up and take notice."

Go to it, Rock Island Reds! We know you will make good, as we have heard of some of the big stunts you have pulled off in the past.

From Local Socialist Party, Ottumwa, Ia.—Dear comrades, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted by the Local (259) members and sent to the governor of Minnesota and also to the sheriff:

Whereas, Mrs. Phil Masonovitch, Phil Masonovitch, Joe Nikich, Joe Cernogrovich, John Orlandich, Joe Schmidt, Sam Scarlett, Carlo Tresca are held in Duluth, Minn., on a charge of murder. Whereas, their only crime consists of opposing the Steel Trust in an effort to better the conditions of the workers on the Mesaba Range. Resolved, that we protest against their unjust imprisonment and demand a fair and impartial trial that they may be free to return to their families and loved ones as they justly deserve.—F. B. Leighton, secretary.

In Memoriam—The Socialist Local of Haverhill, Mass., has lost one of its most active workers in the death of Comrade Nora G. Smith. Though not enjoying the best of

health, Comrade Smith was an enthusiastic worker, one of those women who saw the wider motherhood that will come when society is based on fraternity and the common weal.

She had great faith in the ultimate victory of the working class and before her death gave a striking example of her faith and devotion. She was not wealthy, being one of the working class and having to participate in the struggle for bread. Imagine, then, the emotion of her surviving comrades when her husband, Comrade James C. Smith, also a member of the local, presented to the Haverhill Central Socialist Club a check for one hundred dollars (\$100) as a legacy from his late wife, to be used for the benefit of the movement! Such a gift, under such circumstances, and for such a purpose, testifies to a devotion so utterly consecrated that words fail to express the mingled feelings of love, respect and gratitude that possess her comrades.

Local Haverhill believes that the comrades in other states should share with its members the knowledge of this gift and the giver, and would commend the action of Comrade Nora G. Smith to the consideration of other comrades who may want to serve the movement in this way just before passing to the Great Beyond. Comrade Smith's contribution was made with no desire for publicity, but Local Haverhill is reporting it for the inspiration it may give to others, and also that it may induce others to follow her noble example.

Socialist papers and magazines publishing this statement please send sample copy containing to undersigned.—M. J. Donahoe, Sec. C. S. C.

Kansas City Protest Meeting—On Sunday, November 26, Frank P. Walsh spoke on labor violence to a large audience of workers, and a collection of \$150 was taken up. Local No. 400, I. W. W., had a big bundle of REVIEWS at the meeting, and the secretary writes they are sorry they did not have more, and adds: "Please send fifty by return express, as they are selling fine."

Oklahoma to the Front—Altho Oklahoma did not go entirely for Socialism, that state has a lot to be proud of. We want to congratulate our friends, Comrades Crain, Ryan, Cavins, Coomer and Spencer, on the new Socialist paper they are publishing, called *The Worker*. It is straight Socialism from the first to the last page—scientific Socialism and no trimming. Comrade Clifford S. Crain, editor, declared in an editorial just after election that the Socialists failed to make a big showing in Oklahoma because the politicians tried "political trading." If this is the case, we hope the scientific Socialists will take hold next time and give the people down there a taste of the real thing. We know *The Worker* is going to do it. If every state had a paper like *The Worker* it would soon be cleared up and the number of real Socialists be greatly increased.

From New Zealand—In spite of the war, conscription censors, our Revolutionary Socialist comrades from far away New Zealand still put out sound Socialist literature. In a letter dated October 29, enclosing a five-pound book order, a comrade writes: "We feel somewhat cut off from America lately, as the papers and magazines have not been coming to hand, as you no doubt have been officially informed the REVIEW is not allowed to land on our island. It is considered 'injurious to the public interest in respect to the war.' We have a few government appointed individuals who have the power to intercept our reading matter and to sort out what, in their little minds, is not good for our morals. We have got a measure of conscription on the law books of New Zealand, but so far it has not been enforced.

"While present unsatisfactory conditions seem to stiffen up the old rebels and to make a few others militant, I am afraid that, when the after-effects of the war are felt, we will have a tremendous task in front of us to keep the rank and file militant. They seem to have an unholy fear of the rules called law made for their special subjection, and the amount of reading that can be pushed into the average of them cannot half undo the dope put in by the press.

"The I. W. W. in Australia have been making things merry.

"With best wishes to all the American comrades, I remain, your, _____"

From Erie, Pa.—"Be sure and start the REVIEW with the December issue, as I do not want to miss a copy. I enjoy the REVIEW and watch for its appearance each month. It is my favorite periodical. I certainly like the way it sticks to revolutionary principles in a clear-cut way. No reforms or sidetracking, but with its watchful eye ever on the goal of Socialism.

Wishing all the comrades connected with the good old REVIEW greetings of the season and hoping they will be able to weather the storm of the present crisis, I am, yours for the revolution, J. E."

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Library of Science for the Workers

To understand modern Socialism, you must understand Evolution. Socialists predict the speedy end of the capitalist system as a result of irresistible NATURAL LAWS, the workings of which have been studied for two generations since their discovery. Most of the books in which these laws are explained are too difficult to read and too expensive to buy, except for the leisure class. That is why we have used the slender capital subscribed in small sums by wage-workers to publish the most essential of the facts in simple language at low prices. The ten books here described will give you a clear understanding of the great process in which Socialism is the next step.

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From an Australian Comrade—At the present time excitement is beginning to settle after a few strenuous weeks previous to the taking of a referendum thruout the Commonwealth of Australia as to whether conscription will be foisted or not on this country. The whole force of capitalism has been arrayed against labor, which, as you know, has the ballot both for men and women over the age of 21. A capitalist and powerful press has used every means to cloud the real meaning of conscription, which is to crush out the industrial power and liberty for which labor has fought in Australia for sixty years. Labor newspaper offices have been raided by the military police and labor newspapers suppressed and severely censored. The labor prime minister, W. M. Hughes, has gone over to the side of the capitalists, and represented in this campaign international capitalist interests. The Labor Party have expelled him from the movement in New South Wales and the constituency he represented there voted thus: For conscription, 5,549. Against (No), 16,198. (Incomplete) "No" majority, 10,549. The whole situation is an object lesson for international labor, particularly the labor of the United States of America, and shows what a class conscious working class can do if well organized. But hundreds who voted for conscription were misled. The issue was not to send reinforcements of Australian soldiers to Europe so much as to impose militarism upon a free people. In other words, the free-from-militarism people of Australia were asked to impose that European curse upon themselves. The result so far (for returns are incomplete) has been an overwhelming rejection of the proposal.

Under a federal law passed some years ago, conscripting men up to 45 for "home defense in the event of invasion," single men between 21 and 35 years of age have been conscripted, and many are now in training in military camps. A great number failed to enlist and are now being rounded up by the police, arrested, and sent to camps for training.

The referendum was nominally for the purpose of giving the government of the Commonwealth power to conscript men for service abroad and, as I have said, at time of writing a big majority has turned down this scheme.

From Waverly, Ohio—"I have received the December number and, in the language of the street, it's a 'humdinger.' You may enter my subscription up to and including December, 1917."

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From England—"I take pleasure in enclosing two further subs. to THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW, as I appreciate very much the gallant fight you are waging in behalf of democracy, and am very pleased to assist with my little bit, tho small.

"With best fraternal greetings from Warrington comrades of the revolution, I am, A. E. S."

Socialist Agitators Meet—A meeting of the Socialist agitators and party workers of Oklahoma was held in Oklahoma City, November 19, 20, 21. The meeting, which was called for the purpose of discussing future plans and policies of the Socialist party of Oklahoma, was well attended.

The first day was taken up with a discussion of the subject, "Which Is Best: Revolutionary or Reform Tactics?" The discussion was opened with a twenty-minute talk by Comrade Stanley J. Clark, who was followed with five-minute talks by Comrades John Hagel, W. E. Reynolds, H. G. Milner, Dr. E. E. Sonnanstine, J. A. Holman, J. T. Cumbie and W. E. Chapman.

The second day was taken up with a discussion of the subject of "What Is Revolutionary and What Is Reform Tactics?"

The third day began with a discussion of the subject, "The Economic Position of the Farmer."

The committee which had been elected for the purpose of arranging a plan for the establishment of study clubs made its report, which was taken up and discussed at some length. The report was in part as follows:

"Be it resolved by this body: That it goes on record in favor of the study class idea; and be it further resolved, that it take some action in recommending a course of study and a method of fostering the establishment of these study classes and furnishing teachers for the same at any and all places possible to establish them.

Recommended Study Course

(1) Law of Value and Surplus Value. Books to use, "Shop Talks" and "Value Price and Profit."

(2) Economic Determinism. Books to use, "Communist Manifesto" and Puyallup's "Study Course in Scientific Socialism."

(3) The Class Struggle. Books as above.

(4) Sociology. Books, "Introduction to Sociology," by A. M. Lewis.

The committee suggested two plans of establishing these study courses. First, to attempt to get the study class idea adopted by the Socialist party of this state and, second, to organize a separate organization whose sole function shall be to organize study classes and aid in the development of work of an educational nature.

By motion of the meeting the second proposition was adopted, and a committee, consisting of W. E. Reynolds, L. D. Gillespie, P. S. Nagle, D. Cobb and E. H. H. Gates were elected to act as an executive board, to perfect the study course work.

The reason given for establishing this as a separate organization was that it was not the primary function of a political party or a trade union to educate, and that same can be more successfully done by an organization whose only purpose and sole function is educational work.

Cities or locals wishing to form study clubs may obtain full information by addressing W. E. Reynolds, Jennings, Okla.

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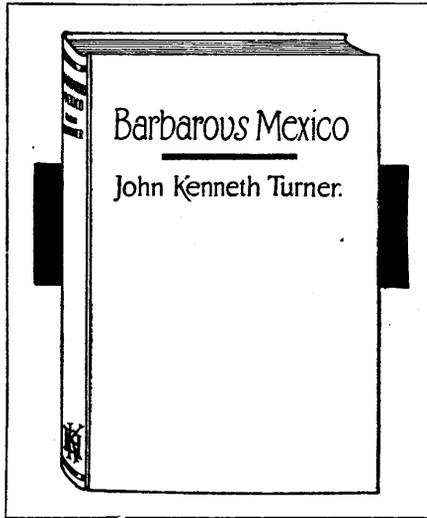
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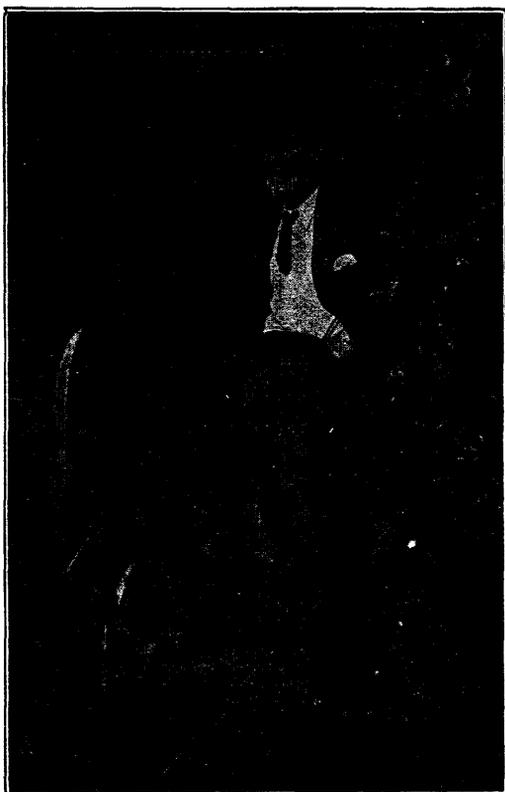
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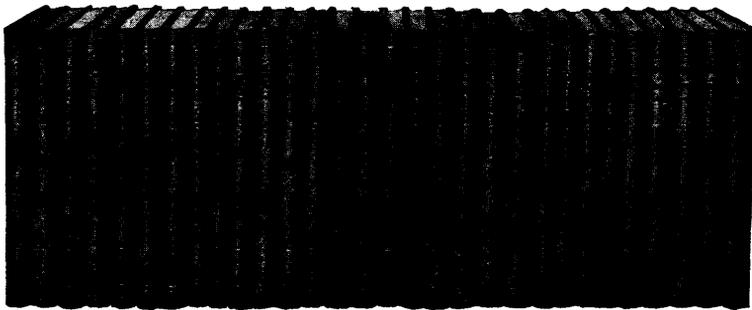
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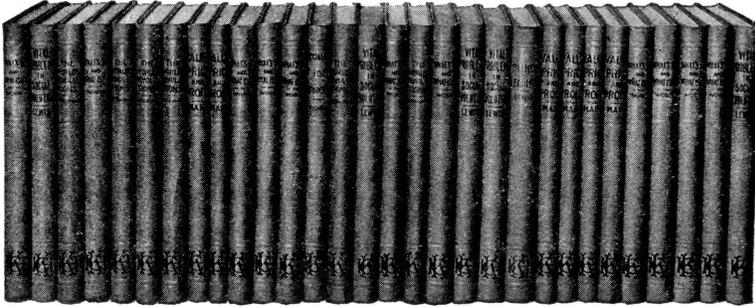
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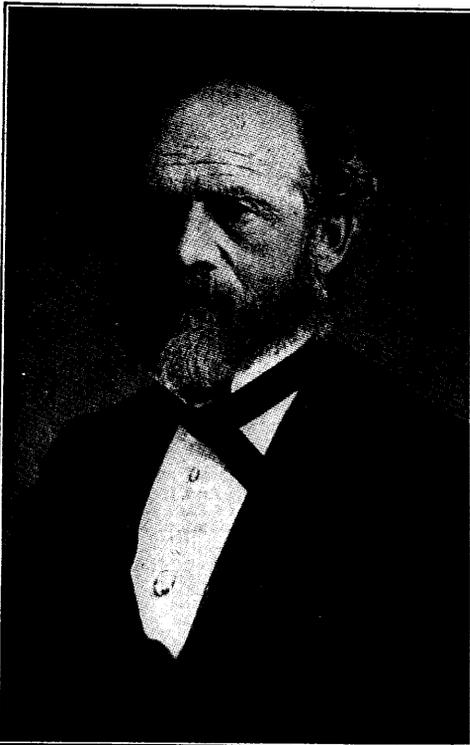
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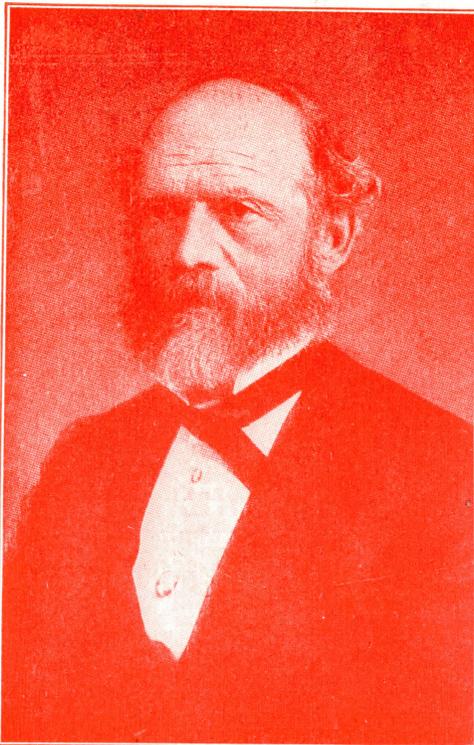
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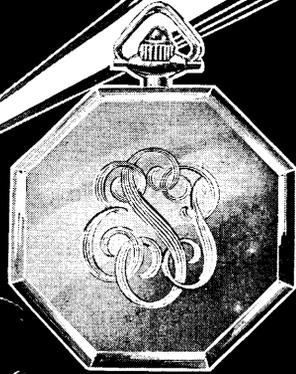
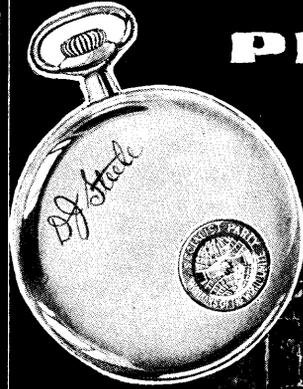
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