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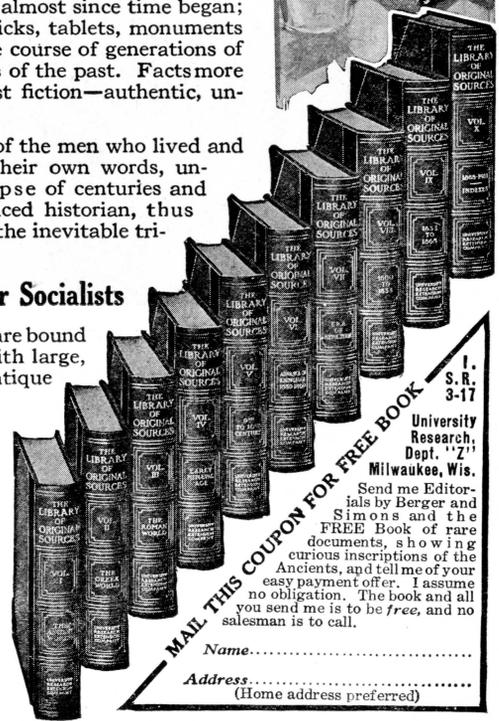
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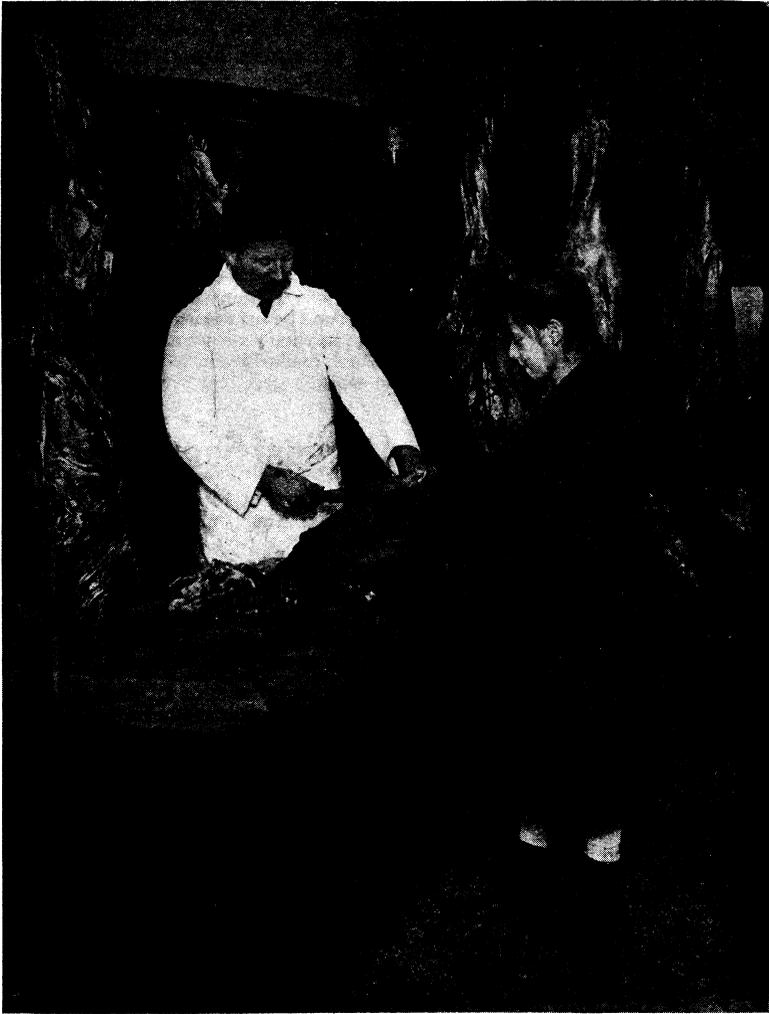
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AMERICA'S FIRST HORSE-MEAT MARKET

The sale of horse-flesh was quickly legalized as soon as food riots broke out in New York City, in which this shop is located at the corner of First avenue and 122nd street.

How long will it take to reduce the American worker to the food level of the European?

Not one of the patriotic metropolitan newspapers could use this photo. We wonder why?



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April

1917

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T A B L E O F C O N T E N T S

Food Riots in America..... <i>Leslie Marcy</i>	582
Illustrated	
Five Souls..... <i>W. N. Ewer</i>	588
Their Country.....	589
On the Breeding of Kings..... <i>Thomas Jefferson</i>	597
Present-Day China..... <i>Gardner L. Harding</i>	598
News From Alaska.....	601
Illustrated	
The 8-Hour Rail Drive..... <i>Jack Phillips</i>	603
Mass Action..... <i>Austin Lewis</i>	605
Keep Your Eyes on Everett.....	608
Letter from Karl Liebknecht..... <i>S. J. Rutgers</i>	610
Tom Mooney Sentenced to Death..... <i>Eugene V. Debs</i>	613
Ham-Stringing the Sugar Hogs..... <i>E. F. Doree</i>	615
The Deadly Parallel.....	618
The Russian Revolution.....	619
Marxian Economics..... <i>Mary E. Marcy</i>	621

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RIOTING FOR FOOD

The City Hall in New York City was surrounded by thousands of women from the tenement districts. Police reserves were rushed to the scene and many women and some men were severely handled. They asked for food and were handed clubs.

FOOD RIOTS

DID you ever notice how quickly public officials and the newspaper owners and big capitalists wake up when the working class resorts to any kind of *mass action*?

Day in and day out they may read articles or print statistics on crop failures, extraordinary food exports, corners on food products, the phenomenal overnight rise in prices, or the actual shortage of food in working-class districts with perfect serenity. They may even regard the fact that the children of the poor are starving with equanimity. But when the hungry workers arise and seize

and burn and destroy and loot, Their Honors, the Mayors, Boards of Trade, newspaper editors and estimable people generally grow alarmed and say that something must be done.

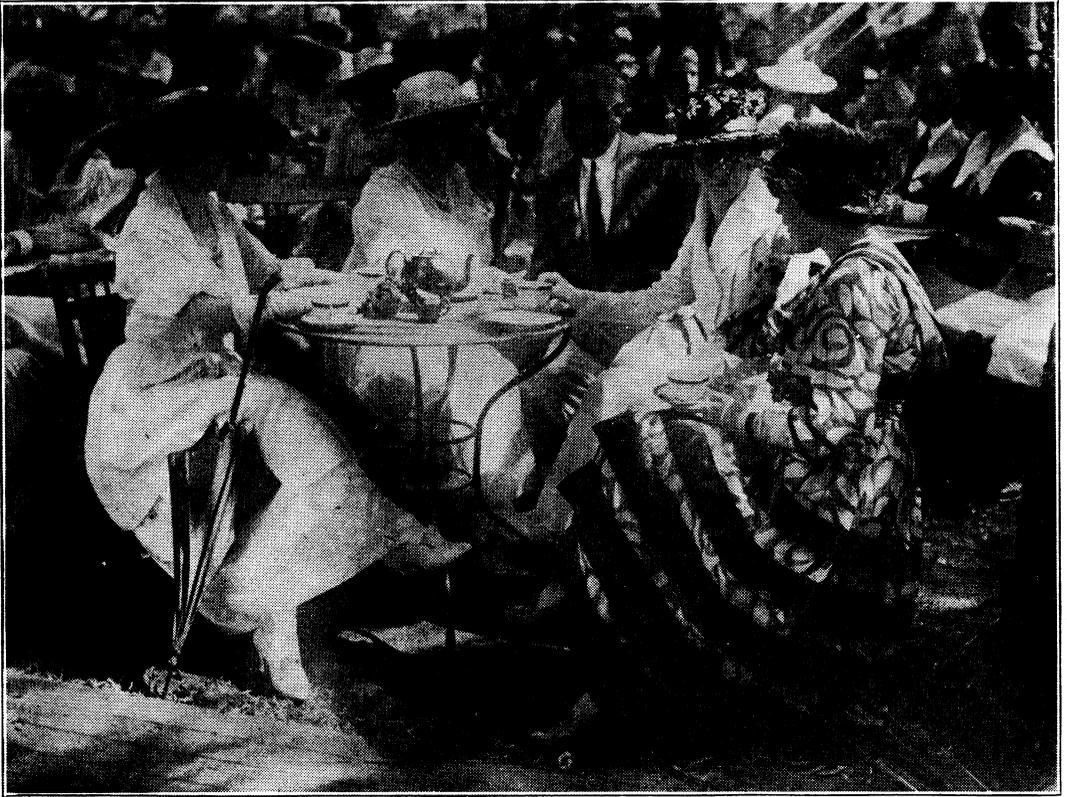
And be very sure that if these public demonstrations on the part of the working class continue and increase, something *is* done. During the past month "food riots" have aroused much disquiet everywhere in the breasts of the reputable folk. One day 3,000 hungry women of New York's lower East Side attacked the small grocery stores, shops and carts, seizing all they could lay their



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SOCIETY FOLK AT PALM BEACH, FLORIDA

The latest society news—The Smart Set are going to act for the movies and when the pictures are completed they will be shown in the ballroom of the Royal Poinciana at Palm Beach and the proceeds will go to charity.

IN AMERICA—By LESLIE MARCY

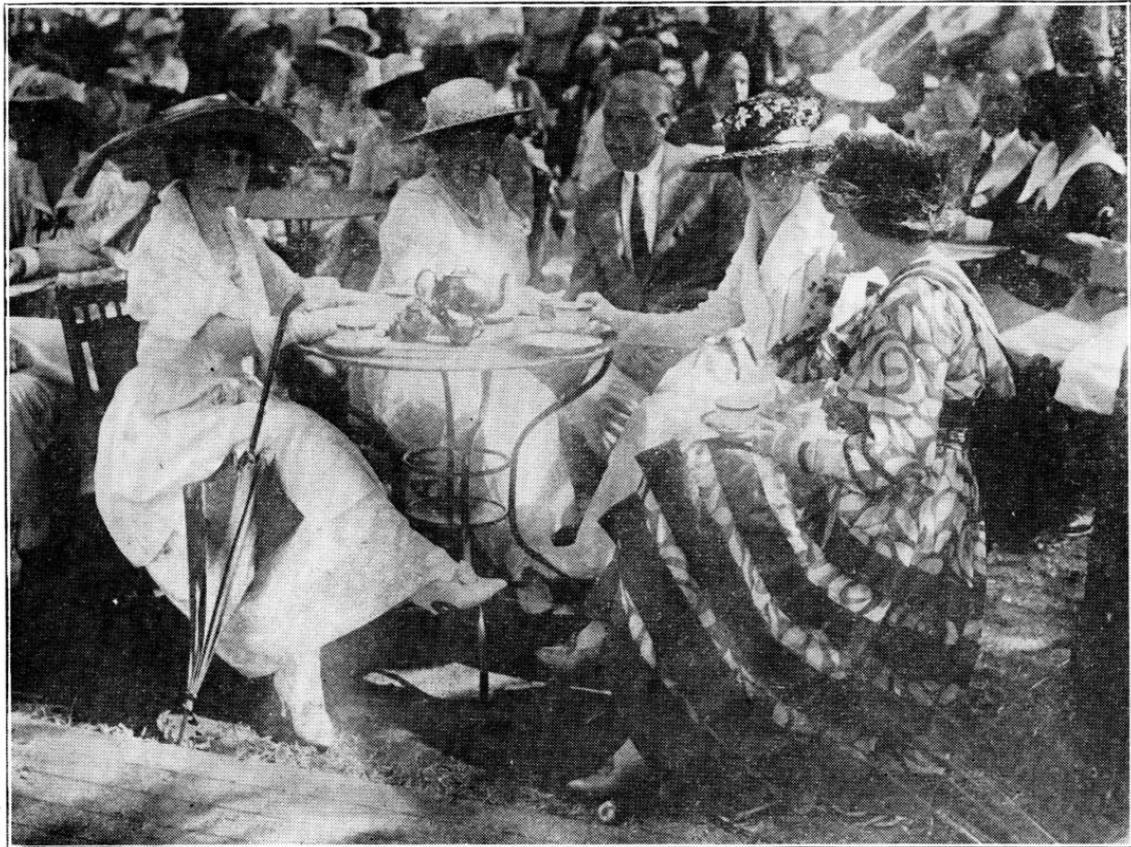
hands on, burning and destroying the carts and booths of those whom they believed were robbing them. On a Saturday evening 4,000 hungry women, with babies in their arms, besieged the doors of the palatial Waldorf Astoria demanding "Bread."

In Philadelphia on February 21st, one person was killed and nine wounded when wives and mothers with their children, thronged the streets demanding bread and work to keep their children from starving.

Again in Williamsburg, Penn., housewives who went out shopping for the

evening meal at four o'clock became desperate at their inability to purchase the necessities of life and attacked provision stores and pushcart peddlers, while folks on the roofs of tenement houses threw flaming missiles of oil-soaked papers and rags upon the dealers' wagons. The city authorities declared the situation would be utterly beyond their control if the fear of a food famine was not dispelled. One woman said:

"I have five children, who have not eaten today. I have not had food for twenty-four hours. My husband is a tailor, who gets \$8.00 a week, and we are



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The latest society news—The Smart Set are going to act for the movies and when the pictures are completed they will be shown in the ballroom of the Royal Poinciana at Palm Beach and the proceeds will go to charity.



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EAST SIDE WORKING CLASS MOTHERS AND BABIES

starving. Today I could not buy a loaf of bread."

All food emporiums were strongly barricaded and put under police guard. Martial law was declared in the Philadelphia food shopping district.

Immediately from one end of the country to the other municipal authorities called upon Congress to investigate. The president of the New York Board of Trade is reported to have said that unless the railroad congestion was relieved and thousands of cars loaded with provisions for Europe and awaiting boats for shipment were speedily released for shipping food to the East, the food situation there would assume more grave proportions than the possible war with Germany.

When informed by East Side housewives that their children were "starving to death by hundreds" because of the high cost and scarcity of food, Mayor Mitchel, of New York, promised to place

before the Board of Estimates their plea for an appropriation of \$1,000,000 to be spent in providing food to the poor at cost.

"There is no food shortage at the Waldorf Astoria, and no shortage of food nor of any of the other luxuries of life at the famous wintering resort of American millionaires, Palm Beach, Florida," said a member of the I. W. W., who spoke at one of the hunger meetings.

"It is the congested working class districts that are supplied last by the railroads, and prices have risen so fast and simple wholesome foods have become so scarce that thousands of working class families in New York alone are on the verge of actual starvation."

One of the banners carried in a New York hunger parade bore the words:

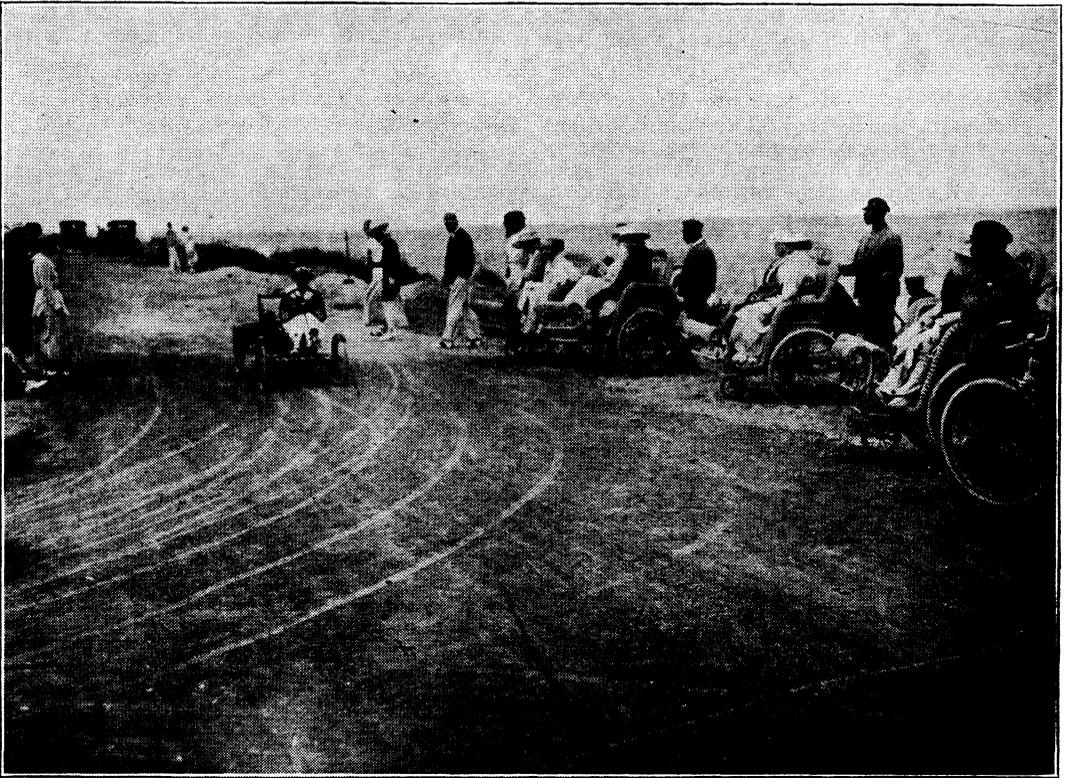
"Mr. Mayor: Never mind the people on Riverside Drive. We want potatoes and onions!"

"In the meantime, through wars and



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EAST SIDE WORKING CLASS MOTHERS AND BABIES



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"RED BUG" RACES LATEST FAD OF PALM BEACH SOCIETY

devastations, dog shows and exhibitions, costume parties and other diversions are going on at Palm Beach."

They say the one given by Clarence Jones was an experience to all who attended. It was on the porch of the Breakers. Pretty much all of the smart set were there in costume, and a friend of mine has written me that they were wonderful. The guests danced all night and at sunrise the men went down to the beach for a dip in the water before going to bed.

Of course, you know, almost everybody that is anybody is in the south—or at least out of town now. New York only claims its own from November to February and for a short period around Easter. There are as many smart setters now at Lenox, Newport, Long Island, and resorts of the south as there are in our city. They take as a pretext that they need to rest from the war work and other activities, and they indulge in the costume balls such as cited.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr., have gone down to High Point, N. C., where Mrs. Drexel's father, George J. Gould, has a shooting box. Mrs. Pierpont Morgan has gone to Jekyll Island, Georgia, for a stay of several weeks. Mr. and Mrs. George W. Perkins are in Stuart, Fla. Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills started yesterday for Palm Beach, where they will remain a fortnight. Mrs. Joseph Harriman, who was a guest of Mrs.

William K. Vanderbilt, has gone to Aiken, S. C.—(From the Chicago Tribune.)

* * *

On the other hand, the International News Service quotes an interview with a prominent member of the Chicago Wheat Pit as follows:

"Thousands of cars loaded with provisions are standing in the yards of Eastern cities waiting to be unloaded. That is a fact. The food is there. And if it were destined for domestic owners it would be unloaded. But it is not. It is all for export trade. It is for the entente nations and there are not enough ships to move it at the present time. But they are holding onto the food in the hope that they will be able to get the ships to carry it in the near future. Much of the food has become rotten and has been dumped. The food supply of this country—present and future, up to December first next—has been bought and paid for."

Prof. C. S. Duncan, of the University



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"RED BUG" RACES LATEST FAD OF PALM BEACH SOCIETY

of Chicago, published in the Chicago Herald recently, what we believe is the best summary we have seen of the situation. He says:

That there should be food riots in a country experiencing a period of phenomenal prosperity is startling enough to command attention. Why should these things be? Factories are running overtime, unemployment is at a minimum—and there are food riots in New York City! The plain and obvious explanation is that the prices of food staples have risen far beyond the increase of purchasing power among the masses.

Conditions in the eastern cities have become sufficiently serious to arouse the governmental machinery to action. But the government is going on the assumption that somebody is holding back the food supplies. If prices are unbearably high, says the government, there is manipulation somewhere. There may have been instances of price manipulation; no doubt there are countless numbers. Manipulation is always rife on a seller's market. And other factors may be aiding and abetting the manipulators.

* * *

But no student of present conditions can believe in a wholesale manipulation sufficient to account for the tremendous and universal rise in food prices. It does no good to cry "fraud," and institute investigations, in order to blink the plain fact that there is a shortage of food products. Statistics are shouting this fact from almost every page of our government reports. Wheat, corn, oats, hay, potatoes, turnips, cabbages, beans, garden truck are scarce, and they are growing scarcer. They are scarce in the United States and scarce abroad; they are scarce relative to demand; hence the rise in prices.

Now, investigations may find causes of illegal manipulation, but they will not increase the supply of food products. Nor is it reasonable to believe that anything will be brought to light which will reduce prices to even an approach to normal. Anyway, an investigation usually proves to be the old, old method of locking the stable after the horse is gone. The crying need, the immediate need, is for a forward-looking policy.

* * *

A survey of present conditions will reveal the serious fact that all the great economic forces are working for a continuance of high food prices. There is not a glimmer of hope that the European situation will release productive power for increasing food crops this year; there is every reason to believe that a contrary condition will arise. The great South American harvests are "made" for this season. Our own winter crops are in none too hopeful a condition. The surplus supplies of our grain products have been greatly depleted by the irresistible drawing power of high prices. No comforting deduction can be derived from this situation for a return in the near future to a normal level in food products.

If conditions that assume a peace basis will bring no comfort, how much less those that threaten the desolation and devastation of war. Already a "whirlwind" campaign has been made through certain country districts to enlist recruits for the navy. Such a campaign, however laudable

in purpose, is a direct levy upon the farm labor supply—a supply already much lessened by the lure of extraordinarily high factory wages. In case the paper army of a million men materializes there will be a further heavy drain upon the human element in our productive energy.

* * *

Immigration is relatively negligible; emigration has left a vacuum to be filled by labor from the farm.

If war comes to us it is fairly appalling to think what effect the feeding of a vast army will have upon our food supply. Prices will soar far beyond the present high figures, even if conditions of food supplies grow no worse.

Peace or war, this is no time to waste large appropriations in making investigations into past conduct. We stand today at the threshold of a new season in the great food-producing regions of this country. The soil energy is there to feed the world. A wise policy would consider before anything else the ways and means to utilize that energy. Here is the immediate task for the Department of Agriculture, the federal trade commission and for every other department of state that has any time to devote to it.

There is every reason to think that the high prices will have drawn to market the best quality of grain, of potatoes, of all seed and bulbs. The temptation to sell at such advantage as has been offered will often have been so great as to carry the whole crop to market, leaving nothing for seed.

* * *

And again, in the drought-stricken areas and in the rust-devastating sections there will be lower stocks, poorer seed and a tendency to lessen the crop acreage. Can the great northwest, with a high quality of seed, bring its wheat acreage up above the normal for the coming spring wheat season? That is a far more vital question to the great mass of our population than whether some one has manipulated the price of flour in some locality. A fall from the 1,000,000,000-bushel bumper crop of 1915 to the 625,000,000 crop of 1916, coupled with the drought in South America, the bottled-up Russian supply and the war demand, caused riots in New York City in February, 1917.

Potatoes, once indispensable, are now luxuries, not because somebody is hoarding them, but because they do not exist in sufficient quantity. The stock of potatoes in the hands of the growers in nineteen growing states on December 1, 1914-15, was 143,577,000 bushels; on the same date, 1915-16, it was 84,894,000 bushels, and on last December 1, 45,747,000 bushels. The prices per bushel on the same dates were 42.9 cents, 61.2 cents and \$1.52.8 respectively. The pertinent query here also is, can the potato-growing region bring its potato acreage, with a high quality of seed, up above the normal for the coming spring potato planting?

There is one point we wish to add. Owing to the immense business which the United States has acquired through the European war, this country has become the greatest gold-holding country in the world. Temporarily, Big Capital

here is feeling gold a glut on the market. The situation resembles the times when there is a vast oversupply of any other product thrown on the market. The value of that product may not drop, but because of this temporary glut it may exchange for less—bring a lower price.

This is the gold (or money) situation today in America. Gold is "cheap"; it buys less, and with the United States acting as the temporary bread basket of the world—during the war the great world grocer—food speculators are enabled to demand higher prices everywhere for the necessities of life. Commodities sell above their value.

What are we going to do about it? We are going to organize and *strike* and *secure* higher wages. We are going to organize street demonstrations, we are going to protest and raise a din that will

cause the "walls of the cities to tremble" every time we find the cost of living going up a notch ahead of wages.

We will have to remember that we cannot reach the Big Fellows by destroying the carts of fruit peddlers. But we can *always get them if we fight on the job.*

You miners, you railroad men, you building trade workers who are tied up with long time contracts: You are going to find your wages more than *cut in two* if you work at the old scale. You are going to find yourselves buying food practically with old Mexican money—worth about fifty cents on the dollar.

Everywhere the bosses need you as they never have before. You can double your wage scale if you organize and fight. High priced labor power is the answer to a high cost of living as long as this system endures.



BABY ASTOR

One of New York's younger set. Four years old and it takes \$75.60 a day to "make ends meet." Since his birth he has received \$20,000 a year from a \$3,000,000 trust fund. A part of his expenses run as follows: 1 mink robe, \$580.00; 1 ermine robe, \$185.00; 1 toy camel, \$30.00; 1 magic fish pond, \$20.00.

Last year Mrs. Astor petitioned a New York court to increase his allowance, claiming that she had to spend \$7,590 of her own funds on her child's behalf.

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JOHN JACOB ASTOR III.



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JOHN JACOB ASTOR III.

FIVE SOULS

By W. N. EWER

First Soul

I was a peasant of the Polish plain;
I left my plow because the message ran:
Russia, in danger, needed every man
To save her from the Teuton; and was
slain.

I gave my life for freedom—This I
know;

For those who bade me fight had told
me so.

Second Soul

I was a Tyrolese, a mountaineer:
I gladly left my mountain home to fight
Against the brutal, treacherous Mus-
covite;

And died in Poland on a Cossack spear.

I gave my life for freedom—This I
know;

For those who bade me fight had told
me so.

Third Soul

I worked in Lyons at my weaver's loom,
When suddenly the Prussian despot
hurled

His felon blow at France and at the
world;

Then I went forth to Belgium and my
doom.

I gave my life for freedom—This I
know;

For those who bade me fight had told
me so.

Fourth Soul

I owned a vineyard by the wooded Main,
Until the Fatherland, begirt by foes

Lusting her downfall, called me, and I
rose

Swift to the call—and died in fair Lor-
raine.

I gave my life for freedom—This I
know;

For those who bade me fight had told
me so.

Fifth Soul

I worked in a great shipyard by the
Clyde;

There came a sudden word of wars de-
clared,

Of Belgium, peaceful, helpless, unpre-
pared,

Asking our aid; I joined the ranks, and
died.

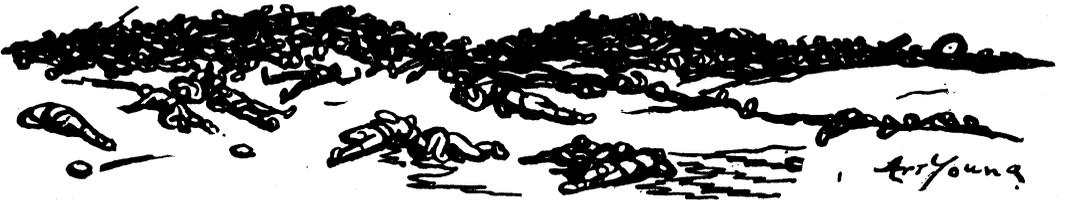
I gave my life for freedom—This I
know;

For those who bade me fight had told
me so.

—In the London "Nation."



TWELVE THOUSAND YOUNG MEN KILLED



THEIR COUNTRY

Adapted From the French for the International Socialist Review

A Country

What is a Country?

For anybody who is not satisfied with words, for anybody who wants to forget for a moment the fantastic definitions of the Country which have been taught him at school, a Country is a group of men living under the same laws; because they themselves or their ancestors have been brought willingly or by force, more often by force, to obey the same sovereign or the same government.

Almost all countries are alike.

England, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, the Scandinavian States, Switzerland, Austria, Hungary, the United States of America, China and Japan—they are all alike, or very nearly so. Certainly there are between them differences of governmental label; here the style is republican, there we find a royal sign, again, the chief of State is an emperor.

But the differences of government label and of political form are everywhere superficial, and quite secondary, differences.

In nearly all of these countries the right to combine into trade unions is no longer disputed openly, or, if it is, the government cannot prevent coalitions of the workers and strikes. And no matter what the laws are, in *any country*, you will find that nowhere do they prevent the governments, whatever they may be, republican or monarchical, from intimidating the workers by formidable displays of police and troops, and from charging and killing them, if need be, for the profits of the employing class.

Neither are the differences between countries greater from the economic (bread and butter) point of view. Undoubtedly, English industry is infinitely richer than Italian industry; French agriculture is more prosperous than Spanish agriculture; American industry more productive than Austrian industry. These things are patent to everybody. But this only means that the English, the French and the American *CAPITALISTS* are infinitely richer than the capitalist class of Spain, of Italy, or Austria.



**TWELVE THOUSAND
YOUNG MEN KILLED**



Art Young

For the mass of the *WORKERS* who, in one or the other Countries, work like beasts of burden in order to satisfy the luxury of the rich, the situation is but little more enviable in one country than in another, and, after all, everywhere they tend to equalize themselves.

Nowhere do the small farmers succeed in defending their property against mortgage or seizure but by leading a life of privation, and at the price of a labor such as is practically slavery.

Everywhere the badly paid agricultural workers see themselves more and more obliged to leave the land for want of regular work, machine production leaving them only three, or four or at most five months of work on the farms in the year.

In all these countries, with the exception of some skilled workers, the working class of the cities, men and women, are reduced to low wages, long hours of employment, insecurity of work, uncertainty for the morrow, airless and lightless slums, adulterated food, a rudimentary education and few pleasures; in all large towns there are thousands of women reduced to selling their bodies in order to gain something to eat.

Of course, wages are not absolutely equal in all Countries. If we speak only of Germany, England and America, the American workman earns generally a higher wage than the English and German workers. But what advantage is this to the American worker, seeing that living is dearer in America and rents are higher?

Generally speaking, the average wages *EVERYWHERE* correspond very nearly to the indispensable minimum necessary to keep a workman alive and efficient for his labor of profit making.

Finally, do not let us forget that everywhere wages have a manifest tendency to become uniform. Thus a French manufacturer who finds workmanship too expensive in France carries part of his concern into Russian Poland, American cotton manufacturers carry some of their cotton plants into the Central American countries where wages are cheap, and steel manufacturers open great plants in China, from whence they are able to ship steel rails into America at a lower price than the produce made in America by American workmen.

Capital and the capitalist class know no frontiers and no flag. They hire the foreign workman at home if he will work for

lower wages than you demand, and they plant their factories beneath a foreign flag if they can increase their profits thereby. Capital goes abroad to seek low priced workers; and the workers everywhere flock to those lands that pay the highest wages and so wages tend to sink to the same level everywhere, under every flag. The condition of the working class has a tendency to equalize itself from one end of the world to the other, over and above all frontiers.

In fact, all Countries differ so very little that if tomorrow by a magic stroke, or by a general consent quite as magical, Englishmen all became Frenchmen, or Americans became Germans, or if Germans all became Americans, after the fusion, the rich of both Countries would still be rich, that is to say, free to exploit and rob their fellow creatures, free to live plentifully from the produce of the work of the wage-earners, and the mass of the miserable and wretched would continue, French and English, German and American, to exist in squalor and misery.

What is true, finally, is that neither is the French country superior to the Austrian, nor the English and American to the German, nor is the German superior to any other country, to such an extent that either one or the other is worth getting killed for.

The difference between one and another is so slight for the great mass of the propertyless wage workers that if the disinherited of those Countries, or any modern country, had a little common sense or heart, not one would lift his little finger when the day came that he was called upon to fight for them.

To be a Frenchman, an Englishman, a German or an American—what difference can it make to you, outcasts, propertyless wage slaves!

THE MIRACLE OF PATRIOTISM,

There is nothing more natural, more logical than that in every Country the rich should be patriots! Nobody would wonder at *THEIR* fighting and getting killed occasionally for *THEIR* Country. And yet from time immemorial the Leisure Class has always found it possible to avoid conscription. But, of course, the evasion of military service only shows their hatred of the barracks; it does not prove that they do not love their Country.

Their Country does enough for *THEM*;

it provides them all with education, leisure, comfort, ease and even luxury; they would be monsters of ingratitude if they did not love her.

But what confounds intelligence is that in all Countries, the beggars, the poverty-stricken, the propertyless, the over-worked working class, ill-fed, badly housed, badly clothed, never sure of a job or a meal tomorrow, as are three-fourths of the inhabitants of every Country, march like one man, at the first call, whatever may be the cause of war.

People who would not take one step to render a service to their neighbors, who are workers like themselves, leave their families and march hundreds of miles in order to get killed for the masters who sweat them; to die horrible deaths in order to protect the ships, or the cargoes, or the carcasses of the capitalist enemies who exploit and discard them.

In July, 1870, millions of German peasants and workmen were working in peace. Many of them knew little more than that there was a Country called France. Other beasts of burden sweated and toiled in France, many of whom ignored the existence of a Country called Germany.

All of a sudden the order for mobilization went out from Paris and from Berlin. At the news that the German Country was attacked, the German people rose up like one man, rich as well as poor. At the news that the French ambassador had been "insulted" in Germany, the French people rose en masse, beggars and millionaires, without even waiting for their government to secure a proof of the so-called insult.

The two peoples rushed upon one another like wild beasts; 300,000 men were slaughtered, and after the bloodshed, on both sides of the Rhine, the flocks took back their yoke, obliged to toil a little more, *VANQUISHED AND VANQUISHER*, to repair the ruin brought about by war, and to prepare for new slaughters.

And what insult under heaven, we ask, could be sufficient to send hungry, dispossessed, homeless workmen to their deaths to avenge—unless it be the *INSULT OF POVERTY*, or the *INSULT OF EXPLOITATION!*

Some great capitalists may gain through a victory of one Country over another Country; the workers never gain anything. Their position is always the same.

A repetition of the disaster of 1870 is going on before our eyes, only upon a more colossal scale, today. In August of 1914 the German working people were advised by the Imperial Government that the Fatherland was about to be invaded, and the German people arose; the Czar declared that German soldiers were marching upon Holy Russia; the Russian peasants left their black bread and their simple labors and took up the sword. The Belgian workers learned that the Germans were actually marching upon Belgium, the land which Samuel Gompers recently called "The Hell of the Working Class." And the Belgians fled, or remained, fought and died, to preserve Belgium, "The Heaven for Capitalists."

And we cannot see why these workers arose, or fought and are still fighting! Why French or German or American workers should fight to preserve *THEIR MASTERS' COUNTRY*, their *MASTERS'* ships and lives and cargoes!

The employers pay the workers miserable wages and *APPROPRIATE* their *PRODUCTS* in France, in Germany, in Belgium, England, Australia, Hungary, Bulgaria, as well as in that mis-named Land of Liberty—America!

We cannot understand by what aberration the workers of the different Countries throw themselves upon one another with cries of hatred at the first bidding of their masters. How can the German, French, English, Belgian and American workers and farmers be so stupid as not to see that their only enemies are those who, in their own Country, extort from them the best of the fruit of their labor and live luxuriously at their expense?

It is patriotism which accomplishes this miracle.

PATRIOTIC LIES

In every Country they succeed in making the miserable mass of the people believe that the Country is a mother. How else would they have got so far as to persuade them that their Country is the finest of all Countries?

If in one and the same Country, rich and poor, robber and robbed, will always belong to the same group and continue to live together, away from foreigners, distrusting other peoples, it is because in all Countries the rich teach the poor how to hate other Countries and foreigners. And yet we see

in America, German-born neighbors, French and English-born neighbors, living in peace and kindness among workers born in America. The French and German Swiss live amicably in one country. Without these false teachings French workers, German workers, English farmers and American farmers and wage workers would live side by side in the greatest friendliness.

"The Country is a mother, our common mother; she is a great family, whose members all have common interests," they teach us.

This is the height of nonsense. One would think that people who write such funny things ignore the furious struggle which exists among all competitors in the same industry, the antagonism of interests which divides in one and the same Country, Protectionists and Free Traders; still less, perhaps, do they consider that strikes, even when they are accompanied by the sacking of workshops and the shooting of strikers, show clearly and to a high degree the harmony and understanding, the *IDENTITY* of *INTERESTS* which prevails between employers and wage-earners?

In these singular Countries, which are called Countries, a few of the children are seated around a well-covered table, that wants for nothing, not even what is commonly called the butter-plate. They eat, they drink, they talk cheerfully, they enjoy themselves—they have intellectual and material enjoyment; they want for nothing. Life is for them one long banquet.

Meanwhile the other members of the family toil like beasts of burden; they make the butter, so that it should not be missing on the tables of their brethren, the privileged.

"The Country is a mother!"

What is a mother?

It is a good, loving woman, who, at the family table, divides what she has amongst all her children, be they handsome or ugly, strong or weak; indeed rather spoiling those who are ill.

But she is no mother who at the family table gorges a few of her children and leaves the others, the most industrious and most deserving ones, wanting the necessaries of life; she is not a mother, she is a step-mother.

Countries—mothers! No, they are no

mothers, but cruel step-mothers, and their disinherited sons and daughters have the right to execrate them—nay, it is their very duty.

And yet it is true that in every Country the ruling classes have so well known how to exploit the old remnant of human stupidity which is in all individuals, to so ably tickle the national vanity of all human agglomerations gathered by the fortunes of history, that in all Countries patriots are proud to belong to the particular one in which chance caused them to be born.

The French patriot is proud of being French, the German patriot is proud of being German, the American boasts that there is no Country like America. Even the very Russian motjik is proud of being born in the land of the knout. Every patriot really believes that his own Country is superior in many respects, and in no small degree, to other Countries.

Every Country has its own dose of patriotic prejudices. We all have a large share.

In France and in America, for example, we boast of being the classical lands of revolution and human liberty. The Germans boast of Old Age Pensions and regular employment. England has been proud of her freedom of speech and the press. And yet it is in these very so-called "free" countries that we find unemployment more frequent. It is common knowledge that in Free England thousands upon thousands of the poorer class live and die in a state of chronic hunger and under-nourishment; that in America the great capitalists are more truly a law unto themselves and deal out death and destruction to striking miners, steel workers, timber workers, garment workers, etc., etc., in a more brutal and bare-faced manner than in any other Country in the world.

It is common knowledge that, while the German ruling class does look somewhat after the welfare of its wage-workers, their freedom of speech, of organization, of action, are rigidly curtailed, and that the paternalism of the German government is due only to the military ambitions and aspirations of the ruling class. They *planned* for strong soldiers—to become cannon-fodder. On the other hand, the workers without jobs may starve to death in the more liberal Countries without one of them lifting her hand to feed you.

PATRIOTISM A RELIGION

The religion of patriotism has its fanatics who, according to the different countries, are called Nationalists or Imperialists; and its devotees who in reasoning reject the exaggerations of patriotism, but who in the bottom of their hearts worship the ideal.

For the former and for the latter the Country is a kind of divinity whose name it is impious to pronounce irreverently; mysticism creeps into the patriotic sentiment even of the most reasoning and most reasonable patriots. There are free thinkers who think that everything should be discussed—except the Country, which is above discussion.

They talk of her with filial tenderness, they show for her a sentimental preference approaching devotion. Both talk of the Country as the faithful talk of God; the flag becomes the "sacred" emblem of the Country; the soil of the Country is the "sacred" soil of the Country, even for the poor wretches who do not possess a square inch of land, nor a place to sleep for the night.

On the pedestal on which the faithful's piety had placed the priest with a crown of purity and sanctity, the patriotic faith of people today has placed the soldier, the professional fighter—him who has chosen by taste, by calling, because his feelings drove him there, a military career, the noble calling of arms.

For that is *THE* noble calling among us.

The noblest calling *PAR EXCELLENCE* is not that of the miner who, at the peril of his life, painfully extracts from the depths of the earth the black mineral, the bread of machinery; it is not that of the farmer, who tills the land whose harvest will be feeding mankind tomorrow. Neither is it that of the teacher who painfully tends uncultivated brains, trying to grow in them the good seed of a critical mind and free investigation.

The noblest calling of all is the military calling, the one in which, as soon as one enters it, one surrenders his own personality, one's will; in which one is no longer anything more than a number, a machine. And what a machine! A machine for killing by order without knowing why: that is the noble calling of arms.

Unfortunately the patriotic religion creates a state of mind which is not only ridiculous, but also dangerous. The old re-

ligions, at the time when faith was glowing in all hearts, were accompanied by hatred and distrust of heretics and infidels; fervent Catholics detested the Jews and other unbelievers for whom the wood-piles of the Holy Inquisition were lit; in the name of the God of peace and love they made the Crusades against Mussulmans; according to history they also treated the Protestants with some rigor. Protestants and Mussulmans were scarcely more kind to those who did not belong to their religion.

Patriots of all countries often entertain similar feelings towards the foreigner, towards him who has committed the crime of having been born in another Country. The school takes care to embitter the bloody memories that peoples drag behind them of the wars of the past . . . so that the slightest international crisis or the slightest conflict between opposing sides of the frontiers will precipitate them at one another's throats.

See the young men shouting frantic hurrahs when they see defiling the sunshine, amid clouds of dust, interminable lines of men, horses, cannon—a formidable array of slaughter-house instruments and an enormous mass of flesh for the slaughter.

And when there passes before them at the end of a stick a piece of drapery, which is the sacred emblem of the Country, a religious shiver runs thru their bodies, and they take off their hats before the icon, just as their fathers did before the Holy Sacrament.

Arrived at this degree of intellectual deformity, the patriot is a beast to kill or to be killed; he is ripe for the slaughter-house.

PATRIOTISM THE UPHOLDER OF THE CAPITALIST SYSTEM

The love of the native village, or home town, is a natural feeling almost inborn in man's breast; but the love of the Country, of the great Countries where chance caused us to be born, is an acquired, fictitious, artificial sentiment. It is but by a long and skillful training that one succeeds in inculcating it in peoples; it is but by constant suggestion, by a poisoning that begins at the cradle, that one succeeds in impressing on those poor wretches who possess nothing, and for whom the Country is but a step-mother, that they should be willing to die for her.

It is not difficult to find out why, in all Countries, the ruling classes carefully cultivate the patriotic feeling in the heart of the masses. The reason is they find it a first-rate interest—a vital interest.

Patriots themselves (altho not so patriotic but that they have everywhere and at all times been eager to sell war munitions to the enemy attacking their own Country), but still, at least self-styled patriots themselves, because the Country is for them a mother, they have at all times felt the necessity of attaching, by a moral and almost mystical link, the mass of disinherited to the existing order of things of which the rich alone get the profit in every Country.

It is good, it is useful, it is indispensable for the ruling (the propertied) classes that the peoples they shear be profoundly convinced that the interests of the rich and of the poor are identical in every nation.

It is good, it is useful, it is indispensable for the propertied classes that the outcasts of every Country consider the rich countrymen who rob and exploit them, not as enemies, but as friends, and on certain days as brothers.

Patriotism in every nation masks the class antagonisms to the great profit of the ruling classes; thru it they prolong and facilitate their domination.

But patriotism is not only at the present hour the moral upholder of the capitalist system; it serves as a pretext for keeping up formidable permanent armies, which are the material upholder, the last bulwark, of the privileged classes.

The pretext, the only avowable and avowed aim of the army, is to defend the Country against the foreigner; but once dressed in the Country's livery, when the barrack training has killed in him every intelligence, every consciousness of his own interests, the man of the people is but a policeman, a soldier in the service of the exploiters and robbers, against his brothers in misery.

Think of this: In the face of a handful of masters who do not work, there are, concentrated about the large industrial centers, thousands of proletarians who would make but a mouthful of them. The working class, represented by industries and unions, could soon have done with the present system of expropriation of the workers.

For the first time one might see the instruments of work (the mines, the factories, mills, shops and railroads) in the hands of the workers who produced them; one would see the hive of workers and farmers at last rid of the drones that take the best of the honey; by a rational organization of production, by an enormous increase in consumption, by the incessant development of machinery, for the first time one might see all the inhabitants of a Country well-fed, well-clothed, well-housed, torn away from ignorance and overwork, from misery, and the insecurity of the morrow.

Sacred love of Country! Fortunately you are there to avoid such a catastrophe. Thanks to you, the outcasts, the poverty-stricken, who have nothing to lose nor anything to defend, consent to be soldiers. Oh, marvel of patriotism! They will endure without complaint, at least as a necessary evil, the hard military discipline. There they are trained.

Well, now let their fathers and their brothers, outcasts like themselves, move; let them strike to improve their lot; let them get nearer the butter plate with a threatening attitude. A volley ordered by an officer who, by his social condition, belongs to the privileged class, and executed by the *WORKING CLASS*, will restore "order" again.

The day the disinherited of every Country see clearly that their only real enemies are the capitalists who keep them in poverty, the insecurity of the morrow, overwork, in misery and ignorance, the Social Revolution will be accomplished.

Patriotism, by drawing together and mixing up rich and poor in one and in the same Country, stands in the way of that vision of the class war, just as by placing formidable armies at the service of the propertied classes it protects them against popular demands.

Patriotism is at this hour the great obstacle to the diffusion of Socialism or Industrial Democracy, which is based on the principle of the class war.

It is the most powerful obstacle that stands in the way of the Social Revolution.

ANTI-PATRIOTISM

The small farmer may slave his days away to raise grain and if he is unable to pay off his mortgage, the Country, in the shape of the government, steps in and

takes away his land. It even steps in and takes away the farmer's entire crop if he owes a capitalist money for machinery, fertilizer, tools, etc. The Country protects the banker and the capitalist. It takes no thought at all whether or not the farmer shall have *ANY RECOMPENSE* at all for all his labor, or whether he have food to keep from starving. Property is protected, interest rates are assured. The lives of the farmers are impeded, disregarded.

This Country is a mother to the capitalist and to the banker.

The wage-workers work long hours at low wages, producing riches for their employers, and when these employers no longer need them the workers are turned away. If they are unable to secure work, and, made desperate by privation, turn upon those who have exploited them—the Country, the Government, the Army is there to protect the property of the employers.

The out-of-work wage-earners are driven away from the storehouses they have filled, the food they have produced, the houses they have built. That they freeze to death in the alleys, or starve in garrets, is not the concern of the Country. The Country has fulfilled its function when it has protected the property and the property rights of the rich.

It is time we discarded the old formula: "We will defend our Country if it is attacked." The workers have no country. Their slogan must be:

"Whoever be the aggressor, rather insurrection than war!"

When the rulers know that the organized proletariat is firmly decided to answer the order for mobilization by insurrection, we shall be able to sleep quietly; when that day comes, we shall be quite sure that in case of conflict of interests the rulers of the different countries will know where to find the justices of the peace who reside at The Hague, and to submit their differences to international arbitration. It is the one and only means, the only practicable and infallible means of curing governments of their warlike inclinations.

But to insure that the masses take the manly resolution to answer the call for mobilization by revolt, *they must be cured of all patriotic sentiment.*

As long as the proletarian remains patriotic, as long as he persists in cherishing a sentimental preference for the Country

where chance caused him to be born, as long as he believes that this Country is better than the others, that she is so much better that he should give his life for her, so long will it be impossible to obtain from the proletariat the revolutionary resolutions which alone can put an end to international wars.

And the working class will remain patriotic; it will continue cheerfully to shed its blood for the defense of the present Country until we have shown it that it would have nothing to lose if its Country were annexed by a neighboring country.

If the Country in which you live and happened to be born were suddenly to be acquired by the neighboring Country, what would happen? Supposing France should take a part of Germany or Canada should seize a part of the United States of America, would the small farmers lose their land, the small store-keepers lose their small businesses? When Germany annexed Alsace, did the Germans take the fields, the houses, the shops, the factories of the Alsatians?

As a matter of fact, after the annexation, the large manufacturers remained large manufacturers, the small shop-keepers remained small shop-keepers, the small land-owners remained small land-owners and the wage-workers remained wage-workers.

Would the working class of any Country lose its property if the native land were annexed to the neighboring Country? *Those who possess nothing, not even the right to work, have nothing to lose.*

Under German rule, under French or English or Belgian rule, the French, English or American proletarians, changing their Country, would meet with the same insolent and rapacious master class, the same administration hard on the small man, the same officers, the same law courts, pitiless to the poor.

They tell us there are cases when one must fight for dignity, for honor? Yes, what honor? National honor?

Is it our honor of man, our personal dignity, which commands us to oppose ourselves to all aggression, to all violence of any group of men upon the group to which we belong? It is precisely our personal dignity which forbids us to fight for interests which are not ours.

The anti-patriots could have no honor in such a matter since they have not the same

conception of honor as have the patriots. The patriots would deem it dishonorable not to answer an order for mobilization in case of war, and we would dishonor ourselves by answering it.

HELPING ANTI-PATRIOTISM

The Governments everywhere and the officers and the military castes have themselves given great impetus to anti-patriotic propaganda. The brutality and haughtiness of many officers, and of many soldiers, and the immoderate use of troops in strikes, have all singularly facilitated, among the working class, the diffusion of anti-patriotism.

There are in many countries reformers who seek to prevent the use of soldiers against the workers in times of strikes. These demand compulsory arbitration for the regulation of conflicts between employers and employed. They wish to perform that peculiar acrobatic feat of conciliating the class struggle with social peace. They do not wish the workers to determine their own affairs, but to submit their affairs into the hands of politicians.

The working class fortunately does not seem inclined to submit its conflicts to an arbitration of which the employers would have a thousand crooked means of violating the awards, nor to make good, peaceful strikes which would, perhaps, gain them the good will of the small radical capitalist, but which would compel them to surrender unconditionally, when all their coppers were spent.

The only strikes which have any chance of succeeding are those which do not hesitate at having recourse to means of intimidation and direct action.

With this state of mind becoming more general among the working class in nearly every country, since the workers refuse any longer to be fooled by arbitration that yields them always the worst of it, or by promised parliamentary or political reforms that are empty of benefit to them, the capitalist classes intend to use force. In every country they are working for and toward an iron militarism such as the world has never known. The capitalist classes need the army to protect them in their struggles with the dispossessed workers.

And it is fortunate, despite the working-class victims that the bullets may make, that the ruling capitalist class, at the first

important strike, at the first hunger riot, calls on the national army. It is fortunate that by such a concrete demonstration, which stares one in the face, and which is worth more than a hundred speeches and a hundred thousand pamphlets, the mass of the working class soon realizes keenly what a Country is, and whom the Country and the army serve.

Nothing less was needed but the tragedies of Fourmies and of Limoges (France), the brutal cavalry charges and the display of troops of all sorts which gave the towns on strike the aspect of cities in a state of siege, to undeceive the working class hitherto so stupidly patriotic.

Nothing less was needed than the tragedies of Lawrence, Mass.; of Hancock, Mich.; of Pennsylvania, and of Ludlow, Colorado (in America) to awaken the minds of the American workers to the true function of the state and national troops.

Today all these French workers should be ready to call, on the passing of the troops, "To Limoges! To Limoges to murder our brothers!" And in America, "Back to Lawrence! To Ludlow! There you will still find babies to shoot and to burn!" To whistle down the flag, and, in case of war, to refuse to be led to the slaughter.

WE HAVE NO COUNTRY.

We must say to the proletarians over and over again:

The working class *has no country*.

The differences which exist between the present countries are all superficial differences.

The capitalist régime is the same in all countries; and as it cannot work without a minimum of political liberties, all countries which live under a capitalist system enjoy elementary liberties which cannot anywhere be denied any longer to the proletariat. Even in Russia, the autocratic régime is today beaten to death.

The workingmen who give their lives for the present countries are dupes, stupid brutes.

Even when their country is victorious it is they who pay the cost of victory through blood and sweat, through privations and through taxes.

The only war which is not a deception is that at the end of which, if they are victors, workingmen and women may hope by the expropriation of the capitalist class, to put

their hands on the social wealth accumulated by human labor and human genius for generations past.

There is one war only which is worthy of intelligent men; it is civil war, social revolution!

And as the masses understand nothing of the abstract language of metaphysics, as it is necessary in order to be heard by them to speak a concrete language, we must not

hesitate to point out to them plainly that we have no national sentiment left, to proclaim that it is a matter of indifference to us whether we be Frenchmen, Germans, Englishmen, Italians, Americans or Russians. We must proclaim that we are neither Frenchmen, Englishmen, Germans, nor Americans, but, better, that we are the countrymen of all the robbed and exploited workingmen of the earth!

ON THE BREEDING OF KINGS

By THOMAS JEFFERSON

WHEN I observed that the King of England was a cipher, I did not mean to confine the observation to the mere individual now on that throne. The practice of Kings marrying only in the families of Kings has been that of Europe for some centuries. Now, take any race of animals, confine them in idleness and inaction, whether in a sty, a stable, or a state-room, pamper them with high diet, gratify all their sexual appetites, immerse them in sensualities, nourish their passions, let everything bend before them, and banish whatever might lead them to think, and in a few generations they become all body and no mind; and this, too, by a law of nature, by that very law by which we are in the constant practice of changing the characters and propensities of the animals we raise for our own purposes. Such is the regimen in raising Kings, and in this way they have gone on for centuries. While in Europe, I often amused myself with contemplating the characters of the then reigning sovereigns of Europe. Louis the XVI. was a fool, of my own knowledge, and in despite of the answers made for him at his trial. The King of Spain was a fool, and of Naples the same. They passed their lives in hunting, and despatched two cour-

iers a week, one thousand miles, to let each other know what game they had killed the preceding days. The King of Sardinia was a fool. All these were Bourbons. The Queen of Portugal, a Braganza, was an idiot by nature. And so was the King of Denmark. Their sons, as regents, exercised the powers of government. The King of Prussia, successor to the great Frederick, was a mere hog in body as well as in mind. Gustavus of Sweden, and Joseph of Austria, were really crazy, and George of England, you know, was in a strait-waistcoat. There remained, then, none but old Catharine, who had been too lately picked up to have lost her common sense. In this state Bonaparte found Europe; and it was this state of its rulers which lost it with scarce a struggle. These animals had become without mind and powerless; and so will every hereditary monarch be after a few generations. Alexander, the grandson of Catharine, is as yet an exception. He is able to hold his own. But he is only of the third generation. His race is not yet worn out. And so endeth the book of Kings, from all of whom the Lord deliver us, and have you, my friend, and all such good men and true, in His holy keeping.

Monticello, March 5, 1810.





STREET SCENE IN CHINA

Present-Day China

By GARDNER L. HARDING

I REMEMBER the Ha-ta-men street as the place which kept me down to earth in China. The Ha-ta-men street is one of the great thoroughfares of Peking; it skirts the legation quarter and plunges through the great gateway from which it takes its name into the heart of the teeming small shop quarter of the city. After listening all day to the frock-coated students of the South playing at democratic government in their parliament, after talking to suffragettes, so-called, after lunching with a president of the Senate who spoke brilliant French and claimed to be a Socialist, after listening to plans for internationalism, Esperanto and social reform, in a word, after touching day after day the hem of that splendid garment of modernism which this band of patriots and pioneers were trying to cut to their country's fit, it was helpful and chastening to see that nation revealed on the Ha-ta-men street in the naked reality of its common people.

The strange and tireless pageantry of that street is one of the freshest and most enduring impressions I have of China. I can see it now as it was in the evening, a great, broad, dim road thirty feet or more from curb to curb, full of little flickering

lights and swarms of people and strange smells. It is four hours after sundown and still from side to side this great street is crowded with people. Under the flare of hundreds of peanut-oil lamps the keepers of the outdoor bazaars are doing a thriving trade. Here is a street restaurant with its twisted cakes sizzling noisily in hot pans and bowls of pungent broth and chopped meat and vegetables hustling over the crowded counter to the clamorous, quarrelling, half-naked mob of customers. Just beyond a man cries, in a terrifying liquid guttural, the virtues of a cold red drink which he is ladling out in cups. Across the road a little magician sits with drooping moustache and cunning eyes, and holds a crowd spellbound at his tales of fortune read from little ivory sticks. Beside him a tall old man with a sparse, straggling beard sells American cigarettes, ten for a cent, while further along a lean young man with shaven head, in a gray robe, looking much like a Buddhist monk, draws a secular and very profitable custom manipulating white dice in and out of a brown leather bag.

Along the dimly lit roadway rickshaws clatter swiftly, threading their way among the people by miraculous lunges from side



STREET SCENE IN CHINA

to side. Their passengers are inconspicuous, but here and there a gaily dressed lady flashes by. Children in all stages of nakedness chase after them like little minnows in a pool.

And as the busy, sordid, swarming life of the Ha-ta-men brings to your mind the way in which these people have lived for centuries, so the unaspiring malignant tower above them, typifies unforgettably for you and for them the mean and alien despotism which has ruled them and crushed them and forgotten them.

Now that despotism is gone; new hopes, new ideas, and a new restlessness are abroad in the land. Schools are coming, laws are more just, and the law's penalties in prison and social institution are losing the cruel edge of the past. But of the new idea, what of that? Where can you see the republic, the new China, radicalism along the Ha-ta-men street? What is there here among these medieval crowds to tell you that you are in the same country, in the same city, in the same century with a Chinese parliament? I could see nothing. And that is why walking along the Ha-ta-men street was a chastening experience to my warm sympathies with China's hot-blooded radicalism. It brought one down to earth, to a type of life on which the new words and the new feelings seemed to have no effect whatsoever. And I came to feel that unless I could find a sign of the New China in the Ha-ta-men street, even though that street were in the heart of the unsympathetic capital of the unprogressive North, and among the common people whose superstitions against reform were eloquent still in ghostly memories of Boxerism, I could not really believe in the Chinese revolution.

And then one night I found it: I was walking through the Ha-ta-men district with a friend who spoke Chinese, if anything more fluently than the people themselves. He had been in China thirty years, as interpreter, mining engineer, customs official, and unofficial doctor and missionary; and for the past year or so he had been spending his time in a little village where nobody could speak English and only eight people could read or write at all. When he came up to Peking it was an event; he, too, was looking for the revolution among the common people, and, being an old China hand, he didn't believe he would find it.

We came to a little lane down which the chief things noticeable were a lot of flickering lights among a silent crowd—and a Voice. The lights belonged to rickshaws, of which there were a dozen or so along the wall and through the crowd, and the Voice belonged to an earnest, clean-shaven, attractive looking rickshaw man who was standing between the shafts of his old iron-tired rickshaw in the center of the crowd.

"This fellow must have a sun-stroke," my friend was saying, when—"hold on a minute," he said, stopping sharply. "Min kuo, Min kuo"; do you hear that? It means republic. Look here, there is something more than meets the eye down this lane; let's go and see."

On nearer view the crowd appeared to be about half a hundred people, almost all workers or artizans, with a dozen or so women scattered among them. The edges of the crowd, that is, inside of a considerable fringe of street arabs, came and went continually, but the great majority stood still and listened; and gradually we discovered that it wasn't a sun-stroke and wasn't a quarrel but was that unheard of thing in China—a street speaker. And the way he talked to the people of the Ha-ta-men street was as instructive as it was amazing. My friend translated between gasps of surprise and appreciation, for he was a keen admirer of the Chinese mind, especially when it was whetted in argument.

The rickshaw orator first got his crowd interested in himself. He told them his father had an official post but because he was not willing to pay bribes to retain it, he had been displaced by a man who was willing to purchase favors. Now his family was penniless and he was not afraid to go out and work for a living among the honest rickshawmen of Peking. He pointed the moral with rhetorical questions in finished street orator style. "But why should we be robbed with this bribery and squeeze now?" he said. "What is the use of a republic if they still want money for only taking in your card to some fat official? Shouldn't we have all the more under a republic a preference for character and merit instead of corruption? Don't forget it, the people are powerful now. Why should we let these crooked officials do anything they please?"

"You know," said my friend, excitedly

interrupting his translation, "this is a serious business if there are any police in hearing." But it soon became more serious, for the speaker left the minor officials and began to attack the President himself.

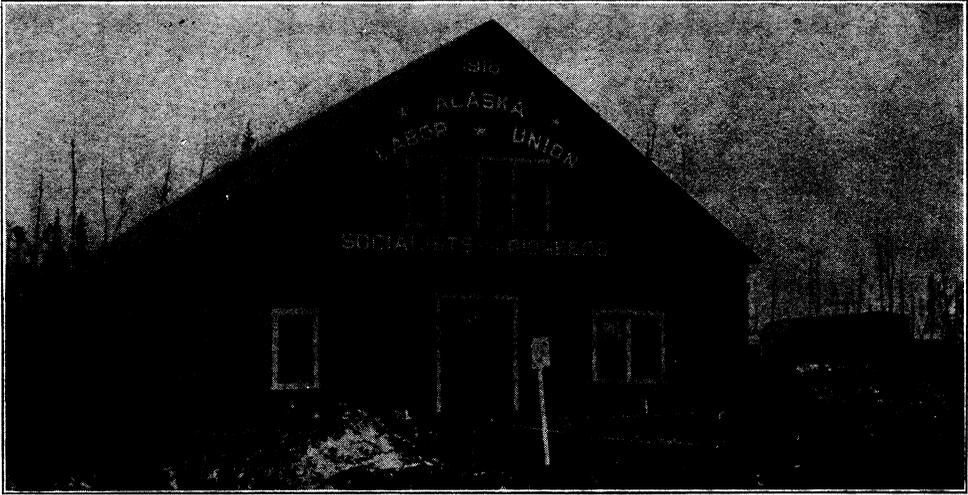
"We have no more kings now, no more emperors. We have a president who is supposed to do what we, the people, want him to do, and yet this president issues decrees just as the Manchus did; and he says 'I decree, I proclaim,' and he expects you to say 'we tremble and obey.' But this man is not a God, he is not even a scholar, but is only an ambitious soldier; and unless we watch him and make him fear us, he will deceive and betray the people just as the Manchus did before him."

"Don't think I am angry," continued the young speaker; "I will talk these things over calmly with anybody here. I will come again to-morrow at this time, but don't tell anybody about it because I don't want to have a disturbance on the street. I might get arrested and then my father would starve." He began to wheel his rickshaw ahead of him through the crowd. His voice had been very attractive, his words well chosen. Unquestionably, he had a sort of spell over these people. But no one moved, no one asked a question. He was obviously a stranger and they were a little shy of him. Now he turned his rickshaw around and the light which had lit up his keen expressive face in the center of the crowd, disappeared. But as he went out to the mouth of the alley he was still talking and among his last words I caught one significant phrase myself. "Kuo Ming Tang," it was, the name, already known throughout China, of the revolutionary party of Sun Yatsen, the student Jacobins, the intellectual *sans-culottes* of the Chinese Revolution. "That places *him*," said my

friend, "and he isn't the only rickshawman, real or pretended, who has been heard of (though I never believed it myself) working up the people's minds in the alleys and dark corners of Peking. These people had a new sensation tonight; they never heard anything like it before; and they won't soon forget it. You can't begin to realize what this sort of thing means in China. Fifteen years ago a man like that would have been in danger of his life, for then the Southern reform devils were just as despised as the foreign devils themselves. And there was hate right here for both a-plenty; Count von Waldersee was murdered within the sound of that rickshawman's voice on the open Ha-ta-men street. And now, on the same street, you have a crowd listening to liberalism, reform, and the republic. That's the new China. I've lived here almost thirty years, and I never saw it so vividly as tonight."

The man had gone but the crowd lingered. Long after we had gone up to our cubicles in the mission hospital on the corner, where we were staying, knots of people hung about, lights flickered, and the hum of talk came up to our windows. Only after midnight was there quiet at last along this strange old street, a quiet which the squeal of a fiddle somewhere along the deserted alley only seemed to make more still. But the Ha-ta-men was a different place to me now. On that time-sodden street I had caught the heart-beat of the present among the common people. That queer, naive, but stirring talk had been their notice of the revolution. To me it was a sign that no corner of China, no class of the Chinese people could be sure of being without the range of its influence. If the Revolution was abroad on the Ha-ta-men street, it was abroad among the Chinese people.

(Note.—Our readers will remember the articles on China published in the Review several years ago by Mr. Harding. We take great pleasure in re-printing here a portion of his chapter on Radicalism from his new work, "Present-Day China," which, we believe has been unequalled by any other writer for sympathy of understanding and for clarity of vision. Mr. Harding's story of the forces that caused the Chinese Revolution, and the rise and fall of the Chinese Republic, is built upon a wide knowledge of Chinese economic history, and politics as well as a great affection for the Chinese people. Here, indeed, is history in the making! Here, indeed, is inspiration and joy for the revolutionist! Don't miss this book. Published by The Century Co., New York, N. Y. Price \$1.00 net.)



NEWS FROM ALASKA

WHEN the Alaska Labor Union was organized a year ago its membership grew so rapidly that in four days there was no hall in Anchorage big enough to hold meetings in. The need of a hall was keenly felt, so got a lot and started to build a 50x100 ft. place of our own.

All the men volunteered to help, and different gangs were organized, some to cut logs, others to haul them home on bobsleighs, others to hew the logs, and still others to erect the building. The first photograph printed here will show you the beginning of our labors and the sturdy fellows that performed them, and the second shows our hall finished. It took us twenty-two days to build the structure, the largest of its kind in Alaska. It was the pride of the whole country, but the enemies of unionism and working class organization made a bonfire of it last fall, but the Alaska Labor Union has built another 50x130 feet, two stories high and costing \$35,000. We are growing stronger and bigger in spite of all they can do.

In November, 1916, the U. S. T. S. "Crook" arrived in port of Anchorage, Alaska, with a capacity cargo of supplies for the government experimental railroad. Among other things was a lot of beef.

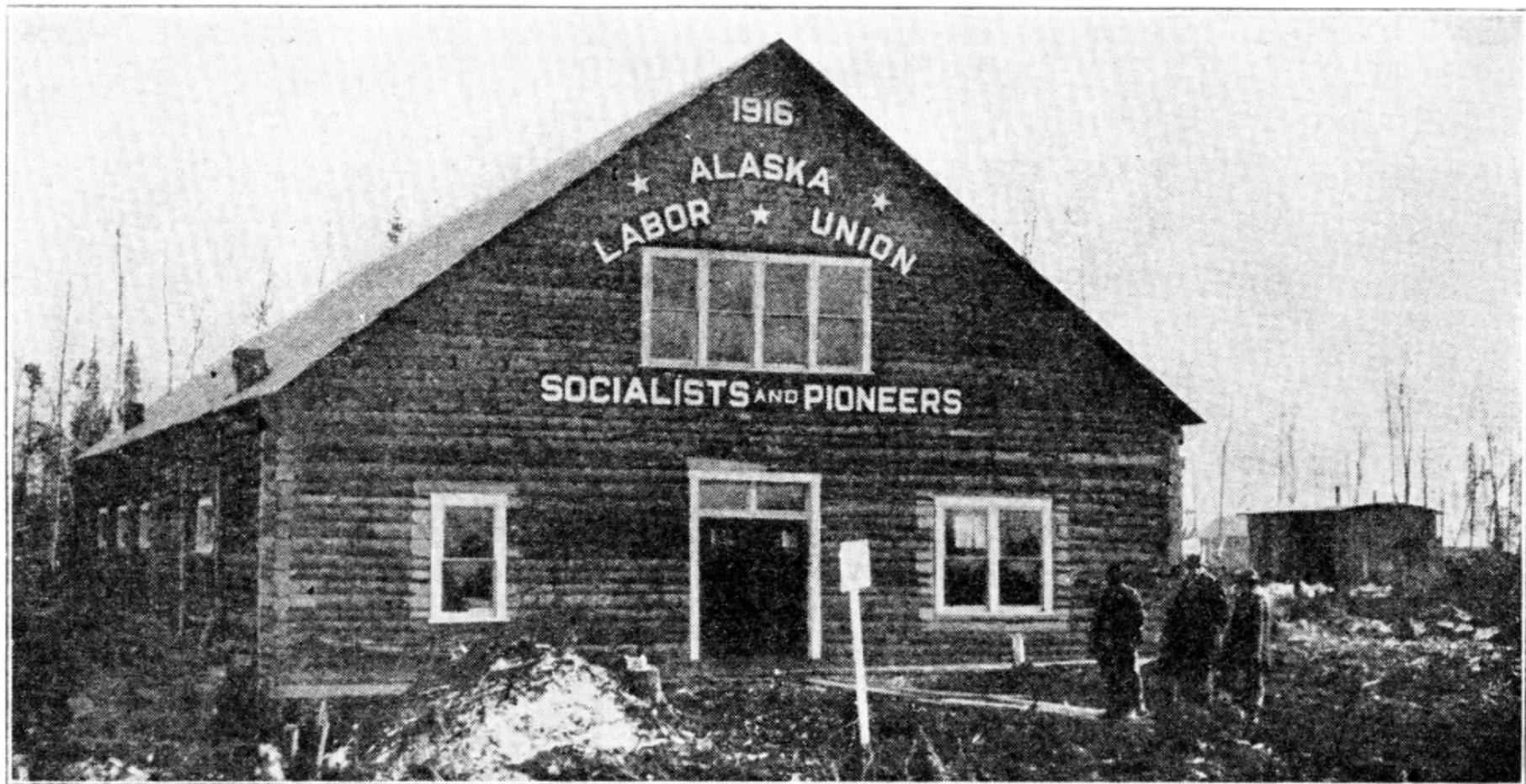
Now, any sane person shipping beef from the States to Alaska would put it

in cold storage; not so aboard the "Crook." Some of the meat was stored in the coal bunkers and as a result it was rotten when discharged, and black as the coal. It was so bad that fifty quarters were burned in one day. Government efficiency!

Some of the railroad workers are sleeping in tents and others are "living" in floorless cabins filled with cracks; neither are very comfortable in zero weather. The pencil-pushers and slave-drivers have it soft and enjoy two or three or four room cottages, but these do not consider themselves of the working class. They are drawing *salaries*. Any old gunny-sack contractor would be able to outfit his men better than Uncle Sam has done here. But, of course, the times are hard! There are so many calls for battleships and preparations for war that little things have to go.

Even the dynamite is rotten, though we have to pay \$10.00 for fifty pounds of 40% strength stuff. Some of it is not fit to put in a bore. They have a log cabin government hospital and a tent for overflow, and the workers go in the tent affair and the pen-pushers and over-lords go to the cabin. Some of the boys who had been operated on in the tent said they nearly froze to death during the night; bedding was scarce.

One Russian worker was operated on three times for the same ailment and





BUILDING THE UNION HALL

steadily grew worse, and Uncle Sam fell down on compensation. He was offered a month's wages and free fare Outside and no further treatment. The union took the matter up with the Russian consul at Seattle and notified the Anchorage Boss. Then our fellow worker got a free pass Outside, a free operation and compensation till he was able to work again.

A worker broke his arm while working for a station gang, but he never got one cent from Dear Old Uncle.

Forty of the boys in khaki are stationed here to protect Uncle's property. They are the pick of a couple of hundred and are excellent sharpshooters. The pencil-pushers have also organized a rifle club and have over 4,000 rounds of ammunition and are becoming sharpshooters, too. There is continual practice going on. But nothing will scare the boys so they will not demand 50 cents an hour and better conditions when the next season opens.

THE SONG OF THE RAIL

Life here in town is too damn monotonous,
 Stickin' around at a regular job.
 All the time somebody bossin' and spottin' us,
 We don't fit on a laborin' job.
 Things here is too much precise and pernickity,
 Bo, I would just as soon be in jail.
 Us for the road and the wheels that go clickity,
 Clickity, click on the glimmerin' rail.

Us for the road and the old hobo way again,
 Loafin' around in the wind and the sun,
 Floppin' at night in the soft of the hay again,
 Nary a worry of work to be done.
 Say, ain't you ready to beat it, by crickity—
 Jump on a freight and be off on the trail,
 Hearin' the noise of the wheels that go clickity,
 Clickity, click on the glimmerin' rail?

Judges will call you a shame to society,
 Brakeman'll bounce you off onto the ground.
 Trampin's no cinch, but it's full of variety;
 Here we're just ploddin' around and around.
 Honest, I'm gettin' all feeble and rickity,
 Say, bo, we'll wither up sure if we stick;
 Let's grab a rattler with wheels that go clickity,
 Clickity, clickity, clickity, click.

—From Solidarity.



BUILDING THE UNION HALL

THE 8-HOUR RAIL DRIVE

By JACK PHILLIPS

BY A driving attack aimed straight at the complete stoppage of the railroad transportation industry, the Big Four railroad brotherhoods seem to have won the most decisive and sweeping victory that goes to the credit of the militant American working class in recent years.

In the face of a storm of newspaper accusations and insinuations that the threatened strike was unpatriotic—an insult to the flag—treason to the nation—the brotherhoods kept up their drive.

Plans were made public. They gave the hour to the minute and the name of the roads picked for strikes. They said congress or no congress, supreme court or no supreme court, Adamson law or no Adamson law, they must have their demand for a basic eight hour day granted or there would be a strike.

In it its insolence toward the supreme court, toward political government, toward that cherished and wonderful constituency which the railroad newspapers call "the public"—in its general insolence it was grand.

Neither Jesse James, Billy Lorimer, Charlie Murphy, Brigham Young, Jesse Pomeroy or any criminals, outlaws and undesirables of this country ever got a fiercer bawling out than the capitalist press awarded the railroad brotherhoods the week the strike threat was in the air.

Our burglars and murderers as a class are a lily-white lot of respectables compared with the railroad brotherhoods as the Chicago Tribune, New York Sun and Los Angeles Times pictured them the week that a nation-wide general transportation tie-up hung in the air.

After going along for many years without strikes, the brotherhoods were getting so polite and decent that their members—engineers and conductors particularly—were classing up with bank cashiers, store clerks and others who haunt the Y. M. C. A. corridors.

And all of a sudden it was a dirty, thievish, disreputable thing to belong to a railroad brotherhood—as the railroad-fed newspapers howled it down the wind—and as the ministers of Christian churches took up the howl in Chicago and New York.

Well, it's over. And "What next?" is the question now.

Will it be the shopmen next? Will the 80 per cent of railroad workers outside the brotherhoods come next? Are they straightening their fronts, repairing their trenches, laying in supplies, arranging for one display of solidarity that will force the fat, greedy hands of railroad capitalists to unloose still more of the loot of war?

If this isn't next, why not? The machinists know how to go to it. They are well accustomed to the charges of being unpatriotic flag-haters and all that.

Now that Russia is shaking loose from czarism, will the American working class make a record in shaking loose from the industrial czarism?

The eight hour victory of the Big Four brotherhoods was gained without sacrifice, tho a superb potential spirit of sacrifice was ready for action. Do they understand that this victory will crumble to ashes and come to nothing unless they find some way to co-operate with the 80 per cent of shopmen and trackmen?

Do they understand that industrial unionism, the joint action of all crafts and divisions of labor must be the driving force behind any permanent gains?

A GLANCE BACKWARD

The negotiations began in 1916. To be exact, they were in process just about a year ago. To be still more exact, the contracts of the four brotherhoods expired May 11.

Both sides knew what they wanted weeks before May 11 of 1916. And both sides sparred for openings, fainted, grimaced, shifted on their feet, lunged with fake passes—and did nothing but threaten and wait watchfully and watch waitfully—and negotiate thru go-betweens—and try to outguess each other.

Like two prize fighters who don't want to fight—who are out of training and don't like to spatter red blood—the two antagonists, Railroad Brotherhoods and Railroad Companies, are wobbling on each others' shoulders.

It is well known there is a live militant section of the four brotherhoods who are

ready for real fighting, who see no other way to bring the issues to settlement except by direct action; who refuse to believe in arbitration because arbitration has repeatedly lost them as much as it gained when the balances were footed up; who are suspicious. This element in the brotherhoods is suspicious of congress, the interstate commerce commission, the supreme court. Having no faith at all in the government and leadership of the four railroad brotherhoods, how could it be expected to have faith in the federal government and its authorities? Being in despair of effective action on the part of the brotherhood officials, how could these rebels be expected to nail any tangible hopes on what the federal government officials may be able to do?

Among the railroad corporations there are some who don't like the watchful waiting game. They would like to see a strike because they believe strikes can be defeated, the railroad labor unions crushed, and operating costs permanently reduced with a corresponding increase in dividends. The Pennsylvania, Burlington and Santa Fe roads are among these. The Pennsy has its roots in the state of Pennsylvania, where it has an industrial autocracy and a political dictatorship notably corrupt and brutal; where it has seen spy system, constabulary, strikebreakers, newspapers and churches unite for the destruction of organized labor in the steel industry; and where it believes the same methods would be successful against the railroad unions. The Santa Fe defeated the shop craft organizations in their strike of 1912. The Burlington road remembers 1888 when the Brotherhood of Railroad Engineers was routed by the scabbery of other crafts. In substance, then, these three roads who are leading the railroad corporation war railroads in urgency of a knock-down-and-drag-out fight, are believers in the efficiency of their organizations and its capacity to destroy the brotherhoods in any outright open test of physical force. And they so believe because they are the railroads with traditions of conquest of labor.

From high up in American Federation of Labor circles comes the information that the most far-reaching and perfected organization this country has ever seen for meeting a labor strike was in readiness on the above railroads last summer, and the corporations were disappointed that they didn't get a chance to match their organization against that of the brotherhoods.

Very naturally the foregoing array of stern facts is dark to some of the railroad brotherhood philosophers.

Probably the sternest fact of all in the present situation of the brotherhoods is this:

The generation of railroad men who founded the brotherhoods is dead; and the living generation now in control of the brotherhoods knows nothing thru actual experience of the methods of strike and sabotage and physical force compulsions by which the brotherhoods established their right to organize in the face of bitter and pitiless warfare; where the dead generation operated thru strikes and sabotage, the living generation of brotherhood men has operated thru arbitration, negotiation, conciliation, mediation; and if the brotherhoods are driven to a strike they will find themselves attempting to employ a method and weapon of labor warfare against capital which they have not practiced in the present generation.

This portentous fact might be reversed in statement. It might be equally accurate to say that the railroad brotherhoods of today are the possessors of an organization that came to them thru inheritance. It is an organization for which the present membership never had to battle, sacrifice or take any risks. All the battling, sacrifice and risk was attendant on the engineers, firemen, conductors and brakemen of a former generation, men now dead. It was these dead men who stood shoulder to shoulder, challenged the railroad corporations, and shaped the brotherhoods, gained rights of organization, wage increases and shorter workdays. It was these dead men who handed on to the present generation the now existing organizations.

MASS ACTION

By AUSTIN LEWIS

A MOST typical statement was that of the General Kommission der Gewerkschaften Deutschlands in reply to the invitation of the Confederation Generale du Travail to take part in the great Anti-War Demonstration in Paris in 1912. The secretary of the great German Labor Organization, while refusing in the name of his organization to take part in the demonstration, incidentally read the French a lecture. He said that it was no part of the work of labor organizations to engage in such demonstrations, but that the work was purely political, and closed with the icy remark, "the unions and the party cooperate in everything which affects the general interests of the working class." According to the German official view, therefore, the industrial movement was held to be subsidiary to the political. Hence no industrial action was permissible which did not meet with the approval of the politician.

The same view was also held by the Austrians. It is therefore quite noteworthy, in the face of subsequent events, that the labor policy of the workers of the Central Powers was differentiated from that of the workers in the countries which are now their opponents in the field. And it is all the more interesting when we recognize that behind this there was what we have come to regard as a peculiarly Teutonic conception of the State.

Elsewhere, no such reliance was placed on the politician; indeed, it was quite otherwise. In France, as we have seen, the organized unions, the syndicates, took the lead in the peace demonstrations.

In France, too, as well as in Great Britain and Italy, not to speak of Russia, spontaneous labor movements of great size and energy had arisen. Strikes were increasing, frequently launched from below without the order and frequently without the consent of those in official control of the labor movement. The workers showed a growing tendency to

take their destiny into their own hands. This was constantly more apparent. In France the breach between the organized labor movement and the political Socialists became very marked. In England the transportation and mining industries made the greatest and most significant labor demonstration up to that time. Strikes also occurred in the United States during the same period, quite independent of the established labor leaders, who had hitherto controlled all labor demonstrations.

This was all quite new and embarrassing, and consequently interesting. Bitter controversies arose, especially in Germany, where the theorists were eager to bring the new facts within the range of the accepted theories. Pannekoek bluntly attributed it all to the change produced by the development of industrial technique brought about by the modern form of capitalism. He said: "The cause of the new tactical differences arises from the fact that under the influence of the modern form of capitalism the labor movement has taken on a new form of action, to-wit mass-action," and in criticising Kautsky who looked with disdain upon these new movements as being anarchistic, he says, pointedly and very acutely, "for Kautsky mass-action is an *act* of revolution, for us it is a process of revolution." (Italics, ours).

The question, on the psychological side, is whether modern capitalism, with its new methods of organization, has recently caused any differentiation in the proletarian type. It would be a bold man who would maintain that no such change has occurred. Trustification and concentration are new phenomena and a technique has arisen to correspond with them—a technique which is rigorous in its discipline, minute in its economies, and which seeks to regulate even the movements of employees at their tasks by a system of closely calculated checks, must of necessity produce very evident effects upon the minds of those who work under it. The new proletariat dif-

fers fundamentally from its predecessor, both as to view-point and method. These psychological changes produce new movements and mass-action arises as the method of the new proletariat.

In what does this mass-action consist? Concerning this misconception has arisen and much controversy. Kautsky insists that such mass-action is of necessity associated with turbulent street rows, collision with the police, and the drowning of the movement in seas of blood. Since Kautsky wrote, seas of blood have become almost tediously familiar. Hence we are perhaps not so alarmed as formerly and have come to regard blood-shedding a little more philosophically, but we are still apt to reflect that a more definite class action by at least one portion of the proletariat might have saved much for the working class everywhere.

Pannekoek, whose lucidity, at least, is always commendable, defines mass-action very completely, thus: "When we speak of mass-action we mean an extra-parliamentary political act of the organized working class by which it operates directly and not thru the medium of political delegates. Organized labor fights develop into political mass-action as soon as they acquire political significance. The question of mass-action, therefore, involves merely broadening the field of proletarian organization."

As soon as the aims of labor reach beyond the old trade unions towards the control of industry, and not merely of a particular shop or craft, a noticeable change in tactics appears. The narrow and limited craft union form is transcended and we are confronted by the new mass-action. This arises necessarily from the interrelations implied in the new industrial process and the consequent breaking down of the limitations imposed under the now obsolete methods of production. The new British organization comprising the mining and transportation industries both on land and water is a product of the new development. The actions of such a body, though apparently limited to their industrial expression, are in reality profoundly political. Their effects are necessarily very far-reaching. They extend far beyond the confines of mere lo-

cal industrial action, they impinge upon the whole world.

Such action is mass-action. It satisfies all the requirements of Pannekoek's definition. In an article in the "New Review" of June, 1913, I said in this respect, "Real mass-action is outside the sphere of parliamentary action; it has nothing to do with the election of men to political positions, and yet is in the highest degree political." Senator Elihu Root has no doubt about this, even tho dogmatic Socialists may still continue to doubt. During the debate on the illiteracy test he was careful to point out that the strike of masses of foreign labor in the steel industry would be a political act of great significance, even tho the strikers might all be illiterate and none of them citizens of the United States. There is no need to labor this point. It should be evident that the essence of politics does not lie in parliamentary activity, but in the application of power so as to affect what Sumner rather aptly calls "maintenance mores," *To effect results the worker must apply power at the point of contact with the employer in the shop in such a way as to take advantage of all the force at his disposal. This method, under existing conditions, implies mass-action.*

It is, I presume, pretty generally accepted that the concentration and more intricate organization inherent in modern capitalistic development should find its counterpart in the same features of working class organization. But it is a lesson which the working class appears to learn very slowly. Trades and trades organizations exist in unwieldy multiplicity side by side with the rapidly growing organization and intensification of capitalistic production. Only under the actual spur of necessity do the organized workers bestir themselves to meet what should be an obvious issue. One marvels at the slowness, until we are reminded that progress does not come from intellectualizations, but it is the *fact* that teaches, and then only when the mind is ready to appreciate the fact. The children of the world are in their generation wiser than the children of light. In their generation, indeed. The facts must appeal to those who are in the age contemporaneous with the facts. They ap-

peal in vain to those whose minds have been filled with other facts of a former period.

The leaders of labor, like practically all leaders, are old men, in whose brains the facts of the former generation still persist. They are deaf to the calls of the present, and will not move until absolutely compelled, and even then but very unwillingly.

The demonstrations in the United States proceeding from a portion of the proletariat, which was not only non-organized, but was reckoned as non-organizable, produced distinct political effects.

It is notoriously difficult for obvious reasons to move the United States. No amount of merely local effort will do it. In order to effect results, forces have to be set in motion transcending local limits and producing tremors at least thruout the whole of the industrial structure. It is, above all, essential for the working class that local barriers should be broken down. An industrial movement permeating all branches and ramifications of an industry thruout our domain is at once the most necessary and the most beneficial thing which can happen in the labor movement. It is obvious that no craft or local movement can produce such results. Industrial movement is the prime prerequisite, and industrial movement implies mass-action. Nay, more, industrial movement is unthinkable without mass-action.

It is an almost ludicrous fact that Kautsky cannot think of mass-action without picturing crowds. In his study of the "New Tactics" he speaks scornfully of that part of the mass which "gets together in unorganized, spontaneous street demonstrations." He shrinks from something which causes him to imagine turbulent mobs contending with the police, significant of ineffective and premature revolution. In this he cannot get beyond his past experiences, for in his youth the small bourgeoisie and that portion of the proletariat which the Social Democrats have always called the "slum-proletariat" made just such street demonstrations.

Even Eckstein has not been able to separate himself from the same conception. "Great, well-disciplined and carefully organized street demonstrations are

powerful weapons of the proletariat of the great industry," he says. As a matter of fact, they are seldom anything of the kind. Street demonstrations are nothing more than publicity and are not even good publicity, for the most part, today. For example, a great parade might be effective in Los Angeles, where union labor is weak, but it would not be worth arranging in San Francisco, where union labor is strong. With all modesty, I should venture to doubt if parades are really of much value in New York. Mass-action, organized mass-action, does not contemplate street disturbances, or parades. It has no connection whatsoever with violence, and all arguments directed against it on that account are outside the issues and utterly irrelevant.

As a matter of fact, the war has disposed of the arguments which the Social Democrats were in the habit of making against mass-action. Eckstein declares that the necessity of a centralizing tendency has become apparent to the proletariat of the greater industry, and adds a sentence upon which the events of August, 1914, shed a dazzling light. He says the proletariat is "against government as the instrument of the will of the ruling class, but it is not against the systematic organization and control of production."

The Social Democrat everywhere must worry about his beloved centralized government. In England Hyndman rejoices in the war because of its centralizing tendency and its disciplinary education. Our Social Democrats appear to be at one with our masters in the desire to discipline and control us.

Does not "Kultur" shine in every word of that statement of Eckstein's? Many of the recent actions of the German Social Democrats which would otherwise be inexplicable become gloriously illuminated by it. It is clear that mass-action in the industrial world will receive no benediction at social-democratic hands. Nevertheless, the tendency of the labor movement in that direction appears to be undeniable; indeed, it is natural and irresistible. It is the only means by which the great mass of the unskilled and the unorganized can be

attached to the labor movement as a whole, and find an expression of their lives thru their organization on the industrial field. On this weapon labor, after the war, will place its main reliance.

The politicals, to avoid using a more common but harsher name, have been so enmeshed in the war and have been so feeble in their expressions of class solidarity that they are sure to be looked upon with suspicion in the inevitable reaction which will follow the cessation of hostilities. "The politicians did not keep us out of the war will be heard on all sides." The war has struck a blow at statesmen and statecraft which will be felt in every department of political life. Politics will be at a very low ebb. Public opinion with respect to politicians will be more contemptuous even than hitherto, and the Social Democrats and labor representatives will share the obloquy. Under these conditions, the tendency will be more and more towards industrial organization and so towards mass-action.

Such of us who have lived in com-

munities where craft unionism has possession of the field and who know the sterility and the narrowness of the controlling influence, cannot but view this development with optimistic faith. It is doubtful whether any class in the community is more stupidly conceited and more prone to give itself airs than that of organized skilled labor. Membership in a union, good clothes, a feeling that one is not quite at grips with fate—all these things make the skilled worker painfully conscious of his superiority and build up a wall of separation between him and the less fortunate. In California, for example, the gulf between the skilled and the unskilled migratory is sufficient to attract the attention of the foreign investigator. No political actions alone can bridge this gulf. Nothing short of such industrial action as can bring the whole mass of the working class into the general movement can do it.

We must therefore look to mass-action for industrial results. Given this, political results commensurate with industrial achievement cannot fail to follow.

KEEP YOUR EYES ON EVERETT!

SEATTLE is now the latest scene in the organized fight of organized commercial interests of the Pacific Coast to forbid all organization to workers.

The 74 men are to begin their trials for murder in the first degree. These men are to be hanged if vengeful officials who helped a mob kill five of their Fellow Workers in Everett, Washington, just four months ago, can force that terrible injustice.

The jury was selected in three days, composed of six men and six women. Meanwhile, every dirty trick known to the professional labor prosecutor has been pulled to break the splendid solidarity of the 74 defendants. So far only one Harry Orchard has been discovered.

Meanwhile, the Lumber Workers Industrial Union No. 500 of the Industrial Workers of the World continues to grow by leaps and bounds. The sawmill workers, shingle weavers, cutters and sawyers are enrolling in One Big Union by hundreds and the

great spring drive will be soon under way. Their recent convention was successful in every way. Eleven branches have already been organized with headquarters at Spokane.

The Labor Trust has become so desperate that its lawyers invaded the legislatures of Washington and Idaho and introduced at the same time identical bills making the advocacy of syndicalism (industrial unionism) or sabotage a crime.

The Committee of Industrial Relations is doing valuable publicity work for the imprisoned men and has sent out the following:

The trials in Seattle are the culmination of the "battle" that took place November 5 between a sheriff's mob of several hundred armed persons and a smaller group of striking workers and their sympathizers. These latter were on a boat coming to exercise a legal and moral right of free speech. The so-called "battle" was in fact a slaughter of the helpless men on the boat. From the three

sides of the dock slip into which the boat had been permitted to enter, the workers received the shots from the rifles and other arms of the sheriff's deputies and gunmen and "citizens." The deputy who was killed, and for whose "murder" the survivors of the unhappy crowd on the boat are now to be tried for their lives, may have been killed by the cross-fire of the deputies on the three sides of the slip, or he may have been killed by the return fire of some one on the boat whose life had been placed in jeopardy by the acts of the sheriff's mob.

For the murder of the five men on the boat and for the wounding of about fifty others on the boat no one who killed them or wounded them is to be tried.

As usual in these false prosecutions of labor (which have become so frequent—and so especially frequent and vindictive on the Pacific Coast) the wrong men are being prosecuted. Those who "incited to riot" and who did actually riot and kill on that "Bloody Sunday" of November 5 were the sheriff's and mayor's and Commercial Club's "forces of law and order." The incentive with them was the resentment of the lumber trust (which controls the shingle mills and banks in Everett) at the strike of the shingle weavers in the mills.

When the Committee on Industrial Relations issued a statement of the facts of November 5, quoting the statements of Mayor Gill of Seattle and of others who had condemned the killing of the workers, some members of the Everett Commercial Club sent out to all the newspapers of America a notably bold and shameless defense of the massacre. Under a seeming sting of guilt these representatives of the interests which were arrayed against the strikers denounced the Committee on Industrial Relations and the National Labor Defense Counsel for having dared to lift a voice against both the crime of the slaughter of workers and the crime of seeking to hang those who were not killed at once. This "denunciation" by the conspirators against the workers strung together proved falsehoods and the shreds of flimsiest circumstances thruout all the weeks of the strike. By those falsehoods and pointless circumstances they sought to justify the murder of men who had at least as much right to land in the town as had the strikebreakers who had been imported to take the places in the mills.

In that temper of ruthless extermination of I. W. W.'s and of labor federationists

alike the prosecutions in Seattle (to which place the trial was moved from Everett) is now proceeding.

The state federation of labor of Washington, thru its President, E. P. Marsh, has recognized the sinister and cynical fight on labor that is centered now in this effort to crush labor organizations. Some of the men killed and some of those now on trial were I. W. W.'s, but the industrial struggle to which they and all the workers in that field offered their help was a strike of underpaid and ill-used trades unionists. President Marsh of the Washington State Federation conducted a careful, patient investigation of all the causes and events of the fighting. His statement, fixing the blame for the rioting upon the official "posse" and upon the financial interests opposed to labor, has proved unanswerable to those now conducting the prosecution.

Congressmen of the state of Washington, who were appealed to by the Washington Federation of Labor for a Congressional inquiry in aid of the prosecuted workers, have replied that Congress would not likely intervene because the facts and the struggle were too "local."

But as a matter of demonstrated fact a national issue of the industrial and economic field is now approaching another dramatic exhibition in these Seattle trials.

What happened in Everett and what is happening in Seattle are only a link in the chain of oppressions with which great corporate interests thruout the nation controlling billions of dollars capital, are seeking to increase their power over unorganized workers by keeping them unorganized. The unusual opportunities that workers now have thru their organization in their own trades unions, to raise their standard of living have frightened those whose profits and whose power are threatened by increased wages and increased power acquired by wage earners. The efforts of workers to realize their better opportunities have met or anticipated by such conspiracies and combinations to beat down the labor unions as these perverted prosecutions of the Pacific Coast.

Can the trials in Seattle be fair when based on unfair prosecutions? The legal processes of this country and its industrial processes are on trial there as well as are the workers who must defend their lives.

LETTER FROM KARL LIEBKNECHT

By S. J. RUTGERS

IT IS of the utmost importance that the American workers should have as near as possible a clear understanding of the different groups of Socialists in Germany. It has been almost a common practice in the Socialist press and in Socialist meetings to mention only the existence of a Right Wing and a Left Wing in Germany.

The Right Wing, which includes the by far greater majority of the delegates in parliament and practically all of the "leaders" in the labor union movement and in the bureaucracy of the Socialist party of Germany, is criticized by most of our speakers and writers in the United States. This group is here generally known as the "Scheidemanns" and we are supposed to thank God that we have not sunk so low.

Very little, however, is published about the fact that what is called here the "Left Wing" really consists of two different groups: the Liebknecht group, including among the parliamentary representatives only Rühle and outside of that group, fighters such as Rosa Luxemburg, Klara Zetkin, Pannekoek (now in Holland), and Mehring. Between this Left Wing and the Right Wing, however, is a middle group with eighteen representatives in parliament, generally called the "Haase-Ledebour group," the most prominent representative outside of parliament being Kautsky. This group voted on December 21, 1915, against the fifth war credit, but in doing so, declared that this was on account of the favorable military situation of Germany and the fact that there was no danger of invasion at that time. This not only made their action practically worthless, but it directly played into the cards of the French warlords by strengthening the French Socialists in their support of the Capitalist Government, their country being invaded.

When this group of eighteen voted against another special war budget on March 24, 1916, on the same grounds, it caused a formal uproar in Parliament in which the Right Wing Socialists participated and which resulted in the expulsion of this group, the so-called "Arbeitsgemeinschaft" from the official parliamentary Socialist caucus. This caused a sensation

among German workers and strengthened the illusion that the Haase Ledebour group could be relied upon as Left Wing opposition.

For a better understanding of the real "Left Wing" tactics as advocated by Liebknecht and his friends and endorsed in our "Manifesto," including uncompromising opposition against any kind of capitalistic war and the advocating of militant mass action, it is a great advantage that we have a letter from Karl Liebknecht dealing with this subject and giving a firm and clear condemnation of the tactics of the middle group, which is considered even more dangerous to the future of the proletariat than that of the Scheidemanns.

The letter, as smuggled from Germany by Comrade Wittman, follows in translation:

"What was the meaning of March 24, 1916?"

"The eighteen delegates who finally decided on December 21, 1915, to vote against the fifth war credit, voted on March 24th openly against the proposed special war-budget. While in December they issued a 'declaration,' they now gave the motives for their vote in a speech. The content of this speech, however, did not go beyond the declaration of December. Even the excuse that Germany was safe against invasion was again brought forward. What was it then that caused a sensation on March 24th? It was the wild uproar of the Socialist majority, together with the bourgeois parties, the infamous attitude of the president, the expulsion of the eighteen from the official Socialist parliamentary group. But in this action the eighteen were object and not subject; this action was forced upon them and they disliked a rupture so much that they tried their best to avoid, still in January, 1916, an open break with the treacherous majority, as well as tumultuous scenes against bourgeois parties. And even now on March 24, 1916, they play the part of offended innocence rather than that of showing the clinched fist of rebellion.

"What is the meaning of March 24th?"

"A true opinion can only be formed in connection with the general situation. The

new 'Arbeitsgemeinschaft' are the same eighteen, the 'neither flesh nor fish' policy of whom proved a failure in December and again in the submarine issue on March 22d, and again in the discussions on March 23d. Could you expect the lambs of yesterday to have become all of a sudden lions?

"Just now the so-called 'losen blätter' (loose leaflets) are published by comrades affiliated with the group of the eighteen. These leaflets do not even mention the important fundamental problems, which are at stake. Direct taxes instead of indirect ones is about the highest wisdom of the program on taxation of the eighteen in the midst of the world war! They do not show any deeper insight in the problem of taxation. They do not even see, as was stated in the resolution of the convention in Chemnitz, that direct taxes can as well be saddled upon the masses and that the decision as to what part of the burden will rest on each class, finally, is a problem of political power, not a problem of tax reforms; that it depends upon the political and economic situation as a whole, the tax policy being an organic part of the general policy. They do not even see that the best possible direct tax on top of a system of indirect taxes may easily become a figleaf of the system and a barrier against a thoro reorganization of the system of indirect taxes. Under the heading 'How Long Will It Last?' the loose leaflets of the eighteen talk about war in sentimental language without saying a word about the Imperialistic causes of the war. The war is considered due to stupidity of the rulers! They give as highest wisdom the theory that Imperialism has led to a deadlock out of which the Governments cannot find an escape, so that they need the advices of the loose leaflets—a pitiable mixup indeed.

"And what about the stand of the 'Arbeitsgemeinschaft' in the first test in the budget committee? Two days prior to the expulsion this group did not take any decisive stand in the submarine issue. Now the delegate in the budget committee advanced humanitarian arguments about the horror of the war, against the sinking of vessels without warning. No understanding was shown that the submarine issue is first of all decided by the ultimate aim of the war, as the result of a struggle of groups of capitalists for the control of the war-policy according to their different inter-

ests. This struggle means at the same time sharpening of the war political situation, and a fight for political power in home policy, in which the scene was carefully prepared to stage Bettman Holweg as a liberal and moderate Imperialist, in order to facilitate the treacherous policy of the leaders of the party and labor unions. The delegate of the eighteen even went so far as to advocate again the abolition of the right of confiscation on the high seas, which means to concentrate the attack on the English capitalists instead of on the German Government at a moment in which this latter government capitulated before the most unscrupulous war fanatics and needed the most energetic opposition. This policy means a continuance of the Baralong policy of Ledebour on January 15th.

"Whether all of the eighteen and all of the 'official' opposition in Berlin accept the responsibility for the loose leaflets and the policy of their delegates or not—a group, leaders of which express such opinions, are very far from a policy on principles, although they may claim so loudly. The formal combinations of all kinds of indefinite oppositional feelings and motives is always a great danger, especially so in a time of world changes. This means confusion and dragging along on old lines, it sterilizes and kills the militant elements, which get into this mixed company. What must be the conclusion from all this?

"The warning against uncritical overestimating of the action of the eighteen and of the events on March 24th. The warning, to keep your eyes open, not to forget that if we should join the eighteen unconditionally, this would mean the surest way to make the new group a shield to cover the governmental policy, and to make the 24th of March a mere phantom, just as December 21st has already become a ghostly historic event. In so far as March 24th means a progress, this is to a great extent due to the uncompromising critics of all half-heartedness; it confirms the efficiency of these critics on the strengthening of the oppositional spirit.

"The tactic of endless consideration and avoiding of conflicts and decisions is damned by the events on March 24th. In the turmoil of a world war all compromising breaks miserably together. Whoever tries to move around between warring armies will be shot from both sides, unless he

saves his life in time by joining one party or the other, where, however, he will be received not as a hero, but as a fugitive. The way of the eighteen was a roundabout way, and not a pleasant one either. Not one advantage worth while to a serious man in this serious period has been gained by this delay.

"The masses were ripe for the test already at the beginning of the war. They would not have failed. The only result of the hesitation and doubt has been the strengthening of poisonous opportunism.

"Clear cut principles, uncompromising fighting, wholehearted decisions!

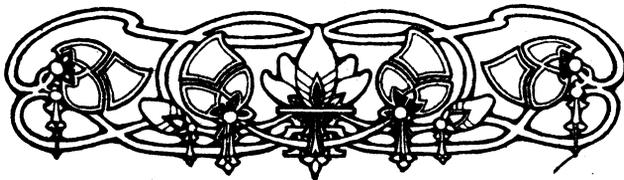
"Uncompromising Socialistic fight against the war, against those who caused it, who profit by it, who want to continue and to support the war! Also against the supporters of the supporters who slander the name of social democrats. Against the policy of the majority, against the national committee and the executive committee of the party, against the general committee of the labor unions and all instances of the party and the unions that carry this treacherous policy. To counteract this policy with all means is now the main issue of the war against war. A struggle to gain the majority of the party, not a struggle against the party as misstated by the demagogues of the majority. A struggle for democracy in the party, for the rights of the masses of the comrades, against the failing and treacherous leaders, who form the main supporters of the war. Against all of those who in peace time have played into the cards of militarism by opposing mass action in favor of law and order, and who now hang

around in the waiting rooms of the army headquarters and the imperial ministers.

"Now is the moment to throw away all formal considerations. The party machinery is used ever more unscrupulously by the bureaucrats to enforce their policy. Autocratic decisions are a standard feature in the party. After the methods of von Puttkamer, power is used to force the opposition, the meanest methods of Prussian-Russian police brutality are used by the party leaders against the minority. The independence of the party press is disregarded with growing brutality by the so-called party majority. Even the censorship of martial law is beaten by the docile scholars of the military autocracy and military terror of the official Socialist party. War against this party all along the line, to conquer the party for the party! War against the traitors and usurpators, who must be driven from their jobs loaded with the disgust of the workers!

"Reconquering of the party from the bottom up thru revolt of the masses, who will have to take their organizations into their own hands! Not only words, but deeds! Away with all doubt and cowardice! Away with a compromise policy! Away with half friends, feeble-mindedness and sentimentalists! Those are out of place where the fight is heart against heart. The struggle for a decision in the party is on! It must be fought without any consideration for the sacrilegists, the traitors, the deserters from Socialism.

"To the present system of party politics, no man and no cent, but a fight to a finish. Those who are not with us in this fight will be considered against us."



TOM MOONEY SENTENCED TO DEATH

An Appeal to the Organized Workers of America!

By EUGENE V. DEBS

A TELEGRAM just received from San Francisco announces the sentence of Tom Mooney. He is to hang by the neck until he is dead. The day set for his murder is May 17th. The capitalist jury and judge have done their foul work, and it is now up to us to do ours.

Tom Mooney is an absolutely innocent man and his conviction an infamous crime. We, the workers of America, are duty bound to challenge the verdict of the capitalists' jury and set aside the sentence of the capitalist judge. We constitute a court, a jury and a judge of our own.

We sat thru this case from the hour the vile conspiracy was concocted and we knew beyond doubt that Mooney was framed and that he is to be murdered for no other reason than that the corporation criminals, the big capitalist thieves and their official highbinders could not buy him, or silence his agitation.

More than twenty reputable witnesses not only testified to Mooney's innocence but proved it beyond even the shadow of a doubt. His alibi was without a flaw. He was miles away from the bomb when it exploded in the preparedness parade. He had absolutely no connection with and no knowledge of the affair. Bourke Cockran, the eminent New York lawyer who defended him, is positively convinced of this and so is every other man or woman who attended the trial and is not in the pay or under the influence of the United Railroads, the Manufacturers' Association, and other red-handed bandits who have for years been plundering San Francisco and have now set themselves up as the autocratic rulers of the Pacific coast.

You know the record of the Manufacturers' Association. You remember the Mulhall story and the trail of this slimy serpent in the investigation at Washington. If the law had been enforced every one of these criminal conspirators would now be keeping the lock-step in penitentiary.

You know, too, the rotten record of the United Railroads, every page of which drips

with corruption and reeks with stench that cry to heaven. You also know the attitude of the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco, that gang of pot-bellied exploiters and thieves and their mangy spaniels. It is these sweet-scented elements that constitute the despotic power that rules San Francisco with a rod of steel, these private interests organized for loot, rapine and plunder, as conscienceless a gang of pirates as ever sandbagged an honest man or picked the pocket of a blind orphan.

And it is this gang that issued its declaration of war against organized labor and in cold blood set to work thru its sleuths, hirelings and prostitutes, male and female, of high and low degree, to drive every union man and woman and every Socialist from the Pacific coast.

This is the real cause, the true inwardness of Tom Mooney's conviction. He would not lay down like a cur at the command of the blear-eyed, bloated bandits. He stood up like a man and defied them. In every protest of the workers Mooney's voice was heard; in every strike he was at the front and his influence was felt. He was true in every throb of his heart to the organized workers in their battle against annihilation. He lost sight of self entirely. He was the kind of a man when the crisis came we should have a thousand of instead of one, and if we had, those broadcloth, bediamonded, greasy desperadoes who are now trying to assassinate him under the cover of law would have seen ignominious finish long ago.

The arrest of Mooney in connection with the bomb explosion was an outrage, his trial from first to last a farce, and his conviction and sentence a crime so flagrant, so cruel, so shocking that the working class of the whole nation should and must rise in revolt against it.

The plundering plutocrats thirsting to lap Tom Mooney's honest blood must be thwarted. These hyenas shall not break his neck and gloat over his dead body. Their infamous court and its filthy hirelings have brought him bound and gagged to the gal-

lows, but they shall not chortle over his ghastly murder.

Comrades and fellow-workers of America, I appeal to you! If ever my voice was heard I want it to be heard now. If ever I was engaged in an act of duty to justice and service to the working class I am engaged in that act now in pleading with you to help save as honest a workingman and as true a unionist as ever stood under the banner of the labor movement.

I know Tom Mooney and I know him well. For weeks he was with us on the Red Special. We ate and slept together. Everyone on the train loved him. To me he was a younger brother. He is innocent. I swear it. His murder would be a foul and indelible blot upon our movement and an everlasting disgrace to ourselves.

We can save him. We have got to save him. Let us get to work and lose no time. From now on my pen and my voice are at his service. My duty is clear and so is that of every other union man and Socialist in America.

First of all there is the most urgent need for funds. Everyone should contribute at

least his mite. Send your contribution at once to Robert Minor, Room 210, Russ building, San Francisco, Cal. But this is not all. We must get busy at our union and local meetings. Publicity is extremely important. Protest meetings should be at once organized and proper action taken. We can stir the country from end to end before the San Francisco hangmen in evening dress can dislocate the neck of their framed-up victim.

Every labor union and every Socialist local must swing into line.

This is the hour for solidarity. Now is the time to stand up straight on our hind legs all over this country and say, **IT SHALL NOT BE DONE!**

We are patient and long suffering, but there is a limit. It has been reached. Let us show this country that labor is alive. Let its lightning strike just once and there will be a sudden halt in the murder program scheduled for May 17th.

Comrades, the red blood in you must now prove itself. I pledge myself to you in this fight to its finish.





FUNERAL OF MURDERED STRIKER

Ham-stringing the Sugar Hogs

By E. F. DOREE

IT is hardly necessary to take time telling the bloody history of the Sugar Trust. Most readers of the REVIEW know how this organization has, in the last few years, grabbed up the Sugar Plantations of the World. Not only has it grabbed up the plantations of the southern states, but it has reached out and taken the fertile fields of Hawaii, the Philippines, and Cuba.

During the Spanish-American war, so the story goes, a body of volunteers passing down Market street in San Francisco, saw Spreckles, the Rockefeller of the sugar industry, throwing flowers down upon the passing troops from an upper window of one of his own buildings. Spreckles turned to a friend and exclaimed: "There go OUR boys to fight for OUR country."

He was right. Practically all of the conquered territory that will grow sugar cane is now the property of Spreckles and the Havemeyers. The land was won for them at the price of American and native blood. We shall not mention the

\$13.00 a month that the vanguards received.

The beginning of the Sugar Trust was in the blood-fest of the Philippines and Cuba, and we might add of the Hawaiian Islands; their history since then is written in the misery of their slaves.

The story of how the Sugar Kings conquered the natives is known by many people today. It has been written up enough. Sufficient to say that the natives work for practically nothing and live the most wretched lives in poverty and filth. The Sugar Kings get the raw sugar at almost nothing.

The sugar, for the most part, is refined in this country. Bad as are the conditions of the workers who grow the sugar cane, they can not possibly be worse than the refinery slaves.

The working hours in a sugar refinery are never less than twelve hours a day, and if the season is at all a busy one, the workers often put in a fourteen-hour shift before being permitted to go home. The wages in the last two years, accord-



FUNERAL OF MURDERED STRIKER

ing to a published statement of the Sugar companies, have varied from 18 to 25 cents an hour. Some of the workers insist however that many get as low as 15 cents.

Mr. Peterson, chief driver of the Spreckles outfit of Philadelphia, in an interview with a local newspaper man, stated that he could not possibly figure out why *his* men should strike unless the entire trouble was due to a bunch of irresponsible agitators. He told the reporter that there was plenty of work and that the men might just as well be working twelve hours a day, seven days a week, as to be loafing around. In answer to the question as to how much the workers would get for that amount of work, our genial Mr. Peterson said that "many would earn \$21.00 a week, for 84 hours' work."

The strike of sugar workers began in Brooklyn in the big Havemeyer plant. This was in the latter part of January. No sooner had these workers revolted than they appealed to other sugar workers to come out. From that moment the strike began to spread. It traveled to Long Island, Jersey City, Yonkers and to several smaller plants.

The strike hit Philadelphia like a flash out of a clear sky. There was scarcely a moment's notice. All the pent up spirit of the workers seemed to give vent at once. First it was the Spreckles plant, then the Franklin and McCahans. Philadelphia's sugar supply was cut off before any one really realized what happened.

The first ones to wake up was the Sugar Workers' Industrial Union No. 497, I. W. W. This union had practically nothing to do with the calling of the strike; it wasn't called; everybody simply went out. When the workers reached the streets, they joined the few organized men and went to the National Lithuanian hall where the I. W. W. held their meetings. There the strikers joined the One Big Union by hundreds. The chaos of the walkout was soon cleared. Discipline was injected into the strike. Men began to take on their new duties; their duty to themselves; their duty to fight the bosses.

From that day to this they have fought well, and, when we say fought, we mean it. This strike has been filled with all

the brutalities known to big strikes of recent years. Pickets were clubbed and left lying in the streets until their bolder fellow workers carried them away. Men have been arrested and railroaded to jail and penitentiary without being allowed counsel or communication with friends. Members of the strike committee and their lawyer have searched every station house in the city to locate an arrested picket to later learn that the man looked for was being held in the office of a private detective agency. The most notorious of these agencies is the Tate Agency.

The longshoremen in the port of Philadelphia are members of the I. W. W. Most of the sugar is imported by boat. A good deal of sugar is exported by boat.

When the bosses refused to consider the demands of the sugar workers, and, the sugar workers had demonstrated that they intended to stick with the fight, the longshoremen on the sugar docks laid down their trucks, stuck their hooks in their pockets, and struck. The 1,500 longshoremen made no demands other than a settlement with the sugar refinery workers by their bosses. It was a wonderful and inspiring picture of class solidarity.

No sooner had the longshoremen quit than the bosses prepared to move the boats to other ports to be unloaded. Again the I. W. W. principles were tested and found true. The seamen and fire-room men left the ships. The boats did not move for lack of crew.

When the workers showed this solidarity, the bosses became desperate. They stopped at nothing. Murder was the next thing that happened.

On Feb. 21st, in the morning, a meeting of women was held, mostly the wives and daughters of the strikers. At this meeting they decided to aid in the picketing. On the evening of the same day, these women, loyal members of their class, went out, babes in arm, to face the bitter cold and brutal police.

No sooner had the women shown themselves than the police got busy. At first they jostled the women around but these held their ground. Mothers raised their babies up and shouted "Don't take the bread from our babies." But, babies have little effect on police, who evidently feared that the little kiddies might make

an impression on the scabs. The women were ordered away. They refused to go, so the police began to slap the faces of some of these valiant mothers. Then is when the men got busy. They had said nothing before, but now they spoke. With bare hands they went to the rescue of the women of their class. The police clubbed right and left. The men refused to yield an inch. Soon the police were forced to retreat. The men pushed on after them and the fight was over.

A moment later Hell broke loose. Without a moment's warning police, by the hundred, came in from all sides, on foot, on horseback and in patrol wagons, shooting and clubbing. It was a massacre. The workers had no chance. They began to fall. One worker, Martynus Petkus, was killed and several were wounded. To the everlasting credit of the strikers it must be said that, without one gun in their possession, they showed a few of these murderers where the hospitals were located.

The funeral of our murdered fellow worker was held on Feb. 26th. It is estimated that 10,000 workers attended the funeral of whom 2,500 were members of the One Big Union.

The strike itself is still going on as bitterly as ever. The strikers at the end of six weeks' struggle are as determined as ever to win. Their slogan now is,

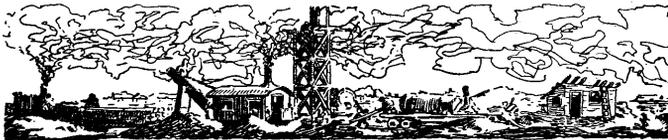
"There is no vindication of the dead unless we have a victory for the living."

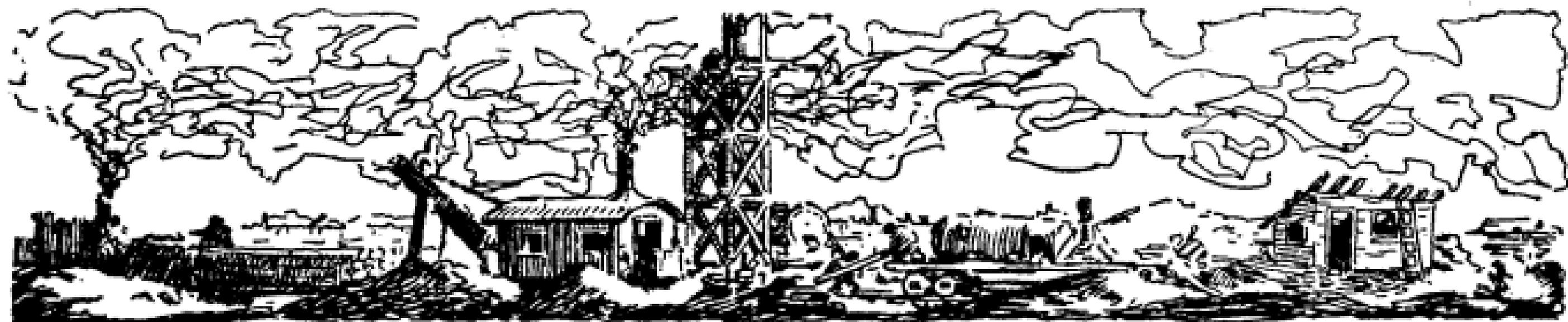
What are they fighting for? I am almost ashamed to tell. The conditions they are struggling for are so rotten that they would be doing well to fight against them. At any rate no one will ever say that their demands are exorbitant.

1. A five cent an hour increase in wages,
2. A twelve hour work day,
3. Time and one-half for overtime,
4. Double time for Sundays and holidays,
5. Reinstatement of all workers.

Sugar is a scarce article on the market in this country now and the bosses are feeling the pinch. Today, in contrast to three weeks ago, the superintendent of the Spreckles place, under a guard of police, made a speech from a soap box to the strikers on the picket line. He told his audience that they should leave the I. W. W. and join some other union; then he would deal with them, etc. He said that the I. W. W. was too small to represent their interests.

A week ago they had nothing to say to the State and Federal Board of Mediators, today they are making stump speeches to the pickets; tomorrow they will settle with the strikers and the One Big Union, the I. W. W.





The Deadly Parallel

PLEDGE GIVEN TO NATION

By American Federation of Labor

We, the officers of the national and international trades unions of America in national conference assembled, in the capital of our nation, hereby pledge ourselves in peace or in war, in stress or in storm, to stand unreservedly by the standards of liberty and the safety and preservation of the institutions and ideals of our republic.

In this solemn hour of our nation's life, it is our earnest hope that our republic may be safeguarded in its unswerving desire for peace; that our people may be spared the horrors and the burdens of war; that they may have the opportunity to cultivate and develop the arts of peace, human brotherhood and a higher civilization.

But, despite all our endeavors and hopes, should our country be drawn into the maelstrom of the European conflict, we, with these ideals of liberty and justice herein declared, as the indispensable basis for national policies, offer our services to our country in every field of activity to defend, safeguard and preserve the republic of the United States of America against its enemies, whomsoever they may be, and we call upon our fellow workers and fellow citizens in the holy name of labor, justice, freedom and humanity to devotedly and patriotically give like service.

A DECLARATION

By the Industrial Workers of the World

We, the Industrial Workers of the World, in convention assembled, hereby reaffirm our adherence to the principles of Industrial Unionism, and rededicate 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 thru the establishment of the Industrial Democracy.

War's Toll

Washington, D. C., March 11.—There have been 5,719,400 casualties in the entente armies and 3,384,800 in the Teutonic forces since the war began, according to authoritative figures obtained here today. The classified figures by countries follow:

	Killed	Wounded Permanently Disabled	Captured and Missing	Total
England	205,400	102,500	107,500	415,400
France	870,000	540,800	400,000	1,810,800
Russia	1,500,000	784,200	800,000	3,084,200
Italy	105,000	49,000	55,000	209,000
Belgium	50,000	22,000	40,000	112,000
Serbia	60,000	28,000	88,000
Totals	2,790,400	1,526,500	1,402,500	5,719,400
Germany	893,200	450,000	245,000	1,588,200
Austria-Hungary	523,100	355,000	591,000	1,469,100
Turkey	127,000	110,000	70,000	307,000
Bulgaria	7,500	7,000	6,000	20,500
Totals	1,550,800	922,000	912,000	3,384,800

TEN MILLION HUMAN LIVES STAND AS A MONUMENT TO THE NATIONAL PATRIOTIC STUPIDITY OF THE WORKING CLASS OF EUROPE! WHO WILL BE TO BLAME IF THE WORKERS OF AMERICA ARE BETRAYED AND LED INTO THE BLOODIEST SLAUGHTER OF HISTORY? WHO?

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

"And let us not fear that we may go too fast. If, at certain hours, we seem to be running at a headlong and dangerous pace, this is to counter-balance the unjustifiable delays and to make up for time lost during centuries of inactivity."

AS WE go to press, cablegrams bring the good news from Russia that "the national colors, with their eagles, have given place to plain red flags. The red flag of the Revolution is flying from almost every building in Petrograd, even over the famous winter palace of the Czar; tiny red ribbons have been distributed among the people and they are being proudly worn."

While it is still too early to predict the results of the three day revolt, it is safe to say that the bloody absolutism of centuries is doomed and that the Russian people are on the way to a liberal democracy that will leave Germany the only remaining powerful autocracy on earth.

Hundreds of bread riots and strikes in many large cities culminated in mass action in Petrograd where 13,000 Cossacks were promptly dispatched to quell the "open and violent revolution of the people." Several thousand imperial police were stationed about the city, provided with machine guns, with orders to mow down the hungry crowds clamoring for bread.

But the Cossacks joined the revolutionists, as well as the troops who were hurriedly rushed to the capital.

At their first charge the police, always loyal to their paymaster, the government, killed 300 people and wounded hundreds more. The revolutionists retaliated by killing 4,000 police. The winter palace was invaded and the Czar forced to abdicate.

Meanwhile, the Duma was holding an excited session and trying to control the situation, while the people fought the police and those soldiers who would not join them. Little by little the whole city fell into the hands of the revolutionaries, the chief resistance coming from police on housetops with machine guns.

Fresh troops were hurrying into the city, and there was some hard fighting here and there, but for the most part the soldiers soon joined the people. By night the whole length of the magnificent Nevsky Prospect was in the hands of the revolutionaries and

the fighting pushed more and more to the outskirts.

The last of the nests of police on the roofs with machine guns were cleaned out when the soldiers dashed here and there in motor trucks with their own quickfirers and killed them off.

By Tuesday night almost the entire city was in the hands of the revolutionists, and there was only sporadic firing, and by noon Wednesday the last of the police who resisted had been killed.

For years past, the revolutionary parties, many of them formed or crystallized in the Duma, have been robbed of their importance. None of them had any hope that the Czar would allow the Duma to accomplish anything and they finally succeeded in their great common object, which was to teach the people that nothing would be gained from the Government that was not taken by superior force.

As Comrade William English Walling observed of the third Duma, in his splendid book "Russia's Message"—"It is not a question of reform in Russia, but of revolution. The reader does not need to be reminded how large a part of the Russian people are of this opinion. Tens of thousands have died for it, hundreds of thousands gone to prison or exile, millions suffered persecution, fines and arrest. Tens of millions of Russians who do not happen to have been individually persecuted share their view. In the election an overwhelming majority of the people voted for representatives of the revolutionary factions. It was only a most unequal suffrage and unheard of arbitrariness of the officials that gave the moderately oppositional parties a bare majority. It will be remembered that this election law, tho by no means distorted enough to give a Government majority and now replaced by one infinitely less democratic, nevertheless gave the noble landlord the same number of votes as a hundred peasants. And it will be recalled that voters and electors were publicly disqualified by the hundred thousand at all stages of the

election for nothing more subversive than unfriendliness to the Government. But it is not generally realized that nevertheless an overwhelming majority of the votes cast were votes for revolution."

* * * *

"The railway men and the labor movement at large have not lost their heads. In October, 1905, they showed the world the first great example of a successful general strike on a national scale. At the first stroke they secured the Manifesto—the first promise of freedom ever wrung from the Czar. The next stroke is to be for nothing less than the final sovereignty of the people, in place of the sovereignty of the Czar, who, if he is kept at all, will retain little more than his name. The workmen are as one man in their demand for a constitution, and they know they will have to force it by revolution.

"But they propose to make this revolution as speedy and orderly as it can be made, and for this end they propose one more great general strike. The working people, having forced the Czar to promise freedom, propose now to force him to make his promise good. It is to be a class struggle against officials, landlords, and employers. But the working class will not antagonize any other class except that of the rich and privileged. The Russian labor movement is under no delusions as to the "benevolence" of the employing class, but it does not extend its hatred to every other class outside its ranks. In the next great revolutionary crisis behind the rejected working people will be found the great mass of the intelligent city population of Russia—all those not held back by private interests, privileges, or public office, and above all, the overwhelming majority of her agricultural population of a hundred million souls."

And the great day has come. The executive committee of the Duma has issued a Manifesto saying that the monarchy has been abolished and that the Government of Russia will be handled for three months by a Committee of Twelve.

The new cabinet will base its policies upon the following principles:

1. Immediate general amnesty for all political and religious offenses.
2. Liberty of speech and of the press,

freedom for alliances, unions and strikes, with the extension of these liberties to military officials.

3. Abolition of all social, religious and national restrictions. Convocation of constitutional assembly, based on universal suffrage, which will establish a government regime.

5. Substitution of the police by a national militia, with chiefs to be elected and responsible to the government.

6. Communal elections based on universal suffrage.

7. Emancipation of the Jews and abolition of all social, religious and national restrictions.

Order is growing with incredible rapidity out of the chaos of the past week, and the new government is striving to set the organization of the country in motion so the conduct of the war will suffer as little as possible from the revolution.

The members of the new ministry already have assumed their posts. The government buildings, empty and deserted for days, are again open for official business.

Food prices have been greatly reduced.

M. Bublikoff is dealing vigorously with the transportation problem. Under his energetic direction almost normal train service has been restored, the coal and food supply replenished and factories are resuming operations. In the rooms of the police have been found large quantities of foodstuffs. Some police even kept live chickens in their quarters.

Quantities of flour are arriving hourly in the capital. It is being carted thru the streets on sledges amid cheers from pedestrians.

Grain stores everywhere have been requisitioned by the provisional government, fair prices being paid the owners. The distribution, thru a carefully organized system, of these stores of food is being arranged.

The doors of the prisons have been flung wide and thousands of prisoners, many of whom have been some of the greatest fighters for Russian freedom, have been liberated.

It is reported that all landed estates of over one hundred and twenty-five acres have been confiscated.

These are great days to live in.

MARXIAN ECONOMICS

How the Farmer Is Exploited

By MARY E. MARCY

SOME of us who have studied only the first part of Volume I of Marx's *Capital*, forget that when this greatest of all economists wrote Volumes II and III he elaborated on his theory of value.

Because we have been students of only a portion of the writings of Marx, some of us have claimed that the man who owned a farm and worked it himself and sold his product to some warehouse company, or to some speculator, sold his commodities at their value and was, therefore, not exploited in any way. But we were wrong.

As a rule, said Marx, commodities on the average exchange at their value. But by this he did not, by any means, mean that when a farmer sells a thousand bushels of wheat to one man, who in turn sells to a customer, who re-sells to someone else, who finally sells out to a third or fourth buyer—Marx did not mean that all these perfectly useless individuals *added any value to that wheat*. But they sell at a profit.

Now since these speculating purchasers have not added any value to the farmer's wheat, either the first purchaser bought the wheat from the farmer *BELOW* its value or the final purchaser paid for it at *MORE* than its value.

The man who originally bought the wheat from the farmer added no value to the wheat nor did his customer, nor his customer's customer, etc., add any value to the wheat. But the wheat may have sold finally at fifty cents a bushel more than the original purchaser paid for it, because when it was finally sold there was a greater demand for wheat. On the other hand, wheat occasionally sells below the price paid to the farmer for it, because of the sudden termination of war, etc., or by a decrease in the demand for wheat. Supply and demand, we know, affect price, but not value, so that in war time, for example, the farmer may receive a price that is more than the value of his product.

Marx explains in Volumes II and III of *Capital*, that brokers, middlemen and merchant capitalists, etc., being, on the whole, unnecessary, produce neither commodities nor any value.

On the average, he says, commodities exchange at their value—that is, the consumer usually buys commodities at their value. He nearly always receives the value he pays for; he gives gold, or its equivalent, representing so many hours of necessary social labor, in exchange for commodities representing an equal amount of necessary social labor.

Commodities usually sell to the consumer at their value. Wheat brokers and wheat and other grain speculators get their profits out of value either produced by the farmer who works his farm, or from value produced by farm tenants or farm laborers, because these products are sold to these speculators *BELOW* their *VALUE*.

One speculator buys corn from a group of farmers at 40 cents and re-sells it to another speculator at 46 cents, who disposes of it to a third at 50 cents, who finally sells it to the mill men (who use it as raw material from which, say, corn flakes are manufactured) at 55 cents.

On the average these mill men buy the corn at its value; the various speculators have never seen the corn, never moved the corn, added not one particle of value to the corn. The first speculator in this case bought the corn from the producing farmers at something like 15 cents a bushel *BELOW* its value. This 15 cents of which the producing farmers were exploited, is divided among the three speculators. Nobody is robbed or exploited but the actual producers of the corn.

Among the capitalist farmers the same conditions prevail as in other fields of investment. Unless the capitalist is able to make his capital bring him the average rate of profits, he seeks other fields in which to put his money.

Capitalist farmers hire farm superintendents, overseers, farm laborers to work their

lands or let their farms to farm tenants at a cash rental or for a portion of the tenants' products. Like the capitalist who, for instance, invests his money in a packing house, a mine or a woolen mill, these capitalist farmers have to divide the value appropriated from the labor of the workers with the *MIDDLEMAN*. The capitalist farmer pays his workers the value of their labor power, but far less than the value of their products. On the average, these products are sold to the final buyer at their value. The capitalist farmer divides the surplus value, produced by the farm tenants or laborers, with the broker, the speculator, the storage companies,

The small farm owner, who works in the fields beside his hired "hands" is an exploiting capitalist as far as he pays his workers wages and appropriates their products. The surplus value or profits he is able to extract are represented by the difference between what he pays for the labor and cost of machinery, maintenance, repairs, taxes, etc., and the price he gets for the products of his laborers.

Occasionally buyers' associations grow so powerful that they demand so great a share of the surplus value produced by the farm workers that the farm owner, or fruit grower, or truck gardener is unable to appropriate any of this surplus value produced by his laborers, and he ceases to use his land in raising that particular product. This has been true in the case of many small capitalist fruit raisers. Apples rot upon the ground in Michigan and in many other states because the commission houses are so organized that the fruit farmers have no other market, and the price commission organizations offer for apples or peaches is so low that after the farm owner has paid the laborers to pick and pack the fruit there is no surplus value left for himself.

Farmers in Different Classes

Farmers cannot be lumped into one industrial class as politicians are so fond of doing in this country. To speak of the "farmer" means nothing definite today. We read about the brother of ex-President Taft being a "farmer." But we are informed that this wealthy gentleman does not even superintend the work on his great capitalistic farm. Mr. Taft is an exploiting capitalist who appropriates the surplus value produced by his laborers and tenants.

As the industrial capitalist who employs

workers to produce furniture, cloth, machinery, etc., is compelled to *DIVIDE* this surplus value with the wholesale merchant, the jobber and the retailer, so even the millionaire capitalist farmer, Mr. Taft, sells many of the farm products expropriated from his farm laborers *BELOW* their value. Both classes of industrial capitalists have to *DIVIDE* the surplus value with other groups of capitalists.

Socialists are not in the least concerned with helping the industrial capitalists, neither the mighty Tafts nor the town farmer who hires two or three men who run his farm by the aid of additional men in harvest time. This small town farmer also sells the product of the farm workers *BELOW* its value. We do not grieve to see the expropriator expropriated—the robber robbed. We are concerned only with seeing to it that the working class receives the value of its products.

Now commodities tend to exchange at their value, but this does not mean that the small farmer can exchange a hundred bushels of wheat or corn, representing the hours of labor *he has put in them*, for machinery or other commodities representing an *EQUAL* amount of labor.

The capitalist farmer, who uses the most modern farm tractors and other modern farm machinery, sells wheat and corn representing, perhaps, only one-half as much labor as the wheat and corn produced by the small farmer using small or old-fashioned machinery. And both receive the same price for their wheat or corn because commodities exchange at their *SOCIAL* value, at the average *social* labor required to produce them at a given time.

So the capitalist farmer, who has capital to buy modern machines and who rents enormous farms, gets almost twice as much for the same amount of labor as the small farmer. It is the same old story of modern productive methods and small antiquated methods which has occurred so often in the past; the hand weavers yielding to the machine product; the small factory being frozen out by the big factory; small machine production being driven out by modern automatic machinery.

The small farmer not only pays interest every year on farm loans or rent on farm lands, but, because he has no capital wherewith to buy modern machinery, gets less and less for his labor, because every year a

bushel of wheat, a bushel of corn represent *LESS NECESSARY HUMAN LABOR* than they did before. In other words, wheat and corn and other farm products are steadily decreasing in value because of growing modern machine methods in farm production.

There are several other ways by which the small farmers are forced to *GIVE* more than they *RECEIVE* in exchange. But we cannot take them up here. Those who are particularly interested in this subject will be interested in reading "How the Farmer Can Get His," published by Charles H. Kerr & Company, at 10 cents a copy.

The farmer who owns or is paying on a small farm, who works his farm himself, ought to be interested in the revolutionary movement. He exploits no one and sells his products below their value.

On the other hand, we hear a great deal from the farm owner who works a little and hires two or three men. His complaints fill the country newspapers from Maine to California. It is true that he sells the products of his farm below their value. But his only concern is to secure higher prices for these products, not the payment to his laborers of the value of the things they produce, the wheat they grow, or the fruit they raise. He desires to make more money from the labor of others.

If the workers received the value of their social products, no one would care to *OWN* land, because ownership would not then mean opportunity for exploitation. The landless farmer would not care to own land so long as he possessed access to it and the opportunity to produce and to exchange his products at their value.

In an industrial democracy it need not be a matter of serious moment that one group of workers finds it necessary to labor upon inferior land. We cannot all sow and reap of the best. Men and women should be recompensed according to the necessary number of hours they work, and not upon the amount of wheat they raise upon a certain piece of land. For the same labor will produce twice the crop of wheat on rich land as upon poor land.

Every group should, of course, be advised by national experts as to the best crops to plant, the fertilizer needed, and on the thousand and one questions that are constantly increasing as farming is being reduced to a scientific basis.

If a group spends a certain amount of necessary labor on a piece of land according to advice of expert agronomists and the crop is entirely lost because of frost, floods or drought, this farming group should not be forced to beg for a living the remainder of the year. The local loss should be borne by the whole nation and every bushel of wheat would represent a little more *SOCIAL* labor than it would have meant without the failure of local crops.

The whole wheat product will represent *ALL* the necessary social labor expended in producing it. Every year there will be failures of farm crops for one unavoidable cause or another, but the hours spent in farm work by the group of workers whose labors have proved fruitless will, without doubt, be included in the total number of hours spent in farm production by all the workers. Because the labor of *ALL* will represent the socially necessary labor embodied in the wheat crop, potato crop, or corn crop.

In this way the farmer who works poor land will receive the same payment, per hour of labor, as the man who works the most fertile land. The total product will represent the total number of hours necessarily expended in the production of a commodity, and men will be paid according to their labors.

In this way groups of farmers will be practically insured against crop failures. Modern machinery will abolish all farm drudgery. The income of farm workers will be assured, as will be the income of all other necessary workers. Equal necessary effort, equal labor will mean a like recompense in every branch of industry. Exchange will be based upon labor for labor; service for service.

* * *

Questions:

1. When one farmer raises wheat by modern high-power machine methods and another by old small machine methods, which gets the most for his labor power when they take their products to market?
2. Can the hand-producer ever receive as much for his labor power as the man raising the machine product under this system?
3. Do the grain speculators who buy and sell wheat on the Boards of Trade add any value to it?
4. Where do the profits of these specu-

lators come from? Do they come out of the pockets of the people who buy flour and bread or do they come out of the value produced by the grain growers?

5. Can grain speculators sell grain to the "people" at its value and still make a profit?

6. Did you ever hear of a farmer who, after paying the interest on his mortgage, and paying the interest on his machinery, and paying for some machinery and tools, buying seed and fertilizer and hiring "hands" to help during harvest, sold his product and the product of these "hands" at so low a price that there was scarcely anything left for the farmer?

7. If commodities sell to the consumer at their value (or the social labor necessary to produce them), who gets the best of it, the capitalist farmer or the farmer who works his own farm?

8. What has always happened when

hand-production tried to compete with machine-production?

9. Who produces the value that pays the banker his interest on the mortgage he holds on the "farmer's" land?

10. Does the farmer who owns his own elevator and storehouse and who is rich enough to hold his crops two or three years, waiting for a rise in the price of farm products, possess more capital than the farmer who has to sell his crops as soon as they are raised in order to get money to pay his debts? Well, if the rich farmer does use more capital (in elevators, storehouses, in holding his crops), does he expect a return on the additional money invested in his farm? Marx would call this additional investment merchant capital, and declares that the man possessing merchant capital expects an income on his investment equal to the average rate of profit.

JACK LONDON

(In Memoriam.)

Our Jack is dead!
 He who arose from us
 And voiced our wrongs;
 Who sang our hopes,
 And bade us stand alone,
 Nor compromise, nor pause;
 Who bade us dare
 Reach out and take the world
 In our strong hands.
 Comrade! Friend!
 Who let the sunshine in
 Upon dark places.
 Great ones may not understand,
 Nor grant you now
 The measure of your mede;
 But, in the days to come,
 All men shall see.
 Father of Martin Eden
 And the Iron Heel—
 Yes, men shall know
 When we arise
 And fight to victory!
 And yet—and yet—
 Our hearts are drear today.
 Our Jack is dead.

EDITORIAL

YOU AND YOUR COUNTRY

WE ARE wondering whether the thousands of carloads of potatoes and loads upon loads of onions, those cars upon cars of cotton and leather goods, those tons of meats and tons of dried fruits that the newspapers tell us are waiting at the wharves on the east coast of the United States, are going to feed and clothe the soldiers in Europe or whether they are going to lie at the docks and spoil while "OUR" government allows workingmen and women to starve in the United States.

The big American shippers are clamoring for protection to their ships and their cargoes—and their *PROFITS*—and demanding universal military service and war with Germany. They claim that Our National Honor has been smirched; that trade is threatened and that *TWO HUMAN LIVES*—American lives—have been snuffed out by submarine warfare. We can imagine the heartaches caused to the Honorable Messrs. Rockefeller, Loeb, Kuhn and Morgan, the Guggenheims and Schwabs, the Beef Trust, the Lumber Trust and the coal combines, the railroad companies, at the thought of two American lives being lost through the activities of a German submarine.

You know, and I know, that these great financial pirates have calmly sat by while the lives of thousands of workingmen and women have been sacrificed to their greed for dividends, and that the loss of American lives caused by Germany is only one more excuse they have seized to arouse the workers of this country to jump into war with Germany and spend hundreds of thousands of other lives in order that their profits may flow uninterrupted, their exports continue, their power remain unbroken.

But do not be deceived. "Your" country is concerned only because *PROFITS* are threatened.

What does Your Country do for you when you are out of work?

What does the National Government, the State Government, the Municipal Government do for you then? Those mighty minions of the law, the police, beat you up when you land in a town looking for work, and send you to jail or to the rock pile, or take you to the edge of town and drive you forth cold and hungry and homeless at the point of a gun.

And if there are many of you producers of the world's food and clothing and homes, if there are many of you who come into a town asking for work, for food, for shelter, the state's soldiers are called. And you are driven from one place to another—ever on and on—because you are homeless and hungry, because you are cold and because you are without money to buy the things you need.

When you have worked through the year and piled up many products and large dividends for your employer, "Your" Government permits your employer to throw you out of work, if he is unable to *USE YOU AT A PROFIT*. "Your" Government takes no thought of your *life*. It believes that it is better for a workingman to be thrown out—workless, homeless, penniless, hungry and cold than that a capitalist employ this worker at a *LOSS*. Your Country sacrifices the workers' *LIVES* to insure the employers' *PROFITS*.

When a starving worker, out of a job, steals a loaf of bread, the municipal, the state, the national government ("Your" Country) sends him away to prison. "Your" Government says that a loaf of bread is more important than a worker's life. It protects property and allows the workers to starve. *PROPERTY FIRST, USEFUL HUMAN LIVES SECOND*.

What was the first thing done in cities where the working women have raised their

voices in a cry for "Bread" and have demanded food for their families during the past month?

Did "Your" Government stretch out its benevolent hand and scatter flour and meat and potatoes to the working class which toils and produces for wages insufficient to *LIVE ON*?

Did all the elected officials in this Glorious Land of Liberty raise their voices and open their purses to relieve your distress? Did anybody hear any Congressman or U. S. Senator get up on his hind feet in those marble halls in Washington and suggest that the troops be sent to seize food and prevent suffering among the working class?

Well, what did Your Country do?

It called for the police and special reserves, which were rushed to the scenes of the "riots" and shot into the crowds of workers who dared to lift their hands toward the food supplies produced by the working class, and appropriated by the owning class.

The police force, the soldiers, are primarily maintained to protect the owning class and their property from the hunger-madness, the want-desperation of the world's workers.

Think it over, Fellow Workers. What has "Your" Country ever done for you?

* * *

London Cargoes.

Published alongside the story of two women shot in Bread Riots in New York City one day this month, we read the following, which appeared in Chicago's "greatest" newspaper:

"A party of neutral journalists who made a tour of London's docks yesterday were impressed by the sight of the tremendous cargoes brought in by newly arrived ships, the aggregate running into hundreds of thousands of tons. Fifty ships were unloading grain and chilled beef from America, South America and Canada. There were many other American cargoes to augment Britain's supply."

And in the next column appeared a story on the port from which some of these ships had sailed, of 4,000 hungry women storming the doors of the Waldorf Astoria, where over \$250,000 is spent nightly in fine wines and rich dinners by the revelers who work not. And the word upon the lips of the

wives and mothers of the working class was "Bread! Bread! Give us bread!"

* * *

Again the headlines of the succeeding column of this marvelous journal assured us that "American Workers Are Aroused," "Think Interruption of American Commerce Abroad Last Straw," and that "Every Boy in the State of New York Will Be a Soldier."

And it caused us to wonder greatly, because, while all wars, except the *CLASS* war, are fought in the interests of the capitalist class, there has never been the prospect of any war more palpably in the interest of *our enemies at home* than a possible war with Germany.

Think of it! American workingmen may fight and die to protect the commerce of American capitalists, the cargoes of food and clothing, which they need at home.

Comrades: We believe all you need to do to change the attitude of patriotic workingmen is to *explain* what this war and what all capitalist wars mean. Every one of you can talk these things over with your shop mates, your factory neighbors, your companions in the mines. You do not have to get up on a platform to show why all workers ought to be unpatriotic. Talk in the shops, on the street cars, and in the unions.

* * *

A Call to Action.

The following call is being sent out by the new Left Wing Socialist Propaganda League. Read it over and sign the Pledge and put yourself on record against Imperialism in America:

Comrades and Fellow Workers: The grip of militarism is closing upon you. What scanty rights are left to you as a class are about to be terminated. The ruling classes, the money kings and monopolists, with the President and Congress concurring, decide that this country shall play an active part in world politics.

This means that the capitalist classes have resolved to appropriate a greater share of the wealth you produce by intensified exploitation and the extension of such exploitation beyond the national borders.

Such a policy of imperialism is, however, impossible without an army and navy unparalleled in magnitude and cost in the history of the world. Warfare on the scale contemplated by the preparations being

made is unthinkable without compulsory military service.

At the hour in which we address these words to you, it can not be said that we are to have war with Germany. But of equal importance to you as the class that works is the underlying motive of the class that rules, which is this: The real purpose of the militarists is to wrench this country from its traditional policies by saddling upon the working population a huge military system with compulsory military service. The death-dealing enginery of war can not be operated without compulsion, as was shown by the plight of England.

We, therefore, urge you to stand with us—united against war and militarism in all its forms. Recalling the words of an American soldier, Ulysses S. Grant: "When wars come, they fall upon the many, the producing class, who are the sufferers," and those of an American statesman, Charles Sumner: "Preparations have been constant provocatives of war," we earnestly appeal to you to present a solid opposition against all attempts to establish compulsory military service in this country. And we ask you to organize protest meetings, protest demonstrations, and protest strikes all over the country. These would be effective in showing the firm resolution of the workers to resist this new form of slavery that militarists seek to implant on American soil. Such action can have its due result only by

actual refusal to be drafted into the industry of murder.

This action, endorsed by a few individuals only, would be useless; made as the compact of tens of thousands it can not fail of influence for the whole of the working class, and will be the best service they can render the country and humanity.

THE PLEDGE

I, the undersigned, solemnly protesting against the working class and the country of my birth (or adoption) being caught in the steel trap of militarism, will refuse to render any kind of military service when informed that ten thousand male citizens of the United States (or those who have declared their intention to become citizens), of an age between eighteen and forty-five, have signed this pledge:

Name

Address

Male... Female... Age... Alien...

Note:—Although any resident of the United States may sign this pledge, it should be clearly stated whether the signer is a woman or a man, and whether a citizen by declaration (one who has taken out his first papers), or an alien.

Send to the general office for supply of this call. Also send your contributions to help meet expenses of this propaganda. Address Box 23, Roxbury, Mass. Signed pledges should be mailed to the same address.

Four Per Cent and Safety

Chicago banks pay savings depositors three per cent; country banks, which are not so safe, pay four per cent. The banks make a profit by using this money. If you are depositing with them, you are helping your enemies.

But there is a way in which you can keep your money safe and still be helping the revolutionary movement instead of capitalism.

Our publishing house was established in

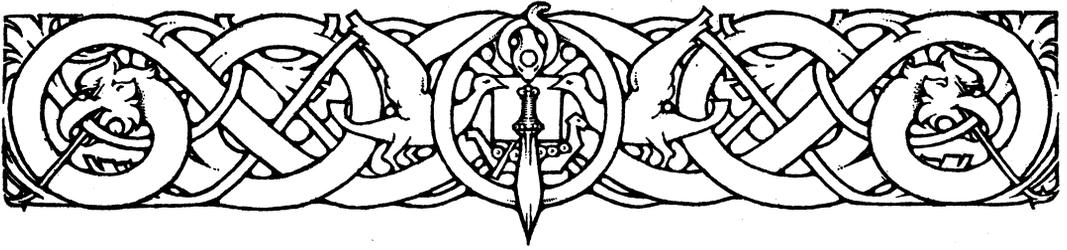
1886; it has been paying its bills regularly ever since. Our capital stock is \$42,000; our total debts less than \$5,000.

We can pay you four per cent on any sum, large or small, that you leave with us to be withdrawn on thirty days' notice. In most cases we shall not insist on the notice but will repay on demand, but we reserve the right, as savings banks do, to require notice when we pay interest. We also receive loans without interest, returnable on demand.

If you wish additional information before deciding, write us.

Charles H. Kerr & Company

341 East Ohio St., Chicago



INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

German Socialists Ruled Out of the Party. On January 7 the German Socialists had a conference at Berlin. By this I mean, of course, the real Socialists, those usually referred to as the Minority. There were 157 delegates present, among them 19 members of the Reichstag and representatives of 72 organizations. In general they were divided into three groups, the Union of Labor, the Spartacus group, formerly called Liebknecht-Rühle group, and the "German International Socialists." The Union of Labor is, of course, much larger than the other two combined. By a vote of 111 to 40 the conference declared that the work of the Socialists should be carried on within the Social Democratic Party. A long resolution was adopted in favor of reuniting the working classes of the various nations in favor of peace. The most important paragraph explained that since the Socialists represented in this conference were the ones who had remained faithful to their international faith they were now especially the ones upon whom rested the duty of reuniting German workers with those of other countries. Very likely the most important actions of the conference could not be reported in the papers.

On January 20 the National Committee of the Socialist Democratic Party held a conference, and on the 20th the Executive Committee formally expelled the socialists from the party. The committee bases its action on the theory that Germany is fighting a defensive war and that therefore the whole duty of Socialists is to support the government, antel-

iorate the condition of the poor during war, and keep up the party organization for the struggle which is to come after peace is declared. "Anyone," it declares, "who in the future belongs to the Social Democratic party and remains faithful to it, must have nothing to do with the proceedings of the conference of the opposition groups." Two members of the Executive Committee, Robert Wengels and Louise Tietz, refused to sign this order and published a note expressing their disapproval of it.

A week later the Socialists replied that they would fight for their rights within the Social Democratic party. Their declaration was signed by Haase, Ledebour, Dithman and Vogther, for the Union of Labor, and by Ad. Hoffman, P. Hoffman and Herbst, for the regular party organization of Greater Berlin. This declaration denounces the proceeding of the Executive Committee as a piece of high-handed tyranny. It explains that the opposition groups really represent the Socialist position and that, according to the constitution only a party congress has the final power to exclude members from the organization. The action of the Executive Committee is ascribed to fear that the majority of party members will come over to the opposition point of view. Therefore the Socialists are called upon to remain within the party and fight to maintain their position.

David Kirkwood and British Prussianism. Review readers will remember how, about a year ago, David Kirkwood spoke out against industrial tyranny. That was at Glasgow. Because his head

was too clear and his tongue too sharp Mr. Kirkwood was banished. Since then he has been living at Edinborough. He was elected a member of the recent conference of the Labor party and the government graciously allowed him to attend. He was enthusiastically received and spoke very simply and clearly about his own case and general conditions on the Clyde. Incidentally he declared that he intended to go back to Glasgow. Then the government, which pretends to be fighting German Prussianism, declared that if he did so he would be imprisoned. The conference appointed a commission to investigate his case. Since then a dispatch in the daily papers gives the news that he has been arrested.

Political Reorganization in England. We reported last month that the Labor Party Conference cut down the I. L. P. representation on the Executive Committee to one member. London Justice quotes from *The Worker* a paragraph reporting a speech made on this subject by Philip Snowden: "Mr. Snowden * * * went on to forecast interesting political changes. After the war there would have to a general reconstruction. It would have been necessary to reform political combinations if the Labor party had remained united during the war. It would be all the more necessary because of what had happened inside the party during the war. * * * By the disappearance of the Labor party, and from the disintegrated units, there would be formed a new democratic party, whatever its name might be, a party which in its policy and in its ideals would be collective Socialist party."

English Peace Movement. News from England is carefully censored. Persons who have recently come over the water say that the peace movement is much stronger than the papers have allowed us to believe. They say, for example, that it is nothing unusual for Ramsay MacDonald to have ten or fifteen thousand listeners when he denounces the war. We are told on good authority that five thousand Englishmen of military age are

living in jail because they refuse to serve.

Justice published a review of an anti-war book by MacDonald. It is called *National Defence; a Study in Militarism*, and is, apparently a simple and clear statement of the case against any sort of militarism. Much to the discomfiture of the reviewer the author proves that there is no difference between offence and defence under modern conditions.

I. W. W. Unlawful in Australia. During the last days of 1916 the Federal Parliament of Australia passed the Unlawful Association Act. How that title reminds one of Germany! The act is to remain in force until six months after the end of the war. It names the Industrial Workers of the World as an unlawful institution. It provides that "whoever, being a member of an unlawful association advocates anything calculated to hinder the production, transportation, for purpose connected with the war, of troops, warlike materials, etc., etc.," shall be liable to six months' imprisonment.

Starvation and Death Grow Common. Anyone who reads a considerable number of European papers cannot escape the impression that terrible suffering is becoming the regular thing in all the warring countries. In Belgium only children who are under weight receive food. In Germany Von Hindenburg protests that his troops are underfed. In France the wheat crop has gone down and the death rate has gone up. In England bread has nearly doubled in price and there is now less land under cultivation than there was before the war. Food riots are not uncommon.

Scotch Socialists Against All War. Representatives of the Scottish branches of the Independent Labor Party assembled in conference at Govan adopted the following resolution: "This conference urges the Socialist parties of all nations to oppose all wars entered into by their governments, irrespective of the declared object of the war, and instructs the I. L. P. to bring forward this policy at the next International Socialist Conference."

NEWS AND VIEWS

Third Annual Encampment—The 1917 Northwestern Pennsylvania Socialist Encampment will be held at Exposition Park, Conneaut Lake, Pa., from June 23 to July 2, inclusive. It will be a ten-day reunion of Comrades and a very interesting program is being worked out by the committee. Details will be given in the June number of the REVIEW.

Tents for the entire ten days will cost only \$3.00 and comrades who expect to attend should write at once to J. H. Browning, secretary of the Encampment Association, 616 Mahoning avenue, Youngstown, Ohio.

From Canada—The comrades at Vanguard liked the March REVIEW so well that they fired in their order for a bundle with the following comment: "The March issue of the REVIEW certainly throws the searchlight right where it is needed, particularly on the question of war. If we can get the REVIEW into the hands of the workers it will speak for itself."

Attention Railway Clerks—Wade Shurtleff, president Cleveland Lodge, Brotherhood of Railway Clerks, would like to get into touch with Railway Clerks in Chicago, Detroit and State of Michigan readers of the REVIEW. Address Room 500, 746 Euclid avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Going and Coming—Charles H. Moyer, president of the Western Federation of Miners, resigned recently from Local Denver Socialist Party. Word comes from the east that Buck White has been fired from the party for supporting the Democratic ticket in the last election. Meanwhile, Local Logansport, Ind., advises that eighteen new members have joined the local, which, by the way, is a working-class local.

A New Revolutionary Song Book—The most popular poem ever published in the REVIEW was, beyond any question, Ralph Chaplin's famous "When the Leaves Come Out," written at the time when the mine guards in West Virginia had been guilty of killing and injuring scores of striking miners. Many letters came to this office asking the name of the "Paint Creek Miner."

These friends will be delighted to learn that the I. W. W. has brought out a book of poems and new songs by Ralph Chaplin, songs and poems as rhythmical with rebellion as the pulse of that splendid organization itself.

"When the Leaves Come Out" is a beautiful book with a cover, about which the I. W. W. has a right to boast, and the sketches within, by the author, are full of strength, revolutionary symbolism and artistic charm. The sign of Black Cat is everywhere.

Next month we hope to quote one or two of our favorite poems from this book. But in the meantime send in 50 cents and get it. We understand the I. W. W. sells this new book in quantities at 35 cents a copy. Address I. W. W., 164 W. Washington street, Chicago, Ill.

Using Newsdealers—I have been reading your magazine for a long time, and I think it is the best radical magazine we have. I have wondered why it was not better known outside radical circles.

I have come to the conclusion that the reason for this is that the REVIEW is not handled by the regular magazine dealers—bookstores, drug stores and newstands.

I believe that if it was handled by at least one prominent concern in this line of business in each town, its sales would be greatly increased in a short time, and incidentally we would be educating a class of people we do not now reach.

And how easy it would be to accomplish this result! All that would be necessary would be for the Radicals to demand that the magazine dealers supply them with their favorite magazine. "Ask and ye shall receive," provided you only ask hard enough, and long enough. The trouble with us Radicals is that we are too modest, and we don't advertise enough—especially in the right way. Why, if the people only knew the truth about our ideals, especially the ideals of the I. W. W., we would be even busier than we are now, writing out new membership cards. There is no use talking—the immediate future is ours and we ought to take every advantage of the fact.

In Fresno, I intend to see that the REVIEW comes into its own. I have already interested the proprietor of a magazine-selling drug store. This man has his magazines displayed properly. He is centrally located, and is a pleasant appearing man—the magazine should do well in such a situation. If he makes arrangements to keep the magazines for sale, I will go out among the Radicals and drum up a trade. If he does not make these arrangements, I will try to interest someone else and I will keep on trying until I have seen the magazine properly placed.

If one fellow worker in each town would undertake to do the same work the REVIEW would soon enjoy the place it deserves in the magazine world. And what work could any fellow worker, especially one who does not work in the industries, do that would be of greater value towards obtaining industrial freedom? I hope you will publish this letter as it might be the means of helping to open up a new field for the REVIEW. Could not the REVIEW get into personal touch with some one worker in each town that could do this work?—Emma B. Little.

An Eighty-Year-Old Fighter—Comrade Kunze of Cupertino, Cal., writes us this month enclosing one dollar to renew his REVIEW subscription. He has been on our list for about ten years and he is eighty years old. He writes that he cannot do without the REVIEW. This is the best praise we have had in a long time. To know that a veteran in the class war feels thus about the REVIEW makes us feel that perhaps we are doing something

worth while, and we are going to keep it up and try to make the REVIEW better every month.

Louisville Railroad Traitors—It was with a great deal of amazement that REVIEW readers read a few months ago how fifteen L. & N. passenger conductors, who were members of the Order of Railroad Conductors, secured an injunction to prevent their organization from participating in a railroad strike last September. Their conduct aroused great indignation all over the states among railroad men and the fellow members of the Monon Division No. 89, O. R. C., received a great deal of sympathy because of this treason on the part of their brothers. We are advised now that this division has tried and exonerated the fifteen faithful allies of their most deadly enemy—the railroad corporation. Evidently our sympathy last fall was wasted. When a man exonerates a traitor to his own class, he deserves only the further treason which he may expect. It looks to us as though the members of Division 89 were solid bone from the neck up. We hope the day will come when all traitors to the working class will meet their just deserts at the end of the rope.

A Socialist Congress—The time to hold a Socialist Congress, as suggested in the March REVIEW, is to the point, and reorganization of the Socialist party is the only solution for the many perplexing problems now confronting the working class of today. To say that the International Socialist Party has failed is putting it mildly. There can be but one basis for reorganization, which is: Working class organization, as based on the class struggle, to educate for Revolution to overthrow the existing form of robber ruling-class society. We must cease prattling for and about reform for existing evil, and educate for revolution for common ownership and democratic control of necessities for civilization. The complete enfranchisement of woman, and the complete care of the child by the state. This would furnish a basis for national and international organization, to which there could be no objection. We need to make the general strike mandatory in the class war and it must be enforced; next to education it is our greatest asset. And lastly we must not permit or tolerate compromisers or opportunists to influence or control the organization so as to give it respectability in the existing scheme of things.—J. H. Knoop.

From Local, Chattanooga, Tenn.—The Socialist party is facing a turning point in its career. After a long regime of job-hunting and opportunism in the party organization the pressing need for a change in the structure and tactics of the party is apparent, and the opportunity is offered to the revolutionary industrial Socialists of the Left Wing to see that the change is for the better.

Always heretofore, when the industrial Socialists have tried to accomplish any change in the party, their efforts have proved ineffectual because of a lack of coordination, of cooperation in their attacks. They have tried to carry their positions by pure force of logic and superior argument, while their opponents,



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the intellectuals and reformists, have in every case been well organized. The opportunists have practiced the prime essential of Socialist theory, and they have organized, but the rebels have as yet been unable to find a way to get together.

The opportunity is now offered. In the Socialist Propaganda League of America we have the means to coordinate our power in the movement. This league was organized to bring the rebels together for MASS ACTION, to be exercised wherever it will do the most good.

Local Left Wing, Socialist Party of America, at Chattanooga, Tenn., has unanimously voted to affiliate as a body with the Socialist Propaganda League, and we call on all other revolutionary Socialist locals and branches to organize with us in this new movement.

At the coming convention of the Socialist party there will be business of much interest to the rebels, and we want to go there with our eyes open and our plans made. The S. P. L. A. fills a long-felt want, and we should not lose time before connecting up. There is a serious situation before us, and let us prepare to meet it in a serious and sensible way.—Yours for Mass Action, Left Wing Local, Socialist Party, Chattanooga, Tenn., Raymond S. Fanning, secretary, 109 Lindsay street.

Montana Coal Mines—Conditions in the coal mines at Sand Coulee and Stockett, Mont., are rotten. These mines are organized under the United Mine Workers of America. Here the bosses are allowed to belong to the local and they run it; this is supposed to be against the constitution of the United Mine Workers. In Stockett twelve miners refused to work in a mine because of the danger, so according to the Union agreement, they could try and reach an understanding with boss. If this failed they must be given other places to work in the mine, but the company did not do this. It discharged the men. Then all the miners

went on strike. So the district president comes to town and had a confab with the superintendent of the company, and then he tells the miners that it is illegal for them to strike and that they should not run the mine; that that was the company's business and he told them they would have to go back to work. The Union has a time contract with the company for two years. Since this contract was made the cost of living has gone up and the miners are worse off than they were last year. Even though this contract helps the company, the company does not live up to it, as the miners here are cleaning rock out of coal and doing other dead work without pay. Most of the miners here are Slavish, Italian and Finnish, but the language spoken in the local is English, so most of the miners cannot understand what is said in the local, but they are forced to attend once a month, or they are fined \$1.00. This state of affairs allows a few English-speaking friends of the boss to run the Union in Sand Coulee.

The Union dues are \$3.00 a month; 75 cents of this is regular dues, 25 cents is for the library, \$1.75 is for sick benefit and the doctor, and the other 25 cents is, I guess, for cigars for the officers. These dues are taken out of your pay at the office. You must pay this sick benefit, and if you are a stranger here you are lucky if you get the sick benefit when you are taken sick.

In the local I come from they have a sick benefit and you can belong if you want to, but if you do belong you get help at once when you are sick.

The miners are disgusted with this Union and I believe it is only a question of time before they do away with it and have a real union. The only real workers' union is the I. W. W. In it the workers settle their own troubles and it is run by the workers. But in the United Mine Workers the district president has the power to settle all troubles.—J. C. W.

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Socialist Books at Cost. This has been the motto of our co-operative publishing house for seventeen years, and now, while paper costs three times as much as formerly and is still going higher, we are living up to it.

For the benefit of new readers we will review briefly what our old readers know about the publishing house. This was established in the year 1886 by Charles H. Kerr, who is still its manager. Its early publications were along the line of "a religion that is rational and a rationalism that is religious," but as early as 1893 we reached the conclusion that questions of economics were more vital than those of theology, and for several years our new books were in line with the principles of the "People's Party." When this organization collapsed we came in touch with the embryo Socialist Party, and ever since 1899 we have been circulating the literature of Marxian Socialism. This we have done partly thru the **International Socialist Review**, which we have published every month since July, 1900, and partly thru the standard Socialist books. Our publishing house was the first to offer the classic writings of Marx, Engels, Dietzgen, Lafargue, Labriola, Ferri and other European Socialists to American readers at popular prices, and our books have been and are the mainstay of the revolutionary section of the Socialist parties of the United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and even of England.

Where the Money Came From. Most of it was subscribed in sums of ten dollars each by about three thousand stockholders, several hundred of which were locals of the Socialist Party, the remainder individual socialists. The total authorized capital is \$50,000, divided into 5,000 shares of \$10.00 each. At the present time 1,160 shares are held by Charles H. Kerr, about 100 by comrades who have subscribed for two to 35 shares each, and nearly 3,000 by holders of single shares, while 800 shares remain in the treasury to be sold.

No Dividends. It was distinctly explained at the time each share of stock

was sold that no dividends were promised and none have ever been paid. The personal benefit to stockholders has been in the privilege they have of buying our books at a discount, and in the further fact that but for their subscriptions of stock, most of the books we offer would either never have been published at all, or else at much higher prices. The bulk of our sales have been to or thru our stockholders, since many of them, especially the Socialist Locals, have bought books to sell again. Our prices to stockholders have been fixed at a figure which, one year with another, has just about paid the cost of manufacture and distribution. In the early years, when sales of stock did not bring in the capital needed for new books, we borrowed from comrades, and profits from good years since then has been used partly to pay off these loans and partly to make up the losses of lean years.

Forty Per Cent to Stockholders. On the books we publish, we allow stockholders a discount of forty per cent, and we pay postage. For example, our latest book, **News from Nowhere**, by William Morris, retails for \$1.00. We mail it to a stockholder for 60c. A set of Myers' "Great American Fortunes" retails for \$4.50; we mail it to a stockholder for \$2.70. These discounts were fixed when we bought paper for \$3.65 per hundred pounds that is now selling for \$10.50. We have not yet changed the discount and shall not do so unless we are forced to it. What we have done is to cut off all extra discounts formerly allowed on large purchases, so that a stockholder, no matter how little he buys at once, gets our bottom figures.

Why YOU Should Be a Stockholder. One reason is obvious from what we have just explained. In no other way can you get the books of Marxian Socialism at such low prices. But there is another and far more important reason. This publishing house is the rallying point of the Left Wing of the Socialist Party in each country. Our literature makes revolutionists who can be depended upon. The inevitable tendency of a party machine is toward conservatism

JESUS—"One of Those Damned Agitators"

In his "**The Carpenter and the Rich Man**" Bouck White proves to the satisfaction of all intelligent men and women that Jesus of Nazareth TAUGHT the very things the Churches and so-called Christians today CONDEMN in the name of Christ.

Jesus approved of the acts of David and his hungry followers when they entered the temple and took the blessed shew bread from the sacred altars to satisfy their want.

In New York a Catholic Priest declared he would die rather than permit the Unemployed to contaminate the "sacred" Church by using it to protect them from the winter's cold, although they had not where to lay their heads. The **Catholic Priest** had these **starving men arrested** and sent to **prison**.

Jesus said: "I was in prison and ye visited me not," for "inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the LEAST of these my brethren, ye did it not to me." According to Mr. White in his "**Carpenter and the Rich Man**," Jesus looked upon legal and all authorities as ENEMIES of the poor. He demanded that his followers and friends visit and support their comrades when imprisoned by the hated authorities.

That Jesus loved ALL the poor and despised ALL the rich there seems to be no reasonable doubt after reading this book. Comrade White points out how when a rich man asked permission to follow Jesus and become one of his band of OUTLAWS, Jesus said to him: "Sell ALL you have and GIVE to the POOR and take up your cross and follow me."

In thus referring to the cross, Mr. White shows how Jesus meant that his companions must be ready and willing to give up ALL things, to be prepared to DIE if necessary in their crusade for the poor.

Jesus stood for the poor thief, the propertyless lawbreaker, the oppressed SABOTAGER, the HOMELESS and HUNGRY Church defiler (if we are to accept the definition of defilement as laid down by our Priestly parasites today).

He was the BOLDEST of REBELLIOUS workingmen. All things could be forgiven ANY POOR man and the possession of riches in the midst of poverty irrevocably damned the owner, according to the Nazarene.

The outcasts of the world were the beloved of Jesus. Prostitutes, thieves, beggars, workingmen, ex-convicts were all the friends of Jesus. For the banker, the great property-owner, the usurer, the RICH MAN, he held only the most deep-rooted hatred and scorn.

Jesus demanded material communism among his comrades, and—above all—revolt against ALL CONSTITUTED AUTHORITY.

Comrade White proves how most of the books of the New Testament were written several hundred years after the death of Jesus and bear the imprint more of the aims and minds of the AUTHORS than they do of the FIGHTING CARPENTER.

Read this book by Bouck White and prove to your friends and fellow-workers just what ACTUALLY WERE the teachings of the Carpenter Revolutionist.

The book sells in New York for \$1.35 net. We have just bought 330 copies, and while they last will mail one to any REVIEW reader for \$1.00. When this lot is sold we shall have no more, so order now, using the blank below.

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and reaction. Nothing but the pressure of a revolutionary rank and file can or will prevent this, and such literature as ours is needed to recruit this rank and file. Now while capitalist prosperity lasts and you have the money is the time to become one of our cooperators. You can buy a share by paying a dollar a month for ten months, and you can buy our books at 40% discount while making these payments. Or better, send \$10.00 cash and we will send you by return mail a fully-paid stock certificate and a copy of "News From Nowhere."

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HOW I CURED MY CATARRH

TOLD IN A SIMPLE WAY

**Without Apparatus, Inhalers, Salves,
Lotions, Harmful Drugs, Smoke
or Electricity**

HEALS DAY AND NIGHT

It is a new way. It is something absolutely different. No lotions, sprays or sickly smelling salves or creams. No atomizer, or any apparatus of any kind. Nothing to smoke or inhale. No steaming or rubbing or injections. No electricity or vibration or massage. No powder; no plasters; no keeping in the house. Nothing of that kind at all. Something new and different, something delightful and health-



ful, something instantly successful. You do not have to wait, and linger and pay out a lot of money. You can stop it over night—and I will gladly tell you how—FREE. I am not a doctor and this is not a so-called doctor's prescription—but I am cured and my friends are cured, and you can be cured. Your suffering will stop at once like magic.

I AM FREE — YOU CAN BE FREE

My catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my will. The hawking, coughing, spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my loved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring me to an untimely grave, because every moment of the day and night it was slowly yet surely sapping my vitality.

But I found a cure, and I am ready to tell you about it FREE. Write me promptly.

RISK JUST ONE CENT

Send no money. Just your name and address on a postal card. Say: "Dear Sam Katz: Please tell me how you cured your catarrh and how I can cure mine." That's all you need to say; I will understand, and I will write to you with complete information, FREE, at once. Do not delay. Send postal card or write me a letter today. Don't think of turning this page until you have asked for this wonderful treatment that can do for you what it has done for me.

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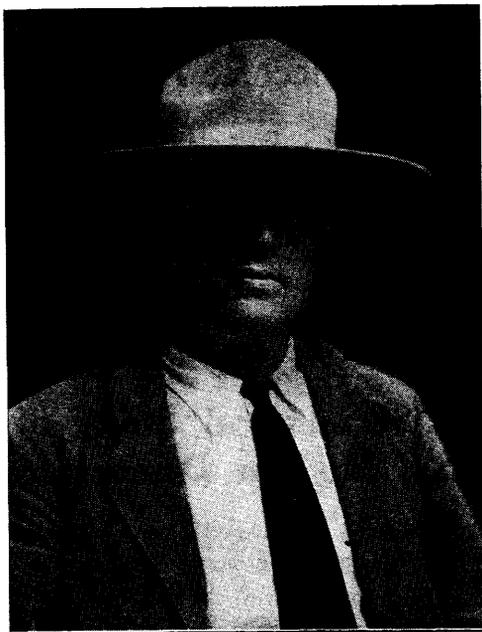
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Jack London's Books



Until Jack London died, most of us scarcely realized that America's greatest fiction-writer was a revolutionary comrade. Perhaps it was because Jack did not take himself seriously, did not pose as a Great Man. That is something that he was too intelligent and sympathetic to do. So many of us thought of him as successful, lucky, even while we enjoyed the things he wrote.

Now he can write no more, and we have lost the one writer who could state Socialism in terms that penetrated the brain of the ordinary careless American worker. But, thanks to "whatever gods there be," his books are still here. We have arranged to supply all of them that are now published at popular prices. The wholesale rate has been greatly increased on account of the cost of paper, but we can still offer twenty of his best books at 50c each; five to one address for \$2.00, or the set

of twenty for \$7.00. The titles we offer are:

The Iron Heel is a notable book that you should not fail to read. It is a picture of the future of America as Jack London conceives it, in the event that the trust magnates win out in their fight against organized labor and Socialism. It is a vivid picture of a possible hell on earth which some of us may live to see.

In contrast with this book and supplementing it are two other pictures of the future. **Looking Backward**, by Edward Bellamy, tells of a state in which capitalists are abolished, but all people from twenty-one to forty-five work under a sort of military discipline with their elders as the bosses. Bellamy pictures equality as being won at the cost of liberty, though he seems to approve the system he describes. The book has had wide influence and should be read. We have it at 50c.

News from Nowhere, by William Morris, is a picture of a dream-country that is run by the workers, who have abolished the capitalists and landlords and are living their own life in a more delightful fashion than any other writer, before or since, has ever pictured. We have just published a new edition of this classic at \$1.00.

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LEADERS: Why They Appear Why People Follow Them Why They Become Autocrats

These questions are vital to the Socialist movement, since its central aim is not merely collective ownership but also *democratic control* of production and distribution. Is a democratically managed society possible? And if so, do political and labor leaders *help* or *hinder* the oncoming of democracy?

These are a few of the questions discussed in a great book by ROBERT MICHELS, Professor of Political Economy and Statistics in the University of Basle, entitled

POLITICAL PARTIES: A Sociological Study of the Oligarchical Tendencies of Modern Democracy

The author does not attempt to solve our problems for us. He merely shows what *has happened* in the Socialist parties and the labor unions of France, Germany, Italy, England and the United States. Here are a few of the chapters:

The Need for Organization.

The Need for Leadership Felt by the Mass.

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The Struggle Between the Leaders and the Masses.

Centralization.

The Exercise of Power and Its Reaction Upon the Leaders.

The Metamorphosis of the Leaders.

Syndicalism as a Remedy.

Anarchism.

Party-Life in War-Time.

The last-named chapter was written in 1915 especially for the American edition, and shows how the action of the German Socialist officials has confirmed the author's theories.

POLITICAL PARTIES is a critical analysis of the workings of democracy, both on the political and economic fields. It introduces the reader to a new branch of science, the importance of which can hardly be exaggerated.

POLITICAL PARTIES is a large volume of 426 pages, handsomely printed and bound. It was published in New York at \$3.50 net. We have bought all remaining copies of the American edition, and while they last we offer them to any REVIEW reader at \$1.50 postpaid; with the REVIEW one year, \$2.00.

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