THE MASSES
A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE WORKING PEOPLE

ENLIGHTENMENT v.s. VIOLENCE

THE MASSES PUBLISHING COMPANY, 150 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK
OUR ENVIRONMENT KEEPS US FROM SOARING

BY BENJAMIN KIRSCH

MAN INHUMITY IS hungry for good—starving for better things. The majority are not sinners because they want to be, but because they have to be, or go under. Myriads who have been forced to live dishonestly would gladly live honestly if they could. Thousands of women, who, a few years ago, never dreamed of becoming sinners, now live sinfully because sin and conditions forced them into it. Thousands of men who once managed legitimate businesses, have been competed out into all sorts of de-moralizing schemes. We would all be what we ought to be if we had not voted for our own enslaving slavery. “The road that leads to freedom runs past the ballot box.” A plant will grow healthfully, blossom beautifully and produce splendid fruit when given a chance. So will human beings.

FREE LOVE, ANARCHY AND SO FORTH

BY BENJAMIN KIRSCH

THE worst freeloader, anarchist or non-religionist is the fool, either educated or uneducated, who votes for the worst conditions which breed such things. He may be a polished “Christian,” but if he puts himself in the same class with white slavers, grafters, and politicians, his principles are correspondingly as dark as crime itself. There is great good in everybody, but most of us are so busy being good to ourselves that we have no time to develop it. No matter how moral, religious, or industrious one may be, if he has to suffer quite as keenly as the toughest crook, because of present conditions. The purest Christian religion does not save him from economic troubles—nine tenths of our worries are perfectly needless—unless he puts his prayers into practice and votes right that he may not suffer wrong.

AN IMPORTANT EVENT

WE had occasion a few weeks ago to canvass a number of radical professors as to what they considered the most important recent event. They agreed almost unanimously upon the German Reichstag election, which resulted in breaking the Kaiser’s conservative bloc, by giving a majority to the former minority group, consisting of the National Liberals, the Radicals and the Socialists.

Before the bloc can resume its operations they will have to buy, steal, or befuddle one of these factions, and it surely will not be the Socialist faction with its 110 representatives.
The Socialists polled over four million votes, or a majority of 90,000 votes, out of 900,000 votes cast.
We wonder if the Kaiser still HAS to go to war with England. There will be trouble if he does, if not before surely after the war.

STATE MILITIA

PROPOS of the Lawrence situation, we were asked whether or not we believed in a State controlled militia.
To which we replied in the affirmative and added that in our opinion for the next few generations the only free people could or would be an armed people.
Armament means force. Militia means collective force. We consider State militia desirable because we intend to control the State.
We agree that guns are made to kill and that it is wrong to kill. But that does not stop the controlling class from using guns against us, and as you and I are practical we like to be on the right side of the gun.
The Lawrence people are on the wrong side of the gun, because they were impractical and did not vote the right ticket.

GET BUSY

YOUR subscription has expired. If you reply promptly, we will renew your subscription free if you send us ten names and a dollar. We will send to each of these names three different numbers of THE MASS. A.

BE YOUR OWN AUTHORITY

BY BENJAMIN KIRSCH

If you experience a shrinking sensation when some one says “Socialism,” just remember that Socialism will be what you, I and our awakening neighbors vote for it to be. There are no Socialist authorities but us, and we won’t vote for very bad conditions for ourselves when we become intelligent, will we? Affairs will go on uninterruptedly, as now, only unless we vote for and maintain sane, sensible, scientific, Socialist. Socialism will come gradually, and no quicker than we want it and are ready for it, which is well. Capitalism will be lost. Of course we can’t enjoy the full blessing until we get it, but every step toward Socialism gives us a bit of blessing. There will be no confusion in its coming; it will gently move as a smooth, clear stream of government and restore harmony. Socialism is safe because the average Socialist workingman is ito. The average capitalist isn’t.

BUT THE EARTH DID NOT STOP

BY BENJAMIN KIRSCH

WHILE it was once strongly suspected by the more prudent-minded element, that the advent of Socialism would cause the earth to stop revolving and seriously interfere with the changes of the moon and the coming of the seasons—chaos and confusion would reign—we now see where we made our mistakes, and, as a result of the past year and very soon, we can point to scores of cities like Milwaukee, by way of argument, thus saving time and words. The dawn is nicely breaking; Socialism is getting to be popular. Nothing but the best will ever satisfy us when we once know what we want and see how we can get it. Therefore, no person who longs to see our government managed correctly, needs hesitate to join our ranks and help manage it. The Socialist Party is, primarily, a working-class party, organized to emancipate the wage slave and abolish the price system as cause of most of our woes. Let everyone in sympathy with the class which creates all and gets nothing join the Socialist Army and help fight the monster, capitalism. This is the surest and quickest way to realize your longings—to quit longing and go to fighting, scientifically.

EASY MONEY

LESIE M. SHAW, who once had a Good Job with Uncle Sam and who is now exploiting convict labor, is responsible for the following gem.
He says a man can make a million honestly.
Leslie is right. There are several ways of doing it.
Almost anybody can get a job at one dollar a day. If you can make two Twenty-five cents’ worth of this, or a dollar and a half a week. Do this for seven hundred thousand weeks and there you are.

Though a better way is to be born a genius. Then you can invent something worth a million dollars to humanity and collect your bill. Cinch!
Or you might buy a telescope and wait around until you got a new planet and sell it to the government for a million dollars. Wholesale.
Or you might get a job in a mint. If you worked in a mint you could easily make a million dollars honestly.
Of course, you couldn’t keep the million.
But, then, Leslie is a great joker and he never said you could.

A MONEY-MAKER

WE will send any local a bundle of 100 copies or more to be sold at Lyceum Lecture or mass meetings.
We will allow the local 50 per cent, commission on whatever sold, with the understanding that a remittance for copies sold, and shipment of unsold copies prepaid is made within twenty-four hours after the meeting.
We can prove to you that a large number of locals have made $200 at one meeting without investing or risking a cent.

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WANDERING THINKLETS

When a person is disliked, he is either very bad or very good. If bad, he is hated by the hypocritical good. If good, by the frankly bad.
There is something wrong, somewhere. In the year 1913 the writer discovered that the best saint has to suffer as keenly as the worst sinner, if not more so. Why? Not because of any personal fault, but because of brutal economic conditions.

Things You Never Read

I.

Yesterday afternoon at a special audience the Pope invested Michael O’Flaherty with the highest order of pontifical knighthood. Mr. O’Flaherty was thus honored for his aggressive fight against capitalism in behalf of the striking button-hole makers, whom he organized from a timid, disheartened body into a splendid, class-conscious, fighting union. Mr. O’Flaherty, who has been identified with the Socialist movement for a number of years, told his Holiness of the progress of the cause of the workers in America and was listened to with obvious satisfaction. In the course of his talk, Pope sharply criticized those rich men who think to excuse their wealth by giving their money to ecclesiastical purposes. “When you give thousands of dollars to the Church (he said) you do nothing either for riches or poverty,” concluded his Holiness.

2
WHAT DO YOU SAY?

In addressing the Stanley Steel Investigating Committee, Louis D. Brandeis said: "The United States Steel Corporation has taken from the American public at least $691,000,000 in excess of the liberal return upon the value of the capital invested."

"All the power of capital and all the ability and intelligence of the men who wield and who serve capital have been used to make slaves of these steel laborers; this does not refer merely to the way in which they have lived, but the worst part of it all is repression. They live in a condition of repression; of slavery in the real sense of the word which is alien to American conditions."

"The Steel Corporation pension scheme is a business that absolutely destroys the freedom of the employee. He is not only riven to the estate, but it is prohibited from exercising liberty in the way of trying to remove grievances because he is in constant peril lest he do something which may be deemed disloyal, and, under the terms of the pension scheme, his pension may be taken from him for what the board of employers may deem to be misconduct, though "misconduct" may mean nothing more than helping his fellow-workers to improve their condition.

"While in England employees work on the average only 52 hours per week, one-half of our steel workers work 72 hours or more, a week, a third more work than 72 hours, and a fourth 72 hours a day seven days a week. To work men 12 hours a day seven days a week, with an occasional 24-hour workday when the shift is made [from day to night work] makes not only the men at 40 but necessarily demeans the race physically, intellectually and morally."

In reply to this, Chas. M. Schwab, the Ironmaster, said: "The men in the steel mills are working twelve hours a day, seven days a week, doing the cheapest and also the easiest work. Even when they are on duty twelve hours they have frequent intervals of rest, such as while waiting for metal to get hot. They are not the hardest worked men by any means."

"We have offered our men the six-day week, but it does not appeal to them because they want the extra day's pay and are willing to work seven days to get it." Any that the conditions described by Brandeis are a disgrace to humanity and civilization (whatever that may be), and consider Charlie Schwab's excuse so thin that its very transparency adds strength to the assertions of Brandeis.

GERMANIA

HERE are many people who abhor fiction. They don't like it. They don't want to read it. They feel a pietistic contempt for those who do read it. They want facts, good, substantial looking facts (à la World Almanac), and plenty of them. It is true they sometimes develop fantastic indigestion, which results in general muddle-headedness. But, on the other hand, many do survive their statistical diet, and although a little overfed and consequently not capable of much action, they somehow manage to keep the pace.

Whether or not you are one of these, we advise you to read "The Mine," a selection from "Germania" by Emil Zola (on page ten). We assure you it will be a delightful tonic. You will get more real facts about mines and miners than we have seen around for a long time, and still they are so delightfully dished up that they will be a distinct relief from your regular diet. Zola does not preach or theorize; it is just life and action, that's all.

Zola deals with conditions as they were forty years ago in Lower Silesia and Belgium mining district set forth as "the Borinage." Investigation has shown that with the exception of the abolition of the girl and women work, conditions in the American coal fields are at the mercy of America to-day. But not so any longer in the Borinage, which has developed into one of the most prominent Socialist Co-operative strongholds in Europe.

DIRECT ACTION

SPEAKING of the labor movement in America, Lincoln Steffens, in the Globe, predicts trouble for the Socialist Party in the near future as a result of Haywood's election to the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party. He classed Haywood with the French Syndicalist and claims that his position on the National Executive is untenable as he is bound to come out sooner or later against Political Action.

Unfortunately, Steffens is forced to admit that the economic force behind the direct actionist movement emanates from the daily larger growing group of disfranchised workers. The constant shifting of mills, restrictive local election laws, high initiation fees of the labor unions, lack of knowledge of any special trade and numerous other factors have combined in disfranchising these workers politically and industrially.

With all other means of protection cut off it is only natural that this group of workers should avail themselves of the only weapon left. However, to recognize the "raison d'etre" of the direct actionist movement does not alter the situation one iota, and we reiterate that we agree with Steffens that Haywood represents a much larger group than merely the temperamentally anarchistically inclined part of the Socialist movement.

DIRECT ACTION

We believe that the economic force behind the direct actionist movement emanates from the daily larger growing group of disfranchised workers. The constant shifting of mills, restrictive local election laws, high initiation fees of the labor unions, lack of knowledge of any special trade and numerous other factors have combined in disfranchising these workers politically and industrially.

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L O S T I N T H E S T R U G G L E

THIS world is large; its struggles are appalling and all-absorbing. Many good fighters lose sight of the ultimate in the heat of battle. And most of the time, are not aware of the usefulness of the direct actionist and especially the extreme Marxist, casualties.
Picture yourself walking a mile or so in a pitch dark drift about 400 yards under the ground. These drifts are usually less than five feet high and pieces of wood are protruding everywhere. You are constantly in danger of bumping your head or stepping into a mud pool. You may also be hit by a flying piece of board as the pressure of the coal is sometimes a little too strong for the timber boards which constitute the walls of the drift. After you finally reach your particular drift you may have to spend from 8 to 10 hours flat on your back handling a pick. While thus earning your daily bread chips of coal and rock are flying so thick that you are constantly in danger of having your skull crushed. If you get a full realization of such a day's toil you will understand the sunny side of the daily life of the miner. To understand why they are called "Death's Playmates" you must experience a few cave-in's, explosions, floods, entombments and other pleasant incidents of the miner's life.
MEDICAL SCIENCE, in the course of its varied progress, attests more and more each year the truth of the old saw regarding the ounce of prevention and the pound of cure. Physicians frankly admit nowadays that, with the exception of a few diseases, they cannot, by their art or practice, cure, though they can do much to alleviate and to help nature in her function of curing.

On the other hand, the field of preventive medicine is constantly broadening. And in no department is more important and valuable work being done than in that which is commonly known as "children's diseases"; that is, the infectious which spread rapidly wherever children are gathered together. School inspection is the most efficient defensive weapon of the hygienist.

Most of our large cities and many of the lesser ones now maintain one or another form of school inspection. The inspectors are physicians whose official duty it is to visit the public schools at stated intervals and examine the pupils for: First—Evidence of communicable disease, endangering the health of others; second—Evidence of other disease, unfitting the individual to carry on the school studies; third— evidence of defects of sight or hearing, which may handicap the child in properly acquiring instruction.

The examination is usually comprised in an inspection of the eyes, ears, nose and throat. It should be, though it is not in all cities, compulsory. On report of the inspecting physician, the school authorities may order the child removed from school until the disease from which he or she may be suffering shall have passed or, until the discovered defects shall have been repaired.

Unfortunately, opposition to this wise protective system has arisen in some localities from lack of comprehension, and it is as well to emphasize certain points about the system thus mistakenly criticised.

Inspection is and has been proven to be of almost inestimable value in two directions—First, in the prompt discovery, through throat and temperature examination, of those diseases which unchecked, swiftly become school epidemics. Scarlet fever and measles are most contagious in the early stages, before the tell-tale rash appears. They present, however, a peculiar condition of nose and throat, more or less readily recognizable to the skilled diagnostician. What threatened to be widespread and destructive onsets, have more than once been stopped in the early stages, by school inspectors discovering "insidious" throats and isolating them in time. Here the ounce of prevention is worth many tons of cure. The value of the medical inspector to the public is in stopping contagion short of epidemic conditions. Second, in the correction of minor defects in the individual pupil, which may develop, unobserved, into actual incapacity. Every observing teacher has suffered trying experiences with children who seem hopelessly stupid, indifferent or inert. Almost invariably such a condition is pathologic. Usually it is amenable to simple treatment. It may be defect of vision or hearing; it may be torpid digestion, due to bad habits of eating; it may be some readily correctible nervous ailment. The value of the medical inspector to the individual is in showing where repairs are needed before it is too late. Any head of a household would thank a building inspector who told him that his house was in danger of tumbling down. Why should he not be at least as appreciative of the medical inspection which warns him in time that his child is going to pieces?

Whence arises the mistrust of medical school inspection? From the feeling that it interferes with "freedom." What freedom? The freedom to spread abroad in the community scarlet fever, diphtheria, measles, and perhaps smallpox? The freedom of ignorance which permits an inarticulately suffering child to struggle hopelessly against the handicaps of darkened eyesight or dulled hearing? It is difficult to see any argument in favor of such costly "freedom," unless it be that of the Christian Scientist, that such conditions are purely imaginary. With Christian Science as a religious sect no fair-minded person will quarrel. It is a sunny, kindly, helpful philosophy. But when it invades the realm of public health and opposes a black denial to all attempts at prevention, it becomes a public peril. Most of us are unable to maintain the happy optimism of disease-free diseases in the face of the stern facts of pain, disability and death. We must fight as best we can, and see to it, that if the Christian Scientists refuse to enlist, they at least give no aid or comfort to the common enemy.

Actually, medical school inspection is a hopeful step toward freedom, not away from it. It is the outpost of prevention, behind which comes the stern militar law of the public health. Medical inspection says: "Follow my warning, and harsher measures can be avoided."

But when the inspection is lacking, or is insufficient, and an epidemic breaks out, then indeed is the freedom of the individual sacrificed to the demands of the general welfare. Comes then the rigor of quarantine, restriction, and isolation. Which is the greater infringement upon personal liberty, the system which says, "Permit me to look into your children’s throats, and I will be your safeguard against epidemic," or the system which, perforce, sentences you and yours to a full-sentence in your own premises, or bears you to a pesthouse until you recover or die?
PUTTING YOUR SHOULDER TO THE BIG WHEEL

Every day the letters come in—the letters come in—every day the letters come in—about the Masses Labor League. Tell you it makes a man feel like singing when he sees how the idea is catching hold of the people we are trying to reach. There is something about the Masses Labor League that makes it rather easy and fun, because it is an exclusive institution. We are not confining ourselves to millionaires or office men or bricklayers or button-hole makers: the Masses Labor League is for everybody, and the sooner the Old Man Everybody becomes a member the better we'll like it.

If you haven't heard about us before, the next thing for you to do is to mail your name to the bottom of the page and find out what this talk is all about.

There, now, what do you think of it? Like the idea? You came in a little late, so I'll just take you over to one corner and explain things so we won't disturb the rest of the people that were here last time.

This is the plan. Laws are all right till they become unconstitutional; when that happens they aren't worth the ink that printed 'em. But here is a law that is not and cannot become unconstitutional. Because why? Because it relates altogether to commerce between states and Congress has the power to regulate commerce between states. It was expressly granted to Congress in the Constitution.

Therefore when this law is passed, it means immediate action for a big army of people. You see, it affects everybody who has anything to do with the manufacturing or transportation of goods that are made in one state and sold in another state.

And if you stood these everybodies up in a line, shoulder to shoulder, with the first man at the City Hall in New York, the last man or woman would be somewhere on the lee side of Chicago.

Think of that! Isn't that a crowd? And we're going to have them all members of the League if you'll help us.

WHAT THE LEAGUE IS NOT

Right from the jump, though, please understand that the League is not in any way a self-gloryification scheme for this paper or for any person or for any set of persons. Nobody at this end of the line wants to control the League or dictate to the League or even suggest to the League. The League can go its own way, make its own bed and invent its own name as far as anybody connected with the Masses is concerned. We know the organization must come; we want it started and pushed by Socialists. Aside from that we don't care.

And Number Two, No, we have no interest in the printing matter which conceivably the different locals will order. The will pay cost price for whatever they may get from us and as soon as possible it is to be hoped they will have their printing enough to necessitate its execution by local union printers. No graft.

And Three, is it a scheme to foist on the labor world a new I. W. W. to fight the J. W. W. or the A. F. of L. or any other body? No, it isn't. Whether it will assist one or both of these bodies in the future is something that only Old Man Time can tell, but it has no such purpose. Its object is single: to awaken the workers to the value of political action as it is carried on to-day by the Socialist Party. And it is going to do this not by appealing to their imaginations or their idealism or their philosophical sense, but by showing them how the Socialist Party wants better to their economic footing. And it tells this in words too plain to be misunderstood: MORE WAGES AND SHORTER HOURS.

YOU ARE NOT A SOCIALIST PARTY MEMBER

Let me congratulate you—not on the party's account, because we have missed you right along—but on your own account: you've got so much fun ahead of you. I wish I hadn't joined. I'd like to go through it all again. It'd be just like once that I was so worn of enthusiasm that I felt that at last I was doing something directly, systematically useful in boosting along the new stage of society. I wish I hadn't joined the party—just so I could join it to-morrow.

You're not a party member yet, though you will be. But you believe in the Orderly World; you want to see the day of the Orderly World come and you want to help it come, but you are not exactly sure what to do.

Here is one thing to do: something tangible and interesting and new. It is a job as deep and long as the Grand Canyon, or if you have not the hours it can be confined strictly to your spare time. It is not a job that is too small for any man. It is as big as you are and bigger. Here, then, is your gate to action. You need not be wealthy or fine looking or a graduate of a correspondence course in art or science. You need not be rich or anything and that is in earnest. If you are honestly bent on doing your share of the work, you need have no doubt about its success. If you try you will win. Your effort will not and cannot be lost.

You are not yet a Socialist Party member. Here's something you can do to help the cause that I know you want to help.

IF YOU ARE A SOCIALIST PARTY MEMBER

OMRADE, reach out your hand; let me shake it. You've done one good thing in your life that makes me want to jump up in the air and yell for joy. You've joined the party. You haven't planned to join the party. You haven't decided that your free and independent soul was too souring to be hitched up in an organization. You've joined the party and you're too saving in your little two bits a month to keep the stamp bill paid and the typewriter company satisfied. I'm for you every time. Now, you want success, don't you, same as the rest of us? We all want success, and here's a chance to make an awful short cut in the road. Instead of climbing two hills and wading through that sandy stretch, here's an opening to shoot across a level space and save two and a half backaches.

The short cut is the Masses Labor League.

Think it over a bit: aren't there a dozen men you know who think the fellows in your local are a bunch of cranks? Men who say with a sort of bated breath, "Well, if things get much worse I'm going to vote the Socialist ticket this fall"; just in the same tone of voice they'd say, "I'm going to jump off the bridge at midnight." They admit you're a well-meaning crowd of fellows, but they're suspicious.

Did you ever hear the story about the eccentric in London who walked up and down the Strand offering genuine gold sovereigns for sale for a penny. Nobody was willing to take a chance because they looked too good to be true. Well, that's the plight of the Socialist Party to-day: we're offering a genuine solid guaranteed Co-operative Commonwealth to any nation that's willing to ask for it, but people are suspicious. They say we can't do it. It's too much.

Those very men, however, who say this, bigoted as they may be, aren't so bigoted that they won't start a rational movement to increase their wages. They're willing to be shown—every man Jack of the outfit—but they need smoked glass to look through the telescope. The sun blinds their eyes. These people who shun the Co-operative Commonwealth are going to become enthusiastic members of the Masses Labor League and afterwards they're going to$tit$e, Co-operative Commonwealth to any nation that's willing to ask for it, but people are suspicious. They say we can't do it. It's too much.

And by the way, when you're not getting signatures to the list (headed by the slip below), it would be a good thing to tell this up among your Socialist comrades because we want the League endorsed by the whole Socialist Party officially and unofficially, and we're not going to stop until it is so endorsed.

ONE WORD MORE

So that's the secret of the matter. And it's a secret we can tell to all of you as like; in fact, the more you tell the better we'll like it.

Ladies, gentlemen, children, comrades all, we are about to close for this month. We have said our little piece, but thirty days from now you will hear it all over again. More beautifully told, let us hope, but just about the same thing. We have the nerve to stand up and do this month after month, because we believe in what we're doing. Back of the Masses Labor League is a profound principle of psychology—don't be scared—it's still in your soul: there's no danger—which so far the Socialist Party has not applied.

We want everything to be just right. We plead guilty to it. We want an Orderly World. A system directed by the highest and purest and best thought that the human race has evolved.

We want this.

But some people to-day aren't capable of wanting this: they've been so busy keeping two jumps ahead of the landlord and they've got their vocal chords twisted from standing off the grocer and the butchers that they can't stretch their brains to imagine a world where not a wheel squeaks on its axle. They want something they can really become interested in going after.

And here it is.

It's up to you to bring it to them.

And when you do you'll turn around and bring for the Co-operative Commonwealth.

Get busy.
EDUCATION AND THE MASSES

BY VICTOR L. BERGER

There are about half a dozen ways of dealing with the trust question. First, there is the way of the old standpatters, who say, "Let well enough alone"; who say, "Don't disturb business, don't disturb the trusts"; who say, "The trust question will solve itself." Yes, it will solve itself. But how? The trusts, if left to solve the question themselves, will undoubtedly own the country.

Then there is the Taft view, which is also shared by some Democrats, who maintain that the Sherman law has never been properly enforced. "Let's enforce the Sherman law," they say, "and dissolve the trusts by Supreme Court decisions."

Now we have had too many Supreme Court decisions lately, and a few of them in the past—one of them against the Standard Oil trust, and the other against the Tobacco trust. Both of these trusts were told to dissolve into their component parts. The Standard Oil Trust dissolved into thirty-one parts. But the ownership of the pieces is the same. The method of the trusts are the same. And the trust is doing business in the same old way. A few partitions have been built in the headquarters of the trust, 26 Broadway, New York City, and a few more bookkeepers have been put on, in order to keep a few more sets of books.

The Tobacco Trust is also doing business at the old stand, and giving away the same premiums. The fourth point of view is that of our friends, the so-called progressives. They want to regulate the trusts. They don't say how, or in what respect; but regulate them through a commission, I suppose, since the reformers are very much in favor of government by commission. The result will be that the trusts will soon own the commission. They will see to it that the men they want will be appointed, or they will buy up the commissioners after appointment. They will simply add to the corruption.

Even more stupid than this is the Democratic view, which is to smash the trusts by special laws, which is to turn the wheel of civilization backward. No law can be made forbidding any man to own and manage two factories, or three, or five factories if he has the necessary capital. And no law is in existence or can be made which can prevent any man or any concern from enlarging the machinery in three of these factories, or in eight of them, and closing up the other two. And no law can compel any concern to send out six dozen men, when one concern can get the business, or send out no drummers at all, but instead ask the buyers to come to its agencies in the distributing centers and do the buying there. We might as well forbid the railroads to exist and go back to the old dray.

The sixth point of view is that of the Socialists, as expressed in my bill, for the country to take over these trusts and to manage them for the benefit of all the people. I shall not go into the details of the bill which I introduced in the House of Representatives, for the purpose of nationalizing the trusts. I will say only that if we can buy them, and pay in bonds for them, we should do it for all people, because that would be the most reasonable and undoubtedly the cheapest way. It would be much cheaper to buy the trusts than to confiscate them.

Moreover, the wealth of every nation is renewed about every ten years. If our nation should buy the trusts, this would prove the most profitable investment ever tried.
HARRISON GRAY OTIS
BY H. L. SUTHER

I was bewildered. What could our Los Angeles union have to do with the byways of this aged man who rested so peacefully in a big arm chair on the porch of a Pennsylvania farmhouse—far from the hot-headed "dwellers in reality" who make copy for newspaper reporters—and rehearsed with shivered lips events of long ago? "Our men wanted a ten-hour day," he continued. "They'd work from twelve to fifteen hours in summer and all the time they could see in winter—that is, when they had any work in winter, which wasn't more'n half the time. Wages were just enough to keep them alive or sum, so, of course, the masters got all the work they could do in summer when the days were long. I remember my father told me so. 'The prices had gone way up and we had to havin' a mighty hard time to get enough to eat. The papers said how prosperous the country was, but some of the carpenters figured out that they'd be 'starved' under the system if their work was distributed over the year so they'd be gettin' wages all the while instead of half or two-thirds of the time. So they decided to have a big meetin' at Concert Hall.'

"I wish you could have been at that meeting," he resumed after a moment's silent contemplation of the big patch of sunlight that was slowly advancing toward us over the dappled grass. "It was a cold, rainy April night. The men had come straight from their work and their clothes were dirty and wet. First there were a few speeches, which they applauded vigorously, callin' out and poundin' with their feet. My father made a big hit by quoting a book called 'The Rights of Man,' written by a fellow named Tom Paine. Then after wards the men stood round with solemn faces peerin' through the lamp-light, waitin' their turn to read a paper prepared by the union men and mechanics that they wouldn't work over ten hours unless they got more money for the extra time. There weren't a few, but a few came in just the same. Of course, they didn't know how to do city work—and there weren't enough of 'em anyway to worry us—but just the same we kids kept busy sandpin' round and whenever we found a man who started home and then we'd make fences and holier bad names at him, and run. "But it wasn't a lark for the grown folks," he re

"WHAT'S IN A NAME"

The old man rolled out the unctuous phrases with an indescribable expression of mingled indignation and amusement. "Then finally," he went on, "they let the cat out of the bag. There'd been a big fire about a month before, so there was plenty of work; and they'd made a lot of contracts, estimating the cost of labor at just what it would 'av been under the old system. I don't believe the master carpenters had fought the tenhour day if they could have passed the extra cost of labor on the capitalists. But they couldn't because of those contracts.

"After that it seemed to be just a question who could hold out the longest, the bosses with their signed and sealed contracts and their forfeits if they failed to live up to their agreements, or the journeymen with their need for somethin' to eat every day. We didn't have any strike fund, but my mother and a lot of other women got 'lap work' from the clothing manufacturers to help out. That was what they called the cloth that was sent down South for the 'pickers.' A woman couldn't make more'n twenty-five cents a day at it, even if she didn't take any time to cook, or clean the house, or wash and mend the clothes, but it helped some of their kin to live."

"The journeymen put a notice of their own in the papers, telling the country fellows just how things were, but a few came in just the same. Of course, they didn't know how to do city work—and there weren't enough of 'em anyway to worry us—but just the same we kids kept busy sandpin' round and whenever we found a man who started home and then we'd make fences and holier bad names at him, and run.

"But it wasn't a lark for the grown folks," he reiterated. It seemed to me that the whole story was a sort of anthem to the workmen of the building industry, and to decide what to do.

"After that a man began to read a set of resolutions in which they said the proceedings of the journeymen departed from the steady usages which have prevailed in this city, and all New England from time immemorial! Then there was a lot of talk about the 'industrious and temperate habits' which had been lost, and by long speeches in which the papers said how prosperous the country was, but the workers under the system could have worked more than ten hours if they wanted to. They didn't work any more than ten, and had to. They were told they couldn't starve as the capitalists said, because without them the building industry would be ruined."

"Curious," he mused, "but they didn't scare me a bit. All I thought of was spravin' under that bench in the last bast was what a splendid thing it would be if all the trades did form 'combinations' and if they'd all join together to get a ten-hour day—just as we did."

"But there were four hundred and fifty carpenters at that meeting, and about a hundred and fifty, including the apprentices, signed afterwards. And I never saw a more enthusiastic bunch. It was just as if they'd struck religion in a place where they weren't lookin' for it.

"In the deeply lined old face the small gray eyes had grown bright, and the voice had lost its slight quaver and was high and shrill. "Of course, the masters were furious when they found out what the journeymen had done. So they held a meeting themselves, and boasted how Boston people were famous for gettin' up early in the morning and hustlin' all day. If we kept at work, they said, all the time we wasn't asleep, dressin' or undresassin', or eatin' our meals, we wouldn't be led into temptation. They were especially anxious for fear the apprentices would be 'seducin' as they called it, from that 'industry and economy of time' to which they were tryin' hard to 'inure' them. Then they went on for hours about how they feared and dreaded the consequences of such a measure upon the morals and well being of society, and how they couldn't believe such an idea was workin' only ten hours a day, and imagined that anybody of the faithful and industrious sons of New England. They declared it must be 'an evil of foreign growth' and hoped old Boston wouldn't be 'infested with the unnatural production.'"
prentice my father taught me a few things himself. "You may some day be president," he'd tell me. "I won't say as to that. But you'll never be a master. Just remember what I say and look out for your rights as a journeyman. And don't forget there's only one way a journeyman can get his rights—through combin' with other journeymen."

He paused as if he had finished his story. "But what did Harrison Gray Otis have to do with it?" I asked.

"Harrison Gray Otis," he repeated, "why, he was the chairman of that meeting of 'gentlemen engaged in building,' and my father always believed he stirred up the capitalists against us and wrote those clever resolutions that snuffed the life out of the strike."

Doubling the literal accuracy of the statements and quotations of my aged informant, I availed myself of the first opportunity to examine files of the Boston newspapers published in the spring of 1825. I soon found, not only that the strike was not a myth, but that all the essential statements made by the old man and all the quotations which he gave were absolutely correct. The Harrison Gray Otis referred to was at one time Representative and later Senator from Massachusetts. He resigned from the United States Senate in 1822 to become a candidate for the newly created office of mayor of Boston, but withdrew from the contest before the election. Afterwards, however, he became mayor, and was a prominent citizen of Boston until his death in 1848. General Harrison Gray Otis, publisher of the Los Angeles Times, who was born in 1837, though only distantly related, was named for Senator Harrison Gray Otis of Boston, chairman of the Vermont "gentile tears," which defeated the ten-hour strike of the Boston carpenters in 1825—H. L. S.)

THE COMING OF THE CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH

Verywhere there is quotation and discussion as to how the great change will be brought about.

There is too, some recognition that the change is actually taking place here and now, but the recognition certainly falls far short of the truth.

The real question for Socialists everywhere to face is how they can best accelerate the transition.

Within general agreement between all sections of the Working Class movement that "things want mending," there is much of disagreement as to how the "mending" can be done.

On the one side we are urged to pin our faith to political action; on the other it is claimed that political action has failed, and the argument is set forth that in the field of industrial action alone lies the hope of the future.

There still remains the aspect of the case which pleads for recognition of the fact that political and industrial action are interdependent forces, one complementary to the other.

To rely solely on either is to lose balance and therefore effectiveness.

It is idle to try to determine beforehand as to which is the least or more important in any set of circumstances that have not yet arisen; they are two weapons placed at our disposal, but circumstances alone, as they arise, can really determine the proper use.

Just now, in consequence of the world "labor unrest," with its consequent strikes and lockouts, opinion in the movement shows a tendency to swing clear over to direct industrial action.

Political action, it is said, has failed us; many of those who still profess to believe in it give it a long way the second place in their speeches.

This attitude is, I think, an utterly mistaken one. Quite obviously the day of Socialist Political action has yet to come and it cannot logically be said to have failed before it has ever had a trial.

It is no argument to point to the failure of the British Labor party as a case in point.

In so far as the Labor Party have failed they have done so because they refused to base their actions on Socialist principles; they were warned by Socialists from the first that they would be bound to fail unless they did that.

In speaking about the failure of political action the industrialist seems to miss the fact that a rise of money wages, of which much is being made at the present time by "direct actionists" as proof of the soundness of their methods, is to a very large extent usually counterbalanced by a speedy rise in prices.

The truth is that very little of permanent change for the better can be wrought in the conditions of life for the mass of the people, either by political or industrial action, so long as capitalism remains with us.

Large bodies of organized workers, such as the British Miners, have far higher money wages than they had some twenty years ago, yet it is their universal complaint that they are "no better off." Indeed many claim that they are worse off than they were when in receipt of the nominally lower wage.

While agreeing that industrial action has its use, it is "The conquest of Political Power" that still holds the field as the main line of Socialist advance. Until we have achieved this "conquest" it is morally impossible to effect the transformation of present day capitalist competitive society into the Socialist Co-operative Commonwealth.

In this work industrial organisation, whilst not neglecting to protect the interests of its members in the sense of present, so far as is possible, against the attacks of the master class, is also called upon to play a far more important part than it has done hitherto.

Organized labor must in the near future take upon itself the political struggle to enforce the passing of sound democratic legislation.

In all their battles with the employing class Trade Unions have ever had the sympathy and practical help of the Socialist movement; would that as much could be said on the other side.

Unfortunately the workers, after forming powerful combinations to protect themselves against capitalist onslaughts in the industrial field, when election time comes round have proceeded with considerable enthusiasm to elect into place and power every landlord rent grabber and capitalist exploiter on whom they could lay hands; the next kind of candidate seeming mostly in favor with the trade unionist is usually some deacon from Labor's cause, who is generally put forward as a "decoy duck" to "dish the Socialists."

Yet it is with such material that our industrial friends hope to achieve the revolution which they contemplate. Socialists who look to political action have failed to bring to a successful issue.

By this political ineptitude the worker to a very large extent cripples even his industrial action. The workers must be brought to understand that the hostility they display to their master in the workshop, must be carried with them to the ballot box and they must determine on which side their political influence shall be cast. Until this is done there is little hope for them.

The Capitalist class have always shown that they understand to the full the value of political power, and how its possession determines at which end of the rifle or musk can you fire yourself in the little troubles that occasionally arise from strike or lock-out.

The workers in England have recently had practical demonstration as to which, under present circumstances, is their end.

Though they have had the vote for long they have not as yet found the way to use it to conquer real power, for which purpose alone is it of any use.

Until they do, their end of the gun will not be that end where one is bound to get the worst of the argument.

That Trades Union organization is helpful to the workers in times of industrial stress and storm need not be denied by anyone. Efective however, should easily prove to the trade unionist that it is in the private ownership of the means of production that the root of his economic and social subjection is to be found.

That it is only the workers' communal ownership and democratic control for the purposes of public use instead of private gain that can ever set them free.

It is the duty of the workers, therefore, to organize both politically and industrially.

Really powerful and effective industrial organization demands the immediate elimination of the hundred and one unnecessary competing unions.

It demands the consolidation of labor's forces in large and strong combinations in order that they may lack the political demand for complete emancipation by means of the Socialist state.

All else must give place to this.

Capitalism owes allegiance to no country, and knows nothing of humanity.

The juggernaut car of profit rolls on, relentlessly crushing out the vitality and genius of the people, and knowing both of remorse.

The result of it all being the sacrifice of honor, chivalry and honesty, and the physical and mental deterioration of the entire community.

Capitalism lives and thrives only on the ignorance and consequent apathy of the people.

All the same its death knell has sounded, and we Socialists are out to hasten its final extinction.
GERMINAL

By EMILE ZOLA

FIRST SELECTION

THE MINE

Edited by Albert Sonnichsen

Illustration by Robert Rohn

“Take care!” cried two miners who were dragging a huge ladder.

Etienne, becoming accustomed to the light, watched the steel cable moving in the air. More than thirty yards of steel were moved up swiftly into the tower, where it passed over the drums and then descended perpendicularly into the shaft, to be connected with the cages. An iron framework similar to the high frame of the tower supported the drums. It was like the flight of birds, without noise, without collision, the movement swift, the continual going and coming of the enormous weight, which would lift as much as twelve tons at the rate of ten yards a second.

“Great heavens, look out!” again cried the men who were dragging the ladder to the other side to examine the drum on the left.

Slowly Etienne returned to the superintendent's office. That gigantic flight above his head astounded him. And, shivering in the drafts of air, he watched the working of the cages, his ear drums cracked by the rolling of the cars.

Noisily, with the healthy spring of a night animal, the iron cage came up out of the darkness, with its four compartments containing each two men filled with coal, solidly secured by bolts. The other cars were filled with workingmen, five in each. When the compartments were full a voice shouted over the speaking trumpet, and a cord was pulled four times as a signal to those below. Then, with a slight jerk, the cage silently disappeared, dropping like a stone, leaving behind it only the trembling flight of the cable.

“To it deep?” asked Etienne of a miner who was waiting near him with a sleepy air.

“Five hundred and forty-four yards,” responded the man.

“ But there are four levels below; the first at 300.”

Both turned their eyes to the cable, which was running up again. Etienne resumed:

“And what if that should break?”

“Ah! If it should?”

The miner finished the sentence with a shrug. His turn had arrived. The cage had reappeared with its empty, tireless movement.

For a half-hour the shaft swallowed them up in this manner, taking a new load of men, women and timber about every four minutes. Etienne, in the boiler shed, shivered at the thought of the cold night which he had passed. Suddenly he felt a hand placed upon his shoulder.

“Cone,” said she. “They want some one in my father’s crew. You are looking for a job, ain’t you?”

She laughed and looked at him in the red rays of the fire which lit up his face. It amused her that he took her for a boy—dressed as she was in boy’s clothes. The cage, composed of iron and a fine wire screen, was waiting for them. Mahieu, Zacharie, Levaque and Catherine crawled into a car at the bottom, and as it should hold five, Etienne entered also. But there had been no mistake; he had been told to crawl down close to the young girl, whose elbow stuck into his side. The loading continued above, a mixed mass of humanity, where lumber. It seemed to him so long that he lost all patience. At last a jerk shook them up and all became dark, the objects around him disappearing, while he experienced a strange sensation of falling.

“Now we’re off,” said Mahieu, quietly.

Etienne asked himself each moment whether he was rising or sinking. He was motionless, while the cage went straight down without touching the guides, and with sudden bumps, finally producing a shaking of the joists, which made him sick. Meanwhile he could not distinguish the walls of the shaft beyond the grating against his face. The lamps scarcely lit up the people around him.

“This one is four yards in diameter,” continued Mahieu, instructing him. “The tubing ought to be repaired, for the water comes in on all sides. Hold on, we are arriving at a level—do you hear?”

Raising his lamp, he lit up the guides, which ran like a rail under a train at full speed, and beyond that they could see nothing. Three other galleries were passed in the twinkling of an eye.

“How dark it is,” murmured Etienne.

The descent seemed to have lasted for hours. He was lost from the uneasy position which he had taken, not daring to stir, especially on Catherine's side. She did not speak a word. He only felt her warmth on his side, and the cage stopped at last at the bottom, at 540 yards, he was astonished to learn that the descent had lasted just one minute.

The sound of bolts which were slipping in place and the feeling of solidity under him, suddenly cheered him up and made him so happy that he spoke familiarly to Catherine.

“What have you under your skin to be so warm? I have had your elbow in my side all the way.”

Then she also made merry. He was stupid to still take her for a boy. He must be blind and a fool.

“I guess you’ve had it in your eyes—my elbow, I mean,” responded she in the midst of a tempest of laughter, which surprised the young man, who could not see the joke.

He was easygoing. He was easy going in any position which he had taken, not daring to stir, especially on Catherine’s side. She did not speak a word. He only felt her warmth on his side, and the cage stopped at last at the bottom, at 540 yards, he was astonished to learn that the descent had lasted just one minute.

The sound of bolts which were slipping in place and the feeling of solidity under him, suddenly cheered him up and made him so happy that he spoke familiarly to Catherine.

“Come,” she said. “They want some one in my father’s crew. You are looking for a job, aren’t you?”

The cage was emptied. The workmen passed through the main opening of the gallery—a room in the rock. Three great open lamps were burning. The loaders were actively rolling some full cars upon the iron flooring. A cage-like odor came out through a layer of coal and from a rock so solid that it had only need to be partly walled. One after the other, in Indian file, they marched on and on, guided by the lamps. The young man hit against something
at each step, catching his feet in the rails. Each in a dстал dull noise made him uneasy, the distant sound of a shower of rain, the rush of which seemed to proceed from the bowels of the earth. Was that the durer of the waves upon the enormous mass which separated them from the surface of the earth? A light pierced the night. He felt the rock tremble and when he turned to look along the wall like his comrades, he saw pass before his face a great white horse harnessed to a train of cars. A boy of about ten was standing on the guides and driving; while another, his hands pressed against the back of the last car, was running in his bare feet.

Shortly after resuming their march Etienne severely bumped his head. Without the leather cap he would have cracked his skull. Neither Maheu nor any of the other men nearby was obliged to know each projection, every knot in the timber or enlargement in the rock. The young man was also distressed by the slippery ground, which annoyed him more and more. Now and then he passed suddenly through some pools, which were only revealed to him by the fact that he found his feet sinking in the mud. He could not see them until he had stumbled into them. But what annoyed him still more was the sudden changes in temperature. At the foot of the shaft it was very fresh, and in the wagon line through which passed all the air of the mine, there blew a cold wind whose force was like a gale. Then, as they passed into the other drifts, which received only their chill and which had little wind in them, the heat of the air blew hot, a choking heat, as lead. For a quarter of an hour they had gone on and on through these narrow passages, their legs burning into a more oven-like pit, blinding and melting. Maheu no longer opened his mouth. He went on in a drift, simply motioning to Etienne to follow him.

The shaft had taken the initial rise of the inclined plane, and the road, which the reapers had not yet enlarged, was a mere passage-way, while the uneven ceiling was filled with projections. Of certain places where the filled cars passed through the passageway was obliged to shoe the horse by crouching down upon his knees to keep from striking the obstructions. The timbers were bent and badly cracked. Care was necessary to avoid rubbing off the skin against projections, and owing to the heavy pressure from above as large stones, it was not possible for the workmen to lie flat, not knowing how soon they might be crushed.

Again!" said Catherine laughingly.

Etienne's car had just gone out on the rails in the most difficult passage. He had not yet learned to push straight upon those rails which had become twisted by their motion, savagely fitting with the wheels, which in spite of the most severe efforts he could not replace.

"Wait now," said the young girl. If you get mad it'll never come right.

Having placed a chock under the wheels of her own car, she adroitly crept by, and with a slight lifting of the back raised herself into the track. It weighed a ton for two or three minutes of a ton. He surprised and shamed, stammered an excuse.

She was compelled to show him how to brace himself against the timbers on one side of the gallery, thus giving a solid means of support. The body should be bent, the arms stiff, in order to give the full strength to the muscles of the shoulders and thighs in pushing. During one of these pauses, he seemed to observe her manner of working. With lower limbs bent and the hands low, she seemed to walk on four paws, like a dog, and she traveled in a circle, perspired, panting for breath, cracking in all the joints, but without a murmur, with the indifference of habit, as if the common lot was only to live thus bent up. But Etienne was in misery. His shoes annoyed him. He suffered from walking with his head bent down. At length, the position became a torture, an intolerable weariness. He felt that he fell on his knees for an instant, to hold up his head and breathe.

Then at the inclined plane came a new drudgery. She was compelled to stand quickly, on a high, separated by the hanging floors which kept back the coal, each man occupied four yards of the vein. That vein was worked by four men without brakes. They had to be obliged to move the coal lying upon their sides, with necks twisted, and arms raised in a slanting position, striking short blows with the gudgeons.

Zacharie, who was in the gallery. Over him was Cheval, then Levaque, and above all Maheu. Each with his pick removed the layer of slate found in the vein. When they had finally loosened the stratum upon the upper part, they made two vertical notches and then detached the mass by driving an iron wedge into the upper part. The coal was rich and it broke in pieces. When these pieces, kept back by the board, were all heaped up, the diggers disappeared, seeming to wall themselves up in the seams. Thus they were obliged to be very careful in filling it, only to take the good coal, or it would be rejected at the office.

The young man, whose eyes soon became accustomed to the obscurity, watched the girl, so pulled with the taint of coal dust, that he could not have told her age. She seemed not more than twelve years to him, she looked so frail. However, from her boyish liberty, she appeared older. Her naive boldness, which slightly pleased him, did not please her--she was too much of a boy. But what astonished him most was the strength of the child--a nervous but skilful strength. He noticed that she was dressed and shod with rapid regularity; then she pushed it as far as the inclined plane with a slow, thoughtful, without any effort. The light was now moving some distance behind them. His car, on the other hand, became frequently derailed, and greatly perplexed him.

In truth it was not an easy road. It was over sixty yards long from the inclined plane, and the road, which the reapers had not yet enlarged, was a mere passage-way, while the uneven ceiling was filled with projections. Of certain places where the filled cars passed through the passageway was obliged to shoe the horse by crouching down upon his knees to keep from striking the obstructions. The timbers were bent and badly cracked. Care was necessary to avoid rubbing off the skin against projections, and owing to the heavy pressure from above as large stones, it was not possible for the workmen to lie flat, not knowing how soon they might be crushed.

"Why?" asked Etienne. "Because I lacked my boots."

"And why did you lack your boots?"

"I was scared; her inherent ideas of subordination and passive obedience were upon me."

"I must own up I was drunk," continued he, "and when I drink it makes me crazy; why, I'd eat myself for a chicken!"

"You mustn't drink," said seriously. "Ah! don't be afraid; I know myself."

And he shook his head, he had a hatred of rum, the hated of the last child of a race of drunkards, whose nature suffered all that burning thirst produced by alcohol, knowing that the least drop was, for him, a poison.

"Wont you have a drink?" asked Catherine, who was holding her pall to her lips. "Oh, it's coffee--that'll do you no harm. You'll choke without something to wash it down."

But he refused. It was bad enough for him to have taken half her bread. However, she insisted in a good-natured voice:

"Well, I'll drink before you if you're so polite..."

"Only it would be mean for you to refuse any longer." She rendered him the pail, kneeling before him, lit up by the yellow light. Why had she thought her ugly? Now that she was black, her face covered with coal dust, she seemed to have a singular charm to him. To the half-bleached teeth of her large mouth were of dazzling whiteness. Her eyes grew larger, shining with a greenish reflection like the eyes of a lamp. A mass of auburn hair which had escaped from its fastening delighted him and he laughed quietly. She no longer appeared so young. She was at least fourteen.

"To please me, you know, drinking and returning the pail.

For some time Cheval had been watching them from a distance. He took note of himself that Maheu had not looked, he came forward, and seizing Catherine by the shoulders, he turned back her head to cover her mouth with the lips of a lamp. A mass of auburn hair which had escaped from its fastening delighted him and he laughed quietly. She no longer appeared so young. She was at least fourteen.

"Leave me alone, will you?"

He held up her head, looking straight into her eyes.

He looked at her and into her eyes. She was bold, and her black face was shining against the big nose of the eagle. At last he loosened her, and went off without a word.

"Etienne in a low voice: "That's your lover."

"No, I swear to you," cried she. "There's nothing between us. Sometimes he wants to fool..."

(Continued on Page 18.)"
FAVOR industrial unionism as distinguished from craft unionism. Please observe, do not say "I favor industrial unionism as against craft unionism." There is a difference.

By a craft union I mean one which organizes men on the basis of the kind of work they do, without reference to the establishments in which they are employed, or the capitalist interests by whom they are employed. By an industrial union I mean one which seeks to bring together into one body all who are employed in the same kind of establishments, all who are employed by the same set of capitalists. In most cases industrial organization does not necessarily supersede craft organization. It is often practicable and desirable to keep up the craft organization within or side by side with the industrial organization. Why do I favor this? Because I see it coming. Because it is inevitable. It is a condition and not a theory that confronts us.

In early days the employers were to a great extent divided on craft lines, pretty much the same as were the wage-workers. There were master spinners who employed journeymen spinners to make yarn, which they sold to master weavers, who employed journeymen weavers to make it into cloth, which they sold to master dyers, who employed journeymen dyers, and so forth. This is changing. Instead of master spinners, master weavers, master dyers, and so forth, all separate interests, we tend to have one set of textile capitalists who control all the processes from the purchasing of the raw cotton or wool to the selling of the finished cloth, and who jointly employ all kinds of textile workers. The same thing is happening in other industries. Since wage-workers have to fight employers over wages, hours and conditions, and since several sets of craft employers have become merged into one set of capitalists for the whole industry, it follows that the capital in the form that industry must organize to fight unitedly, or else they will be beaten separately.

And they are doing it. The existing movement of Organized Labor in the United States (largely but not completely included in the American Federation of Labor) is an essentially vital movement, capable of improving its forms of organization and methods of action, and rendering in the future, as it has in the past, invaluable service to the wage-working class.

From this body for several years we observe a tendency to adapt the forms of organization to the increasing complexity and centralization of capitalist management and control. Many of the national unions have grown long names. What do they signify? They record the fact that the present union has been formed by the amalgamation of a number of older unions organized on narrow craft lines. In other cases a like purpose is observed by federating the unions instead of merging them. These practices, suggested by experience, started before the phrase "industrial unionism" was invented. The credit belongs to the trade unionists themselves.

In many cases we think that the process has not gone far enough or fast enough. We may be right. But, after all, only the men actually working in a given industry can decide when the time is ripe for merging their separate craft unions into one union covering the industry.

In practice, the question is a complicated one. Special conditions in each industry impose special requirements. To try to impose a uniform rule would be like trying to use the same machine for setting type, weaving cloth, and digging coal.

Along with this process of amalgamation and federation we observe an even greater alertness of the workmen in all trades to the general interests of the working class, a greater alertness in each part to help any other part that needs help. Craft consciousness is gradually giving way into class consciousness.

Again, many unions are learning that their activity must be extended far beyond their original functions of raising wages, reducing hours, and relieving unfounded grievances. It is an even greater extent of the unions are taking cognizance of questions of public health, public education, civil rights and political equality. They may be doing this slowly, timidly, confusedly. But they are keeping at it.

In the process they are being led, partly by our Socialist propaganda, but still more by the logic of events, toward that stage in proletarian development where the terms "union man" and "Socialist" become practically synonymous; where the working-class Socialist stands among the union members as a matter of course and the union members vote the Socialist ticket as a matter of course.

Two fallacies have introduced much confusion and inanity into the discussion of this subject. The one is the failure to understand that the labor union, just as well as the factory, the town, the municipality, the state, or the political party, is a necessary outcome of given historic conditions. The other is the positive aspect of this negative error. It is the tendency to place the importance, for good or ill, of individual leaders—to imagine that the foolish or corrupt leader is the cause of the imperfections of the union, and that if we had honest and wise leaders could create a perfect organization, if only the silly worksmen would give them the chance. These errors lead to much futile discussion of what unionists ought to be, instead of a fruitful consideration of what they are and what they are becoming; and also to much personal denunciation, partly just and partly unjust, but almost always worse than useless.

I have enough faith in the proletariat to believe that it is settling these questions about as rapidly as possible, and that cautious criticism from the outside is more likely to retard than to hasten the process.

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PHILADELPHIA is one of the oldest cities in the United States, and with old age has come its accustomed infirmities. William Penn founded it, but that fact should not be used against William; he could not see what was forthcoming. We never knew Quay or Pennepacker, or even Pennypacker.

Penn treated with the Indians; the present inhabitants will treat with anyone who has the price.

A Philadelphia in Asia Minor never became popular because of earthquake disturbances. A political earthquake has given advance notice of its coming, and some day Philadelphia, Pa., will be in the throes of a great upheaval. Heaven hasten the day.

Another town now occupies the site of the old Philadelphi and so will grow a mightier, more progressive, cleaner city when the people take possession of Philadelphi, Pa., and just as the older city fell into decay before its re-establishment, the present Philadelphia has about reached the limit of its corruption.

It is sarcastically known as "The City of Brotherly Love," though all men are not brothers there or elsewhere, nor have they ever been.

Philadelphia has 600 churches, but sin and vice flourish. There are 330 school buildings and the city needs them. Under quite recently it passed a law prohibiting street vagrants, palmed ideasts and mammified methods, living in old houses with white wooden shutters, etc.

Too many of its "best people" inherited great wealth from their ancestors who earned it not, but quietly and unscrupulously extracted their dollars from unsophiscated tenants through exorbitant rents.

It is the home of The North American, Pennsylvania's greatest newspaper, which, like the prodigal son of old, roams all over the universe, also The Saturday

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This article was written to order for a capi
talist magazine. Read it and you will know why it was rejected. It is a realistic description not only of the growth of Philadelphi, but of every large city in America.

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Evening Post, which Benjamin Franklin found and lost, a powerful weekly magazine with an immense circula
tion.

The City Building, said to be the largest building in the United States, is constructed of white marble and granite, costing 300,000,000. William Penn, in statue, endeavors to keep an eye upon the building and occupants, but what can one man do?

Fairmount, one of the largest public parks in the world, with an area of 3,000 acres, is still there; no one has taken it. In Philadelphia are also located the old and new mints, worthy of historic mention. It is not strange that making money is the chief ambition of Philadelphians as well as some others at large in the U. S. of A.

Philadelphia is noted for its skyscrapers—the farther up you go the cheaper the land becomes; also its grafters, gamblers, bootleggers, sinners and the time and the noise. It is a city where the streets are public property, but the street car lines are not; a city which is destined to be bigger and better because the people are awakening to their best inter

Here's to Philadelphia, an old town; may it speedily be born anew.

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HAT IS being done to your child? Have you any idea? You have waited until he was six or seven, when you have casually remarked, "Well, suppose it is time to put Johnnie in school." If you have not made sufficient haste about it, a transient officer has come around, reminded you of your duty as a parent and citizen, and a school was found forthwith; a private one if you were rich enough, public otherwise.

And Johnnie starts. His mother has a few sentimental regrets about his losing his baby ways, his father some fond hopes toward the making of a man of him, and the little untold delight in his first primer and the opportunity to ape bigger boys of his acquaintance. Soon reports begin coming in. You look at them with pride when they are good, or suggest his resemblance to some unpopular member of the family when they are bad. In the latter case you may attempt to help him with lessons.

After a year Johnnie can read a little, knows a few number combinations, can spell a few words, and write a stiff and patchy hand. The real cost of the process has been physical and muscular effort. The progress he makes seems marvelous to you. Education has changed since you were small. Your pride in the American school system swells, and if you are a patriotic person, because it is mixed with your patriotism. If you are sufficiently enlightened to see big faults in other American institutions, it swells just the same. The words may make it an ironclad rule to neither engage nor continue to employ any married woman. In this way they blindly cut off the great mass of women teachers from the one experience which would most humanize them and bring them into close touch with child nature. It seems quite certain that the continuous pedagogic point of view is at present prohibitive of a mere teacher's acquiring any such intimate knowledge.

A human being is probably more affected about his human affairs of everyday life than he is at any other time in his life. Everywhere he turns there is something new. He is filled with myriads of desires and impulses which he never tires to put into words. And he asks as many questions as he can about everything of any older person who can be found patient enough to answer them. He must see and touch, hear and handle, everything. A new world is all around him. He becomes an elastic receptacle for all the facts and impressions which his world offers to him. He wants to make everything or at least to find out how it is made.

It is these small creatures throbbing through every sense to see, to hear, to know, who are taken sixty in a group and set down to doing tasks which keep them in one spot from four to six hours each day, five days in the week. The environment is barren, monotonous and unchanging. The only adult is too busy to think about any one of them. They are constantly using their eyes in ways for which their undeveloped vision is not ready. Their hands are employed making small movements which require control of smaller muscles of arms and are neither natural or wholesome in a little child. They have long periods of enforced physical inactivity very obviously harmful. Any impulse toward expression of these beings, whose every movement is filled with such, is promptly suppressed by that same busy adult who must write a certain number of words and numbers on their brains if she is to be known as a successful teacher.

To accomplish this in a minimum amount of time she has gone through an elaborate course of training, without contemplation of the child's interest. She has learned many tricks. In fact, she can be a full pedagogical vandetta show all in herself. To keep her baby audiences interested and continually at its tasks, she performs constantly. She has learned much child psychology. Part of this she uses as a tool to force her classes. Fart she finds hopelessly human and humane, and impossible of application in her situation. In the latter case she discards—seldom with any qualms—after the first few months of teaching.

It is this trick pedagogical knowledge, ground out by modern educational experiment, which blind the eyes of the laity and make it all seem so wonderful.

And it is wonderful. Thank God, in the last century we have got away from teaching spelling with a ferule on the open hand and sums with the Hickory rod. It is a great deal accomplished that children are made to like it fairly well. And that there is an increasing tendency to allow more and more hand training and self-teaching and story telling to make it all seem endurable.

Some of these faults could easily be righted by increasing the working force, and changing the standard of excellence and the requirements for teachers, and adjusting the salaries.

There is one thing, however, which cannot now be changed, and which remains throughout the whole article will be devoted. It is useless to force a child beyond his psychological development. Every pedagogue recognizes this. When we have become more enlightened in matters of child culture, we shall understand also that it is just as foolish to force him beyond his intellectual needs and interests.

The child of six is not sufficiently interested in reading or writing to bring the necessary concentration into his attempts to accomplish either. Continuous effort is made only under constraint from without. A child beginning at nine learns quickly and eagerly. He reads with interest and rapture all the stories and lore he can lay hands on. And on this point—every teacher of small children who has tried to teach an unschooled nine-year-old child of ordinary intelligence and coming from favorable environment has found it easily caught up with children of the same class who started at six. In fact, such children usually outstrip them in all knowledge planes whatsoever.

This is because they bring fresh interest and real need to the task, instead of minds warped and stultified by training not suited to them. I personally know of two children of ordinary families, neither of them at all precocious, who started to school, one at twelve, the other at thirteen. One of them could not write, could spell very little, and knew neither addition nor multiplication tables. These children were ready for Vassar and Barnard respectively at eighteen, and are now both principals of schools in New York, where they put other children through the system they escaped.

There are many children who, because of poor health or through the possession of understanding parents, escape the truant officer for several years and are not one whit behind other children of their age after three years or so in school. Of course, these things happen mostly in the flexible, not so sympathetic arrangements of the private school.

It is common knowledge among thoughtful teachers that many children of young children that we spend six years doing daily what could be done with joy and enthusiasm in three.

Is there not something wrong in a system which wastes nine years out of the child's life? The average child at twenty is untrained in any specific craft or profession. There is a general but only semi-conscious feeling growing among the upper middle class against children's being sent to school too early. Doctors—a class
of expert persons whose word is very often acted upon—are advising against it.

Muck too often, however, I hear some such formula as this: "I don’t wish to push little Dorothy. She is a nervous child." There are so many nervous children in The System. "The doctor said to take her out... but we are anxious about her education and hate so to do it."

Of course, in the public school there is something in this. When a lack of care and concern begins in a class with others of six, to the discomfiture of his teacher, who likes to have them all come out at the same age, at the same point of development, so they can be treated alike. It is easier that way. For the diet arranged for stuffing the baby of six is not sufficient food for the older child. It is an alternative—either the neglect of him along, a difficult thing to do, or having him in a condition of boredom part of the time, which soon gives way to lack of attention and the other way.

For this reason, in the large classes of the public school it seems actually better to outrage the child by sending him too soon than to have him to the chance of finding his place in starting him later.

For one hundred and fifty years reform in dealing with young children has been the dream of idealists in the educational movement. It started with Froebel and Pestalozzi, whose names are still bywords in every training school. There has been a gradual humanizing of this method of skill in teaching business. But we are up against a rock. This rock is economically necessary.

So long as the 'workers' are underpaid, the children of the workers will go into industry as soon as possible to lighten the burden of life.

Ask any workman whether he prefers to have his boy or girl at work in an open shop. The rest of the employers of children demand that they shall not be illiterate. So the business of teaching them the practical side of life is the earliest moment when such accomplishments can be driven into them.

For this reason, any attempt to change the present state of things is futile. Here and there in the last few years there have been heroic attempts made by large-minded persons in the founding of model schools and the introduction of an enlightened curriculm. These attempts may be compared to the snow-balling effect. Their influence melts away beyond a very small radius. Any change must be general. In the constant interchange of pupils and teachers, school is linked with school, city with city, private institution with public. Any change of management is a necessity.

And no far-reaching reform is possible until the abolition of child labor. By this I mean doing away with the economic employment of any adolescent person.

This brings us to nothing of the establishment of Socialism.

Any conditions of working and living for adults become sufficiently decent, the child can come into the light. First, he must increase his natural acquisitive and creative powers with sympathetic guidance, either socialized or in the home, for the first six or ten years. Then he must be free for the next ten years to start such acquaintance with the life of the past and the culture of the world as will make his own rich and beautiful to him. And then he must have a home and a school to which he can return.

It is only when we have some such fair chance given to each child that the educator can hope for the perfection of his art.

Rose Johnston

[The foregoing article was written for the Political Science]
HAIL TO THE NEW PROFESSION

By RUFUS W. WEEKS

Illustrated by Brateman


UR fathers held in high honor the three great professions. In the Clergy they saw holy men who knew all about the next world, and who told the people with authority what they had to believe and how they had to behave in this world that they might escape Hell and win Heaven. In the Lawyers they saw able men who were busy in getting justice done. The Doctors were those skilful benefactors who cured the sick.

In our time there has come a great change. We have found out the Clergy; we have discovered that they know nothing about the next world and less than nothing about this; and that the governing anxiety of the average minister is the same, and must be the same as that of everybody else—how to keep his job, or how to get a better one; and, saddest of all discoveries, we perceive that most of them have no passion for bringing about justice in human affairs.

We have found out the Lawyers; we know that they have no sincere respect for the law, and less than none for justice. We have found out, too, that those Lawyers who, by one means or another, get to be our lawmakers, are no more straightforward than the others—no more learned in the true ends of law; and that even those who find their way to the Bench are little more worthy of true respect. In these days, if all those who cherish contempt of court had to pay fines, there would be no need of taxes!

[After writing this the judges I began to wonder whether it is true, but that very day, in glancing over an editorial in the New York Times, my eye fell on a grateful quotation from a late decision of the United States Supreme Court in these words: “The law does not attempt to equalize fortune, opportunities or abilities.” Now, since justice is precisely the equalizing of opportunities—the square deal, the even chance all around—it is plain that if the Supreme Court reverses the law, it cares nothing for justice; and if it rescues justice, it cannot respect the law. Their Honors may take either horn of the disease; either leaves them half as bad as the generality of their profession.]

Among both the Clergy and Lawyers there are noble exceptions, who shine out all the brighter by reason of the small respect felt by the people in these days for the rest. For the Clergy and Lawyers have certainly fallen from their high estate in the people’s minds.

The Doctors have fared better. It is true that pity has faded respect for a large number of the Doctors—those who have become sycophants of the rich; but, on the other hand, we recognize that the Doctors of to-day know what they are about in their medical practice much better than did those of our fathers’ times. With them science has largely taken the place of tradition and they often get the results they have foreseen.

The medical profession is also developing a social conscience; it is beginning to propose and to carry out great measures for stamping out the causes of disease, and more human of the Doctors see a wider and wider horizon of beneficent power opening before their profession as the savers of the masses. Their progress, as is diametrical, in its minds, is not unlike the Socialist, and it has the merit of making an immediate and irresistible appeal to the working class.

Then, the medical profession has not fallen from its place of honor in the people’s minds.

At the Child’s Welfare Exhibition, held in a great hall in New York last winter, that which struck me most vividly was not the array of exhibits, nor the astonishingly vast crowds, but the group of specially chosen people who had invented the exhibition and brought it into being, and those who had rallied round them. They were such persons as Jane Addams, Florence Kelley, Robert Bruece, Edward Devine, Dr. Josephine Baker, and scores of others like these. A new light came to me; I said to myself: these people are the coming power. Not the self-sufficient magnates of Wall Street or of Washington; not the ardent agitators of the soap-box or the platform; but these quiet, steady workers who are learning a new kind of work and doing it; who are gaining every day more and more the solid confidence of the people; they are to be our rulers in the next few years. Into the hands of such men and women the people are going to commit affairs of the cities, and later on, the great affairs of the country. The new profession has as yet no name. We might call these special people who are busy in their several ways our Social Experts. Most of them have received their earlier training and gained their outlook in the social settlements, from which they graduated convinced that the settlement was no remedy; that its chief use, in the broad social sense, is to teach its own inefficacy. They are now making social surveys and explorations for the Sage Foundation; or carrying on Playground Associations, Child Labor propaganda, Child Hygiene Work for the Boards of Education; a hundred different lines in which a socially minded person can make a living at social work.

Socialist city administrations will have to lean hard on these social experts; indeed, it is likely that one of the most useful functions of the Socialist municipal management will be to bring the social experts to the front, to encourage them, and to stimulate more of our brightest and best youth to take up the new profession.

And the masses in all our cities, the workers who are too smart to put faith in the Socialist “dream,” who do not show themselves smarter yet if they were to stop and think about the things close at hand; if they were to say to themselves: “These dreamers act like good workers, and if we get them ahead of us we shall get the job of running a city. Let us try them; let us put them in at the next election in our own city, and then watch them pull in the social experts to take care of the health of our children; to make new parks and playgrounds; to keep the streets in our section of the city as good as and sweet as those of the better quarter”; to enforce the tenement laws against our landlords and to propose stronger tenement laws. Let us give the Socialists a chance to make good!”

SENSATIONALISM

By NORMAN TALCOTT

I have just been reading the article on Sensationalism, which tells of a communication from a friend expressing the opinion that your magazine appealed too much to the “cultured,” and recommending that it be gotten down to the level of the more ignorant.

That is the biggest mistake that I have heard of yet. I think that you are doing just the right thing, and that you would do well to keep it up.

Socialism must always appeal to men of intelligence, and it requires considerable intelligence to understand Socialism. If we ever have Socialism it must come mainly through intelligent people.

With cheap, sensational matter which simply serves to enrage the ignorant, who suffer under the economic system known as capitalism, against the individual capitalist, you could bring about a revolution all right, if that is what you are after. But you would not be much better off after you had had your revolution. You would simply have aroused the blood lust in the breasts of millions of men and brought about the death of hundreds of thousands of other men. Then you would be ready to sink back into the morass of an empire as did the French after their revolution. Such propaganda as certain Socialist publications are printing, is no better to the ignorant, who are the ignorant are the man who has a few dollars and a little more education. The rank and file of the Socialists I have met in the East are quite intelligent enough to understand such propaganda. Indeed, if my experience goes, the average of intelligence and culture (in the real sense) among the Socialists is higher than that among members of any other party.

The Socialist seeker after truth gets his education while getting his knowledge of Socialism. The Socialists, for the most part, in this country, are doing more than teaching the people Socialism. They are educating them to a point where they will be intelligent enough to administer the country under Socialism.

I have no patience with those Socialists who seek merely to stir up the wrath of the many.

The Socialist with a proper knowledge of his own school of thought knows that the present system is not the result of the iniquity of individual capitalists, but is merely a stage in the economic evolution of the world. And he knows that the capitalist is just as much a victim of the system as is the wage-worker. Therefore he has no animosity against the capitalist. He seeks not revenge, but the inauguration of a new and better system.

I think that you are getting out just about the right sort of a magazine and hope that you will continue along the same lines.
FACTS AND INTERPRETATIONS

BEGGARS PRO AND CON
BY ONE OF THEM

YOU and I are both familiar with the sign "Beggars Not Allowed"; the only difference in our acquaintance with it is that you have most probably viewed it from the pleasant warm inside of the window, while I have viewed it from the chilly outside.

Beyond a doubt, we agree that beggars should not be allowed; I don't like to beg any more than you like to have me beg. It is almost incredible that in a society such as ours, which is supplied abundantly with the means for satisfying every human need, any person should be so far deprived of these means as to necessitate cringing before another for a crust. And though the abject poverty which beggary proves is outrageous, it is not as hard to bear as the cringing.

Before I became a beggar, when I was still young and strong, I used to think that my class was so strictly prohibited on Riverside Drive and Michigan Avenue to protect the tender sympathies of the residents of those sections, I had not the least doubt that it must hurt them to see a person in distress. But that was before I had felt the teeth of the French nodule at the front door and the broomstick of the Irish cook at the back.

Since then I have changed my opinion entirely. Now I not merely think but know that beggars are excluded from aristocratic sections for quite different purposes than the protection of the tender sympathies of the rich. I have found two very good reasons. The first is that the rich have a more susceptible spot than their compassion, namely their pocketbook, and the second is that they want to monopolize the trade themselves.

Beggars are not expelled with the same rigor on the East Side as on the West Side. There flourishes a number of my kind, the ragged, dirty, hungry kind, and also the emissaries—uniformed and otherwise—of the plutocrats, who demand their toll by force or fraud.

If beggars should not be allowed on the West Side, neither should they be allowed on the East Side. The workers should follow the example of the capitalists and also hang out the little warning "No Beggars Allowed." Then they should turn their backs upon the tax collector who gathers money for the support of armies and navies in which the producers shed their blood and while they struggle with the products of the world. They should turn their backs upon the landlord, who month after month and year after year exacts a toll as unjust as the usurer's interest. They should not harass to insurance collectors who beg for a few cents nor to church dignitaries who beg for a few souls. And, above all, they should not hearken to the whining of the hired politician, who on election day comes begging for their votes—their votes which are to sanction the armies, navies, police courts, insurance companies, landlords, and so forth—the votes which make them the dupes of their own credulity.

If the workers do this they will be well on the road to abolishing something far worse than beggary—the robbery of the things they produce.

COLLEGE PROLETARIANS

BY BARNET G. BRAVEMAN

GREED does not respect religion, sex, or creed. Greed does not respect character, culture, or beauty. Greed does not respect brain-power.

Greed will hire brains to plan plots and enterprises. When its needs are satisfied, the one who has the brains is thrown aside like a torn and tattered glove.

Capitalism has no more use for the college-man than it has for the man who wields a spade. Capitalism cares only for profits and prestige. To reap profits and prestige, it commercializes religion; pervets sex; creates race prejudice; mars character; prevents culture; destroys beauty; and cheapens brains.

Some time near the Granger period, a lawyer claimed that he could get in one day enough civil engineers to make a body of six complete surveying corps, and he boasted that they would be very anxious to sell their labor power for sixty dollars per month!

In the councils of commercialism, employers decided long ago that college men can be procured at "direct" salaries.

Presidents of universities have personal lists of thousands of young men and women who have degrees in art, literature, and science; theses young people confess that they are in the depths of the submerged.

Some twenty-six years ago, Andrew Carnegie remarked in a lecture to Pittsburg students:

"It is becoming harder and harder, as business gravitates to immense corners, for a young man without capital to get a start for himself, and in this city (Pittsburg) especially, where large capital is essential, it is unusually difficult."

Within the last quarter of a century the United States has experienced changes of stupendous magnitude in its industrial and social life. Concentrated capital has grown from prices below by labor and scientists who compete against those who could be useful to society.

The snobishness that was once a part of the college-man's attitude has been chastened by economic adversity into a dominating desire for real democracy.

Many avenues of success are closed to young men and women. Factory toil, monotonous, devoid of energy and ability. They have to fight the battle of life without essential assistance. Many times they are compelled to fight one another like jungle beasts.

The country is overcrowded with doctors, lawyers, professors, teachers and scientists who compete against each other in the race for bread.

Educational institutions are swarming the country with graduates who have no assurance of employment or economic security.

College students have seen their air-castles tumble into nothingness.

They have learned to behold the hollow mockery behind the commencement oration about "the eager gazer waiting for the college man." The struggle for existence has removed rose-colored illusions of deeds and fame and honor.

College-trained proletarians are beginning to realize the burning revelation that capitalist society is not so anxious to load them up with glory and renown.

Education and character have failed to make certain the paths of achievement.

The college-trained worker and the factory-trained worker are beginning to defy an economic regime which destroys noble aspirations.

Colleges are full of protest against social wrongs. Capitalist professors find themselves belittled by the economic knowledge of college-students.

And professors who speak the truth about capitalism find themselves belittled by dismissals.

The tendency of the world is towards a greater unity for social progress.

The college-trained proletarian is becoming conscious of his identity of interests with his fellow-workers who never had the opportunity to enter a university. And it is in this unity industrially and politically, that will cause the elimination of industrial tyranny.

THE END OF CONSPIRACIES

ONE thing which the McNamara confession undoubtedly will bring about is the end of the whisperers.

In the association the whisperers play a large part. The whisperer is a poseur.

The whisperers are solemn people who allways have wind of a plot by the enemy or are forging a plot themselves to work against the enemy. But the struggle for the New World is not a matter of Plot and Counterplot. The Revolution will not succeed through the action of some little faithful band of conspirators.

The logical result of whispering is dynamite throwing. Already in America the whisperers have had their day. They are about to be ruled out of court. In the future whatever is done will be done out loud. Policies will be shout from the housetop.

If the state of society compels workers to violence, the violence will not be denied. Instead of claiming that the perpetrator of deeds of violence is a traitor they will say, "What of it?" You claim this man did such and such. Why did he do it? He did it because he was starving and saw another man about to take his job. You would have done the same thing had you been put through the same. We admit it. And now what of it?"

That will be the answer.

HEROES

BY BARNET G. BRAVEMAN

EVER since the Boy Scout movement came into public view, army officials have been bowing in general to the lack of military education in our schools.

We of the working class wish to apprise all professional man-killers that it is too late to begin instructing our boys about the glory of war.

Wisdom and reason are becoming the ruling passions of the human race.

Children as well as men are beginning to realize the fact that neither king or president has the right to put human beings on the field of battle where they lose their lives for a country that never treated them any better than hogs and cattle.

Every man who carries a gun for the United States Government or for any other government is a tool used by the hellions of plutocracy and despotism for the protection of privileged interests.

No death or service on the field of battle has ever been noble if it happened for the sake of a few princes or trust-magnates who stayed at home beyond the reach of shot and shell.

Real heroes are they who risk life and limb in smelted furnaces; who erect sky-scrappers; who dig coal down in the black recesses of the earth; who toil and mail to feed the race.

Socialists reserve their plaudits for the iron-worker who falls from a bridge or building; for the miner who breathes his last in an explosion; for the sailor who has a watery grave; for the railroad fireman who is mangled in a wreck; for the tailor who dies of consumption contracted in a sweat shop for the children and women who have their life-lights snuffed out of them all. All of these have died—not on the battlefield, where men are maddened by the fires and drums and flying shell—but on the field of useful productive service.

Workers of the world are anxious to feed the world—to clothe the world—to make this world a better world!

Militarism hires men to kill the workers who would enrich the world.

War never has its heroes—but the real and unnumbered heroes have been the men and women who became victims of capitalist industry.

Some day, when the world will have become conscious of the spirit of altruism and interdependence, it will look down upon the present social order with shame and wonder—thinking of the unhonored millions of human beings who died real heroes while attempting to produce results of genuine worth.
THE WAY YOU LOOK AT IT

BOOSTING FOR THE BABIES

AND each speaker spouted much flame for the Cause.

"Let us not be weaklings," hissed the Tired-less Enthusiast, who was for or against everything from Ants to Zoopteries. "The object of the present congress is the carrying on of the fight against Race Suicide. A short and ugly epitaph is the only proper appellation for that man who does not believe in more babies. Let me repeat—MORE BABIES!"

As he sat down there rose a sleek, fat-chopped individual encased in clothes of the most expensive trim. "I echo the worthy speaker's remarks," he said, folding his hands across his stomach. "This great republic—and in fact all republics and all nations—need more babies. Millions more of them—I might almost say—billions!"

Chipped in a gentleman with a pleasant but oratorical face.

"Is the church nation beneath the fat-flung expansè of Gawd's own Heaven that needs, begs and demands mo' babies than oun own sunny southland?" he queried.

I ain't no hand at speechmarkin," apologized the man with the jowls, "but I feel pretty keen on some subjects and I'll thank you all kindly for anything you'll do to get folks to keep right on having lots of babies."

"You bet," shrilled the lady with the excessive plumes.

"That's the dope," shouted the young man with the catchel.

There were wild cheers of acquiescence.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the Mildly Inquiring Person as he rose from his inconspicuous place, "I have no doubt that the speakers you have just approved are in earnest, but may I ask if it is not barely possible that a politician who wins his constituents by platitudes, a manufacturer of arms and ammunitions who earns his money by supplying a patriot of a down-south child-labor mill, the head keeper of a boys' reformatory, a woman of an ancient and not altogether honorable profession, a young doctor who is learning his trade at the clinics of a children's hospital—is it not barely possible that all these persons who have just spoken so enthusiastically may have some—a—some private purpose in advocating?"

But at this point the Mildly Inquiring Person was quite justly and vigorously thrown out of the window.

MARVELOUS

"Y"ou listen to me," said the Police Captain, "we're going to the truth. You ain't no prophet and you know you ain't. I'll give you one last chance: hand out the dope for this next month and if it comes out the way you say I'll see that you ain't sent up."

"Righto," said the astrologer cheerily. "Never saw any easier pickings." He looked up at the stars and groaned. "In this coming month—"

"This next month, now," snapped the Captain. "In this next month several thousand men will walk the streets of New York looking for a job."

The Police Captain opened his eyes.

"Wages will be reduced in a large factory in New England; there will be a strike in Indiana and another in Idaho. Militia will be called out in California on account of labor troubles and down south several children will lose from five to fifty years of their lives working in the cotton mills."

The Captain held his breath in wonder.

"In Chicago several men will starve to death and in St. Louis a man will kill himself because he can't get work. Some thousands of girls will be dragged, enticed, assisted or deceived into white slavery."

"A Pennsylvania city council will be bribed; an avoidable mine accident in West Virginia will kill a gang of men and all the taxpayers in the Union will be robbed."

And behold! when the Captain followed the papers that month he saw that all these things came to pass.

FOOD FOR THE GROWING

"S"o you say," said the Mildly Inquiring Person, "but is it your purpose in these evening lectures to educate those adults who are shy on schooling?"

"Exactly," nodded the Eager Committeeman, "and let me tell you why."

"And what is it you teach them?"

"Why, that's the beautiful part of it—teach them everything. Here at School 76 we've got Professor Jenkins lecturing on Medieval Poetry—"

"I know that."

"And at School 20 Dr. Kelly, the famous traveler, is giving a course on Some Architectural Beauties of Abyssinia."

"Indeed."

"And at School 47 Miss Sharpman talks on the Lives of the Artists, and at School 16 Mr. Willers delivers his celebrated discourse on Early Christianity, and at School 168 the Reverend Tawney the—hunting clergyman—gives a talk with lantern slides on harpooning polar bear."

"Absorbing—absorbing," murmured the Mildly Inquiring Person, "only where are the courses held that teach the untrained man what the earth is and what he is and what society is and its relation to the universe generally?"

"Oh, that," said the Committeeman scornfully, "we haven't any time to waste with such rubbish. We don't want to bother with a lot of cranks."

"Of course you don't," soothed the Mildly Inquiring Person, "and that's one reason why the Third Party is going to poll about two million votes this fall."

PRACTICAL FINANCE

I was bad but true—the street railroad had failed.

There wasn't a cent in the treasury.

The late president said it had ruined him completely, and to show how heart-broken he was he bought an extra car and went round the world again in his private yacht.

Everybody said the business would have to be reorganized.

So bonds were put on the market to raise a little ready money.

They fetched about $3,500,000.

This million fetched about a hundred reorganizers.

The reorganizers started right in to reorganize.

They met and met and met.

When they grew tired of folding their hands over their stomachs they put their forefingers together on a level with the chin so as to look singularly wise.

After about a year of constant meeting they said everything was in running order and they issued another million dollars' worth of bonds.

"But where is the first million?" asked the common people impatiently.

"The first million!" shrieked the reorganizers, "why, that was our fee."

A year later the road failed again.

So they issued a call for more reorganizers.

And so on.

Still it's an established fact that a municipality doesn't know enough to run a street railway.

THE CLINCHER

"B"ut," objected the gentleman who made his living by pulling a long face on Sunday.

"I have one more argument—I have an argument that you can't possibly refute."

"I should like to hear it," said the man who was fighting for an Orderly World. "You admit, don't you, that if every man worked at some useful occupation it would increase production tremendously?"

"I do."

"And that if each man received the socially useful product of his labor, it would largely do away with crime."

"That's possible."

"It would help along the science of Eugenics by giving us for the first time all humanity to choose from for parenthood."

"Very likely."

"It would systematize the world."

"Yes."

"It would give everyone a fair chance for happiness."

"I suppose so."

"In fact, it would bring about what the church has preached so long—the brotherhood of man."

"Probably."

"Then what's your objection?"

"My objection!—wouldn't all this do away with poverty?"

"Most certainly it would."

"Well, then, don't the Bible say, 'The poor you have always with you'? You bet it does, and as long as I stay in the pulpit I'm going to see that the poor keep right on staying with us. I'm not going to have the Bible queer'd by a lot of you irresponsible agitators."
WAR
BY GARDINER LADD PLUMLEY
WHEN I was a boy a railroad accident opened my eyes to mutilation of the human body. A dying child, lifted in the arms of a sobbing man, the blood streaming over him, the poor thing shrieking—that picture I wish had not been forced upon me.

The incidents of that accident, for me, hint at the meaning of the word, war; I know nothing of the thing itself but by books. But if such agonies as burned themselves into my brain were the essential and not the accidental events of railroads, the world would send locomotives to the scrap heap.

That good from war ever comes to the individual from thirst, from hunger, from thirst, from vermin, from disease, from wounds, from the surgeon’s table, from lust, from rending apart an enemy’s vitals—the intent of the science of war—is as true as that the unbom babe of an Indian still drags the plumes by the feeding of its mother on the heart of an enemy.

And can anything good be gained for a nation by discounting harvests of future generations and burning the proceeds? by the loss of her young manhood? by creating thousands of mutilated vagrants? by hiring her workmen to become murderers? by giving over her children to butchery and her women to violence, death, and rape? by—but time and type would fail to tell all the multitudinous ways that war breeds taxes, misery, poverty, pestilence, famine, death, and worse than death!

All hell makes merry when orators call their brothers to arms.

GERMINAL
BY EMILE ZOLA
(Continued from page 11.)

sides, he’s only been here six months, from Pas-de-Calais.

Both had risen, about to begin work again. When she saw him so cold, she was charmed. Without doubt, she thought him handsome than the others; she would have preferred him. The thought of a reconciliation arose in her mind, and when the young man, still angry, was examining his lamp which was burning with a pale, blue flame she tried to attract his attention.

“Come on, I’ll show you something,” murmured she good-naturedly.

When she had led him to the end of the drift, she showed him a crevice in the coal. A slight bubbling arose from it and a little noise like the whispering of a bird.

“Put your hand there, you can feel the wind... It’s fire-damp.”

He was surprised. Was that the terrible fire-damp which made everything explode? She laughed, saying there was a great deal of it that day, and that was the reason the lamps burned so blue.

“When will you stop your tongues?” cried the rough voice of Mather.

Catherine and Etienne hastened to refill their cars, and push them to the inclined plane, their backs bent, crawling under the uneven ceiling of the track. From the second trip the perspiration soaked them and their bones cracked anew.

In the drift the work of the diggers was resumed. They often cut short their lunch so as not to chill themselves, and their sandwiches, eaten thus far from the sun, with speechless voracity, filled their stomachs as if with lead. Stretched out upon their sides, they dug still harder, having only one fixed idea, that of completing a great day’s work. Everything else disappeared, the struggle for gain so rudely contended. They ceased to feel the water dripping upon their limbs, the cramps from the forced attitude, always the same, the ache in the back, the air, the danger, as plants buried in a cave. In proportion, as the day advanced, the air became more vitiated from the smoke of the lamps, the impure breath and the gas from the fire-damp, weighing down the eyelids like cobwebs.

All this combined was sufficient to destroy the effect of any pure air. Each one, buried in his nook under the earth, with scarcely a breath in his weary body still toiled on.

THE MATERIALISTIC BASIS OF EDUCATION
BY LENA MORROW LEWIS
AMONG the many contributions the capitalist system has made to the progress of the race, one of the most valuable was the necessity of educating the members of the working class. Norm, right, or privilege, or opportunity is given a lower or under class unless that right or opportunity makes for the benefit and interest of the upper or dominant class.

Two hundred years ago one could find but few workmen who could read or write. Education was the privilege of the upper class only. It was not necessary for the serf in the field to have a trained mind in order to plow a straight furrow. The skill to swing a scythe or sickle required no mental training or education. But the introduction and development of machinery and the use of steam and electricity necessitated a different type of worker from the unlettered, untutored serf in the field or the woman at the spinning wheel.

To transform the crude ore into a fine steel required new skill. To adapt the wares all the various vocations together into a mighty engine called for the trained and educated workman. To operate an engine demanded the skilled engineer.

In short, the new industrial processes which the capitalist system gave the world necessitated the education and mental training of the workers in order that they might be fit and efficient wealth producers. Capitalism therefore created the economic or material reasons for the need of the great mass of the workers to be educated.

While economic and material benefits have accrued to the master class through the education of the workers; while large profits were only possible through a trained and skilled laboring class, yet in this very thing which makes for the triumph of the master class financially, we see a potent and powerful factor in bringing about the political and industrial supremacy, of the working class.

Knowledge is power.

Only as the workers have knowledge and intelligence can they solve the problem of their own political and industrial freedom. The capitalist masters have educated the workers to their advantage to-day, but for their undoing to-morrow.

The thing that makes for the triumph of capitalism ultimately makes for its own downfall.

Education of the workers for the benefit of the capitalist class means gain and profit only for the few, the upper class of to-day.

Education of the workers for the benefit of the working class means gain and profit for the working class and ultimately for the whole human race.

That which has served the capitalist class will some day serve the working class.

The trained minds that create profits for the masters of to-day will create wealth for the producers to enjoy to-morrow.

The future victories of the working class lie not so much in their numbers (the workers have always been in the vast majority), but in the knowledge they possess and the ability to intelligently organize and act together on the political and economic fields.

Let us ever remember that knowledge is power!
POLITICAL TRAINING
OF THE WORKING-CLASS

By DEAN LANGMUIR

COMPTROLLER UNDER THE NEW SOCIALIST ADMINISTRATION OF SCHENECTADY

HISTORY no longer has a purely narrative quality. Formerly history consisted in presenting a series of distinct events, each standing alone and depending upon the other in a manner most unexpected and startlingly surprising. No attempt was made to render the whole coherent; and few historians of the old school delved below the surface of records or of tradition. It was a great pleasure to both writer and reader to deal comparatively loosely. Familiarity with the great forces that cast this great study. Formerly, for instance, a kind of complete satisfaction was felt in the tale of Columbus’ voyage and discovery of America. “If this age had never been made, America would now be unknown. If Columbus had not quelled the mutinous spirit of his crew, he would have had to return to Europe, leaving half of the world in outer darkness. How delightful that it all turned out exactly as it did!”

It is hard to abandon such readable matter and to consult modern historical works on the subject. In such work we learn that the progress of civilization over the Western hemisphere did not mainly depend upon the exertions of one individual. If Columbus had never lived, or if he had never been drawn to explore the route by sea to India, or if his men had proved more rebellious—under any one of these conditions, the event would have arrived in much the same way. It is now understood that the age was one of physical and intellectual expansion, that conditions were ripe for the undertaking by the holder progressive of such voyages of exploration. The most that modern history admits is that if Columbus had never lived, the discovery of the new continent might have been postponed by some scores of years.

So it is with innumerable other events of history. The Fall of the Bastille was not the cause, nor did it even set in motion, the French Revolution. Our slaves were freed neither by the Civil War, nor by a certain document signed by Lincoln. These incidents were as mere ripples on the surface, far below which were sweeping mighty undercurrents of which now we have but an imperfect understanding. The events themselves were not the forces that made history, any more than the motor of a car is the force that drives the car, or guides it around curves to the terminus.

Charming as history used to be—and many will admit this—there can be little question but that it was comparatively useless. Not only did it fail to explain those great forces that shape human affairs, and a knowledge of their workings as shown in the past, are of inestimable value in judging the present. The world is being stirred by the forces that those forces are, that their nature can be fully grasped, and that just so much as our knowledge of them increases, the history-loving man will increase in importance.

Some still prefer the superficial aspect of things, but the Socialists, who are and have been the world’s leaders in respect to sounding for current political truths to the depths, have deduced the efficacy of mere superficial measures. No mere aggregation of legal phrases neatly divided into articles and clauses has satisfied them—not even the erection of public buildings for the relief of the poor. They have themselves pierced beneath the surface appearance until they have reached the underlying essence of conditions, and then have insisted that the world face that reality.

To a type of mind such as the Socialist, constructive political action obviously means something far other than the mere bringing about of concrete events, of reforms such as improving charity organizations or increasing the efficiency of a system of garbage removal. Such a mind must at least deal with some of the great forces that make history. At the same time, one so viewing things has a sufficiently humble attitude. He realizes that historical forces are too powerful and lie too deeply for him to stop them or to turn them back; but on the other hand, he knows that they can be retarded and accelerated, and he feels that he can fighting for future betterment and is willing to undergo present suffering for the sake of a future reward. He will have faith that Socialism is coming, and he will try to prepare the workers so that they may sooner and more efficiently assume their new responsibilities. He will try to train the workers for the new day.

The workingman has a certain mental superiority over the wealthy capitalist. He is frequently more wholesome, industrious, and has a greater capacity for simple pleasures and a much greater consciousness of his duty to those of his class. Nevertheless, mentally, the workingman is in many ways less equipped. The capitalist has far greater executive ability. The workingman may be able to regulate his own life better, but he cannot begin to manage the affairs of others as others manage his affairs. The workingman has a better education, and in that respect, he can be more effective. The citizen’s direct control over the municipal affairs immediately around him is thus decreasing.

Nevertheless, if a working man is to secure good political training, it must be given to him as effectively as possible. The district affairs should be placed as much in his hands as is feasible. At least, he can determine how his public park shall be laid out and how and when it is to be used. He can surely be allowed to say just what shall be done, with public improvement appropriations for the neighborhood. Let him decide how the streets near his residence shall be paved and cleaned.

Constructive political action legislates with an eye not only to the political, but to the effect of the kind of government upon the mind of the people. Efficiency might even for a time not be increased nor expense reduced, but the people can be educated to a higher capacity for self-government.

No political training is so effective as that gained in local affairs. Not only can a greater faculty for initiative and a greater civic responsibility be developed when one knows every local need, but familiarity with every local condition will reveal the measure of wages, the measure of efficiency in the municipal political affairs leads directly to an effective grasp on the wider state, national and international issues.

Each age has a function of its own. The last century has been marked by great growth of liberty, both political and intellectual. It is likely that this age is to be that of the education and political training of the working class. If so, we should work with the current and aid it with all our strength.
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