Socialism The Issue In 1912.
Mark Hanna
See page 7.
THE SOCIALIST PLATFORM
FORM OF 1912

One of the most inspiring moments of the National Convention was directly after the reading of the preamble to the platform, quoted below. The unanimous and immediate verdict was that it was worth the campaign of Independence.” “Who wrote it?” was the response. Some claimed that W. J. Ghent was the author, but upon investigation it proved that although the lion’s share of the responsibility for this document rests with the platform committee, it is really the collective product of the members of the committee.

The representatives of the Socialist party in National Convention at Indianapolis declare that the capitalist form of ownership of the means of production has caused the deepening of capitalism, and has become utterly incapable of meeting the problems now confronting society. We denounced this outgrown system as incompetent and corrupt and the source of unspeakable misery and suffering to the whole working class.

Under this system the industrial equipment of the nation has passed into the absolute control of a plutocracy which exacts an annual tribute of millions of dollars from the producers. Unfairly of any organized resistance, it holds its greedy hands over the still undeveloped resources of our country. It lives on the land, the mines, the forests and the water-power of every state in the union.

In spite of the development of labor-saving machines and improved methods in industry which cheapen the cost of production, the share of the producers and the producers themselves in any of the necessities of life steadily increases. The hoarded prosperity of this nation is for the owning class alone. To the rest it means only greater hardship and misery. The high cost of living is felt in every home. Millions of wage-earners have seen the purchasing power of their wages decrease until life has become a mere existence.

Multitudes of unemployed walk the streets of our cities or trudge from state to state awaiting the will of the master to meet their needs.

The farmers in every state are plundered by the increasing prices exacted for tools and machinery and by exorbitant freight rates and storage charges.

Capitalist concentration is mercilessly crushing the class of small business men and driving its members into the ranks of property-less wage-workers.

The overwhelming majority of the people of America are being forced under a yoke of bondage by this soulless industrial despotism.

It is this system of capitalism that is responsible for the increasing burden of armaments, the poverty, shams, child labor, most of the insanity, crime and prostitution, and much of the disease that afflict mankind.

Under this system the working class is exposed to pitiless treatment, and cruel and unjust laws, and is preyed upon incessantly by usury, usury, and the fear of the want of a proper knowledge of the workers, must be the producer of the present system, in which industry is carried on for private greed, instead of for the welfare of society. We declare, therefore, that for these evils there has been no remedy and no substantially real relief except through Socialism, under which industry shall be carried on for the common good and every worker shall receive the full social value of the wealth he creates.

Society is divided into warring groups and classes, based upon material interests. Fundamentally, this struggle is a conflict between the two main classes: one, of which the capitalist class owns the means of production; and the other, of which the working class, must use these means of production on terms dictated by the owners.

The capitalist class, though few in numbers, absolutely controls the government, legislative, executive and judicial. This class owns the machinery of gathering and disseminating news through its organized press. It organizes the colleges and schools—and even religious and moral agencies. It has also the added prestige which establishes customs give to any order of society, right or wrong.

The working class, which includes all those who are really employed, whether by hand or brain, in shop, mine or on the soil, vastly outnumber the capitalist class. Lacking effective organization and class solidarity, this class is unable to enforce its will. Given such class solidarity and effective organization, the working class would have the power to make all laws and control all industry in their own interest.

All political parties are the expression of economic class interests. All other parties than the Socialist party represent one or another group of the ruling capitalist class. Their political conflicts reflect mere power struggles between the various groups, or cliques, which are in favor with the ruling capitalist class. However, they result, these conflicts have no issue of real value to the workers. Whether the party is radical or Republican, it is the capitalist class that is victorious economically.

The Socialist party is the political expression of the economic interests of the workers. Its definite program and its record show that it has won their causes and its victories their victories. It is a party founded on the science and laws of social development. It proposes that, since all social wealth is produced by the workers, the means of their production and distribution shall be socially owned and democratically controlled.

In the face of the economic and political aggressions of the capitalist class the only reliance left the workers is that of their economic organizations and their political power. By the intelligent and class-conscious use of these, they may resist successfully the capitalist class, break the fetters of wage-slavery, and fit themselves for the future society, which is to be established by the Socialists. The Socialist party appreciates the full significance of class organization and urges the wage-earners, the working farmers, and all the toiling workers to organize, to fight for economic and political action, and we pledge ourselves to support the toilers of the fields as well as the toilers of the shops, to act as a political weapon in the nation’s struggles for social justice.

In the defeat or victory of the working class party in this new struggle for freedom lies the defeat or triumph for the economic interests of the economic groups, as well as the failure or the triumph of popular government. Thus the Socialist party is the party of the workers, that would speed the transition from economic individualism to socialism, from wage slavery to free co-operation, from capitalist oligarchy to industrial democracy.

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THE GREAT FORCE

Education is the greatest force on earth. Especially such education as impels us to do things. Working class education is therefore of much more importance than a college education.

Working class education is based upon experience—based upon doing things. Therefore, a man who has been a member of the Socialist party of experience is without exception an active man. They make mistakes, but whatever they do, they make a mistake.

College education is usually inasmuch as it enables the individual to do things better—more efficiently.

Often, however, a college education serves in giving the individual a mistaken idea of breadth. Instead of being a little bit of theoretical knowledge picked up here and there, these bewildered and unable to take a positive stand on anything. They seek to hide this failure under the cloak of breadth.

Such are the dangers of a mere college education.

The working class education on the other hand is based principally upon experience.

Knowledge gained through experience is usually more serviceable than theoretical knowledge, but it is also much more expensive. Second-hand knowledge is to be obtained at a much more reason rate.

Now, if we are going to establish the Co-operative Commonwealth in the near future, we need a number of workers who are more than merely given to pay for with experience. Yet we must have the knowledge. That’s where we need the individual.

So we must interest the colleges in the working-class movement. Through their association with the working-class, the knowledge they absorb will accumulate more and more in a practical and serviceable nature.

The working class, on the other hand, will benefit by the association with those friends who have received a college education.

Such education we welcome. Education based on organization, on the securing of the greatest good for the greatest number.
THE WAITERS

"The waiters have been imbued with the spirit of Socialism. They are trying to get out of the servant class. They want the public to assume the same attitude toward them that they do toward the hotel clerks and cashiers."

Thus spoke Mr. Boldt, the proprietor of the Walcott-Astoria, apropos to the revolt of the New York waiters.

A remarkably clear analysis indeed. Especially so from Mr. Boldt.

It is also an extraordinary motive for a strike. The writer was a waiter in the New York hotels until four years ago. That’s how he knows that Mr. Boldt’s analysis is correct. That’s why he feels so deeply about the waiters’ struggle. The stigma which rests upon the labor of the servant class will have to be lifted sooner or later. The waiters’ strike was a surprise to me, because it proved that it was going to be lifted sooner, much sooner, than I had expected. A few days ago I saw waiters walk out of some of the hotels with tears in their eyes. Tears of pent-up emotion. An emotion caused by lifelong indignation. I wondered when I mingled with them after a walk-out one evening, how many observers would understand the nearly sobbing voice with which these boys swore they would never return to the business except as free men, as union men, as equals to everybody. As they put it, they would sooner be street sweepers than return under the same conditions.

Much may happen from the time of this writing until your reading. If the strike is not won by the time you read this, I implore you to help these boys with your moral and financial support. Never was a battle fought for a bigger stake. They are not fighting for bread and butter only. The bosses were ready to grant them this the second day of the strike. They are fighting the battle of democracy. They are helping to recognize them as working men and women. They want your help to lift them from the stigma of the flunky.

THE RED FLAG

It is evident from the proposed flag ordinances in San Diego, Seattle and Schenectady that our enemies are trying to embroil us in a quarrel about the red flag. Wouldn’t it be fine if they could thus divert us from our work? Their aim is to be satisfied by the United States, the people or the capitalists? Wouldn’t they be tickled if we were to be sufficiently provoked by their bullying methods to give them a chance to trot out their deputys and soldiers and beat us up?

No, no——dear friends of the Militia of Christ and others! We are on! Kantsky put us wise long ago to these methods on the part of capital. You will have to try some other bait to catch us.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE

The New York Woman Suffrage parade was without exception the most inspiring demonstration I ever witnessed. Never have I seen a group of paraders which showed such determination, intelligence and intensity in their every move and act.

One blessed with average intelligence could look at that parade and doubt that the New York women were going to be enfranchised.

But if the parade was inspiring, the crowd of onlookers furnished a spectacle equally disgusting. Three members of The Masses’ staff marched in the men’s section of the parade. After marching about ten blocks they almoah arrived at the conclusion that capitalism may rest in peace for awhile so far as New York’s male population is concerned. Never have I seen such a huge crowd of halt-witted, gaping, smoking, provincial provincials.

We can thank our stars, or rather our mothers, that the social revolution in New York does not depend entirely upon labor’s population. The women, who in sincerity, intensity and intelligence far outstrip them, will play an important part. However, this condition is none of our making and does not interest us. What we object to is the degrada tion of the working class into a lot of incapables, into a group of hopeless desperadoes, into a group of destructionists. We need an intelligent, hopeful, constructive working class to establish the cooparative commonwealth.

That’s why we are fighting sabotage, and not to curry favor with the capitalists, lest some of the wildly impatient, temperamentally anarchistic radicals want you to believe.

Our friends, the capitalists, we want to warn. They have seen the web and the spider and they are to try to pay out their little game to the limit, and it seems now as if the workers in many countries have lost hope of producing something orderly out of the chaotic and anarchistic conditions which have developed out of capitalism. It seems as if in their desperation they are going to give the capitalists a hand in establishing anarchy. And though we may deplore it, who shall blame them?

T. R. WANTS THE U. S.

Judging from all indications, Roosevelt is going to be the next President of the United States. That’s another piece of Socialist luck. Nothing more favorable to the development of Socialism can be asked for than T. R. as President.

In spite of the verdict of some mystery hunting Socialist editors, Teddy has not yet sold the United States to the trusts.

The fact of the matter is, Teddy does not intend to sell it. Teddy wants it himself, and he wants it badly. The funny part of it is that we know he will not be able to digest it when he gets it. That much we know.

The rest is guesswork, and our guess is that Teddy with his imperialism will make such a mess of it that we shall have every reason to be satisfied. Because, you know, the fishing is good in troubled waters.

THE A. F. OF L.

The policy of Samuel Gompers is a continual trade of trusts union men with politicians. It means selling out to the highest bidder. He is trying to make the labor movement the tail end of the Democratic party."

So said Berger a few days ago in Washington. And so say we. There is something radically rotten in the A. F. of L. It is high time that the Socialists within and without that body got busy and exposed it. The A. F. of L is getting more and more into the hands of the Massa of Christ. With the Catholic Church, they are lacking the Common Cause, the anti-Socialist monthly. Their form of organization is an aniquated pet, meaning ineffectual so far as the masses of the people are concerned. It is calculated to protect the interests of the favored few of each trade. It has the masses in membership through impossible initiation fees, etc.

We believe the time is ripe for the Socialists to make a concerted attack upon the reactionary elements within the American Federation of Labor. As that organization stands to-day, it is a monumental disgrace to the working class of America.

SABOTAGE

The complaints of the employers of labor that the working class is growing daily less dependable and less efficient are undoubtedly true. Only they have no right to complain. They have no kick coming. To buy a man’s labor with just sufficient to subsist, does not necessarily secure his good will.

This subtle little matter of the good will of the workmen is going to play havoc with society forever long. Northwestern and eastern employers of labor are to-day practising sabotage in some form, even if they never heard the word. The greatest problem of an employer of labor is to make his job fool-proof before he puts it into the hands of the workers.

And why not? The workers have no interest in their job. They don’t care if the boss fails or succeeds. All they care for is not to be caught when they make a mistake.

REVOLUTION VS. VIOLENCE

To prove Conrade Berger’s remarks on sabotage at Indianapolis as contradictory, the Love Letter, an anti-Socialist weekly, quotes him as follows:

"In view of the plutocratic law-making of the present day with some miracles we should succeed in upholding the safety and hope of the country will finally lie in one direction only—that of a violent and bloody revolution. Therefore, I say, each of the 500,000 Socialist voters, and of the 2,000,000 workmen who instinctively incline our way, should, besides doing much reading and still more thinking, have a good rifle and the necessary rounds of ammunition in his home, and be prepared to back up his bullets with his bullets if necessary."

This is supposed to come from an editorial written by Berger in 1910.

It seems our friends cannot distinguish between an organized revolution to uphold the will of the majority, and individual violence and appropriation even if it is committed ostensibly as an attack upon an unjust prevailing system.

We fully indorse, and no doubt Berger with us, what he wrote in 1910. If a majority of the people of the United States want Socialism and capitalism prevents them by violence from getting it, we consider it justifiable to counteract such tyranny by an organized revolution.

But as Berger pointed out, the majority of the people do not as yet want Socialism. Therefore violence at present is not only unjustifiable, but unwise. Better by some miracle succeed in capturing the government by violence, they could get it back by the same token the day or the week after.
SOCIALIST PARTY

EUGENE V. DEBS
PRESIDENT

THE MASSES, 150 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK

EMILE SEIDEL
VICE-PRESIDENT
ELIMINATING THE ANARCHIST

By CHAS. DOBBS

A RESORT to violence by individuals or a minority group as a means of settling a social problem is a confession of moral and intellectual incompetence.

It is a confession that those who advocate or practice violence are afraid to submit the justice of their cause to the arbitration of reason.

These propositions are, or ought to be, axiomatic. We may be impatient at the slow progress of our campaign to convert the majority to our point of view, but when this impatience finds expression in "short cuts" to the New Jerusalem, it ceases to be scientific and becomes raw Utopianism.

If this "short cut" takes the form of brutal conflict or contemptible sabotage, it is a confession that education is a farce and that the only argument which men will recognize is a knife at the midriff or a blow between the eyes.

If the knife or the blow is the only convincing argument, the Socialist regime, if ushered in by such means to-morrow, might easily, by the same means, be transformed the next day to something even more cruel than the condition under which we suffer now.

Upon the rock of these facts the Socialist Movement in America took its stand at the National Convention of the party held in Indianapolis, Ind., in May. The definitive expression in the new constitution, requiring expulsion from the party membership of all who advocate violence or sabotage, was the most important action of the convention. Without any semblance of intolerance or heresy-hunting it clears the atmosphere and establishes a basis upon which the future practical and theoretical work of the movement may be predicated.

The requirement for membership is eminently fair to all. After full discussion, an overwhelming majority of the delegates, indubitably representing an overwhelming majority of the party membership, decided that the time for argument is past. The Socialist Movement is a political movement. There are other movements which pia their faith to the "propaganda of the deed." The two schools of thought and the two theories of action have nothing in common.

The only really important debate in the convention was on this precise point. It is true that those who opposed the anti-violence clause of the constitution did not in terms advocate the "propaganda of the deed," but the issue was sufficiently clear for all practical purposes. The argument of the minority that a declaration against violence was no more necessary than a declaration against "free love" or "dividing up," was disingenuous. The failure, too, of a single member of the minority to meet the issue fairly and squarely was a significant commentary on their arrogant classification of the delegates into "Reds" and "Yellows"—the minority being the valiant Reds, and the majority the pusillanimous Yellows. In this, as in so many other cases, the one boastful of his courage before battle only too frequently shows the yellow streak when we get down to brass tacks.

As far as I recall, the only member of the minority to stand firm in the debate was a woman from Ohio, who taunted the Massachusetts delegates with their failure to uphold the "Boston Tea Party" as a classical example alike of the courage of their forefathers and the effectiveness of "direct action." It was my privilege in the debate to show just how unfortunate the delegate from Ohio happened to be in her reference to the "Boston Tea Party," which was an enterprise by and for the benefit of a small band of American smugglers who only added to the list of crimes committed in the name of liberty and made no substantial contribution to the cause of human freedom.

With no purpose to be unkind, it may be pointed out right here that the "direct actionist" is only too frequently one unfamiliar not only with the true significance of historical incidents like the "Boston Tea Party," but with those various other facts of human experience which must be taken into consideration in formulating any present policy of social action. It is still true that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," no matter how cocksure and glib those may be who lack the capacity or are too indolent to "drink deep of the Pierian spring."

All the incidents of the Indianapolis meeting have had time to melt into their proper proportions, but time for reflection only confirms the wisdom of the convention in protecting the membership against the inroads of the Anarchist. Even those who honestly opposed the constitutional clause on the ground that it was unnecessary, are now probably willing to admit that it was a good thing for the party univocally to go on record. It is plain that if one disdains the use of violence, it can do no harm, and may do much good to say so. If any object, there is reason to suspect more than a leaning away from Socialism and towards Anarchism. One may respect the opinions of an Anarchist if the Anarchist is sufficiently intelligent not to call himself a Socialist. But we cannot respect one who will continue to be a member of an organization to whose theories and practices he is irreconcilably opposed. Continuance of membership under these circumstances can only be interpreted to mean an intention to do the party hurt by committing in its name and in its garb some disdainful deed to prejudice Socialism before the bar of civilization.

The war between Socialism and Anarchism is old, and the 1912 convention at Indianapolis would have no particular significance if it merely marked a victory or defeat in another skirmish between ancient antagonists. The thing that counts is the fact that in its every aspect the Socialist Convention revealed that the American movement has entered upon a new phase. It is, as it has been, a protest. But it is more, in that while it is prepared with unfaltering courage to cut away that which is rotten in the body of civilization, it brings also a healing balm.

Capitalism has run its course, but it would be idle to deny that it has made its contributions to civilization. Progress is a relay race, and Socialism comes now to take up the work and carry liberty, learning, peace and plenty to loftier heights than men have ever reached before. That we are able to do this the National Convention of 1912 proves by its program of constructive legislation. The various reports submitted to the convention were characterized by a clarity of thought, and were debated on the whole with a high intelligence and vigor that demonstrated our fitness to discharge the historical function which has devolved upon us.
THE CROSS BREAKER

Written for The Masses

Drawn by BOARDMAN ROBINSON

By NICHOLAS KLEIN

THERE was great excitement in Massara. The people stood in groups about the narrow streets. Many windows were open. Some, still clad in their night clothes, were talking to families across the way.

The village priest had aroused the populace of the sleepy hamlet by shouting to them to awake. The group in the square quickly became a crowd. When they understood the situation, they shouted with the priest.

The men made threatening gestures. The women began to weep.

Led by the priest, the crowd hurriedly made its way to the crossroads at the entrance to the village. There they beheld the Crucifix, the beloved Crucifix that had been standing there for nearly a century, broken to pieces. The stone pedestal was in ruins. The figure of Jesus was found in a nearby field, the arms in fragments, the face smashed beyond recognition.

At this sight the crowd became an infuriated mob. They ceased to wring their hands. Above the sobs of the multitude could be heard the clear voice of the priest crying aloud for vengeance.

Cool-headed ones tried to figure it out, but even they were at a loss. There had been no storm that evening, which might have caused the disaster.

Finally the priest proclaimed: "It is Bretano, the Radical. We must get him before he escapes!"

The crowd seized on this explanation and was about to act. Who could it have been but old Bretano? Was not old Bretano always agitating in the square? Was it not old Bretano who declared that churches were unnecessary and that a man's church was in his own heart? It must be old Bretano, for it could be no other!

The mob, armed with clubs, hatchets and clubs of earth, forced the door of old Bretano's little home. Despite his denials and protests, the old fellow was soon stored in the village jail, more dead than alive, with blood streaming from his nostrils.

Within two weeks a firm from Genoa had erected a larger and finer Crucifix. The unveiling was an event never to be forgotten. It was a beautiful day. Massara was in her glory. The village was decorated with the national colors. The farmers came from all around to have a good time and see the sights. There was a big procession, with brand new banners of the Savior. The red one of the Virgin was regaled.

The chorus consisted of twenty-five voices and the Crucifix had been destroyed. The report spread quickly.

"I suppose it is a joke," said the priest. "The farmer doesn't know that we have Bretano in jail and will keep him there, too!"

But the farmer was not joking. He had told the truth. The new Crucifix was completely destroyed. Bits of it were found all along the road. The arms of the Savior lay in a ditch. The gold letters "I. N. R. I." were erased and the nose was missing.

Who could have committed this outrage? Bretano was in jail. To be sure, he was not the only crank in town. There was Dr. Cipriani, who often sided with Bretano. But the doctor was away.

"Perhaps the crank does know something of this outrage. At any rate we will question him," said the priest. And poor old Bretano, now half starved, was put through the third degree. He denied every wicked thing. He said that he was merely league with evil spirits. He knew nothing about the Crucifix and had not even seen it. The old man was turned over to the mob, who, after flogging and torturing him, marched him to the village limits and told him to go and to return no more under the pain and penalty of death.

Now that Bretano was gone, all would be well. A committee was formed to collect funds for a new and a grander Crucifix—one which would eclipse anything in the country. The committee visited the neighboring villages and found that the excitement produced money more than enough.

Many insisted that this time a Milano firm should get the contract. And so it was given to a firm from that city.

The work was the very best they could produce. The workers were all known to be safe against witchcraft. And of course Bretano was no more, so far as they were concerned.

But to make certain, a guard was organized. Men armed with heavy clubs were placed on watch. Many of the leading citizens of the village offered their services. Rango left his tea shop to become a guard. Fugazzi, the fruit shop, was a member. Lunazio, the Mayor, was made chief of the guards. They had a day and a night relief.

The day guard returned to the village after the first day's watch without special news. The Mayor was in the night watch. He supplied lanterns and a good supply of "Vermouth." It was a picnic for the poorer members of the guard. The time passed most interestingly, with singing and dancing, and the liquor flowed freely.

About 11 o'clock the priest went home, leaving the guard as merry as ever. Just as the church bells were striking the midnight, the guards ran out of the tent. They saw a man in the moonlight breaking the brand new Crucifix. "Down with him!" shouted the Mayor. The guards advanced with raised clubs, ready to kill the cross-breaker. But suddenly they stopped short. They dropped their clubs. They stood still as though petrified!

There in the distance stood a man with a hammer. Only his face and his strong arms could be seen. (Concluded on page 7.)
SOCIALISM THE ISSUE IN 1912

By GEORGE CRAM COOK

Only a part of Mark Hanna's famous prediction—that by 1912 the issue in America would be Socialism and the political contest be between the Republican and Socialist parties—comes to be possible of fulfillment. Some unexpected accident, some sudden turn of fortune like the McNamara confession—a turn as favorable to Socialism as that was unfavorable, and national in scope—could make the Socialist vote of 1912 equal the Democratic vote in size, however limited it may be in quality, in conviction and in power of rapid growth. Victory does not, therefore, as Hanna prophesied it would, lie between Republican and Socialist. Nevertheless, the issue is Socialism, the only real issue. The progress of events has made it so. Mark Hanna estimated correctly the rate of speed of industrial development. His error lay in the over-speed with which the minds of the masses of men would understand and conform to the logic of events. Things have changed, but the mind of the nation has not. It is still in the verge of change. The change in minds has not kept pace with the swift change in events.

But the mental change has begun. Well-informed and far-seeing leaders of old parties, knowing the strength of the Socialist position at the present time and the psychological shift for Socialism is not far off. One hears nowadays of semi-private programs and expressions of interest on the part of Socialism by old party leaders which four years ago would have astonished even the Socialists.

Before the Economic Club of New York on May 24th, in an address which greatly impressed the business men who listened to him, Mr. Wilson stated fairly and squarely that among American political parties in the year 1912, the Socialists offer the only alternative of the two. Of the Democrats he said: "We must either have a constructive policy or make way for the Socialists." But he did not add that he so much desired constructive policy. Why? Not? It was not lack of intelligence which prevented Mr. Wilson from offering a constructive policy acceptable to his party, but the fact that the Democratic party can accept no such policy which will work. The hard thinking of Socialist thinkers for the last sixty years has penetrated, as it happens, to the only solution which solves. It is not possible for the workers to eat the cake and for the capitalists to have it. If Mr. Wilson could devise some plan whereby they could, he would have found the ideal capitalist constructive policy.

As the vital, central problem of our time grows more urgent, so in the minds of the people, they are going to have less and less patience with so-called issues which do not touch the central problem.

Mr. Wilson has stated this. He knows that the Democratic party must deal with that problem or die. What he does not perhaps yet see clearly is that the economic interest of the men who support financially the Democratic party will not permit them to support a constructive policy which will fundamentally improve the relative condition of the non-owning workers. The "issues" of the Republican-Democratic campaign have not yet been promulgated in "keynote speeches" and platforms, and consequently no one outside the inner circles knows what they are going to be. There is no general principle in the mind of either party from which in advance any one can foretell even the broad outlines of the forthcoming denunciations. They may be one thing and they may be another, the only thing being that they will not be fundamental and will not greatly matter. Contrasting with this is the fact that any well-informed, intelligent person could tell the main outlines of the Socialist position as well before the Indianapolis convention as after it. Mr. Wilson may or may not have read the Indianapolis platform. He did not have to read to know what the "constructive policy" of the Socialists is. This because, unlike the principal but "unprincipled" parties, the successive Socialist platforms embody the same general principle, the same constructive policy. In its most concrete, unaltered form, the platform could be put into two phrases:

Let the government own the trusts, and the people own the government.

When the Socialists say that, it means more than "the people rule." It means that the people own the economy. Moreover, the Socialists are patiently creating means adequate to achieve the constructive policy. Mr. Wilson's use of the Socialist party as a warning to capital is a clear example as one could ask of the leverage exerted upon all capitalist parties by the Socialists. The Democrats may not have the intelligence to respond to the constructive policy exerted upon other parties, but the pressure is still exerted and it is a matter of self-preservation with the Democratic party to mold its policy in response to the pressure toward Socialist. If the imperceiving leaders of Democracy prevent such moulding the party will break. Whether the moshbacks see it or not, Socialism is the issue.

Because the Socialist party does not cease and shift every four years, the effect of succeeding Socialist campaigns is cumulative. Each Republican and Democratic campaign invents a few new and not particularly vital definite issues which may or may not have any relation to the issues of the campaign before. The Socialist campaign of 1912 will benefit directly and constantly from work done in 1908, in 1910, in 1904, in 1900. One path is the path of misconceptions of Socialist destruction by arguments made twenty years ago. The words of ideal Socialists influence votes in this campaign. The Socialist party is the only American political party which now has grip enough to carry its past effectively into its present.

Mr. Wilson is impressed by the strength of the Socialist constructive policy even in its present stage of partial unfulfillment in America. What will he say when the full effectiveness of the modern working-class movement is disclosed in its three forms working in harmony—the political party, the closely knit, firmly federated union and the working co-operatives. All he has yet seen so far is half a million workers voting together. He shall yet see millions of workers voting; strike and buy.

There is no general principle in the mind of either party from which in advance any one can foretell even the broad outlines of the forthcoming denunciations. They may be one thing and they may be another, the only thing being that they will not be fundamental and will not greatly matter. Contrasting with this is the fact that any well-informed, intelligent person could tell the main outlines of the Socialist position as well before the Indianapolis convention as after it. Mr. Wilson may or may not have read the Indianapolis platform. He did not have to read to know what the "constructive policy" of the Socialists is. This because, unlike the principal but "unprincipled" parties, the successive Socialist platforms embody the same general principle, the same constructive policy. In its most concrete, unaltered form, the platform could be put into two phrases:

Let the government own the trusts, and the people own the government.

When the Socialists say that, it means more than "the people rule." It means that the people own the economy. Moreover, the Socialists are patiently creating means adequate to achieve the constructive policy. Mr. Wilson's use of the Socialist party as a warning to capital is a clear example as one could ask of the leverage exerted upon all capitalist parties by the Socialists. The Democrats may not have the intelligence to respond to the constructive policy exerted upon other parties, but the pressure is still exerted and it is a matter of self-preservation with the Democratic party to mold its policy in response to the pressure toward Socialist. If the imperceiving leaders of Democracy prevent such moulding the party will break. Whether the moshbacks see it or not, Socialism is the issue.

Because the Socialist party does not cease and shift every four years, the effect of succeeding Socialist campaigns is cumulative. Each Republican and Democratic campaign invents a few new and not particularly vital definite issues which may or may not have any relation to the issues of the campaign before. The Socialist campaign of 1912 will benefit directly and constantly from work done in 1908, in 1910, in 1904, in 1900. One path is the path of misconceptions of Socialist destruction by arguments made twenty years ago. The words of ideal Socialists influence votes in this campaign. The Socialist party is the only American political party which now has grip enough to carry its past effectively into its present.

Mr. Wilson is impressed by the strength of the Socialist constructive policy even in its present stage of partial unfulfillment in America. What will he say when the full effectiveness of the modern working-class movement is disclosed in its three forms working in harmony—the political party, the closely knit, firmly federated union and the working co-operatives. All he has yet seen so far is half a million workers voting together. He shall yet see millions of workers voting; strike and buy.

The cross breakers (Continued from page 6)

It was a beautiful face—firm yet gentle, strong yet kind. A brilliant light encircled the head. It was not the moon. They knew that. It dazzled them.

The figure said: "I am come to save you. I am here to deliver you from idolatry and slavery. Behold, you have been building false works unto my name. You have been mocking me by making stone images. Even as your fathers before you, ye know not my message. Even as your fathers drove me out, so you have driven out my good disciple, Breato. Behold! I had no place to lay my head. I delivered my message to the multitudes under the bare heavens."

"I found fault with your fathers for having the poor amongst them, even so do I find fault with you."

"I say unto you, be happy and you will be religious. Make others happy and you will be doing my work. Bring ye joy and sunshine into the lives of the poor instead of building images to me. Seek ye the heaven for all mankind. Throw away your mantle of hate. Rule by love, even as I taught your fathers before me."

"You are dreaming of a heaven in the clouds, but keeping hell in the streets. Make all your days holy, ye who have ears to hear. Reflect upon the words you utter daily: 'May it be on earth as it is in heaven.' As I drove the money changers out because they sought not God's own heart, even so do I drive you, and you and the stone and mortar you have erected unto me!"

Then there was a flash as of lightning and the figures vanished. When the guards recovered their senses they rushed back to the village and awoke the populace. But nobody dared approach the spot during the rest of the day.

When the sun came up they saw that their beloved Crucifix was smashed to powder. The stone foundation supporting the figure of Jesus has not been found to this day.
THE WORD OF THE LORD BY BOBBY WHITE

THE LITTLE MAN IN A HURRY

I have heard—word of The Eternal to this people—have heard the cry of a sea tragedy. I saw a ship set out to cross the deep. The profoundest craft ever was known. They who built her and her crew embarked within her accounted themselves to be gods.

They said, We have enthroned our dominion upon the seas. The winds and the waves obey us. No stary pilot, and no shore is down to us. Our sway is unbounded. What shall dispute our dominion?

At danger they laughed: We are lord of the elements. Our ship plates are riveted. Her knees are braced, that no blow can tremble her. In coal bankers we put our trust. And build, and a strong salvation.

Over all else they were masters. But over themselves they were not masters. Restlessness stung them as a gadfly, disquieted them like as slaves are harried by a whirlwind.

Speed was all their song as they steamed into the deep. The engines were built for speed. For it the imprisoned stokers sweated a river of sweat. The sails that thundered and the spars flagged it. From keel to crow's nest, speed was the design and the designer.

To what purpose, this racing into the midnight? To no purpose. Souls restless on one side of the Atlantic, restless in the middle of the Atlantic, restless when they should have crossed the Atlantic. For that the swift prow, and the bloodsweat of half a thousand sailors.

They conquered the sea, but their own souls they could not conquer. They knew to restrain the tides—they themselves they did not restrain. To the storm winds they said, No. But to the gusts of storm passions within, they said No.

Masters of the world without. But within, all masters—before the whines of caprice, helpless as a sucking child.

Man constructs a ship with a great rudder—and leaves himself rudderless. Captain over nature, he has forgotten to be captain of his soul.

NOT alone on those gilded passengers in the death ship, visit I my reproach. They were whipped on by the insanities of haste. But the insane ones were not all in that vessel.

This age is a mad world. A fiendish devil is abroad upon the earth, driving the people before him as flies are driven by the housewife's broom. And his name is Hurry.

From my habitation in the Unseen, I have looked down upon a demented generation. They scurry to and fro as people from whose peace and purpose are departing.

Over large areas the mania is encroaching. There is no aim set before their eyelids, no end and object in these their hurrying. To the wish of the moment they snap. The more indifferent is the errand, the madlier they go about it.

WHERE is the calmness of other days, the serenity of the bygone? Time was, when I beheld a folk of composed face, the earthmen of deepness, silent men, men who knew not to make haste, men to whom shottings and heat were alien.

But what have we now to do?—we who have watched the centuries come and go, and who consider the goings-on of earth with an eye disposed to tenderness.

I behold an age of triffers. A generation gone mad for the prizes of a day—trumpet prizes. A fire rungeth to forth with no set end.

As a pestilence, disquiet is stalking upon them, unhinging the mind and wrecking the soul from its meanings.

A very fever in its virulence has the contagion grown to be. It has overstayed an ex-president, your third-term candidate, transforming him into a maniac. It has cast unsoundness into his tissues, and a lust is withering his fibres. An ambition-racked man,

be rages and ramps over the land. He is an exile from quietness—a publicity pervert, belly-crawling before popularity, and whose heart is the heart of a forest.

But his power of harm I will nullify. I will break his teeth, and will expose him to his admiring. The more the thousand of his hosts to foes themselves upon the people, shall be brought to nothingness. For the tool they have chosen is an offcut.

This raging one shall come bending to my Socialist, and they shall not receive him. He shall bow himself even to the soles of their feet, and they shall trample him as mire of the roadway.

I have decreed a decree against him. And this is my decree. The self-seeker shall no more be progressive, neither shall the vile man be called liberal. The silent man shall rule, to the quiet man shall be given the lordship.

MY controversy is with this people in the large. For all have strayed from the path of peace. A masterpiece of getting and going upon them. Dementeeae is the air, communal as a malaria. Each contributes his quota of impatience.

Think of a great work done in haste? Out of unburned bricks and with untempered mortar was ever a high thing built?

This beast shall not get from out the Unseen I say it unto you—this material fœrce is leaping into the bog. It will not lead you unto the altitudes.

But take counsel of knowledge. That quickened pulse is not the leap of health. The heave of the lung lobes is not the respiration of soundness. Other than a rose bloom is that flame upon the cheeks. And soxings to and fro are not the symbolism of health.

So is this people. They make haste. But it is the hastings of a madman. They shew hither and yon. But do these their whirlings get them nearer to my heaven? Feverish minds, in a fret to arrive at the end of a journey, and in a fret to set off on a new journey. Against them I speak this condemnation: A fretted and trivial life shall carve for itself no niche in fame's abode. They make their life to sleep. But oblivion shall put them to sleep.

WHAT is the cause of this breathlessness, these red-faced runnings to and fro? Why are you madly infecting as a plague and there is no serum against it?

I will make answer, I, the Depositary whereunto the centre gives its breath to its winds, the revelations are quick, the lungs heavy, the face is ashen, the body tosses with an energetic tossing.

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LAMENTS have been lifted over the lives that were lost from among the leisurists on board that ship. Those lives were prized by me were the lives that were lost in the steamer. And why was my vessels lost? Why, on all that ship, no space for boats for the steersage.

And where are the fatting passengers might have their gymnasium, their private shower baths, their swimming tank, electric elevators, grill room, a palm garden of the Orient, a café, a sun parlor.

To make space for racquet courts for the rich, my poor were quartered in cattle pens below deck where, beneath the injury of the rats, the dogs, theasts of lives, for the endowed idlers which cumber the face of my earth. But barely stable room for those born to the life of toil to drop.

A thing shall come to pass, and eyes shall start from their sockets to behold it: I will place my toilers in the "cabins de luxe," and the idlers in that day will rejoice to set a hook in the steamer.

OF them all which went down in the darkness, I may answer. The end was not pleasant unto me. How comes it that two out of three in the cabin were saved? And in the steerage, one out of four?

Forsooth, justice is not dead. And those gilded folk who demanded a skating rink and "apartments en suite" which make lifeboats impossible, will, in the moment when fear comes out from the dark and the pangs get hold, yield what boats there are to my toilers in the steerage. Will they not? Fair play demands it.

But professional idlers are far removed from fair play. At variance with fair play utterly are their lives. And you, the scene-stealer? Midnight. Revelry. Winings and dinings—extortionists glutonizing over the heads of my toilers penned in the darkness of the hold.

The clash. Steerage gates quickly are padlocked. Armed officers keep back my poor whilst the inertia has its way. Steam slip away in the boats.

I have branded them, and we have chanted over this tragedy of the deads: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." Even so. And unhumbled are they dead with me in the Christ.

"Nearer, My God, To Thee," came the hymn, when human help was past. But I am weary of death-hour atonements. My heart burns in the darkness of the hold, and they will be nearer to me in their dying.

Dearer to me were those stewardesses who were him to me, than the gilded women and the harried marlows of wealth-inheritors who demanded
sun parlors whilst the vessel was sailing, and the lifeboats when the vessel was sinking.

**W**ill the gilded ones make plea that another than they designed the ship and put palm gardens in place of life rafts?

At my judgment bar, quibblers are of short shrift. The ship's constructor made provision for the flesh, to fulfill the desires thereof, because the fatted oxen are demigod-like. And in time, 'Tis this peoples' insatiable lust for luxuries, has changed salooners into hotelkeepers. And my judgment books have it so recorded.

**SUNKEN** is the queen of the seas.

To the satiety of the lookers-on she launched—with the flaunting of flags and with the jingle of gongs—gladly, gracefully, as if she set forth. She trod the waves haughtily, with high stepping because of her mightiness.

IN THE PRIDE OF HIS YOUTH

BY

FLORENCE KIPER

DRAWING BY MAURICE BECKER

JAMES ALOYSIUS O'DONNELL, aged sixteen, was walking down State Street. James Aloysius walked contemplatively, with a large freedom of movement and a dreamy smile. For James Aloysius was in love, and the city streets were to him groves of Eros, the skyscrapers temples of Aphrodite.

She worked near him in the pants factory. She had dark hair and eyes and an olive skin, and the allurements of all the ladies ever dreamed on by the poets. For between a little Polish Jewess from the West Side of Chicago, and Helen of Troy, stretches a distance not so great as one may imagine; and beauty is still in the eye of the beholder.

James Aloysius was full of heroic and of exquisite thoughts as he swaggered with his hands in his pockets. His gaze was outward upon the hurrying streets, but his vision was inward. And only himself did he behold—himself and one other. Yet by the mystery of love, she was herself and he was she, inexplicably woven and at one. "Gee!" exclaimed James Aloysius O'Donnell.

He stopped before a department store, and surveyed the window of cheap jewelry. Rhinestones glittered, emeralds shed a soft, green light, pearls lay matched in milky rows. But above all, rhinestones glittered. With one hand James Aloysius shielded his eyes from the electric-light incandescence. But his mind he could not shield, and across it flashed the thought, electric-light and discovertizing, "Gee! Wouldn't some of those rhinestones look great in her hair?"

He selected a band, very narrow and elegant-looking. "She wouldn't like nothing flashy!" he decided. He contemplates himself as he went to his room with his treasure. She, all unsuspecting, would open for him the door. "Good evening," he would remark nonchalantly. "Fine night isn't it?"

And then, invited, he would step inside and draw from his pocket a deceptively plain package. He would present it to her with a non-committal expression. His hand would not be even touched. "For me?" she would exclaim incredulously.

And when he nodded, she would tear with eager fingers at the green cord, the paper would fall to the floor, the box spring open, and inside would gleam and glitter the chaste band. Her little coos and shrieks of delight and rapture, the soft voice in a gurgling stream of pretty thanks, his insistence that she wear it immediately, the white shine of it in her dusky hair—all this James Aloysius heard and saw more clearly than he saw the fall of evening and the life of pedestrians. Yes, that hand must be hers, and at once.

James Aloysius would have liked to purchase it for her. He would have liked to walk grandly into the store, pull from his pocket a dollar or even a two-dollar bill, and fling it haughtily down upon the counter, while the gaping salesgirl, awe and admiration in her eyes, would fling the rub from the case that had been dicated by his pointing forefinger. But, alas! James Aloysius had neither two-dollar bill nor one. A good boy, he dutifully turned over every week to a fat and perspiring mother all of the week's hard-earned money. Almost all! A few nickels he kept weekly for the moving-picture shows. One must have something on which to feed a restless and daring imagination.

At present, James Aloysius was distinctly hard up. He had in his pockets a much soiled hankiekerchief, a stub of a lead-pencil, and a piece of binding from her purple cloth skirt, cut off and flung recklessly aside one day when she had ripped it on a nail. None of these three articles, necessary and dear though they were to him, could be used as a medium of exchange in the market of the world's goods. None could purchase a rhinestone hair-band.

Well, then he must take the band. Not steal it. One could scarcely call it stealing. He remembered a moving-picture picture, the title of which, thrown large on the screen, read, "All's Fair in Love or War!" The phrase had stuck in his memory. He resuscitated it now.

This was love, and all was fair.

He walked directly into the store. He felt no timorousness. He was elated as by a strange, heady wine.

The aisles were a vortex of scurrying, determined women and a few uncertain men, desperately intent on accomplishing their buying before the closing of the store. The salesgirls were hurried, nervous. James Aloysius walked negligently to the counter of jewelry, where the banes, rhinestone, bejewelled, betoasted, lay in what was meant to be artistic confusion. The salesgirl of that particular location was ransacking boxes to satisfy an exacting customer; her back was directly toward James Aloysius. The two shoppers nearest him were chatting together absorbedly. James Aloysius reached his hand toward the counter, turned over a narrow rhinestone band as if curious as to its manufacture, lifted it and deftly dropped it in his pocket. He then struck four towards the exit, without haste, without undue lingering. His act was entirely unnoticed.

The doing of the deed had been more pleasurable than he had anticipated. He saw in a flash that his life up to now had been monotonous, straitened. True, as a kid, he had once swiped some bananas from a peddler's cart, and once he had run away from home with the intention of never returning, and had stayed away a whole day. But never before had he accomplished any great or glorious exploit. Never had the seating and limitless possibilities for daring in him found scope. He looked back with contempt upon the narrow days of his labor. Three years of fruitless and monotonous plodding! Three years of doing the same little unimportant task in the same little unimportant way! But now he was a man, he was in love, and in his pocket lay a rhinestone hair-band for his beloved.

He must take it to her without delay, at once. Unpleasant complications might come upon him, should he be dally. He wended his way westward, haste in his feet and elation in his heart. Then suddenly he stood still, in dismay. How could he present his gift without the appurtenances thereto—a green box, a tan paper covering, a green cord! Surrupitiously he pulled the band from his pocket and gazed at it, shielding it with his hand. A Lucy tongue was dashed by a tiny red string wonderfully cheered him. On it was written in perfectly readable numbers: 90¢. Perhaps the hands of his pocket were not tagged. He concede himself with the thought.

She did not open for him the door of her home, as he had fondly dreamed. Instead, a suspicious mother blocked his entrance, distrust of the stranger and of his intentions apparent in her heavy frown.

"You want me?" she demanded gutturally.

His insouciant tone hid a wildly-pounding heart. "Is Plossie home yet?" he offhandedly inquired.

"Ya-a, she is!"—with the inflection further denoting, "And little will it avail you?"

But there was she herself upon them, gently and not at all disapprovingly present. An old mother, greeting him with both hands outstretched, radiant, inviting, sparkling. And after that all went to the tune of her heart and feet dancing. She did have to forgo the opening of the box, the tearing of the string, the falling apart of the lid—the little coos and shrieks were not lacking; nor the white shine and glitter of the precious gift in her dusky hair.

And the old mother proved to be a blessing after all—contrary to his first impression. For she did not draw him aside and hold with her a whispered consultation, her hoarse words perfectly audible to the excited listener—and did she not then come forward and beg him, with lavish hospitality, to stay for dinner?

In that meal he ate pabulum of the gods, food of the blessed. During the course of it, he and Flossie sat utterly speechless and bowed upon one another; utterly speechless sat the lavish mother and the bewildered father, timid as to their English and fearful of the new generation. But Sol and Hatty and Rae and the tiny Dave clattered with knives and forks and
tongues, with gossip of the store and of the street, of the theater and of the daily paper. They "guessed" Flossie and her "friend," vulgarly and with eminent good-nature. They joked the smiling parents, they joked each other, and the street and the store, that was the rhythm.

To James Aloysius, it was all wonderful and exhilarating. He thought of his own sullen dinner table at the same hour—the scanty fare—his father noisily ingurgitating soup, very likely as he took his frequent goulash, given to alternate silences and growlings—his slovenly mother worn out and querulous. None of the other boys had already left, with the curse of the father upon them, to make their own way in the world. James Aloysius had not found his dimly-lighted dwelling place a rest and recreation after the toils of the day.

But here at Flossie's, it was different. True, this also was no palace of beauty and spaciousness, of softly-shaded lights and rich hangings, no hero jollity and banter, good-cheer and comradship, food that "tasted" and that compelled the mouth to water in anticipation. And here was Flossie, silent but glancing, with the white hand in her dusky hair. "Get!" thought James Aloysius O'Donnell.

No, he couldn't stay with them after dinner. He was awful sorry, but he couldn't. No, he didn't have another date—but he couldn't stay. Yes, he'd had a swell time and he was awful glad she liked the hairband. Sure, he'd come again. Good-bye!

Trell to tell, James Aloysius was not able to stay to the house a minute longer because he was bursting with his emotions. He required the large freedom of the streets in which to wander. Love is an aman's passion and at times he needs of the stars.

He swaggered drunkenly down one dim avenue of the tenements and then another. Finally Halsted Street claimed him, with its glare and gliter. A photograph hung on a moving picture show while seductively the strains of "O, You Beautiful Doll!" "O, you beautiful doll!" repeated James Aloysius rapturously, and the doll of his vision had eyes like stars and a rhinestone hairband in her dusky hair.

Came reality and awakening with the rude jostle of an elbow in his side.

"What's matter, Jimmy O'Donnell? Are you nuts?"

Never mind those other barges that have turned to Socialism. Show us, if you can, that your particular town has a need of Socialism. Can you show us that?

Well, yes, I can.

Your town is divided into two parts. There is one part where there are fine homes on quiet, clean streets, with lawns and flower-beds and mostly mean little shack on unclean, narrow, treelless alleys. The good homes are generally bunched together and so are the bad ones. The good ones are covered in with graft and misery, filled with poverty and misery; they could not get help from the old parties or by old methods, so they turned in desperation to Socialism.

The people in these homes correspond to the homes they live in. The poor homes turn out poor, on the poor side. If this general division of the town has exceptions, the exceptions are not enough to prove that the general division in two parts—good and bad, rich and poor.

The people who live in these homes correspond to the homes they live in. The poor homes turn out poor, on the poor side. If this general division of the town has exceptions, the exceptions are not enough to prove that the general division in two parts—good and bad, rich and poor.

John R. Mcmahon
WHY THE UNITED STATES MUST ADOPT SOCIALISM

By R. A. Dague

It will be remembered that not long ago there was much discussion about the transactions of Johns. Rockefeller, Carnegie, Morgan, and other millionaires, to universities, public libraries, etc. Many writers claimed it was "tainted money." About that time the San Francisco Examiner quoted Chancellor E. Benjamin Andrews, of the Nebraska State University, as follows:

Chancellor Andrews thinks the university further accepts the gift regardless of the way Mr. Rockefeller acquired the money.Certainly the work of the weak by the strong, says, is an eternal principle. Time will come, says the chancellor, when the works of humanity will be put out of the world mercifully by skilled physicians just as Mr. Rockefeller terminated the existence of the weaker companies.

Whether Chancellor Andrews was or was not correctly reported, every well informed person knows that the "Captains of Industry" are working night and day to continue an industrial system founded on greed, under which the working people are cheated out of four-fifths of the value of their earnings, that a few Rockefellers, Carnegies, Morgans, and Baers may amass billions of wealth, not by honestly earning a single dollar of it, but by stock-watering and beating working people down to starvation wages.

The annual report of the Steel Trust for December 31, 1911, shows that last year it made net profits of $42,400,000, or a profit of $700 on each employee.

Henry M. Hyde, in the Technical World Magazine, says: "The firm of J. Pierpont Morgan (in 1901) was paid $70,000,000 for its services in organizing the United States Steel Corporation. According to govern- ment estimates, the total "water" in the capital stock of this billion dollar trust amounted to $600,000,000, or more than half its total issuance of securities. Andy Carnegie sold his trust his interest for $200,000,000, or double what he had asked for it a year before, and he has often said "he was a fool for selling so cheaply, as he could have made millions more."

Clay H. Tavenner, a reliable newspaper writer, says: "Twenty-three men, officers and directors of the United States Steel Corporation, are in absolute control of several corporations representing a capitalization of $105,251,459,000, and that these twenty-three men own over one-third of the steel wealth of ninety million people." Senator La Follette asserts that seventy per cent. of this enormous capitalization is "water."

The U. S. Senate Labor and Education Committee recently in its official report denounced the United States Steel Corporation as a "brutal system of industrial slavery." The report states that the corporation is a free government who is broken in spirit and wrecked in body through such industrial poaching. It is just as much the government's duty to protect citizens from such outrageous treatment as from the burlar and highwayman.

According to the purported quotation from Prof. Andrews, it would seem that the Senate Committee overlooked the fact that the government's duty to protect citizens from such outrageous treatment as from the burlar and highwayman.

After crushing the weak and getting all the benefits of the laborer's service that is possible to secure, the "stock-watering Christians" seem to think that the right thing to do would be to chloroform these old played out wrecks. Being members of the "Men and Religion Forward Movement" started by Pierpont Morgan, they would not take the old used-up wrecks out into a back alley and knock them in the head with a club, as that would be unchristian, but would "merci- fully" employ skilled physicians to kill them in some easy way, and then bury their carcasses in the Potter's field.

Brothers Morgan, Rockefeller, Baer, and other stock-watering, divinity-appointed, Christian captains of industry think that the heathen Chinese will go to hell, if not converted, and they contribute liberally to seed Bibles and the Gospel to those heathenized people. They have overlooked the fact that John Chinaman is no fool. He has heard something about the steel trust, the shooting to death of twenty-live honest, peaceable workingmen by the railroad companies, and the proposition to chloroform old, useless working people, and he tells the missionary sent over to convert him that Confu- cius made it obligatory in all his followers to tenderly provide for the aged and worn-out parents and all old people, and even to maintain hospitals for worn-out and crippled animals. To some people the ancient heathen, Confucius, comes nearer being a real, true Christian than certain stock-watering, shrewd, schem- ing Christians of America. It has been said that "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

I have known dogs that manifested kindness and sympathy for old, worn-out brother dogs by licking their wounds.

This latest proposition, that "it is an eternal prin- ciple that the strong shall crush the weak and help- less, and that old wrecks of humanity should be merci- fully put to death," is something of a surprise, and yet, I must admit it is not so savage and brutal as is the working of 2,000,000 tender children now enslaved in the factories and shops of the captalists—tender boys and girls whose health is thoroughly shattered by an average service of four years, and the "industri- al poaching" in the steel mills mentioned in the Senate Report. As "Big Business" is now organizing all over the country to stamp out Labor Unions and Socialism, they might also incorporate in their plan of operation the chloroforming of the crippled and worn-out factory children of the poor, as well as the old wrecks.

But now, in conclusion, let me say frankly and in more of a serious spirit, that the Captains of Industry above mentioned are naturally no more cruel or un- sympathetic than the average citizen. They often do acts of genuine kindness. Like all the rest of their fellow men, they are the product of the system of com- petition, of individualism, which came to us from our ancestors, which holds to the idea that it is right and proper for the individual to pile up mountains of wealth by any means and any device or sharp trick not forbidden by statute law. It is a system without symp- pathy for the weak and helpless, being founded on selfishness. Its chief doctrine is that no earth or restraint should be put upon the individual's "incen- tive," even though he monopolizes public utilities, tricks his customers out of the most of his labor, and dooms millions to a life of poverty and misery.

Fortunately, the law of progress, of evolution, is pushing humanity up to a higher level. A new order of industrialism is struggling to be born. This is be- cause of the new era ushered in by steam, electricity, and machinery, which tremendously increased the pro- duction of wealth. Co-operation, the public ownership of public utilities—Socialism—is necessary to take the place of the old order of things when thousands are tired on manufacturing by simple hand tools. Socialism is a sys- tematic, well-thought-out system of well-being, which will meet the requirements of the new era con- abing. It will stop stock-watering and "industrial poaching," and the crushing of the weak by the strong. It will furnish employment to all the unemployed. It will abolish strikes and blacklisting and dynamiting and war. It will take the children out of the mills and shops and put them in school; it will make comfortable the aged, not by chloroforming them, but pensioning them. The burning question of the day is—shall a few individuals be permitted to monopolize public utilities, and all the means of production and distribution, and crush the small dealer, the farmer, the worker—the weaker classes, or shall the people own and control their public necessities collectively, under whose guard their wrongs cannot be redressed; shall be guaran- teed the full benefit of his industry?

No patching up of the system of Individualism will solve the problem. As a nation, we must either go for- ward or go backward. No beating of tom-toms about tariff and free trade will meet the emergency. No "pointing with pride and bullying with alarm" by the old political parties will suffice. As a nation, we have come to a new mile post. We shall either go on to greater liberty, prosperity, and happiness for the masses, or go backward toward plutocracy and slavery.

It remains to be seen if the people are intelligent enough to go forward to Socialism, or go back to learn over again the hard lessons of the past. Soon it may be too late for the people to carry out their wishes through the ballot box. When that time comes, if it has not already arrived, this will then no longer be a government by the people. Then we may know what our fate will be by reading the history of the republics of the past which went down because the wealth of the people had drifted into the hands of the few, who also preached that the rich and mighty had a divine right to crush the weak and poor.

FICKLE REFLECTIONS

LOUIS WEITZ

The well of debt is not as deep, when we look into it, as when we are in it.

Everyone is trying to benefit humanity. Great mis- understanding prevails, however, as to who is hu- manity.

The worker has freedom of contract. That is to say, he is free to get employment as he listed in the contract. But who draws up the contract?

Competition is the life of trade, if we mean by competition, the struggle amongst the workers for a job.

Many people are afraid of themselves. Indeed! Of so small a thing.

Getting money into profits is a butcher's trade.

Fear of unpleasantness is worse than the actual contact with it.

It is better to be wronged than to be righted. The imagination can, however.

A merciful king must neces- sarily be a failure.

To be made a fool of is not nearly so bad as doing the job my- self.
INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM IN EVOLUTION

By Ida Crouch Hazlett

The words "Industrial Unionism" have permeated the atmosphere of labor organizations. They embody a principle so vital and progressive that it is destined to powerfully affect all future working-class activities.

Industrial Unionism has been forced to play the part of an unwelcome child in seeking to enter the family of the organized toilers. In certain quarters it is spurned, condemned, and repudiated. In others the sons of the toilers have unconsciously walked beside the outcast child, while the more serious and philosophical have openly recognized the newcomer a legitimate child of the labor family, who will some day assume her true status.

The industrial organization tendency has been a slow but continuous growth in the American experience. The old national undoubtedly had a great effect on the industrial idea in America. It never was organized beyond the scope of the word. After the Paris Commune its headquarters were established in New York, but owing to internal divisions it failed to become a potent force.

The first credit must be given the Knights of Labor, whose organization assumed such nationwide proportions after the great panic of 1893. Uriah Stevens, the founder, was an active worker with Marx in Europe and came to America and organized the Knights on the plan of the Internationals. Their plan of organization was novel, and their platform declared for the collective ownership of the means of production and distribution. They were putting men in the Legislatures at various points in the country. Four Knights of Labor were in the Legislature of Illinois and the organization was conducting a vigorous campaign for an eight-hour law throughout the country.

At that time there were seventy anarchist groups in the United States, which joined forces with the Knights in demanding an eight-hour day. The combined propaganda of these two forces drew the attack of capitalism which culminated in the Haymarket affair in Chicago. Before the force of this tragedy the labor organizations melted away.

The next attempt to establish co-operation among all crafts surrounding a particular industry was the organization by Debs of the American Railway Union. The railroad men were organized solidly and on all roads running out of Chicago. The great strike of 1894, which was premature and which Debs voted against, was the rock on which this heroic attempt at combined organization broke. When both the Mayor of Chicago and the Governor refused to act, troops were rushed to the scene by the Federal government, cars were fired by thugs with the deputy's star on their breasts, the courts were summoned to the resece of the capitalists, the curtain of democracy was drawn aside and revealed the power of the injunction as the reserve force in American government. Debs and his lieutenants were cast into jail and the American Railway Union passed into history.

Following this, Daniel De Leon in 1895 launched his Socialist Trades and Labor Alliance—an attempt to form a labor union in this country with a revolutionary political party and an industrial program, similar to the unions of Europe. But the departure was denounced as a secession organization invading the field already occupied by the craft unions, and soon fell into insensibility.

In the meantime, the metal-workers of the West were engaged in a stubborn fight for effective organization. Irritated at the American Federation of Labor because of its refusal of aid in the Leadville strike of 1886, it withdrew from this body and sought to form a central organization under which all the western trades might unite. In this way, it might be said, the Western Federation took pioneer ground in America in attempting to build up a true industrial organization. This first industrial body was called the Western Labor Union and was organized in 1887. The plan of mobilization of trade interests appealed to the various craft unions throughout the country, and in the Denver convention of 1901 the Western Labor Union went out of existence and the American Labor Union took its place in the same general plan of industrial organization.

The American Labor Union published a pamphlet subject, in Butte, Montana, called the American Labor Union Journal, which carried a Socialist policy and whose subscription was made compulsory with the membership. The organization received noactory support, and the Western Federation of Miners for the third time attempted to establish a form of industrial unionism that should include all crafts and all workers, skilled and unskilled, and the Industrial Workers of the World was launched in Chicago in 1905 on an international basis.

This was soon rent in twain by dissenting factions, was repudiated by the Western Federation, and its trials and tribulations are current history in the American labor movement.

EXTENDING over the space of time represented in the preceding review has been a continuous tendency to combination among various trades and crafts. Even in the ranks of the American Federation of Labor there is this trend conspicuous. A few years ago the railroad metal trades in the West forced a charter from Gompers recognizing their amalgamation.

The Allied Printing Trades is another instance of industrial combination. The organization of the iron workers since 1890, will note a continuous growth of combinations, along with the maintenance of the principle of trade autonomy.

RECENTLY the United Mine Workers have made remarkable progress in the organization of industrial unionism in their departments of production. All crafts about the coal mines are combined and together protect the interests of the worker; while the mining workers stand boldly through their conventions and the attitude of their leaders as committed to a Socialist political policy. Progress is continuing among all workers economically is a necessity imposed upon the workers for self-protection against increasingly oppressive attacks of the capitalists for exploitation.

INDIANAPOLIS

By Ralph Korngold

"Tom Lewis and I are bridge builders." These were the words of Tom Hickey after the very acrimonious debate on labor those from party membership who believe in the practice and advocacy of 'sabotage'. The Committee on Labor Unions, for the first time in the history of the Socialist party, brought it unanimous report, and for awhile the convention resolved itself into a great love feast between the two factions of the organization which have existed ever since the formation of the first International and which led to the disruption of that body.

As Berger said: "There can be no bridge between Socialism and anarchism."

The convention went on record by an overwhelming majority as being opposed to syndicalism. By doing this, the Socialist party of America put itself in line with the International Socialist movement. As Comrade Legien of Germany stated in his address before the convention, people advocating such tactics are already banned from the Socialist movement of that country and, I may add, are barred from nearly every European Socialist party. The line of division between Socialist and anarchist tactics was plainly drawn by the convention.

From the beginning of the convention it was evident that the majority of the delegates were in favor of nominating for President the 'Grand Old Man' of the Socialist movement, Eugene V. Debs. Debs was nominated on the first ballot, and Seidel, who ran second in the Presidential race, was nominated for Vice-president, also on the first ballot. That same evening, after Seidel had addressed the convention and the crowd of visitors which filled the floor and jammed the galleries, Russell was given an ovation, for although the majority of the party disagrees with him on party tactics, the personal liking for this modest and unassuming scholar extends to all factions of the party.

Without doubt the convention just past was the greatest gathering in the history of the movement. It has made clear to the enemy that no difference in party tactics can in any way affect the solidarity of the movement. It has further made clear to all what the future tactics in the future are going to be, and has created a better understanding between the factions.

With two men like Debs and Seidel on the fray, both of them able to make a vigorous campaign, the contest this year will be far the hottest ever waged by the Socialist party. With our forces united and the enemy divided; with the cost of living growing higher and employment getting scarcer, and the tremendous unrest among the workers, with the clear-cut and splendid platform adopted by the convention, and this splendid machinery we have built up for spreading the gospel of Socialism, the Socialist party ought to poll at least two million votes in 1912.
BERGER LEGENI AND THE MASSES

Illustrated by.
DOROTHY O'REILLY ANIOL.

It is, and always has been, the conviction of THE MASSES that every act of violence committed by the working class is welcomed by the capitalists as an excellent opportunity to beat us into submission.

We fully realize that they control organized violence—the army and navy. We know that individual violence as a resistance against organized violence is worse than futile. We therefore question the wisdom of those who advocate individual violence. The more so, as we have definite knowledge that sometimes the victims of these inciters to sabotage are not above those of the self-seeking politicians whom they attack.

It was particularly gratifying to THE MASSES to find that Congressman Berger fully indorsed our views. The following was dictated by him to a MASSES representative:

"The time has come when the two opposite factions that we have in the Socialist party must take sides; the parting of the ways has come.

"There is no bridge between Socialism and anarchism. There was no bridge in the time of Karl Marx and Bakunin. There is no such bridge to-day.

"Those who stand for Socialist political action stand against the bomb, the dagger and every other form of violence. The trouble is that many who have allied themselves with the anarchists have not the right of political action when they are not. There are a number of men who use our political organization as a cloak for what they call 'direct action,' I.W. W.-ism, and for sabotage.

"Anarchy may be a beautiful philosophy. I do not blame anybody for proclaiming himself an anarchist. That is his privilege. But I would not to foist upon himself the Socialist party.

"I knew John Most personally. I knew him well. When nobody dared to preside at one of our meetings in Milwaukee in 1888 after the hanging of the anarchists in Chicago he asked me to preside, and I did so. I said to the audience that though nobody else dared to introduce him, I would do so, because I believed in free speech. But I give John Most credit for this—that he did not try to fasten himself upon the Socialist party. He started a group of his own. And I maintain that those who believe as John Most did should form their right to the word Socialist and join the anarchists.

"I believe that the articles in the Worker of Spokane (the official organ of the I.W.W.) are on a par with the things that I have written. I say to you that I for one do not believe in murder as a means of propaganda; I do not believe in theft as an act of individual expropriation; I do not believe in a continuous riot as 'free speech agitation.' No Socialist who believes in any of that can have always fought it. Those who believe that we should substitute 'Hallelyah, I'm a bum!' for the 'Marseillaise' and for the 'International' should start a 'bum' organization of their own.

"I have gone through a number of fights in this party. It was, however, not a fight against anarchism in the past. But it is now. I can see anarchists eating away at the vitals of our party. We of Milwaukee appeal to the Socialists all over the country to cut this cancer out of our organization. Syndicalist agitation leads to anarchism, and anarchism leads to disaster for the workers. In 1868 in Chicago it led to the Haymarket riots. In 1894 in Paris it led to Ravachol leading a band of robbers in the name of the proletariat. And where did it lead this year in London and in Paris? It led to individual brigandage in the name of anarchism. I am not willing to have our party stand godfather for another movement of that kind. Whatever sabotage or anarchism maintains or does—whether it is justified or not—in no way concerns us. It is not and never can be allied with the propaganda of the Socialist party.

"Some people have said that sabotage is a matter for the industrial organizations to decide, and that they may have to practice it because the union urges them to do so. I say, then, if any member of this party is willing to do those acts for his industrial organization, let him quit our party. I would have him belong to the Knights of Columbus or the Militia of Christ, to which the MacNamara brothers belonged. I would not have him show membership in the orders than to show the red card."

When we asked Comrade Legien to give us his views on the labor union question, we did expect a decision against syndicalism, but we did not know that the German Socialist movement had dealt so thoroughly with this question as he shows in the following statement:

"We German Socialists are closely and with much interest interested in the labor movement in the United States. We believe that as a result of the rapid concentration and growth of capitalism and the privileges and possibilities that are open to the workers of this country, the United States may possibly be or become the first nation of practical Socialism. We also believe that the labor movement of the new world, to some extent at least, depends on the development of the European movement. Not merely on account of modern means of communication, but chiefly because the Socialist movement is international and its final aims can only be realized on an international basis.

"Judging from reports in the American labor press and from discussions I had with prominent members of the Socialist party in the United States we shall have to decide in the near future upon these relations of course must be in accordance with the actual economic conditions.

"In Germany we have solved this all-important question not only to the benefit of our own movement but also to the benefit of the entire labor movement. I care not to give you my opinion as to what should be done in the United States. All I can do is to give you an idea of what we did in Germany under similar circumstances.

"Some trade unions had been in existence in Germany. We had any Socialist movement at all, while others were established at the same time as the political parties. Many of these unions started through the direct influence of members of the Socialist party, while many others again were established by the municipal or non-political element.

"But none of these organizations was under the direct influence of the party. As trade unions they kept aloof from party politics, believing that they should unite the working class of all shades and faiths in opposition to modern capitalism, which has no regard for political parties or religious beliefs.

"This principle was in a manner of Trade Union Congress in 1872, and also at the joint conference of both wings of the trade unions which was held in 1874 immediately after both Social-Democratic parties had been merged.

"After that the movement made rapid progress, in spite of the fact that they were brutally suppressed in 1878 by means of the infamous anti-Socialist law.

"During the twelve years of the reign of this anti-Socialist law the unions were the only public representatives of the German working class. The Socialist party itself was upheld by an absolutely secret organization only. The growth of the Social-Democratic movement was very satisfactory. It was unexpectedly so after the first year of the recall of the anti-Socialist law.

"At the general election of that year we elected a number of members of Parliament. This rapid development accounts for the false hope of many of our contemporaries at that time that the downfall of the present state of society and the establishment of Socialism was near at hand.

"As a result of this we find that early in the nineties the labor movement began to be of very little importance. Finally, however, it was generally recognized that the working class itself should be trained in industrial warfare for better conditions.

"From then on, all possible attention was given to the trade union movement, and the party itself has done everything within its power to assist the trades unions in the struggle. We find that special resolutions were adopted at the various conventions of the Social-Democratic party soliciting the active support of the party in the trade union movement. I should not omit to mention the fact that on the other hand the German Social-Democratic party has never claimed that the unions should assume a political character, and that the Social-Democratic party should become part and parcel of the party itself.

"On the other hand, in Germany, Bebel has repeatedly emphasized the necessity of having a politically neutral trade union movement in order to be able to organize the workers of all shades and faiths. This same view has at various times been expressed by the Executive Council of the party.

"It has been left to the unions to manage their own affairs and to choose whatever tactics the Socialist sider best for the work. For a certain time after the recall of the anti-Socialist law

(Congiuised on page 17.)
SOCIETY, A GIRL, AND HER FATHER

By EDWARD A. MOREE

And he didn't know that he owned more than the $300 equity in his farm. Economic processes are so complex that he couldn't be expected to realize that the philanthropic capitalist had been able to capitalize, at six per cent, the very misfortune that he, the capitalist, and the system under which he operated. He didn't realize that the very money he borrowed to help pay for his farm was part of the profits secured by not putting in a ventilating system. Part of the taxes saved by cutting down public expenditures for public health.

And only for a little time did the change from the factory to the farm benefit the sick man. After a year on the farm the old disease came back worse than it had been in the first place. As the second winter approached he practically had to quit work and when spring coming came he was unable to leave his bed. Because he had to hire a man to take care of the field and also the interest on the mortgage was unpaid. Then the philanthropic capitalist-manufacturer came around and took the sick man's farm. He had no self-interest in the bank, so his reputation did not suffer.

About this time our man felt that he had not had the best of medical advice. His farm venture had the ethics of the situation, and seeing the dark not far away when bread and butter would be scarce, went away with another man.

She took his case in hand. How long the man she eloped with lived with her is not on record, but the last heard of her she was a prostitute in an up-country. The boy she was then the name of some carmine, but it is safe to say that it is simply a question of what kind of a public burden he is, whether as a young man or as a matron of an orphan asylum.

But the one brilliant thought which fairly some story is the conduct of the little girl, who had reached the age of eight when life crashed down. She stuck to her sick father, and together they began the horribly unequal struggle for existence.

The father got work as a farm laborer. The wages were small, but the farmer he worked for let the little girl live in the house. Even this didn't last long, however. Hard farm work soon pulled him down. He coughed so hard and got so very sick that the farmer feared for his own safety and the safety of his family. So he turned the dying man out of doors.

Why didn't he go to a hospital, you ask. One of the many that have been established since the influenza. Possibility, you try it. Do you happen to know that despite a 125 per cent increase in the number of hospital beds for tuberculous patients in the city in the last five years there are now only about 1,200 beds available for the more than 15,000 cases of the disease in the state outside of New York City? Well, that's the fact.

There are hundreds on waiting lists. And, furthermore, most of the beds now available are for incipient cases only, and dying men are barred. So, you see, the poor devil in the street has no chance.

Public charity could give a little food, a little coal and a little medicine—not enough of any of these to do any good, but it can't give him a roof—not even in the almshouse, for there was no way to keep the sick man away from the well-papers.

And this man would have died without a roof over his head had not his former employer let him use an old tenement house in a far corner of his farm. In this ramshackle old hovel the sick man lay down to die and only his little girl was there to feed him, keep him warm, and to drive away the rats.

The house, in which the dying man found himself was in the last stages of dissolution. The partitions had been torn out by tramps to make their road-side fires. The plaster had fallen from the walls, and the rats ran in and out of the bare laths.

The floor in the attic had been torn up and the lumber used to repair the roof. The roof leaked, but there were spots that were fairly dry. The owner fixed it up a bit for the sick man. He made up a shingle with two boards and the roof was dry.

The winter's wind of this northern country blew freely through the cracks, and the weary, rust-bitten sheet-iron stove fell a long way short of warming the "rooms."

And here, on a make-shift bed of discarded paper-mill felt, without enough food, without enough heat to keep even a snug house warm, a mile from the nearest neighbor, and with no one to minister to his many needs but his faithful child, this victim of society's criminal callousness lay down to die.

The farmer who owned the house, supposing that everyone is being done for his former labor by the town authorities, did not call to see for himself. What did he pay taxes for, if not to help people do such work?

So the sick man lay starved until a man from the near-by village, driving along the road one night, saw the boy stop to take in the little girl and give her a ‘lilt’ to her way to school. He took a careful look at her, and then, hopefully thin she was! Her bare leg showed between her stockings and her thin muslin drawers. No wonder! He stepped in front of the house, and in another minute and followed her into the hovel to see how she was. And he saw. And then he drew from the child a part of her story.
She said she liked to go to school whenever she could leave her father. It was warm there and sometimes the other children would give her an apple or a doughnut out of their lunch baskets. So, despite her thin clothes and mean lunch, every day that she could she walked the two miles through the snow. How pleasant would this be if the man knew the sick man’s complaining voice—and among children of her own age!

The pupils who played with and sat with were the children of some of the very people who later opposed the county hospital. Taxes were increasing and were a bit more if it were built. They did not know the disease was what spread the tuberculosis in that county.

The little girl was proud and didn’t tell her playmates of her trials at home. She didn’t tell them that breakfast was often a plate of blackberry jam and a cup of cold water, nor did she tell them that her bed was made up of burlap bags in a dry goods box. The only door to the attic bedroom was board here and there on the open rafters. Night after night she would hear the weak calls of her father, crowl out of her dry goods box, fearf.”

The Shanty

kept and they would bite off such a little girl’s toes! Then, after the brick was warmed and the bed smoothed out and the bundle of rags that served as a pillow was poked up to make it soft, the faithful nurse would crawl up the ladder to the spooky old attic, and nestle down among her potato bags and fall asleep. But she didn’t tell of these things. She had seen the man who brought the town groceries sham the open door of their hovel and she feared that the teacher knew about her father they wouldn’t let her come to school, which was so warm and bright.

Once the neighbors saw the tottering father trying such things as insurance, but the child to school. They thought that the sick man might possibly be getting better and they felt good about it. But they didn’t know—nobody knew. They didn’t know of the hemorhages he had when he got back to his bed. And they didn’t know how much weaker he was after each of his feeble attempts at returning to active life again.

All hope of recovery had long since died when the doctor’s condition was discovered. But the man who discovered it built such a hot fire under the “authorities” that they scurried about in a great rush to find a place for the unfortunate child.

But for all the furor which was kicked up, to get the dying man a little better place in which to die, he was taken to a hospital 20 miles away and the child was left. It was the only place in the great New York state that they could find for him. And he was there a month when he died.

A moment before the life of him fluttered out, his new nurse—not the ragged, faithful, little tot, but a blue and white unformed person—said that he was trying to say something. She put her ear close to his lips and heard him breathe the name of his little girl. That was all she heard, but she told the boy in his winged way to mind and be alone, that he wanted the child before he died. They tried hard to bring her there, but they couldn’t. She was already in an orphan asylum many miles away.

And so he died.

The next day the authorities went to the hovel where he had lived to see if he had left anything to pay his funeral expenses. They found nothing but the ragged bed, the sheet-iron stove, and the pots and the bags in the kitchen.

Oh, yes; they did find something else. One of the men stumbled over something in the darkness at the foot of the father’s bed. He picked it up and went to the plumbing company.

It was a doll’s cradle with one rocker and in it was a tired looking china doll. The doll’s leg was chewed off by a rat, a huge crack marred the face, and it was dressed in a gown of dirty burlap. But the cradle had a little yellow, tatter, and a mattress. Santa Claus had brought them before disaster came.

COMPETITION vs. SOCIALITY

By LIL’ PARE

It is customary to set individualism and Socialism over against each other, as if they were opposed in such a way as to be mutually exclusive or destructive. Competition is confounded with the development of the individual, and that individual is supposed to be equipped with the sacrifice of hierarchy. It is represented that the individual is the atom from which all that endures and grows. This is the theory of the so-called "progressive," of social Darwinism, of the "creative" spirit, and of every other line of thought from the "scientific" school. Socialism, on the other hand, is taken as the opposite of this system and he would be "levelled down" by the co-operative commonwealth.

It is a master stroke of the defenders of competition to defend it in the name of the right to individuality, and to identify Socialism with the submergence of the individuality of the individual, and it is the law of Life that we must defend our individual identity, freedom and power, wherever we believe them to be. Nature does not require the sacrifice of the individual in order that the race may prosper. On the contrary, she can only look after the individual when he is prepared to take care of himself. He must do that; but he is not doing it now. The time has come when the individual man cannot take care of himself under the competitive system. Nature has become so complex and powerful that the man has no chance under it; and all the power of the individual has been strangled along with the competitive machinery as production in the hands of a few men, who use it for their own profit against the masses. It has become a competition of classes, and that which represents the vast majority of society has no prospect of survival in the struggle, unless it gives up competition within itself and turns its strength against the machine. By substituting sociality for competition among themselves by means of co-operative selling of labor and co-operative buying of commodities, the workers will be able to withstand the crushing power of the system.

And after they shall have learned to cooperate still further, they will be able to take over the system itself and to operate it in favor of all the people. It is not a question of submerging the individual for the sake of the corporation, but of protecting the individual from the corporation having special privileges and power, and to give him the opportunity for self-development.

The confusion of individuality with competition and the confusion of sociality with the sacrifice of the individual are two of the great problems of our time. The individual is no longer the atom of scientific thought, no longer the atom of scientific life. The individual is the key to the solution of our problems, but he must be educated in this new understanding of the social process, which is not one of give-and-take, action and reaction, stimulation and response. The mental machinery of the individual is put in motion by the stimulations which he receives through his contact with society. The social attitude consists in taking the position that the world is not made up of a variety of mental machineries set up and ready for action; he cannot start it off himself; he knows nothing about anything. Society must do that. Society must do the work of the world with an infinite variety of mental machineries set up and ready for action; he cannot start it off himself; he knows nothing about anything. Society must do that. Society must do the work of the world.
WHAT MAKES A SOCIALIST

By MARGARET BATECHLER

I

November, 1910, the Intercollegiate Socialist Society met in dinner in a down-town restaurant in New York. The three hundred and fifty persons crowded the basement dining-room, which had a low ceiling and was very warm. By the time the dinner was over, we had to back our chairs to listen to the speakers of the evening. The ceiling seemed very low, and the air was hot and far from fresh. I was just wishing within myself that those speeches, which had come to me with more forceful circumstances, when to my consternation the men about me began to light their cigars and cigarettes. But straightway there came from the corner of the room the voice of the evening that men refrain from smoking on this occasion. Whereupon they did refrain, all but one young woman, who in the request of the house, "puffed away merrily at his cigarette until it was no more."

Later in the winter there was a dinner in honor of the birthday of Karl Marx. At the table next mine there sat a man who, as soon as the dishes were removed, whipped out a pencil and proceeded to make very heavy black photocopies on as much of the tablecloth as was within reach of his arm, and when he had exhausted the possibilities of the tablecloth he began on his napkin.

At another table two women chatted joyously throughout the after-dinner speeches. They appeared not to listen to a single remark, and were entirely impervious to the exaggerated gesticulations of all those within range of their whispers.

I mention these four individuals as examples of the type that one sees in the co-operative commonwealth. They could have no place in a co-operative commonwealth—they do not know how to co-operate. They have not the stuff in them of which Socialists are made.

For Socialism is something more than an economic theory or a political programme; it is an attitude of mind, a life which says, "I pledge myself not only to give up my own peculiar whims when they interfere with the comfort and pleasure of other people, but also to be kind and God-speed, to sacrifice my own individual good when it clashes with the good of the many."

Men and women may be party members, they may attend regularly the meetings of their locals, they may worship all the planks of the Socialist party platform, but if they have not within them the spirit of that life, they are not entitled to the name of Socialist and they cannot hope successfully to conduct a co-operative commonwealth. It is quite as important for the life of the Socialist on the job as it is for the person who should refrain from throwing his peanut shells on the subways or torn bits of paper on the public street as that he should be conversant with the Marxian theory of serfdom and the wage system, and be able to talk gibly of the unearned increment, over-production and under-consumption, the initiative and referendum, the economic interpretation of history; they may be able to quote at length from the sayings of Liebknecht, Engels, Kropotkin, Bell and Guisarde, but if these same holders of the red card waste the city's water in time of drought they are no more fit to conduct the state than the capitalists who now are conducting it so badly.

The standard of the individual Socialist must be higher than the standard of the individual Republican or Democrat. What William Morris said of the duty of the true tradesman for the Socialists throughout the world: "What we have to do if we can is to show by our lives what is the proper kind of useful citizen, the type into which all classes should bend at last." Thus it was with Chaucer's "poor parson of a town".

"First be wroghte and afterward he taught." To those who do not know, the first is the true, the last is the false. By good example, this was his byname.

The true Socialist must be class-conscious, but he must also be non-class-conscious. Let him ask himself every hour of the day this: Is that I am doing interfere with the rights or the legitimate comfort of anybody else? Am I working for Socialism for my individual gains, or for the benefit of the whole? Am I a slave of the wage system, the wage slave in my factory, the all wage slaves in America, all the oppressed of every race in every land, and, too, for the sake of the digestive and unhappy rich?"

The voice of John Bull cries out to Socialism the world over: "Forsworn, brothers, fellowship is heaven and lack of fellowship is hell; fellowship is love and lack of fellowship is death upon the earth, if it be so for our fellows' sake that ye do them—be he do well in fellowship, and because of fellowship, shall not fail, though he seem to fail today, but in days hence his name and his work shall be yet alive, and men may be helped by them to strive again and yet again."

THE FARMER

By NAT L. HARDY

The farmer an exploiter? This question has been dis- cussed in The Masses, and finds its relation to the farmer and Socialist economics I am not satisfied to leave the discussion as it now stands. First we must take agricul- ture as an industry and find its relation to other indus- tries. Agriculture is a sub- ordinate industry. It is practically unorganized. It does not function as a part of the feudal system as yet, and as a whole is subject to the other industries.

The farmers, no matter how wealthy, have absolutely no voice in managing the affairs of the industrial world. What the farmer produces he sells at the prices fixed by the Industrial Capitalists and he buys their products at their prices. So agriculture is subject to industry, and the farmers as a class are exploited by the owners of the machinery of manufacture and farm worker. Without following the processes through all the processes of manufacture and distribution or considering minutely the theories of value and surplus- value, it will be safe to say that the farmer is ex- ploited more by the owners of his productive machinery by the organized industry of the nation. This exploi- tation takes place regardless, whether the farmer is an exploiter himself or not.

The farmer who owns the land be cultivates, and no more, hires no help, exploits no one. The farmer who hires help, of course, exploits that help; but unless he is farming on a very large scale this exploitation is much less than what he suffers himself. The farmer who owns land that is cultivated by tenants exploits his tenants, but it is the same case as with hired labor. The tenant farmer is doubly exploited. He must give a large portion of his product to the landlord for the use of the soil, and when he sells his product he must either rob the tenant farmer or farm worker sells his labor power to the capitalist he is exploited by having to produce his own wages and a large amount of surplus-value for the owners of the machine, but the farmer's labor power is crystalized into the year's output of the farm and must be sold to the owner of the means of converting this output into the finished product, and by selling his labor power in this form he is robbed just as effectively as the wage- earner.

Private ownership does not mean exploitation, but exploitation is only possible by private ownership. The development of the capitalist system has been such that the capitalist could exploit the farmer better through the channels of the landlord than through the commerce and transportation than by the ownership of the land itself, but now that farming is being put on a factory basis the capitalist is acquiring the land and combining land and machinery for the exploitation of the tillers of the soil, and to-day we see the birth of real capitalist farming.

The Socialist who imagines that the farmer is a capitalist—that is the more difficult as in the Socialist movement does not understand the nature of exploitation. Of course there are many points of difference between the wage worker, mostly psycholog- ical, which I have not discussed here, but the farm worker and the city worker are both exploited by the same class and to practically the same extent, and their exploitation has many points of similarity, which will introduce the highest efficiency and equitable distribution into both agriculture and manufacturing.
help to give the workers what they produce? It can help them in a lot of ways directly and indirectly. The full object of the movement would be to lead the way where from the chains of capitalism, cannot be realized by winning one city alone, but wherever Socialism is in power, there in the battle with the capitalist class and there are the best conditions for the workers.

GIVE your transplantation and it will be the same as putting into your pocket $300 a year. This is a guess, but it is a conservative guess.

Suppose you are going to be organized, struck for higher wages and shorter hours, how would it balance up? Take the case where the cause of the Socialist Mayor and Council of your town would not stand for strike-breakers, wouldn't you be gaining a good deal in a year through Socialism? Suppose the city did a lot of things for you and your family that it ought to do and that Socialist cities do for working people. Let us take the case of an ironworker, a teamster, a roundabout, a baker, lived better, felt better, had more health and happiness, wouldn't that be a cash advantage in favor of Socialism in your town? In fact, you could not measure in dollars the value of the things you might gain from a Socialist administration. For example, the bloom of health on your child's cheek instead of the pale color of illness; a look of gladness instead of sorrow in your wife's eyes. You know what good food, pure milk, clean surroundings, fresh air, sunshine and no worry will do for a man and his family.

Socialism in a city means running that city for the benefit of its people. It means the right to say, the working people. The rich don't need Socialism very much, except to develop their dried up moral sense.

Socialism in your town would mean hundreds of dollars a year added to the incomes of its working people. It would mean a subtraction of thousands of dollars a year from the incomes of its gentry, its bankers, its corporation lawyers, and other birds and beasts of prey. The 'first families' might have to go to work. The others would get something for their work something more than a bare, hard living.

Your town, the way it is, is a rare town for noise, smoke, dust, dirt. The noise comes from the railroads and can't be absent at present. The smoke comes from the railroads and factories and can be stopped. The dirt and dust, as far as they are due to ill-vented and unenclosed streets, can be got rid of.

Did you say the rich in your town suffer from these things along with the poor? That is partly true. The rich are human and stupid. They are liable to be attacked by disease and microbes which can range over the poor. But they have plenty of screens, bat tubs and vacuum cleaners. They are better able to resist disease. And their town is cleaner and dust in season. They spend the summer in Europe, on the seashore, or in the mountains. The working class of your town don't generally go away for the summer.

For her poverty and misery, sickness and ignorance, stunted youth, saddened old age, your town has a burning need of Socialism. For her dust and dirt, her winged pests and two-legged parasites in politics, finance and industry, your town needs that balm which has already done marvelous work in sweeping and purifying hundreds of towns in the United States and all over the world.

BERGER, LIGGEN AND THE MASSES

DOES YOUR TOWN NEED SOCIALISM

(Continued from page 10.)

sabotage and similar syndicalist tendencies. That is water for the capitalist mill.

The German Socialist party has never tried and never permitted the creation of new or rival trade unions. In spite of the many and somewhat serious conflicts that have taken place between the old and the unions, the German party has always recognized the trade union movement and it has developed and grown to its industrial and other conditions prevailing in our country.

The Executive Council of the Social-Democratic party works hand in hand with the Federation of the Trade Unions in order to prevent any trade union in no matter what pretext, being established. For this would mean the disorganization of the entire trade union movement. The party and the trade unions in establishing one solid unified movement has largely benefited the working class. It is of great advantage.

"It is also one of the main causes of our success at the last general election. We polled out of a total vote of eleven thousand for fifty distinct political parties, four and a half million votes cast for the Social-Democratic party. Out of the 397 members of the Reichstag we elected 110 Socialists. But in most of the parts of the country, socialists have been so far as to be overestimating our real power. We realize that we still have many obstacles in our way. But we will overcome them, it is our conviction that Socialism is possible. That the future of mankind absolutely depends upon Socialism, and therefore we must and will overcome all difficulties and obstacles, no matter what they are."

CO-OPERATION AT INDIANAPOLIS

THE extreme impossibility faction of the national convention voted as a man against the adoption of the co-operative movement by the committee on the co-operative movement. The old classical argument, the iron law of wages, was their basis of opposition. However, it was not their argument that made the co-operative movement stand. It was their ignorance that the co-operative movement had so many strong and enthusiastic supporters all over the country. The co-operative principle was fully defeated by Ameringer of Oklahoma, Senator Gaylord of Wisconsin, Gaznian of Pennsylvania, and numerous other congressmen of the United States. On the whole, the Socialist supporters of the co-operative movement have every reason to be satisfied with the result, proving, perhaps, what does its work. It is up to us to see that they do it.

Just as the labor unions fight for industrial self-control for the working class, the Socialist party for political self-control, and the labor and Socialist press for intellectual self-control for the workers, so the co-operative movement fights for an increasing degree of economic control for the workers through the ownership and use of industrial and commercial capital by organized groups of the workers.

The development and successful operation of the co-operative movement in connection with the international labor movement is an historical fact which cannot be disputed. While in some countries it may seem for the time being to have checked other lines of working class activity, it seems to be true also that "the economic power of a class at a given stage of development turns into political power."

The value of the co-operative power to the working class has been recognized by the Socialist party, though to a very limited extent. It was recently so recognized at the Copenhagen congress in 1910, the American delegates voting for the resolution.

In the constitution of other national organizations of the Socialist party, the Socialist party of America must recognize the fact of the existence of the cooperative movement, and order and organize the co-operative movement, though it has not as yet been brought into any unified form.

Your committee has not been able to gather any adequate data, but is informed, from the personal knowledge of those who came before the committee, of distributing co-operatives doing a total business of not less than twenty million dollars a year, in only a few of the states of the Union. Nearly one thousand local organizations are within the knowledge of working committee, which are operating successfully.
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**THE PARADE**
By LOUIS UNTERMeyer

Gay flags flying down the street;
Comes the drum's insistent beat
Like a fierce, gigantic pulse—
And the screaming life exists.

Soldier, soldier, spic and span,
Aren't you the lucky man?
Splendid, in your gold and blue—
How the small boy envies you!

Oh, there's a glory for you here—
Girls to smile and men to cheer;
Bands behind and bands before,
Thrilling with the lust of War.

Soldier, soldier—now you go
Forth to meet a sanguine foe,
Bravely do you face the brunt;
Fired with music and with drink.

Stalwart warrior pass, and be
Glad you are not such as we—
We, who, without flags or drums,
March to battle in the slums.

Doctors, teachers, workers—we
Are a stubborn soldiery;
Combatting, till we conquer,
Ignorance, disease and dirt.

Soldier, soldier, look and then
Laugh at us poor fighting-men,
Struggling on, though every street
Is the scene of our defeat.

Laugh at us, who, day by day,
Come back beaten from the fray—
We, who find our work undone—
We, whose wars are never won!

Gay flags flying down the street;
Come, the drum's insistent beat
Like a fierce, gigantic pulse—
And the screaming life exists.

---

**THE LYRICS**

The tides of the ocean of Truth.
The song of the Hour,
Burdened with breathing humanity,
With the rage and the hope and the sorrow.
The vast mysterious impulse—
The tumult of Life!

You have sung of the Past and its heroes,
Of the power of Kings and Princes,
Bearing triumphant their falsifications;
Victory, cheered by the world!
You have chanted of deeds in the battle,
Of giants that knew no defeat!
But long has Death been their victor,
And their strength has been lulled to sleep.

Of them but their names enduring,
Written in the dream of man!

---

**THE MILLS OF THE RICH**
By EDITH SMITH

We ask that they work for a while as we work,
On a wage that is hunger and pain;
We ask that they give us the bread that is ours,
The rich, who grow strong on our gain;
We are women who toil with burden of men,
But with courage that makes for the strength.
Our children are born to the curse of the poor,
No power to rise, but the lot to endure,
And the depth of our life is its length.

We ask for the half-loaf of labor,
As our hands and our souls are scarred;
For the mills of the gods grind slowly,
But the mills of the rich grind hard.

We seek but the chance to live humbly with toil,
On a wage that will pay for our needs;
We ask not the ease that is unearned and left
From the brains of our forefathers' needs.
The balance of life, that is, justice and right,
Throws our fate to the world, at its best.
Oh, God! we are sick, with no heart for the cure;
Teach man, in Thy mercy, we cannot endure—
We are poor, we are poor and oppressed.

---

**THE SONGS OF TO-DAY**
By FAUL ELDRIDGE

Sing me the song of To-day,
The living thrum and the pulses,
The tides of the ocean of Truth.
The song of the Hour,
Burdened with breathing humanity,
With the rage and the hope and the sorrow.
The vast mysterious impulse—
The tumult of Life!

---

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EDUCATION

The most powerful weapon of the working class is education. Education is terrible. Beside it, dynamite fades into insignificance, dissolves into its greasy elements.

No fortifications are shot-proof against education. No aeroplanes can circle nigh enough to destroy its power. Before it crumbles the proudest citadels of wrong.

But if it is terrible in its effects, it is also dangerous in its use. It is not a tool for boys or weak-minded and emotional young men.

Good God, if it were only as easy to handle as dynamite!

If one needs only touch off a fuse, and half an hour later could see the mind of man leavened with the knowledge of what he is!

If one merely climbs a barricade, chants a defiant song, and falls down, shot, but happy, in the consciousness that he had educated the world!

Education is no child's play.

It is carried on, day after day, with wearisome, obstinate persistence; in spite of all discouragement, of wet or dry weather, of heat or cold.

To educate, you need weapons. Not guns, bombs or swords. Battles won by these means are not worth while. They are not lasting. They may be attractive, but are not effective. These weapons may be good enough to enforce occasionally the will of the majority, but even as such they are questionable. And as yet the majority is not convinced of the inevitability, justice and beauty of Socialism.

Therefore you need different weapons. You need literature. Literature which will educate. Literature which will convert. Literature which will stir the people to positive action. Not to a spit-in-the-fire, hate-yourself-and-everybody-else, negative growl.

Could you think of anything more appropriate than a local magazine on the same lines as The Masses? You can have one without any cost to your Local.

We will give you 1,000 copies of a sixteen-page magazine, containing two pages of local matter and with your own name on the title page, for $25 a month. Each additional hundred will cost $1.25.

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Another way in which you can aid in defraying the expense is by devoting part of the two local pages to advertising of local business.

We are giving exclusive rights for certain territories on this remarkable proposition. You should get particulars at once in order to prepare for the campaign of 1912.