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The New Review

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The New Review

Vol. I.

AUGUST, 1913

No. 19

Danger Ahead!

The Presidential campaign of 1912 resulted in an extraordinary increase of the Socialist vote, Debs having polled about 900,000 votes, as against 425,000 in 1908—an increase of nearly 112 per cent. A result so brilliant would naturally lead us to expect a magnificent development of Socialist enthusiasm and activity and a corresponding increase in the membership of the party and the circulation of its press. The precise opposite has been the outcome. Instead of a Socialist advance all along the line we are actually witnessing a Socialist slump.

The party membership is declining at an alarming rate. The *Party Builder*, which is published by the national office of the Socialist party and whose information concerning party organization matters must therefore be regarded as official and authoritative, makes the following statement in its issue of June 28:

After the most successful campaign, ending in the most remarkable advance (considering the odds) ever made by the Socialist party of this country, there has been a steady falling off in membership, until at the present moment there are nearly 50,000 less members than one year ago.

The statement struck us with amazement. We could not believe our own eyes. At last we concluded that the number given must be due to a printer's error. To be sure, no candid observer could have failed to perceive numerous sinister signs denoting that there was something rotten in the state of Denmark. But a loss of 50,000 members, two-fifths of the entire number of organized Socialists at the end of March, 1912, seemed impossible, inconceivable. But our incredulity soon had to give way to indubitable certainty. The financial report of the national office for the month of June, 1913, shows receipts from dues amounting to \$4,048.05, which is the exact equiva-

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lent, on the five cents per capita basis, of 80,961 members. The average membership for the first quarter of 1912 was given as 125,826, so that there was a loss of nearly 45,000 members in fifteen months. The printer made no error.

The loss is appalling, but in actual fact it is even larger than is indicated by these figures. We know that from March to mid-summer in 1912 the membership of the party kept on growing, although we do not have the figures at hand. An intensely fought Presidential campaign lasting through several months, embracing the entire nation, and resulting, notwithstanding the advent of the Progressive party, in an extraordinary increase of the Socialist vote, must have brought tens of thousands of new members into the party organization. The actual loss of membership during the past eight months is, therefore, not 50,000, but very probably about 75,000, and possibly more. A loss of three-fifths of the membership of the Socialist party organization in so short a period is well calculated to rouse even the most indolent and lethargic among us to serious thought.

Coincident with this astonishing decline in the strength of the Socialist organization there has been an unusual mortality of the Socialist press. The *Chicago Daily Socialist* is dead. The *Coming Nation* is dead. The *Cleveland Socialist* is dead. The *Washington National Socialist* had to change its character and to merge its existence with that of the *Appeal*. Other periodical publications are staggering toward the grave. And all this within less than a year after an unprecedented increase of the Socialist vote throughout the nation!

The situation is certainly as grave as it is anomalous. We can recollect nothing like it in the whole history of the Socialist movement, whether in this or in any other country. It will not do to say the Progressive party did it. In the first place, if that were the case it would be the severest possible indictment of our methods of agitation and propaganda. But in fact, that is not the case. The advent of the Progressive party failed to arrest the Socialist advance in the Presidential election, and since the election the prestige of the Progressive party has been on the wane rather than on the increase. If the Progressive party could not hurt us during the campaign, when so many of its ecstatic devotees fondly believed in the possibility of immediately inaugurating the reign of the Big Stick and Social Justice, it certainly could not have hurt us after the campaign was over and the dream of an immediate Progressive triumph dissolved into thin air. Nor can our astonishing decline be attri-

buted to the agitation of the I. W. W., for the I. W. W. existed before the last election, when our membership was increasing from year to year; the Lawrence strike, and even more so the success of that strike, certainly attracted to the I. W. W. just as much attention as does the present protracted and desperate struggle in Paterson. No, comrades, the causes for our decline must be sought in ourselves and not outside of us, and the remedy for the present most deplorable situation lies in our own hands.

It was at the national convention of Indianapolis that the seeds of dissension were sown which have ripened into the present situation. At that convention the so-called revolutionary or industrialist delegates showed a conciliatory spirit and refused to be drawn into a fight over the labor union resolution, which to them was of crucial importance. But the leaders of the majority were bent upon forcing a division at all hazards and humbling the minority. An astonishing procedure for "practical" leaders of a majority in control of the party administration, whose primary business and duty is to stand guard over the unity of the party, the indispensable basis of all practical success, and to keep together the divergent elements. The issue of sabotage was unexpectedly sprung upon the convention, an artificial division was created, and the minority, a full third of the delegates, was forced to pass under the Caudine yoke of Sec. 6, Art. II., of the new party constitution.

The grounds of objection to this famous Sec. 6, Art. II., have never been fully stated, nor can it be our present purpose to go into the matter at great length. Even the "revolutionary" delegates failed to perceive the ultra-reformistic bias in the restriction of political action to parliamentarism pure and simple, namely, "participation in elections for public office and practical legislative and administrative work along the lines of the Socialist party platform." This narrow, dogmatic, ultra-reformistic definition of political action stands in crass contradiction to the whole history, theory and practice of International Socialism. Ever since the Belgian general strike of 1893, and particularly since the Russian revolution, the mass strike has been an acknowledged weapon in the political arsenal of the proletariat. Nor is there any valid reason for supposing that the uses of the mass strike are necessarily restricted to fights for the suffrage or for the establishment and extension of mere political democracy. It might conceivably also be resorted to for imparting weight and momentum to the economic demands of

the proletariat as voiced by its representatives in the legislatures and even in city administrations. In a country like ours, in which the power of the proletariat in elections is greatly restricted by the presence of millions of unnaturalized foreign-born workers, besides other millions of illegally and constitutionally disfranchised colored workers, the mass strike appears destined to play a particularly eminent role in the struggles of the working class. The Socialist movement has found it everywhere advantageous to utilize in the present-day struggles all the legal and constitutional means at its disposal, but until the Indianapolis convention the Socialist movement had nowhere, explicitly or implicitly, surrendered the theoretical right of forcible revolution, a right acknowledged by the bourgeois founders of the republic in the Declaration of Independence, and one that most assuredly will be invoked by the proletariat on the day when the capitalist minority resists the expressed will of the popular majority or thwarts its expression. "Force has been the midwife of every old society pregnant with a new one," said Marx, and there is not the slightest reason for assuming that the capitalist class, contrary to all historical experience, will surrender its privileges, its wealth and power at the mere behest of a popular majority expressed through the ballot box. Even in England, where, Marx thought, the social revolution might be effected entirely by peaceful and legal means, he hardly expected the ruling classes to submit without a "pro-slavery rebellion," as Engels informs us.

But if the Indianapolis definition of political action was an attempt to place the Socialist party of the United States on an entirely new basis, that of parliamentarism pure and simple and legality at all costs, the new provision inserted into the party constitution for the expulsion of "any member who opposes political action or advocates crime, sabotage, or other methods of violence as a weapon of the working class to aid in its emancipation," was felt by thousands of party members to be a deliberate, gratuitous insult flung in their faces. Every one who joined the party organization *ipso facto* announced himself an advocate of political action. The new provision cast a doubt upon his honesty or his intelligence. As to sabotage, it is true that its peculiar virtues were extolled *ad nauseam* by a few party members, but even those who heartily disliked this vapid talk felt that the matter in no way directly concerned the political party, while it did concern the labor unions, in the internal affairs of which the party had again and again pledged

itself not to intermeddle. Conservative trade unionists have resorted to sabotage, in one form or another, time out of mind, particularly in long-drawn out strikes. Did the party mean to condemn them and to put itself forward as the champion of capitalist property? But if it was not intended to condemn the practice, then it was pure hypocrisy to condemn the advocacy of the practice. And in any case, what bearing did this have upon the minority in the party, which, as such, had at no time advocated sabotage? The advocacy of other forms of common violence and crime was simply unheard of among Socialists, and to insert in the party constitution a provision for the expulsion of advocates of crime and violence was an uncalled for confession of guilt, which every member of the minority felt bound to repudiate. Coming as this did after the confession of the McNamaras, it was a particularly silly piece of business, for the McNamaras had stood in no relation whatever, except that of hostility, to the Socialist party. They were conservative trade unionists, Democrats, members of the Militia of Christ. At such a time to proclaim to the world that the Socialist party stood ready to expel from its midst everybody that advocated crime and violence was to avow a relationship to the McNamaras that, as a matter of notorious fact, did not exist. Or was it the intention to denounce the party minority to the capitalists as friends and allies of the McNamaras? It is true that a few Socialists, notably Haywood, had expressed sympathy with the McNamaras after the latter had been immured in the San Quentin penitentiary. But many non-Socialists, filled with detestation for the methods of the Steel Trust and its satellites, had done likewise. It may not have been a wise or a politic act, but it certainly was not, nor did it imply, advocacy of crime and violence. At any rate, the Socialist party stood before the world with clean hands. It owed apologies to no one. Yet here was the Socialist party, in national convention assembled, confessing, by implication, to past complicity in the guilt of the McNamaras and making apologies to the bourgeois.

But the worst effect of the whole business was that now, for the first time in the history of the Socialist party, a basis was laid for inquisitorial procedure against members who happen to be unpopular with the powers that be in the party. Hitherto Socialists had differed among themselves as to the relative value of political action (in the narrow, parliamentary sense) and industrial action, but believing in both forms of action they stayed in the party and worked together for the common cause. They

even ventured to differ among themselves as to the profound, world-shaking problem of sabotage. But now all was to be changed. Henceforth every party member of somewhat vivid imagination and loose tongue could be haled before the inquisitorial tribunal. Did he or did he not say this or that thing? If he did, he stands expelled for heresy. And this in a party that rightly boasts of being no society of the elect, but of being, or aiming to become, the party of the working masses of the nation, the political expression of the class movement of the proletariat!

The poison instilled into the veins of the party by Sec. 6, Art. II., showed its effects soon after the election. It is not our purpose to go over all the tortuous and nauseating maneuvers by which Haywood, the laurels of Lawrence still fresh on his brow, was recalled from the National Executive Committee, but it is most important to bear in mind the construction placed upon that act of the party majority by the *Metropolitan* magazine, an organ of our reformist leaders, which was included in the list of Socialist periodicals in the published report of the late National Secretary, John M. Work, to the National Committee. Said the editor of the *Metropolitan* in the April issue:

The recall of Haywood will rob the Socialist Party of many adherents; but it will also bring new recruits. In the Progressive Party founded by Roosevelt there are thousands upon thousands of good citizens who are Socialists in sympathy, but who never would take part in the Socialist movement until it was purged of the Haywood element. The event of last February clears the way for a better understanding between the Progressives and the Socialists. The intelligent people in both parties are practically united in principle. For our own part we have always hoped that some decisive action against syndicalism and sabotage would put the aims of the Socialist Party in their true light so that the movement might immediately attract the real Progressives.

It goes without saying that the capitalist press of all shades heartily approved Haywood's recall, just as it applauded vociferously the adoption of Sec. 6, Art. II.

But the recall of Haywood was only the first act in a long series of aggressions upon the rights of the minority in the party. Expulsion of individual members, and even of entire branches and locals, has become the order of the day. In the State of Washington the state organization was split wide open, the reformist element there going out of the party, forming an independent organization, and adopting a platform in which the words "working class" and "class struggle" are carefully shunned. In Butte, Montana, which has a Socialist

administration, a considerable element was expelled from the party and a new local organization was formed. It certainly is not our intention to presume to judge between the contending factions in the various localities. We are quite willing to assume that the radical element has sinned just as much as it has been sinned against, although the radicals naturally get the worst of it in most of the factional fights, since they are generally in a minority. But the extent to which the majority is ready to go in the suppression of the rights of the minority was exhibited in a particularly flagrant manner at the recent conference of the National Committee. There had been rumors of incompetence or worse in the management of the national campaign fund. The minority of the National Committee demanded an investigation. This, of course, could not be refused, but not a single member of the minority was put on the investigating committee! The latter reported to have found everything in good order, but can any reasonable being blame the minority for placing no confidence in that report?

The fact is that in our factional embitterment we appear to have forgotten, not only our common Socialist principles and aims, but even the rules of ordinary intercourse and the commonest democracy. In our platform we demand proportional representation, but in our internal party practice we find an unholy joy in being able to suppress the minority utterly and completely. Wherever one faction happens to be in power, it systematically excludes the members of the other faction from the party counsels, the management of the press, the selection of speakers, etc. We refuse a credential to a member duly elected to a high party office by a referendum vote, then we turn around and give it to his defeated opponent, as was done in Massachusetts. Then, to justify our act, we quote scripture. The devil can do that just as well! We do not even shrink from falsifying election returns, as was recently done in a subdivision of Local New York. Surely, a halt must be called to such tactics, as destructive and disruptive as they are disreputable. The Socialist party cannot thrive upon, and should not tolerate, the methods of boss and machine rule which prevail in the old parties. The S. L. P. has shown us where boss methods lead to in a Socialist movement. Even the Republican party, inured to machine rule and reeking with corruption, has recently afforded the spectacle of revolt against the excessive employment of the "steam roller". The appalling loss in membership reported by the national office should serve to call us back to our

senses. To persist in our present ways is to court destruction for the party and to hamper and retard the progress of Socialism on this continent.

H. S.

What Is Mass Action?

By GUSTAV ECKSTEIN (Berlin)

In the June number of the *NEW REVIEW* Austin Lewis wrote on Syndicalism and Mass Action; but I imagine that very few will gain from the reading of that article a clearer conception of these two phenomena than they had previously. As a matter of fact, Lewis appears to understand their significance very little better than he understands the German Social Democracy. Therefore, before meeting his attacks, it will be well for us first to become clear as to what Mass Action is and what Syndicalism is.

I.

During recent years class antagonisms have become considerably more acute in all capitalistically developed countries. This is in part the consequence of the universal increase in the cost of living and the ever increasing burdens of taxation, the latter being chiefly the result of the rivalry in armaments. But the main and direct cause is the development of the capitalist economic system itself, which to an ever increasing extent is eliminating the middle classes and dividing the social world into two great camps—on the one side, the exploiters: manufacturers, merchants, bankers, great landowners, capitalist farmers, etc.; on the other side, the exploited: the sinking petty bourgeois and small farmers, petty officials, public as well as private, but above all the proletariat. And the great bourgeoisie on the one hand, the proletariat on the other, are learning better and better to understand who their most dangerous enemies are and are arming for the fray with might and main. But above all, each of the two hosts is seeking as far as possible to close up its ranks, to organize compactly.

On both sides the elite of the troops are being welded together ever more closely by economic conditions. Enterprises are becoming ever more gigantic, and these immense concerns

are, for economic reasons, being simultaneously consolidated into associations, combinations, trusts, etc. On the other hand the workers are brought together in immense workshops by the process of production itself, and at the same time the factory, town or the great city also offers them abundant opportunity to unite with their comrades from other industries.

Upon this economic foundation there spring up organizations that are specially designed for the struggle against social adversaries. The employers have their associations and leagues, their central bureaus and their employment agencies; the workers combine into trade and industrial unions, which in turn strive to get into closer touch with one another. But finally, both sides also seek to direct the power of the State in accordance with their interests. The employers, who are in possession of the powers of the State, seek to utilize them in the struggle against the proletariat, partly through the parties controlled by them, but chiefly through their direct influence upon administration and government; the workers seek to prevent this and to seize the powers of the State in their own hands.

Thus there rages along the whole line a struggle for every foot of ground, a struggle that is steadily becoming more intense and embittered. In highly developed capitalistic countries the era of individual struggles, when the individual manufacturer was pitted against his own workers, passed away long ago, but even the struggles between the individual employers and the individual union are becoming less and less frequent and, above all, are losing in importance. In their place there occurs ever more frequently the hot and stubborn contest between the organizations of employers on the one side, while on the other side are not only the industrial unions, but also the central organizations of the workers; and in these struggles the State is constantly becoming involved in increasing measure. Not only the actual participants, but the widest circles of the population, often the State itself, suffer during these contests. It is only necessary to recall to mind the struggles for higher wages of the transport workers and the coal miners of Great Britain.

But while the struggles are thus becoming greater in range and extent, the visible successes are becoming ever more modest. In its youth capitalism wasted human labor-power in a most insane manner. The hours of labor were extended beyond all bounds and at the same time wages were depressed even below the minimum necessary to existence. In response there arose the desperate and often savage resistance of the exploited. But

under the pressure of the labor struggles capitalism itself began to realize that the intensity of labor can only be increased when the working conditions are improved, and that in this way a very good profit can often be made. This knowledge is expressed most clearly in the system of "Scientific Management" now proclaimed with so much noise.

Hence, for a considerable time, especially during the period of declining prices of the means of subsistence, the labor unions were often able to achieve quite notable successes in shortening the working day and increasing wages; which results, to be sure, were again counterbalanced, in part at least, by the progressive intensification of labor. In part, however, these successes were won at the expense of other strata of workers. That was true not only of the "Alliances"—agreements between employers and workers of a particular industry to squeeze conjointly the consuming public, as is often done with the sliding scale in the coal mining industry. Still worse were the effects of those arrangements under which certain categories of workers, usually those best organized and highly skilled, were favored at the expense of the unskilled workers, who often were not admitted at all into the organizations of their aristocratic fellow-workers.

The development of machinery has effected a radical change in these conditions. That which yesterday was highly skilled labor can to-day, perhaps, be performed by a small boy with the aid of newly invented apparatus; and simultaneously there is forcing itself between the groups of the "skilled" and the "unskilled" workers the group of "trained" workers, that is to say, machine operatives who after some weeks or months have learned certain operations of which they are now the complete masters, but who are helpless as soon as they are given other work. For there they are "unskilled", there they must learn everything all over again.

While thus the deep chasm between the "skilled" and "unskilled" workers is constantly becoming narrower, the latter have gained increased self-confidence, even in those places where no intensive Socialist agitation stirs up the entire mass of workers. For upon them also the association in workshop and city has not been without influence, and they too are beginning to band together and to put forward their own demands.

But all this places new and very weighty problems before the working class organizations. The old methods of English and American trade-unionism no longer answer the purpose.

In the main they were designed expressly for an aristocracy of labor, which either designedly excluded the great mass of the unskilled from all organization, or fenced itself within craft unions of such narrow scope that there was nothing left to the unskilled but to form their own unions, which, however, were usually too weak to be able to fight on their own hook. Hence there arose among the unskilled an increasing measure of discontent with the aristocratic union policy. But even in the ranks of the unions themselves the unrest began to increase. On the one hand it was ever more plainly evident that the dividing line between skilled and unskilled labor was disappearing, while on the other hand the constantly increasing intensification of labor and the rise in prices of the means of subsistence robbed these favored groups of workers of more and more of the material fruits of their successes.

Hence there arose, especially in the English-speaking world—in Great Britain, in America, and even in Australia and South Africa—that "unrest of labor," which in these countries is the chief characteristic of the beginning of the twentieth century. Of necessity search was made for new weapons, new means and methods in the struggle against the employers.

And in this situation great importance was attached to a catchword, "Mass Action," which indeed is not entirely new. The mass was now raised upon the altar as an idol worthy of veneration. Incense was burned before it. It was said to possess an infallible instinct that always showed it the right road to the right goal. The leaders were only a makeshift for times of peace. But in case of war the mass itself was to go into action. It gently pushes the leaders to one side and now takes the center of the stage for itself. The mass is at the same time passionate and reckless, class-conscious and clear-sighted.

But if we question the priests of this new divinity as to its nature, its origin and its aspect, the answers that we receive are, as a rule, no less obscure and contradictory than those given by the priests of other gods. At first the answers received are negative. We ask:

"Do the workers organized into labor unions constitute the mass?"

"No!"

"Those politically organized?"

"No!"

"Is it the unorganized?"

"Not they!"

"Then it must be all the workers as a whole?"

At this point the views of our priests of the mass differ to a certain extent. Some explain that the mass by no means consists of workers only, but of all who frequent the streets of the great cities, the petty bourgeois, the riff-raff, the *declassé* of all kinds. Again other votaries of the mass become quite indignant over this definition and explain that only the politically or economically organized workers, or those capable of organization, constitute "the mass." But if we proceed to the question: "What is Mass Action?" we receive in reply a confusion worse confounded. One understands by it street demonstrations consisting of orderly processions. Another has turbulent street riots in mind. Still another means the general strike, and yet another characterizes every great strike as a Mass Action, especially if it was begun against the will of the leaders. For many the concept of mass action coincides with that of "direct action," that is to say, a movement aimed "directly" against the exploiters without the interposition of intermediate persons.

Now how is clarity to be brought out of this confusion? What is "mass action," and what part does it play in the proletarian movement? To answer this question it is necessary to go back somewhat into the history of proletarian class struggles.

II.

When, first in England, then on the European continent, and finally also in America, capitalism gained supremacy, it revolutionized the entire social life. The workers whom it drew into its factories came in part from the country, in part were ruined artisans and members of other popular strata. Hence, in the beginning the real factory proletariat was anything but homogeneous; for all these elements crowding together into the workshop brought with them remnants of their former world of ideas. But from the very beginning these factory proletarians did not stand alone in the struggle against the capitalist employers. With them were associated the impoverished but still "independent" artisans and domestic workers, strata with interests and points of view that very often differed from those of the factory proletarians. Hence, it was only natural that the first attempts of the workers to defend themselves from the tyranny of the capitalist economic system assumed an uncertain, groping and vascillating character. The men who rose to be the intellectual leaders of these movements came largely from petty bourgeois environments and their efforts were usually

directed toward re-creating conditions under which every producer would control his own means of production and enjoy the full product of his labor. Their ideal was essentially petty bourgeois, and was to be attained principally by means of cooperative societies and credit associations.

But this set of ideas was for the most part confined to comparatively small circles. The great mass of the exploited were filled with wrath over the existing conditions, hated the exploiters and hoped for a better future, but they cared very little about the various prescriptions of the social quacks. In France the dissensions between the Saint Simonists, the Fourierists, Louis Blanc, Proudhon, the followers of Cabet and the Christian Socialists, were almost incomprehensible to the great mass of wage-workers and artisans; they were the affairs of narrow circles, usually of intellectuals. And even in the far more clearly defined proletarian movement of the Chartists the number of workers who were really interested in the theoretical conceptions of Owen, O'Brien, Hodgskin, Bray, etc., was very small indeed.

Each of these sects or schools endeavored to perfect its system and to bring it to realization, chiefly with the aid of those members of the bourgeoisie who had been won over to the system; in this way happiness for the great mass was to be brought about. The mass itself was considered as an important factor in the revolution that was to assist the school in question to the attainment of power; but it still remained the dull "mass" in contrast to the enlightened leaders. This system of ideas found its clearest political expression in the secret conspirative societies of France during the thirties, and in Blanquism, which evolved from these.

These small bands of determined men, belonging for the most part to the petty bourgeoisie and to the proletariat, were to sweep the great, dull mass with them into revolutionary deeds. In this way the men in whom they had confidence would be placed in control of the power of the State and would thus be in a position to inaugurate the reign of justice and peace.

Hence, the great mass was given here the part of a mere tool. It was the herd that must permit itself to be guided by the wise leaders, and which itself was incapable of appreciating what was to its advantage.

But it was not only in respect to political action that the lack of an agitation embracing the great masses and the weakness of the organizations found expression in Blanquism—the theory

of the necessary supremacy of the determined majority over the obtuse masses. On the economic field the same cause led to quite similar phenomena, and here too it was France, the land of impulsive movements and weakest organizations, that found the corresponding ideological expression to represent as the emblem of strength that which was merely the symptom of weakness, namely, Syndicalism. Too weak to combine the great proletarian masses into closely knit organizations, the French labor union leaders proudly announced that this was by no means necessary. The real revolutionary strength does not lie in the great dull mass, but in the determined minorities. By the same argument it was sought to justify the absurd system of representation in the Confederation of Labor, under which the smallest labor union has the same number of votes as the strongest. The mass is not to decide, but the revolutionary energy and determination of chosen spirits.

But in this contempt for the mass the paths of revolutionary Syndicalism meet those of the narrowest pure-and-simple trade unionism. Where narrow circles of highly skilled workers had organized into compact and severely exclusive unions, the members of these aristocratic labor clubs looked down with contempt and disdain upon the great mass of the unskilled and unorganized, especially so long as their policy of the closed shop met with success, that is to say, so long as they were successful in securing monopoly prices for their own labor-power. The guild spirit rose up in new forms.

III.

But all these forms of the political and economic struggle, which regarded the masses as merely a tractable herd, were by no means adequate to the new demands made by the proletarian class struggle. To-day no rational man believes in the conquest of political power by a bold and sudden stroke, and on the economic field the conviction has taken firm root everywhere that the organizations cannot be limited to rigidly defined minorities, but must comprise the greatest possible number of workers, including the unskilled. Even in England and America the narrow policy of the old trade unionism is being forced further and further to the rear, and new and more effective forms of organization, which also embrace the great masses of the unskilled, are coming to the front.

But the leaders of those political sects and economic guilds were doomed to sad disappointment when they believed that the

masses would without much ado allow themselves to be swayed and guided by them. Often enough the result proved the contrary. The mass obeyed its own laws.

We have seen above that this "mass" was composed of very diverse constituents, varying with time and place. Hence, in each particular case it was almost impossible to determine in advance what elements would predominate in the mass. But how it acted obviously depended upon that. For example, if the artisans, murderously exploited by capital but still in possession of their means of production, assumed the leadership, the action of this mass would very likely result quite differently from another case in which, say, former peasants and agricultural laborers who now toiled in the factories were the determining factor. In the former case the aim of this mass action might be the introduction of "qualification certificates" for manufacturers or some other guild-like restriction upon the capitalist employers; in the second case, perhaps, a legal limitation of the working day.

But in spite of all these deviations these actions of the great unorganized masses still usually had one thing in common—they were the expression of the striving of the enslaved and exploited for emancipation and independence. While among the leaders all sorts of individual opinions, desires, passions and feelings appeared, and their petty-bourgeois character was often plainly manifest, all these peculiarities of the individual vanished in the mass. The result was that only that remained which was common to all, the striving to shake off the chains of capitalist slavery. And this striving was much less easy to check or to mislead by promises and bribes, especially by the praise of the bourgeois press for "wise moderation," "statesmanlike discretion," etc., than was only too often the case with the leaders.

Hence not infrequently the mass was in the right as against the "leaders," who became absorbed in the game of political and labor union diplomacy and gave heed to the bourgeois press, and thereby it seemed to justify the beliefs of those priests of the new god, "the Mass," who ascribed to it an infallible instinct and an unerring certainty of action.

But to-day developments have passed far beyond this complete contrast between the leading conscious minorities and the great mass guided only by infallible instinct. The example of the German political organizations and labor unions shows that it is entirely possible for the mass to become the fully conscious and independent factor which chooses those leaders who rep-

resent its views and pursue its aims, certainly not in constant and slavish dependence upon every change of opinion in the mass, which is by no means infallible, but with the firm consciousness of full responsibility to this mass, their principal.

How far the Social-Democratic party and the labor unions in Germany have succeeded in approaching this ideal can be most clearly shown by a comparison of the French and German fighting methods, of which I will speak in two following articles

Story of the Putumayo Atrocities

By W. E. HARDENBURG

II.

The First Exposure

The system, devised by the astute brain of Julio C. Arana, was working well. Year by year, the production of rubber in the Putumayo district increased, and year by year, the stream of gold pouring into the coffers of the Arana Company grew larger and larger. That the commercial instincts of Arana, as to the enormous profits that could be wrung from the toil of the unfortunate Indians of the Putumayo, had not led him astray, may be judged from the following table, which is compiled from the official returns of the Iquitos Custom House:

YEAR	KILOS. OF RUBBER
1900.....	15,863
1901.....	54,180
1902.....	123,210
1903.....	201,656
1904.....	343,499
1905.....	470,592
1906.....	644,897

As a kilogram is roughly equivalent to two pounds and as the minimum price during this period was not less than \$1.50 per pound, the enormous profits realized by the Arana Company from the forced labor of the Putumayo Indians can be easily calculated.

And under the magic wand of wealth, Julio Arana, the quondam peddler, the erstwhile bare-footed vendor of Panama hats, quickly became a "gentleman." Under its polishing and

refining influence, he soon accustomed himself to boots and the other conventionalities of contemporary society. Grinding under his calloused heel the helpless Indians of the Putumayo forests, upon their bleeding backs he mounted the swaying pyramid of capitalism, there to take his seat along with the other vampires who feed upon the blood and sweat and tears of the world's workers.

But silently, imperceptibly, unknowingly, the forces of humanity and social justice were awakening. Little did Julio C. Arana realize, when he took ship for Europe in 1906 to revel there on the product of the Indians' tortured toil, that the seeds of his exposure were already being sown. For it was in that year that Benjamin Saldana Rocca, a Peruvian journalist of Socialist sympathies, left his home in Lima and settled in Iquitos.

During the first year or so of his stay there, Saldana was employed in an actuary's office. In the course of his employment he became acquainted with several former employes of the Arana Company, who had themselves, in many cases, been persecuted and tortured by the Company's officials because they would not murder, flog and mutilate Indians for the benefit of the Arana gang. These men revealed to Saldana the system of rubber collection in vogue in the Putumayo and pointed out its inevitable results.

Imbued with a Socialist's hatred of oppression, urged on by an irresistible desire to serve humanity, the great soul of Benjamin Saldana Rocca rose in revolt. Single-handed, he pitted himself, a lone proletarian, against the Arana Company and its millions, together with the crooked and corrupt officials of Iquitos and the great business interests of the Peruvian Amazon which at once lined themselves up with the oppressors.

Having secured a vast number of sworn statements from eye-witnesses of many of these tragedies of the Putumayo, Saldana purchased a small printing plant and began publishing *La Sancion*, a small, four-page daily. Later, he also started *La Felpa*, a small weekly. Both of these papers were devoted almost exclusively to the Putumayo atrocities.

Below are given a few extracts from these periodicals, which show how the great profits of the Arana Company were obtained. The following is a standing notice that was kept in both papers in an endeavor to deter applicants for jobs:

"NOTICE is hereby given to persons who intend going to the

rubber possessions of the Arana Company in the Putumayo, not to do so for the following reasons:

"1.—Everything is sold there at about four times the prices here. 2.—The food consists of beans, without salt or lard, and the contents of one tin of sardines for each twenty persons; generally only boiled *airambo* is supplied, especially when they go out on *correrias*—that is, wholesale slaughter of Indians. 3.—The Company does not pay salary balances in full; they steal part of them and sometimes the whole amount. 4.—They do not permit their employes to come here except when the chiefs please. 5.—They beat, put in stocks, club and even murder employes who do not obey the chiefs in every particular, and, what is even worse, 6.—they teach them to be murderers, to flog, to burn Indians, to mutilate them—that is, to cut off their fingers, arms, ears, legs, etc.

"As is evident, it is a horror to go to the Putumayo. I should prefer to go to hell. If anyone thinks that I am trying to deceive him, let him come to the office of *La Sancion* and I will give him details and, at the same time, show him authentic documents, proving the truth of my assertions. Do not forget, see me before going to the Putumayo. I do this for the sake of humanity and to save many from crime. The Putumayo is a school of the most refined and barbarous crimes! Honest men avoid the Putumayo!"

Every week, under the grim heading, "The Wave of Blood," Saldana would publish one of his affidavits, reciting the crimes the writer of the statement had actually witnessed. Needless to say, all these have since been proven up to the hilt by independent evidence, as will be shown in succeeding articles. The following is an extract from a statement by Juan C. Castanos, which appeared in *La Sancion* of Aug. 26, 1907:

"Then Pinedo took the woman and wounded her with a bullet; the woman begged and cried. She grasped a pole driven into the ground; to make her release it, they cut her and cut her hands off. Fonseca then took a club, knocked her senseless and then they killed her. Everything over, they ridiculed me because I retired, unable to witness such cruelties."

This is an affidavit by Anacleto Portocarrera, which appeared in *La Sancion* of Aug. 29, 1907.

"When Fonseca returned from the *correria* and went to his house, Victoria, one of his nine concubines, was accused of having had relations with a man whose name escapes me. Well, Fonseca, enraged, caught Victoria, tied her up to a tree by her

opened arms, backwards. Raising her skirt to her neck, he, in person, began to flog her with an enormous lash and continued until he was exhausted. The punishment concluded, he put her in a hammock inside a rubber deposit and, as she received no medical treatment, in a few days maggots made their appearance; then by his orders the Indian girl was dragged out and killed. Luis Silva, a Brazilian negro, who is at present in the section of Union, is the man who executed this order."

The following statement by a British subject employed in the Putumayo was printed in English in an attempt to move the numerous foreign merchants of Iquitos. It was, however, of no avail:

"These defenseless Indians are treated in a manner that would offend your sense of decency if I attempted to describe it. You would not believe that I saw women burned alive, with sacks, wet with kerosene, wrapped around their legs, which were kept afire until the poor women died in fearful agony. Children they do not spare, for to make them declare the whereabouts of their father, they torture them, cutting off their fingers one by one. Then they follow with their hands and feet, leaving them dying in the road.

"In the section where I was for four months, presided over by a human brute called Norman, I became so accustomed to these brutalities that anything less than burning an Indian did not excite my interest. . . . The culpability of these horrors will always rest with the house of Arana and Company. . . ."

The following affidavit is translated from *La Felpa* of Jan. 5, 1908:

"Afterwards, I served in Matanzas under the orders of Norman for the space of one month and five days. In this time I saw ten Indians killed and burned. Three hundred were flogged, who died slowly, for their wounds are not treated, and when they are full of maggots, they kill them with guns and machetes and afterward burn some of them. Others are thrown aside and, as they rot, emit an insupportable odor. This section stinks so at times that it is impossible to remain here on account of the rotting flesh of the dead and dying Indians.

"Every Indian is obliged to deliver to the company, every three months, sixty kilos of rubber, and in payment they are given a knife or a small mirror, worth twenty centavos, or a harmonium or a string of beads weighing an ounce. To those who deliver five hundred kilos or bind themselves to do so, they

give a shot gun of the value of fifteen *soles*. The Indians are never given food; they themselves furnish it. To those who do not deliver the sixty kilos every three months—a part of which must be ready every ten days—and to those who lack half a kilo, fifty or a hundred lashes are applied.”

The following is an extract from the statement of Juan Vela, which was published in *La Sancion* of Sept. 30, 1907:

“Afterwards, I witnessed the murder of Justino Hernandez. Louis Alcorta had exchanged some words with Hernandez and, not accepting the latter’s invitation to thrash him, went upstairs and came down with Suarez, both armed. They then let fly at poor Hernandez, who had been shut up in a room by his friends. They discharged some thirty or forty rifle and revolver bullets at him, at last wounding him with many balls. When on the point of dying, he struggled to Alcorta, whose revolver was empty, and gave him a blow with his unloaded carbine on the head; then he fell to the ground in his death agonies, and Suarez and the negro, Aguilar, finished him with bullets in the head. In this way terminated this sanguinary drama. The superintendent, Loayza, punished nobody.”

There is nothing to be gained by duplicating these statements. Their substantial accuracy is now conceded even by Arana himself. They show clearly the results of the hellish system that Saldana was exposing. And one would think that such charges, appearing daily in a widely-circulated newspaper, would have some result—would, at least, force a perfunctory investigation.

But the authorities practically ignored these accusations. The Prosecuting Attorney did, it is said, finally prepare an indictment, but there the matter ended—in a pigeon-hole. And during the eight months that Saldana published his papers in Iquitos, the authorities, from first to last, far from rendering him any assistance, opposed him at every step.

In addition to the newspaper exposures, Saldana, seeing that the authorities were doing absolutely nothing with the information he was supplying, finally himself drew up a *denuncia*—a detailed information, which he personally laid before these dispensers of “justice” and which he, at the same time, published in *La Sancion*. This document, undoubtedly one of the most shocking ever known in the annals of jurisprudence, was filed and pigeon-holed and—the atrocities still continued with impunity, and the blood-stained profits still poured in!

As to the Arana gang, they were but little disturbed by Saldana’s exposures. By means of their subsidized press, they denounced Saldana as an agitator and accused him of having tried to blackmail them. This and a transparent denial of the charges on the part of some of the chiefs of sections was the only reply they made. They were not worried. Why should they be? They knew they were safe. They had nothing to fear, for did they not hold in the hollow of their hands the puny officials who conducted the affairs of government in their interest?

Not daring, however, to take libel proceedings against Saldana, they nevertheless soon secured his downfall. All they did was to pass the word to their apologists and to the other interests to refuse to advertise in or subscribe for his papers. This was sufficient to bring about the desired result, for while many workers bought the papers eagerly, the lack of advertising matter and the diminished circulation resulted in each issue being published at a loss. As Saldana’s capital was limited, he soon had to yield, and the papers were both suspended in February of 1908.

Here, once more, was illustrated the frequently observed solidarity of the international capitalist class. In Iquitos there were numerous foreign firms doing business—English, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Jewish, in short, profit-grabbers from all lands and of all religions. And what was their attitude—these educated and civilized white men, of Christian ideals and Christian morals? Did they support Saldana in his titanic struggle, help him, sympathize with him?

No, not a bit of it! The Arana Company passed the word: “This agitator, this trouble-maker, must be shut up. He’s bad for business.” And, with one accord, they all shunned, ignored and ridiculed him, some because they knew that their own practices would not bear investigation, others from fear of offending the Arana Company or other large firms, and others from mere indifference brought on by constant familiarity with more or less similar reports.

His savings for years sacrificed in a vain attempt to serve suffering humanity, Saldana’s voice, ever raised in behalf of the poor and the oppressed, was silenced at last. But his great work will not be forgotten, for when the vast army of the world’s workers throw off the shackles of Capitalism and stand

erect—free men—the name of Benjamin Saldana Rocca will long be remembered as that of a faithful soldier of the Common Weal.

(To be continued.)

Persecution of the Poles In Prussia

By J. KARSKI (Berlin).

A recent debate in the German Reichstag reminded the world anew of the tragedy of the Polish people; the subject of the debate was the infamous policy pursued by the Prussian government in regard to the Poles.

In order that the matter may be understood, the history of the disruption of the Polish nation must be briefly recalled.

In the middle of the seventeenth century Poland was, next to Russia, the greatest state in Europe. As in the other countries of the continent, the nobility of Poland had seized the control of the country, and the peasantry was reduced to absolute servitude. But Poland was bounded on the East by extended territories the population of which was on a lower plane of civilization, and it was an easy matter for the Polish nobility to subject and to tyrannize over these regions—Lithuania, White Russia, Podolia, the Ukraine. The nobility "colonized" these lands by reducing the native population to serfdom and at the same time introducing Polish peasants and forcing them to statute labor. The virgin lands of the steppes bore rich fruit, and Poland became the "granary of Europe," exporting immense quantities of grain, cattle, wood and wool. The wealth of some of the noble families became colossal. These families then seized the political power also and established an oligarchy. The state took on the strange form of a republic with a king at its head, elected for life. The legislation was placed by law in the hands of the nobility as a whole, which met regularly to transact the business of the state; but in fact a small number of magnates ruled, because the great mass of the smaller nobility was economically dependent upon them. However, it was to the interest of these magnates that the power of the state should not be

augmented, and they particularly opposed the establishment of a standing army, because with its support the king would have become the actual ruler. If danger threatened, from Russia or Turkey for instance, the mounted troops of the nobility took the field, but there was no standing army. Thus in 1663, when the Turks besieged Vienna, King Jan Sobieski led 40,000 cavalry to the aid of the Austrian emperor and defeated the Turks. This aristocratic republic could maintain itself in this manner as long as its neighbors were weak. But when in the eighteenth century Austria and Prussia became powerful military states, and when Russia also, under the rule of Peter the Great, rapidly became a despotically governed military state, Poland found herself an almost defenceless state between neighbors of superior strength. Then the squadrons of the levies of the nobility counted for little against modern armies of perfectly trained troops. These three neighbors now pressed upon Poland from every side. The only means of salvation would have been to call the Polish people to the defense of the realm. But that the nobility would not permit. They feared that the peasants' weapons would be turned against themselves and that the king, supported by the armed peasantry, would put an end to the arbitrary rule of the nobility. In order to maintain their absolute rule over the peasants, the nobility exposed the country to the danger of losing its independence.

Therefore the inevitable happened. Fredrick II, King of Prussia, who had long waged war with Russia and Austria, concluded peace with those states and joined with them in a predatory raid upon Poland. Thus in 1772 took place the first partition of Poland; the three governments annexed the provinces of Poland which were adjacent to themselves, and the Polish state was greatly diminished. In vain a small contingent of patriotic Poles sought to save at least what remained of the fatherland by means of reforms that would enable it to put up an effective defense and prevent further spoliation. The reforms were frustrated by the governments of the robber states, and this was done all the more easily since the magnates betrayed their country and shamelessly sold themselves to the enemy.

After Austria and Prussia had been defeated by the revolutionary armies of France, they concluded to indemnify themselves at Poland's expense, came to an understanding with Russia to this end, and in 1793 effected the new spoliation, the second partition of Poland. The Poles rushed to arms. Thaddeus Kosciusko, who had learned the art of war in the American Rev-

olution, was given the supreme command. But the nobility even then refused to avail itself of the only possible means of saving the fatherland, namely, calling the whole population to arms. Only if the war had been conducted with revolutionary means, only if serfdom had been abolished and the peasants freed, could the Polish people have prevented the second partition of their country. But the nobility would not consent, and Poland fell, a victim of the class interests of the nobility. Kosciusko's army was defeated. In 1795 the three powers undertook the third partition of Poland. Then came the Napoleonic wars and with them the possibility of the restoration of Poland. But when Napoleon was overthrown, Europe was divided anew, and at the Congress of Vienna in 1815 the robbery committed upon Poland was finally confirmed. Since then the Polish people has been divided into three parts—one under Russian, another under Austrian, and the third under Prussian rule.

We shall deal here with this last portion and with the national persecutions by the Prussian government to which the Poles have been subjected.

During the first few decades of its rule the Prussian government sought to win over the Polish nobility. It permitted a limited autonomy to exist in the Polish provinces and the Polish nobles were eligible to government offices and military appointments. When the emancipation of the serfs throughout Prussia took place, the nobility in these provinces were treated with special tenderness. The peasants received only a small portion of the land and were under obligation to pay enormous sums to the landlords. To this must be added the fact that economically these landlords were in a very advantageous position, because in the first half of the nineteenth century there were exported from these Polish provinces, as in general from the eastern portion of the Prussian monarchy, high-priced agricultural products, which went to the western portion and even abroad, especially to England, Holland and Belgium. Under these circumstances the Polish nobility under Prussian rule abandoned all plans for national independence. In Russian Poland the nobility in 1830 and 1863 organized armed uprisings in their struggle against alien rule, but in Prussian Poland calm prevailed.

The bourgeoisie was the more easily reconciled with Prussian rule since nationally it was greatly mixed. Even before the fall of the Polish state there were many Germans in the cities of these provinces. The explanation is very simple: since the peasants lived in servitude, were absolutely subject to the landed

nobility and were chained fast to the soil, there was no movement of population from the country to the cities. On the other hand, swarms of artisans and merchants were constantly arriving from Germany and settling in the Polish cities. This immigration was especially strong during the Thirty-Years' War, when the German cities suffered greatly. It was naturally the western cities, those close to Germany, that received the majority of these immigrants. We might name Posen, Gnesen (Danzig), Bromberg and Thorn. When these cities came under Prussian rule the German portion of the bourgeoisie was naturally treated with especial favor and soon it appeared as if these cities were completely German.

Hence the Prussian government had an easy task as far as the upper classes were concerned: nobility and bourgeoisie underwent a rapid Germanization and made no resistance to the new rule. On the contrary, the peasantry and agricultural laborers remained Polish. But these masses lived on in stupid indifference and took no interest in public life. The peasant and the agricultural laborer were Poles without knowing it, so to speak. They spoke Polish because that was the tongue of their fathers, they preserved Polish customs because they knew no others.

But then in the seventies of the last century something occurred which brought these Polish masses into conscious antagonism to the Prussian government. After the establishment of the German Empire there broke out a conflict between the government and the Catholic church, the so-called "Kulturkampf"; the Catholic clergy were subjected to persecution and chicanery. Since the Poles are Catholic, and since in the minds of the people Polish and Catholic, German and Protestant are synonymous, the persecution of the Catholic church soon assumed in the eyes of the popular masses of Poland the character of a national persecution. The clergy were naturally sly enough to support these ideas and they gained fanatical adherents thereby. This outburst of a Polish-Catholic movement aroused the wrath of the Chancellor, Bismarck, and then began a policy of furious national persecution. The Polish language was no longer permitted to be used anywhere. The authorities and the courts were not allowed to use the national language in dealing with the Polish population, the names of Polish localities were changed. One of the most barbarous acts was the sudden expulsion from Prussia of those Poles who were not Prussian subjects. In the border provinces lived many thousands of Poles

who were Austrian and Russian subjects. In 1885 they suddenly received an order to leave Prussian territory within twenty-four hours, and those who did not go voluntarily were taken by force to the frontier. It meant material ruin for many thousands of families.

But the most shameful blot upon this policy of oppression is the persecution of the school children. Since 1887 the Polish language has not been allowed in the schools and whoever is bold enough to instruct children other than his own in the reading and writing of Polish runs the risk of being thrown into prison. An exception was made of religious education, which is given in Polish, although in the last few years the government has sought to introduce the German tongue there also. The children, who regarded that as an attack upon religion, refused to say their prayers in German and were cruelly punished by their teachers. In some localities this was even the occasion of bloody conflicts: the fathers and mothers of the punished children protested publicly against the teachers, the protestants were attacked by the police, blood flowed, many were imprisoned, and cruel punishments were imposed. Thus the Prussian government itself is making the Polish school children martyrs of the national cause.

Finally the Prussian government transferred to the economic field its attack upon the political nationality. At the prompting of the Prussian Junkers (country squires) located in the Polish provinces, Bismarck formed the plan of buying the land from the Poles and settling German farmers upon this land. In 1886 the "Ansiedlungskommission" (Settlement Commission) was created for this purpose. One hundred million marks of national funds were placed at its disposal for the purchase of the lands of Polish owners. The matter was thought to be very simple, those formulating the plan counting upon selling the purchased land to German farmers and again buying Polish properties with the money thus obtained. But the event proved otherwise. The German farmers, who emigrated from the provinces, could not adapt themselves to the agricultural methods and did not prosper. The government was obliged to help them. They then received the land under special conditions: they were only required to make small payments and to pay a low annual rental, they were assisted in every possible way by the state, houses were built for them at low prices, and cattle and agricultural implements were furnished them. In this way the one hundred

million marks were soon expended and additional sums were appropriated. Up to the present a round seven hundred and forty million marks have been expended in this way. With this money 395,000 hectares (1 hectare equals 2.47 acres) of land have been bought, which amounts to about 7.2 per cent of the area of the two Polish provinces of Posen and West Prussia. An undivided portion of this land is still in the possession of the government, upon another portion 19,570 German farmers have settled up to this time. If five persons are counted to each family, the number of persons would be 97,850. Since the population of the two provinces numbers about two million, it is obvious that the purpose of augmenting the German element has not been accomplished. Nor did the "buying off" of the Poles amount to anything. Only a small portion of the land was bought from Poles, nearly 72 per cent. of the area was purchased from German owners. This came about as follows: The government was obliged to pay very high prices for the land, and so the German Junkers saw that it was "good business" and were willing to be bought out. The government was agreeable and for years it has been buying from Germans.*

But these purchases of land by the government have had very grave social and economic consequences. First of all the price of land has been forced to a very high level—in 1886 the government paid 586 marks a hectare for the land, in 1911 it paid 1,354 marks. But the prices throughout the entire country were artificially raised thereby, and it is to be feared that this must in the future lead to a serious crisis.

But this policy reached the height of infamy in the persecution of the Polish peasants. The latter bought land from the great land-owners out of their own resources by forming cooperative associations. But the government tricked them in unheard of fashion. They were forbidden to build houses on the lands purchased. Even if a Polish peasant wishes to build a stable to live in, he is punished. A famous case is that of the peasant, Drzymala by name, who, when he was forbidden to

* It is interesting to learn how these German Junkers came into the Polish provinces. When the rape committed upon Poland had been completed, the numerous estates which were in the possession of the Polish State and of the Church were presented to favorites and mistresses of the Prussian king, or else were sold for a song. In addition, a portion of the Polish nobility had been ruined by the war and their estates were bought up by all sorts of questionable speculators using all kinds of trickery. Hence, a hundred years ago the Polish land was bestowed lavishly upon a mob of courtiers and to-day the government is paying the descendants of that rabble high prices for the land. And this is called "national policy."

build a house on his land, bought a cart, such as is used by traveling comedians, and lived in it. The government desired to drive him out, and the result was protracted litigation through all the courts.

The last act in this policy of persecution was the passing of a new law according to which Polish peasants can be forced to sell their lands to the "settlement commission." Thus the property right of the Poles is abolished so that their land may be wrested from them. This is a violation of the constitution, an act of sheer violence.

But this insane policy of persecution has not resulted in the weakening, but in the strengthening of the Polish nationality. According to the law that pressure creates counter-pressure, all the persecutions have only brought it about that the masses of the Polish people have become filled with fierce hatred for the Prussian government and are holding all the more stubbornly to their nationality.

It is also of special interest to note a tendency of the Polish element to press into the cities. This is very easily explained: the cities grow, as everywhere, at the expense of the country districts and new masses are constantly pressing into the city from the country. Formerly, as stated above, the cities in Poland had many German inhabitants, but in the last few decades the incoming stream is Polish, because the villages which furnish the men are Polish. While in the villages these men were politically indifferent, in the city they read newspapers, join the unions, take part in public life and become for the first time really conscious of their nationality. That is a social process which proceeds irresistibly. Hence matters are shaping themselves in this way: the Prussian government wishes a forcible "Germanization" by artificial means, but social evolution is quite naturally effecting a "Polonization." Hence we can be sure that the Prussian government will never accomplish its purpose, will never succeed in depriving of their nationality the Poles, who look back upon a thousand years of culture.

However, there can be no doubt that this struggle over nationality is very harmful to the Poles, and to the Germans as well. The German and the Polish bourgeoisie are trying to persuade the masses of workers that all social antagonisms must be put aside in view of the struggle for "national interests." And, in fact, they have temporarily succeeded in checking the progress of Socialism in these provinces, inflaming the Polish and the German workers against each other, and retaining them

in the camp of the bourgeoisie. Directly also the working class is being injured in its fight for better living conditions. Since the acquisition of land is made difficult for the Polish agricultural laborers, the process of proletarianization is accelerated. Hence the emigration of the Polish peasant population increases, for the men must seek bread by going into the factories and mines. Then we also see hundreds of thousands of Polish workers settling in the German provinces, especially in the industrial Rhenish and Westphalian districts, that is, in purely German regions. The driving of the Poles from the land increases greatly the industrial reserve army and thereby makes the wage struggle more difficult. Therefore the Social-Democracy of Germany is combatting this policy of persecution, not only for reasons of justice and fairness, but also because of the plain class interests of the workers. But the Polish workers are coming to recognize more and more the selfish policy of the Polish bourgeoisie. Slowly but surely the idea is making headway that the struggle for Socialism is at the same time the sole means to prevent national oppression and persecution.

The I. W. W.—Insurrection or Revolution*

By WALTER LIPPMANN

It requires a happy combination of virtues to write a book about the I. W. W. There must be, to begin with, the speed of journalism, for the I. W. W. changes faster than most men can think. Yet a nose for news is not enough. Another talent is needed, a talent as yet unnamed, because it is just beginning to appear in our thinking. It is the ability to be wise at the event, not after it; to be realistic and not romantic in the present. That is not easy. In fact, it never occurred to most of our ancestors living and dead. Confronted with a novelty, they did the laziest thing they could think of; they called it a catastrophe engineered by the Devil. We who are young and revolutionary get no end of comfort, irony and rhetoric out of that stupidity of ancestors. Upon it we erect what might be called the martyr argument.

*AMERICAN SYNDICALISM: THE I. W. W., by John Graham Brooks. The Macmillan Company.

You know how it runs: "Jesus was crucified, Darwin was denounced, Marx was pursued, Wagner was criticized, Manet was rejected. . . . The world has always rejected its great men, cursed its great movements, therefore whatever is rejected to-day will become the cornerstone of a future society." Now, it was bad to see the Devil in the newest things; it is more genial, but no more helpful, to see the Messiah in the latest event. Both are a shirking of thought. The really difficult feat, the really valuable one, is to do what Mr. Brooks has done in this little book: to seize a living force and describe its life, to place it in a world panorama, to understand its inner drive, to be friendly and yet critical, to be unterrified and decisive. It is a task that no tyro and no pedant can accomplish. It is a very highly skilled form of social observation.

Mr. Brooks has a wide knowledge of social movements all over the world. Nothing would have been easier for him to do than to take the I. W. W. apart and show that what it proposes as a solution for poverty and the class war is a seething mass of economic ignorance. He could then dismiss the I. W. W., leaving it for dead. But he is too much of a statesman for that; he knows that a fighting force doesn't die because it talks nonsense; he knows there is power in the I. W. W.; he knows that it comes from a real need and gropes toward a real end, and he proposes to treat with it, not simply to denounce it, or sing the Marseillaise about it.

The most fundamental criticism which a reading of this book and observation of the I. W. W. in action suggests, is this: The I. W. W. is a rebellion and not a revolution; it is a revolt against capitalism without an understanding of how capitalism is to be changed. This is no idle paradox. The I. W. W. stands for the private ownership of capital; it stands for the private appropriation of rent, interest and profits. Haywood stands for private capital; Giovannitti does; all the I. W. W.'s do, when they are not thoroughly informed Socialists. I don't for a moment think they mean to stand for private property in the means of production; their intention is to abolish it root and branch. But when Haywood talks about the textile mills for the textile workers, when Odon Por cries, "The Railways for the Railwaymen," when the silk strikers in Paterson say that they should own the silk mills, they are simply urging the creation of a large number of workmen-capitalists. Let the miners own the mines; they will take economic rent and make profits like any group of share-

holders. It is not possible to insist upon this too strongly. Every proposal of this kind is based on ignorance of the A B C of Socialist economics, and out of it arises no end of confusion in the Socialist movement.

It produces hostility to the idea of a democratic state. I have heard even members of the Socialist party maintain with entire seriousness that the state will disappear. The notion seems to be that the workers in each industry will be a self-governing group; that only those engaged in the technical work of production are to be allowed to have any say in the conduct of an industry. Now, in a Socialist paper it ought not to be necessary to point out that this is the most unsocialistic suggestion it would be possible to make. Let those actually in an industry own it and operate it to suit themselves, they will exploit the consumer with high prices just as any other group of private capitalists would. Let anyone who believes in the "Railways for the Railwaymen" ask himself this question: How are the rest of us to prevent the railwaymen from using the power of this monopoly to charge all the traffic will bear?

Obviously, if we are to abolish profit-taking, we must abolish the private capitalist, and the only way to do that is to place the ownership of capital in the hands of the consumer. That, as I understand it, is Socialism. There are some industries, the basic ones, in which everyone is a consumer. They must be run by the government, which is the instrument of all the consumers in a particular geographical district. There are other industries, which appeal only to a group of consumers. I refer to the more personal, differentiated ones, such as publishing, dressmaking, luxuries and knickknacks. These might well be conducted as consumers' co-operatives. Then, no doubt, there are inessential businesses which supply a scattering and specialized demand, or new ventures, which can safely be left for a time at least to private profit. Nobody in his senses expects the Socialist state to run an artistic studio, for example. But in all the fundamental industries, mining, transportation, essential manufacture, in all the industries where the welfare of everyone is at stake the ultimate sovereignty must be in the hands of all the people.

For practical purposes "all the people" are the democratic state. So instead of disappearing, the state will increase its functions. I feel as if I ought to ask pardon for daring in a paper like the NEW REVIEW to repeat these kindergarten principles. But the fact is that the influence of the I. W. W. and "Syndicalism" in general has made no end of Socialists lose their bearings.

Now, if you ask yourself why this has happened, the answer is not so easy. In all probability the reason is in an emotional reaction against the modern state. The state means the policeman to these people, and they hate it. They want to abolish the policeman, and they imagine that means abolishing the state. They forget entirely the useful activities of the state,—its schools and public works and health activities.

But it's a childish piece of petulance. For the state is the instrument we Socialists shall have to use, use with a skill beyond anything known to-day. And nothing is gained by teaching people to ignore the state. Without it we shall be helpless. All the labor organizations in the world, all the strikes and class struggles will be of no use, if we have no instrument for administering the industry we hope to socialize.

The I. W. W. in turning its back upon political democracy, in urging workingmen to ignore the state, is miseducating its followers. It is telling them to throw away the instrument essential to any co-operative commonwealth.

For the class struggle is at its best nothing but a means to Socialism. The I. W. W., it seems to me, has come to regard it as the whole of Socialism. That is what justifies the charge of critics like Mr. Brooks, that the I. W. W. lacks a constructive program. Fighting is all very well, if you know what you are fighting for. But fighting by itself will build no Socialist state. Fighting will not create the commonwealth we desire. Fighting without a program of reconstruction is an insurrection, not a revolution.

What the I. W. W. lacks is a realization of what it will mean to change industry through and through. It is in rebellion against industry to-day, and all honor to it for that. But it has no claim to leadership in the work of revolutionizing industry. For when the I. W. W. program gets stated, it is nothing but some modified capitalism, like the "Railways for the Railwaymen."

The Socialist state will require a degree of intelligence and a capacity for citizenship much greater than any we have in this country to-day. From the Socialist point of view, movements are good or bad in so far as they train men for the work of the Socialist state. Whatever gives an understanding of the realities of industries, whatever builds up co-operative intelligence, whatever organizes social feeling for a social purpose, is genuine Socialist activity.

The I. W. W. is doing some of that work. It has appealed to workers who had been forgotten, it has put hope into those who had none before. It has tapped a level of labor that most of us had ignored. It has practiced actual solidarity. And for that, admiration need not be stinted. Whatever may be said against the I. W. W., it has, I believe, amply justified its existence.

I am writing not as a hostile critic, but as a friend and a comrade. Some people have said: "Oh, yes; the I. W. W. is crude, it lacks an intelligent program of reconstruction, it fails to do this and that. But we had better keep quiet about it, for it will learn better in time." Well, that seems to me an unnecessary piece of condescension. The I. W. W. is weathering bitter attack, it can stand honest criticism. No one is called upon to treat the I. W. W. as a crowd of children, who will outgrow their folly. What seems to us folly should be called folly. That need prevent no man from supporting the I. W. W. in its most useful work.

But that usefulness will be very limited if the I. W. W. continues to put all its hope in strikes. It is utterly inconceivable that anything so complex as the Socialist state should be created by trying to starve out the capitalists. Suppose that the workers could win, suppose that the General Strike could take place, suppose a triumphant I. W. W. brought modern society to its knees. All that might happen. The workers might seize the factories. I, for one, have not the slightest hope that a sheer conquest of power can produce the infinitely delicate adjustments or solve the enormous administrative problems of the Socialist state. For strikes and warfare develop the virtues of warfare; they are poor training for the tasks of civilization. Such a conquest of power would leave in existence a sullen, hostile, expropriated group of people,—men shrewder and more worldly than the victorious I. W. W. They would not acquiesce in the sudden, violent brotherhood of man. They'd fight, they'd intrigue, they'd practice a real sabotage. Such a Socialist state would be constantly imperilled by capitalist Pretenders, plotting a return to power.

That is why we must cling to the less dramatic method of political democracy. For democracy means progress when the majority wishes it, and it will wish it only when it understands. That means education for the Socialist state, the only rock upon which to build it. You cannot force Socialism into existence by paralyzing society. You will have to convert society. The

only good in strikes is that they educate. They do not touch the principle of private capitalism. So far as they open the eyes of strikers and the public to conditions, and their minds to reason, they are good, but they are only one part of Socialist education. To rely on them as the one great weapon is nothing but blindness and folly. For from the point of view of fundamental economic change, they do precious little. In fact, the concessions they win are the merest palliatives, and many a victory is Pyrrhic.

Yet with all its faults, the I. W. W. is a challenge to the Socialist party. I have said that Socialism must come by way of the democratic state; it is necessary to add that winning votes and squeezing into office and playing machine politics, is not the way to get the most out of political action. Schenectady is a model of how not to do it. To get in on graft issues and personality, and stay in by a few little reforms and the cry of low taxes, is the way to justify the discouragement of everyone who turns away from political action. And if political Socialism is to mean what it means in Schenectady, then we who believe in political Socialism haven't a leg to stand on.

Nor can we deal with the follies of the I. W. W. by excommunication. Only the rejuvenation of political action can meet it. The problem is up to the political Socialist. We need a new statement of policy for campaigns and for officials. We need a discussion throughout the country of the ways and means by which political action can be made effective. We might begin by studying our experience, and learning its lessons.

YE WHO BELIEVE

By Harry Kemp

Take not the Christ the preachers give,
 Ye who believe in Him today,
 Nor meanly yield and meanly live
 And meanly every word obey;

But take the Man who did not fear
 To whip the Jewish Temple clean,
 The Christ who flourished yesteryear,
 The high, defiant Nazarene!

The Problem of Knowledge

By PAUL LAFARGUE

(Translated by Richard Perin)

I.

Many philosophers doubt the positive character of our knowledge concerning the external world, because, as Berkeley says, the impressions which we receive through our senses are doubtful, and because our mind, an incorporeal essence, can perceive no corporeal objects. Our knowledge is subjective and we know only the idea which we form of an object; its characteristics, its size, the causes which bring it into existence, its constitution, its relations to the world about it and its variations in space and time are but creations of our reason, mere expressions of our conceptual power. In the same way, according to Kant, causation, space and time are necessary and universal conceptions of our mind. Hence the world about us, in the form in which we see it, is a creation of our own power of imagination. According to Hume, the substance of things is unknown to us, according to Kant the "thing in itself." The knowledge of things is for us an eternal impossibility.

Huet, (1) the learned bishop of Avranches, ridiculed Descartes, "the so-called inventor of truth"; for at first he was wise enough to doubt everything, but in his very next step he deviated from the right road and affirmed everything, although man can affirm nothing, since he has no certain knowledge of anything, except perhaps the truths which God himself has revealed to us and which are taught by Holy Church. Pyrrho's scepticism as a theological argument! Charron, the fiery preacher of the Catholic League in the sixteenth century, applies it in the same way; he considers it "a good school" for religion: "In order to plant Christianity in the hearts of a godless and unbelieving people and to cause it to flourish, it is of great advantage to be-

(1) Huet (1630-1721) was a tutor of the Dauphin, and with Bossuet prepared the edition of the classics entitled "*In usum Delphini*."—Translator's Note.

gin to teach it by making the people believe that the world is full of and corrupted by fantastic notions, which we have constructed in our own brains; God indeed created men that they might know the truth, but we cannot know it of ourselves nor through any human agency, but God himself, in whom it lives and who has implanted in man the desire for it, must reveal it to us, as in reality he has done." (1).

With Pascal, however, certainty loses its last and only prop, the revelation of truth by God: "Pyrrho's chief strength," he says, "consists in this, that we have no certain knowledge of the truth beyond religion and revelation. . . . Since, therefore, excluding religion, there is absolutely no certainty whether man was created by a benign God, an evil demon or an accident, it is doubtful whether these principles are given to us as true, as false, or as uncertain, depending upon our conception of our origin.

"What is man to do in this situation? Shall he doubt everything? Shall he doubt when he is stabbed or burned? Shall he doubt that he doubts? Shall he doubt his own existence? We cannot go as far as that; and I hold as indisputable that there has never been a really absolute sceptic (*pyrrhonien*)." (*Pensées*, VIII, §1.)

Many philosophers have combatted the notion that knowledge is impossible. First of all the idealist Hegel: "When we know all the properties of a thing we know the thing in itself; all that remains to prove is that said thing exists outside ourselves, and when our senses furnish us with this proof, then we have completely and fully comprehended the object, Kant's unknowable 'thing in itself.'"

The Socialist Engels refutes the idea from the standpoint of a political economist: "In Kant's time our knowledge of nature was so defective that he could consider himself justified in assuming the existence of a mysterious 'thing in itself' behind the little which we knew of anything. But thanks to the tremendous advance in science, we have comprehended these incomprehensible things one after another, we have analyzed them and

(1). Charron, "Discours Chrétiens" (1600). The method really appears to be excellent; Kant and others followed it in order to return to Christianity; Socrates and Pyrrho employed it to adapt themselves to pagan polytheism; for, as the fiery Catholic of the sixteenth century remarked, "so long as absolute scepticism exists, there will be no heresy and no dissenting opinions; an adherent of Pyrrho or of the Academy can never be a heretic, for that is a contradiction."

most important of all, have produced them ourselves; we cannot consider and proclaim as unknowable that which we can produce." (Introduction to "Socialism, Utopian and Scientific.")

An ordinary mortal does not allow himself to become agitated over such doubts, although he knows how often his senses deceive him; nor do the philosophers, who rack their brains over the certainty of knowledge, do so when they step down from the heights of pure reason and metaphysical speculation into the world of reality. Scientists ignore this problem when they are investigating natural phenomena. Nevertheless, since the revival of the Kantian philosophy there are scientific men who become excited about it. More angered than perplexed by these doubts, they consign them to perdition and declare like the physicist Le Bon: "Science is not obliged to concern itself with things in themselves and to contrast them with appearances, that is to say, the phenomena revealed to us through our perceptions. . . . Since the impressions derived from our senses are almost the same for all men constructed after the same plan, science can regard them as real, and can rear its structure upon them. . . . To science it is quite immaterial whether the world which we perceive is real or not. It accepts the phenomena as they are and seeks to adapt itself to them. . . . Our items of knowledge are adapted to us and only for that reason do they interest us." Le Bon thus sets aside the Kantian doubt; but he does not combat it, on the contrary, he acknowledges it. The naturalist Le Dantec, on the contrary, attacks it and deals it a death blow: "The fact that we live and that the human race does not disappear suffices for us to assert that our knowledge of the outer world is not deceptive and that it applies to all the phenomena about us which serve to maintain our existence." (1)

The doubt of the reliability of knowledge, which for more than two thousand years has occupied the thoughts of men and has acquired such great importance in philosophy, merits an investigation into its historical origin and causes and an endeavor to explain and refute it.

* * *

The problem of knowledge was taken up by the Sophists of ancient Greece with a logical boldness which the modern philosophers did not possess when the subject was broached anew. The items of knowledge which are transmitted to us through

(1). G. Le Bon, *L'édification de la connaissance scientifique* (*Revue scientifique*, February 1, 1908).—Le Dantec, *Les sensations et le monisme scientifique* (*Revue scientifique*, February 20, 1904).

our senses appeared to them questionable and doubtful, and for the conception of Pure Reason they had not the slightest respect. They said: Our senses inform us but imperfectly; when a twig is dipped into water, it appears to be broken; on the horizon the moon appears much larger than in the zenith; a round tower appears flat from a distance; the trees along the two sides of a path appear to approach closer to each other the further we recede from them; a substance that is pleasant to the nose may be disagreeable to the taste; a painting that appears uneven to the eye is flat to the touch; when we roll a ball under the index finger and the middle finger crossed over it, we receive an impression of two balls; when we are upon a moving ship, the hills on the shore seem to be moving, and so on.

The senses not only deliver to us wrong impressions, but these impressions vary with different individuals and with the state of the same individual: a smell which is pleasant to many affects others disagreeably; honey seems sweet to one, bitter to another; Democritus maintained that it was neither sweet nor bitter, and Heraclitus that it had both properties; we may freeze when we go to a banquet, and perspire when we come away from it, while he who was not there does not notice this change at all, and so on.

Since things are known to us only through the impressions of our senses, we know only how they appear to us, but not how they are; why should we suppose, says Anesidemus, (1) that our perceptions of the nature of things are more correct than those of the animals; animals with telescopic eyes must receive visual impressions different from ours. An object, upon contact, gives an entirely different impression when the body is covered with a hard shell from the impression given when the body is covered with scales or feathers. The difference in sensibilities is attested by facts: oil, which is useful to man, kills bees and wasps; hellebore, a deadly poison to man, makes quail and goats grow heavy and fat; sea water, absolutely necessary to the life of fish, is injurious to man if he is kept in it for a prolonged period, and so on.

"Since we know things only through our senses," says Aristippus, a pupil of Socrates, "we cannot know whether they really possess the properties through which they act upon us; we have the sensations of sweetness, whiteness, warmth, but we do not

(1). Sceptical philosopher (First century B. C.).

know whether the things which cause these sensations are really sweet, white or warm."

Protagoras, the ingenious Sophist, whose views, unfortunately, we know only from one or two mutilated quotations, and from what Plato tells of him in his dialogues (he was obliged to doctor and weaken them in order to be able to refute them, though, to be sure, he does not always succeed), says: "As the eye is blind so long as no colored object is present to excite it, so the object is colorless so long as there is no eye to recognize it; there is no object in and for itself, and no object becomes what it is or will be except to the individual who perceives it, and he naturally perceives it variously, according to the condition in which he may be. Things are to everybody only that which he sees in them according to his nature, consequently *man is the measure of all things, of the existent as it is, of the non-existent as it is not.*" This famous proposition of Protagoras is the entire basis of subjective philosophy, the philosophy of the bourgeoisie, the individualistic class *par excellence*, the members of which measure all things in accordance with their interests and inclinations.

The Sophist doubted his own perceptions as little as Descartes doubted his own thoughts; he was certain that he was alive, saw light and enjoyed the odor of the rose; he did not deny that to him the rose seemed fragrant and the snow white, but he did not know whether the rose really was fragrant and whether the snow really was white; nor did he know whether rose and snow awakened exactly the same sensations in others; certainly not, for their nature was different from his; hence how can we know that things appear the same to all men? We can indeed know something of our own impressions, he asserts, but we know nothing of the things themselves, and still less do we know the impressions of other men. The most varied sensations are expressed by the same word; when two men assert that they have the same sensation, neither can state with certainty that the perception of the other is the same as his own, for he can only feel according to his own subjectivity and not according to that of the other man. We cannot know things, nor communicate to another the impressions which they produce in us; we exchange words, but not sensations. Consequently there is no universally valid knowledge, since it could rest only upon perceptions; there are only opinions, asserts Protagoras, but there is no correct universally valid opinion.

The Sophists taught that we should not accept current opin-

ions without examination, not even those inherited from our fathers, but that everybody must form his own opinions for himself, must accept as true only that which seems to him to be true, and attribute value only to that which corresponds to his personal conviction and brings him some advantage. Thus they laid the foundation for a new philosophy, in which, as Hegel remarks, the principle of subjectivity was to predominate. They prepared the ground for this philosophy in public courses of instruction, by teaching only that which served to make men happy, and they praised highly the renunciation of all investigations into the nature of things, to which the old natural philosophy had devoted itself; for these investigations are absolutely sterile. The Catholic Church also hurled its thunderbolt against natural science, that invention of Satan. The Sophists and the Church formerly represented the spirit of the bourgeoisie, who, bent above all things upon profits, refused to support such a study until it became convinced that a knowledge of the forces of nature and their utilization in industry formed a source of inexhaustible wealth.

Socrates, according to Grote the most eminent of Sophists, attached greater value than any other man to the formulation of the subjective philosophy and its final separation from all science; as the starting point for his teachings he took, not the knowledge of things, but the knowledge of himself, of his ego. In the *Phaedo*, Plato makes him interpret the world through man, while the old philosophy, which, in content and tendency, was a natural philosophy, sought to explain man through the world.

He demanded that the sciences be immediately useful in practical life; of geometry, that which was necessary to surveying, of astronomy, merely that which was necessary "in order to know the hours of night, the days of the month and the seasons of the year." Xenophon reports that he, "far from seeking the causes of the heavenly phenomena, pointed to the foolishness of the people who busied themselves with such contemplations. . . . Whoever learns a trade," he said, "hopes to exercise it later for his own and others' benefit; but those who seek to penetrate into the secrets of the gods (that is to say, the secrets of nature), do they believe that they will ever be able to control the winds, the rain, the seasons according to their wishes or according to their needs, even when they shall have learned correctly the causes of all existing things? Or do they content themselves with a mere knowledge of the facts, with-

out flattering themselves with such consciousness of power?" (*Memorabilia*, Book I.)

Socrates believed that he was wasting his time if he occupied himself with the properties of things; he recommended that things (*pragmata*) be abandoned for ideas (*logoi*); the real (*onta*), for the truth of the real (*aletheia ton onton*). This truth was the idea which men formed of things: the knowledge of the concept of a thing made superfluous any investigation into its nature. A knowledge of the idea "horse," Plato maintained, teaches us the nature of the horse. According to him, ideas contain the reality; the latter receives its form not from matter but from the idea, it makes everything into that which it is, hence the idea represents the real embodiment of the thing.

But not all Sophists shared this high opinion of the conception of Pure Reason. They made all kinds of objections, for instance: we can only express that which we feel in a particular state, but we cannot assert anything positive of that which lies outside of ourselves, and we can assert no general truth, because the senses intervene between the outer world and the reason, which is, so to say, imprisoned and cannot escape from itself. They subject the ideas of motion and of space, the definitions of geometry and the arithmetical operations to an exact and painstaking criticism. (1)

Socrates abandoned science for ethics, the only study worthy of a free man. In fact, the Sophists busied themselves incessantly and chiefly with morals, customs, usages, justice and legality, which they subjected again and again to merciless criticism.

Gorgias boasted of his discovery that appearance was more

(1). We may cite here some samples of Sophistic criticism: As long as a thing is in one and the same place it is at rest; but a flying arrow is always for one instant at the same place, hence it is at that instant of its flight at rest, consequently also during the whole flight; hence the movement of the arrow is only apparent.

If every existing thing is in space, space itself must be in space and so on to infinity; but since this is inconceivable, nothing existing can be in space.

The mathematicians ridicule those who desire to divide a straight line into two equal parts: how can we divide into two equal parts a line which is formed of an odd number of points, nine for instance. We cannot divide the fifth point, since by definition it has no dimensions; but if we do not divide it, the parts are unequal.

We cannot subtract one number from another, for instance 5 from 6: for in order to be able to subtract one thing from another the former must be contained in the latter; but if 5 is contained in 6, so also is 4 contained in 5, 3 in 4, 2 in 3 and 1 in 2; if we add all these the sum is 15; but 15 cannot be subtracted from 6.

important than truth, and Pyrrho declared that appearance was the master wherever it showed itself; that is the theory of appearance which the Sophists made the cornerstone of their ethics. Since to each man things are what they appear to him to be according to the impressions of his senses, therefore truth is merely an individual opinion; each should consider as true that which appears true to him, and as just and right that which appears to him to be just and right; for man is the measure of things in the physical as well as in the moral world. The boldest among them opposed nature to society, natural right to law, the external world (*physics*) to the mind (*nous*), and concluded therefrom that each must follow his own inclinations and interests; and whenever law and custom run counter to the latter, they infringe the natural right of the individual and place upon him a compulsion to which he need not submit. He may overstep it without hesitation if he can do so with impunity. No one should control himself according to any universally valid morality, but he should satisfy the inclinations and interests of his ego. The ego becomes the starting point of morality. The fundamental principle of the new doctrine was: "Do unto others as you would that they do unto you." Thus Hesychius reports, and the Sophist Isocrates interpreted him: "Do unto others nothing that you yourself would not suffer from them. . . . Conduct yourself toward others as you would that I should conduct myself toward you." Christianity has accepted this principle and adopted it in the following form: "Do unto no man what you would not that others do unto you. Love thy neighbor as thyself."

The Stoics, who inscribed upon their flag "Return to nature!", although they rejected the simple natural philosophy, taught that in order to be free in every respect the wise man should accept no office nor any obligation to anyone; he should not take upon himself the burden of educating children, nor should he place his neck under the marriage yoke since there are so many other means of satisfying sexual needs. The Cynics satisfied them in public, in order to return completely to nature. Zeno, and also Plato, preached the community of women.

The Sophists attacked the social institutions. Lykophon declared that the superiority of the nobility was based upon a fanciful notion; Alcidamas said that the contrast between free men and slaves was foreign to nature; still others said that slavery was unnatural—city, state and nation, they taught, were too restricted for those whose home was the universe. The wise

man is a cosmopolitan, he cannot belong to a city or a state, because he must not relinquish his liberty at any price, and because the road to the nether regions is equally distant from all places. It is ridiculous to sacrifice oneself for his country, the wise man, whose home is the world, will never sacrifice his life and his wisdom to please a few fools. (1)

Socrates, like Pyrrho, had not the courage to drive his doubts to their extreme logical conclusion; but long before Bentham he made the good dependent upon the useful. He advised men to be virtuous on account of the advantages which virtue brings; for instance, we should not commit adultery because of the dangers to which we thereby expose ourselves; we should participate in public life because the welfare of the community is also useful to the individual; we should cherish friendship, which found its idealized expression in the platonic pederasty, on account of the services which we may expect of it, and so on. But in contrast to the other Sophists, Socrates identified legality with the conception of justice to such an extent that he refused to escape from a sentence which he considered unjust, merely in order not to violate the law. Like Pyrrho he made it a rule to hold fast to sound common sense and to do the same as others; and in order to avoid giving offense, he sacrificed to the gods, whose existence was to the Sophists as much a matter of doubt as the knowledge of things.

Hence the doubt of the Sophists as to the reliability of our knowledge and their contempt for all science led them to the acceptance of sound common sense as the guide of the wise and as the universal guaranty of that to which human knowledge may attain with certainty. To be sure, their starting point had been the opposition, in conjunction with Heraclitus, to the ideas then prevalent, which were the relics of an outworn social system.

The first Sophists originated in the commercial cities of Ionia and Greater Greece, where since the seventh century B.C. commerce and industry had undermined the communistic organiza-

(1) The Christians of the first centuries cared not at all for their country; the bishop Prudens, who lived in the fourth century, rejoiced that Rome had conquered all peoples and had made the world into one city. On the other hand the Christian poets of the Sibylline proverbs in the second century cherished furious hatred against the rich and against Rome, "the accursed city which spread such unspeakable suffering over the world;" they even hailed its fall in advance, and desired to live to see it. Christianity, which at first had turned only to the disinherited of society, altered its views as it gained over the more wealthy social strata.

tion of the gens and the patriarchal family by displacing the community of goods with private property and forming a new class, the bourgeoisie.

For the numerous households that lived under the absolute authority of the father, who personified the ancestors, the patriarchal family was a kind of Providence: it cared for all bodily and spiritual needs. The crops of its fields and the labor of its slaves maintained its members; reverence for its ancestors, its history, its legends and traditions, and its rules of life, which were accepted without criticism and had unconditional validity, formed their spiritual and moral atmosphere.

The class of patriarchal aristocrats sank in proportion as the wealth and power of the merchants and tradespeople rose. The nobility, for whom war was the only means of acquiring wealth, had nothing but hate and contempt for these upstarts of commerce and industry. Theognis, an aristocratic poet, even wished to "drink their black blood." But these despised individuals dared to contest with them the rule of the cities, to take away their estates by usury, to join with degraded nobles, artisans and slaves in order to rob them of power, to banish them and to expropriate their wealth. For centuries bloody civil wars raged in the cities of antiquity.

The individualistic society which the new class built upon the ruins of the patriarchal family community, had no providence at its disposal such as was represented by the patriarchal family, and to compensate for this lack it created for itself the providence of God. Instead of, as formerly, hoping for prosperity from the good fortune of the entire family, the member of the new society now made his prosperity dependent upon the success of his individual enterprises; freed from the despotism of the patriarch and left to his own devices, he was now obliged to provide for his own bodily and intellectual needs. The Sophists undertook his education, which in olden times had been the task of the family: they founded the first schools in which a charge for tuition was made, and in which they taught everything that a man should know in order to fight his way in the struggle for existence, being restrained neither by the morality nor the outworn customs of the patriarchate.

Instead of sacrificing his individuality to the gens or patriarchal family, man now placed his ego in the foreground of society; instead of taking the community into consideration in all things, he now took thought only of his own person, his ego,

he was "the measure of all things," according to the profound saying of Protagoras. In the new social conditions was rooted the principle of subjectivity, from which the Sophists derived the subjective philosophy, which became the philosophy of the bourgeoisie.

Aristophanes and Anytos accused Socrates of despising the gods and the ancestral customs, of corrupting morals and demoralizing the young. Similar accusations were also made against the other Sophists, but their teachings were adapted to the intellectual and moral needs of their time and were the philosophical expression of that time. Says Plato: "The people is the great Sophist, whose ideas and inclinations must not be opposed." The people were in the throes of a complete moral dissolution: Thucydides states that they permitted themselves all kinds of excesses, dishonesty was the order of the day, and the most solemn oaths could not be trusted. The crowd applauded the most self-seeking and shameless utterances of its favorite orators, such as the following: Each pursues his own interests as well as he can, without ever allowing himself to be restrained by consideration for the right; the right of the stronger is a natural law; in the end everybody measures right and honor by the standard of his own advantage and pleasure, and so on.

The doubt of knowledge and cynical rejection of personal and general concepts of morality are the intellectual reflections of the transformation in social conditions which had been brought about by economic and political events and which completely remodeled ancient society.

Doubt, which was born at the same time as the bourgeoisie, established itself in its philosophy. Descartes believed that he had dislodged it with his famous axiom: "I think, therefore I am" (*Cogito, ergo sum*); he might just as well have said: "I feel, therefore I am." He shot beside the mark. The Sophists never doubted their thoughts or feelings, but the certainty of the knowledge which these were able to furnish them. This doubt continues to flourish undisturbed in the minds of the philosophers.

At various times, during epochs of transition, the dissolute morality of the Sophists made its appearance in the history of the bourgeoisie, but at no other time has it been proclaimed with such cynicism.

(To be concluded)

Pragmatism and Socialism

By WILLIAM ENGLISH WALLING

Authors are not expected, as a rule, to reply to book reviews. But Comrade La Monte has so fairly and squarely joined issue with the main thesis of my "Larger Aspects of Socialism," that my rejoinder will probably interest most of those who have read his criticism in the last number of the *NEW REVIEW*.

La Monte re-names my book "The Apotheosis of Pragmatism" and accuses me of an "unqualified glorification of pragmatism." Now I have taken all pains in the book to discriminate between the pragmatism that makes for Socialism, and was dimly foreshadowed by Marx and Engels, and the pragmatism that makes for mysticism and reaction. Unfortunately every word that expresses any important new reality is misappropriated by reactionaries, almost as soon as it is taken up by advanced and radical thinkers. So we have "State Socialism," "Christian Science," and the pragmatism of Bergson and James.

Like some of the "State Socialists," the mystical pragmatists sometimes have flashes of insight into the real movement, the name of which they have stolen. But on the whole there is no worse enemy of Socialism than the State Socialist, nor of the modern philosophy of science than the James type of pragmatist—as I have abundantly shown.

Comrade La Monte finds no objection, indeed, to "the fact-founded pragmatism of Marx and Engels," but finds nothing new or important in the pragmatism of Dewey. He seems to believe that philosophy is not subject to evolution. Is it reasonable to suppose that the philosophy of science and democracy has been unaffected by the marvellous half century of scientific and democratic progress that has elapsed since Marx wrote his notes on Feuerbach? And does not Dewey's pragmatism embody the best fruits of this progress?

The new pragmatism is more "fact-founded" than the old almost in exact proportion as the science of 1913 is more "fact-founded" than the science of 1850 or 1875. Even economic science has advanced since the formulation of the pragmatism of Marx and Engels, while biological science has been revolutionized, and psychological science has been born again. The effect of the new biology on the general philosophy of science

has been widely recognized since the deaths of Marx and Engels. The new psychology is now bringing about a second revolution in scientific thought. In place of the mechanics of Newton or the biology of Darwin, a larger and larger part of our science is being devoted to a study of the psychological nature, evolution, and possibilities of mankind. And it is on this new psychology that the new pragmatism rests.

Historic processes, as Marx said, are transforming both circumstances and men. Science has hitherto centered its attention chiefly on the transformation of circumstances and of men as physical beings. It is now turning its attention to the psychological side of men.

The new movement is just as fact-founded as that which dealt with electricity and atoms, protozoa and missing links. Indeed it has arrived for the first time at that body of facts which is by far the most important for mankind.

This revolution in science and the philosophy of science is precisely what we ought to have expected as a prologue to the social revolution and the approaching transformation of men. It could not possibly have taken place in the time of Marx and Engels, when class rule and bourgeois science were not even menaced by the industrial democracy that is now visibly drawing near.

The One Act Play

By ISAAC GOLDBERG, Ph. D.

It is strange that in a country like ours, which has accorded such a wide vogue to the short story, the one act play (its dramatic analogue) should languish in neglect. Abroad, whether as curtain-raiser, tailpiece, or play of independent appeal, the single act piece enjoys a position more in accord with its dramatic worth and artistic capabilities. To go but a step into the continental field, Echegaray has shown in his "Bodas Tragicas" (Fatal Wedding) the intense melodramatic concentration possible in the seemingly narrow limits of the genre; Gilbert, in "Comedy and Tragedy", Lady Gregory in her delightful playlets, Middleton in his soberly subtle dramas, have revealed the varied uses—satire, character, social studies—to which the genre may be adapted.

As a distinct art-form the one act play is limited by certain technical exigencies. Perhaps the best theory which has yet been applied to the form is that of Middleton, who seeks to portray in his plays some decisive moment in a larger drama, which may have preceded or may follow. The author is thus able to focus upon a single pregnant situation such an intense ray of analysis as would, in a larger drama, represent too close attention to detail, if indeed it were not swallowed up in the larger action. This Middleton, whether intentionally or not, has achieved, especially in such a masterpiece of compression as "In His House," which a lesser playwright would surely have lengthened into a four or five act play.

It would thus appear that, far from allowing the playwright to shirk artistic responsibilities, the one act play hedges him in with still more exacting restrictions. Every word must tell, must advance the action. The action must be swift, yet convincing, else we are oppressed by a sense of arbitrariness, of lack of motivation. The characters must be few, otherwise we feel the stage is crowded,—that the author's lack of imagination and of technical resource forces him to employ a superfluity of persons, even as one who cannot think clearly is driven to multiplying words without adding to significance. The scene must remain the same throughout, thus preventing a "hit" through mere appeal to the eyes.

Such rigid exactions may in a measure explain the greater popularity of the short story, whose technique, though similar, is not nearly so limited. Thus, while here, too, every word must tell, description is possible; characters are practically unlimited in number; moods, vagueness often add charm.

The one act play as a separate form would theoretically appeal (and it so works out practically) to the more serious minded,—quite opposite to what one would think at first thought. It is quite unnecessary to add that, like every serious genre, it is capable of perversion. Thus, what little of one act productions we are allowed to witness in this country is found on the vaudeville stage, and is, in fact, vaudeville pure and simple, with the addition of a curtain-drop and a scenic setting, or else—worse still—some melodrama in "tabloid form".

That there is a distinct field for the play in one act (one might easily include under this heading such a two act gem as Gilbert's "Sweethearts") one cannot doubt after reading the artistic, human, socially significant efforts of Middleton, let

alone the previous writers who more or less attempted to lend artistic significance to the genre. In the hands of some gifted writer of the near future the form is destined to attain that dramatic rank towards which it has already been given a decided impulse.

Two Summer Novels

By ANDRE TRIDON

CREAM PUFFS A LA BRIEUX

When a young man fails from too much daring and from the uncontrollable desire to slash new paths through the brush, his defeat is never wholly inglorious. Sooner or later he will, perhaps, with bleeding feet and weary heart reach the goal. It not, others may perceive his dying gesture and achieve the task he initiated. Anger fills us, however, when an erstwhile pathfinder of letters or art strikes for the beaten highway and lays himself down in the mathematically perfect rut which surveyors once measured. When a cubist fails to achieve greatness by applying to our nervous system the distressing weirdness that we may worship the day after to-morrow, we are willing, those of us at least who are not hopelessly bigoted, to grant him another chance; but if Picabia should paint a beautifully finished, highly polished barroom nude, our remarks might not be fit for publication.

Upton Sinclair seems to have joined the fleet of champagne corks which bob up and down in unrelieved monotony on the great ocean of has beens. Once upon a time a cork went up with a loud pop, amidst much fizzing, sizzling, sparkling, and the cheering of those that sat at the banquet. After which the armor-capped, mushroom-shaped, slim-wasted, crinoline-skirted cork is swept off and thrown away. It will never fit another bottle. "The Jungle", once; and since a series of pretentious potboilers; some of those cloying literary pies had the shadow of an excuse: Sinclair's radicalism. Behold now "Sylvia".

Sylvia is the ideally beautiful girl of popular fiction who has been brought up in the proudest and silliest South that ever fooled a silly Northerner. She has a mushy, puppy love affair with a certain Frank Shirley, whose father perhaps defaulted and perhaps shielded another man. That love affair is full

of incidents as thrilling as this: Sylvia wishes to talk to Shirley who is not socially her equal; she rides forth on her mare and when she comes within hailing distance of the young horseman forces a diamond ring under her saddle. Her mount, whose skin must have been roseleafy in texture, begins to prance and rear. Shirley comes to the rescue looking for the sharp stone in the horse's foot. After which Sylvia deftly removes the ring and slips it back on her finger.

Fiction writers have been lynched for less villainous tricks than this.

Sylvia then goes to Boston and there she meets the multi-billionaire youngster, Douglas van Tuiver, whom she steals from the college widow and his fiancee, at the climax of an affair as sickeningly sentimental as the one she had with Shirley. After which Shirley seeks solace in a house of ill-fame and, unable to bear the shame when found out, commits suicide. Southern gentlemen are so touchy.

Back to the South for Sylvia, whom desperate Douglas follows in his private million dollar limited and finally wins. They are married. But then behold! Who is the dark haired, dark eyed, foreign looking villainess (she would be foreign looking, of course), who stalks down the aisle muttering frightful threats? Ah, who is she? We don't know; but an old farmer's wife who happens to be there catches her in her arms as she faints in the time-honored, Bowery-thriller fashion; and into the ignorant female clodhopper's ear, the woman with the "bold, black eyes" whispers a rather long French quotation: "Le cadeau de noce que la maitresse laisse dans la corbeille de la jeune fille!" which means that she, the villainess, is suffering from a venereal disease which Douglas has acquired and which he will transmit to fair Sylvia Horrors!

Our lady of lamentable piffle pray for us! Poor Upton has been novelizing "Damaged Goods" for the *Physical Culture* magazine and this explains, though it does not excuse, the dash of tabasco sauce on Sylvia's bowl of thin mush and skimmed milk.

I regret that I cannot do justice to the vast inanity of the book. You must hunt up for yourself some descriptions of Sylvia's beauty: "Her eyes were always clear, her skin always fair. I never saw hef with a cold." And when she was sick her charms were so enhanced by her "depleted state" that men would "stand with their knees knocking and the perspiration

oozing upon their foreheads; they would wander off by moonlight-haunted streams and compose enraptured verses, and come back and fall upon their knees and implore her to accept the poor, feeble tribute of their adoration."

As I said before the story is told in the third person by a farmer's wife from Manitoba, and the farmer's wife now and then indulges in stylistic stunts like the following: "a personality hidden away somewhere in the germ-plasm." Happy Manitoba, where farmers' wives have time not only to learn boulevard French, but also to read up the latest things in biology.

SOCIALISM FOR INFANTS

After the inanities of Sylvia, Winston Churchill's "The Inside of the Cup" is almost refreshing. Here is the story: A wicked magnate who delights in ruining other financiers, and his wicked son who has ru-u-u-ined a woman. The magnate's daughter who is in love with a clergyman. A clergyman who is faintly touched with the most delicate socialistic hue. Clergyman preaches socialism. Magnate interferes. Daughter marries clergyman. This clergyman is a bore, but Churchill never realizes it and thinks him great. Reader is told how certain bad magnates may hound poor devils out of house and home and how certain bad magnates' sons have been known actually to tempt working girls. Also that a proletarian mob does not always smell very sweet.

"The Inside of the Cup" is far below the standard set by "Coniston", but considering the intellectual level of Churchill's constituency this is not so very bad. And, thank Heaven, Churchill does not treat us as Thomas Dixon did in a book on almost the same theme, "The One Woman", to alleged socialistic marriage ceremonies and home-wrecking scenes.

Let us forget these two books, the most important thus far of the "summer" publications, and only note the symptoms of intellectual advance they reveal in spite of their inferior quality. The summer girl will, thanks to Sinclair, eat her cream puffs with a dressing a la Brieux, and Churchill's ladylike readers will flirt with a socialistic clergyman.

This is a sign of progress.

As Horace Traubel would say (after George Cohan): I don't know where we are going but we are on our way.

Social Utility of Vice

By HENRY L. SLOBODIN

"Wolf! Wolf!" yells the Vice-Investigating Commission of Illinois. The poor thing got a big scare. It went a-mushrooming for Moral Uplift and suddenly came across the savage beast of Economic Necessity. This experience made it a much wiser Commission. Prostitution, says the Commission, is caused mainly by low wages. The Commission is now capable of quite intelligent ratiocination. Low wages, it cogitates, mean low morals. Better wages mean better morals. Pay better wages.

The Socialists were not carried off their feet with joy over this corroboration of their philosophy from a hostile quarter. Prostitution is due to the economic environment. But this environment means much more than wages alone.

However, we are interested in the peculiar light in which the question of underpaid working girls is presented to us by the Commission.

Several syllogisms may be derived from the reasoning of the Commission.

Syllogism Number One:

Major Premise: Low wages will cause some girls to become prostitutes.

Minor Premise: Girls are paid low wages.

Conclusion: Some girls must become prostitutes.

Syllogism Number Two:

Major Premise: Prostitution is bad and should be abolished.

Minor Premise: High wages will abolish prostitution.

Conclusion: Pay girls high wages.

Syllogism Number Three:

Major Premise: Low wages are the cause of prostitution.

Minor Premise: Girls are paid low wages.

Conclusion: Abolish low wages.

Syllogism Number Four:

Major Premise: Low wages are not bad if girls would stay good.

Minor Premise: Many girls stay good.

Conclusion: Low wages are good for good girls.

Let no one be disturbed by the technical defects of the above syllogisms. There is nothing the matter with their logic. They present the pith and heart of the Commission's appeal. Low wages drive some girls to prostitution. Abolish low wages. It is not our purpose to disparage or deprecate this appeal. The Socialists should give it their whole-hearted support on the principle of "so far so good."

The point we are making here is the curious and obvious implication contained in the attitude of the Commission. The Commission is horrified by the cause of prostitution, but it is not in the least concerned about the suffering of the underpaid good girls. The reflections to which this anti-vice agitation leads are startling. If prostitution causes society to bestir itself for the improvement of the conditions of the working girls, where the suffering of the good girls leaves society indifferent, is not prostitution a big factor making for the economic uplift of all working girls? No matter what the cause which has driven a girl to prostitution may be, economically considered her step becomes an act of social revolt against intolerable conditions. Certainly, it is unintelligent revolt, entailing enormous loss to individual and society, and as such may be classed with crime, insanity and suicide, but revolt and effective revolt nevertheless it is. This striking out blindly at the "pillars" sends a shiver through the entire social structure and scores heavily. Capitalism says to the working girl: Stay good and nobody will care if you starve and freeze. We begin to worry about you only when you go bad. The wages of virtue are poverty; the wages of sin are high.

Thus prostitution appears suddenly as a progressive economic factor, making for the economic uplift of the working class and for progress.

This is a strange thought and may appear galling to many of us. No matter. This repulsive factor of progress is not of any one's choice. It is picked out by historical process, whatever that might mean, to do its dirty work for the good of all. Now historical process is an utterly unprincipled fellow. It does not hesitate to use, for the attainment of praiseworthy objects, means which we cannot but condemn. But what can we do? Here is prostitution being used by this unsqueamish h. p. for the economic uplift of girls. Well, on the whole, h. p. may be right.

Who knows? While we are railing helplessly at conditions which we cannot change, h. p. seizes upon them and makes good use of them.

And, shudderingly and shamefacedly, we must make a further admission. Prostitution is also a factor in conserving what many of us prize so highly—the family. If the family is as indispensable to progress as many claim it to be, then we should be grateful to everything that makes for its integrity and conservation. But could our present family exist without prostitution as a complement to it? Knowing as we do “human nature,” we have our grave doubts. Phryne, a Greek courtesan, Praxiteles’ model for Venus, offered to restore Thebes on condition that the inscription be put on its walls reading: Alexander Destroyed Thebes, Phryne Rebuilt It. The offer was refused. Such is the stupidity of man—to condemn his benefactors and to worship his tyrants.

Our own Phrynēs are vestals in the temple of Venus, Venus—our love and our mother, our passion and our family. On the altar of this temple its vestals lay their virtue, a sacrifice to and for the family. For by diverting the unattached male passions to the temple, to be laid with their virtue on its altar, they preserve the family from the destructive dynamics of unfulfilled desires and uphold its purity. This is a fact recognized by few only. But observant students maintain that the integrity of the family suffers in proportion as the prostitutes become less accessible. A fitting monument to family should show the Scarlet Woman in the background extending over it her protecting arms.

During the suffragette parade some women carried a banner with the appeal—Abolish Traffic in White Slaves! Did that mean abolition of prostitution or the liberation of the prostitute? I leave the answer to the good and noble women who carried that banner.

But the unfortunate women were not there to speak for themselves. Could Magdalen speak and be heard, she could truthfully inscribe on her banner—My Service is as Great as is My Degradation.

Motherhood

By JOSEPHINE A. MEYER

Carlton at last managed to jerk up the window and after wiping the perspiration from his face and neck, leaned back to enjoy the mild, cinder-laden breeze. Two women sat in the seat behind him and through the rhythmic hum and click of the moving cars and the misty memories of that afternoon at the hospital,—Mrs. Shinski’s yellow face, and the haunting eyes of Mrs. Connor,—drifted the meaning of their words.

“I don’t know what the world is coming to. I often say I’ve outlived my day. It’s all this suffrage nonsense that’s to blame. Now they’ve come to a point where they have to *pay* women to become mothers!”

Two days before Carlton had been sent to investigate unusual conditions in one of the tenements owned by his firm.

Three women sat on the steps of the house that was his goal. A fourth, in the doorway, was trying to administer nourishment to a wilted, fretful infant in her arms. To Carlton, who could barely stand the baking, odor-laden air and the screeching of the heat-excited children all about, their stolid placidity seemed to mark them as something less than human, products of an unnatural environment that would droop and die if fed upon quiet and clean air.

“Mrs. Connor?” Carlton addressed himself to the woman in the door-way inquiringly.

“Nah, she no Missis Conna’,” the youngest of the group, without dropping a stitch in the elaborate cotton lace her brown hands were so deftly creating, flashed upon him a large, white-toothed smile.

“She’s at work,” volunteered the big-boned, forbidding Mrs. Donlan. “That’s the whole trouble with her.”

“Why, it’s after six,” exclaimed Carlton with some exasperation. “I came late on purpose. She doesn’t work all night, does she?”

Only the Sicilian maker of lace smiled.

“She woik all time till seven,” she declared pleasantly.

“Far from here?”

"Where is Rosalsky's, Mrs. Shinski?" Mrs. Donlan turned to her neighbor, a shiny, uncorseted woman in a black wig.

"I should know," Mrs. Shinski sang all her utterances, complainingly. "All I know is her kids, dey make me crazy."

"You're not the only one, then," snapped Mrs. Donlan.

"It's awful," came another dazzling smile from the Sicilian. "Fierce!"

"It's no rist we get at all," suddenly spoke up the madonna of the stair. "Pat won't stay home with it. Now, no woman will stand the like of that. On the twinty-thord our month's up and we go."

"We've warned her repeatedly," said Carlton petulantly. "We can't have the flat emptied because of her and her children. If she can't arrange for them so that they don't disturb the neighbors, she's got to move." His jaw hardened.

The women were silent.

"Poor ting!" Mrs. Shinski shook her head and set her whole fat body swaying.

"Well, it's her own fault," frowned Carlton. "Why doesn't she put them in a home?"

"Oh, God help her!" Mrs. Donlan muttered rubbing her gaunt knees nervously. "An' she all alone!"

"Why can't she take them to a day-nursery?"

"It's far to get them ready dacent an' get back to work," Mrs. Donlan explained half apologetically.

"It only means getting up a little earlier," Carlton lost patience. "And her oldest child could help her. It's seven, isn't it?"

"Not fife, yet," said Mrs. Shinski.

"And four of them!"

"It's terrible," admitted Mrs. Donlan, who had five of her own.

Again they lapsed into silence, made shrill by the rattle of distant traffic and the shrieking of the children. In the smothering dusk a woman shambled up. Her skin was almost lead color, with a strange shine to it. Her straight, dead, heavy hair overburdened her small, skull-like face. She wore neither hat nor shawl, and her dingy black shirtwaist was pinned crookedly with a white safety pin across her flat chest. Her rusty skirt dragged on the unclean pavement. When she saw Carlton she flushed and her hands plucked at one another.

"That's her," warned Mrs. Donlan.

"Mrs. Connor?" Carlton's heart contracted at the sight of her, but the heat was in his blood. He felt he must be cruel to prevent softening, and the almost stupid fright in her hollow blue eyes was a further incentive. "Why is it your children must be allowed to annoy the whole flat?"

She pressed her fingers together and looked from one woman to another, her mouth moving wordlessly.

"It's terrible," reiterated Mrs. Donlan uncomfortably. "You don't hear it. You're out the day long."

"I know," said Mrs. Connor huskily. "I got to lock them in. The heat's so terrible these days."

"I think we've been pretty easy with you," said Carlton with the smoothness of advancing temper. "We've warned you four times. We can't have our whole place emptied because of your children. There are lots of others waiting for that room of yours. You'll have to get out before the week's up."

She steadied herself against the iron banister.

"I can't," she rasped. "I can't find no place like this near here."

Carlton shrugged his shoulders and glanced at his watch. He had to look twice in the increase of the darkness.

"We've warned you enough. It's Tuesday. If you're not out of here by Saturday, we'll take steps to put you out. I hope," he turned to the others, "that you won't have anything more to complain about." He walked away through the boisterous surge of the children, sick with the sight of misery and eager to get away to the sweet coolness of his summer cottage near the sea.

Mrs. Connor held to the iron rail and watched him go. The yellow lights fast appearing in the windows and the sickly white of the street lamps but contributed to the dismal sultriness of the murky street.

"It ain't our fault," intoned Mrs. Shinski. "My Mann, he says——"

Mrs. Connor raised her trembling hand, her eyes bright. She spoke thickly as one under intense restraint.

"I ain't blamin' nobody," she said and pushed her way past them to mount the close, dark stairs.

At the sounds that greeted her on her own landing, she shivered as if actually chilled, and raised her hands in impotent revolt.

"My God!" she gasped hoarsely. "I wisht we was all dead."

She put the key in the lock with a shaking hand and stood for a moment to brace herself.

"I can't blame 'em," she muttered. "I wisht I could lose 'em as easy." A jarring thud behind the door woke her from her musing and she went in quickly. They came from the window, a flock of pitiable little moths, seeking the last glimmer of daylight,—from Jimmy, not five, clad only in blue rep overalls and a torn shirt, to the fifteen months old baby in a soiled jumper, scrambling in the rear on all fours.

"Jimmy nearly fell off of the fire-escape," gurgled Lily, a tale-bearer at four. "He was makin' faces."

"You shut up!" advised Jimmy malignantly.

"Tho wath Lily," put in Annie, and a storm of wrath broke among them, while the baby roared miserably.

Their mother who was lighting the lamp, turned on them suddenly. her eyes blazing crimson.

"Leave each other be!" she commanded fiercely, and seizing Jimmy by the shoulders, shook him passionately, boxed his ears and threw him from her across the room. Lily dodged in vain and Annie waited her turn white-faced, under the table. Only the baby escaped. Then the woman dropped into a chair and between sobs cursed them.

"What comfort are ye?" she cried. "Nothin' but sorer and bad luck have ye brought since ye was born. I wish ye *had* fallen out of the winder—all of ye!"

The children's cowed silence lasted throughout the crude meal she prepared when she recovered herself, a moment later. She ate nothing, but sat at the window listening to the sounds of the city and watching the lines of wash hanging limp and ghostly still in the scorching air.

The children fed themselves with little whimperings, then crawled into their corners and went to sleep. Still their mother sat, new and terrible, by the open window that let in only more heat.

The roar of the city came to her deep-toned and subdued. It brought to her mind the sound of the sea as she had heard it years ago when she had been in service with a family that spent the summer at the shore. . . . She might take service again if she had only herself to think of. . . . She turned to look into the room and found the yellow eye of the kerosene lamp fixed on her steadily. She drew her hand to her breast as though to shield her heart, then rose and blew out the light. "It's a waste," she muttered, trembling.

Again she sat on the window-sill, but all thought slipped from her. She woke with a thrill of fascinated horror. She had

dropped till her head rested between the iron bars of the rails, and five stories below the grey dawn showed her the empty and gaping yards. If she had fallen! The horror passed, but the fascination grew. All one needed was the courage to jump—or something less than courage. Confusedly she realized that the children were holding her back more securely than any iron rail. . . . A dazzling thought shot through her and she glanced in terror toward the dead lamp.

She could no longer sleep. She envied wearily the still little figures in the twilight room. It was for them she was giving up everything, killing herself. In return they brought her the hate of the neighbors—ejection! She grew cold at the thought. . . . And what would they grow into? She had no time to attend to them properly. She had to work, day by day, year after year, to scrape together enough food merely to keep them alive. Her hard life gave her a clear vision, and she had seen how it was with others. They did not love her. They had no time to learn, nor she to teach them to. And when she was worn out with drudgery and they old enough to earn money, how would they treat her? She choked a bitter laugh. She could see Jimmy loafing in the streets, perhaps a drunkard—she shuddered and waved her hands before her eyes to shut out the desperate pictures that crowded upon her. Lily—! she cried out once sharply, and though she checked herself instantly it had wakened the baby who twisted about uncomfortably for a while and opened his eyes. He stared at her solemnly with a blank impartiality, and something in the indifference of his gaze smote at her heart. Then he turned away and in a moment was fast asleep.

She gave up all thought of further rest entirely and set to work listlessly to clear the littered table and set forth the poor food that was to do the children for breakfast and lunch. Finally she left with an hour before her in which to seek for other lodgings.

She was too early for the slovenly janitors in some places, and found the rooms in others beyond her purse and arrived at work late enough to hear the boss's brutal suggestion that she get another job if his hours didn't suit her. She slid into her seat at the machine and commenced the weary sewing. The anaemic woman at her side had on a soiled red neck ribbon that looked intensely hot and caught Mrs. Connor's eye whenever she turned to get more work. Once the owner of this ribbon snatched the time to whisper sympathetically: "You look awful sick."

Mrs. Connor tried to forget the red ribbon and focus her mind on the machine. She found the wheel swelling under her feverish fingers and the treadle racing madly away under her powerless foot. Then the wheel began to diminish till it was hard to see it at all, and a black curtain slowly dropped before her straining eyes. The boss's rough voice broke through the maze.

"If you're goin' to be sick, we don't want you here. I tell you that right now!"

"I ain't sick," she heard herself say thickly.

"Then do your work right. I ain't goin' to accept this. It's punk!" He threw her a blur of white muslin to be ripped.

At noon she fainted, but she managed to conceal her weakness from the boss and went through with her afternoon work. The owner of the red ribbon, whom she knew as Bertha, offered to see her home, but she refused. She walked unseeingly through the hot, noisy streets and came face to face with the same group on the stoop of her tenement.

"Your kids dey bin yellin' on de fire-escape," was her greeting from Mrs. Shinski. "An' dat littly Shimmy—he climb! oi!"

"They be no childer," said Mrs. Donlan conclusively. "They be devils, sint to plague us all!"

Mrs. Connor nodded to them and smiled and wiser people would have seen a sinister warning in her look.

She was still nodding and smiling vaguely when she let herself into her own dim room. The children quieted as she entered, but she presided over their supper with unusual gentleness, and afterward, to their vast astonishment, hunted out clean things for them and washed them and combed their hair. At first they took advantage of her mood, but when it did not change they became startled and grew quiet and wary. When the general cleaning was over, she blew out the lamp and called them to her, where she sat in the broken chair near the window. Her head throbbed. She felt she had to be very cunning in what she was about to do. With her hands crossed above her madly beating heart, she told them a story while they listened eagerly in the dark. . . .

"They flew away!" gasped Annie incredulously.

"Flapped their arms an' it went as easy as anything. But mind ye, not many is brave enough to jump," she nodded, her eyes burning.

"I would if Jimmy did," declared Lily.

"I would," boasted Jimmy stoutly.

"An ye'd all go an' leave your little brother behind?"

"I'd carry him in my arms," said Lily. "We'd all fly together."

"Try it to-morrer an' when I come home to-morrer night ye can tell me how ye liked it," said the mother in soft tones. "O, I wisht I was a little boy or girl meself, to take a nice fly from the fire-escape! Ye flap your arms, so, mind!" She illustrated with a clicking mechanical laugh and the children joined in delightedly, for they had not heard their mother laugh in many days. "Now, to bed, all of ye!" she whispered hoarsely. "Ye'll need all yor stren'th to fly in the mornin'!"

They scrambled away, laughing and chattering, discussing their courage and the sort of flying stroke they would use and where they would fly to first. She sat and listened, near the window. The heat grew so oppressive that she dragged the collar from her throat. A sudden frenzied horror shook her as she looked up, for the lamp she had so carefully extinguished was blazing with treble power, searing her eyes and her brain and her breast.

She woke in a light room and remained watching the ceiling and thinking of nothing but the pleasant coolness and comfort of the bed on which she was lying. Gradually the roar of thunder and the hiss of falling rain dawned upon her consciousness, and she turned her head. She was near a high window that looked up into the grey sky; on the other side of her were more beds, and coming toward her a hospital nurse in blue and white.

"What am I doin' here?" she asked with dreamy curiosity.

"The heat," answered the nurse. "I guess the storm will break it. The hospital is full of prostrations."

"The heat," repeated Mrs. Connor slowly. "I fainted at Rosalsky's . . ." she stopped, her eyes clouded with vague memories she could not distinguish from dreams. "What day is this?"

"Thursday afternoon. You came in this morning. They found you wandering in the street, unable to talk. As soon as you feel strong enough to tell us who you are, we'll let your people know."

Mrs. Connor sat up in bed, her eyes fixed, her raw hands tugging at the hair above her temples.

"I've killed them!" she screamed wildly. "I've killed them! I've killed them! Oh, my God!—Oh, my God!"

A thrill of interest swept through the ward. The second nurse hurried over while the first, thinking this was some delirium, held down Mrs. Connor's arms, trying to soothe her and persuade her to lie down. But something in the clear repetition of an unbelievable story impressed them. The house doctor got the facts from her and gave her morphine to keep her quiet while investigations were being made.

As she lay waiting, her arms and legs seemed to be melting at the joints. She thought of nothing but the grey stone pavement of the yard, five stories below, and the baby in Lily's arms. She cried out once and fought against the cruel power of the opiate that held her helpless to her bed.

"Insanity?" asked a man's voice, vaguely familiar, miles away.

"Temporary, of course. The heat and overwork. The Shinski woman, who told us to send for you, says she always left before eight and never got back till seven. With four children and a notice to move because she couldn't stay home and look after them—"

"Oh, you don't think—"

"It was all worry and over-fatigue in mind and body, and the heat."

"Good Lord! In a way then, we're responsible!"

A little silence fell and Mrs. Connor, struggling for speech, heard her own voice break in, harsh and barely audible.

"Where are they?"

"Safe!" Walter Carlton bent over her. "Mrs. Shinski has them right here,—see!"

Mrs. Shinski in feathered bonnet, bearing the youngest Connor in her arms, appeared at the foot of the bed. The other children stood beside her, dumb with awe.

"Dey bin Teufels," declared Mrs. Shinski, genially. "But I catch dem! Mein Got! I bin sick von it yet!" She placed the baby on the bed and beamed over the re-union. "Ach," she turned to Carlton, wiping her eyes with a large handkerchief, "Ich weint' darmit. Mrs. Marini an' Mrs. O'Reilly an' Mrs. Donlan an' me, we look after dem kids till she's better."

"Mother's pension!" the voice of the woman in the seat behind Carlton quivered with righteous wrath. "Why, the very

words rob Motherhood of all that is beautiful and sacred and self-sacrificing! It is positively immoral!"

THE WOLF

By Louise W. Kneeland

We starve, brothers, we starve!
And you, you have more than enough.
What hinders our hands at your throat?
Our hands that are callous and rough.

We starve, brothers, we starve!
Our children and wives and friends.
Our labor is given for naught,
What have we to show when it ends?

We starve, brothers, we starve!
In body and mind and soul.
What hinders a stab in the dark,
When we find we are balked of our goal?

We starve, brothers, we starve!
How long do you think we can wait?
Grim Hunger drives hard, as you know,
Be warned—for 'twill soon be too late.

TEXTILE LABOR CONDITIONS.

The scarcity of labor in the textile industry in England is beginning to trouble seriously the manufacturers, according to the report of Augustus E. Ingram, the American Consul at Bradford, England. At a recent meeting of the British Association of Managers of Textile Works suggestions for making the mill work more attractive were discussed quite in detail. Properly equipped dressing rooms, the allowance of intervals for rest, refreshment and recreation, were advocated, because as things now are, "no one knew where the workers were to come from to fill the weaving sheds that are being built." To help this shortage of labor pauper families are being sent by boards of guardians in other parts of the country to Lancashire and West Yorkshire, where even unskilled labor is welcome.

Meantime Lawrence, Little Falls and Paterson have had their parallels in the English textile mills at Cleckheaton and Bradford. Dyers, dressers and others struck. The dressers were out several weeks, demanding a uniform standard wage of \$8.75, instead of the weekly average of \$7.30 they were getting.

In the heavy-woolen district the General Union of Textile Workers has passed a resolution demanding 14 cents per hour for adult male labor

in textile mills, and a substantial advance for the women and girl workers; that time and a quarter be paid for overtime up to 7 p. m., and time and a half after 8 p. m.; that all operatives' labor should cease at 12 noon on Saturday, and that for work Saturday afternoon time and a half should be paid.

Wool sorters at Bradford are now agitating for the abolition of piece work, a 50 hour week and the limitation of apprentices to one to every ten workers. The general textile workers are also agitating through their union for a 15 per cent. increase in pay. This concerns between 15,000 and 16,000 workers, mostly women and girls, variously employed as spinners, doffers, twistors, weavers, burlers, menders and piecers. Several Bradford firms acceded to the demands of the spinners and doffers, increasing their pay 10 or 15 per cent. Workers formerly getting \$2.40 now make \$2.68 or \$2.76.

And the manufacturers are so troubled about how to make mill occupations attractive! Encouraging "neatness of appearance" seemed to them most likely to obtain new recruits to the industry.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Floyd Dell, *Women as World Builders*; 104 pp. Forbes & Co., Chicago. 75 cents.

Samuel P. Orth, *Socialism and Democracy in Europe*; 352 pp. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$1.50

Henry Fisher, *Napoleon*; 255 pp. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 50 cents.

J. Ramsay Macdonald, *The Socialist Movement*; 256 pp. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 50 cents.

Emile Pataud and Emile Pouget, *Syndicalism and the Co-operative Commonwealth*; 240 pp. The New International Publishing Co., Oxford, England. Paper, 2 shillings 6 pence.

Industrial Socialism, edited and published by The Industrial Socialist Propaganda League, 131 E. 103rd St., New York; 16 pp. 5 cents.

John G. Murdock, *Economics as the Basis of Living Ethics*; 373 pp. Allen Book & Printing Co., Troy, N. Y. \$2.00.

Max Eastman, *Child of the Amazons and other poems*; 69 pp. Mitchell Kennerley, New York. \$1.00.

Mark Fisher, *Evolution and Revolution*; 64 pp. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. 10 cents.

George D. Brewer, *The Rights of the Masses*; 32 pp. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. 10 cents.

Wilhelm Lamszus, *The Human Slaughter-House*, with introduction by Alfred Noyes; 116 pp. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 50 cents.

Liberty and the Great Libertarians: An Anthology on Liberty, edited by Charles T. Sprading; 540 pp. Published by the author, Los Angeles. \$1.50.

W. E. Hardenburg, *The Putumayo: The Devil's Paradise. Travels in the Peruvian Amazon region and an account of the Atrocities committed upon the Indians*, with 16 illustrations and a map. T. Fisher Unwin, London. 10s. 6 d. net.

Walter Lippmann, *A Preface to Politics*; 318 pp. Mitchell Kennerley, New York. \$1.50 net.

Andre Tridon, *The New Unionism*; 198 pp. B. W. Huebsch, New York. Paper, 25c.

John A. Hobson, *Gold, Prices and Wages*; 178 pp. George H. Doran Company, New York. \$1.25 net.

Alfred W. McCann, *Starving America*; 270 pp. George H. Doran Company, New York. \$1.50 net.