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The International Socialist Review

DEVOTED TO THE STUDY AND DISCUSSION OF THE PROBLEMS INCIDENT
TO THE GROWTH OF THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST MOVEMENT

Edited by CHARLES H. KERR

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JOHN SPARGO, ERNEST UNTERMANN.

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THE
INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST
REVIEW

Vol. IX

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No. 3

The Economic Aspects of the Negro Problem.

CHAPTER V.

The Reestablishment of White Supremacy.



WHEN THE PROMISE was given by the South that the rights of the negroes would be safeguarded, the federal troops were recalled. It is difficult to say how sincere the southerners were in giving that promise, but it is undoubtedly true, that the north expected tolerable relations to establish themselves between the white and the black after the elimination of the disturbing elements. "As soon as the negroes will begin to show confidence in the local white people, what reason will the latter have to deprive the black folks of their right to vote?" reasoned a northern journalist. "Many different candidates will appear; what will interfere with their contending for their election before the mass of the black citizens?" No less sure was this journalist that the civil rights of the negroes would be safeguarded. For the south needs labor. Negro labor is the only existing labor. Even if there were a supply of white labor, the south nevertheless would need its negro labor. What reason then has the south to drive out its labor supply by means of unjust legislation? But before three years have passed, the political status of the negro has already become a matter of public discussion. The revolution of 1876 has given to the United

States the Solid south, which has since voted for the democratic party. "The south has united not for democracy, but against the negroes," says a southern writer. This however is only half the truth. For with equal truth it was asserted, by Henry Watterson in 1879, that the south united not against the negroes but against the republican party. Be this as it may, in 1879 it could already truly be said, that "the present political supremacy of the white race in at least five of the Southern States is the result of the violent exclusion or fraudulent suppression of the colored vote." Nevertheless, at that time both northerners and southerners agreed that the negro franchise could not altogether be destroyed, in view of the existence of the 14th and 15th amendments to the constitution. But the South has succeeded in accomplishing the impossible, and the story of the gradual abolition of the negro's right to vote is very instructive indeed.

In this process two methods must be distinguished. Firstly, the method of direct force and deception, and secondly, the method of special legislation. A combination of both factors was often used. As was shown in a preceding chapter, the very liberation of the South from negro domination or negro influence was accomplished by means of the first method, when "armed committees" interfered with the negro getting to the voter's booth. To guarantee its victory, the white south continued to make use of these methods for many years after that, and even now this method is extensively used, and in some states, as for instance in Texas, almost exclusively relied upon. The uninitiated might ask: How can the system of government in a civilized country be built upon the foundation of brute force and fraud? But the only answer to this query is the fact that the proof of the pudding is in the eating.

But direct physical force and intimidation is an awkward and inconvenient method, which demands a constant expenditure of considerable nervous force. Having acquired the political power, the white men of the south were enabled to achieve the same ends by means of legal enactments. It is true that the inconvenient 15th amendment stood in the way, the amendment which had been passed for this very purpose. And for a long time this amendment did in fact force the white south to make use of various legal subterfuges, more or less unsatisfactory. Thus South Carolina made use of the methods of centralizing the administrative functions, so that the state functions were extended at the expense of the local selfgovernment, and thus the counties which did have a majority of negroes, were governed more from the state capital than from the county seat. More popular was the

method of a poll tax, upon which the right to vote was made conditional. Thus poll taxes exist in Arkansas, Virginia, Florida, Mississippi, Tennessee, and other states. This measure was based upon the simple consideration that the poor negro would not be able to pay the poll tax, and so would lose the vote. This method still exists, and not only for the sake of the negro vote, but the vote of the poor man and the workingman in general. Nevertheless, by itself this method was found unsatisfactory, since it could be and really was counteracted by a very simple method, the republican party readily undertaking the payment of the poll tax, so that it soon became a tax upon the party treasuries. In the eighties the methods of complicating the election technicalities became very popular. This method has also survived in some states. It is rather a combination of a great many methods, all aiming at one purpose to so embarrass the ignorant negro voter, that he should commit some technical mistake which would permit his disfranchisement. Or it may be the method of registration and the demand of the registry certificate, which may often be lost by the ignorant negro. To make this method more effective, the registration is taking place very early in September or even in July, so that the negro is forced to save his little ticket for many months. The strangest tricks were used in connection with this method. Thus the story runs, that in one district in South Carolina, the negroes had entrusted their tickets to their preacher, and a few days before the day of election the preacher for a respectable remuneration from the democrats vanished from his parish and took his box full of registry tickets with him. In another county a circus was traveling some weeks before the elections but after the registration day, and by agreement with the democrats it was accepting voting tickets in lieu of tickets of admission!

The law of 1891 of the state of Arkansas, is interesting as an illustration of the shrewd schemes which the southern democrats made use of in order to accomplish their purpose. The names of all candidates for all positions and of all parties were printed upon the long ballot without any distinctions as to the party. If the ignorant negro was in doubt as to which names he should vote for, and which names he should cross out, he was permitted to apply to the voting inspectors or judges, who were invariably white persons. These honorable gentlemen then direct the ignorant negro to vote to their entire satisfaction. Moreover only one voter at a time was permitted in the booth, and the law permitted him to stay there about five minutes. Thus in a negro district only 132 men could vote during the 11 hours while the polls remained open, and by five o'clock in the afternoon a large

crowd of negroes remained outside the doors who did not get a chance to deposit their vote. "The law works smoothly, quietly, satisfactorily, beautifully, and I pray God every Southern state may soon have one like it," says a southern official of this arrangement.

But all these laws made the suppression of the negro vote a matter of considerable difficulty. The legal talent of the South continued to seek a better method, which would be legal, and therefore work in automatic manner with a lesser expenditure of energy. Poverty and illiteracy were the prominent characteristics of the negroes; nevertheless, the South for a long time did not dare to base its voting qualifications upon poverty and illiteracy alone, for there were large numbers of poor and illiterate among the representatives of the superior race as well.

The first experiment in establishing the educational qualification was made by the state of Mississippi, in 1890, when the demand was made that the voter should be able to read a paragraph of the constitution and understand and explain it. And as the examiners were without exception white officers, they could and did ask the queerest questions, which the negro could not satisfactorily answer. But, then again, there were many white people as well who could not understand the difficult legal language of the constitution. At that time there were in the state of Mississippi 544,851 white persons, and 744,749 colored persons; or 109,000 white men and 149,000 negroes of the voting age. The law of 1890 should have deprived about two thirds of the negroes and about 1-11th of the white men of their vote; as a matter of fact, the arbitrary rulings could exclude practically all the negroes and include all the white men.

With a certain increase of the educational standing and the economic position of the white men, the educational and property qualifications became more popular as a method of getting rid of the negro voter. Nevertheless, impartially executed, these laws would undoubtedly exclude a considerable number of the white voters. But the legal talents of the southern profession soon found a way to get around this difficulty.

At present the negro disfranchisement is practically complete in the following states: Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Virginia, which states contain about six million negroes.

Of these six states four have established a property qualification, to the amount of \$300, (Alabama, Louisiana, Virginia, and South Carolina) and three have an educational qualification. The main feature of these new legislative

measures consists in the methods used for achieving the results aimed at, i. e., to exclude the white men from the action of these restrictive qualifications. As neither race nor color could be a decisive factor in determining the franchise, it became the duty of the legislator to find a characteristic in the white man, which should be especially his, and yet not based upon his race. Such distinguishing feature was found in the fact that the father or grandfather of the white man of to-day had the right to vote before 1865. Thus the grandfather clause was passed in Virginia and Alabama and Louisiana, which includes the ignorant white man, but excludes the equally ignorant black man.

If any doubt could exist as to real intention of these restrictive legislative measures, the frank statements of their authors leave absolutely no room for such doubt. The stenographic reports of the proceedings of the constitutional assemblies which have framed these new constitutional provisions in Alabama and Virginia, in 1901, contain any number of such frank admissions. Thus in advocating not only the reading test, but the interpretation test, one of the delegates in the Virginia assembly openly admitted, "We think that it will be efficient because we do not believe that the Negro can stand the examination..... But it would not be frank in me, Mr. Chairman, if I did not say that I do not expect an understanding clause to be administered with any degree of friendship by the white man to the franchise of the black man. I expect the examination with which the black man will be confronted to be inspired by the same spirit that inspires every man upon this floor and in this convention..... The people of Virginia do not stand impartially between the suffrage of the white man and the suffrage of the black man.... If they did, this convention would not be assembled upon this floor. I expect this clause to be efficient because it will act to terrorize the negro race. They believe that they will have a hostile examination put upon them by the white man, and they believe that that will be a preventative to their exercising the suffrage and they will not apply for registration."

The examination and grandfather clause were recognized throughout as great discoveries which the entire south would not fail to follow. And whether the means used be the grandfather clause, or the examination, or the property qualification, or a combination of all these methods together, the disfranchisement of the negroes will not only be completed but legalized as well. Even now, what some states have succeeded in legalizing other states realize by means of the older methods of deception and brutal force. And not the least characteristic part of the situation is the fact that the south is very proud

of its results and not ashamed of its means. "The only fraud I have ever permitted myself to believe is righteous, and to teach my sons in righteous, is that fraud which makes it possible for the white man to rule the South," frankly admits a southern man. Moreover the southerner points with pride at this desire to legalize this deception and this brutal exercise of force, as an evidence of his moral sense, which revolted at the long practice of the questionable practices. "We are tired of frauds, we are tired of ballot box stuffing, we are tired of buying negro votes; but the fraud will never cease until the Negro vote is eliminated."

But these truth loving southern gentlemen seem to have quite forgotten, that the very legalization of these measures was accomplished on a fraudulent basis, since the new constitutions were formed by conventions to which no negro was admitted, and this was achieved by means of the old methods.

The opposition of these measures to the spirit of the constitutional amendments was to evident that the negroes have been making many efforts to have these measures declared unconstitutional, and such efforts are still being contemplated; but the U. S. Supreme court has invariably refused to raise a finger in defense of the political rights of 10 million American citizens.

We shall be forced to return more than once to the grave problem of the inequality of the negro before the law, which after all is the central feature of the entire negro problem. Here our effort is simply to present the facts in the case. And the facts in brief are these: After the short period of negro supremacy followed the much longer period of white supremacy, which is becoming more and more absolute from day to day. If the use of brute force and deception were justified in the end of the seventies by the urgent necessity of freeing the south from negro domination, and the revolutions in Mississippi, South Carolina, and several other states were explained as measures of war, the newer legal measures as well as the illegal ones aim at a different purpose, the total elimination of the negro from the political life of the country. The justification of these restrictions on the plea of the undesirability of the franchise of the ignorant and the propertyless class, often made, and frequently taken in good faith by many mild northerners, is altogether insincere, since active measures are taken to deprive of the vote the very educated and the best negroes, and brute force and intimidation is used even there where the negroes are in such hopeless minority that there could be no reasonable fear of their supremacy. These actions are now frequently justified in a different way. Now, it is no more the danger of negro

supremacy, but the objection to negro equality; and the necessity of destroying the negro's right to vote is defended solely from the point of view that such right is one of the important elements of race equality. To put the matter in plain english, it is no more the avowed danger of negro supremacy, but the necessity or at least the desire to guarantee and preserve the white supremacy, that is the moving force behind those crimes against the law and the rights of the negro.

Now then, still remaining at the simple statement of conditions as they exist, without endeavoring at this stage of our study to critically analyze and estimate them, we will try to answer the question: what were the results of these thirty years of the white supremacy, which is becoming more and more absolute? What has it contributed to the relations between the races? One cannot help drawing some comparisons between the periods of negro and that of white supremacy, though in view of the widely different educational and cultural levels of the whites and the negroes, such comparisons could not be very fair to the negro. Yet on the other hand such comparisons are made by almost all the writers on the negro question, by journalists and public speakers, who by means of a comparison of the awful days of reconstruction and the present benevolent system of government, try to establish the entire theory of the supremacy of the white race.

Now, the main indictment of the negro legislator consisted in the statements that he was not slow to graft upon public funds, or oftener permitted his white allies to do the grafting.

On the other hand it must be admitted, that he was not moved by considerations of race hatred, that he did not try to pass any laws which would indicate any desire to suppress and lower the white race as such, no matter what the negro majority was. When the white southerner claims that the period after reconstruction has seen the introduction of many important improvements, the white man has in view only the improvements of the condition of the *white man*. He either naively enough leaves out of consideration the aggravation of the condition of the negro, or more frequently considers that change in the opposite direction as one of the most important features of the improved condition of affairs.

I should very much like to give a concise and yet complete picture of the legal condition of the negro at the present time, but I am decidedly at a difficulty to know just where to begin. For by this time there is scarcely any manifestation of life, public or private, politic, physical, mental, moral or social, in which the negro is not put into peculiar, restrictive

conditions because of his race. Not a single day passes in the life of the negro, that he should not be reminded in a more or less cruel way that he cannot enjoy all the civil rights of an American citizen. Nevertheless all these restrictions, all the insults and injuries may be divided into two great groups: those which are legalized by the special laws, and those which represent the free actions of the majority of the white citizens. The classification offered here may not have any scientific significance, since the legalized restrictions are no more than an expression of the sentiments of the same white citizens of the south. Nevertheless, it is these legislative restrictions which mostly incense the negro of the south, as well as the outside observer, who has been accustomed to the basic idea of the equality of all American citizens before the law.

It is necessary to point out the important fact, that while the fifteenth amendment forbids the making of race or color distinctions the basis of electoral qualification, it does not forbid all other legislation restrictive of the negro's rights. It is true, that as early as 1875 the U. S. Congress had passed the bill of civil rights, which aimed to guarantee to all the American citizens, independently of their race or color, certain rights in public places, as hotels, restaurants, theatres, railroad cars, etc. But the supreme court has found that this bill was an infringement of the independence of the state, and therefore unconstitutional as far as the states are concerned.

Most important among the mass of restrictive legislative measures are the laws for the "separation of the races." If the white man of the south does not admit a negro into his house, except on business and then through the back door, this is a condition which the law has no concern for. Nor can it interfere with the white man's decision never to enter the cabin of the negro, except under the pressure of necessity. But the many public places remain where the negroes might meet the white men, unless the legislative power interfered. To prevent such accidental and involuntary association, many restrictive laws have been passed by the southern legislatures. A characteristic example are the Jim Crow car laws, to prevent the negro brushing against the white man in the railroad or street cars. This peculiar southern institution has served more than any other measure to aggravate the relations between the races. The worst, oldest, dirtiest cars are usually put at the disposal of the negroes, though they pay the same fare for which the white men obtain far better accommodations. In defense of this measure the white southerner usually insists that the negro smells, and that it is impossible for a white man to travel comfortably when sitting next to a

negro. Now, whether the accusation, if such it be, is true or not, we will not dare to say. If the smell be as claimed, a strong, characteristic and peculiar one, an unexperienced northerner should be expected to perceive it much sooner than the southerner who has lived all his life among the colored people. Yet the southerner persists that he is much more able to discover the obnoxious smell. So be it. Yet the question remains, why the southerner before the war did not object to the closest relations between the black wet nurse and the white nursling; moreover, neither in the past nor in the present has the peculiar and obnoxious smell interfered with the still closer relations to which the enormous number of mulattoes and quadroons is due. And while the southerner cheerfully agrees that the peculiar smell is strongest in the case of the dirty and poor negro, while he is always glad to point out that in part at least the smell is due to the dirty habits of the negro, nevertheless, he admits the negro servant or nurse into his car, on the Pullman sleeper, but draws the line at the cultured negro professor, who is at least as cleanly as the average southerner. Nor does he seriously object to the negro barber.

Thus the objection to the negro smell, or perhaps the very smell itself, vanish altogether as soon as the negro is willing to admit his lower social position, as soon as he performs a menial duty. For the same ostensible reason, the negro smell, but in reality the same desire to "keep the negro in his place," dozens of laws have been passed, and hundreds of regulations, though not all legal, but all no less binding and peremptory, are enforced in the south and are spreading even over the north. A negro, no matter how small his share of the negro blood in him is not admitted to any decent hotel, cannot get sleeping accommodations during traveling. Of course the negro Pullman porter has no difficulty in sleeping in the Pullman car, but this courtesy is not extended to Professor DuBois, or Bruce, or Booker Washington, gentlemen as cultured as any in the United States. And it is not the least peculiar part of this Railway car question, that the man who was instrumental in extending this regulation over the Pullman service of the entire country, the present manager of the Pullman car service, is a son of Abraham Lincoln.

Another method by means of which the South hopes to bring about the desired separation of the races, is the prohibition of mixed marriages. Not only have most of the southern states passed laws prohibiting such marriages, but they refuse to recognize such marriages no matter where performed, and severe punishment is provided both for the parties to the marriage contract and the clergyman. The state of Florida

is even more explicit, and specifically forbids persons of different sexes and races to sleep under one roof. It would be difficult to say how successful this legislation is, for there is no available statistics in regard to the increase of the number of persons of the mixed race, but the mixture never took place under legitimate wedlock, and biologically, the southern man never did, and does not now feel any aversion to the negro or mulatto woman, since concubinage, if not marriage, is quite popular even in the best classes of some of the southern cities.

This tendency to keep the races apart, or rather to constantly point out to the negro his social inferiority expresses itself in many other ways. In many cities the negro is forbidden from entering the reading rooms of public libraries, and he surely cannot obtain accommodations in any respectable hotel, or a meal in a decent restaurant. Separate schools for the children of the two races have become the usual thing even in the north, and even so fairminded a man as Charles Elliott, the president of Harvard University, has advocated separate institutions of learning. Theatres either do not admit negroes at all, or in a few cases, or on the fringe of the south admit them only to the peanut gallery. This in a way gives us a clue to the entire question of race separation: the negro is not good enough to sit next to a rich white man in the orchestra, but there is no objection against his sitting next to the poor man in the gallery!

Thus the law in its majesty frequently throws insults after insults into the face of the great mass of the negro citizens. When it does not do so directly, it does not take great care to protect the negro in his human and civil rights. And how could it? Or rather, why should it? The judges are all white, the officers of the law also white men. The court and the district attorney's office are agreed that the negro should not be drawn on a jury. The negro is therefore always tried by a white man's jury, and in view of the mental attitude of the southern white man towards the negro, one can readily understand what sort of justice the black man gets, especially when the other litigant is a white man, or when the negro is accused of a crime against a white man.

Now this southern legislation, of which fair examples have been given above, only expresses the wishes and thoughts of the white south; and one can easily see therefore, that in every day life these limitations and restrictions of the negro's rights and liberty are much more severe. If in the legislature the southerner demands separation of the races, and adds with a considerably dose of hypocrisy, "we do not intend to harm the black man. We think that both races

will be happier when they do not intermingle. We have our separate car, and he has his separate car. I must not ride in his car, and he must not ride in my car." If that serves as the official justification of the restrictions imposed, he is perfectly willing to acknowledge in private life, that the principle of separation of the races, does not cover the entire case of the negro, that to this must be added the other more important principle of the superiority of the white race, or what reduces itself to the same thing, the inherent inferiority of the black race. In the white southern man's opinion, this superiority of the white man gives the latter a long list of specific rights and privileges. He need not address the negro as "Mister", but has the right to whip the negro who does not call him "Sir". He demands that the negro should yield him the right of way everywhere, and should get off the sidewalk when meeting a white woman. The negro must be polite and considerate, but must tolerate all acts of rudeness from the white man, for he belongs to the lower race. In other words, the general point of view is, that there is a moral obligation upon the black man, to act like a gentleman, while no such obligation rests upon the representatives of the higher race.

I. M. ROBBINS.

(To be continued.)

The Economic Argument for Industrial Unionism.



THE SUBJECT of industrial unionism is to-day receiving the attention of the revolutionary labor movement of the world. And the opposite wing of the labor movement, the conservatives, are likewise studying it, but with the aim of defeating its revolutionary object.

Different schools of industrial unionism are springing up. This in itself is a proof that the subject is of general interest, and that it is forcing itself upon those in the labor movement who formerly waved it aside as a visionary and impracticable scheme.

As the Industrial Workers of the World is to-day the only organization of general scope, in the United States, that strictly adheres to the revolutionary principle of industrial unionism, it justly claims the right to speak with authority on the subject. Without revolutionary principles, industrial unionism is of little or no value to the workers.

The principle upon which Industrial Unionism takes its stand, is the recognition of the never-ending struggle between the employers of labor and the working class. The members of the working class, as a rule, have but one means of existing in the present capitalist State, viz., the sale of their labor-power to the employing class. The employer uses the labor-power of the worker for one purpose, to operate the machinery, or develop the resources, to which he has the title of ownership.

In employing labor he is guided by exactly the same principle that directs him in the purchase of raw materials, or undeveloped resources, namely, to purchase the labor power necessary to his purpose, and pay as little for it as possible.

The workers, on the other hand, are driven by every circumstance to strive, always, for as much as they can obtain of the values they create. For upon the amount which they as workers so obtain, depends the very existence of themselves and those dependent upon them. The necessities of life, the degrees of comfort, of pleasure, of intellectual advancement, and of physical well-being, in short, their standard of living, must inevitably depend on the amount of the weekly wage.

The employer, the buyer of labor power in the labor market, desires large returns in the shape of profits upon his investment. Large profits in capitalist production, in the last analysis, mean but one thing, low wages, and generally inferior working conditions, for the class that exists through the sale of its labor-power. Higher wages and improved working conditions, as a rule, mean smaller profits. These opposing economic forces, each striving to advance its own interests, are engaged in a never-ending struggle for supremacy in the field of production. A large majority of the working class to-day do not understand the struggle in which they are engaged, nor the cause from which it springs,—the opposed economic interests of themselves and the capitalist class. As a result, in struggling for what they think are their interests, they fight in the dark, and thus have contributed and still contribute to their own defeat and continued subjection, directly and indirectly.

This, then, makes it imperative that the Industrial Union, to fulfil its mission as an organization of the working class, must take its stand upon a recognition of this struggle. It must educate its membership to a complete understanding of the principles and causes underlying every struggle between the two opposing classes.

That a portion of the working class recognize the difference between their interest and the interest of the employer, is proven by the existence of organizations among the workers for the avowed purpose of gaining power, by combination with their fellow workers, to secure working conditions which, as individuals, they lacked the power to enforce. That these combinations of workers do not to-day act in obedience to the law that called them into existence, is proven by the fact that, with few exceptions, their declarations of principles commit their organizations to the program of safeguarding the employers' interests, as well as the interests of their membership,—a program of harmonizing that which can not be harmonized. Such a program misleads their members, blinds them to the reason for the conflict, and thereby aids in defeating them in their struggles. It betrays them into the hands of their opponents, for it sets the seal of their own organization's approval upon their condition of servitude.

Out of this wrong principle flow many evils that contribute to the net result. To enter into time contracts with the employer is to bind certain parts of the workers in a given industry to contribute their aid to the employer against other parts of the workers, in the same industry and, in most cases, in the same establishment. Time contracts deprive them of the right to determine when an attempt is to be made

to enforce better terms of employment; prevent them from recognizing the identity of interest between themselves and their fellow workers; and divide their efforts and activities, on every field of action, thus making intelligent, concerted class action impossible of achievement, alike on industrial and political fields.

What more need be said in proof of the correctness of the principle of industrial unionism? What further proof is necessary to demonstrate the unsoundness of the principles of craft unionism? The craft plan of organization is a relic of an obsolete stage in the evolution of capitalist production. At the time of its inception it corresponded to the development of the period: the productive worker in a given industry took the raw material, and with the tools of the trade, or craft, completed the product of that industry, performing every necessary operation himself. As a result, the workers combined in organizations, the lines of which were governed by the tools that they used. At that period, this was organization. To-day, in view of the specialization of the process of production, the invention of machinery, and the concentration of ownership, it is no longer organization, but division. And division on the economic field for the worker spells defeat and degradation.

Take a leading industry of this country to-day, as a concrete example, and see what craft division means to the workers in that industry: the railroad industry, for instance. In order to operate a railroad the labor of many workers is required. That labor is specialized in different groups, each performing the operations necessary in one department, in order that traffic and transportation may be accomplished. There are the men engaged in keeping the track in repair, the engineers, the firemen, the conductors, brakemen, express messengers, baggagemen, porters, cooks, waiters, switchmen, yardmen, flagmen, wipers, machinists, boiler-makers, repairers, wheel-tappers, tower-men, freight and baggage handlers, ticket agents, telegraphers, book-keepers, dispatchers, track walkers, and general workers around the various buildings of the industry. They are divided into the following organizations operating upon the theory that the interests of the railroad corporation and of their particular organization are identical: The engineers in the B. of L. E.; the firemen in the B. of L. F. & E.; the conductors in the O. R. C.; the brakemen in the B. R. T.; the switchmen in the S. U.; the freight handlers in another organization; the telegraphers in another; the section men in another; the machinists, boiler-makers, car-repairers in separate organizations. The rest of the workers are, for the most part, without organization at all.

ARGUMENT FOR INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM.

The reason for this is that the organizations above named make no attempt to fortify their own position, by organizing such workers in their industry, under the false belief that their own organization is sufficient in and by itself.

Each of the above named organizations is working under a contract for a certain length of time. Their membership is bound to remain at work so long as the railroad company lives up to the terms of the contract, and, for the most part, the contracts of the different organizations expire at different periods. The railroad management is thus insured against having to subjugate more than one portion of its employees at any given time. The result of this condition of affairs is that whenever part of the workers in this industry enter into a conflict with the employer, they have not only to combat the resources of that employer, but also their fellow workers in the same industry who remain at work, and assist the employer in the operation of the railroad. In every instance, the defeat is due to the lack of united action on the side of the workers, part of them being compelled to remain at work in observance of their sacred agreement with the employer. They are simply blinded by the wrong principles and methods of their organizations.

Contrast this state of affairs with what would be the case, were these workers organized on the plan of the I. W. W., and educated in the principles on which it is based. The railway workers operating at any given point would be organized under one charter, covering that industry for that locality, a local Industrial Union of Transportation. The workers composing that local Industrial Union would be the following branches: Engineers and Firemen, who would meet as such to discuss and decide upon the conditions they would want to enforce in their work; Conductors and Brakemen, with other men of the train crew, who would do likewise; Cooks, Waiters and Porters, forming another branch for the purpose of legislation as to their working conditions; Depot Employees, as another branch for the same purpose; Telegraphers, Dispatchers and Towermen, Machinists, Boilermakers and Repairmen, Trackwalkers and Sectionmen, Yardmen and Switchmen, Flagmen and Crossing-tenders,—until all employees in that industry were organized in the branches to which they belonged by reason of the particular kind of work they were performing in the operation of that industry. All of these branches would be integral parts of the local Industrial Union. As such they would have full power to discuss and decide with regard to the working conditions in their particular department. Each branch would be represented in the Industrial Union by a delegate or delegates. They

upon meeting would discuss the instructions received from the branches, confer together as representatives of the industry, and formulate the working conditions for the industry into demands. A representative of each branch would constitute the committee that would appear before the railroad managers, receive their reply and report back to the membership they represented. The membership would then decide upon their course of action, and instruct their local industrial union through its committee to proceed to carry such decision into effect. Wherever necessary, the questions would be taken up to the National Industrial Union, composed of all local Transportation Industrial Unions. Thus, when necessary, united action of the workers would result in the entire industry. If, in order to enforce their demands, it became necessary to cease work, a vastly different state of things from that first mentioned would confront the railway management. No part of the workers would be found as *union men* assisting in the operation of a scab railroad, for the simple reason that correct principles, backed up by correct and up-to-date organization, would have prepared the way for united action on the part of the workers in that industry.

It is necessary to state here that the branching of the different workers here stated is not by any means arbitrary. The workers in the industry affected will decide that matter as the special conditions, of which they have full knowledge, may dictate. The tendency will be to have as few branches in the Industrial Union as conditions will permit; at the same time making it possible for every worker in the industry to take part in the affairs of the organization. Usually the investigator of industrial unionism will at first glance see, in the branches of the Industrial Union, craft unionism under another name. The opponent of industrial unionism will insist that such is the case. Does not the branch mean a division? the investigator will ask. Not at all; no more than the division of an army into companies, battalions, regiments and brigades means division. An army is so organized in order that it can be handled to accomplish its mission. In industrial unionism the Branch will be the company, the Industrial Union the battalion, the Department of National Industrial Unions of closely allied industries, as for instance steam, electric, marine, and team transportation, will be the brigade, while the combination of Departments will constitute the army of the working class on the economic field.

Again, the defenders of craft unionism will assert that the tendency of such organization is along the same line. They will justify their contentions by pointing to the recently formed Building Trades Department and Metal Trades De-

partment of the American Federation of Labor. The student of Industrial Unionism also will be inclined to agree with that view, as a proof that craft unionism is gradually evolving to conform with the present state of industrial development. Such is not the case. The very essence of craft unionism is craft autonomy. Craft autonomy means that each craft organization, as such, has the power to treat and make terms with the employer. The craft organizations teach this, and they deny it also, but in struggles with the employer they invariably practice it, regardless of the fact that crafts as such are obliterated in modern industry.

The power claimed for each craft to make separate terms with the employer is the fatal defect in the craft form of organization. It can never be remedied by any combination or agreement between organizations, so long as it is allowed to remain. Imagine, if you can, an army in which the integral parts had autonomy to treat with the enemy and enter into peace pacts, regardless of the whole. To learn its fate you need only observe the craft unions of the workers in the industrial wars of our time.

The branches of the Industrial Union have no such power, no such object. Their sole function is to assist in systematizing and simplifying the drilling of the army of production. This self-imposed drill, discipline, and education is the method of the Industrial Workers of the World. Its purpose is to gain control of the machinery of production, and then to operate it, distributing the wealth so produced to all who by brain or muscle have contributed in the production thereof, in exact proportion to the amount of labor each has contributed in producing the joint product. To achieve this result the Industrial Workers of the World is in existence. To make possible the achievement of this result it offers the following Preamble as a statement of its principles:

PREAMBLE.

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until all the toilers come together on the political, as well as on the industrial field, and take and hold that which they produce by their labor through an economic organization of the working class, without affiliation with any political party.

The rapid gathering of wealth and the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands make the trades union unable to cope with the ever-growing power of the employing class, because the trades unions foster a state of things which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. The trades unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These sad conditions can be changed and the interests of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries, if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lock-out is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Therefore, without endorsing or desiring the endorsement of any political party, we unite under the following constitution:

And as a working program by which to build, it proposes the following rules:

All power vests in the general membership through the initiative and referendum and the right of repeal and recall.

Universal transfer system and recognition of cards of union workers of all countries; one initiation fee to be all that is required, and this to be placed at such a figure that no worker will be prevented from becoming a union man or woman because of its amount.

An universal label, badge, button and membership card, thus promoting the idea of solidarity and unity amongst the workers.

A defense fund to which all members shall contribute.

The final aim of the industrial union will be to place the working class in possession of the wealth-producing machinery, mills, workshops, factories, railroads, etc., that the labor of the working class has created.

This aim can not be accomplished while the workers are divided upon the field of production as they have been in the past and are to-day. It can not be accomplished until the workers, in an organization of and by the working class alone, educate themselves to carry on production in their own behalf.

Until sufficient numbers of the workers are educated to accomplish this task, the battle of the worker in capitalist society must be fought, and industrial unionism offers the

only weapon with which the worker can hope successfully to combat the power of the employing class, on the economic field.

All hail Revolutionary Industrial Unionism! Speed the day of its advancement and ultimate triumph!

VINCENT ST. JOHN.

Christianity and Socialism.



PERPLEXING QUESTION which is now agitating the minds of some people and which is likely to continue to be a subject of discussion is the question, "Has socialism anything to do with Christianity? Does socialism antagonize the Christian Church? Can a man be a socialist and still retain his religious faith?"

The common answer is, "No, socialism has nothing to do with Christianity. Socialism is an economic and political movement, while Christianity is a spiritual movement. Socialism cannot antagonize the Christian Church—it is aiming at the same ends, so far as this world is concerned. A man can as easily retain his religious faith and be a socialist as he can retain that faith and be a Republican or a Democrat, in the party sense." This is a very common answer, and there are lots of people who at least would like to believe that it is true. To many of us—especially those whose whole training has been received within the atmosphere of the church and who have taken its ideals and teachings as the great fundamental truths of life—it seems almost criminal that a movement which in its ends appeals so powerfully to many devout Christian believers should be menaced by the appearance or expression of antagonism to the teachings of Christianity. Believing, as many of us do, that the ideals of socialism are the very ideals which Christianity came into existence to achieve, it must come as a great shock to discover that a considerable part of the literature of socialism is either agnostic or atheistic.

Now, it may be that the formal transition from capitalism to socialism can be made without disturbing existing religious creeds or faiths—especially those of the Christian order. And when one thinks of the vast gain to the world which such a transaction would mean, one could almost wish that such may be the case. And yet, a little reflection will convince most of us that what we may wish will have practically nothing to do with the case.

The question of the relation of socialism to the Christian

Church is simply a phase of the relation of science to religion. Can a man become a scientist or accept the results of scientific research and at the same time retain unchanged his Christian faith? Many will at once say, "Certainly, that is what scores of men have already done. Was not Agassiz a great scientist and did he not remain also a devout Christian? So, Dana, Le Conte, and a great many others."

Yes, it is true that men have accepted some of the results of scientific investigation and still retained their Christian faith, or what they called their faith. But is it not rationally inevitable that, since the great central doctrines of Christianity were formulated before the era of modern science had dawned at all, in a period when man's conceptions of very many things were such as no enlightened man can possibly hold to-day, man's knowledge of scientific facts and truths must have an effect upon his religious beliefs?

A little reflection will bring us to the conclusion that the expectation of maintaining unchanged our religious faith in this 20th century, in any particular, is a vain expectation. The tendency of religion has been toward fixity of belief, and that tendency is still with us. Theology concerns itself with such conceptions as the Absolute, the Unchangeable. In the nature of things, theology cannot easily adapt itself to frequent or radical changes. Witness the universal punishment of "heresy". So, religion has never welcomed the invasion of its sphere by science or philosophy. It has contended — and there are eminent representatives of religion still who contend—that religion has a field of its own into which science is utterly unfitted to enter. It is asserted that science has no tools with which to work in the spiritual realm. Even so distinguished a man as Henry Drummond supports that idea. But it is almost a certainty that, as in every former claim of immunity which religion has made, it is again mistaken here. It is fairly safe to say that no human interest or subject of thought can be permanently quarantined against science. Science is going to enter every field, and the future will not repeat the past if science does not prove the victor in every such conflict.

It will be remembered by all who are familiar with the history of the Christian Church or of religion that when the so-called Higher Criticism made its appearance, its advocates were regarded not only with suspicion and hostility by the majority of the church, but as enemies of faith and perverters of religion. It was felt by millions of people—and said, too—that if the inerrancy of any part of the scriptures was undermined, the whole bible would be discredited and religion would cease. But the Higher Criticism could not be staved

off. It has advanced steadily, and now many of those who at first opposed it most violently are making a new adjustment of their faith to its results. Higher Criticism was or is simply one small phase of the universal advance of science—the application of the scientific method to the study of the biblical literature.

Of course, the work of scientific men in this department was at once attacked by able partisans of orthodoxy, whose arguments were so evidently dictated by personal bias as to vitiate much of their value to discerning minds. It is true, too, that excavations in Asia and elsewhere have seemed to yield some evidence in favor of a greater antiquity of some of the biblical writings than the opinions of the critics gave them. And here arose a great cry of joy from the orthodox and conservative.

But even as they were exulting in these alleged discoveries, another movement was advancing rapidly which was so much more radical than anything suggested by the Higher Criticism, as to make the latter almost a negligible factor. This was the science of comparative religion. Instead of contenting itself with the analysis of the ancient Hebrew literature, science proceeded to investigate the very roots of religion itself as a phenomenon of human evolution. That science is by no means complete. But it has already gone far enough to make the idea of a supernatural revelation untenable to many minds in the church itself. Leading thinkers in the church are now assuming as beyond all question the perfectly natural origin of all our so-called religious ideas, the idea of God included. Accepting the evolutionary account of man's origin, these men find it impossible to believe in miracle as the mother of religion. In many respects, they are placing themselves on precisely the ground occupied by those socialists who are being accused of atheism.

The occasion of the current misunderstanding on the part of some Christian socialists is one which, upon reflection, should greatly increase a thinking man's respect for the socialist movement. For socialism, instead of being a little temporary reform or scheme hatched in the brain of a Marx or a Lassalle, is both a world-movement and a world-philosophy. As such, there is nothing which it will not affect. It does not in the least disturb some of us who are in the church to know that socialism will completely displace capitalism—transform the whole structure of our industrialism,—even though such a transformation may involve many painful changes for men and women in no way responsible for capitalism. We can look with entire equanimity toward these radical and tremendous changes which socialism would

mean for thousands of people in their economic existence, but we quail before any radical changes which may be effected in men's religious belief.

But if we can so easily accept the notion that there is no divine sanction in Capitalism, is it any more reasonable to think that the universe will fall apart if similar changes become necessary in our religious notions? The investigation of the origin of our religious ideas and practices will go on as relentlessly as the motions of the planets. It is no longer possible to believe, as it once was, that the sun will stand still at any one's command, nor is it any more likely that the analysis of our "God", our "salvation", our everything religious, will not continue. They who fear the fullest light on these questions that it is possible to have exhibit an exceedingly doubtful faith.

Furthermore, some people are coming to see that "atheist" is a word that no longer has the meaning which ages of ignorance and persecution gave it. Intellectually, it is or should be obsolete. No mere word—God, salvation, or what not—has any sacredness in itself. Sacredness belongs not to names, but to realities, to facts, qualities, activities, life.

Of course, if one conceives of religion as a something which the individual can have all by himself, like some ecstasy or some personal aesthetic emotion, involving no sense of human solidarity, one need not worry about what socialism will do to it. It is altogether probable that there will be survivals under socialism — possibly capitalistic survivals, to say nothing of superstition in the religious sphere—just as there are vestigial and useless organs in the human body. But if one conceives religion to be a matter of vital interest to the whole race of mankind, a universal and inherent need, one hardly need worry about its future. And if one believes, as some of us do, that religion is a matter of widest and deepest and most fraternal consciousness permeating and glorifying the daily tasks with a feeling of their justice and joy, then one might hail the coming of socialism as one of the richest fulfilments of religion, as some of us now find the service of its truth our noblest employment.

WILLIAM THURSTON BROWN.

Confession of a New Fabian.*



AITH HAS BEEN defined as "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." So great is my faith, so substantial the things I have hoped for, so strong the evidence of things I have not seen, that I should require a tolerably comprehensive volume to tell you all about it. My task to-night must be on a more modest scale. I am really here to offer the apology of a cautious revolutionist. Revolutionist, because Socialist; cautious, because Fabian. And standing here in the Fabian confessional, I will start with a confession. If I had to live over again my twenty years of Socialist service, I should be much more revolutionary and much less cautious.

Looking back on my own past I am conscious of an irreparable loss: I had spent many active years before I realized that Socialism meant far more than mere economic and political change. Thus in my most impressionable period I was blind to the rich colouring, the deeper meaning that can be assimilated by the Socialist who gets near to the mystery of art and of craftsmanship, who in some degree has distinguished pure and undefiled religion from sham religious growths and pretensions. I was cut off from all this in my early years, Socialism presenting itself in almost exclusively political clothing. My own futility as an agitator may largely be ascribed to the narrowing of my horizon to the political aspect. Now if this were a merely personal idiosyncrasy it would be an impertinence to obtrude it upon you, but I cannot help thinking that I was not peculiar in this respect; that I was a child of my age.

It is useless crying over spilt milk, but I often think with shame and chagrin how ineffective our propaganda was, because our eyes had not been opened to the larger vision. And if the dominant note of Socialism to-day is political to the practical exclusion of its deeper implications, does not the responsibility largely rest with that band of young provincial propagandists, of whom I was one. who always stated Socialism in political terms? My memory of that period calls up the most ludicrous attempts to pour Socialism into the

* Before reading this article it will be well to refer to the interesting note by William English Walling in our "News and Views" Department, in which Mr. Hobson's relation to the socialist movement in England is explained.—Editor.

Parliamentary mould. Beyond the usual idealistic perorations, our speeches and teachings were conditioned by the question, expressed or implied, "what will the politicians think of it?" Thus I was dominated by political considerations and not by clear thought; the plea for parliamentary practicality constantly stifled my conscience and did violence to my imagination. I now realize that more moral and intellectual courage and less smooth clap-trap about peaceful evolution and a more aggressive assertion of the revolutionary nature of Socialism would by now have broken the old political mould and changed it into a social instrument effective for Socialist purposes. Such was the atmosphere of my formative years. It was a time of intense political activity; of obtuseness to the finer things.

It is an interesting little speculation whether the born Socialist or the converted Socialist does more for Socialism. To plunge into the movement straight from the days of one's youth has certain advantages and many serious disadvantages. Yet a man may waste many precious years in great travail of spirit before, at long last, he finds sanctuary in the Socialist conception of life. Having reached the happy bourne, he may then become a mighty soldier—or he may carry within him germs of doubt and hesitancy that paralyse his work. The born Socialist suffers from no racking doubts and fears but is probably so voluble and facile, so cock-sure, that he wrestles in vain with the Lord's enemies. I belonged to the cock-sure variety. I have been a Socialist since my school-days. I was, therefore, a Socialist not knowing what Socialism was. It was a stroke of good fortune not to have been affected by evangelical attacks upon my soul. Some of my contemporaries passed sleepless nights in a torment of doubt as to the existence of the British Jehovah. They generally found relief in a book by Professor Drummond, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." Then they fell asleep in Drummond and were laid to rest in the pews of respectable conventicles. Belonging to a Quaker family, puritanical in the best sense of the word, no effort was spared to make me a young man of God. But thanks to a Socialist schoolmaster, I had been caught up by a new spirit that rendered me immune. Nevertheless I am grateful for an early religious training. Quakerism is in many ways an anomaly, but its central doctrine of "the inner light" is a rock upon which the religious free-thinkers may rest secure. It is a splendid proclamation that within each of us a light lightens the conscience and is a more certain guide along our way than church formulary, ex-cathedra pronouncement or biblical interpretation.

My Socialist schoolmaster sent me from school at the

age of seventeen with a mind and disposition bent towards Socialism. Under his guidance I had read, with occasional glimmerings of understanding, Smith's "Wealth of Nations", half-a-dozen of Carlyle's books, and three of Ruskin's—"Unto this Last", "The Crown of Wild Olive", and "Munera Pulveris". And now after twenty years, I quote two passages that so impressed themselves upon my plastic consciousness that they have coloured my life. The one I found in Carlyle's essay on "Signs of the Times"; the other in the "Definitions" in "Munera Pulveris".

"Not the external and physical alone is now managed by machinery, but the internal and spiritual also. Here too nothing follows its spontaneous course, nothing is left to be accomplished by old natural methods. Everything has its cunningly devised implements, its preestablished apparatus: it is not done by hand but by machinery. Thus we have machines for Education: Lancastrian machines; Hamiltonian machines; monitors, maps and emblems. Instruction, that mysterious communing of Wisdom with Ignorance, is no longer an indefinable tentative process, requiring a study of individual aptitudes, and a perpetual variation of means and methods to attain the same end; but a secure, universal, straightforward business to be conducted in the gross, by proper mechanism, with such intellect as comes to hand. Then we have Religious machines of all imaginable varieties; the Bible Society, professing a far higher and heavenly structure, is found, on inquiry, to be altogether an earthly contrivance; supported by collection of moneys, by fomenting of vanities, by puffing intrigue and chicane. It is the same in all other departments. Has any man, or any society of men, a truth to speak, a piece of spiritual work to do; they can nowise proceed at once and with the mere natural organs. but must first call a public meeting, eat a public dinner; in a word, construct or borrow machinery, wherewith to speak it and do it."

The second passage reads:—

"The production of effectual value, therefore, always involves two needs: first, the production of a thing essentially useful; then the production of the capacity to use it. Where the intrinsic value and acceptant capacity come together, there is effectual value, or wealth: where there is either no intrinsic value or no acceptant capacity, there is no effectual value, that is to say no wealth. A horse is no wealth to us if we cannot ride, nor a picture if we cannot see, *nor any noble thing be wealth, except to a noble person.*"

As I copy these words, I vividly remember how as a youngster I dimly realized the existence of strange forces and

mysteries surrounding the life of the ordinary man, and I had a suspicion that clever men, who saw into these mysteries, were perpetually fooling the ordinary man to the top of his bent. Thus I started the serious work of life with two set ideas: First, an incurable suspicion of all kinds of political and philanthropic machinery; second, that there could be no understanding of wealth and therefore no wealth until we should breed a noble race.

In the days of which I speak, provincial Socialism was largely recruited from Liberalism. And Liberalism was something very weighty and respectable. It was the fag-end of the Gladstonian period, early-Victorianism, *par excellence*, which took a long time a-dying. The young Provincial had no heroes or substitutes for the solemn Whig personalities of Gladstone's circle, and accordingly was shy of the new ideas, innocuous though they were. We were obsessed with the belief that Socialism was in the apostolic succession to Liberalism; that we must wait patiently until Liberalism had exhausted its mission and that, thereafter, Socialism would take up its Liberal heritage. The Fabian manifesto, "To Your Tents, O Israel!" did much to dissipate this poisonous delusion. I know of no influence amongst Socialists that so weighted our steps as this extraordinary superstition.

I was, of course, like other Socialists, full of delusions. But I strove to reach some definite conclusion to each problem that confronted me, and this, coupled with my suspicion of party organization, kept me tolerably independent of party shibboleths. And I may remark that every conclusion I came to has ever since been subject to daily revision.

My first perplexity remains my last. I quickly understood that Liberal and Tory economics were fundamentally capitalistic. The social and political facts as I saw them entirely precluded any co-operation with Liberalism or Toryism. I had become conscious of a class-struggle. The refusal to recognize the existence of such a thing by certain Socialist leaders and its over-emphasis by others was a fruitful source of mental confusion to my contemporaries and myself. Even yet, many of the differences between Socialist groups spring from divergent views as to the real significance of the class-struggle.

My own conception of the class-struggle may be illustrated in the person of a respectable British mechanic who owns property amounting to (say) 500 pounds Sterling. There are many thousands of such. He is a sturdy trade-unionist working at the bench at the standard wage, his income being supplemented by 25 pounds a year—5 per cent interest on his 500 pounds. He naturally seeks the highest wage

obtainable, very wisely utilizing his trade-union to that end. Then a time comes when he is asked to join his mates in a movement for such an advance in wages as may reduce his interest from 5 per cent to 4 — an annual loss to him of 5 pounds. But if he secures an advance of 4 shillings a week, he has a gain of 10 pounds to set against his loss of 5 pounds. So far, good. But suppose he only gains an advance of sixty-pence per week, whilst his dividend is still in consequence reduced from 5 to 4 per cent. In that event he is personally an annual loser to the extent of 3 pounds 15 shillings a year. What is the poor fellow to do? We witness the melancholy spectacle of a peripatetic class struggle moved by more poignant emotions than was the remnant crew of the "Nancy Bell." If he leaves his union he may find himself working at a greatly reduced wage in a non-union shop; if he fights with his union he may seriously reduce the capital value of his pious parent's legacy. The man becomes acutely class-conscious, more so than the unmoneyed proletarian who in a soul-destroying career of degrading toil habitually lives only a fortnight from the workhouse and whose perceptions are so narrowed that he accepts the industrial system with Oriental fatalism and with an occidental vocabulary. *He*, in fact, is *not* class-conscious.

Now I postulate the class-struggle in the agitated bosom of this beefy Britisher because to me it is something more than an economic condition. It involves a definite decision to act in accordance with economic interests and we see this more clearly where the mind is divided by a distinct collision of economic interests. Suppose this capitalist-workman to be indifferent both to his investment and his trade-union; that he accepts things as they are; acquiescence implies submission and is the very negation of struggle. I am clear, therefore, that there can be no class-struggle without class-consciousness. It does not necessarily follow that a struggle inevitably ensues from a living sense of economic consciousness; but if not I can only argue the existence either of justifiable contentment or decadence. But having regard to the facts, as I see them, a class in society that is conscious of economic and social oppression will almost certainly seek to secure a transfer of economic power from the possessing classes to itself. And this remark, of course, applies as much to the middle-classes as to the proletariat, strictly so-called. Recently, Mr. Bernard Shaw has been subjected to criticism for advocating middle-class Socialism. He has never done anything of the kind. He has very wisely sought to show the middle-classes that substantially, they, too, are proletarians and that their one hope is Socialism. Socialism for the middle-classes is not middle-class Socialism; although I do

not doubt that the adherence of the administrative sections of society will profoundly modify many current conceptions of Socialism, although, of course, its foundations still stand sure. At all events, for many years, it has been part of my working faith that until we converted the man of 600 pounds a year, Socialism must be indefinitely delayed. And I would add, as a mere matter of personal opinion, that the revolutionary sense is far more highly developed in the well-to-do than the apostles of laborism imagine. It is certainly curious that in England, the real revolutionists are such men as Bernard Shaw and Cunninghame Graham; in France, Hervé and Largardelle, in Germany, Carl Liebknecht and Ledebour; in Italy, Ferri and Labriola,—all middle-class or aristocrats. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that it is the *intellectual* who does not fear the logic of his creed. Even so, it is well to remember that the county council schools only instruct and do not educate, so that in the main, the intellectuals for another generation will probably spring from the more leisured *strata* of society.

Of course, from the theoretical point of view, the situation is anomalous to the point of absurdity. Thus, we find that the dividend-monger is acutely class-conscious. He belongs to one of two trade-unions—the Liberal or the Tory. He is in absolute possession of the Universities, the Civil Service, the Army and the Navy. And he will fight to maintain his economic dominance. Does labor respond by forming a gigantic trade-union with Socialism as its basis? By no means. The Labor Party is careful to disavow Socialism: it is almost apologetic when it tries to modify the wage-system; it repudiates any variation of family life; it shivers at any departure from conventional religion—in fact, in spirit and principle it is as capitalist as the others. We are, therefore, faced with the curious fact that the Liberal and Tory parties are well-organized, class-conscious unions; whilst the labor unions constitute a political party that is inordinately proud of its moderation. Now assuming a class-struggle, how can the under-dog remain moderate if not quiescent. Such a line of action argues a poor spirit or worse. Nor do you alter it by calling it strategy.

I am aware that another concept of Socialism denies the existence of a class struggle, or, admitting it, regards it as of secondary importance. So far as I can understand, it appears to be based upon the idea of the nation as a separate economic entity. The argument seems to be that racial, historic and legislative development have so far differentiated nations that each's economy is also special and racy of its soil. Further, that international competition, sometimes culminating in war,

has welded together the people of any nation to such an extent that a substantial economic harmony prevails between all sections of a nationality, even though, here and there, there may be maladjustment of sectional interests. Color is lent to this view by the preacher who in times of turmoil tells us that "we are all members of one body." Now I believe that the spirit of nationality may be a precious asset in the world's economy; that there is such a thing as national genius; but I also believe that a nation of divided economic interests must surely suffer in its spirit and genius. Personally, I imagine that the national spirit emanates from the physical conditions under which the people live; that topographical configuration is a more important element than education and atmosphere than language. But whatever its main cause may be, a healthy people will develop a spirit and genius of its own, bearing it as unconsciously as a gentleman bears good manners. Beyond recognising the evil influence of poverty upon national life, I regard nationality as belonging to an altogether different category from economic problems. And I cannot bring myself to believe in the nation as an entity separate from and independent of economic conditions in other countries. Whatever nations may be politically, they are knit together by the most intimate economic bonds. Substantially, the same industrial system obtains in Western Europe and America; the money markets of London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna and New York are sensitive to the same influences; the trusts, the investor, the manufacturer know no frontier in the transaction of their business; a trade-depression in Germany will inevitably travel to Great Britain and America—in short, the capitalist system of production is cosmopolitan and merely utilizes the national government for its own protection. In as much as Socialism is a movement to liberate both soul and body from the enslavement of private capitalism, it therefore follows that Socialism must be as international as capitalism is cosmopolitan. And that is why I went to Stuttgart when I wanted to go to the Fabian Summer School.

It may be true that one country is more or less advanced than others in its industrial legislation; it may be true that legislation may expedite or retard industrial development to a greater or less degree; it may be true that localities or even whole countries may benefit from parliamentary enactments—nevertheless, I believe that, in the main, all legislation must represent average opinion or fall into desuetude. But average opinion is the creature of economic conditions and as these are necessarily governed by cognate conditions in other countries, I infer that mere legislation seldom, if ever, effects

the deeper currents of national life and growth. It is an index and not a regulator.

I therefore reject the alluring theory of national economic isolation and fall back upon the theory of class-conscious struggle. And it is a vital part of my faith to stimulate class-consciousness so that a class-struggle shall ensue to the great end that it shall finally be dissipated and merge into a society reconstituted on a basis of mutual aid.

Having gradually evolved a working theory as to economic class-conflicts, I found it equally imperative to examine the connection between economics and ethics. Quite early on I concluded that they were merely the obverse and reverse of the same coin; that they were practically identical, two arbitrary terms signifying the same thing. Rightly or wrongly, I have acted on this assumption for fifteen years.

I wonder whether the younger Socialists here have any conception of the really bitter feud that existed in the Provinces, in the early nineties, between the Ethical and the Economic Socialists. In those days every faintheart had his prefix. One was a Christian Socialist, another a Communist Socialist, yet another an Ethical Socialist, whilst the Economic Socialist seemed a terrible fellow and generally belonged to the S. D. F. A peculiarly evil type was the man who always told everybody that he was a Socialist in economics and a Liberal in politics. But there were two main divisions: the Ethical and the Economic. And you had to belong to one or other of the factions or be a prig and join the Fabian Society. The Ethical men were in a large majority and flocked to the I. L. P.; the Economic gravitated towards the S. D. F. They really represented two different temperaments which still persist. Had I power to work miracles, I should blend them into a harmonized whole.

On looking back, I can see a long line of fluent, shallow, pietistic enthusiasts who preached the Sermon on the Mount and who rejected the economic argument as beneath contempt. Also, it required some hard thinking, which was intolerable. These all came to a bad end. Others there were, who emphatically consigned ethics to Tophet, and proclaimed Socialism as an economic doctrine pure and simple. Somehow, *they* always seemed to miss the human side of the problem. They were generally very exasperating in private conference. I somehow acquired the notion that a superficial knowledge of economics went hand in hand with bad manners. Nevertheless, I soon lost patience with the Ethicists. They seemed to exude Nonconformity and claimed an irritating intimacy with the mind of God. They infused into Socialist thought and action a purposeless opportunism that weakened

the revolutionary fibre of the movement. The Ethical Socialists were always the first to counsel moderation and compromise. Being a young man, this seemed to me very curious. I had a belief that for a religious idea men were willing to die; yet the Socialists who seemed most willing to be sacrificed, and who were the fiercest and most uncompromising fighters, were the exasperating, bad-mannered, class-conscious variety. I always found myself an Economic Socialist amongst the Ethicists, and an Ethical adherent when in the company of the Economic school.

It sounds foolish, but for many years I was puzzled and discouraged. Finally, I concluded that both sections were working on the false hypothesis that ethics and economics in some mystic way were in different and even conflicting categories. Nobody seemed to see that fundamentally they were rooted in identically the same human impulse.

To me the problem is of vital importance: for upon its right solution depends the whole stress and emphasis of Socialist propaganda. If it can be shown that our code of conduct, our conception of our relationship to mankind, is based upon considerations independent of our economic environment, then the economic argument becomes of secondary importance. It would then be our business to build up a scientific ethic and, if necessary, to declare that economic necessity is a delusion and that it must disappear before our code of ethics as snow before the heat of the sun. If, upon the other hand, it can be shown that our attitude to our neighbor is conditioned by economic forces, then clearly we can in no wise materially modify our ethics until we have changed our system of wealth production and distribution. But I reject each alternative. I shall show later that I am no economic fatalist; I need only now remind you that a scientific ethic must necessarily provide for the development of the body on the ground that the generality of weaklings cannot be depended upon in the higher walks of reasoned conduct. Thus we at once find an actual correlation between ethics and economics. The up-building of the body is at once an economic and an ethical problem. And in whatever direction we turn, I believe we shall always make the same discovery: that whatever is economically necessary is ethically desirable or *vice-versa*. In short, that ethics is the science of transforming our economic conceptions into a code of conduct.

It is not for me to prove this point with logical precision: I am telling you what I believe and indicating my reasons. But I should like to amplify the point with two instances.

When Marx, amongst others, exploded the wage fund fallacy, he also exploded the code of Manchester morality

that, consciously or unconsciously, had grown out of it. In due time, the expansibility of variable capital was realized and recognized to be a fact of first importance. Then the economy of high wages commercially asserted itself and the conception of the worker as the predestined victim of an iron law of wages gave place to the larger view of high wages being a condition precedent to industrial and civic efficiency. Here dimly we can see partially operating in capitalist society an economic law that harmonizes with the most exigent ethical code.

My second instance is the Trust. I suppose no form of capitalist organization has been subjected to such unmeasured condemnation. Yet the entirely hopeful feature of the trust is that it is much more humane than its preceding type. Upton Sinclair has pictured the horrors of the canning industry in his book "The Jungle." Nor is his picture over-colored as I can personally testify. But we must not confuse the issue. Sinclair is really attacking private capitalism and not particularly the trust. Suppose the Chicago trust represents the united activity of 150 former individual firms. Is it not practically certain that these small concerns, operating separately, perpetrated in the sum total far greater cruelty, were more filthy in the practice of their hideous industry, paid worse wages, were more tyrannical, that when the industry is concentrated under one roof? We see things more vividly—that is all. The pig-killing episode, so graphically described by Thomas Hardy in "Jude The Obscure", should, in this connection give furiously to think.

But I emphasize the practical identity of ethics and economics for another reason. From how many thousand Socialist platforms has the impression been created that we must submit to mighty and mysterious economic forces, and that we are impotent to restrain or modify their operation? Then has followed the prophecy that these uncanny phenomena, these doses of salts in the body politic, were working their way to the great issue of Socialism. As a young man, this economic fatalism was to me an intellectual stumbling block. If economic development would do the trick why fash ourselves? Why not sit twiddling our thumbs to wait for Socialism's advent? Of course, I had a platform answer. I accepted the premiss, but urged that duty compelled me, by preaching Socialism, to expedite the economic process. But if you can expedite, you can also modify, mitigate, retard, or divert. It was by some such train of reasoning that I finally came to understand that we are the dictators, and not the servants, of so-called economic law. Behind all economic impulse will be found human will-

power, calculation and freedom to act or refrain from acting. China and India have refrained from acting; and in Europe, economic growth has been at least partially effected by religion. Industry is more highly developed in Protestant than in Catholic countries.

Again consider the trusts. It is said that their formation is absolutely inevitable and imperative. I do not believe it. We heard this of the Soap-trust. But like its own product, it speedily resolved itself into its component parts under outside pressure. That there is now a soap war does not invalidate the argument. The war is no more imperative than the trust was inevitable. If we can relieve our minds from the obsession of economic fatalism, we can see that trusts are formed by men of great will-power and imagination, who are not the helpless victims of blind fate. On the contrary, their action is governed by profound calculation. It is true, of course, that at a certain stage of development, the formation of a trust is the line of least resistance and the best way to avoid economic waste. But my point is that the engineers of the trust act with free-will; they are not the puppets of chance nor the marionettes of Fate. Had other psychological influences played upon them, I see no reason why the industrial system should not have developed in quite another direction. And so I submit that the Trust, obeying an economic impulse that springs from human will-power and calculation, is as much and as little an ethical as it is an economic factor.

Therefore it is a vital part of my faith that the community is, in the final analysis, master of, and not slave of, its economic destiny. Political Economy is the code of regulations obtaining for the time being in the human workshop. And we achieve change and reconstruction by breaking the rules. We break them at our own peril. Sometimes we are premature and get hurt; but the right moment ultimately comes to justify our revolt.

Now apply the moral to our noble selves. If we think Socialism will surely come, and, happy in the belief, do not strive for it, day by day, line upon line, then Socialism will never come, and History will execrate us as visionaries shackled by cowardice or indifference. And in prosecuting the campaign, I decline to submit either to the Economist or the Ethicist. I prefer that they should dance to my tune, and not I to theirs.

My next problem was what to be at. I found two ways of action open, either of which could be advantageously followed. I could settle down in one locality, devoting myself to local affairs, mastering the intricacies of local government,

and steadily pressing forward projects of municipalization. Or I could stump the country preaching Socialism in its more general and political aspects. I took the wrong turning. For ten years, almost without a break, I spent Friday to Monday lecturing in all parts of the country. In those days there was a great shortage of public speakers. Some enemy in the guise of a friend convinced me that I was designed by nature for the platform. This unhappy conviction coupled with an inundation of requests for lectures diverted me from my real work. My years were not wasted, but they could have been turned to better account. To any young Fabian here who is pondering what he can do most effectively for Socialism, I say localize—and, yet again, localize.

There are certain moral and intellectual restrictions to be guarded against, whichever career one undertakes. If you go to the platform, you may become intellectually lazy or dishonest. You find yourself constantly tempted to speak for dramatic effect and let the serious argument go hang; or you degenerate into a human gramophone, mouthing your most popular lecture to tickle the ears of the groundlings. Gradually your intellectual horizon narrows down to the foot-lights; unconsciously you begin to appraise every idea according to its probable platform popularity. You accept or reject in exactly the same spirit that a popular music-hall comedian accepts or rejects suggested gags. If you are faithful to your convictions, you inevitably talk above the heads of your audience, and the local secretary will tell you of it with brutal candour; if you talk down to your audience, you soon get sick of listening to your own voice, and nauseated, you retire into private life. But you make many good friends and there are compensations. What more delightful, for example, than to be told that something you said in a lecture, five years before, had been remembered and acted upon? And what more embarrassing than to receive the photograph of a buxom young woman arrayed in her Sunday gown with the superscription "From little Minnie, now grown up." You wonder who on earth is little Minnie.

On the other hand too much local work blinds a man to national issues. When I hear of a Fabian who has been elected to some local authority, I tremble for his soul's safety. In a couple of years, his locality has become the hub of the universe and his own particular activities mark a new departure in the history of mankind. Soon you must patiently listen to a long story of how he plays off one local politician against another and how he reads his own meaning into current local phrases. Then your local statesman ends by

solemnly impressing you with the necessity of intelligent opportunism.

As an elderly agitator whose course is almost run, I offer this fatherly advice to young Fabians. On the platform, preserve your sincerity; in local politics, retain your sense of proportion.

Nevertheless, I believe that the key to the promised land will be found more in local government than in parliamentary manœuvres. I wish I had understood this in my young days. It was not until ill-health and urgent private preoccupation had rendered me *hors concours*, and I had time for detached thinking, that I realized, in all its fullness, the unlimited possibilities of a reorganized system of local government. Where the people live will be found at once their industry and their local administration. Centralization may be necessary, but local administration of industry must always closely touch national life in all its phases. But you cannot pour the new wine of Socialism into the old bottles of municipal *laisser-faire*. In common with many others, I found that two or three general principles must be adopted to render possible the achievement of local Socialism. When in the late sixties, Owen and his congeners framed local government on the basis of the local sanitary authority, they could not foresee that in the late eighties the local unit of government would be expected to concern itself with gas, water, tramways, and other public services. Nor could they anticipate that in the late nineties, yet larger demands would be made. And so, beyond problems of public health, the municipal tradition remains in spirit *laisser-faire*, and the structure of local government even yet precludes effective and satisfactory intervention in industry.

The two cardinal principles that struck me as needful, were elasticity of boundary, and the devolution upon joint committees of special functions—municipal co-operation with centralized direction. In conjunction with a friend, whose brilliant intellect is unfortunately lost to the Socialist movement because of his occupation, we had worked out in considerable detail proposals based upon these two main ideas. But they were in the air anyhow, for soon after we had completed our first draft, Mr. H. G. Wells read his paper on local areas, which reappeared as an appendix to his "Anticipations." And it is almost superfluous to remark that Mr. Sidney Webb had also been pointing the way. Indeed, who can adequately appreciate the priceless services of Mr. Sidney Webb in this department of public life? Mr. Webb is a constitutionalist; I am a revolutionist: the revolutionist tenders his most profound salaam. On the old Executive I found

that others had been thinking along similar lines. We appointed a number of constructive committees, whose reports appeared as the New Heptarchy series of tracts. I am proud to have had some part in the elaboration of this new municipal policy, and I do not think that full justice was done to the old Executive at the last election in this regard. We were told that we were asleep. I felt it to be unfair that this work, as well as much else, was swept aside as of no importance.
London, England. S. G. HOBSON.



Strike Off Thy Chains!

(“The ballot must be the ultimate weapon of the working-class.”)

Arouse, ye Sons of Labor, in factory, field, and city!

The morning breaks, the bugle shakes

Its clarion notes to wake ye from your rest, 'neath scorn and pity.

As lightning leaps from thunder, arouse in wrath and sunder

The chains that bind ye captive to the guarded Lords of Plunder.

Arouse, and strike to win your own in factory, field, and city!

Arouse, arouse, ye sons of toil, from every rank of Labor.

Not to a strife of leaping lead; of bayonet and sabre:

Ye are not murderers such as they who break ye, day and hour.

Arouse! unite! win back your world with a whirlwind stroke of Power.

Think on your wives who toil to death in factories of fever:

Your Sister's cry, a prayer to die

Unheeded amid ghastly mirth in the brothels where they leave her.

Look! from *your* ranks they take them, to bind and bruise and break them.

The fairest of your daughters pick, to wrong, abuse, forsake them.

Ye men defied, 'tis Woman cries, and will ye longer leave her?
 Invisible the chains ye wear; but feel yet not their galling?
 Can ye not hear, sore wrought with woe, your wives and
 daughters calling?
 Shall these, your frail and fair, still die at the Masters'
 Profit-altar?
 Arouse ye slaves of Work-and-wage;—too long ye
 blindly falter!

Listen!—in the grey dusk of dawn, your driven children
 weeping!
 In dust and gloom, by the whirling loom
 With stunted forms and haggard eyes, watch o'er the spindles
 keeping!
 Your children,—they thus broken: and ye have only
 spoken,—
 Your wrath despised. *Arise and strike!* for the Masters'
 hearts are oaken.
 They've wrung your women; chained your children; shall ye
 still stay sleeping?
 Awake, ye guards of Human Right, from every rank of
 Labor.
 Not to a strife of murderous lead; of bayonet and sabre;
 Arouse, to rend these wage-slave chains; blood-rusted
 links to sunder.
 Unite! and then resistless strike, like lightning through
 the thunder!

FRED F. ROCKWELL.

Out of the Dump.

V.

Brother Bob.



AFTER MOTHER and the two younger children returned from the Pest House, things seemed to happen very slowly to the Piper family. Mother washed her way through the weary years, pulling Sam and Maggie along somehow. And I hung on to my berth at the Van Kleecks, trying all the while to make a niche with them for myself, that would give me a real footing to stand on.

Bob never had a chance to go back to school. By the time he had worked out father's funeral bills at the undertaker's, he had found a place in one of the Canning Rooms down at the Yards. Every week he brought home his wages to mother and for several months he wore a happy little air and boasted of the time when he should make a home and support us all. He said he was the Man of the House.

But that same winter he lost two of his fingers working on a lapping machine. The company had never installed a "guard". Bob says they think it's foolish to use safety devices when life and limb and fingers are so cheap.

Mother had always been fearful of the dangers of the Yards since father was killed on the chute, and she refused to let Bob return.

During the year or two that followed, Bob worked at the Pickle Works. Nobody can say he was not industrious in those days. And Ambition is not a big enough word to express the heights to which he aspired.

The Van Kleecks possessed a library that would make a Book-lover leave any kind of a home, provided, of course, it did not contain a library too, and I helped myself to everything I wanted. But I was careful to replace each book exactly where I found it, and to return those I carried home for Bob to read.

Great fun we had reading together. The poorest book was a fund of humor if enjoyed with Bob. Nothing was stale or flat or unprofitable when he was my companion. I have read the ideas of "Great Men" and, since those days, have known men whom they call "intellectual", but I never knew any one who made so few mistakes about big things and little things, as Bob. He hadn't the "finesse" that clever people boast of, and so he never got lost hunting in the clouds for the solution of earthly problems. He looked Life squarely in the eyes and saw, and that was all. There may be a few clever people who have wandered, and struggled, and toiled, and at last arrived at the place where Bob started. But they are hard to find.

During an epidemic of diphtheria at the Home of the Friendless that winter, Tim and Katie were very ill. The first mother knew about it was when the Matron sent word that little Tim was dead. Katie slowly recovered and the next spring the institution secured a place where she was able to earn her board and clothes.

Kate was a peppery little tike with a lot of fight in her when she was five. But by the time she was graduated from the Home of the Friendless she had no more back-bone than a baby. And working two years for her board and clothes, finished the job. She was the best type of a servant I ever saw, as she did everything anybody told her to do, and had no spunk at all. Bob said it made him sick every time she came home to see mother, because she sat around as though she were waiting for orders.

For a whole year after Tim died, mother kept up a brave fight against the weakness she was unable to hide from Bob and me. Every time I went home I found her paler and thinner. It was almost impossible for her to take in any outside work, and if they had not had Bob to help, I don't know how mother would have managed.

The same winter Mr. Van Kleeck's cousin, an invalid widow from the East, came to live with the family. She possessed a comfortable income of her own, but the Vans catalogued her as a Poor Relation. She could not afford to maintain several establishments like their own, so Mr. Van promised that a pleasant suite on the third floor should be always ready for her.

Mrs. Bailey was a quiet little woman with more ideas in her head in a week than Mrs. Van Kleeck had experienced in her lifetime. And she happened to take a fancy to me.

I know I was a comfort to her for her eyes were not strong and books were her greatest pleasure, and it was not

long before she declared it was a delight to hear me read aloud. The comfort was not all on her side, for she paid me regularly two dollars every week. Although I had been assigned duties from the day of my advent at the Van Kleécks, this was the first time I had been given money in payment for my services.

This winter mother's condition grew rapidly worse. Unfortunately Mrs. Bailey had taken me with her to Pasadena, California. Nearly all my money went home regularly every week. No one wrote to me but Bob and he did not wish to spoil my holiday. So he bore the whole burden alone and it was several weeks before I knew how ill mother was.

One Saturday night the men at the factory where Bob worked saw a notice nailed upon the gates saying the company had decided to shut down the works for "a month or two." Bob was turned off like all the others, but he did not worry mother with the new trouble.

Afterward I learned what happened. Bob rose every morning, just as though he were working on the same old job, and paced up and down the streets hunting for work. Toward the end of the week he went down to the Charity Organization Bureau. His one hope, he told me, was that they would send mother to a good hospital. The next day the Investigator came down to the Dump to reconoitre.

She told mother it was very improper for the whole family to live in one room, and that it was no wonder she was sick. And she said Bob had better get to work or somebody would have him arrested for vagrancy. In a day or two the City Physician called and suggested that he would try to place mother in the County Hospital. He wasn't sure her trouble was tuberculosis but she might go into the Ward for Consumptives and await developments.

Bob was so angry that he offered to kick the City Physician up stairs, for he knew as well as anybody that no one ever came from the Tuberculosis Ward with sound lungs. If anybody went there strong and well, he was certain to contract the disease before he got out.

Bob remembered other horrors retailed to him by one of the packing house employees who had been, unfortunately, an inmate of that institution, and Bob unfolded his mind. Whereupon the City Physician declared he was a young "rough who ought to be in the House of Correction."

The possibility of Bob being arrested for vagrancy and the thought of having Sam and Maggie sent to the Home of the Friendless worried mother so incessantly, Bob said, that her fever failed to go down all through the day. She

said Sam and Maggie would die there just as Tim had.

When Bob wrote to me the next week, he said he had found a job working nights. He was doing "piece work" and meant to make it pay. A little later he wrote that he had found a doctor who was helping mother.

When mother was well enough to write, I learned that Bob was nursing her through most of the day and working nearly all night, and I told Mrs. Bailey that I should have to go home at once. She bought my ticket to the city and asked me to come back to her as soon as mother was well again.

When I ran down the old basement steps and tore open the door, I found mother sitting in new rocking chair with a shawl of some fluffy stuff about her shoulders. Sam and Maggie were in school. The two rooms they used now, looked very neat and almost cozy and Bob seemed very tall and efficient for a boy of eighteen. A carnation or two stood in a glass on the table and signs of repair and care were evident every place.

"Bobbie! You're a most wonderful big brother!" I said giving him a hug.

"How ever were you able to manage so nicely?"

"Who cares," asked Bob, "how anything happens so long as Mummie's getting well!" And he stooped to kiss her.

I was very glad to see the wheels revolving, but I could not help wondering about the job that had enabled Bob to engage a first class doctor, pay the rent and supply the family with food. Every evening he left home at eight o'clock and returned at two or three in the morning. He was "watching", he said, over at the Yards.

I could see a great change coming over Bob. When he spoke of the Pork Packers, he said "The Big Thieves" and when one of the Mahoney boys was "sloughed" for "lifting a watch", it seemed to break him all up for a day or two. He laughed less than in the old days and seemed to be thinking a lot. And his thoughts drew two hard lines about his mouth that made my heart ache.

"I'd like to break even with the guys that took off my two fingers," he said bitterly one day. "I want to beat those skins that get fat on us boys. They're *Thieves*, big thieves, and I'd like to beat them at their own game."

"Bobbie", I said. "That's the trouble. It *is* their game. You can't beat a man at his game. I've heard you say so yourself."

"I'm not so sure," said Bob doubtfully.

And I kept worrying about that job. But Bob never

could keep anything from me very long, and at last he confessed.

"It's *crooked*," he said.

"Then it's *dangerous*," I replied.

Then the hard lines crept up around his mouth and a twinkle came into his eyes. He always looks like that when he knows he can out-argue me.

"So's the lapping-machine dangerous", he said. And he held up his mutilated hand.

"Tell me about it, Bobbie," I demanded. But he would not say another word, though he finally promised to give it up as soon as mother was well again.

We assured ourselves that she was slowly regaining strength. The doctor prescribed tonics, port wine, olive oil, fresh milk, cream and eggs—expensive things for poor folks, but Bob got them.

I knew we were walking between two fires and that Bob was perilously near the blaze. But I had to be silent. Doctor Swift declared mother could not improve without these delicacies, and Bob alone was able to provide them. So I wrung my hands and hoped she would soon be about again.

I think in these days I began to understand Bob's point of view. He told it to me often enough

"I can't get the things we need by *working* for them," he said, "so I'll get them the other way. Do you remember the time the Pork Packer's kid had something wrong with her knee? He sure put up the dough to have her fixed up. There was travel and consultations and finally one of the greatest surgeons in the world came across to do the job."

"Now *our* Dad got his *finish* working for that guy. Our family has given a lot to him. We've contributed Dad, and my fingers, 'en schooling—and mother—perhaps. But nobody asks how he got his money! Most people don't *care*. Floks never say '*How* did you get your money?' but 'Have you got any?' After this—I'm going to get *mine*."

I was so fearful of the fate in store for Bobbie that I could not eat my meals. And then all of a sudden mother had a relapse and during the three months that followed grew gradually weaker. But Bob made her last days almost happy ones. The fairy tales we were obliged to tell her about Bob and his work, were many and beautiful. And her pride in her boy was a great joy to her.

"You will bring Katie back and keep Sam and Maggie in school after I'm gone?" she asked. And Bob promised to do his best. She said she wanted us to stick together and help each other. All the care our unskilled hands could bestow, we

lavished on the little mother, and Bob told the doctor he thought he might be able to borrow enough money to send her to a fine hospital, if that would do any good. But Dr. Swift said she was happier at home with us.

On the seventh of March late in the afternoon, she fell asleep. We all sat huddled up in the corner close to Bob. For the hard world was before us and henceforth we would have to make the fight alone.

Toward evening the rain began to come down in a slow weary, hopeless drizzle. Half a dozen women from the neighborhood came in and made supper for us. But no one was able to eat anything. Two of them offered to stay all night. They were very kind but Bob and I felt a loneliness in our hearts such as we had never known before.

About two o'clock in the morning another blow fell. It was two big policemen who came to arrest Bob for disposing of stolen property. It seems he had been selling long bars of valuable copper at one of the places where doubtful goods are handled. Bob confessed that he had bought the copper of two men and that he had sold it, but he refused to answer any more questions. And nobody was ever able to learn from him who the two men were or where they had obtained it.

This made the judge very hard on Bob. And before the week was over, he had been sentenced to serve a year at the House of Correction.

But Bob was "game" to the very last.

"Next time", he said, "I'll have enough money on hand to pay for a good lawyer."

"There isn't going to be any 'next' time", I replied. And then they took Bob away.

It seemed to me then, and often it seems to me now, that the world is all wrong. There ought to be some chance for a strong, intelligent boy like Bob, and a girl like me, to make a living without getting jailed.

It's a crime to be without work, and often we can't get work. It's a crime to beg (ask the Charity workers and they'll tell you how true this is) and it's painful to starve. Every poor man will say that Honesty and Poverty can't go very far—hand in hand because they starve to death, and Poverty and Dis-honesty don't go far either—because they land in jail. In those days my mind was just as blank about things as Taft's was when they asked him about the Problem of the Unemployed. He said "God knows." But I didn't believe anybody knew.

MARY E. MARCY.

The Evolution of an Intellectual.

The obsolescent ideals of Christianity and the Family have played leading roles in the drama of human progress,

—Robert Rives La Monte.



WAS SENT TO INTERVIEW H....., who is well known for his essays, sketches and plays. My task was to get him to briefly trace his intellectual history, to name the principal influences that contributed to the unfolding of his mind. It took some tact, and a sympathetic understanding with his views to feel him out and get him talking, but once started he ran along fluently and easily. He gave a copious supply of psychological data of intense interest. No man has so well illustrated the truth of the biogenetic law of Ernest Haeckel as rendered by the distinguished Doctor William Bölsche, as has the iridescent and ever changing H.....

Here is H.....'s story:

"I was raised by strict and narrow parents. They were straightlaced church goers and put me through 'a course of sprouts'. That is, they saw that I attended Church, Sunday-school and family prayers regularly. There was a revival, our whole family was awakened and the decision was reached to have me baptized. Accordingly at the age of 12, I was immersed together with a dozen of my elders.

"That day was an eventful one for me. I remember running home in my wet clothes, and, as I changed them for dry ones, the incident suddenly struck me ludicrously and I laughed heartily at myself. But I quickly recovered sobriety, the thought of hypocrisy struck me; and that brought me up with a jerk.

"Until 18, I was a professed and earnest believer. My mind alternated between stimulated mysticism and cold self-analysis. I was either in the heaven of warm emotional belief, or in the hell of cold matter-of-fact doubt.

"At 18, I was sent to a denominational academy. Here away from home influences, I began to enjoy the pleasures of the society of those of my own age. On account of delicate

health, I could not shine as an athlete or a beau. Consequently, I took refuge in reading. I haunted the library, and pored over books and papers.

"One time while sitting here alone, I picked up an article by Herbert Spencer on 'The Knowable and the Unknowable.'

"The article struck me so forcibly that I reperused it and then went to my room and wrote my father that I was beginning to doubt the existence of a God, and that it was really unknowable whether He existed or not.

"I had no idea of the pain this would inflict on my dear old parents, or I should have paused a long while before sending this dart into their loving hearts.

"My father wrote me a tender remonstrance, urging me to think further before coming to such an illogical conclusion.

"I took his advice and dipped into the 'First Principles,' and other works too deep for my ken. What little I could gain from them but further strengthened my impressions. At last, I proudly pronounced myself an Agnostic. In this I differed from the usual undergraduate, who thinks, if he does not claim, that he knows it all.

"During the following vacation, I happened across 'Progress and Poverty' by Henry George. The doctrine of the single taxer made a profound impression on my mind.

"So at an early age, I became radical in religion and politics. Then came college. I entered immediately into the study of philosophy and economics. My Professors said George's stand was based on the assumption that the poor were getting poorer and the rich richer; whereas, the fact was, the poor were getting richer and the rich richer; they proceeded to prove this allegation. Then they closed by stating as a matter of logic, if his main premise failed, certainly his conclusion fell with it.

"Thus they laid out George! But we of his crowd would have none of their sophistries, so we sent for the famous single taxer to come and confound his enemies. He came and got into a squabble, and it is hard for me to tell who really got the best of it. As to agnosticism Spencer was accessible along with Darwin and Huxley, so that my faith in evolutionary doctrines was strengthened each year, and I emerged more of an Agnostic than ever.

"For the next few years came business and family affairs. I read and wrote mostly along ephemeral lines.

"Finally I struck Karl Marx. This book was now done in English, so I procured it and saw George out-Georged! My professors had taken many a slap at Marx and as Marx

was not yet translated, I had to take their views of him,—which too they got on faith from somebody else. From Marx's economics, I went by slow stages to Joseph Dietzgen's philosophy of cosmic materialism. I saw it was more in conformity with the facts of the Universe than Agnosticism.

"You see my mind has been swiftly drifting along a rapid stream of thought. Needless to say, this has been reflected in my writings, and I have been confronted with the charge of inconsistency and instability.—This is true. Dietzgen says:

"'Stable motion and mobile stability constitute the reconciling contradiction, which enables us to reconcile all contradictions.'"

"This, my friends, is the history of how I lost my tadpole's tail and became a full fledged frog, according to the biogenetic law of Ernest Haeckel as laid down in the luminous rendition of the learned Doctor William Bölsche."

Thus ended the interview with the famous H. The psychological changes were in his case largely the results of reading.

I suppose this is because in his lonely environment, he did not have the stimulating influence of meeting and absorbing the ideas of other intellectuals; so that his mind moved through cataclysms rather than through the slow evolutionary growth experienced by those who, owing to their high social environment, daily assimilate the world's latest thought unconsciously.

ROBIN DUNBAR.

Jack London's Visit to Papeete, Tahiti.



THE CLIMATE in the South Sea Islands is the most beautiful in the world and the little Island of Tahiti a veritable potential earthly paradise! Prior to the time Captain Cook and his men first invaded the island a healthy, happy, hospitable people lived here. The merry laughter of the slim and darkskinned maidens rang through the woods, while the stalwart youths plied the teeming sea waters for fish. Cocoanuts were plentiful in the forests and their small plantations furnished the bread fruit, bananas and the delicious mangoes. A strip of bark from a buran sapling served for a "g" string and they were garbed in the free and healthful fashion of the day. It was rarely necessary for any one to work more than one or two hours daily in order to supply his wants.

But the ravages of the white man are baring the island. Already the great trees are falling beneath their stroke and the foot hills seem bare with their scant covering of lantana and small scrubby trees.

Gradually Civilization with all its miseries has stolen in upon these once happy people and bound them in its chains. Genuine hospitality has given place to a mere show of hospitality; uniform home industry has yielded to spasmodic slavery and sottish idleness. The kind and friendly expression in the faces of the natives has given way to looks furtive and suspicious. The White Man has crushed them and there is hate in their hearts. The adulterated alcoholic liquors sold here—whenever the natives have any money to spend—make dangerous beasts of them. For they long always to revenge themselves upon those who have brought misery to Tahiti—The Gem of the South Seas.

All the islanders are forced to pay a tax of nine dollars a year to the French Administration. Even visitors who have lived here a year are required to pay this sum. Nine dollars in gold is, to the native, much like the home mortgage to the old woman in New England. All year the thought of this payment hangs over his head. If he fails to find the money the sheriff carries off his household furniture, of whatever it may consist. As there is almost no way for the natives to earn

this money, many of them have been sold out and have moved into the town, where they live in rented rooms. The elementary schools are very poor, and there are no high schools.

Neither are there industries upon the island and the young men must either clean the stables of the officers or fish with their fathers.

And the gentlemen tourists, the government officials, the whalers, the deck hands,—the men of Civilization who visit Tahiti—they have come with flirtation and love story to these poor fair native girls until now their shame is told in every port the world over. But they cannot live without money and again we see that the call of the Stomach is mightier than the call of Virtue.

Forty churches and some sixty missionaries cumber the once fair land of Tahiti. And it is these "Gospel Merchants" who most profit by the miseries of these poor girls. On Sunday you may find them attending the big new Fare Pure (Church) and when the fat missionary passes the pan, they drop many dollars into it. They believe then, that they have received absolution for their past sins. It would surprise you to see the various missionaries accepting these offerings with closed lips. They would not stop the flow of those silver dollars and they are silent.

I heard a prominent missionary make a plea one day for a collection for the poor in France, while the poor in France were sending money to teach the heathen in Tahiti. I asked him about it.

After much equivocating, he said, "We believe in teaching the people in one part of the world to have a brotherly feeling for those in other countries." You see he did believe in "Brotherhood".

The average wage paid in Tahiti is 70 cents for a nine hour day and whole families often live in a single one-room hut, in this great and glorious country where Nature scatters her blessings with a lavish hand.

When the natives are sick, they may go to the Government Hospital (French) free, but they have to wait their turn and there are always more than a hundred on the waiting list. The French Government will not permit the native doctors to practice. So the inhabitants must take French treatment (if they live to have their turn at the Hospital) or die.

This is now the festal time (July 14th.) in Tahiti and the natives are gathered here from all parts of the South Seas to join in the good time. The songs they sing are, many of

them, about the Good Mother Country France, and how happy and prosperous they all are. Slowly the French are trying to instill into these poor natives, germs of patriotism. One thing I have particularly noticed is that the missionaries always support the Government officials no matter to what extent their actions may carry them. To them the Powers that Rule can do no wrong.

* * *

I was very happy the morning Mr. and Mrs. Jack London came sailing into Papeete Harbor in their "Snark!" To see somebody who had been out in the world where the glorious Socialist Movement is striding forward!

"Harry mai" (Come here) I shouted to a native. "I'll give you ten cents to paddle me out to that boat."

The native assented and we were soon paddling out to meet the long-looked-for "Snark". I had fastened my red apron to a bamboo pole and waved it vigorously at the visitors till we came close enough to recognize each other.

"Hello, Jack!" I shouted.

"Hello, Darling," responded Jack, for he had met me in Oakland, California.

"We hear you have Scarlet Fever on board", I shouted.

"No", replied Jack rather perplexed.

"Well, we've got it here", said I, waving the red flag again.

"O!" said Mrs. London, "Why he means Socialism!"

"Sure", said I and then they invited me on board.

We had a busy chat while the Captain tacked across the harbor to the wharf. Some other socialist friends and I helped them get their baggage ashore and then treated our welcome comrades to Tahitian mangos and bananas.

They located in a pleasant part of the town while the Captain began much-needed repairs on the engines, which were in very bad condition.

Jack and Mrs. London were the best company in the world, and relished every spark of humor that came their way. And they are socialists from the ground up.

The comrades of Tahiti wanted Jack to give a public lecture. When I went to secure a hall, I was informed that I must first get permission from the Chief of Police. This dignitary informed me that he would have to consult with the Governor. After dallying around for three or four days, we finally received permission to invite Mr. London to give us a talk on Socialism. To add to our difficulties, we had to do considerable coaxing and assuring to obtain the consent of the hall-owner.

At last all was arranged and we had a very interesting

audience. But the suspicious French Government had the Chief of Police stationed in the rear of the hall with an interpreter at his side to tell him everything Mr. London said in his lecture on "The Revolution."

When they found that we did not intend to bombard Oceania then and there, they were taken aback, and a little embarrassed by their childish precautions.

But the smokeless, noiseless powder Jack used sent the arguments home and the Frenchmen were unable to return the blows with any effect.

The meeting closed in accordance with the town ordinance, at ten o'clock. The majority of the English speaking residents of Tahiti were present and everybody seemed greatly pleased with this pioneer lecture on Socialism.

E. W. DARLING.

Papeete, Tahiti, Oceania.

"The First Bomb."

By Belokonski. Translated from Russian.

I.



VAN SOROKIN, a young man of twenty, was returning to his store. Evidently he was in no hurry to get back to the counter; he was walking leisurely along the street, hands behind his back, whistling a merry tune, and continually stopping in front of display windows and minutely examining everything there.

He had just stopped to light a cigarette, when he was suddenly seized by three policemen, who threw him into a cab and drove away, showering blows upon his head whenever he tried to remonstrate. Not understanding what it was all about, he hoped that the matter would be cleared up at the police court, whither he was being driven. But when he got there and began to complain to the inspector the latter beat him till blood began to flow and then shoved him into a dark cell.

Exhausted, covered with blood, helpless and hopeless, Sorokin was on the verge of madness. When his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, he noticed an ikon in the corner, and getting down on his knees he began to pray fervently. But at that moment the door opened, and he was roughly, nay brutally, dragged from the cell. Though offering no resistance, he was handcuffed, placed in a closed carriage, taken to jail and thrown into a cell, where he fainted.

II.

George Formalin, advisor to the state administration, a man of about sixty, had just finished his tea, and as it was about 11 o'clock he started for the administration building. As he was coming out of the house he saw an unknown young man hurrying down the steps and before the door he noticed a round object wrapped in paper. Formalin came to a standstill and for a few seconds fearfully regarded the object; then, recollecting himself, he hurriedly re-entered the house and ordered that no one should leave by the front door. Having given this order he locked the door and rushed down the stairs to the porter. But the porter was nowhere in sight, and Formalin ran out on the street and asked his coachman, who

was waiting for him with the carriage:

"Did you see who went out of the house just now?"

"Yes, your Excellency," answered the coachman, "a young man, dressed in——"

"Where did he go?"

"Around the corner. Why, there he is crossing the street."

"Policeman," shouted the advisor.

The policeman came up running, and saluted his superior. The latter whispered something in his ear and pointed out the person noticed by the coachman.

"Yes, your Excellency," answered the policeman and blew his whistle.

III.

"Drive to the governor!" ordered the advisor, entering his carriage. In fifteen minutes Formalin, greatly excited, was entering the reception room of the governor.

"Does his Excellency receive?" he asked, turning to the secretary.

"Not yet," answered the latter, bowing respectfully, "but he probably will soon."

"Announce me. I have a very important matter."

"Yes, sir."

The secretary went out, and Formalin began to pace the floor impatiently. The latter soon returned and told him the governor would see him. Formalin quickly entered the governor's private office.

"What's the matter?" asked the governor.

"They placed a bomb in front of my door," answered the advisor, looking straight at the governor.

"A bomb?" exclaimed the governor, instinctively stepping back.

"Yes, a bomb."

"Well, and what happened? Who did it? How? What steps have you taken?"

"I was going out of the house when I saw a young man hurriedly coming down the steps; before the door a bomb.

"So it has reached us at last? Well, was the guilty one arrested?"

"I pointed him out to the policeman, but do not know."

"Well, we will soon find out. Take a chair, George."

IV.

The governor rang the bell, and the secretary promptly came to the door.

"Send the chancellor to me at once," ordered the governor.

"Yes, sir," answered the secretary and turned to go, but the governor stopped him with a new order:

"Phone the chief of police to come here."

"He has just arrived."

"That's good. Send him in at once. Another thing: tell the petitioners, if any come, that I do not receive to-day."

"Yes, sir."

The secretary went out and a minute later the chief of police entered.

"Well, do you know what has happened?" asked the governor.

"Yes, your Excellency," answered the chief in a loud voice; "the sergeant will soon bring in the report, but I hurried here to announce it in person."

"Well, let us hear how the matter stands."

According to the order of his Excellency (pointing to Formalin), the policeman, after calling two more to his help, followed the culprit, and when the latter, thinking all was safe, stopped, they seized him."

"Fine," put in the governor, "recommend them for promotion."

"I took the liberty to order the sergeant to mention them in the report."

"Yes, yes. Well, go on!"

"The prisoner put up a strong fight."

"Aha! he resisted?"

"Yes, it was necessary to use force."

"Of course, of course!"

"You could not be expected to pat them on the head," put in the advisor.

"Well," asked the governor impatiently, "have you identified him?"

"Not yet, your Excellency: the first thing I did was to prevent any possibility of escape, and so ordered him put in chains; then I informed the gendarme department and the district attorney, and the latter ordered to send him to jail."

"Quite right, quite right."

At that moment the secretary announced the arrival of the chancellor.

"Show him in," replied the governor.

The secretary went out, and the chancellor, with a portfolio under his arm, entered and bowed.

"Good morning, Peter," the governor greeted him, extending his hand.

"Good morning, your Excellency," answered the chancellor. Then he shook hands with Formalin.

"Well, have you heard?" asked the governor.

"Yes, the chief of police told me all about it."

"You had better call up the chief of the gendarme department and the district attorney."

"Yes, sir."

"Then, it is imperative to send a telegram at once to the minister of the interior. How many times we told them of the necessity of having martial law here, and yet they do not pay any attention to us."

"I suppose he is waiting till some one gets hurt before he will do anything," put in Formalin.

"Ha, ha; so you have joined the opposition and find fault with the government? Ha, ha! Well, though I am a governor I fully agree with you. Indeed it looks as if they are waiting till we are blown to pieces by bombs. As a matter of fact, bomb throwing has become an every-day occurrence and it is but natural to expect it here also. Well, it is here. Peter, finish the telegram as follows: Repeating my former requests, I again ask for the establishment of martial law here. You also, chief, have often expressed your view in this."

"Yes, indeed, your Excellency," answered the chief; "why even at ordinary times the police have all they can do to handle the rabble. We have not even got a good detective force."

"Undoubtedly," agreed the governor. "Why, even now, if it had not been for an accident, if Mr. Formalin had not happened to go to work, the house might be already demolished. By the way, what object could there be in placing a bomb in front of Mr. Formalin's residence?"

"I think, your Excellency," answered the chief, lowering his voice and looking around, "that this was an attempt on your life."

"You think so?"

"You see, your Excellency is accustomed, though rarely, to visit Mr. Formalin and so they might have——"

"Very likely, very likely. I will have to call the attention of the gendarme department and the district attorney to this; and you, Peter, inform the minister of the interior of the opinion expressed by the police."

The chancellor nodded assent. At that moment the secretary announced the arrival of the sergeant from the 3d district.

"Let him come in," ordered the governor.

The sergeant entered and saluted.

V.

"Your report." The chief extended his hand.

"Here it is," answered the sergeant, handing the paper.

"Permit me, your Excellency, to run through and sign it."

"All right, go ahead," answered the governor, and, turning to the sergeant, he said: "In the meantime you tell us how the matter stands. Yes, Peter, go ahead and do what's necessary; call up the district attorney, the chief of the gendarme department, send the telegram, and you might also tell the colonel of the regiment to come here."

"Yes, sir," answered the chancellor, and went out.

"Well, go ahead." The governor again turned to the sergeant.

"At the present moment, your Excellency, the police, together with the assistant district attorney and the adjutant of the chief of the gendarme department are making a preliminary examination. The bomb is guarded by two policemen and no one is allowed to leave or enter the house. But they do not know how to examine the bomb itself, and they are discussing plans."

"Yes indeed!"

"The report is ready, your Excellency," the chief interrupted the governor, handing him the paper.

"All right, thank you. It contains everything that you told me?"

"Everything, your Excellency."

"Very well. Go and take further measures and increase the surveillance. To-morrow we will probably have martial law proclaimed here. About the bomb, now? Indeed it is dangerous to handle it."

"Had I not better call out the fire department, your Excellency?" asked the chief.

"The fire department? Well, you might. That's in case the bomb bursts?"

"Yes, your Excellency. A fire might start and——"

"Yes, yes, of course. By the way, have we no instructions regarding bombs?"

"None whatever, your Excellency."

"Strange! What are they thinking of in Petersburg, anyway? Bombs have been known for so long a time, and yet it is not known what to do with them."

"Perhaps I had better invite the city doctor?"

"Ha, ha. What has the doctor to do with it?"

"Don't know, your Excellency. I was just thinking that doctors make all sorts of mixtures. Well, perhaps the druggist."

"No, no! If anyone, it would sooner be the instructor in chemistry or physics."

"Shall I invite them?"

"Well, you had better see the legal department. They will tell you what to do."

"Yes, your Excellency." The chief and the sergeant withdrew.

VI.

"And you, George," the governor turned to the advisor of the state administration, "had better wait till the arrival of the district attorney and the chief of the gendarme department. We will talk it over together. Then, too, we had better call in the lieutenant-governor. Yes, we are having great times."

"Terrible!" assented Formalin.

They both became silent and with bowed heads began to pace the floor. In a little while the secretary came in and announced:

"Your Excellency, the chief of police wants to talk to you personally over the phone."

"Personally?"

"Yes, sir. I asked him to tell me what the matter was, but he said that he must speak to you personally."

"Then he must have discovered something new," said the governor, going to the phone. He soon returned pale and excited.

"What is the matter?" asked the terrified Formalin; "did it burst?"

"You have made a fine mess! There is no bomb at all!"

"What?"

"Yes. The chief of police will explain to you in a minute."

Formalin stood speechless in the middle of the room, while the governor was pacing to and fro, until the chief of police arrived.

VII.

"Well, what is the matter?" asked the governor impatiently.

"Well, you see, your Excellency, there was a misunderstanding."

"Go ahead, and say what it was."

"His excellency (pointing to Formalin) was mistaken."

"Good Lord! Misunderstanding! Mistaken! But what is it? What is it?"

"It was not a bomb at all, but a lamp globe. While the examination was being held, the porter appeared and explained the matter as follows: 'Mr. Formalin's wife bought a globe and had it sent to the house. The porter met the clerk on the way and told him to leave it near the door, and that when he returned he would take it up himself.'"

At that moment the district attorney and the chief of the gendarme department came in.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," said the governor, "but it seems that I have bothered you without any reason."

"Yes," answered the district attorney, "I just met my assistant and it seems that the round object which terrified Mr. Formalin so much was nothing but a lamp globe."

"That is just what the chief of police has been telling me this moment. Well, go on."

"And at the moment when the clerk was going down the stairs," continued the chief, "his Excellency came out and——"

"In such uncertain times it is natural for one to be suspicious," interrupted Formalin; "all the papers are full——"

"Well, we won't talk any more about it," answered the governor.

"Of course, the first thing to do is to free the prisoner at once," said the district attorney.

"Of course," agreed the governor and added: "Perhaps you had better do it right off by telephone, and make out the papers afterwards."

"With pleasure."

The district attorney, the governor and the rest went into the reception room. The district attorney went to the phone and asked to be connected with the jail, then began to talk to the jail warden. Suddenly the receiver fell from his hands, and himself, pale as a ghost, leaned against the wall, looking dazedly at those present.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed the governor, taking him by the hand.

"Do you know what the warden just told me?" quietly asked the district attorney.

"What?"

"The prisoner was brought there all beaten up, never recovered consciousness and has just died."

All shuddered and looked at the chief of police. He looked at the ground.

Translated by GEORGE MORGAN.



EDITOR'S CHAIR

The Red Special. A special train carrying Eugene V. Debs, socialist candidate for the presidency, together with other speakers and a load of enthusiastic socialists, is now touring the United States from Chicago to the Pacific, and back to the Atlantic. It is a splendid object lesson to show the growing strength of the political movement of the working class in the United States. It will reassure the timid converts who are afraid of throwing their votes away. Best of all, it will bring the socialist message to at least a million workers who might otherwise have missed it. We socialists are slow to become enthusiastic over an individual; we want no "leaders"; we prefer to do our own thinking. But we must have spokesmen, the more the better, and we are fortunate in the spokesman who will have the widest hearing this year. Debs is a clear-headed revolutionist; that is the essential thing and fortunately we have many other spokesmen for whom the same can be said. But he is also warm-hearted; he loves people and they love him. He is a hard fighter; there is nothing uncertain about the blows he levels at capitalism, but all the time there is a winsomeness about his personality that few can resist. And in the discussion of public policies leading up to the November election, the advantage is all on his side before an audience of wage-workers. Taft can readily convince a capitalist that injunctions where labor troubles occur are essential to "business interests". Debs can as readily show a wage-worker that if he wants to get what he produces, he, and not the capitalist, must control not only the judges who issue injunctions, but also the tools with which he produces wealth. The cost of the Red Special is estimated at \$20,000; it is money well spent. Enough to cover the western half of the trip was practically in sight when the train started, on August 30. The rest of the money is needed at once and we advise every reader of the Review who can spare a dollar or more for the Red Special to mail it at once to J. Mahlon Barnes, National Secretary, 180 Washington street, Chicago.

What We Can Do This Year. For the next two months both impossibilists and opportunists may well suspend discussion of our differences and talk of the things on which we unite. It may or may not be possible, it may or may not be desirable to place a large number of socialists in office this year, or one, two or four years from now, but it is certainly possible and desirable to bring more and more wage-workers each year to understand that the most effective way to win happiness for themselves and their children is to do away with capitalism. More effective methods of organization are desirable and will come, but a certain amount of propaganda and education must precede organization, must, in other words, supply the recruits that are to be organized. This propaganda and this education are being carried on now, in the midst of this presidential campaign, more actively and more effectively than ever before. Let us all unite at it, and when the smoke clears away after election, take up questions of tactics again with more data to work on.

Not Guilty. Mr. Bryan's recent speeches are largely devoted to defending himself and his associates in the Democratic party against the charge of being Socialists. He proves his case. Twelve years ago many "half-baked Socialists", the writer of this paragraph among them, voted for Mr. Bryan because they imagined that he was headed for the Co-operative Commonwealth. They have learned better. If any still make this mistake, it is not Mr. Bryan's fault. He is sincerely and consistently advocating a political program designed to restore competition, to dethrone the trust magnate and put the little capitalist in his place. Of course that can not be done, but the point we wish to urge here is that if it could be done it would not be a step toward the realization of the Socialist program but away from it. The big capitalists are perfecting a social organization of production as fast as they can. In some departments of industry this organization is nearly complete, in others it is far from being so. One thing that the capitalists need in carrying on this essential work is a political administration that will keep hands off and let them do as they like. This they believe Taft will give them and they are probably right. Now where does the wage-worker come in? His ultimate interest is to abolish capitalism. This can not come about until capitalism has run its course, and any such petty obstructions as Bryan in office could rear, would simply delay things. And his immediate interest is to have a job. In the excellent little article on pages 135 and 136 of last month's Review, Clarence Meily showed that there are plenty of jobs at such times as the capitalists are reinvesting the surplus value produced by the workers in new machinery of production. The capitalists seem to think, and they ought to know as well as any one, that such reinvestment would be discouraged and retarded by the election of Bryan. So that if one indirect effect of voting for Debs would be to hurt Bryan's chances, the wage-worker need not be anxious on that score.

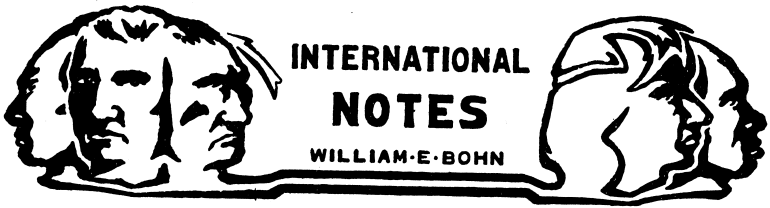
"Something Right Now." The Socialist party platform embodies a number of general, industrial and political "demands" of greater or less importance. It is to be regretted that at least two of our party papers have printed these demands without the Declaration of Principles, in a way that would give a distorted idea of the purposes and methods of the Socialist party. If the party had no other excuse for existence than these "demands," it would be quite superfluous. The "demands," or most of them, are likely to be conceded by the capitalists within the next few years. And the quickest way to get them conceded is not to agitate for *them* but for possession of the whole machinery of production. Two million votes secured by a clear-cut appeal to the class interests of wage-workers would frighten the capitalists into conceding public works for the unemployed, government railways, telegraphs and coal mines, eight hour laws, child labor laws, state insurance and other reforms asked for in our program. If we elect men to the state legislatures or to congress, these men may well put a deal of careful work on the details of such reforms, and try to make each law as favorable to wage-workers as possible, but in our general work of propaganda and education, let us put all the emphasis on the principles of Socialism upon which we are agreed.

Mr. Taft on the Defensive. On Aug. 29 Mr. Taft opened his campaign in a speech at Athens, Ohio. The most interesting portion of his speech deals with the question of injunctions. He denies that he invented these, but he holds that they are a good thing. He says:

"The civilization of our country depends on our making the courts more effective and in giving them power which shall enable and require them to do their work more quickly, so that justice may not drag on one, two or three years."

"I am sure that the intelligent working men of this country, when they come to face the question of whether they wish the tribunals for the administration of justice weakened to the point so that the people may laugh at them or whether they wish them to be sustained, will forget their particular and especial interest in a class of cases and, like patriots as they are, rise to the point of saying that the administration of the courts must be held high, that the power of the court be held up, so that they can enforce their own orders."

These words should be convincing to any capitalist, large or small, or to any workingman whose mind has not been hopelessly weakened by capitalist morality. Mr. Taft is undoubtedly right in claiming that if capitalism is to go on, "the power of the courts must be held up." The real question is whether it is for the advantage of the man who is to cast his vote that capitalism continue. If you believe it is "justice" that the capitalist class should take all you produce except a bare living, the logical thing to do is to vote for Taft. If you have come to the conclusion that you want to get what you produce, vote for Debs.



It is a real revolution that has taken place in Turkey—though some of the great political journals seem not yet to have discovered the fact. No better case could be cited to show to what an extent international politics have become an abstract science. There is an outbreak in the Turkish army. Straightway the French and English papers discover that it is all a plot of the Kaiser's to overthrow British supremacy. German papers, not to be outdone, connect it with the recently formed Anglo-Russian *entente*. Marvelous ingenuity is brought to bear; every possible element in the situation is analyzed—except the feelings of the Turks themselves.

And in truth the revolution appears to be nothing more nor less than a tardy assertion of the national spirit of these neglected Turks. Perhaps after all it has not been the nation which has been "The Sick Man of Europe," but only the autocracy. For about thirty years now the powers have kept the Sultan on his shaky throne. Five separate times they have outlined reforms, but never has an honest attempt at improvement been made. Every sign of a popular movement has been instantly crushed. The powers have found it to their advantage to have an autocracy, but a weak one dependent on their support rather than on public good-will. So the most flagrant abuses have flourished. Ministers and generals have heaped up fortunes while soldiers and state employes have gone unpaid. There has been no such thing as religious freedom. Brigandage has been so common as to excite little comment. Thousands of the most intelligent subjects of the Sultan have been sent into exile. The powers did nothing, or next to nothing, to put an end to all this.

For a long time it has been known that a committee of exiles with headquarters at Paris has been planning a revolt. Its followers are known as the Young Turks. So secretly was their propaganda carried on that no serious attention was given to it. When their plans were finally executed the whole world was taken by surprise. The Turkish army has long been in a state of semi-revolt. More than once there have been accounts of whole regiments, headed by their officers, marching to headquarters and demanding their pay. Early in the month of July affairs seemed to be coming to a head. From Monastir, Saloniki, and other parts of Macedonia came reports of the murder of officers. Then, about July 16th, the news was heralded abroad that a large part of the Macedonian army was in organized rebellion. It was led by Niazi Bey and other officers, mostly educated in the west. These men set up a provisional government, issued a proclamation to the citizens and began to receive taxes. By July 21st they were strong enough to demand of the Sultan the restoration of the constitution of 1876.

The Sultan did everything in his power to oppose the rising tide, but soon discovered his weakness and conceded everything that was asked of him. Within a few days Said Pasha, a comparatively liberal man, was made Grand Vizer and a constitution was granted. The reactionaries were driven from the cabinet, and a general amnesty was proclaimed to all political prisoners and exiles. On August 6th Said Pasha had to give way to a still more liberal minister, Kamil Pasha. The Sultan assured his subjects in a solemn proclamation that he would faithfully keep his promises. On his public appearances he was everywhere received with acclamation. Throughout the army the soldiers were required to swear fealty to the new constitution.

This new constitution is more liberal than those of some western nations, Prussia's, for example. It provides, first of all, for equality before the law regardless of race or religion. Freedom of movement, of speech and of press are unconditionally guaranteed. A parliament elected by popular ballot is provided for, to meet for the first time on November 14th. The ministry is to be a responsible one, like that of England.

Just what of permanent good will come of all this it is difficult to say at the present writing (Aug. 22nd). For the moment a committee of the Young Turks is virtually the government. The Sultan issues decrees and dismisses or appoints ministers at its behest. There is even talk of its deposing Abdul Hamid in favor of his brother, the Prince Reshad. This committee seems to have the masses of the people behind it, and there is every reason to hope for its ultimate success. Even the triumphs which it has so far achieved must be a revelation to the politicians who have engineered things for the powers. The marauding bands which have terrorized Macedonia for generations have disappeared. Religious freedom has instantly put an end to warring among the sects.

Nevertheless the Young Turk committee at Paris fears a reaction. No doubt the Sultan would back down the moment he dared to, and the foreign offices of the powers have not yet declared themselves. It is a sore thing for diplomats to have the work of thirty years overthrown by an awkward revolution. Turkey as an independent power will be a new force to reckon with, and more than one adaptation will have to be made in order to preserve the precious balance of power. So, as I said above, it is difficult to foretell just what will come of it all.

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Australia.—So rapidly are things moving in Australia that it is difficult to remember that a little over a year ago there was on that great continent no real Socialist party. There were groups, or clubs, at Sydney, Broken Hill and elsewhere, but they worked separately, with no common declaration of principles or plan of organization. A little over a year ago representatives of these groups met at Melbourne and joined forces under the name of Socialist Federation of Australia. On the 13th of June last the Federation held its first annual conference at Sydney. This date will go down as one of the turning points in the history of Australasian Socialism. Reports from the various provinces showed rapid growth, and the delegates felt justified in laying the foundations of a real national party. A plan was adopted in accordance with which the local groups in each province will be organized as a state party and these parties in turn will be united in the S. F. A. Conditions of membership, etc., are to be uniform. A Socialist labor bureau was founded and plans

drafted for the carrying on of political campaigns. It was decided to consolidate the papers now representing Socialism, *The International Socialist Review*, Sydney; *The Socialist*, Melbourne, and *The Flame*, Broken Hill, and publish them as one weekly either at Melbourne or Sydney. This publication is to be supplemented by a monthly review. The latest news is that the comrades in New Zealand have applied for membership in the Australian organization.

What all this means to the movement can be realized only by those who have been watching for some time the turmoil of things political and social in Australia. Never was there a body of workers more alive than there, never a time when there was less faith in palliatives. Therefore it would be hard to find a time or place where a clean-cut Socialist organization could do more for the cause. Already good results of consolidation are appearing; new groups are being formed at Brisbane, Newcastle and other places.

Nevertheless a friendly onlooker cannot help feeling some uneasiness at the present moment. The discussions at the conference showed that the Federation has much to do in the way of grounding its membership in social and economic theory. A good many Australian Socialists, it appears, lack faith in the labor union movement. To an American the Australian unions seem very advanced: they recognize the class struggle and fight capitalism at nearly every point. In the form of a labor party they have got control of a number of municipalities and have a strong faction in the federal parliament. Time and again they have come out squarely against unfair legislation. Just recently, for example, in New South Wales they have refused to comply with the provisions of the new arbitration law, known as the Industrial Disputes Act. In fact, their history shows that they are steadily moving toward the Socialist position. Nevertheless Australian Socialists have no faith in them. To one at a distance it looks as though the Australian Federation were in grave danger of getting into the same fix which our own Socialist Labor party finds itself so uncomfortably at the present time. Your doctrine may be pure as you please; if you have alienated the workers you are trying to save you may as well bury it quietly and say no more.

These reflections are suggested particularly by the debate which took place at the conference anent the relations with the I. W. W. A loose and ambiguous motion adopted after warm debate closed with the statement, "The conference is of opinion that the work of the I. W. W. Club can and should be performed by the Socialist organizations." In the debate one of the delegates declared that he apprehended danger to the I. W. W. if it was "strengthened to the degree of becoming a separate factor." That is, it is unsafe to leave even an industrially organized labor movement to work out its own salvation; the political wing must remain supreme. If experience counts for anything this policy will prove a heavy handicap both to Socialism and industrial unionism.

Germany.—On June 23rd there met in Hamburg one of the most interesting and inspiring labor conventions on record. It was the sixth triennial congress of the German *Gewerkschaften*, or labor unions. There were in attendance 324 delegates representing one of the largest and best organized labor bodies in the world. During the past three years this organization has nearly doubled its membership. At present it is near the two million mark.

In two ways the deliberations of this congress are particularly

suggestive to an American proletarian. In the first place they indicated the final amalgamation, in spirit as well as form, of German Socialism and unionism. There have been some little misunderstandings during the past year between the two wings of the movement—particularly in relation to the May Day celebration. But these were all brushed aside. The congress gave its full approval to the combined action of the Executive Committee of the party and the General Commission of the unions. In closing the last session the chairman proclaimed amidst an outburst of enthusiasm: "We are justified in saying that there is today no radical disagreement between the two great wings of the labor movement."

France.—These are critical days in the history of the French labor movement. In the August number of THE REVIEW I gave a brief account of the massacre at Draveil. After that occurrence there was no end of discussion in French papers of all descriptions as to what was to be done about it. Gradually it became evident that M. Clemenceau and his cabinet are bent on breaking up the *Federation General du Travail*. They have been told that the organization is legal and that if it is dissolved another will immediately take its place. Not daring to make an open attack, therefore, they are harrassing the labor movement in every way possible. Needless to say, they are loyally supported by all the bourgeois parties.

Labor leaders have naturally been considering ways and means of meeting the attack. In order to understand their differences of opinion one must remember that there is in the French union movement a large element that has no faith in political action. Time and time again they have been betrayed by "Socialist" leaders who have used them as stepping-stones to office. And now they depend exclusively on physical force. It is the disagreement between this faction and the Socialists that constitutes the weakness of the French labor movement.

As regards the Draveil affair the physical forcasts had their way. It was decided to make a popular demonstration of sympathy for those killed in the massacre. So on July 30th thousands of laborers—mostly representing the building trades—walked the fifteen kilometers from Paris to Draveil with banners flying. At Villeneuve there occurred a clash with the troops. The workers barricaded themselves in classic style, but could make no effective opposition. The fight was incredibly brutal. Five workmen were killed and many wounded. After this dramatic occurrence excitement ran high in the French capital. On August 3rd the Federation ordered a "general" strike. Only twenty thousand men responded and the move was generally considered a failure.

In *L'Humanite* for August 4th M. Jaures enters into a general discussion of the whole affair. His conclusion is that the workers have been ill advised. They have undertaken tasks beyond their present strength. He does not oppose the general strike, but maintains that before it is to be seriously thought of the labor movement must be better organized than at present. To this work of organization all Socialists are called upon to give undivided support.

Finland.—The Socialist victories in the election of July 1st and 2nd justify the enthusiasm they have called forth only because they are an earnest of greater things to come. To be sure our Finnish comrades gained three seats in the provincial legislature in a campaign in which every means had been called into requisition against

them. But though they have a larger number of representatives than any other party they have little to say as to the policies of the government. There are in Finland four parties. The Swedish party represents the great land-holders and upper bourgeois class, besides the Swedish speaking population of one or two provinces. The Old Finns are the clerical party, strongly entrenched in the rural districts. The Young Finns represent the more progressive bourgeois and professional elements; they lay some claim to liberalism. The Social Democrats stand for Socialism and national autonomy. The relative strength of these parties in the legislature is as follows: Swedish party, 25; Old Finns, 54; Young Finns, 27; Social Democrats, 83. The last senate, as the executive body of Finland is called, was made up of a bloc representing all the anti-Socialist parties. And this of course will continue to be the case. In fact, in the campaign all the other groups were united against the Socialists. Their plea was that the government must be conservative, must bend before the Russian autocracy, in order to avoid a conflict. So the three anti-Socialist parties are practically one and have the government in their hands.

Nevertheless the Socialist gains show that the Finnish people are gaining spirit every year. Before long they will be ready to fight for freedom. There are dark days before them, no doubt, but if the recent election is to be taken as a sign they are determined not to turn back.

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England.—The Old Age Pension Bill outlined in the June number of *THE REVIEW* has finally been passed. The Lords were afraid to block it. Conservative editors who think half a billion too little to spend annually on the army and navy protest solemnly that the \$1.25 a week to the occasional proletarian able to remain above ground till he reaches the age of seventy will prove the ruin of the nation. Other Liberal legislation makes progress but slowly.

Looked at from one point of view the now famous garden party incident is a delicious farce—all the more piquant because it is taken so seriously on all sides. Keir Hardie and Victor Grayson, because of activity against a measure which involved approbation of the King's visit to Reval, find themselves not among those honored with invitations to his majesty's party. In the name of his constituents Mr. Hardie protests. Liberal and Conservative papers are puzzled: why should a Socialist seek the approbation of the King? Mr. Hardie answers that he wouldn't have attended anyway; he never did.

But the affair has a serious side. This is pointed out by Mr. F. W. Jowett, member of Parliament for Bradford, a Laborite who is rapidly making an impression as a student of English political tendencies—especially of their constitutional aspects. Observers of things English have remarked during recent years an astonishing increase of reverence for royalty. The Georgian tradition is rapidly dying out. More and more English middle and upper class people have come to regard the king as the sacred representative of their social order. This change in feeling is accurately represented by a change in political and diplomatic procedure. King Edward has more personal power than any of his predecessors since Charles I. In *The Clarion* for July 31st Mr. Jowett gives an account of recent international affairs which makes it clear that England's foreign policy is in the hands of the King and a small group of ministers. Parliament knows nothing of their plans or purposes. At any moment

a practically irresponsible group of men might plunge the nation into war. And now the King's vast social power is used freely and openly to discipline recalcitrant members of the House of Commons. Drawing-room decrees are not to be interfered with by labor members returned from industrial constituencies.

Socialists should not be surprised at this. In France, Germany, Russia, wherever the popular tide has threatened, the authorities have become increasingly reactionary and more and more ruthless in their choice of weapons. If any have imagined that the King of England sits above the conflict, a disinterested, democratic god, so much the worse for them. In the future they will have little excuse for such a mistake.

India.—On July 18th the English Socialists published in *Justice*, a message to the patriots of India. It was written by Mr. H. M. Hyndman, a recognized authority on Indian affairs, and bears the title *Bande Mataram*, Our Dear Mother Land. The Hindus are assured of the support of thousands of Englishmen in their bitter struggle for freedom. A message of this sort was never more timely. Since the appearance of the paragraphs on the Indian situation in the July Review the situation has grown much more acute. Mr. Bal Gungunder Tilak has been tried for the publication of seditious articles in his paper, *Kesari*. Of course he was found guilty. The punishment was fixed at a fine of 1,000 rupees and six years' transportation. When the results of the trial became known all the markets and native shops and bazaars of Bombay were closed and twenty thousand mill hands went on a strike.

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Switzerland.—It is evident that even the republican governments of Europe do not share the popular disapproval of Russian tyranny. Hitherto it has been taken for granted that political refugees, even bloody handed terrorists, might find asylums anywhere beyond the border. But now the highest court of Switzerland has decided to change all this. A certain Vassilieff, it will be remembered, was ordered by the revolutionary Socialist party of Russia to make way with Kandaourov, Prefect of Police at Pensa. In January, 1906, he was successful in carrying out his orders and makes no secret of his action. The murdered man was famous for his inhumanity and Vassilieff's purpose was patently political. At least heretofore such actions as his have been regarded as political. But now the Swiss court has decided that the Russian refugee is a common criminal and therefore must go back to face the vengeance of the Czar's government. On July 21st the International Socialist Bureau published an energetic manifesto against this decision.

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Italy.—Early in July the agrarian laborers of Parma decided by ballot not to return to work. Now, however, it is necessary to record the fact that the strike is practically over. One by one the men applied for their old places until now only the day-laborers are idle—and this is normally their idle season. Nearly \$40,000 have been contributed toward the support of the strikers, and in numberless other ways their comrades all over Italy have stood by them. Discipline was splendidly maintained from first to last. Just how much the governmental interference had to do with ending the struggle it is difficult to determine. In any case it would have been difficult to keep the men in line as they saw the end of their resources approaching. Thus another is added to the long list of great strikes that have failed.

LITERATURE ART



BY JOHN SPARGO

Every Socialist in America ought to make a point of reading and re-reading a remarkable little book, *The Spirit of American Government*, by Professor J. Allen Smith, of Seattle, Washington, published by the Macmillan Company. Although it has been published for over a year, this book is not nearly so well known among Socialists as it ought to be. Few books published in recent years have been more significant from the Socialist viewpoint.

The book may be very briefly described as a study of the origin and development of our Constitution from the viewpoint of the Marxian theory of economic determinism. By an analysis of the Constitution itself, the author shows how it reflects the interests of the ruling class of the time when it was framed, how shrewdly it safeguards those interests and how completely it effects the legal subjection of the working class. Not only so, but by a careful analysis of the proceedings of the Constitutional Convention, and ample citation of authorities, he shows that there was a deliberate effort toward this end. First of all, the known "radicals" were excluded from the Convention. Samuel Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Paine, Patrick Henry, and other Democratic leaders of that time were all absent. Practically every member of that reactionary body believed that Democracy was an unmitigated evil. The result was a Constitution that when candidly considered is seen to be wholly reactionary, having for its purpose the desire so well expressed by Madison, "to protect the minority of the opulent against the majority."

In a true sense, as the late Justice Miller, of the United States Supreme Court, boldly affirmed, the American form of government is about as far from true Democracy as any other in the world. It is, as it was intended to be, a class government. No one can honestly read Professor Smith's admirably written book and doubt this. If the President of the United States, and a good many other people who deny the existence of the class struggle, would read this volume with candor, they would be forced, I think, to admit that John C. Calhoun, for example, in his *Disquisition on Government and Discourse on the Constitution of the United States*, proved conclusively the class nature of the Constitution, and that there is always going on a struggle between the different economic classes. Calhoun showed that the fundamental purpose of the Constitution was to devise a government which would safeguard the rich minority against the electoral power of the mass of the people.

It is impossible to review such a book adequately here. One can only commend it heartily to the serious attention of every reader

of these pages, and express heartfelt thanks to the author for a most valuable contribution to the literature of progress. I do not know that Professor Smith would call himself a Socialist, but I do know that the whole volume is in keeping with the Marxian philosophy, and that the outlook of the author, as given in the final chapter, should lead him right into the Socialist camp.

Winfield R. Gaylord has rendered the movement a good service by his translation of Kampffmeyer's *Changes in the Theory and Tactics of Social Democracy*, recently published by Charles H. Kerr and Company as one of the issues of the increasingly valuable Standard Socialist Series. Whichever side one may take in the controversy which ranges around the question of tactics and methods comprehended in the term "Opportunism," the welcome accorded to this little booklet ought not to be other than hearty and sincere. The further one may be from agreement with the Opportunists in the party, the more should one welcome this handy statement of their position.

The booklet—for it is no more—was written, of course, for circulation among our German comrades, and American comrades who lack the background which those to whom it was originally addressed had will find portions of it rather difficult, especially because the author's style is neither very interesting nor very lucid. Comrade Gaylord, however, has performed his task as translator very creditably.

The first chapter deals with the attitude of the Socialist members of the Reichstag to the administration, a question which the parliamentary necessity of voting for or against the approval of the budget throws into practical prominence. As is well known, the old position, to which many comrades still adhere, was that, no matter what the budget might contain, to vote for it would be wrong because it would involve, in the popular mind at least, approval of the policy of the government. Our American comrades who do not understand the procedure in European parliaments, and the significance of the vote on the budget, an adverse vote upon which means, generally, a change of government, will not fully appreciate the arguments upon either side of this question. The point of importance from the viewpoint of Kampffmeyer is, that the Lubeck congress of the party took the ground that approval of the budget cannot be voted by the party except under exceptional circumstances. This Kampffmeyer does not regard as satisfactory. He would, apparently, have the party representatives approve the half loaf where no more can be had. In other words, his position is that of the ordinary reformer.

Perhaps the most interesting and, from an American point of view, practically valuable chapter is that which deals with the attitude of the party to labor legislation, and state social reforms in general. More and more the German party finds itself forced to justify the powers it receives from the electoral mandate by introducing practical measures. Many things which Marx and Engels would have opposed, and which have been opposed by nearly all the leading members of the party in times past, as tending to blur the lines of the class struggle, are included in the parliamentary programme of the party. Labor legislation, such as factory acts, laws regulating the length of the working day, and so on, have, as is generally known, been commonly regarded as belonging to a distinct class of legislation which the Social Democracy must support. Marx himself regarded legislation of this kind as exceptional.

Valuable and instructive, too, in view of our own experience, is the development of the policy of our German comrades toward the trades unions. From impatience with the trades unions because they regarded the functions of an economic organization as being quite other than, and distinct from, those of a political party, the leaders of the German Social Democracy have come to the position that the unions, as such, must not become political organizations. Their cry is now "No politics in the unions!" At the present moment we are witnessing a similar change in the tactics of the American movement toward the unions. The very men who have denounced the policy of political neutrality are meeting President Gompers' policy with the cry of "No politics in the union," which was once his own!

Without falling victims to the too commonly prevalent error of believing that we in the United States must copy each and every development of the German movement, there is no doubt that much can be learned from the experience of our comrades in Germany and elsewhere. Hence this little volume is a valuable—and well-nigh indispensable—addition to the library of the well-informed Socialist.

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Among the many admirable developments of English Socialist activities is the creation of a literature devoted to the exposition of Socialist theories and their application to various social problems. Comrade Phillip Snowden, one of the leading members of the Independent Labor party, and a leading orator in the House of Commons, has recently published, through the I. L. P. publishing house, an exceedingly useful volume of some 200 pages entitled *Socialism and the Drink Question*. The book is well printed, upon excellent paper, and is a notably cheap volume.

Like all that Snowden writes, this work is characterized by extreme simplicity and lucidity. There is no straining after literary effect; no ornamentation of phrase. In quiet, direct sentences, he summarizes the problem as it presents itself in the United Kingdom. There is very little that is fresh in the book. The author has simply taken a few well known works, such as those of Rowntree and Sherwell, Charles Booth, and others, and made them the basis of his work. After stating the magnitude of the problem, and refuting the teetotal fallacy that poverty is mainly the effect of intemperance, he passes in review such proposed "reinedies" as prohibition, local option, "disinterested management" and municipalization, he comes to the conclusion that municipal ownership and control is the only effective remedy in sight. It cannot be doubted, I think, by anyone who has studied the matter in England, that Snowden is right so far as that country is concerned, though he does minimize the difficulties somewhat. We in America have not yet attempted to make any thorough study of the problem—complicated as it is in the South and elsewhere by the race problem—and it would be unwise to assume that municipalization would work well here, in all parts of the country. Let us hope that some of our comrades who are urging that we should adopt "constructive policies" will take up the question and make it the subject of thorough study, quite uninfluenced by the general agreement of Socialists elsewhere that in municipal control and ownership lies the solution of the problem.

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Many comrades have written me recently urging that I should put aside all other work to write a little primer of Socialism for boys and girls. The number of Socialist Sunday Schools is very rapidly

increasing and as yet there is a most lamentable dearth of literature suited to their needs. Our English comrades have published a *Child's Socialist Reader*, illustrated by Walter Crane, but it is very disappointing in every way. Crane's drawings are shockingly poor and utterly unworthy of the artist and of his purpose, while the letterpress is even more unsatisfactory. In this country we have one or two little primers, but they are no better than the English one. If Robert Blatchford would write such a primer and Crane would illustrate it as well as he has done his wonderful toy books, we should have an ideal book, I am sure. But Blatchford does not seem inclined to do it.

Now, it happens that, a good many years ago, I made a solemn promise to one of my little friends that I would write a primer for boys and girls, and get some one to illustrate it—some one with artistic feeling and insight into the child mind. It has taken a long time to fulfill the promise, and my little friend is now grown beyond the need of the primer, but I hope soon to have it ready for my little comrades of the Socialist Sunday schools.



WORLD OF LABOR



BY MAX S. HAYES

REVIEW readers will recall that mention was made in this department several months ago that the textile manufacturers in New England had laid off 25,000 employes to restrict production and decided to maintain their prices at all hazards, and that some weeks later the operatives were informed that they might return to work if they accepted a 20 per cent reduction of wages, but prices of commodities were to remain the same or be advanced, so that the enforced cut was virtually like finding money.

Now come the paper manufacturers and play the same game. For several years the paper trust has steadily boosted prices until paper is rapidly being forced into the luxury class. The arbitrary advances restricted sales and tons upon tons of paper have been stored—the cost for storage purposes in New York City alone is said to approximate \$10,000 annually. But it seems that these piggish trust magnates could not roll in money fast enough by the price-raising process, so they take a crack at the labor end of the line and announce a reduction of 10 per cent in wages. Some 10,000 men go on strike to resist the cut, whereupon the trust magnates declare another advance in price, supply the trade from their stored stocks, sit back and take things easy and wait until their rebellious employes are starved into submission. Can you beat it?

On top of these fine illustrations of how the sacred law of supply and demand of competitive capitalism is knocked into a cocked hat, the bosses of the flour milling trust, who have been fighting organized labor for years, apparently are not disturbed by the bumper wheat crop, which under ordinary conditions would cheapen flour, and coolly inform the dear people that the price of flour and bread will be higher the coming winter than last year. Now watch and see whether the flour magnates do not also declare another reduction in wages to pay dividends on watered stock.

Once more labor is given an example of the base ingratitude of an alleged friend. For some years W. L. Douglas, the shoe manufacturer, has been touted as a savior of society, but it appears that the idol has fallen. Recently a mass meeting of boot and shoe workers was held in Brockton, Mass., which was addressed by General President Tobin and other union officials, in which the W. L. Douglas Shoe Co. was denounced in plain language for breaking its agreement with its employes. It appears that when the industrial depression came along the foxy Mr. Douglas decided that he would bear none of the hardships but would force them upon the broad backs of his loyal employes. It is charged that he began to manu-

facture cheaper shoes and insisted that certain employes who worked on a specified grade and performed a certain class of work should do the same work on the inferior product and accept a corresponding reduction. The local unions protested, but it did no good and the matter was put up to the international body, the officials of which decided that the contract was being violated. Douglas wanted his friends on the state board of arbitration to pass on the case, but the shoe workers declined to arbitrate their agreement and announced that when the present contract expired next November they would not renew it.

For a number of years Douglas has been hailed as a "self-made man," whatever that is—probably because he once worked at the bench. But his vast fortune has been produced by the men and women in his factories, just as the votes of labor conferred political honors upon him. Since Douglas' latest display of ingratitude some of the unionists seem to be coming out of their hypnotic state and they recall that, despite the fact that thousands of organized workers boosted his shoes and the labor papers freely advertised his alleged philanthropy, he never spent a dollar with the trade union press in legitimate advertising, but patronized the capitalistic papers very liberally. When he was elected governor of Massachusetts several years ago, largely on his record as a "workingman's friend" and through the efforts of his "flying wedge," a corps of trade union officials who were rushed from city to city and aroused the rank and file to help "our friends," nearly the very first public statement that Douglas made was that it was a mistaken notion that he had been elected by labor and that his victory was due to the support of the business interests! The week following the election and just before the foregoing interview was telegraphed all over the country the A. F. of L. convention met and many of the "flying wedge" attended as delegates. Say, you should have seen that bunch swagger and talk about "our victory" and their "practical politics" and heard their sneers at the "ghost dancing" Socialists! The labor problem was now solved in the state of Massachusetts, where all the smart folks live, and the little tin god Douglas would see to it that the workingman got his chance. Then came the statement repudiating the labor vote, and the boastful brethren went 'way back and sat down to think it over. Douglas also forced a compromise about that time in the textile workers' strike at Fall River, Mass., and got mixed up on some labor laws and official appointments that soured a large number of union people and at the end of his term of one year he declined to stand for re-election. He is reported to have declared that his first campaign cost him \$300,000 and he had had enough. Having little respect for the "labor vote," Douglas undoubtedly imagines that trade union conditions are just as easily juggled and that the union stamp is of less importance to his business than his picture in the daily capitalist press. The Douglas incident proves once more that the capitalists' spots cannot be changed by plastering on the union label.

The charges of graft made against half a dozen prominent officials and members of the New York Central Federated Union, after months of investigation and discussion, have finally been sustained. The accused are charged with having accepted \$9,000 from Republican politicians to hold a fake mass meeting in the interest of the traction monopoly and "the interests" generally. This happened nearly three years ago and rumors have been floating around ever

since. Over a year ago the matter was investigated, but it seems that some very good friends of the accused were on the committee and they could find nothing tangible and brought in a whitewashing report. The last investigation and report was debated during half a dozen meetings in succession and finally a secret ballot was taken on fourteen counts, all of them being sustained. It is needless to say that the alleged grafters were all good enemies of Socialism and tried the old dodge of throwing dust and arousing prejudice by claiming that the Socialists were endeavoring to victimize them.

The miners' strike in Alabama against a 20 per cent reduction of wages is being bitterly contested. The United Mine Workers' official journal says the fight will be to a finish and the union officials have settled down to a long struggle. As usual, the state and local authorities are lined up on the side of the operators and the fight is taking on a strong political tinge. Duncan McDonald, member of the national executive board of the mine workers, has been in Alabama studying the situation, and gave out an interview in which he bitterly attacks the Democratic politicians and hammers Gompers for lining up with them. McDonald says:

"After what I have seen here I don't want anyone to come to me to talk Bryan and Democracy, as this solid Democratic South is more corporation-cursed and more corrupt even than the trust-owned Republican party. And if Gompers and his colleagues were to tour this district with us I think he would hang his head in shame for what he has said in defense of the Democratic party. If I get out of here with my head whole I intend to tell something of what I have seen here."

What are the Socialists doing for labor? That question has been asked again and again and has been answered logically in many ways. Here is one more practical illustration: There are three Jewish daily papers in New York, two of them being Socialist and the third owned by Hearst. During the past month Hebrew-American Typographical Union No. 83, in the foregoing city, introduced a new scale in the newspaper offices indicated calling for six hours a day for day shifts and four and one-half hours a day for night operatives and the minimum wages are \$26 a week. A large proportion of members of Typographical Union No. 83 are Socialists. That's what Socialists are doing for labor. Now what are Republicans and Democrats doing for labor?

There is no improvement in the labor situation on the Great Lakes. In fact it must be admitted that, if anything, conditions have been growing steadily worse. The vessel and dock owners are completely dominated by the United States Steel Corporation, and while some of the independents would probably deal fairly with the unions—that is, give union workmen as much consideration as non-unionists in an endeavor to carry out an honest open-shop scheme, at least they are so quoted—yet those bosses dare not oppose the labor policy of the trust for fear of being discriminated against and finally crushed out of business. The United States Steel Corporation has not only declared for the open shop for non-unionists, but also for the closed shop against union workmen, and is enforcing its mandates with the blacklist cat-o'-nine-tails. A few desultory strikes have taken place up the lakes and at lower ports, but they were hardly noticed. The magnates apparently can obtain all the hungry men they want

to fill strikers' places. At several places stockades have been erected and thugs were employed to guard their wage-slaves and keep the unionists at a distance. The outlook is discouraging for the seamen, longshoremen and allied workmen.

Another one of the results of the jurisdiction controversy between the brewery workers on the one side and the engineers and firemen on the other has cropped out in Pittsburg in the shape of suits for damages aggregating \$200,000 brought by forty firemen against the brewery workers because they were discharged for refusing to join the union of the latter. Because of the recent antagonistic court decisions in labor cases this Pittsburg action will be watched with deepest interest by union officials, for it will undoubtedly be carried to the United States Supreme Court because of the amount involved if for no other reason. Moreover, if the firemen are given judgments it will mean that any organization can be mulcted for damages if a settlement is made with a business concern and non-union men are discharged and unionists are hired to fill their places.

An internal war is in progress among the electrical workers. General President McNulty, Secretary Collins and other officials have combined and ousted General Treasurer Sullivan, who has made charges against Collins. A conference of delegates from local unions was held during the past month at international headquarters in Springfield, Ill., and the officers were instructed to call a special convention to meet in St. Louis the present month. The officers ignored the petition and ousted Sullivan. Thereupon the latter's friends tied up the union funds of \$86,000 deposited in Cleveland banks by injunction. Now the locals are taking sides on the issues raised.

The labor press is not inclined to be influenced by Gompers' recommendations that Bryan be supported in the present campaign. The majority of the labor publications remain silent on the proposition and but few other than those that have always leaned toward the Democracy are attempting to enthuse for the Denver nominees and platform. Fully as many have come out for Debs as have gone over to Bryan.

NEWS & VIEWS

S. G. Hobson's "Confession of a New Fabian." About a year ago the Fabian Society decided to call on several of its most promising members for intimate confessions of their Socialist faith. None of these could be more interesting to foreign readers and especially to Americans than that of S. G. Hobson, for many years a member of the Fabian executive and a frequent visitor to America and the Continent of Europe.

In contrast with some Fabians Mr. Hobson is a thorough internationalist and revolutionist and almost an anti-parliamentarian in his deep distrust of mere politics and social reform. He is also a leader of the Independent Labor party and at the recent convention worked with Victor Grayson, the new revolutionary M. P., to bring that party over to Socialism. But in vain. Mr. Hobson has even been notified recently by Keir Hardie that the I. L. P. executive is unwilling to support any candidates not endorsed by the political trade union group or Labor Representation Committee.

But Hobson's views have now become of immediate moment. Unready to accept Keir Hardie's rebuke, he has proposed the creation of a *Socialist* Representation Committee to secure the election, not of political trade unionists, but of Socialists, to the House of Commons. As the more advanced Fabians and members of the I. L. P. could in this way co-operate with the S. D. F., the new movement is said to have the support not only of Hyndman's party, of Hobson and Victor Grayson, but also of the new revolutionary Fabian organ, "The New Age," and of Robert Blatchford and his "Clarion," which, with its 90,000 readers, is Britain's most important Socialist organ.

We are sure that all international Socialists must be with Hobson in his new proposal to wean the British movement away from its insular position, its non-Socialist labor party and its "evolutionary" Fabians who, like H. G. Wells, are known even to endorse Liberal candidates.

The latter part of Mr. Hobson's confession dealing with the sex question, now so much under discussion, will be given in a later number. Here also Mr. Hobson represents a considerable section of British Socialist opinion.

WILLIAM ENGLISH WALLING.

Starting the Conservatives.—It may interest you to know that I have started this deathly "conservative" and Republican town to thinking. I am a coal miner, but pretty well along in Marxian economics and materialist monism. I have thrown open my library,

worth about five hundred dollars, to anyone who is willing to read. Just now I have about thirty who are reading Socialism. It is a great pleasure to me to watch them "grow into knowledge of the truth." My method is to listen to their conversation, note their various intellectual advancement and prescribe accordingly. Comrades, it is indeed a joy (intellectually) to live in this age. The fore-runners of the new era are athand. Yours for progress,

* * * *

The Situation in Mexico.—I wrote about eighteen months ago that Mexico was on the brink of a revolution. This is truer today than it was then. The recent uprising was premature and doomed to failure for lack of organization and discipline, but the lesson was of great value. The political and industrial affairs of the United States and Mexico are so bound up in each other that they cannot or should not be separate. I have hoped for years to see North American working class solidarity. I believe the organized working class movement, the center of which is in the United States, should and will eventually embrace the whole continent from Alaska to Panama. Eighteen months ago the Mexican laborers were going into the United States through El Paso alone at the rate of twenty every day. The stream still flows and I am told that they are now passing at the rate of one hundred every day. For many years I have felt that the organized labor movement of the United States must assimilate and educate the mass of Mexican ignorance, and the sooner the better.

I am glad to note that the Western Federation of Miners Convention sent open resolutions of sympathy to the Mexican prisoners in Los Angeles. Those are the things that will slowly but surely obliterate linguistic and racial distinctions and drive from the Mexican mind the strong prejudice that has existed against Americans since 1846 and which has been carefully nursed by those in power here and by the Catholic church.

The Government is a republic in name only. It is a capitalist oligarchy supported on one side by ecclesiasticism and on the other by militarism. It is also supported by the U. S. Government and in a case of need would be used to overthrow any uprising of the American proletariat on this continent.

The Socialist and radical press in this country have been crushed out of existence but will spring into renewed life at the first opportunity.

When Tyranny goes up against Continental Working Class Solidarity it will pause and ponder. Yours for the social revolution,

A SOCIALIST,

Mexico.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT



THE INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY OF SOCIAL SCIENCE.

The cut on this page shows "Library A," fully described on pages 156 and 157 of last month's **Review**. These volumes retail at one dollar each. To any stockholder in our publishing house we offer ten of them, together with a year's subscription to **The Review**, for \$5.00. To any one not already a stockholder we offer a share of stock, together with the ten volumes, for \$11.50 cash, or for \$5.00 cash and a dollar a month for seven months. Expressage, if pre-paid, \$1.00 extra.

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study of Socialism. Every Socialist local, and every isolated Socialist who wants company, should start a lending library and induce as many as possible to read the books.

WHY WE SELL STOCK.

As this number of **The Review** will reach some not already familiar with the co-operative organization of the publishing house which issues both **The Review** and most of the Socialist books published in the United States, it may be worth while once more to explain our working plans.

The publishing house is owned by two thousand Socialists who have each subscribed ten dollars or more (in most cases just \$10.00), for the purpose of circulating the literature of International Socialism. On this stock no dividends have ever been paid, and it is not probable that any will be paid in future. The advantage to be derived from buying a share is that stockholders have the privilege of buying all the company's books at a discount of fifty per cent unless sent by mail or express prepaid, in which case the discount is forty per cent. A full set of our books would amount at retail to about \$100, so that if the stockholder only bought one copy of each, the saving would pay for his share of stock several times over. But there is no limit on the number of copies of each book that a stockholder may buy at the reduced rate; he may sell them again or give them away at his option. Many of our shares are held by locals or branches of the Socialist party. These usually sell books to their members at cost, and also sell books or pamphlets to outsiders at public meetings at the full retail prices, so that the profits help pay the expenses of the meetings.

But the reason which has induced most of our stockholders to put their money in is that this has been the only possible way to get the standard books that represent the Socialist movement of the world published in English at prices workingmen can afford to pay. When we began this work nine years ago the American Socialist movement was without a literature. Today our list of publications includes nine-tenths of the Socialist books worth reading, and nearly all of the remaining tenth are published at high prices to make a profit for some one. Our books are sold to our stockholders at prices that barely cover the cost of manufacture and the general expenses of the business. The money received from the sale of stock is not used to pay deficits. We keep our expenses within our income and have no deficits. It is used to pay the first cost of bringing out new books. If you want more Socialist books published, subscribe for a share of stock and induce others to do the same.

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THE WOLVES.

The Wolves: A Fable with a Purpose, by Robert Alexander Wason, with eight full-page drawings by G. Weiser, is just ready, and will be one of the most effective bits of propaganda to use in the campaign of 1908. It is printed in large, clear type, on paper of extra quality, and retails for ten cents. Our stockholders buy copies at five cents if they pay the expressage; six cents if we pay it; no cheaper by the hundred.

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