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**THE FIGHTING MAGAZINE
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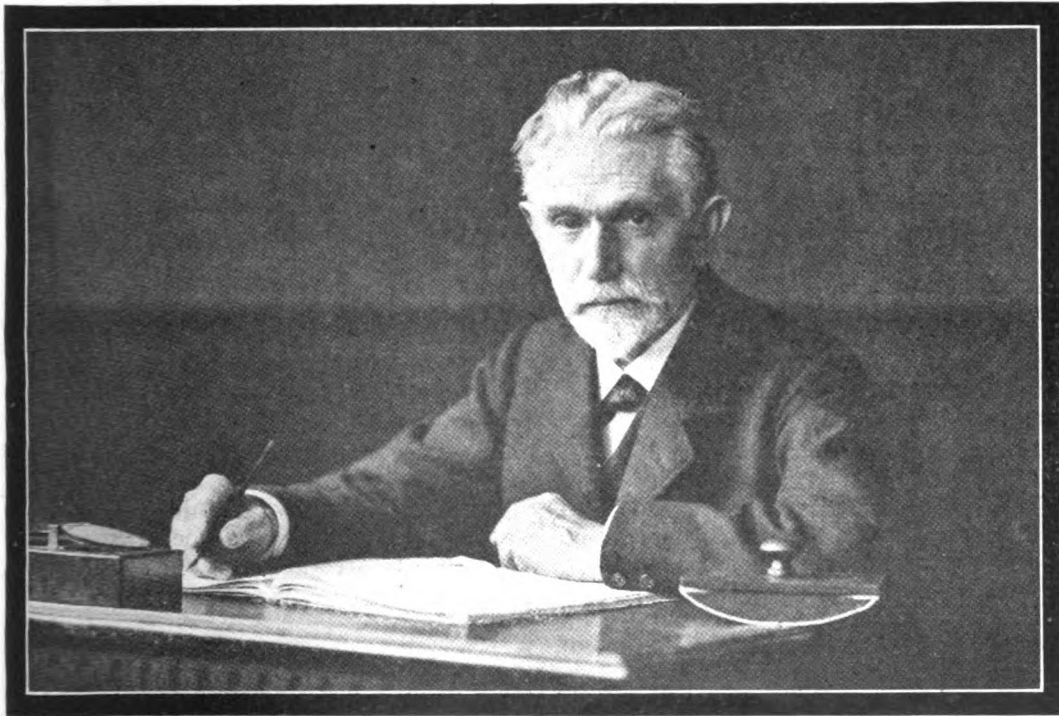
VOL. XIV

SEPTEMBER, 1913

No. 3

August Bebel

By Frank Bohn



A. Bebel.

IN the autobiography of August Bebel we find the following paragraph:

"It is my personal conviction that even the most remarkable and influential of men is more often the thing driven than the driving power; that he can do little more than help

into being that which in a given state of society is pressing onward to the realization and recognition which are essentially its due. This being my belief, I have been saved from regarding my own activities as anything more than those of a willing helper at a birth, of whose origin he is entirely innocent." (p. 5).

This fundamental Bebel not only held as truth in theory, but he lived by it in action during more than fifty years of fighting—fighting marked by bitter poverty and the crown of distinguished leadership, by years of self-sacrifice, suffering and imprisonment, and also by the love and admiration accorded in full measure by tens of millions of the world's working people. The international Socialist movement has produced at least its quota of selfish careerists and conceited prigs. When it produces a MAN, a real one, whose life is great with service to his class and to civilization, Socialists yield to none in giving praise. Bebel has said how little the individual can do. Looking at his labors with a calmness which time and distance permit, it is for us now to testify how much he as an individual did.

The international movement has produced during sixty-five years only three men whose services compare with those of August Bebel—Marx, Engels and Liebknecht. These four worked in pairs, Marx and Engels as secluded scholars in London, doing work without which later progress would have been unthinkable; Liebknecht and Bebel, accepting fully the intellectual heritage of their predecessors, organized and led the movement which the scholarship of Marx and Engels had proven to be necessary to the emancipation of the working class.

Not only has the movement in no other nation given us a quartet comparable to this, it has not produced another man whose services can be compared in value to those of any one of these four. The fault, of course, lies not with the individual men of France, Italy, England and America, but with the inherent nature of the movement in those countries.

Whence?

Why this movement and this leadership in Germany? The answer lies deep in the history of Germany during the first half of the nineteenth century. The Germany which produced the minds of Marx and Engels in 1848 had produced the minds of Kant and Hegel, of Goethe and Schiller in 1800. Germany came upon the field of later nineteenth century history equipped with an intellectual life

which put her in a class by herself. An English or American Marx or Engels in 1848 is absolutely unthinkable. Likewise an English or American Bebel or Liebknecht in 1870.

The second underlying cause of movement and men was 1848. The English Revolution with its life-giving originality and boundless enthusiasms came to a sad ending in the ancient times of the seventeenth century. England went to sleep in 1660 and until the last five years she has given forth only drowsy murmurings. France exhausted herself during the Revolutionary and Napoleonic era. So, until nearly the close of the nineteenth century, economically undeveloped and mentally inert, the working class of France was forced to await the example of Germany before laying hold of the situation at home. In America there could be no revolutionary proletarian movement until, near the close of the nineteenth century, the industrial revolution was accomplished and all the available free land was occupied.

But in Germany we see at an early period a harmonious convergence of the necessary social forces: (1) The economic development of the Rhenish provinces and Saxony; (2) the heritage of German intellectual idealism, which was the inspiration of 1848; (3) political liberalism in the Rhenish provinces and southern Germany following the Napoleonic era in those sections; (4) from out this milieu came the aforementioned group of men who were aided by thousands like-minded, but not as large-minded, or forceful.

What?

For forty-five years, day and night, in season and out, August Bebel stood in the public life of Germany and before the whole international movement as the incarnation of a complete system of social philosophy and of a definite, organized, practical movement for the realization of the ideal of that system. This system rests upon four pillars: (1) The slavery and degradation of the working class as a brutal fact; (2) the class struggle as the only method by which the workers are to obtain freedom and provide for the evolution instead of the degeneration of civil-

ized society; (3) political action as a means, and only a means, to the goal; (4) a never ceasing emphasis upon that goal—a free international industrial society, without classes, exploitation or political oppression whatsoever.

Bebel never for a single moment took his eyes from the greater to fill his mind with the husks of a lesser hope.

Bebel's Autobiography.

In "My Life" (published in English by the University of Chicago press), Bebel has given us a life story comparable in fascinating interest to those of Benjamin Franklin and Rousseau. It should serve as a text-book of personal conduct to every one engaged in the service of the working class movement. In every chapter one constantly turns back to re-read this simple story of what has been perhaps the most useful human life of the last half century.

His mother was the daughter of a baker and peasant farmer; his father was a poverty-stricken soldier in the Prussian army.

"For years my highest ambition was just once to get my fill of bread and butter." (p. 33.)

The father finally died of consumption, leaving the family in utter poverty. His mother then married his father's brother in order to have the children provided with food. There followed two years of parental cruelty and then his step-father died. His mother became a seamstress, earning "not enough to live on, yet too much to die on." She, too, finally contracted consumption and at the age of eight August went to work earning pitiable wages as a kitchen scullion. When he was thirteen his mother died.

Here is a typical story from the working class. Childhood and youth aches in every joint from poverty and all the miseries that poverty alone can bring.

Bebel was fortunate in being enabled to master a trade which later permitted him to secure a decent living. His uncle asked him what he would like to be.

"I should like to be a mining engineer."

"What! Have you the money for your studies?"

"This question dispelled my dream."

And so Bebel became a wood-turner

and an engineer of the institutions of men instead of mines.

At that time the apprentices still completed their training by wandering about Germany, working here and there. Most happily did young August wander on foot from the Rhine to the Tyrol and back to the Rhine.

"I repeatedly got wet to the skin and chilled to the bone. I have often wondered that I was never seriously ill. I never possessed any woolen underclothing, an overcoat remained an unknown luxury. Often of a morning I would don my clothes, still wet from the day before and fated to get still wetter during the day."

During this period he confiscated fruit from the garden of a Bishop, basing his action upon that passage of St. Ambrose which states that "Nature has given all goods to all men in common; for God has created all things so that all men may enjoy them in common." While working in the city of Weimar he organized among his companions a strike against poor food. He had never heard of such a thing before. The strike was successful.

When, his years of wandering ended, Bebel finally settled in 1860 in Leipsic, there was no labor movement of any kind in Germany. The bourgeois Liberal or Democratic Party had organized, as a sort of crutch upon which to hobble into power, a group of workingmen's societies. These were presumably for educational and social purposes. One of them Bebel joined and thus gained his first experience in organization and public speaking. Apparently, no one in Leipsic then knew of the theories of Marx and Engels. But the workers finally found their feet and took charge of these societies. Bebel does not fail to give Lassalle credit for first awakening him to a knowledge of Socialism.

The German movement no more so than any other sprang forth full-armed from the head of leadership. In the later sixties, according to Bebel's lucid description, it seems to have been as broken by factions, as susceptible to charlatanism and as much given to vain conceits as our American movement at the present time. It will come as a surprise to many that, during the first period of his struggle

with the Lassalleans, Bebel was not a Socialist. A study of the brilliant writings of his distinguished opponent was making one of him when there came upon the scene—Liebknecht. And Liebknecht soon aided in making a sounder Socialist of Bebel than Lassalle could ever have been. This was in 1865. Liebknecht was fourteen years the elder, better educated, a man of travel and experience. "He was a man of iron, but his heart was the heart of a child," says Bebel.

Lassalle is criticised by Bebel in a most guarded manner, but still with enough acerbity to leave the impression that Bebel agrees with those who think that the most fortunate event that ever happened to the reputation of Lassalle was his early death. We now know from the autobiography of Helene von Rackwitz what a fool Lassalle could make of himself when he discussed his own career with indulgent friends. But even with the death of Lassalle and the conversion to Socialism of the group to which Bebel adhered, the way was not clear for unity, for there lived and wrought in the German Socialist movement of that day a curious character, Jean Baptist von Schweitzer, whose intrigues kept the movement divided for ten years. Bebel considers the work of this man of enough importance to devote to it a complete chapter.

Bebel and Political Action.

During the past six years there has raged throughout the whole movement one of the severest controversies of its history. Shall the working class take part in political action, and if so to what extent and to what end? Some of the ablest and most active members of the movement in France, Italy, England and America are declaring that political action of any kind is futile. The argument which seems to be most effective is that, in England, France and Italy, when Socialists have been elected to Parliament they have gradually lost their spirit and have often become actual traitors to the cause. That there has been practically no anti-parliamentary movement in Germany seems to have been overlooked. In Germany almost no one has argued that

the workers are inherently such weaklings as to make confidence in a parliamentary group impossible under any condition.

In 1867, when Bebel first took his place in the Reichstag, he and his colleagues assumed a position which served as a precedent to German Socialism unto the day of the Revolution. In those early times there existed a difference of opinion between Bebel and Liebknecht regarding this matter. Bebel says:

"To take part in its Assembly otherwise than by protest and absolute negation, was in his (Liebknecht's) eyes a betrayal of the revolutionary ideal. No truckling, therefore, no compromise and arrangement; no attempts to influence legislation in our favor.

"I did not share this conception of the revolutionary ideal. I was for protest and denial whenever they were necessary."

So the question in that heroic time was not, Shall we compromise with other parties or not? but, Shall we remain absolutely silent or rise from our seats and fight them?

Liebknecht then believed that there would soon be a civil war, hence political action could be nothing more than protest. After 1870 and the Empire he came over to Bebel's view.

And what a war they waged upon their enemies! Today all classes the world over are becoming international in spirit. But when Bebel took his Reichstag seat in 1867, it was the heyday of nationalist patriotism. The United States had just re-cemented its union with such terrible sacrifices. In Italy the aristocracy and the capitalists had taken up the work begun by Mazzini and Garibaldi and were within three years of their triumph. In Germany national unity had been the cherished dream of all classes, with the exception of a few regnant particularists, for centuries. Never has there been a greater outburst of patriotic pride and fervor than that which followed Sedan. The political Democrats of 1848 joined the Monarchists in acclaiming the Empire. Against this tidal wave the handful of Socialists raised their arms. The executive committee of the party was dragged in chains to a fortress prison. In the Reichstag the Socialists mustered five votes against three hundred and ninety-two. Bebel, fresh from his turner's bench, declared to Junkers and

Major-Generals and intellectuals that the war on the French Republic must cease and protested against the vote of funds for war purposes. "A large part of the house were seized with a kind of frenzy," he writes. "Dozens of members rushed at us with clenched fists." (p. 215.)

A political conflict of this kind requires men—men like Bebel. Mice and rats will fight on no field. So long as a Samuel Gompers or a Ramsey McDonald are in the leadership of an ignorant following, a movement is worthless, either as a labor union or a political party. A coward and a traitor in Parliament will be a coward and a traitor at a strike conference.

Harmless politicians are not sent to jail by the powers that be. Bebel was working at his bench in December, 1870, when he was arrested and imprisoned on the charge of high treason. Again and again did he make the acquaintance of the jailer—now for three months, again for two years. But the time thus spent was not lost. He utilized this time for studies both wide and profound, laying the foundation for his great work on "Woman" and other writings.

Unity of the German Movement.

Bebel stood first for "No Compromise", second, for unity on that basis. Either of these policies is a broken reed without the other. As the former demanded great firmness and an abiding faith in the deepest forces, so the latter required infinite patience and much consideration for the views of others. In 1875 Marx and Engels failed to perceive the necessity for unity with the Lassalleans. Bebel refers to them rather sarcastically as "the two old gentlemen in London," who looked upon their "clever tactical move" as "mere weakness." The revolutionary theorist, apart from the practical work of the movement, naturally becomes hopelessly "pure." With Bebel the "holier than thou" attitude never overcame his sense of the inestimable strength which unity alone can develop. The Gotha Program established a unity lasting even beyond the dreams of those who witnessed its accomplishment. How many times the universal confidence in Bebel has maintained this solidarity would be

hard to say. His bitterest opponents have never once questioned his motives. A glance at his face either in the quiet dignity of repose, or in action, as he pleads for things ultimate, make clear wherein this power lay. A movement so permeated with the spirit of solidarity could laugh either at the exceptional laws of a Bismarck or the revisionist schemes of a Bernstein.

The German movement now most surely faces, it is said, a stormy and dangerous period. So it does. But the work done cannot be undone. Its gigantic and strongly-wrought machine of organization is not given to fantastical by-plays. The coming ten years are to witness the crisis. Of course, there is much discussion and hesitancy before the storm.

Other aspects of Bebel's remarkably fruitful life we can hardly touch upon here. "Woman," his masterpiece, has been for a generation the arsenal from which the working-class woman's movement has drawn its weapons. That his literary fame rests so largely upon this single work proves how far-visioned was his intellectual grasp of the socializing forces. To misunderstand or underestimate the nature and scope of the movement for sex freedom is to fathom one's Socialism as only skin-deep. Bebel took this piece rejected of the greater builders and made of it the cornerstone.

The time for such as Bebel has now passed. The sword which falls from the grasp of this giant is wielded by a thousand weaker arms. Individuals can play such conspicuous parts only at the birth of great philosophies and during the foundation of world movements. When the movement has transformed its plastic materials of ideas and men into a smoothly functioning institution, the work of a Gregory I or of a Hildebrand become quite superfluous. But it is something to have lived in a period raised to eminence not only by its wide acceptance of a saving philosophy, but urged, also, to life by the living brains of a Marx and an Engels; a period not only moved to a mighty reorganization through the toil and struggle of a hundred millions, but quickened, likewise, to the very heart, by the voice and touch of a Liebknecht and of an August Bebel.



PRODUCTS OF CAPITALISM—

The Cure for Poverty

By Robert Barr

Photo by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

YOU have never heard of any organization of rich men or women that has declared itself in favor of abolishing poverty. You will hear ministers urging folks to "help the poor" and you will see philanthropists donating money to charitable organizations, you may even see groups of rick folks organized for the purpose of distributing—or giving back—to the workers a tiny little portion of the great wealth that has been taken away from them.

You will see a mine owner, who keeps for himself all the coal the miners dig from his mines, giving thousands of dollars to charity. He would be the last man in the world to propose any organization that would give the value of his product to the workingman instead of to the mine owner.

Nearly everybody is willing, or so they say in public, to REFORM things. Almost all rich men want to see the shops and mills or mines of their acquaintances REFORMED to give better working conditions to the workers.

Of course it is only natural for a mine owner who has seen the bodies of workers killed in his mine, to feel a strong repugnance to working in the mine himself. The more he knows of the miseries of the working class, the tighter he grips the ownership of the mine, the more he fights any organization that aims at the abolition of poverty.

If workingmen and women received the value of their products, if the farm worker did not have to dig up half his crops to a boss, if the miner received the value of the coal he dug, and the baker



PARK SCENE IN ANY LARGE CITY

of the bread he baked, if the weaver and garment worker received the value of the goods they make—there would not be a poverty-stricken workingman or woman on the face of the earth. The only poor man would be the man who refused to perform any useful work. Those who actually suffered from poverty would be those healthy individuals that refused to give their share of service to society. We might find the Rockefellers, Harrimans, Goulds and Astors seeking to enjoy careers of idleness in luxury as they do now. But the luxury would probably not be forthcoming. The man who would have, would be the man who worked.

Naturally it has remained for the poverty-stricken people of the world to try to abolish poverty. And the poverty-stricken class is the working class.

Did you ever notice that the lawyer, who has never grown a grain of wheat in his life, is the man who goes to his office at 10 o'clock in the morning. The advertising agent, who never made a pair of shoes or built a house, works a few hours a day. The capitalist sows not, but he reaps in the shekels from the labor of those who work.

It is the man who drains the swamps, who feeds the world, who builds houses and makes clothes that works long hours. And these workingmen belong to the great army of the poverty-stricken.

But the working class of the world is in a constant state of revolt against a social system that it feeds and clothes and shelters and that robs it of everything but a scanty existence.

The workers have discovered that they are very many and that the millionaires, who appropriate their products, are very few, and so these workers are everywhere uniting to overthrow the system that makes for idle millionaires and half-starved workers.

They have discovered that if they will vote together, and organize into One Big Union, if they will fight together and strike together, they can abolish this horrible system of wage-slavery.

This is why the great Army of Socialism is growing by leaps and bounds. The working class is the *big* class. One workingman can do nothing, but a hundred million workers, united against the few millionaire property owners, can do all things.

Socialists propose that the useless "jobs" shall be abolished; that the very finest and most modern machinery shall be used to perform the world's drudgery and that men and women shall unite to do the necessary work of feeding, clothing and housing the world with the least possible expenditure of human labor, in the least possible time.

It proposes that those who work shall reap the harvests of their labor, without any boss to come along and appropriate their crops, their coal, their clothing, or the houses they build.

This will mean four or five hours of work a day for the workers and leisure to enjoy all the good things of this earth.

It will mean an easy job for every man and woman. It will mean luxury for every workingman and woman. It will mean the certainty of a life-long job and

rest and comfort in old age. It will mean the best food, the best clothing, the best education for our children.

It will mean no more anxiety about a job in the future. It will mean no fear of the poor house for the fathers and mothers of the workingmen and women. It will mean steady work, easy work, regular pleasures, new joys and happiness for every able-bodied man and woman who performs a useful service for society.

If you are not a Socialist, WHY NOT?

We have told you what we are working for. Do you want to help? If you do, STUDY SOCIALISM. Learn how to help. Our motto is One Big Union of all the workers and the Socialist Party to serve us in the great struggle all along the way!

Labor's "Leaders and Friends"

By Bert Willard

TWO of the chief influences tending to keep Labor in slavery are "Labor Leaders" and the "Friends of Labor." Time and again has Labor fought long and valiantly for the right to live, in many of which conflicts Labor has suffered all the horrors of hell, then when victory was within their grasp it has been snatched away by treacherous "Leaders" and traitorous "Friends."

It has ever been so. Labor has ever been betrayed by its "Leaders," crucified by its "Friends."

We of the Brotherhood of Labor must no longer put our faith, our trust, in "Leaders," nor in "Friends." Our faith, our hopes, must abide in ourselves. We cannot look to "Leaders," or to "Friends," for emancipation; we must emancipate ourselves, or forever be bound in slavery. We must save ourselves if we are ever to be saved.

We need to fear our "Leaders" and our "Friends" more than we fear our exploiters. Our exploiters are our avowed enemies; but our "Leaders" and our "Friends" sap our very life-blood while pretending to nourish and protect us. We need to know

that they, too, are our enemies, that they are our exploiters; they live off of our labor. They are content to pose as "Labor Leaders" and "Friends of Labor" only so long as we will permit them to get their feet in the trough. Socialist "Leaders" are no better than other varieties of "Labor Leaders": they, too, must get their feet in the trough.

Labor's blind faith in "Leaders" and in "Friends" keep the hosts of Labor bound in slavery. "Labor Leaders" and the "Friends of Labor" are the decoys that lead Labor into the master's shambles. Our "Leaders" and our "Friends" deliver us, bound and gagged, into the hands of our enemies.

The time has come for us to act. Let us arise. Let us have done with the twin curses, "Labor Leaders" and the "Friends of Labor." Let us learn to do for ourselves. Let us do our own leading and be our own friends. For Labor is its only friend and should be its only leader. Our only hope lies in ourselves. That which we cannot or will not do for ourselves, the same will not be done. Then let us do what we will have to do, and let us do it quickly.

¶ The last mail from our South African comrades states that 31 workers have been killed, 417 injured and imprisoned.

The Iron Heel in South Africa

By the "Hobo"

THE greatest industrial struggle in South African history is on at this moment. As usual, a small spark started the fires of revolt. Five underground mechanics on the New Kleinfontein gold mine were informed by the manager that, instead of ceasing work at 12 noon on Saturdays, they would be required to remain down below until 3 p. m. This the men refused to do, and were immediately dismissed.

All the employes struck work in sympathy with the victimized men. Fortunately, the Benoni district, in which the mine is situated, is a hotbed of revolutionary thought. The whole of our comrades, men and women, immediately took up the fight. The adjoining mines—Van Ryn, Modderfontein, Apex—were soon out to a man.

Today, "July 4th," a general strike has been declared. There has been a small amount of the usual muddling of affairs by the old craft unions, but so strong is the tide of industrial democracy that they have been swept off their feet in the attempt to hold back the movement. The strike now stands for the reinstatement of the men victimized at Kleinfontein. Most of the mines have issued notices to the employes to clear out of quarters in which they are living, twenty-four hours being given to the single men and five days to the married ones.

Every mine will be idle on the night of the fourth.

The state railways throughout South Africa are taking the matter up and will probably enter the field to redress their own grievances at this extremely opportune moment.

Regiments of infantry, cavalry and artillery are being rapidly pushed to the affected area. The usual proclamation has been issued forbidding more than six persons to congregate in the streets or public places. The workers have, however, defied the authorities and held their demonstrations in spite of them. The chief of police issued a warning to all women and children to keep out of the streets on this occasion.

This made the women more determined than ever. They flocked from all parts to Benoni and the demonstration was a huge success.

Since penning the above lines three days have elapsed—three days and nights of horror.

The general strike was declared and every industry held up, including government and municipal works: Sanitary work only is allowed in congested areas.

The capitalists' gun men have done their employers' work with unparalleled thoroughness.

Men and women who were shopping in the four main thoroughfares were shot down in cold blood by the Imperial British troops and colonial police forces. Cavalry charges have taken place in the main open spaces and squares. Men have been butchered, bayoneted and shot, indiscriminately. Scenes of horror rarely witnessed in the history of the world are being enacted while I am penning these lines, Tuesday, July 8.

The details of the horrors enacted are too awful to write.

Yesterday the workers refused to soil their hands until their martyrs had been decently buried. The procession was

many miles in length. The South African Socialists sent two wreaths on which were cards inscribed:

"In Memory of Our Martyrs Who Were Foully Murdered in Cold Blood by the Capitalist Class."



GRAVES OF THE VICTIMS

The worst of the killings took place on Saturday afternoon in Johannesburg. Men and women were making a few of the usual week-end purchases, entirely unaware that anything in the nature of martial law was in existence, the proclamation only being posted on a few buildings. One unfortunate woman leaving a store received a bullet as she stepped on to the sidewalk. Her husband thinking she had fainted, rushed to her assistance and was also shot. A small boy selling the *Strike Herald* was shot through the back. The First Dragoons is a crack British cavalry regiment. Its men were stationed at a point where two roads crossed, and swept the people from the streets in four directions.

Cables have been sent to London asking our comrades "To organize a protest meeting in Trafalgar Square against the cold-blooded murder of innocent persons in the streets of Johannesburg during the present crisis."

The solidarity of the men and women

in the fight has, however, been a record in industrial history. Everything has happened so suddenly. Events sufficient in themselves to wake up the whole country have crowded themselves into such a small space of time that a detailed account of all that has happened is at present an impossibility. Four days from the declaration of a general strike, and we are back at work. The majority of unions have given notice that: If within fourteen days of the sitting of the government commission (which is to be appointed this month) the improved conditions of hours and pay are not conceded, they will come out again to a man.

Comrade Mary Fitzgerald, our bravest woman leader, has been arrested for "inciting to violence." I don't wonder. The Capitalist class and their pimps must dread her as much as all of us men combined.

An hour after the cavalry had charged us out of Market Square with drawn swords, I could see our comrade holding forth in the center of the square. A regiment of cavalry in close order in front, mounted police with pick handles on either side, while two police officers were ordering her to step down, stop speaking and go home. I think the authorities were afraid to arrest her while the excitement lasted. I am sure the strikers would have commenced smashing up property had they done so.

Comrade Archibald Crawford, who paid America a visit two years ago, is in court on a similar charge.

The organized bodies are busy getting their demands licked into shape, to present to the commission. Some of the principal ones are: An eight hour working day, time and a half for overtime, double time for Sunday work. Night shift to receive 25 per cent more than day shift workmen. No apprentices to be sent underground; consolidation of all benefit society funds under state control; mine employes to have the right to occupy their quarters for one month after dismissal; no victimization for expressing political or industrial opinions in public.

I tried to snap some of the Dragoons when they charged us, but they made so much dust that pictures were impossible.

I feel that I have lived through a few pages of Jack London's "Iron Heel."

The inclosed clippings are from Capitalist papers:

"Many of the strikers dispersed to their homes, but there were others who were determined on more destruction, and before morning they had given evidence of their night's work. Saturday had been a day of firing houses and property.

"The first house to receive attention was one occupied by a man known as the 'Scab King.' The furniture, including a piano, was burned in the public street, to which it was dragged.

"The incendiaries next found their way to



COMRADE MARY FITZGERALD

the goods sheds at the railway station. An unsuccessful attempt had been made on these buildings the night before, but yesterday morning's attempt was quickly successful. Among the goods was a large consignment of candles and paraffin oil, and this was soon ablaze. Several trucks of coal were pushed into the raging furnace, and it was seen that the buildings were doomed. The fire brigade appeared, but could only look on helpless, and the crowd was in no mood for interference.

"More determined than ever, the crowd next found its way to the extensive bakery premises in Market Square, occupied by Gow and Taylor, and known as the Benoni Bakery. By twelve o'clock the place was ablaze, both at the back and in the front, and the looting began. Men, women, and children and Kaf-firs were kept busy for an hour running off with bags of flour, cakes, tinned goods, bags of sugar and everything they could lay hands upon. There was no attempt to stop them. The police were busy elsewhere, it is supposed, and the fire brigade could only parade the street. Mob law was supreme. Gow and Taylor's offense was the supplying of bread to the mine.

"During the day the firing of property was varied by the chasing of 'scabs.'"

It is difficult to get accurate information about the damage that was done during Friday and Saturday, when the streets were in a state of such disorder.

The principal items of damage, however, may be tabulated as follows:

Park railway station	£5,000
"Star" newspaper	20,000
Walshe's gun store	800
Bright's outfitting store	800
Perrin's Gun Store	500
Chudleigh's store	2,500
Skimwell's gun store	800
Plate glass in city stores, looting, etc..	10,000

Total £40,400

Tom Mann's memorable pamphlet was reprinted during the strike:

**DON'T SHOOT!
ADDRESS TO SOLDIERS.**

By Tom Mann.

Men! Comrades! Brothers!
You are in the Army.

So are We. You in the Army of Destruction. We in the Industrial, or Army of Construction.

We work at mine, mill, forge, factory, or dock, producing and transporting all the goods, clothing stuffs, etc., which make it possible for people to live.

You are Working Men's Sons.

When We go on Strike to better Our lot, which is the lot also of Your Fathers, Mothers, Brothers, and Sisters, YOU are called upon by your officers to MURDER US.

DON'T DO IT.

You know how it happens—always has happened.

We stand out as long as we can. Then one of our (and your) irresponsible Brothers,

goaded by the sight and thought of his and his loved ones' misery and hunger, commits a crime on property. Immediately You are ordered to Murder Us, as You did at Mitchelstown, at Featherstone, at Belfast.

Don't You know that when You are out of the colours, and become a "Civy" again, that You, like Us, may be on strike, and You, like Us, be liable to be Murdered by other soldiers.

Boys, Don't Do It!

"Thou Shalt Not Kill," says the Book.

Don't Forget That!

It does not say, "unless you have a uniform on."

No! MURDER IS MURDER, whether committed in the heat of anger on one who has wronged a loved one or by pipe-clayed Tommies with a rifle.

Boys, Don't Do It!

Act the Man! Act the Brother. Act the Human Being!

Property can be replaced! Human life, never.

The Idle Rich Class, who own and order you about, own and order us about also. They and their friends own the land and means of life of Britain.

You Don't. We Don't.

When We kick, they order You to Murder Us.

When You kick, You get court-martialled and cells.

Your fight is Our fight. Instead of fighting against each other, We should be fighting with each other.

Out of Our loins, Our lives, Our homes, You came.

Don't disgrace Your Parents, Your Class, by being the willing tools any longer of the Master Class.

You, like Us, are of the Slave Class. When We rise, You rise; when We fall, even by your bullets, Ye fall also.

England with its fertile valleys and dells, its mineral resources, its sea harvests, is the heritage of ages to us.

You no doubt joined the Army out of poverty.

We work long hours for small wages at hard work, because of Our poverty. And both Your poverty and Ours arises from the fact that Britain with its resources belongs to only a few people. These few, owning Britain, own Our jobs. Owning Our jobs, they own Our very Lives.

Comrades, have We called in vain? Think things out and refuse any longer to Murder Your Kindred. Help Us to win back Britain for the British, and the World for the Workers.

"THE MINER."

Oh, the fore shift dark and dreary,
 Oh, this lonely two o'clock;
 Limbs may ache, and hearts be weary
 Still there comes the caller's knock
 And each blow upon the panels
 Bids us up and don our flannels:
 By the light of lamp or can'les
 Batter at the grimy rock.

Just to get a bare subsistence,
 Little earn'd and nothing saved;
 With the workhouse in the distance
 After we for years have slaved.
 Some look on with holy horror
 At each pitman's little error,
 But 'twould much abate their terror
 Could they see the dangers braved.

To the coal's grim face we travel,
 And again our flannels doff.
 Can they wonder if we cavil
 At the ones much better off?
 Like a snake our bodies coiling,
 Weary hours' incessant toiling,
 Through each pore the sweat comes boiling,
 Think of this, ye ones that scoff!

Up while stars are dimly peeping
 Through the midnight's sable gloom,
 Up while pampered ones are sleeping
 In their snug and cosy room,
 Fore shift visions need not haunt them
 Nor the pit's grim danger daunt them;
 Oh, 'twas kind of fate to plant them
 Where they could so safely bloom!

MATTHEW TATE,

The Pitmen's Poet Laureate, working at twelve, still working at seventy-five.—South Africa.



Photo by Andre Tridon.

TOM MANN

BILL HAYWOOD

Tom Mann In New York City

(From the New York Call, Aug. 3d, 1913)

TOM MANN, veteran of many labor fights in various parts of the world, especially Great Britain and Australia, made his first speech in thirty years in this country, August 3d, in New York City. About 1,000 persons welcomed the great agitator.

The greeting Mann received was intensely enthusiastic. He was cheered for several minutes and there were outbursts of applause during his address. William D. Haywood, who was chairman at the meeting, summed up Mann as a worker "who has no country, bows down to no flag and worships at no altar, but who is loved by the working class the world over."

Haywood, in welcoming Mann, declared that he would find conditions no different in this country than in England. Incidentally Haywood, who was one of the leaders of the Paterson silk strike, denied that it was over. "The strike is just

beginning, and the workers propose to fight the bosses harder than ever they did and to do this they mean to fight them with sabotage," he declared.

Mann had not been speaking ten minutes when a photographer took a flash-light picture of him. Mann met him with the following remark: "Shooter, are you all right? I am identified with the policy of don't shoot, so don't do it again until I tell you." The crowd was Mann's from that moment on.

"I have come from a country," continued Mann, "where poverty is so vile that every year millions of human beings die off twenty years before the natural term of their lives. This means social murder, not spasmodically or occasionally, but always there. The capitalist system in England is very successful, accumulating wealth faster than ever.

"Every month it throws thousands of workers into the semi-skilled or unskilled labor class. The capitalist system is not

increasing the number of well paid workers, but steadily diminishing them. Skilled labor is losing its place and losing it fast."

The "parliamentarians" had failed in Germany, said Mann, because "they respect law and order as laid down by the capitalists. They have failed to function because they have not centered their minds upon industrial organization. Not until they turned their eyes to industrialism was any change effected. I have seen the same thing in Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, South Africa and in England.

"I was closely connected with the labor movement, both political and industrial, in Australia. There is a general idea that the eight hour law prevails in Australia. It does in some industries. The eight hour law has been established in some industries since 1856, but the men who took part in the fight were exiled. The capitalist has a complete grip upon Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania.

"As soon as the Australian sugar workers resorted to industrial action they got the eight hour day.

"In the smelting furnaces in northern Australia, although labor and Socialists have been returned to office, the men work seven days a week. In Ballarat, Victoria, Australia, one-half of the miners work under the contract system; that is, they get paid a regular day's wage if they produce gold, and some times they work months and months for nothing. You ask me how they live? They live on the earnings of their children. The miner there, when he works, never makes more than 22 shillings 6 pence a week. Never more.

"The real place to exercise power is in the places where work is done—if the workers control their labor they control wealth and can transfer the industrial

power from the dominant capitalist class to the laboring class.

"The power of the working class is increasing as fast as they realize their power and rebel against the ruling class."

"Trust to no savior but yourself—I don't care where I go after I die. I am thinking about now—trust to no politician or parliament, or to no class that is not your class. The thing to do is to educate.

"Solidarity is what will save you workers," cried the Englishman. "By banding together and educating yourselves alone shall you inherit the earth. We don't preach violence. We don't court violence, but if it comes we don't shun it. But violence is only incidental. In our fights it is something that cannot be helped.

"We do not advise violence, but we do not dodge it. After all, what we are engaged in is war. Capital does not hesitate to underpay us, overwork us, or risk our lives in bad factories if it can or dare. Why should we hesitate to lay our hand to any weapon that will wound capital? By fighting and refusing to be misled by compromises we have won heaps of strikes in England and you have only to look to France and Belgium to see the triumph of our doctrine of an invincible solidarity. So great and strong is our banding together in France and Belgium that violence is unnecessary to accomplish anything we wish. And, as we scorn the government, the government must come to us. So there is no chance of our cause being betrayed.

"The standard of life in Britain is better than ever it was. It is further away from the social hell than it was before we organized industrially. Consider yourself as a soldier in the workers' army and arm yourself with intelligence and know exactly where you are going."





ELEPHANT AT WORK IN BURMAH

The March of the Machine

By Mary E. Marcy

ONLY a few years ago a traveler might go, sometimes under great difficulties, from one country to another, finding not only different peoples, but varied laws, customs, governments and industries. Turkey was unlike any other land on the globe. China was a country distinct unto herself. When anybody mentioned South Africa, our minds immediately conjured up life in a semi-barbaric state and the jungles of Burmah and Siam had never been traversed by the feet of the white man.

Now all this is changed, and every day more rapidly changing, and traveling adventurers are complaining that all lands are taking on a dreadful sameness and that it is with difficulty that we may now find any country still untouched by the hand of the Caucasian.

History is being made all over the world at a pace never known before. Barbaric lands are being conquered by the "civilized" nations to make room for her

growing population or to find new markets in which to dispose of her commodities. Great mining, oil and commercial interests have forced their way over the weaker peoples, under *your* flag or *my* flag or *somebody's* flag, at the point of the gun, to snatch up the rich natural resources of the land and make them their own.

It is ECONOMIC INTEREST that has driven men into the fever infested swamps, over the deserts and through the jungles. And railroads have grown slowly over the roads they have traveled, railroads bearing new tools and strange commodities into the hearts of the new lands to the wondering people.

The telegraph is the natural corollary of the railroad, and at its feet have sprung up telephones and newspapers. And these bring, with a marvelous speed, new peoples, new customs—in fact, new blood throughout the old lands. Goods begin to be exchanged all over the changing

countries; circulation is stimulated. And news that had taken months to reach the interior is flashed across the wires daily.

And it is the MACHINE that has made these things possible. The printing press is the father of the newspaper and the invention of the telephone and telegraph enables us to flash the news around the world in time for the morning paper. The steam engine renders the unknown places accessible. It banishes the wilds. It brings the machines that are the real history-makers. After it come the new geographies.

INVENTION has put the out-of-the-way and barbaric corners of the world in touch with civilized lands. It was not the message of Plato that traversed the deserts, crossed the rivers and mountains to change the face of the lands, nor the message of Jesus or Buddah, or even Karl Marx.

Pure, unadulterated IDEAS never moved a spool of thread or lifted a teacup. All the teachers and missionaries in the world could not change the face of the Celestial Empire one-half so much as one railroad has accomplished in one year.

On the heels of the railroad spring up the modern industries. Large machine production takes the place of hand and small tool production. The modern factory, mill and shop is the great tool that supplants the old hand tool. The hand workers cannot compete with the machine-made products which can be sold at lower prices, and the hand-worker gives way before the *great machine*, the factory, the shop and mill, where machines, tended by human workers, perform great tasks with incredible ease and celerity.

MACHINE PRODUCTION is making history everywhere today before our very eyes. It was the invasion of the Western MACHINES far more than the introduction of Western ideas that occasioned the great Chinese Awakening. It is the wholesale introduction into Russia of the most up-to-date farming machinery that is revolutionizing the old autocracy today more than any other factor. Modern farm tools are making it impossible for the peasants to work the lands profitably on a small scale. They are being

freed from the soil and the great rush toward the rapidly growing industrial centers has begun.

In China we see a small group of brilliant and noble-minded men headed by Dr. Sun Yat Sen trying to guide the Chinese Revolution into the safe harbor of Socialism by entrusting the affairs of the Empire to those who will avoid the evils of capitalism. Dr. Sun hopes to see the Chinese "skip" the Capitalist system of society through the education and public spirit of her elected officials. He is hoping to evolve a PLAN for the establishment of Socialism.

But already we hear rumors of the unfaithfulness of those in high office and we predict that the State Socialism for which the Chinese are now working will evolve into State Capitalism, and nothing more. Socialism presupposes an ORGANIZED WORKING CLASS. No education can weld the workers together in a militant class conscious army, DRIVEN to fight, compelled to unite, as modern machine production does. Silently, steadily the factory system gathers the workers into large groups wherein their daily labors, their living conditions, their wrongs and interests are alike. Modern capitalist production is the great preparer for Socialism. It organizes the proletariat into one great mass with like aims, ideals and interest as nothing else can ever hope to do.

And now we see the advent of the railroad and the machine in Burmah. Report has it that the great Standard Oil Company is gathering in the great oil wells. Great Britain is now building railroads through the hitherto inaccessible jungles, and the great Change has begun.

Not long ago an English traveler wrote of his journeyings in the Burmese interior. Within a few yards of the new English railroad in process of construction he came upon a tangle of vegetation and a little party of Burmans. These wore rude hats woven out of vines and stalks. Their rough skirts, jackets and breechclouts were made out of cloth woven by hand, the product of the home-grown plant. Joints of bamboo served as cooking utensils. Signs of a modern civilization there were none. In the sur-

rounding forest chattered hundreds of scampering monkeys; the voice of the puma and other forest prowlers could be heard in the stillness of the night. But here, at the end of the slowly climbing railroad, he found the inevitable Standard Oil can.

At another village along the railroad, he found several of the natives had learned their first lesson in commercialism and were ready to sell food to any applicant. And the canned meats they had stuck up in their booths bore the label of the great American Beef Trust.

Every day sees new changes along the railroads in Burmah. When Harry A. Franck, in company with a chance companion, made the first trip by foot through the Burmah and Siamese jungles ever attempted by a white man, a few years ago, the trained elephants, driven by mahouts, represented the height of native attainment in construction power. In railroad building, elephants were sometimes used to haul timber. Franck saw gangs of natives at work building the roadbeds. There were neither steam cranes, "slips" nor "wheelers" to scoop the earth out of the paddy fields. Men used small hand shovels and carried the earth in flat baskets on their heads. But the elephant still represented the acme of power in construction work.

Since Burmah has fallen under the rule of the British, the oil fields and ruby mines will be worked under modern processes, if the Standard Oil Company has not already some claim on the Burmese possessions. Railways will soon traverse the forests and the civilization of which he saw only the first indications will assume sway in Burmah.

In his travels in the interior of Burmah, Mr. Franck found it impossible to buy food of the natives. In many places they very generously fed him freely. Where food was scarce they refused to sell or to give it away.

At one place he and his companion, being almost at the point of exhaustion, and having no money, decided that they would be compelled either to starve or exploit the shop-keepers—in other words, to eat their fill and run away. They chose a well stocked booth and eagerly devoured a bowl of rice and vegetable currie. They

then hastened away, in momentary expectation of angry pursuit. But no alarm was raised. On the contrary, the fugitives beheld the shop-keeper and his family literally doubled up with mirth at the delightful joke they had played upon them.

Wherever fruit and food grows naturally in abundance, the Burmese may be found in large numbers in the jungle. But even in the swampy regions you may occasionally run across a hut or two where Burmans in attap leaf hats and short skirts may be seen clawing the mud of tiny gardens. Their huts are of bamboo and entrance to them is made by a bamboo ladder. Joints of bamboo are filled with a coarse salt and coarser brown sugar, in place of bowls.

Many natives raise a small patch of cotton. Rice, fruit, fish, bread cakes, with red ants for dessert, are popular foods to the Burmans. Baked frogs and green lizards are in great demand in some places, but the red ant is the greatest delicacy of all to the Burmans. No native banquet would be complete without it.

According to him, all the men, women and children of Burmah are inveterate smokers, indulging in the "whacking white cheroots" mentioned by Kipling. These cheroots or cigars are from one to two feet in length and about an inch in diameter. One cigar may be enjoyed by the entire family, being passed from father to children or the mother, impartially, until everybody is satisfied. Many of the Burmans wear heavy leaden washers in the lobes of their ears. These large holes are used by them as pockets in which to stow away half finished say-bullys (cigars) or other dainties.

In a recent magazine article appears a long report of an Englishman's overland journey through German East Africa. "I have seen the latest automatic glass-blowing machinery in operation within a stone's throw of some of the savage tribes," he said. "The natives take the keenest delight in being employed where they can watch or tend machinery. I have seen big black boys offer to trade their wives for a Singer sewing machine. The possession of a sewing machine is a source of pride and delight to the village that attains one."



THE FIRST DAY OF THE STRIKE

The Copper Miners' Strike

By Edward J. McGurty

THE territory known as the "Copper Country" of Michigan is a peaked peninsula lying to the north of the Upper Peninsula. It is washed on three sides by the waters of Lake Superior, embracing the counties of Keweenaw, Houghton and Ontonagon.

The country is rich in copper and has one of the deepest incline shafts in the world, the Calumet & Hecla No. 7, at Calumet, which goes down about 8,000 feet. The Calumet & Hecla Company, with its subsidiaries, owns and controls practically all the property up here. For the past thirty years there has been no labor trouble here of any consequence. In that time the C. & H. has paid out \$125,000,000 in dividends on an original capitalization of \$1,200,000. The employes, many of them Cornish miners, have not revolted for years. They have submitted to every injustice and to tremendous exploitation.

For a number of years it was impossible for the Western Federation to make any headway in the Upper Peninsula.

Attempts at organization have been met by the sacking and firing of men. Little could be accomplished. Gradually the Federation formed organizations at various points along the range. The Finns were very zealous in keeping activity alive. This last year especial efforts have been made to organize the men of the various nationalities. Those working in the mines are Cornish, Finnish, Croatian, Italian and Austrian. Up to May first, about 7,000 men were taken into the union.

The companies have worked a pseudo-contract system and cheated the men outright. They have paid low wages, many of the men getting as low as a \$1.00 a day and some even less. The shifts have been long, running as high as twelve and thirteen hours. Last year the companies installed what is known as a "one-man" drill which is a man-killer.

It was the straw that broke the camel's back in the copper zone. On the night of July 22, men went from one end of the range to the other, on foot and in rigs



"RED JACKET" UNION HEADQUARTERS—CALUMET

rousing the miners and making known the strike order. The next day there were 15,000 mine-workers who had laid down their tools. Smelter-men, surface-men, under-ground-men, all were out and the copper mines were tied up as tight as a drum. Then the men who had not already joined the union began to make their way to the offices and in a few days 90 per cent of the miners were organized.

Directly the men went out the sheriff of Houghton county deputized about 500 men and sent them about to create trouble. They provoked the strikers to the breaking point and there were 500 deputies without stars or guns in a short time. There were also a few of them went to the hospitals.

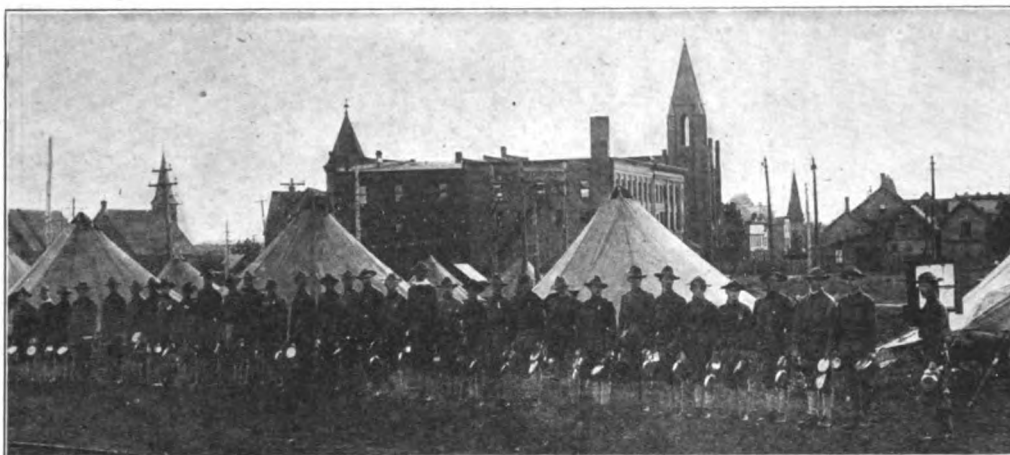
The papers here, under the control of the companies, have, as usual, lied about the strike, slandered the strikers, burned the "locations" up in their columns; killed law-officers, etc. The second day of the strike the sheriff acting under orders from McNaughton, \$85,000-a-year-manager of the Calumet & Hecla, requested troops from Governor Ferris. Without any investigation of the situation Ferris ordered the entire state militia dispatched here. Protest after protest has been made by the people here, because the presence of the troops is for the purpose of creating trouble. But Ferris stalwartly keeps them here.

The commander of the troops is a real, dyed-in-the-wool conservative. He says that the refusal of the union men to work the pumps and keep water from flowing into the mines amounts to the DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY. Even in times of industrial war, the mine-owners are accustomed to meek wage slaves that pump the water out of the mines.

The troops have ridden up the streets of Calumet and Red Jacket at night on horse-back and have ruthlessly clubbed innocent men and women conversing on the side-walks. They knocked down an old man of 70, and threw a baby out of a buggy onto the pavement. They have shot at strikers all over the range when the strikers were doing picket duty.

One of the worst features of the situation is the importation of Waddel and his gunmen and thugs from New York. Two hundred and fifty of them have been scattered along the range. They are being deputized by the sheriff and are arresting men on sight who are known to be strikers. They are continually picking fights and quarrels. The men have decided that they will not put up bail but will fill the jails of Houghton county to the tune of 15,000 if need be. Such a spirit of fighting solidarity cannot fail.

Ferris asked for a conference of the Western Federation and the mine companies, but the companies refused to at-



SCENE AT HANCOCK, MICHIGAN

tend, maintaining that they would have nothing to do with the Federation. They make the usual spiel that the strike is the result of labor agitators.

The sheriff of Keweenaw county was forced to ask for troops by the companies. He has made an affidavit to the effect that he was forced to sign the telegram asking for troops. He has requested Ferris to withdraw troops from his county, but the governor has absolutely refused to do so.

The thugs imported here burned down a bankrupt store at Centennial and the papers put the blame on the strikers. Every effort is being made to plant dynamite and wild rumors are the order of the day. The troops arrested some strikers at Ahmeek and put dynamite into their pockets. Dynamite was "found" in Cuy Miller's grips at a Houghton hotel.

So far they have been unable to intimidate the miners. The men are standing firmly. Parades are held every day along the 28 miles which comprise the range. Meetings of from three to six thousand are held every day in Calumet, Hancock, South Range and Mass City. There is no sign of weakening on the part of the men. They are determined upon a victory. They will refuse to submit to the slavery of the Copper Kings any longer. Thirty years of it has been enough.

The principal bone of contention at present is the recognition of the union.

The men have made up their minds on this point. The mine-owners have also apparently done so. The struggle is on in earnest. The miners are up against tremendous odds. They have absolute solidarity in their ranks, however, and that means a great deal. They are going to win! The copper barons are already desperate!

August 5th. The enclosed affidavit was sent to Ferris on the 29th of July and Ferris has absolutely refused to take the troops from this county. They are still in Keweenaw county at this writing.

Hon. W. N. Ferris, Governor,
Lansing, Michigan.

I, John H. Hefting, sheriff of Keweenaw county, Michigan, hereby certify, that I was requested and urged by certain mining officials to call troops, and I refused as I did not see any necessity, inasmuch as there had been perfect peace and order and not a single infraction of the law committed since the strike commenced. The said mining officials urged me to get your permission to call upon General Abbey for troops, in case I needed them and not otherwise. My intention was not to call troops into this county. On July 29, 1913, several troops appeared at the boundary line, and I protested against troops being brought into this county as conditions did not require it. Whereupon one of the officers of the army stated to me that if I did not permit the troops to enter Keweenaw county at that time, that no matter how bad conditions became even though the location would burn down, they would not give any assistance thereafter. The telegram was made out by the attorney for the company and my attention was called to sign it. I requested them to give me time

to consider the case at least one day, but their answer was that I must decide at once.

Therefore I request you to withdraw all troops from this county.

Respectfully yours,

JOHN HEFTING,

Keweenaw County Sheriff.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this day, the 29th of July, 1913. My commission expires March 4, 1917.

J. A. HAMILTON,
Notary Public.

The newspapers here carried on a three-day campaign to form a "back-to-work" movement and yesterday got one of the company tools to act as chairman, surrounded on the platform by shift and trammer bosses, at a meeting called by the Calumet & Hecla Co., to appoint a committee from the workers to meet with the bosses, and as the chairman put it, find out on what terms the C. & H. would allow its employes to go back to work. The miners saw through the game immediately and refused to "fall" for the game. They started the cry of "scab" and left the hall for union headquarters.

Mother Jones arrived today and was met at the depot by the strikers. They stood bare-headed in two lines two miles long, while she went through to the union hall. She refused to ride in an automobile which had been brought for her. Ten thousand strikers will pack the Palestra and neighboring halls tomorrow to hear her. She will then go over the range, addressing meetings in the various "locations."

The men are standing solidly. No greater demonstration of the "mass strike" has been seen in this part of the country. The Finns have made arrangements to send the women and children cut from the strike zone to the iron country of Michigan and Minnesota. They have received replies from Socialist locals and unions that they can take care of them. This exodus will probably be under way within a week if the Copper Barons do not relinquish their position.



MINERS' "HOMES"

The Latest in Ship-Building

By Winden E. Frankweiler

THE existence of steam and its expansive power was discovered nearly twenty centuries ago, but the means of harnessing the force and turning it to actual use was first accomplished by Thomas Newcomen, who patented his so-called "fire engine" in 1705. His crude appliance, consisting of a cylinder in which was a piston moved by steam power, formed the basis of the improvements of Watt and others, from which the present steam engine has been evolved.

This invention of Newcomen's was a practical steam engine but, although patented in 1705, it was not until 1709 that it was made ready for its actual work of raising water. The year 1909 was, therefore, the two hundredth anniversary of one of the greatest of the world's inventions—the invention of the engine which Fulton turned to commercial value in navigation one hundred years later, when he steamed up the Hudson at the rate of nearly five miles an hour, in spite of the jeers of the spectators, who laughed at "Fulton's Folly."

Just ten years later the American steamer "Savannah" crossed the Atlantic Ocean for the first time, in twenty-six days, in spite of "scientists," who tried to prove that this was as impossible as a voyage to the moon.

In 1838 the first regular transatlantic steamship line was established, while in the same year the first steamer driven by a screw was successfully tried in Europe.

Until the early fifties, transatlantic steamers were side wheel boats taking cabin passengers only. Owing to the space occupied by the engines and the great consumption of coal, they offered limited room for high-class merchandise at high rates of freight. Even with the high rates they could not have run at a profit if it were not for the high payment demanded for carrying the mails. The bulk of the freight business and the en-

tire steerage passenger traffic was still done by sailing vessels. Only the wealthy could ride on the side wheelers. By that time, however, steam as a motive power for ocean navigation had passed the experimental stage. The screw soon succeeded the cumbersome paddle wheel, the improved new style engines occupied less space than the old, and less coal was required.

Progress went on more and more rapidly; the time necessary to cross the ocean was gradually cut down from sixteen to ten days, then to eight and, in 1897, the "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse" made the voyage from Europe to America in six days. A few years later the "Lusitania" made it in five days.

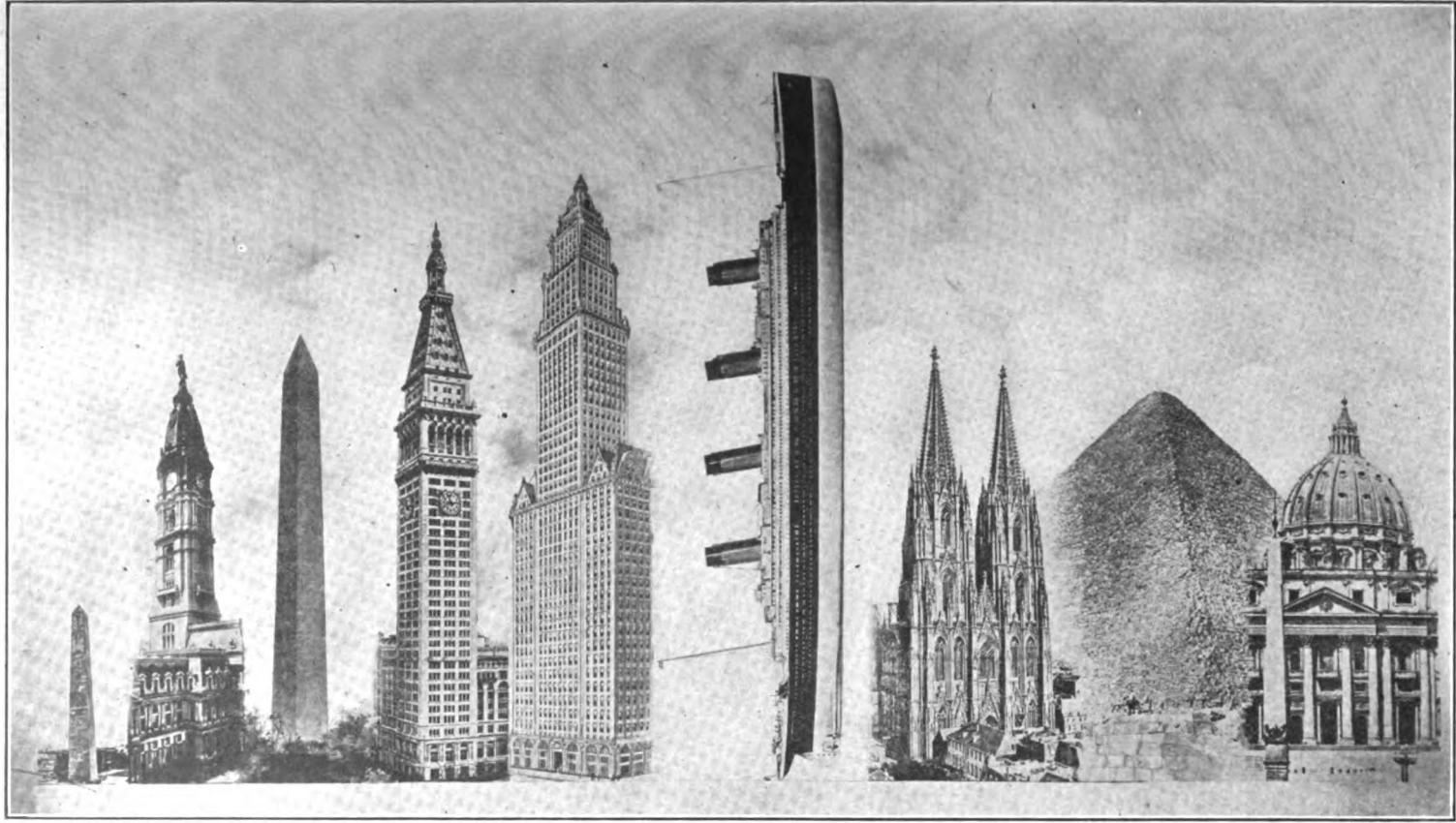
While the early ocean steamer had a length of 200 to 300 feet and about 200 to 300 horsepower, the latter named vessels are 700 and 800 feet long, respectively, equipped with engines of 28,000 to 70,000 horsepower.

There are too many ships of these sizes and power to name, so I give only the details of one of the latest and greatest conquerors of Neptune, the White Star Liner "Olympic," of which the ill-fated steamer "Titanic" was a sister ship.

This ship, which is fitted with two reciprocating engines and a steam turbine connected to three propellers, is remarkable rather by its enormous size than its speed.

Here are a few figures:

Tonnage, registered.....	45,000
Tonnage, displacement.....	66,000
Length over all.....	882 feet, 6 inches
Breadth over all.....	92 feet, 6 inches
Height of funnels above casing	72 feet, 0 inches
Distance from top of funnel to keel.....	175 feet, 0 inches
Number of steel decks.....	11
(Like a house of eleven stories.)	
Passengers carried	2,500
Crew	860



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
 THE WHITE STAR LINER "OLYMPIC" COMPARED WITH THE TALLEST BUILDINGS AND MONUMENTS IN THE WORLD

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| 1 Bunker Hill Monument, Boston.....221 feet high | 4 Metropolitan Tower, New York....700 feet high | 7 Cologne Cathedral, Cologne.....516 feet high |
| 2 Public Buildings, Philadelphia.....534 feet high | 5 New Woolworth Bldg., New York.750 feet high | 8 Grand Pyramid, Gizeh451 feet high |
| 3 Washington Monument, Washington 555 feet high | 6 OLYMPIC882½ feet long | 9 St. Peter's Church, Rome.....448 feet high |

While referring to these numerical details, it may be well to point out that the largest plates employed in the hull are 36 feet long, weighing $4\frac{1}{2}$ tons each, and the largest steel beam used is 92 feet long, the weight of this double beam being 4 tons. Further, the colossal rudder, which is operated electrically, weighs 100 tons, the anchors $15\frac{1}{2}$ tons each, the center (turbine) propeller 22 tons and each of the two "wing" propellers 38 tons each. It is also interesting to note that each link in the anchor-chains weighs 175 pounds.

There are 2,000 sidelights and windows in the "Olympic," and the funnels are large enough for two railroad trains abreast. The accompanying picture gives an idea of the enormous size by comparing with the tallest buildings and monuments of the world.

The above figures are already surpassed as regards size and speed by the German liner "Imperator," being 910 feet long and having a velocity of $22\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour; it made her maiden trip in June, 1913. Although the "Imperator" has 50,000 register tons (loading capacity), which means 5,000 more than the "Olympic," the new steamer "Vaterland," also of the Hamburg-American Line, and which is in course of construction, will even beat the records of the "Imperator."

Since the steamship has leaped from 20,000 tons to 66,000 tons in twelve years, the 100,000 ton and 1,000 feet steamer is not an impossibility.

The driving force in this race for supremacy is, of course, economy, and the result of an economical fight between the small and the big steamship companies.

The larger the ship the cheaper the freight and the more comfortably the passenger can be carried. The smaller ship companies that cannot build such large steamers (the "Olympic" costs \$10,000,000) therefore cannot compete and are eaten up by the large companies.

The big steamers are indeed a great economy. Take, for instance, the "Kaiser Wilhelm II," a ship of 20,000 register tons, carrying 1,800 passengers and only a small amount of express freight and making the ocean trip in six days, needs 700 tons of coal a day, while the "Olym-

pic," with 45,000 register tons, carrying an enormous amount of freight and 2,500 passengers and making the trip in seven days, has a daily consumption of 800 tons of coal only.

Of all this wonderful progress in ship-building, the ship companies have gotten the best in form of big profits, while the seamen have practically been forgotten—the companies do their level best to offer most comfort and luxury to the first-class passengers. The new "Imperator" has a large swimming pool, all in marble, medical baths, a winter garden with grill room, a Ritz-Carlton restaurant, a private dining room, a gymnasium, etc., etc., so it is clear that, notwithstanding the large size of the ship, there is not much room left for those who do the work.

Anyone who thinks all these accommodations are not just a necessity, knows nothing of modern life, especially not what it means to digest heavy champagne dinners without exercise and how to make it possible to pass through long days without working.

Most laws and regulations of the early days of steam shipping have been left unchanged, because they are still suiting well the companies. While in those days a crew of 100 men was a big one, the new "Imperator" employs 1,300 men and carries over 4,000 passengers. Furthermore, the modern steamers cross the ocean within a week, and the changes of climate are more frequent and sudden.

The fast steamers go in fifteen to twenty days from the United States or Europe to South America, and therefore pass the equator about twelve times during one year, making twelve very sudden changes yearly from summer to winter for the people engaged upon the boats. Instead of taking these unnatural conditions into consideration and improving the lodgings of the men in proportion to the increased size of the boats, the men are sometimes "lodged" like herrings.

So, for instance, on the new steamer "Cap. Finisterre" (H. S. D. G.), sixty men are packed together in one room in such a way that five must lie side by side and two beds are placed one above the other. The prescribed number of cubic feet are taken away by the men's trunks

and clothes, because there are only a few closets. There are only two bullseyes (windows) of about ten inches in diameter, which, being only a few feet above sea level, must be shut in case there is some wind. The electric ventilator cannot be operated during the night, as it would cause headache or colds.

Now imagine the atmosphere in such

a room, produced by sixty perspiring men and their damp clothes.

And the causes of these inhuman conditions? Well, on this particular boat are also swimming pools and winter gardens; at the same time the company pays high dividends (14 per cent in 1912), but the real and true reason is, that most seamen are not organized.

Wake Up!

By M. B. Butler

THE world is full of wealth—an abundance for all—while you are starving. And you produced it all.

You build and run all the machinery of production. You produce all the good things of life; you put all the use value into things that they contain, and then give them to the rich loafer class, the human lice that prey upon you, that skin you till you are dead, and then even pilfer profits from your funerals.

All wealth should belong to the working class who produce it. But it was and is taken away from you without your consent. You cannot set the price on your labor power, nor on anything you sell, because you act singly as individuals against solidly organized capitalism. As an individual, you are a mote against a molehill. Solidly organized you would be as a mountain against a molehill. You have got to fight fire with fire, organization with organization, solidarity with solidarity.

Wake Up! Organize! Get one of your shopmates to stick with you. Then you two get two more, and continue thus until you have enough members for a charter. Then don't stop, but keep on and on. *This is the price of liberty.* Don't say that the other fellow "won't stick." The question is, are *you* sticking? Are *you* organized? Do *you* agitate for better conditions? The other fellows will stick together when *you* stick with them. They stuck together in Lawrence, Mass. They stuck together at

McKees Rocks. They stuck together in France, in England, in Norway and many other places. They are sticking together in the timber belt of the south, in San Diego, in British Columbia, and in too many other places to even mention. Do some "sticking" yourself; then talk about the other fellow sticking. You will be forced by starvation to stick, for the "iron heel" of capitalism will grind you into the dust until you do stick. We have arrived at that stage now, and we are sticking together now. Are you sticking with us?

This system is on its last legs. It is outgrown, and is so vile that it reeks with its own rottenness, and so brutal and murderous that its path is strewn with tears and blood, with prostitution and crime, with agony and death.

Fellow workers, haven't we suffered enough? Wake up! You are sleeping the sleep of death: Enlist, today, in the army of the Revolution! Help us to form the new industrial republic within the shell of the old. Help us to grow till we burst the old shell. Then we can own the industries which we built and run them in our own interests, and get the full product of our labor. Join the new, industrial Socialist movement. Join the Industrial Workers of the World, whose industrial solidarity never fails to put spasms of fear into every capitalist that they deal with.

WAKE UP! KICK OFF YOUR CHAINS AND BE FREE!



SOCIALIST HEADQUARTERS—SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Cinders and Smoke

By Bruce Rogers

CINDERS and Smoke, and the story is told.

All headquarters, libraries, book-stores, reading rooms, kitchens, city and county central and local offices of the Socialist Party, all headquarters of the Industrial Workers of the World, were mobbed, sacked and burned, with the police standing idly by like calves looking at a new gate. How quickly these splendid blue-coated heroes would have recovered their courage had the mob been long-suffering strikers marching or picketing under the law in a mere human effort to live! How quickly these tamed cowards would have become "bulls" had such strikers been madly bent upon the destruction of insured corporation property, and how quickly they would have found

a way to shoot to kill, and to beat with clubs the pregnant women, as at Lawrence! Never forget, O workers!

But don't blame the police. "Ordhers is ordhers," you know. Theirs is but to obey. Not a one of them could face any situation requiring initiative, individual courage, because men do not engage in their calling. They are but the black mercenaries of the Moloch's realm, eating the bread of treason to their own people. They are but pitiful intellectual eunuchs in the harem of Capitalism. Put the blame where it belongs. Blame the mutt of a mayor, the traditional "good man," the white ribboned and knighted mountebank, who, to get his office, tried to say that he was a virtuous Socialist, that he had the support of eminent "construc-

tive" Socialists, whatever that is, who was a friend and sympathizer of labor, and who now cringingly whines that the police did right in not doing their duty, because if they had someone would have been hurt. May the good Lord, or whoever it is, save the worker from his sympathizers, the vivisectors and analysts of his miseries from afar who are never found in the trenches with him!

Don't blame the other newspapers—the *Star*, the *Sun*, and the *P.-I.* They are the properties of stock corporations and must do as they are told by their certified owners, in order to "make good" on the job. For the same reason you cannot follow any hope to the courts or to the legislatures. All modern industry is corporate now with certificates of ownership scattered like snowflakes everywhere but to you. You pass an owner of the very shop you work in on the street, and you don't know him, nor he you, nor does he care. You could hardly find a judge, a

legislator or other public official who is not in this fashion a silent partner in some enterprise through which you are exploited. Yours is a class movement in a great class struggle, as all historic movements are, and it is your mission and your destiny in it to set yourselves free from the most facile system of bondage ever contrived. Blame the class that opposes you as such. Study the sources of its power, see how cleverly it is organized, and, if you would be free, seek power yourselves, and bear in mind that among our chains are ignorance, our fears, and our superstitions. Let us rid ourselves of them, respect ourselves instead of things ulterior to us, and stand upright at last!

Don't blame the common sailor and soldier. Among them is, we have every reason to believe, a preponderance of sentiment with us, repressed, of course, under the Articles of War. Most of them are in the service of potential murder be-



INTERIOR VIEW

cause of the same stupid ignorance that for so long a time has hung like a gloom and a pall over us all. The chances are that if they were told they might have their discharges today, three-fourths of them would walk out of the service without their accumulated pay. It's very dear tuition, but if you get well acquainted with any enlisted man, you will learn that the service is after all a great anti-patriotic school. Never overlook that it was a common sailor from a warship in port and a member of the organization who stole ashore and warned us of the conspiracy of riot then being arranged aboard ship.

Blame the eminent Secretary of the Navy, whose foolhardy and genuinely incendiary speech to a private club of the arrogant new-rich when published was the direct cause of it all. Although the papers as usual tried laboriously to lay the responsibility upon the I. W. W. and the "red" Socialists. The I. W. W., seeing that it was useless to attempt propaganda on the street during the "potlatch" carnival, had withdrawn from the street. A woman's rights propagandist, Mrs. Annie Miller, took the location. Interrupted by a sailor, she rebuked him. He returned presently with drunken companions and took her "stand." When she attempted to regain it he raised his hand to strike her when he was promptly manhandled by a "well dressed man, wearing a diamond ring." The onlookers handled the other drunks. The mad Blethen immediately charged the I. W. W. and Socialists with an assault upon the uniform of the army, and published in the same connection the complete speech of Secretary Daniels, saying, among other flagophobic ravings, that there was no place in this country for followers of the red flag. Blethen has never been able to start so much as a dog fight in the light of day, but, with the aid of the Secretary of the Navy's speech, the shades of night, and the carnival spirit rife and boisterous, the riot, destruction and torching began, and with no effort at all to stay it. Don't blame the soldiers and sailors. Only a handful of them were used as tools by the land mob as a shield for their acts. Put the blame where the blame belongs, upon



I. W. W. FURNITURE

the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Josephus Daniels.

And lastly, don't blame the mob. It is true that there was not a single employer of labor among them. It is true that they were all workers or from the working class. There were a dozen or so half intoxicated young soldiers and sailors and a hundred or so wildly excited boys and extremely young men whom a half dozen policemen, if they had had "ordhers," could have stopped. Don't blame the mob. Look back of the mob. Look back of the staging of this lawless "patriotism," and see the material interests of the uneasy employing class.

In the meantime our headquarters are re-established, our book stores and reading rooms will be re-opened, and our work is proceeding as never before, and emerging from the Cinders and the Smoke is a fine spirit of Revolt.

How to Help Yourself

IF YOU should stand up on a cracker-barrel in front of a factory and offer every man, woman and child working in it \$10.00 a week more than they were earning—to work in some other factory—it is a safe proposition that every one of them would quit the old job just as soon as they had drawn their pay envelopes.

A young Socialist from India told me that he had seen dozens of missionaries convert hundreds of the starving natives of his country by feeding them generous measures of rice during a famine. He called these converts "rice Christians." He said that he had found out that no matter whether the missionary was a Presbyterian, a Baptist, a Methodist, or a Catholic, the hungry natives unflinchingly threw in their allegiance with the Christian that produced the grub. In other words, they followed the Meal Ticket into any fold.

This is the same reason Socialism—or Industrial Democracy—is bound to succeed. It assures every worker in the whole world shorter hours of labor, steady work, nice homes, good clothes and all the good things of life. It represents the actual interests of the working class.

It assures to every man and woman equal opportunity and a safe and comfortable old age. It assures the rich man exactly the same things as it guarantees the wage worker—*work*, leisure and a comfortable living. He will no longer be able to live off the labor of others.

Now you will have to remember that fundamentally, Baptists and Socialists and Republicans, industrial unionists and members of the A. F. of L. are all alike. Even the grafters are very much like the Socialists and industrial unionists—in ONE WAY. They want more of the good things of life. They want automobiles and fine clothes and vacations. They want short hours and pleasant work. That is why they are grafters. As long as a politician finds out that he can get money by serving the factory owners, the

millionaires and trust presidents, just so long will politicians sell out to these rich men, no matter who they are.

No intelligent Socialist party member pretends that Socialists in office never "sell out." No industrial unionist ever pretends that his officials are born more honest than the A. F. of L. officials. Men and women want comfort and plenty, no matter where we find them.

But the Socialist party members are going to FORCE their officials to serve the working class by making them all sign their resignations before they accept office, so that UNLESS THEY TAKE THEIR ORDERS FROM THE WORKERS the party members can put them out of office.

Industrial unionists are setting a fine example in keeping officers' square. They are refusing to pay enormous salaries and they are keeping the treasury empty all the time. As soon as funds come in they spend them in organization work, strike benefits, educational campaigns.

In this way they will be able to keep the GRAFTERS FROM HANGING ABOUT the MONEY BAGS. As sure as an organization accumulates a large fund in the treasury, just so sure will it accumulate a large group of trouble-making GOLD SEEKERS. Some people have claimed that a large fund in a union treasury is a good thing. It IS NOT, because there can be no large fund without a correspondingly large band of union pirates who scheme and plot to get their hands on a part of that money.

Socialists and industrial unionists are no more honest than other folks. They want more of the good things of life. So do the grafters, but they are willing (when they have the opportunity) to sell out their class so that they can personally get these things.

There is only one class of men a workingman or woman can trust and that is the WORKING CLASS—THEIR OWN CLASS. Nobody can buy out the whole working CLASS. They are chained to the factory, mill or mine, and the only

way they can save themselves is by **UNITING WITH THEIR COMRADES.**

You cannot trust ANY leaders, because nearly ALL leaders Follow the Dollar just as you and I follow the Dollar when we are offered more pay at a new job. The workers can only trust themselves and their class. They must make it impossible and unattractive for their officers to cling to their jobs. They must tie them up so that they can never betray the workers. They must place them in a position where failure to

SERVE the working CLASS will result in their permanent ruin.

United, educated—running their own organizations—the working class can march straight on to victory and the abolition of the profit system.

This is what Socialism proposes to do. This is why every workingman and woman should be a member of the Socialist Party and the I. W. W.

You can make these organizations great, permanent weapons in your war on the Profit System.

THE WAR IS OVER

THE Cabin Creek strike is settled. After months of struggle, which at times assumed the character of civil war, the miners have laid down the rifle and taken up the tools of production. This revolt was born of want and oppression, and the miners fought with the grim determination of men who are driven to bay. Every means and agency that could be conceived by the scheming capitalist mind was employed in a fierce, merciless attempt to drive the miners back into the mines. The conflict was of such nature and the issues involved of such character that the attention of the entire world was focussed upon West Virginia. The power of organized wealth and capitalist government were met by the solidarity and bulldog tenacity of the miners. As long as the operators fought fair, the miners answered with argument and logic. When the operators hired Baldwin thugs and mine guards and enlisted the militia, then the miners stood erect and faced the issue like men.

The midnight assassin, armored trains, the dregs of the city slums were sent into the hills to crush the spirit of the striking miners. Laws and constitutions were trampled upon; courts of justice reduced to a hissing and a by-word; judges and lawyers forever sold their honor before an altar of Gold; and not an editor in West Virginia, save the Socialists, was man enough to tell the truth. Martial law was invoked and used in such a manner that even the capitalist administration at Washington did not dare countenance it. Even the staid old Senate was shaken by the roar of the protest from the Socialist and radical press.

One ex-governor and the present governor of West Virginia have been shown up as malignant enemies of the working class. Glasscock is already buried deep in a dishonest political grave while Mr. Hatfield three years

hence will receive the most crushing rebuke ever administered to a West Virginia official.

The disregard of constitutions reached such a stage that a federal investigation was forced, and, although this was done in the face of West Virginia opposition, and heaven and earth is now being moved to suppress what the Senate Investigating Committee discovered, yet the truth will be published or the present administration at Washington will be branded as the most subservient tool of capitalism that ever disgraced America.

But, best of all, the miners today know their power. Having matched their class consciousness and marksmanship against the class consciousness and marksmanship of the operators and their thugs, they rest triumphant in the knowledge of their power. Without the labor power of the miners the operators are helpless. Without the votes of the miners the capitalist system is doomed. Industrially and politically the miners of West Virginia will henceforth stand solidly together. And none realize this more thoroughly than the operators themselves. And the strike is won! With their lying prostituted capitalist press held up to public contempt; with the full light of national publicity turned on their murderous deeds; with George Wallace and Tin Horn commission kicked into their proper place—the operators have all unconditionally surrendered.

The Cabin Creek miners now enjoy the Kanawha scale, recognition of the union, the guarantee of "no discrimination," the eight hour day and semi-monthly pay day.

Comrades of the revolution, we salute you! Knowing you as we do, we rest assured that the miners of Kanawha county will continue to exhibit that spirit of invincible solidarity in the struggle for complete industrial and political emancipation.—*Socialist & Labor Star*, Huntington.

On the Job

Photographs by
Comrade Behnisch



in Oregon

By Press Committee
of Strikers

PAULINE HALLER

THE strike of the unorganized women and girls against the Oregon Packing Company, Portland, Oregon, was started June 27, by Pauline Haller, on account of the low pay on piece work and the rotten condition of the fruit handled by the company.

At the time of the strike the girls were handling strawberries. The berries came into the plant in 40-pound boxes. The girls were to receive 10 cents for picking one box. When the boxes came to them, however, they weighed from 62 to 75 pounds. A full-blooded Indian, the fastest picker in the place, was only able to pick a box in two and a half hours—and she made, at that rate, just 40 cents a day.

The company handled fruit so rotten and filthy that it was nothing but a slime and mush and the girls had to dig their arms into the mess as they worked. The girls testify also that the fruit juice that falls to the floor to a depth of a half or one inch, is mopped up, wrung out into a bucket and used for JAM. A woman of 61 said the report was true and that she

had refused to use this refuse for preserves.

As usual, there were two kinds of girls working in the plant—the kind that work for spending money and the kind that work to live. The latter knew that they could not exist on 40 cents a day and that they would be forced upon the streets if they did not get more. They said it was not much worse to starve on nothing a day than to try to live on 40 cents.

“I can’t pay higher wages,” said the manager of the plant. “Profits are low.” But they are not so low but that he can eat \$1.50 meals and buy automobiles and accumulate property, while he drives the girls who do the work into the streets by low wages.

A Catholic priest, His Oilyness, Rev. O’Hara, butted into the strike (for the bosses). He advised his parishoners to quit picketing and go back to work. He is accused of telling them that if they did not return to work they would go to hell. Up to this time these women had been staunch Roman Catholics. It be-

FREE "EATS"
FOR STRIKERSSusie Payne, Aged 15, Speaking.
Priest Threatened her with Hell
If She Continued on Strike.

came a common sight to see girls and women dragging their rosary beads in the mud.

The committee maintained a free lunch table on the street, in front of the packing plant. At this stand all strikers were given the choicest of foods, plus fruits, candies and ice cream, free. Agitators and sympathizers paid as much as five dollars for a cup of coffee and sandwich to help the strikers.

Speaking, singing, music and dining on the street in front of the packing plant was the rule from 6 a. m. till 6 p. m. Later, meetings were held up town. Crowds the like of which have never attended street meetings here before were always in evidence. The enthusiasm at these meetings drove ice cold shivers down the spines of the Employers' Association of Portland.

Goaded into desperation by the mental eunuchs on the capitalist papers, the mounted police on July 12, at 5:05 p. m., committed the most atrociously brutal act in the history of Oregon. About seventy-five girls and women were on the

picket line. They were standing with arms folded, near the sidewalk. Without a word of warning these bloodthirsty savages charged on them. Time after time the pickets were driven off the street. Time and again, under the leadership of Mrs. Mary Schwab, they reformed. They rushed under, by, and through the rearing and snorting horses. The bravery of these women will not be forgotten here.

The worthless lives of the mounted police were saved by the quick action of Rudolph Schwab, Mike McDonald, J. I. Braun, H. Schoen, I. D. Ransley and Tom Burns. These members of the strike committee grabbed the guns of the strike sympathizers and by force and argument compelled the hotheads to leave the crowd. Possibly we should not have stopped the shooting of scoundrels so low as to ride a horse on defenseless women. We would not do it again.

Mrs. Hart, Mitchell and Kennedy were seriously injured. Conferences were held with the Chief of Police, Mayor and Governor by the girl strikers and their com-

mittee. A committee of three—MacDonald, Schwab and Burns—waited on the Chief of Police at his request. His name is Clark. He used to be Chief in St. Paul. We are told he has a rotten record there. He had only been in office one hour when this conference took place. What those comrades taught him he will never forget. He said a girl can live decently in Portland, pay for food, clothes, room, etc., "on Six Dollars a week." We told him in not too polite language he was a LIAR. He did not like it. Clark was at one time a Pinkerton. Jim Hill, possibly through Archbishop Ireland, gave him a job as one of his Second Hand Gumshoe Men. The Citizens' Alliance here made him Chief of Police.

The Mayor gave the strikers and their committee a public hearing. Evidence was taken, under OATH, showing unspeakably filthy conditions at the Oregon Packing Plant. It was also brought out at this inquiry that wages as HIGH as ONE DOLLAR and SIXTY-NINE CENTS a week had been earned at this

plant. Nothing came of this meeting.

Governor West arrived on the strike line just fourteen days after the strike began. A dog had been running around town for five days with a sign on its back which read: "Where is Governor West? Is he dead?" This sign got the goat of his royal lowness. Appearing on the picket line, he began to bully the committee. This did not work. We let him speak from our stand. He tried to get away with a lot of flapdoodle. This didn't work, either.

He wanted us to leave the strike to him. We laughed at this. Then he wanted us to call the strike off till he got "The Industrial Welfare Commission to fix it." We laughed some more. As a last desperate effort he begged us to meet with him, the mayor, sheriff, chief of police and the packing plant owners in the city hall on the following morning. There never was such a meeting here. Standing room was at a premium. His oilyness, Rev. O'Hara, and the Governor received the most drastic drubbing of their lives, being quizzed, questioned and



THE STRIKE COMMITTEE



Two Strikers with Banners Are a 14-Year-Old Girl and a Full-Blooded Indian Girl.



torn to pieces by the strikers' representatives, Mrs. Mary Schwab and Tom Burns. His oilyness was forced to admit that he was responsible for a dirty, lying report appearing in the local papers to the effect "that the strike is settled." Once during the fiasco Governor West jumped on the top of a beautiful mahogany table in the council chamber and, rushing wildly at Tom Burns, said: "You cannot call my friends of the Welfare Commission dishonest, and get away with it." "That's exactly what I did," said Burns. "Don't think because you wear a Red Flag I am afraid of you," continued the Governor of Oregon; all the time swinging his arms near Burns' face. The city hall was in an uproar. Burns kept on writing. He never appeared to notice the Jumping Jack on the table. Nothing came of this meeting.

Almost every person connected with the strike was arrested, fanciful charges being placed against their names. Mrs. Mary Schwab, than whom Portland never knew an abler or pluckier AGITATOR, was jailed FOUR times in twenty-four hours. They couldn't break her spirit. This brave little woman is out under excessive bail. All the perjured testimony of police and deputy sheriffs cannot get a conviction against her. Each jury hung. Rudolph Schwab was sentenced to "forty days on the rockpile." Case appealed. Tom Burns was shanghaied, too. His jury of six, contained five members of the Employers' Association and one deputy sheriff. A fair and impartial jury! Sentence, "Forty days on the rockpile." Case appealed; out on bail. Ransley and Peterson have also been convicted. White slavers and forgers get sentences of ten days in this court. Free speech fighters get the limit. Fair and impartial Judge Stevenson!

John J. Jeffrey, the ablest technical criminal lawyer in the state of Oregon, is defending all our cases. He is the terror of the courts here. He has the city administration up a tree. The way he defends us puts one in mind of a lioness protecting her cubs from attack. Not one of us will ever go to jail. Most of us will collect damages from city or county officials.

July 15, 9:30 p. m., while Tom Burns

was speaking for a collection to help girl strikers, Sheriff Tom Word pulled him off the box. On the way to jail Burns was brutally beaten up. He has had to be operated on. Nine others were arrested with Burns. These ten criminals (?) were placed in dungeons for three hours for singing I. W. W. songs. They still sang.

The local Scripps paper, *The Portland News*, has been at the service of the strikers and free speech fighters from the start. Its editor, Dana Sleeth, is a man among men. He always fights for the under dog, regardless of his job. As a result thereof, his is the only paper in Portland whose circulation is increasing. Here's once where it paid to print the TRUTH.

July 17, a band of striking girls under the leadership of Mrs. Mary Schwab were clubbed by the police and deputy sheriffs. The unspeakable brutality of these bloodthirsty scoundrels equaled the mounted police charge on the defenseless pickets. Having been forewarned, we were prepared. All our men and women were instructed to leave off emblems, etc. Result, not one of our crowd got beaten up. Bourgeois storekeepers and politicians who came to see us beaten up got what was intended for the REDS. We have not quit laughing yet.

A monster mass meeting was held in Gypsy Smith Tabernacle on July 26. This is the largest auditorium in Portland. The speakers numbered some of the most influential men in the city. Not one of them was a Socialist. The enthusiasm at this meeting knew no bounds. Another meeting is scheduled for August 2, and every Saturday thereafter till free speech reigns again. A surprising feature of this strike was a poem by a policeman. His name is Fuller. This appeared in *The Portland News*, a few days after the strike began. It caused people to think. He will most likely get fired. Another policeman named Long refused to perjure himself on the witness stand. His testimony helped us. He will get his walking ticket, too.

Written by Press Committee of Strikers—I. D. Ransley, Henry Schoen, Tom Burns—for INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW.

Making Socialists Out of Socialists

L. E. Katterfeld

WHEN I first joined the Socialist Party an old timer who had been a member since the party's organization, gave me the following advice:

"A large share of the bitterness and strife in our movement grows out of the attempt to make 'Socialists out of Socialists.' You'll avoid a lot of unnecessary trouble if you'll keep the idea that it's your mission to 'make Socialists out of Socialists' strictly out of your head. Leave your comrades alone with their opinions, even if they seem to you peculiar. Do your arguing with Republicans and Democrats. They are the ones that need it most."

For many years I've followed this old comrade's advice as far as lay within my power. And I have passed his words along at every opportunity for I believe that their general observance by all Socialists would help to solve many sorely vexing problems.

And yet my friend was only partly right. Every Socialist should of course consider it his mission to "convert the heathen" rather than to "sanctify the brethren." Nevertheless it is a most important function of every real Socialist to make better Socialists of those who merely think they are Socialists.

It is not the end itself that is bad, but the method that so many comrades use to accomplish this end that works the mischief. The "personal argument" method defeats its own ends. It always arouses antagonism, it never proceeds along logical lines from agreed premises to a definite conclusion. It results in endless, aimless discussion that never gets the disputants anywhere.

The trouble is that in the heat of argument we always forget that, in the words of Pope:

"Men must be taught as though you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot."

It is immeasurably better to make it the specific object of your talks to inter-

est your comrade in the reading of some Socialist periodical or book, which will in the course of time, gradually and naturally, without arousing any personal animus, any of the feeling that he "must make his point" or acknowledge defeat, convey to him the truth of the idea that you would like to have him perceive.

As a general proposition, anything that encourages wider and more thorough reading on the part of Socialists is good. A man who reads much will also think much and will gradually become a reasoner on his own account. The way to "make Socialists out of Socialists" without danger of getting side-tracked in profitless personalities is to make your immediate objective not the inculcation of general and abstract principles, but the encouraging of the habit of reading, study and investigation, among the comrades.

It is along this line that the Lyceum Department is performing an incalculable service in the Socialist movement. Wherever the Lyceum is taken up on the subscription basis as recommended by the manager, it becomes the immediate duty of every member to go out into the highways and byways and make readers of Socialist literature out of the people he meets. It encourages our membership to do many times the propaganda in the same length of time under ordinary conditions. It also means that practically every Socialist in the community will be persuaded to read some Socialist periodical or book that he would not otherwise have read. The giving of tickets to a series of first-class Socialist lectures free with subscriptions, makes it easy to secure the readers.

An analysis of the orders received by the Lyceum Department during the past two years on Lyceum subscription certificates would show that, generally speaking, non-Socialists subscribed for agitation papers and the more popular pamphlets, while the Socialist party members themselves subscribe very largely to our

more scientific periodicals and our fundamental literature.

Tens of thousands of Socialists now have some of our classics in permanent cloth bound form in their libraries, and the contents of these books indelibly impressed upon their minds who probably would not have known even their titles, but for the Lyceum.

Hundreds of Locals have accumulated Socialist libraries and started reading circles with whom such a thing would have been an unrealized dream for years but for the Lyceum.

Every Socialist publisher now has many subscribers for his papers or customers for his books in scores of cities where he otherwise might never have had any but for the Lyceum.

This widespread diffusion of ideas brought about through the Lyceum will have as an inevitable after effect a better understanding of Socialist fundamentals, and, growing out of this, a broader tolerance as regards unessential differences and a greater unity of purpose pervading our entire organization.

One of the most commendable features of this undertaking is the fact that no one publisher or "faction" has a monopoly. The Lyceum plan as at present conducted does not mean autocratic control from the top, but furnishes an opportunity for a truly democratic use of judgment on the part of the membership, which is impossible where any one publisher conducts subscription lectures for himself alone. The Lyceum Department deals with all Socialist publishers on exactly the same basis. It leaves every Local free to boost for the publications it likes best. It permits every

worker to urge using the Lyceum subscriptions for that book or periodical which is his personal favorite. It enables the subscriber even after he has purchased the subscription certificate to secure with it the paper or book of his own choice. It is therefore not paternalistic, but encourages everywhere the habits of personal study and individual research, which are essential to true democracy.

In these ways the Lyceum offers not only the most excellent method of propaganda among non-Socialists, accomplishing more for the energy spent than any other method, but it also constitutes the best possible means of making real Socialists out of all those who think they are Socialists, a means all the more effective for the fact that it is more or less unconscious.

The plan is no "cure-all," of course. Too many local and personal factors enter into it to guarantee that it will obtain the greatest possible measure of success in every Local that takes it up. But with all it is an honest, conscientious effort to obtain ends favored by every real Socialist regardless of race, creed, "color" or previous condition of servitude. The experience of hundreds of Locals proves that the results obtained are very much worth while.

Every comrade who would like to see scientific knowledge gradually supplant the sentimental hodge-podge of beliefs that so often befuddle and complicate the issues that arise within our party should support the Lyceum by encouraging his own Local to accept the offer at once. *It will make Socialists out of Socialists.*



Socialist Theory and Tactics

By Charles A. Rice

Effect of Pure-and-Simplism Upon the German Labor Movement Since 1900

PART IV—Continued

Bebel, in a recent interview (see *Wilshire's Magazine* for December, 1912), said among other things: ". . . the workers of Germany are not ripe for great changes." Astoundingly strange, isn't it? Where is the secret of this immaturity and all the above weak points in the German?

Many are inclined to seek the solution of this astounding puzzle in the racial psychology of the German people as a whole. Germans as a race are, according to this theory, peculiar in their modes of thinking, feeling, and acting. Their intellect, the workings of their racial mind, runs in special, so-to-say Germanic grooves. Their thinking is deep, goes to the root of the matter, is searching and methodical; but these qualities make up for lack of *speed*; their thought trails, at a snail-pace rate. The German mind is apt to look into things closely, minutely, thoroughly, digging and delving in the realm of the very small, entangled in the maze of details. A new idea, to enter the German mind, must *worm* its way, painfully halting at every turn, through this unyielding brain medium, from fiber to fiber, until it gets a firm hold of the thinker himself.

A startling or revolutionary conception, be it in biology, economics, art, or in the field of applied sociology, must first undergo a very slow and painful process of Germanization, that is, it must be carefully, thoroughly masticated, ruminated, and digested in peculiar Teutonic peptone of "pure reason" of the Kantian decoction. This is done drudgingly, step by step, in minute doses, and in a temperature not far above the freezing point, before the product is finally assimilated by the Teutonic organism and converted into action. The German mind cannot see new things or grasp new conceptions at a flash; it shrinks from a new mental effort on the snapshot principle.

Then, it is claimed, the German lacks temperament and fire, the imaginative dash and emotional buoyancy of the Frenchmen. He is sluggish in temperament, tame in aspiration, timid in experiment. He is too firmly and stolidly chained to the present to have a swift vision of the future. His cold reason, the intellectual depth and acumen of a Marx, for instance, may pierce dimly the future in grand outlines, but his gray and toneless imagination fails to see it *concretely* and *creatively*. He lacks the reckless daring and impulse of the Southern European the force that impels to action, to experimenting, to finding new ways and means, to "hit the untried trail," that *abandon* that laughs at failure, stumbles and gets up again for a new dash into the unknown.

Again, the German has enormous stores of patience, of the waiting mood, the trick of social *suspense*; he can hang on, so-to-say, decade after decade without any decisive effort of landing anywhere. He is discipline incarnate. He worships thoroughness (*Gründlichkeit*) and method and regulation far beyond the point where any other race would give a vicious kick at the traces so as to knock down to splinters the whole regulating outfit, be it a party or a government.

But, whatever grain of truth there may lurk in this racial analysis, it must be dismissed as worthless in so far as it is inadequate to account for the above mysteries of the German proletariat.

In the first place, every race has its drawbacks. If we are to accept as true all the so-called "scientific" twaddle of many self-appointed dabblers in race psychology. No race, for that matter, will stand the test of our prying too closely into its temperamental or mental record. Take the English as a case in point. They are no less Teutonic in racial origin than the Germans, whatever

that may mean from the anthropological viewpoint. Then, they are said to be stolid, sluggish in temperament, cold and stiff, overfed with beef, and carried away by brutal sport; altogether a cunning race afflicted with smug respectability, narrow in their mental outlook, conversational, worshippers of established cant and afraid of anything frankly new and bold, with a host of other bad things in creation.

In spite of the damnable supply of temperamental ice and foggy mentality with which the English are credited as a race, the English workers have recently shown some remarkable bits of revolutionary grit and dash. The transport workers, miners, and even the suffragettes *do* have a surprising amount of militant fire and backbone.

But the German people as a whole have given the world some very fine exhibits of social energy, creative push and capacity for breaking away from rut and sloth. In some 20 years, German industry has out-raced the English. They have wrested this industrial prize from the classic home of modern capitalism not only through sheer persistence and dogged determination to win, but also through feverish activity and overbubbling, buoyant energy and creative daring. The Franco-Prussian War was also in great part the triumph of national enthusiasm and fighting mettle. The Germans *can* be aroused to decisive action and patriotic dash on a large scale; they *do* get carried away if given the proper stimulus.

What is more to the point, the *German workers themselves*, as shown at the beginning of this section, have done admirable things in the economic field both as producers and consumers, while in the *fringe* of the Social Democracy they have accomplished wonders in educating the German proletariat. The *core* itself, especially in its heroic days of storm and stress, displayed tremendous energy in marshalling the workers under its pure-and-simplist banners. The puzzle we are trying to decipher is rather in what they have failed to do *over and above what they have done in proportion to all their resources and advantages* which we have treated in detail. And this failure cannot be explained in terms of racial drawbacks.

No, the cause of this failure is to be found mainly at the pure-and-simplist end of the whole Socialist-Labor movement in

Germany. In so far as this movement was and is domineered and steered by the pure-and-simplist *core* of the party and to the extent that the *core* itself is committed to its dogma of parliamentary action *over-stressed* out of all proportion at the expense of *economic* class action, to that extent pure-and-simplism will keep on acting as a drag upon the economic initiative of the workers. It retards and hampers proletarian self action and nips in the bud any nascent tendency for effective *class* organization of the workers at the point of production. It gave them its narcotic in doses too strong, hammered into them too great an excess of perfervid, infantile reliance upon the parliamentary end of the class struggle. It trained them too long and too insistently to look to their political delegations for securing radical economic relief as well as for the final feat of overthrowing the capitalist system. This narcotic could not help dulling and lulling their militant class energy and their sense of class power.

The fact is, the German workers have been too busy in pre-election work and political agitation of the parliamentary type to attend properly to their own economic sphere of action. And then, the Social-Democratic workers carried their party colors too conspicuously. When they approach the inert masses of unorganized workers, they do it as *Social Democrats*, consciously or not. The odor of that pure-and-simplist drug is, therefore, enough to scare away those inert and benighted wage-slaves back into their "yellow" pens built for them by Jesuit fraud and lust for power, Protestant cant, or bourgeois cunning and bait.

On the one hand, the Social Democratic workers have been shrouded in the gray mist of pure-and-simplism. This has blurred their vision to such an extent that they cannot see or stir beyond the narrow bounds of tame trade-unionism. They still cling fondly to the myth that their political spokesmen in the Reichstag and other talk-shops, together with the Social Democrats in the councils of the municipalities will lead them out of bondage and blaze the trail to the Social Revolution. They still firmly hug the notion induced in them by the spells of pure-and-simplist hypnosis that radical economic reform of vital value to the proletarian masses can be had solely or mainly through talk-shop efforts. Finally,

they still take it for granted that they *cannot organize as a class* at the point of production and speed up their present craft-union jog-trot so as to reach out *even now*, through their own class initiative, for a larger share in the control of the industrial process itself.

On the other hand, the Social Democratic workers in Germany have give away to the Party all their initiative and directive power, all the social steerage of large masses, all control of revolutionary mass action. According to the terms of this compact, the Party is supposed to hold the class-conscious proletarian masses in a sort of leash, to hold back and rein in their impulses for action "until the masses can no longer be held." (See "Neue Zeit, 1911, Vol. I, p. 697), that is until the giant of labor snaps his chains without waiting for a nod from the pure-and-simplist general staff.

Then, the Social Democratic workers enjoy too much of a good thing and have too little of what pure-and-simplism considers bad than what is ultimately good for proletarian stomachs. The German proletariat has been for the last forty years, fed on "scientific" pap. Too much food, presumably "wholesome" according to the dietary rules of pure-and-simplism, was "scientifically" prepared, dressed, cooked, masticated, and predigested for the workers.

An excess of such food is more than a normal, self-acting alimentary canal and digestive system can stand for a long time without endangering its own efficiency. Then, there is altogether too much fuss in the Social Democracy itself. Our political comrades in Germany deliberate too much, study and write much, fritter away enormous amounts of time at party conventions and various parliamentary bodies. Again, the straight-jacket of discipline is buttoned

up too tight. They prate too profoundly, ponderously, and too much, of political sanity, self-control, legality, and other hoary, worn-out slogans and formulas.

The Party is overshy, shrinks in terror at the mere mention of mass action. It fears too much proletarian instinct. Pure-and-simplism dreads chicken-heartedly any effort involving experiment, a trial of strength, or seeking for new ways of action. But power and efficiency, the capacity for succesful action, are not godsend; they *must be developed* by the *sheer force of actually trying and doing things*. This development of power and initiative is unthinkable without the training afforded by actual trial and failure. In the field of social action it is just as true as in the case of muscular energy and craftsmanship that exercise develops power and practice makes the master. The true formula, or recipe, for success is simply this: try, stumble, and fail, but try again, profiting by your failure. Check off results; get wise by doing and ever doing again, grope and search and test, get a hold of things and try to shape them to your end.

A proletariat, no matter how class conscious, enlightened, well organized and disciplined, but doomed to everlasting calculation, theory, and interminable fuss of ever *getting* ready for action and never *ready* until all the "scientific" formulas for the action have been minutely worked out,—such a proletariat inevitably becomes stagnant, inefficient, and, for a long time, loses all creative power and initiative.

Such were the effects of pure-and-simplism on the German proletariat prior to and since 1900. With most of its guns trained on the talk-shop *end*, pure-and-simplism, when taken all in all, has proved its utter *sterility* in its own field and, as far as the *main* body of the class struggle is concerned, acted as a *wet blanket*.



DR. SUN AND CHINA

Leading the Changing Chinese, the Political Rationalist, Social Reformer, Utopia-Marxian Theorist, and Erstwhile President, Favors a Modified State Socialism for His Republic.

By J. Usang Ly, A. M.

DR. SUN YAT-SEN is too well known throughout the world to necessitate any reference more than a simple summary upon his life and work. Born in the village of Chin-shan, Heung-shan District, near Canton, in 1865, the year when the American Civil War closed with the passing of Abraham Lincoln; graduated as a medical student from a college in Hong-Kong, the background of his revolutionary force; priced at a quarter of a million dollars for his head by the Manchu Government, after his attempt to capture Canton for a starting point to overthrow the rotten dynasty in 1895 failed; trained in a world school then in military tactics, philosophy, politics and economics while he was traveling back and forth through the different continents and guiding once and again the uprising for the upheaval of China—he is now characterized as the Father of the greatest Republic on earth. His service, as he says, toward the happiness of mankind has just begun. He enables historians to sum up easily indeed his career for the present. His modesty, patriotism and single-heartedness are worthy of admiration and imitation. His earnestness for progress makes the whole body of Chinese social reform ferment and his unselfish suggestions cause the reformers to move onward. He is for universal peace. He is therefore holding a great object in view. It is about one of the means for his object that I shall now propose to begin a general survey.

Sometime after his retirement from the provisional presidency anxious inquirers have induced him to declare that he is to work for a social revolution. This revolution, however, needs no blood, as he already explained. What he really means by such

a revolution is the inauguration of socialism. His experience and education teach him to think about it even though he has been busying himself with his already thought-out enterprise. He reads books constantly. He has studied social conditions wherever he went. Mingled with all



Dr. Sun and Daughter

classes of people, he saw the social evils—plutocracy, disheartedness, pauperism, unemployment, luxurious waste, extreme poverty, and dreadful retrogression. His keenness of observation increased with his wisdom, courage and firmness. He has reasoned with Henry George, Edmond Belamy, Bacon, Darwin, James Stuart Mill, Locke, Montesquieu, Rosseau, Lassalle, Karl Marx and others when he was abroad, and with Confucius, Mencius, Wang An-Shi, Wang Li-Chow, when he was at home. Indeed, his interest in Socialism began years ago. Only because the obstacle—the Manchu Government—was still in the way, he must needs “get rid of it” first before he could come to talk about any further revolution or project.

His notion on Socialism is certainly not new at all to us students most of whom are now his ardent supporters. Early when Tung-Ming-Hui¹ was organized in the last decade, he already insisted that “Mang-Ts’uh,” “Mang-Chuen,” and “Mang-Sang” should compose its object, to overthrow the Manchu dynasty being the inevitable means. The first of these terms means “people’s integrity”; the second, “people’s power”; and the third, “people’s living.” He said then that the people might have easily secured their heaven-born integrity and power as soon as our revolution started, but they could never reasonably insure their demanded living without greater difficulty even though a republican form of government be established. He conveyed to our countrymen at the time the Socialist ideas under the last-quoted two words, perhaps, because he was in fear of a resort to anarchism which might have been very likely to follow his successful revolt the year before last, had he not foreseen and prevented it.

In order to avoid any misconception and undesirable consequence, the two words “people’s living” are still in use in spite of

1. Tung-Ming-Hui was the only well-directed, secret, revolutionary society of, by, and for the Chinese. It is now known as “Kuo-Mang-Tang,” or, in English, “The Citizens’ Party,” or “The Nationalist Party,” either of which has been universally understood. It is the National Progressive Party in China. As the strongest political organization in the country since the formation of our new government, it seems the real and hopeful machine of the changing Chinese in whom the world is interested now.

the fact that whether by Socialism or by “people’s living policy” we practically mean the same thing. Hence, one part of the Kuo-Mang-Tang’s platform now reads: “That this party shall in accord with selective judgment, uphold and exercise the people’s living policy.”

According to his lectures, Dr. Sun has propounded Socialism in China as “Shay-kwei-choo-ye,” which, in English, may be defined as “the theory of Jen-taou or ‘humanity,’ which aims at equality, universal love and peace.” It needs the means of mutual aid; it demands the abolition of “Shay-kwei-keae-keip” or class system; and it tends to guarantee the balance of poverty and wealth, or in other words, “equal distribution.” Elsewhere he says that it is to equalize all the social constituents and to cut out all the existing social evils. “Therefore,” he advises us, “to study Socialism is to digest all the possible methods of reorganizing our society with all its economic problems solved.” How then, it may be asked, does he stand for Socialism?

State Socialism is precisely near to what Dr. Sun wants. Sometime last summer, during his sojourn at Shanghai, he came out on a platform to state very clearly his views on the subject, saying, Kuo-Kea-Shay-Kwei-Choo-Yee which, in English, means State Socialism. According to his conception, Socialism includes Communism, Collectivism, Nationalism and Anarchism, although each may be still sub-classified further. The first and the last, as he elucidates, are so closely related to each other that they may be grouped together under one name, Communism. Likewise, the second and the third may be spoken together as Collectivism. To him, Collectivism is to differentiate the social business and yet put it under the social control. For instance, the lands, railroads, tramways, electric light power, gasworks, waterworks, canals and forests must then be owned (and operated?) either by the central or municipal government. Collectivism is progressive, pacific, but not radical, and therefore expedient and easy for practice. The meaning of Communism, he acknowledges, is very well and “we, as intelligent beings, certainly hope for it.” But, “we can only remember it as an ideal. Together with the development of civilization, the morality of mankind will not be complete enough to substantiate it on earth after thousands of

years shall have come." At that time people will be far better than we, even "in comparison with wisdom or faculty, character or conduct." They will take care of themselves. From his point of view, it is quite absurd to plan for them. We have our problems to solve and we must solve them ourselves at this generation. So he is trying to solve the problems of today only and is agitating what he thinks as the solutions.

In the Republic Dr. Sun did not make so many speeches on Socialism as Mr. Kiang Kang-Hoo², but his speeches have more weight upon the movement not only because he has long been prominent, but also because he has spoken so plainly that every hearer could understand him. On platform, as in conversation, he is brilliant, eloquent, persuasive, yet moderate, simple, firm, and very gentle. He conquers his audience always by appealing to their reason. He does not employ any indefinite, meaningless, literary terms to prey upon the unthinking persons. Those speeches he delivered in Shanghai under the auspices of "The Chinese Socialist" before the largest and most orderly public meeting ever held in China. These were epoch-making. He prepared his speeches for three consecutive days (October 14, 15 and 16, 1912) under one word "Socialism." Each speech lasted three hours. When the first speech was on, there were only fifteen hundred people present; when the second came, there were two thousand, and when the last one ended, there were about three thousand. Those speeches were then published, either partially or wholly, in the several daily papers and periodicals, while the leading points were telegraphed over the whole nation.

In his own words, his appeal for Socialism as once and again printed in the several leading journals is as follows:

2. In name, at least, Mr. Kiang should be regarded as the first practical promoter of Socialism in China. He started to talk about it at a public meeting in Shanghai in the summer of 1911. Then he ran a campaign himself. The following October he promoted an organization, "The Chinese Socialist," the branches of which, according to him, as its president, announced last September, were already about 300, and members, 300,000. Most of them are students and those who can read and write. Even some merchants support it.

" . . . I know that industrialism is necessary in China; the march of civilization is too insistent to be stayed, and it must come to China. We must develop our resources and the development of them provides food for serious thought. I want to avoid what seems to be the natural corollary of advanced modern capitalism—the unfair treatment of the toiler. And when I look around me for a solution I find none has yet been found by foreign countries. I find the ideal is Socialism, but it can not be applied because other countries have gone too far, and can not arrive at a point where capital and labor are able to evolve workable schemes for an equable division of the proceeds of labor and capital."

Indeed, as stated already herein, he foresees the greatest problem of his generation and has long been trying to answer the question: "What will follow if your revolution is successful?" If he had continued to be the Chief Executive in China instead of Yuen Shih-Kai, he would have now directed our unavoidable socio-economic revolution by peaceful means. "In this virgin country," he then said, "there is opportunity to begin rightly—and I am convinced that we should strive in every way to so meet the advance of industrialism that the worst features of it should be prevented from ever taking root. Therefore I advocate Socialism. And what do I mean by that? Not as has been declared in thoughtlessly antagonistic quarters, a redistribution of wealth (for that is absurd), but the introduction of a system whereby the providers of physical necessities will be able to derive mutual benefit upon a common ground of justice and fraternity. That, after all, is the definition of Socialism. I want to see the laborer obtain the full value of his hire and to see the Chinese work upon a co-operative plan so that in the new time coming we shall be able to build up a nation politically and industrially democratic as each unit depends upon the other, all living in a sense of mutual confidence and good will. The ideal is difficult to obtain, but one should strive for the ideal and so secure some improvement of the conditions now far from the wished-for state of perfection.

"By this system production would be enhanced, and advanced to the maximum, with a minimum of poverty and labor slavery. All men would have their proportion of the products of the wealth now awaiting development at their hands; they would reap the full fruit of their toil, secure favorable

conditions of labor, and obtain opportunity in leisure to think of other things than the daily grind in the mill or the mine. They would be able to cultivate the mind, have adequate recreation and procure the blessings which should be in all men's lives, but which, on the showing of other nations, are largely denied the worker and the poorer masses. A chance would be given to all in the race for livelihood and life, and the fullest measure of liberty should be provided. This is what I want to see. When I urge a Socialistic system, I urge a system which will create for the citizens a direct interest in the country that is theirs. I want to see them participate in the results of its productiveness."

To that extent he is for the people as individuals. He seems, however, to favor more definitely and strongly their collective interest. "I want to see, too," continued he, "that the state derives the fullest value from the sources of revenue which should be under its immediate control. I advocate state ownership of railways, tramways, electric light power, gasworks, waterworks, canals and forests. I want to see royalties coming to the state from mines and revenues from the land."

Here then his concrete socialistic schemes should attract more attention and even perhaps more criticism. To be plain, he told us that he has in mind three main sources of revenue for the state. "The first is land value taxation (not as a single tax), which is easy of introduction into China. Without going into details it may be said that the values of city and urban lands will be appraised on the simple plan of proposing the purchase. The owner will be asked to name his price and the value given will be that upon which a tax will be levied, the proviso being made that the government will be entitled to purchase at the price named from time to time, whenever it may need the particular piece of property.

"The second source of revenue will be from the railways. It is stated that in America the net earnings or income from railways—which now finds its way into private purses—are something like \$700,000,000 (gold)—more than sufficient for the purposes of state administrative expenses. In China we know that railways will pay, as they come directly into government control, the whole revenue will be available for government purposes.

"The third revenue is from mining royalties. These three sources are at hand, to a greater or less extent immediately, and other sources open for development are public utilities, such as waterworks, electric power, and gasworks, forestry, etc.

"The revenue derived from all these avenues will constitute a sum greatly in excess of what will be needed for state administration, and the balance may be used in the necessary work of education, and those more charitable but desirable objects such as old age pensions, the care of the lame, and the blind. We should look to the upbringing of our young citizens, and the care of the old and feeble."

If he were in power in our new government, or if the Yuen party were more unselfish and paid a little attention to the socio-economic problem other than that of perpetuating its own interest, the young republic would be much better off now even after two years. He seems rather disappointed with Yuen's administration and the faithfulness of many prominent men who have professed to support his policy. The best and easiest thing he can do for the realization of his good idea is, therefore, to wake up once more our general public. "Citizens of the New China," sounds he, "now employing the blessings of enlightened government, well rid of the oppression which kept them in bondage for centuries, face a golden, happy future. All that is needed is sensible co-operation."

Yet one must not think that he has therefore won it very far. Still he has, as he had, almost as many enemies as friends. Moreover, not all his friends are now supporting all his socialistic policies. Ever since he rose as a reform director, he has never, so far as I have learned, persuaded by force or by favoritism, any persons to come into "his camp and stick to his suggestions." Each follower is his or her own boss with a common end and a hearty, unwritten understanding. For this reason a lack of coherence seems prevailing now in his party. It is difficult for him to carry out his entire program as he formulates it. Considering that China is, in a sense, very young, he has comparatively competent, efficient and unusually talented lieutenants beside him. His colleague, Huang Hsing (or Wong Hing), certainly stands as an able, strong general; and another, Sung Chiao-jen seems more constructive, direc-

tive, and far-sighted as a statesman. However, Huang himself must look after the party in political battlefields and Sung died March 23, last subsequent to assassination by an employe of his political foe. As a matter of fact consequently, no permanent, effective or regular campaign for the Socialist cause can be undergone. Again, unlike Yuen Shih-Kai, who is the son of a noble family, and who has been a councilman, a military chief, a viceroy, and a cabinet officer before ascending to the presidency, Dr. Sun looks rather small to some Chinese citizens. Often they criticize or satirize him as a theorist, an idealist, an opportunist and a prophet and they do not analyze his principles, nor supplement his proposals. Another thing that must be noted is the long beloved Chinese literature. Because he has not grown up as a literalist, and because he does not try to be one, he seems not to have convinced thoroughly the so-called scholars or literati whose influence upon our society cannot be measured. Logically viewing, therefore, we can not expect his success on Socialism too soon.

The success or failure of his several policies will primarily depend upon his own party, Kuo-Mang-Tang. It is powerful in politics, extensive in influence, and rich in resources. Dozens of newspapers, magazines, banks, and other promising industrial associations support it. Almost all the up-to-date merchants at home or abroad belong to it. A majority of the young students here and there are joining it. Thirteen out of the twenty-two provincial governors are its members. Thirteen or more local legislatures are therefore under its control. Besides, there a large number of

votes in the new, permanent congress which was opened on the eighteenth of April this year to vote for its principles. In comparison to the extent of power, its members stand in the congress practically the same as before although the Yuen's régime is trying to persuade the other parties to unite together, to oppose and yet "to buy them over." The following figures, according to recent reports, may give us the truth and serve some purpose to our readers:

Members—	Senate	House	Congress
Nationalists (Sun).....	150	296	446
Republicans (Li-Yuan-Hung)...	70	140	210
Political Unionists (Yuen)...	30	90	120
Democrats (Kang-Liang).....	14	50	64
Independents	10	20	30
Total	274	596	870

These facts being presented, all that Dr. Sun must and will do, and is able to do or not, for State Socialism, remains for our readers to guess, to see, and to judge. General Sung having been assassinated, his party in danger of "splitting out," the other parties held together by the Yuen régime in attempting to form a dictatorship and to defeat the original idea of the real republicans, he cut short his planned around-the-world trip, hurried back from Japan to Shanghai, postponed his projected railway extension, and resumed the leadership of his party. He had recently to declare himself to be, and is today the candidate for the President of the Republic of China in opposition to Yuen Shih-Kai. While the presidential campaign is now going on, is it not interesting for those world-wide political spectators to watch its outcome?

J. USANG LY.

A Chinese Student at Columbia University.



EDITORIAL

The Paterson Strike

After a twenty-two-week display of the most wonderful solidarity ever shown in the United States, the Paterson strikers have gone back to work. They have gained a shorter workday and a militant organization that will put them in a far better position in the next battle.

Many of the demands of the strikers were not granted by the manufacturers, although it is acknowledged by all authorities that they would have gained all they fought for, in spite of every odd, if they had been engaged in the production of one of the necessities of life. Perhaps some day, when another tool of the National Manufacturers' Association turns state's evidence, we will know the true inside story of the Paterson struggle. It is certain that manufacturers stood together to withstand the strikers in an unprecedented manner, and doubtless the whole strength of the capitalist class was organized behind the scenes to aid the silk manufacturers and defeat the I. W. W.

The Paterson (N. J.) *Press*, a constant and violent enemy of the strikers, has the following to say about the strike:

The strike has had one remarkable feature which the people of Paterson will never forget. It is, that although many thousand workers stayed away from the mills for five months, not only was there practically no violence, but the rank and file of the strikers behaved themselves during a trying time in a manner that entitled them to admiration. The *Press* believes that this phase of the great strike of 1913 stands without a parallel in this or any other country.

The truth of the matter, in the judgment of *The Globe*, is that not the strikers, but the officials of Paterson, are the lawless ones, and it continues:

Paterson is afflicted with anarchistic administration officers and with a judge and a public prosecutor who recall Jeffreys and his hanging-assistant. These stupid and wicked persons, when the strike began, thought to suppress it by breaking up peaceable meetings and preventing free speech and by mak-

ing arbitrary arrests. The result has been the struggle has lasted five months and the estimated cost to the city is \$5,000,000. As often as it was about to collapse the public authorities started it up again. . . . Is it strange that the workers of Paterson are bitter of heart?

Lawlessness does not pay. It does not pay labor organizations, as they have discovered, and hence the advice of Haywood to his pickets, "Keep your hands in your pockets!" Lawlessness does not pay in public officers, as Paterson's five months of purgatory abundantly prove.

Strikers declare that only the first part of the strike is over, as they mean to return to the silk mills with the full intention of cutting down their output, since they were unable to increase their actual wages. In other words, wages are to remain the same for a smaller product.

Meanwhile election time in Paterson is drawing near and the municipal officials are suffering anticipatory chills in the fear that the strikers will punish their enemies and vote their own comrades into office. Mayor William Brueckman, of Haledon, has given the Paterson workers a splendid example of how Socialists in office can practically serve the working class in their struggles against wage slavery.

If the Socialists in Paterson understand that they can offer the workers of that city actual help in times of trouble, and if they will discard the reformist junk that a Milwaukee administration would offer in such a crisis, they may have a good opportunity of carrying out their program.

But we Socialists must remember that, even if we had been in possession of the entire state and municipal government, we would have been unable to raise the wages of the Paterson strikers as long as the silk manufacturers OWNED the mills and capitalism endured. But Socialists in office can turn the clubs of policemen against the employing class

instead of against the workers; they can render decisions against capitalist conspirators and anarchists and protect strike pickets. In other words, their only excuse for holding office would be to **HELP THE WORKERS IN THE CLASS WAR.**

Long ago Haywood said, "It is almost impossible for a small group of workers to win against the capitalist CLASS. This is why we advocate the **GENERAL STRIKE.**" From now on we predict that it will be more difficult to win class conscious strikes in America, for the employing class is learning to make the battle of one small group of capitalists

the business of ALL capitalists. In Paterson unheard of efforts were made to defeat the strikers. The capitalists stood together as one man.

The Paterson strike taught the workers from many lands the class character of all existing social institutions. It taught them that there are only **TWO** great nations—capitalist and working class—and that the interests of all workers lie in abolishing the Profit System. Every struggle of this kind adds thousands of revolutionists to the ever growing army that will be satisfied with nothing less than the final triumph of the working class.

M. E. M.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

Amazing Advances. The fact that Socialism stands almost alone against war and in favor of the democratic ballot might lead one to expect a rapid growth of the movement. But what has been happening during the past two months goes way beyond any natural expectations. Of course, the magnificent increase achieved in the Prussian parliamentary elections is still fresh in every Socialist's mind. Since then our German comrades have gained a seat in the Reichstag, raising their group to 111. Even England has good news. Comrade E. R. Hartley got a large vote, 2,580, in a by-election at Leicester. This result was attained in spite of the opposition of the Labor Party. Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald, leader of this party, holds the second seat for Leicester, and according to the Liberal-Labor agreement, no Labor candidate was put up. Labor Party adherents were given to understand that they owed their votes to the Liberal rather than to the candidate of the British Socialist Party. Comrade Hartley made a straight Socialist fight, and his fine vote shows that there must be in England a large number of workers who can distinguish between a real Socialist and a Liberal.

But it is in Holland and Denmark that the most interesting things have hap-

pened. In both these countries recent elections have placed the Socialists in a position which has made it necessary for them to consider the desirability of accepting cabinet positions. In both countries the Socialists now constitute the largest parties. In both, however, they refused to depart from the established rule with regard to accepting positions in governments controlled by their adversaries.

Denmark. In the recent election to the Folkething our Danish comrades gained 10,000 votes and 8 seats. Their vote was 107,000, as compared with 100,000 for the party of Moderate Left. This gives them practically thirty per cent of the total vote. Since no party had a majority, either of the votes or of the parliamentary seats, the King naturally asked the leader of the Socialist group whether he and his colleagues would agree to assist in forming a cabinet and share the responsibility of government. The circumstances were such that the opportunity was peculiarly tempting. If ever Socialists are justified in accepting cabinet positions, our Danish comrades would have been justified in doing so.

Like Hungary, Prussia, Belgium and many other European states, Denmark is struggling for a new electoral system. At present the Danish parliament con-

sists of two chambers. The 114 members of the lower house, the Folkething, are elected by all males over thirty years of age. The upper chamber, the Lands-thing, is made up of 66 members chosen in a very complicated way. The king names 12, all voters over thirty years of age elect 27, and voters paying a certain amount of taxes choose the remaining 27. This beautiful system works so well that although the Socialists at the last election cast one-third of the ballots they have only four representatives among the 66 who constitute the Landsting at the present time.

For many years our Danish comrades have been fighting hard for equal suffrage for all men and women over twenty-five years of age. In October, 1912, the government, made up of the Party of the Left, brought in a bill providing for equal suffrage, but maintaining the present two-chamber system. The Socialists presented another bill providing for a one-chamber system. When their own bill was lost the Socialists gave their support to the government measure. It was on this issue that the parties went before the country in the last election.

The issue was as fundamental as any purely political one can be. At first the Party of the Left refused to accept the responsibilities of government on the plea that it was a minority party and not even the largest of the minority parties. Under these circumstances the Socialists might well have found excuses for taking over the government at least until a suffrage reform law had been passed. But our Danish comrades at no time went further than to promise that under certain circumstances they would call a party congress and so put the matter before the membership. Again and again they reiterated the Socialist principle that Socialists cannot logically take over the responsibilities of government without having a clear majority of the voters behind them. There cannot be Socialism before the people want Socialism; and Socialists stand for Socialism, not something else.

Finally the Radical Left Party, the third in point of size, agreed to form a government provided the Socialists would support it until the suffrage bill was put

through. This agreement was made. The Socialist group, however, made it clear in their formal statement that the agreement includes only the coöperation necessary to the passage of one bill. In regard to all other measures the Socialists stand alone.

Holland. The situation in Holland was almost identical with that in Denmark, and the result exactly the same. The victory of our Dutch comrades in the election of June 17 was one of the most astonishing ever recorded. The following figures, taken from an article by Comrade Wibaut in *Die Neue Zeit*, give a graphic picture of the growth of Socialism in Holland: In 1897 the vote was 14,751; in 1901, 39,338; in 1905, 65,664; in 1909, 82,820; in 1913, 144,375. This means an increase of more than 74 per cent in the last four years. Another encouraging element in the situation, according to the analysis of Comrade Wibaut, is the fact that the Socialist vote has increased most rapidly in the large industrial centers. In the four great cities of the kingdom the Socialist vote was approximately 11 per cent in 1901; in the recent election it was nearly 33 per cent. In the agrarian districts the increase has been much less rapid.

In Holland, as in Denmark, the Socialists are leading a fight for electoral reform. The upper house of the Dutch parliament, while its powers are very limited, is, under the present system, a mighty weapon in the hands of the reactionists. The Socialists have fought during many years for equal suffrage of all men and women; the various groups of Liberals have fought for equal suffrage for all men. The Socialists have also fought for an old age pension without any strings to it, a pension which should go to all the aged without their having contributed toward the fund out of which it is paid.

The election of June 17 gave the various Conservatives 45 seats, the Liberal groups 37, and the Socialists 18. No party had a clear majority, but it was clear that the majority of the voters were in favor of electoral reform. So the Queen asked the Liberals to form a government with the assistance of the Socialists. Comrade Troelstra was asked to take a place in the cabinet and designate

two other Socialists to whom places would be given. At first the Socialists considered calling a party congress to take up the matter, but finally they decided to stick to party precedent and refuse the offer without calling the congress.

The motives which actuated the Dutch Socialists are explained in a statement which Comrade Troelstra gave to the press before the matter came to a crisis. He said in part: "The experiences with Millerand in France shall be a warning to us. If Socialists enter the ministry, Conservatives and Clericals will surely attempt to bring about a division in the Socialist ranks by forcing the government into some situation that will necessitate calling out the army. The result will be nothing less than a new reaction."

Incidentally, the election returns throw some light on the prospects of the ultra-Marxist organization, the Social Democratic Party, formed some four years ago. This group has carried on a very vigorous campaign and has naturally expected to draw a considerable following in the larger cities. At the recent election it put up candidates in 18 out of the 100 election districts. The result can hardly be called encouraging. Four years ago the S. D. P. candidates got 542 votes; on June 17, the 18 candidates together got 1,340. On the contrary, the avowed Marxists within the old party stood high in the election returns. The result cannot, therefore, be interpreted as a setback for Marxism; it may, however, be interpreted as a reproof of dual-partyism.

The Australian Election. The enemies of the Australian Laborites call them Socialists and confiscationists. If they were really what they are called, Socialists might find cause for regret in the federal elections held on May 31. As a result of their victory three years ago the Laborites, under the leadership of Mr. Fisher, have had control of the government since then. They have had a working majority in the house and senate. So far as the federal constitution permitted, they have been free to work out their policies.

In the main it cannot be said that they have differentiated themselves from the average Liberal party of Europe. If the

working-class of Australia were really awake to its own interests it would not long endure any party which left on the statute books such legislation as the Disputes Act and the Defense Act. The enforcement of these laws by the Labor ministry cannot by any stretch of imagination be interpreted as in the interests of the workers. And when the workers went on strike they never found that they had friends at the national capital.

The schemes looking toward government ownership or control of industry and commerce had to wait for the passage of a series of referenda amending the constitution. This practically means that the Labor Party had to say to the people of Australia: "The things we were elected to do we cannot do under the present constitution; amend the constitution and reelect us and then we will do something for you."

Australia has the finest electoral system in the world so far as the actual recording the will of the voters is concerned. The vote by mail gives practically everyone a chance to vote in his home precinct. This arrangement, however, makes the tabulation of the vote a very slow matter. It was not until June 25 that final figures were available for the election held on May 31. This is why we had so many conflicting reports about the results. In the lower house, as it has been constituted during the past three years, the Labor Party has controlled 41 seats, while the Liberals have held 32; as a result of the recent election Laborite representation has been reduced to 37, while the Liberal group has grown to 38. All the referenda inaugurated by the Labor Party were defeated by substantial majorities. The Labor Party still controls the senate, however, and is therefore in a position to make endless trouble for its opponent. The Liberals, under the leadership of Mr. Joseph Cook, have formed a government, but they can do nothing without the consent of the Labor senators. If these latter were really the Socialists and confiscationists they are represented to be, they could have a merry time of it.

The Socialists of both factions put up candidates in various constituencies and carried on an active campaign. In some

SCIENTIFIC EATING

I have purchased a page in the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW to tell Socialists and other thinking people about what I believe to be the greatest reform of modern times.

Let us suppose that we knew as little about the material that goes into our houses, ships and machinery as we do about the material that constructs our bodies; suppose men gave as little thought to selecting and combining the material that builds an automobile as they do to selecting and combining the material that builds their bodies. What do you think the result would be?

Did it ever occur to you that nearly every pursuit followed by man has been reduced to a science except feeding his body? He still eats haphazard and at random. The most important thing in his life is guessed at.

It is estimated by the world's highest authorities that a fraction over 90 per cent of all human disease originates in the stomach and is caused by wrong eating.

Is it any wonder that people are sick, weak, have fermentation, gas, liver trouble, heart trouble, nervousness, constipation, are too fat, too thin, and sick half the time when they know almost nothing about the science of eating, when they guess at the material that makes their very blood, bone and brain. Is it any wonder that people have rheumatism, gout, lumbago, Bright's disease, tumors, cyst cancers, and eczema; that their eyesight, hearing and teeth all go to the bad before they are 30, when they eat combinations of food every day that makes disease instead of health? *These are the reasons why man is only 51 per cent efficient and lives an average of only thirty-nine years.*

Don't you think these conditions can be improved?

Don't you think there is room for improvement?

Don't you think that science is doing precious little for the human race, if it can't show man how to overcome these mistakes?

I am teaching people how to select; how to combine and how to proportion their diet so as to produce perfect digestion of food, and perfect elimination of waste. This removes the causes of disease—this is Nature's way of curing.

Wrong eating is the cause of all stomach trouble. Right eating then is the logical, the only cure.

I am teaching people how to eat according to their age, their work and the time of the year. I am teaching them how to raise themselves mentally and physically up to 100 per cent efficiency. This can be done; it is *being done* every day. It is clearly within the scope of modern science. The government teaches farmers how to feed cattle and hogs, so as to make them healthy. I am performing this service for people. Granting then that I can do this, it is no exaggeration to say that it is the "greatest of all reforms."

I have incorporated this knowledge into a system of lessons, written in *plain language*. These lessons teach the art of correct diagnosis of all stomach, intestinal and sympathetic trouble, and the science of curing *by removing causes*.

Some twenty years I have been studying the question of scientific eating both in this country and abroad, and have treated in all, something over twenty thousand people. From this field of experience I have discovered some fundamental truths about the therapeutic value of food that every thinking man and woman ought to know.

Drop me a card and I will send you my little book, "Scientific Eating," which explains my system of teaching by correspondence.

EUGENE CHRISTIAN, F. S. D., 213 W. 79th Street, New York

places, notably in Broken Hill, they got a good vote. Of course, the division into two parties is most unfortunate. And to add to the difficulties of Socialist propaganda, a good many revolutionary workers keep up a constant anti-political-action campaign. The editor of the Melbourne *Socialist* is probably right when he says that the only hope of the Australian working-class lies in the breaking up of the influence of the middle class. The process of industrial evolution, he shows, is rapidly reducing the numbers of this class; it remains for Socialist agitation to diminish the influence of its thought on the workers. When this process has gone on a pace there can emerge a Socialist party which is something more than an agitation club, a Labor party which really represents the working-class.

The Germans and the General Strike. The great Belgian strike for suffrage reform has forced our German comrades a step forward in the consideration of the

methods to be used in the struggle for a new electoral law in Prussia. Is the general strike the next logical step? Is the German working-class ready for such a strike? Or, on the other hand, has the day of the general strike gone by? Or if not the general strike, what weapon is to be used? Petitions, meetings, street demonstrations, etc., have been tried. They have had a tremendous effect on the public, but they have hardly touched the government. What is to be done now?

All these matters are being discussed in *Vorwaerts*, *Neue Zeit* and the scores of other German working-class journals. The German labor movement is undergoing a period of self-examination. It is trying to make up its mind just what its great organizations are worth when it comes to a real fight. The various conclusions which are being reached cannot be discussed in our present number, but REVIEW readers may be sure of having some report of them in the near future.

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Out

THE TRIAL OF A NEW SOCIETY

-By-
Justus
Ebert

IN this book Fellow-Worker Ebert gives the best exposition of the constructive and social philosophy of the I. W. W., that has yet appeared in print. It is not a work of fiction nor of speculation, but a matter-of-fact, practical treatment of recent phases of the industrial, social and political life, as revealed by the great textile strike at Lawrence, Mass., and the trials of Ettor, Giovannitti and Caruso growing out of same.

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NEWS AND VIEWS



A GROUP OF SEATTLE REDS

Seattle Picnic.—On June 22d the Socialists of Seattle gave a picnic that was an unqualified success. The picture we reproduce here is of the reception committee—eleven reds. Comrade Bostrom, state secretary of Washington, headed the Red Flag Grand March. More luck to the Seattle Socialists.

Goldfield Local Objects.—The following resolution was received from Local Goldfield: Whereas the N. C. of the S. P. has initiated a referendum to increase the salary of the National Secretary, and whereas we believe the present salary ample under the present condition of the party's finances, we hereby enter our protest against the increase and we further resolve that whereas the National Committee selected Victor L. Berger as additional delegate to the International Congress with all expenses paid, thereby adding an additional expense on the party, we hereby enter our emphatic protest and ask an immediate revokal of said action. A copy of these resolutions to be sent to the *New York Call*, INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW and other papers. Chris Dutler, recording secretary, Pro Tem, Goldfield, Nevada.

Oklahoma Hustlers.—Comrades Harvey, Crain and Hoffman of Muskogee, are going to start things moving at the S. P. headquarters where the office of the emancipator is located. They are ordering bundles of the REVIEW and intend to start on a literature campaign. Watch them grow in Muskogee!

In Utah.—"From the working class viewpoint your magazine is the acme of perfection, combining and embracing both the political and industrial forces. Here in Utah Capitalism is supreme. Socialist speakers are denied the use of public buildings. To be a Socialist in a Utah coal camp is to be jobless if a miner; if you are a rancher it means your products will be boycotted."—From Comrade Ferron.

Colville Denounces Investigation.—Whereas, THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW in its issue of July, 1913, under the heading, "The Hatfield Whitewash," and in other articles written by men whom we have every reason to believe are trustworthy and reliable, did publish sufficient evidence to prove Comrade Turner and others were right in their condemnation of Gov. Hatfield; and,

Whereas, Comrades Debs, Germer and

Berger of the Socialist Investigation Committee, sent to investigate the Russianized state of West Virginia, do eulogize and hold this monster Hatfield up to the working class as a friend of labor, and that they trust and believe in him thus giving Hatfield and the class of pirates to which he belongs much satisfaction; and placing Comrades Turner, Thompson, Boswell, Merrick, Mother Jones, and the Socialist and labor press in the category of liars and fakers, and

Whereas, We believe that Comrade Turner wrote nothing for publication, but what he could prove to be the absolute truth, and we hereby express our full confidence in Comrade Turner, and we believe that Comrade Warren of the Appeal would not allow the columns of the Appeal to be used for the publication of matter that could not be fully substantiated and proven; and,

Whereas, Various unions of the U. M. W. A., have since the whitewashing of Hatfield by the Socialist Investigating Committee, declared and condemned Hatfield as an arch enemy of the working class; Therefore, be it

Resolved, That Local Colville, Wash., Socialist party hereby goes on record as disapproving the report of the Socialist Investigating Committee, and that we condemn the conduct and utterances of Debs, Germer and Berger as unbecoming Socialists. And further, we condemn their attitude towards Hatfield as traitorous to the Socialist and Labor Movement, and the working class in general, and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the *Appeal to Reason*, THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW, *The Social Democratic Herald*, *The Commonwealth*, and *The Party Builder* for publication.

Passed unanimously by Local Colville, Wash., Socialist party, in regular session, Monday, July 14, 1913.—R. S. Wiltse, chairman; B. W. Brand, secretary.

Boats Tied Up.—The strikers on the ore docks at Superior and Duluth, Minn., have all the boats tied up at these points. The men struck when it was found that the docks were unsafe. Three members of the working crews were killed on the night of July 31st, and the night gangs walked off declaring they refused to be sacrificed to the greed of the bosses. Members of the I. W. W. got on the job and tied up the work completely. One of the demands is that the workers shall be permitted to select a man on each shift to give the proper signals for the transmission of trains and that blue lights be placed on the ends of trains to protect the workers. July 6th, F. H. Little held another of his rousing meetings. The bosses determined to get rid of him. When he went to change cars from Superior to Duluth a bunch of gunmen attacked and forced him into an auto. He was taken twenty-six miles outside of Duluth and held all night. In the morning Little attempted to get the people of Holyoak to assist him to escape, but his captors informed the crowd that they were deputies and had Oregon extradition papers for Little. On the 9th the Duluth boys organized a rescue party headed by Gus Ericson. We found the city officials unwilling to interfere. The house in which Little was incarcerated was surrounded. The guards fired at us, but when we sent for the sheriff of Carleton county, Little was permitted to make good his escape.

Socialist Playing Cards a Hit.—Dear Comrades: Received my order of twelve packs of Socialist Playing Cards the 18th, and had no trouble getting rid of them. So with this you will find a \$2.00 money order for which please send me some more. Would like to get them here by Friday if possible. The comrades are holding a picnic Saturday the 26th. Please give me your information and favor of an agency on them. I consider them great propaganda.—A. H. Z., Beverly, Mass.



Six Minnesota Reds. (Left to right) Three Members Y. P. E. S. C.; Tom Lewis (center); Comrades Hartin and Draper, Editor Minn. Socialist.

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The Lesson of Lima, Ohio

LOCAL Lima, Ohio, previous to the nomination and election of 1911 was but a reflection of the membership of the party both locally and nationally, and when we stop to think, we can see in the mayor which the local party elected only a reflection of the local organization.

The mayor was elected, not by a class vote, but by the organization carrying on a personal (good man) campaign in which the candidate for mayor and some of the other candidates used personal cards, etc., with the sole idea of getting votes for themselves thereby forgetting that they must teach the gospel of economic discontent.

In this connection, an incident which occurred will show the trend of thought prevailing at that time. At a regular meeting of the local a candidate was selected for delegate to the Constitution Convention of Ohio whose duty was, if elected, to help draft a new constitution for Ohio, but who was later withdrawn and some of the members circulated a petition for a man who was not a member of the party. He was not formally endorsed by the organization, but was tentatively endorsed without official action.

After the election, the mayor refused to turn the authority to appoint about twenty city officials which authority was gained by virtue of his election as mayor to the local, or to co-operate in any way with the organization in making the appointments, and proceeded to make all the appointments according to his own ideas, irrespective of the local, or the political affiliations of the appointees. He appointed nine members of the socialist local, and the other appointees were members of the capitalist parties. Five of the appointees were expelled from the local for accepting appointments, and four were loyal to the Socialist party and the local organization. In this connection wish to emphasize the fact that the two Socialist councilmen who were elected re-

mained loyal to the organization and have carried out the instructions of the local to the letter in every instance, and have succeeded in putting the old party politicians in some very unpleasant positions, and put them on record time after time.

The straw that broke the camel's back was placed when the mayor appointed the president of the Progressive Association, an organization of business men, which is affiliated with the National Association of Manufacturers, as his public service director and in every way opposed to the economic interest of the working class.

If the organization known as the Socialist party is to remain a working class organization the power to appoint officials to office must vest in the organization and not in the elected candidate.

The oppression of the capitalist class will compel the workers to take this position as the class lines become more tightly drawn and the workers naturally become more revolutionary and the organization then becomes revolutionary in proportion to their intelligence and knowledge gained from their daily struggle with the master class, the owners of the means to produce the means of life.

In conclusion, we desire to point out that other locals will have the experiences of local Lima unless the bona-fide working class is in absolute control of the organization, and they put up bona-fide workers for political office who are class conscious. The workers are in absolute control of local Lima and every candidate is a bona-fide wage worker on the municipal ticket this fall.

E. O. MCPHERRON, Secretary.

Adopted by Local Lima in regular session, August 10th; forty-six members in good standing.

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The Status of the Negro in the United States
By Mary W. Ovington

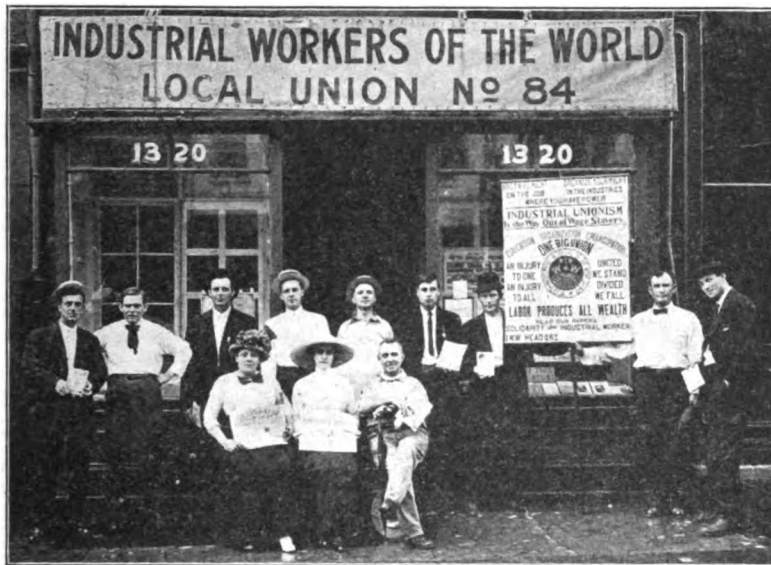
The Woman Suffrage Movement in England
By Theodore Rothstein

Russia and China
By M. Pavlovitch

The Problem of Knowledge
By Paul Lafargue

The Social Significance of Futurism
By Louis C. Fraina

and other articles of equal importance



HEADQUARTERS LOCAL 84, I. W. W., ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE *Plebs Magazine*, published by the Central Labor College, of England, says editorially, referring to the demise of The Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, the General Railway Workers' Union and the Pointsmen's Association, and their organization into an industrial union of nearly 200,000 members.

"There is no danger in going forward. There is danger only in standing still, or rather in falling backward, for in reality there can be no standing still. . . .

"It is well known how even in the history of craft unionism, when the militant spirit arose, when demands were being formulated and preparations for war made, there accompanied these activities a great increase in the numerical strength of the organization. But when this aggressive mood and forward movement waned owing to the weakness of craft weapons and tactics, and the narrow craft consciousness which is the mental companion of the craft practice, when the hands of the organization became tied behind its back with the cords of a five or ten years' contract, then the outgoing superseded the incoming. The active mood can alone build up the tissue of solidarity. And this active and aggressive spirit can no longer find its basis in the craft-union. . . .

"What reason is there for a workman joining a union? That he may secure and extend his egotistic wants! This he cannot do individually. Just as the production of those things that meet his wants is not the result of an individual act but of mass-action, so the ability to secure the return of these products to adequately satisfy the wants of the indi-

vidual workman depends also upon the mass-action.

"The National Union of Railwaymen is not synonymous with the Social Revolution, but it certainly brings the means nearer to that end. Only people for whom the Social Revolution is merely a phrase will sneer at the coming into being of such an organization.

"The development of organization of workers on the basis of industry instead of on the basis of craft, makes for the extension of the sphere of mass action. The division of labor in the workshop so far as the hand craftsmen is concerned, has been effaced by the progress of machinery. The craft ceases to be a reality in production. In the degree that this development takes place the craft-union becomes more ineffective. It becomes ever more possible for men to pass from one division to another within an industry after quite a short period of training. The growing recognition of this experience leads to the shifting of the base of working-class organization from that of the craft to the industry. This means that a blacksmith working upon the railway would belong to the organization of railway workers; not to the blacksmiths' craft-organization. Similarly with an engineer or any other artisan.

"If the only justification for joining an organization be, as we have already stated, the necessity of satisfying the individual wants, then the particular organization which he is to join can only be reasonably determined by which is the more effective for securing such satisfaction. On that determination the blacksmith employed upon the railway will join the National Union of Railwaymen. It so happens that many of these artisans employed upon the railways are working below the

standard wage recognized by the craft-organization. As a consequence they are not allowed to join the latter. They are thus made non-unionist by craft-unionism.

"What could the craft-organization of blacksmiths do to secure the standard wage for those employed upon the railways? They might call out their members on strike. But that would not be likely to move the railway companies, who after all employ a small number of blacksmiths in comparison with those employed outside the railway shops. On the other hand, the withdrawal from work of the members of the National Union of Railwaymen *would* affect the railway companies very profoundly and would be more likely to effect success in the direction indicated than would the efforts of the craft-organization of blacksmiths.

"The opening of the National Union of Railwaymen to such workers as those referred to, means, of course, a decrease in contributions to the various craft-organizations as well as shutting the door to a possible increase in the contributions. And that is the sore point with some of the officials of these organizations, who look upon the union above all else as a dues-paying machine, and who therefore look unfavorably upon aggressive policies as means to deplete the money-chest. But the point of view of the man who pays the dues is the point of view that matters. And if he joins a union to advance his interests and apprehends that this can be realized only through effective fighting weapons, then he will take up his place in the industrial union. It has fallen to the lot of the National Union of Railwaymen to initiate this new principle. And they will succeed. They will succeed not only in organizing industrially those employed upon the railways irrespective of grade, but they will compel the other organizations in other industries to go and do likewise."—*The Plebs*.

Bauer Replies: The July number of the REVIEW contains an unsigned article headed "Conspiracy and Street-Speaking," part of which is a serious reflection upon the undersigned.

I am not in the habit of rushing into print in my own defense and would not do so now were the insinuation intended to be conferred by the writer, not of the gravest nature. I have been a due-paying member of Socialist organizations (the S. L. P. and the S. P.) continuously since 1894, and fearing that my friends throughout the United States will not see the resolution passed by Local San Diego, in re-

gard the libel, I ask you in justice to yourself and me, to give the same publicity to this statement, as was accorded the unwarrantable libel on me.

"It is singular," to quote from the article, "that Kaspar Bauer, who *confessed* to having held 150 street meetings, should have been acquitted." The inference to be drawn from that statement is, that, first, a confession was necessary to establish the fact that such meetings were held; with all that a confession to the police implies; second, that for said confession and other statements, damaging to the other defendants, I received my reward in the nature of an acquittal. It should be unnecessary to state that having spoken on the San Diego streets for more than two years, on an average, twice a week, to audiences more or less large, with police in the crowd always, it needed no confession to connect me with street agitation.

To quote further: "It is reported that Bauer had a conversation with Captain Schon, about a week after his arrest——Schon testified regarding his conversation with Bauer"——Then here comes a page from the reporter's transcript, stating substantially that I admitted being a member of the Free-Speech League; that Kirk and M'Kee were also members, as was Mrs. Emerson; that there were others whose names I could not recall, but whose names were on the book of the Free-Speech League; that the league intended that only a few men should be arrested and that the thing had gotten away from us."

Now, while the above is the testimony of Captain Schon and not mine, I freely admit the correctness of it. But here are the facts regarding my conversation with Captain Schon:

At the time when this conversation occurred, I was under arrest. The police were looking for a flaw in my naturalization papers for a pretext for deportation. They could not make good on that score. Then they tried their natural method of bluff, wherein they also failed. The interview, from which I could not absent myself, owing to the fact that I was in the police station, under arrest, finally calmed down. I had nothing to hide; I was proud of everything I had done, and I was willing to take anything in the way of punishment, my comrades would have to take. Was I going to deny a matter of common knowledge, that I was a member of the Free-Speech League? Not on your life! Nor was I there to deny anything.

Supposing William D. Haywood was to deny he was an I. W. W. It would be a joke.

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Everybody would have laughed in San Diego and held in scorn, a man, who, like myself, was in the thick of the fight and denied that he was a member of the Free-Speech League. Besides, it would have been silly.

The meetings of the executive committee of the Free-Speech League were held, nearly always, in Attorney Kirk's office. Mr. Kirk, for reasons best known to himself, had reporters from some of the papers, at most of these meetings, and when he did not, he saw to it, that the dailies were informed of the meetings and of the deliberations of the League. Nothing was ever thought of that. We thought we were right, and we didn't care who knew what we were doing. We were not conspirators in our own minds. It was only conspiracy within the meaning of the law and we did not know it at the time we held those meetings.

At one of our meetings we elected a bail committee. Harry M'Kee was on that committee. Subsequently, Mr. K'Kee waited on Captain Sehon, whom he knew well, and told him that he was on a "bail" committee of the Free-Speech League, and would not Mr. Sehon be willing to go the bail of some of the men to be arrested at some future date? Now, if anyone would choose to accuse Mr. M'Kee of willfully furnishing "primary evidence" to convict the rest of us, I would strenuously protest. Mr. M'Kee and the rest of us thought it was a good joke at the time. We were all open and above board, the whole city knew what we were doing, and knew our intentions. The M'Kee-Sehon incident is also part of the testimony in the reporter's transcript.

At no time were any of the members of the Free-Speech League advised by their attorneys to make a secret of anything or of any meeting, or who were members of the league. We boasted of the righteousness of our cause, the openness of our meetings and the sincerity of our purpose.

Nor should it be forgotten that Mrs. Emerson, one of the best-hated of the radical I. W. W. speakers, was also acquitted, as were other I. W. W.'s.

In conclusion, I wish to say, that in my opinion, a police informer is about the lowest specimen of a Socialist imaginable. There is no room in the labor movement if once he or she is known. There should not be any room for them. Neither should the journals of such a movement be used by any one to make such a charge, by inuendo. If there is ground for the allegations, summary trial should dispose of the member forever. If there is not, the damage done can scarcely ever be undone. I value the many friends I have in the Socialist movement too much, to let this anonymous statement go unrebuked.

During the free speech fight I have been in jail three times; I have been measured, "mugged" and placed in the rogues gallery; I have been man-handled by the police and rotten-egged by the "vigilantes." I have never spoken or worked in our movement for money, but always did a man's part. I do think something of my reputation and of my friends, so once more, in justice to the REVIEW and myself, I ask publication for these lines.—Kaspar Bauer, San Diego, Cal.

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Betrayal of the West Virginia Red Necks

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