

MARCH, 1917

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The

INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW



WANTED—FIGHTING MEN

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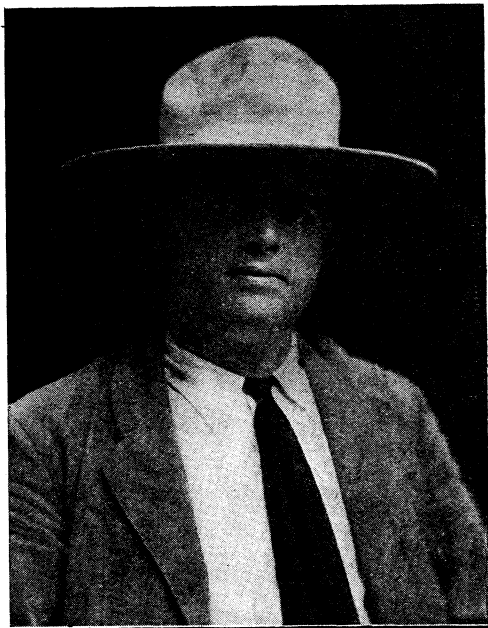
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WANTED—FIGHTING MEN

Jack London's Books



Until Jack London died, most of us scarcely realized that America's greatest fiction-writer was a revolutionary comrade. Perhaps it was because Jack did not take himself seriously, did not pose as a Great Man. That is something that he was too intelligent and sympathetic to do. So many of us thought of him as successful, lucky, even while we enjoyed the things he wrote.

Now he can write no more, and we have lost the one writer who could state Socialism in terms that penetrated the brain of the ordinary careless American worker. But, thanks to "whatever gods there be," his books are still here. We have arranged to supply all of them that are now published at popular prices. The wholesale rate has been greatly increased on account of the cost of paper, but we can still offer twenty of his best books at 50c each; five to one address for \$2.00, or the set

of twenty for \$7.00. The titles we offer are:

The Iron Heel is a notable book that you should not fail to read. It is a picture of the future of America as Jack London conceives it, in the event that the trust magnates win out in their fight against organized labor and Socialism. It is a vivid picture of a possible hell on earth which some of us may live to see.

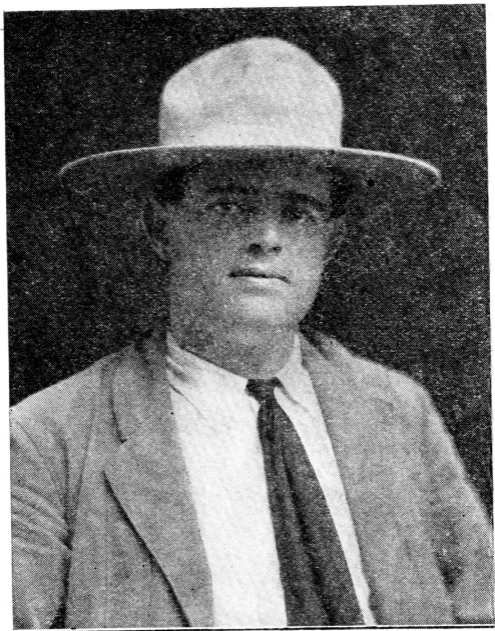
In contrast with this book and supplementing it are two other pictures of the future. **Looking Backward**, by Edward Bellamy, tells of a state in which capitalists are abolished, but all people from twenty-one to forty-five work under a sort of military discipline with their elders as the bosses. Bellamy pictures equality as being won at the cost of liberty, though he seems to approve the system he describes. The book has had wide influence and should be read. We have it at 50c.

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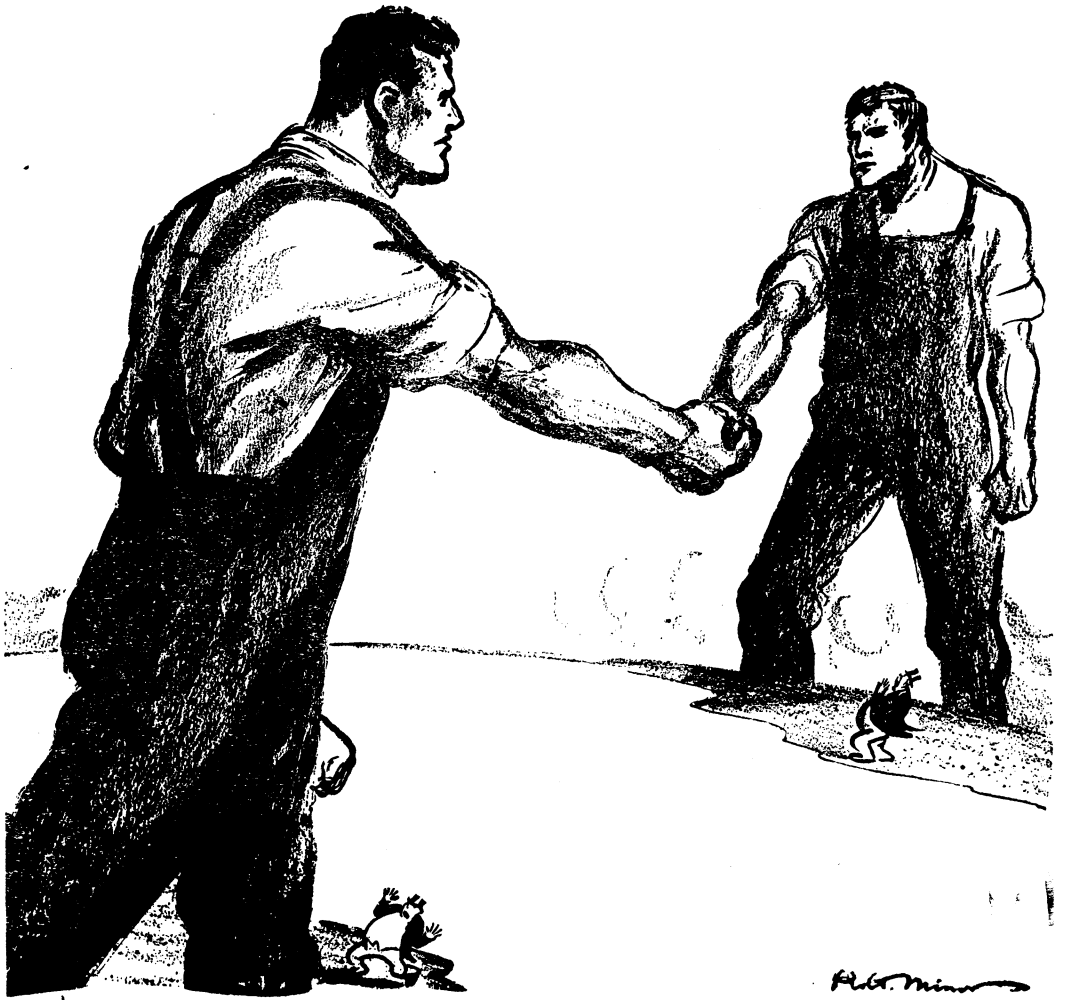




OTHER SHELLS KILL WORKERS—THIS KILLS MILITARISM



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HANDS 'ROUND THE WORLD



Alton Silliman

HANDS 'ROUND THE WORLD

The
**INTERNATIONAL
SOCIALIST REVIEW**

Vol. XVII

Edited by Charles H. Kerr

No. 9

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

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Killed Without Warning By the American Capitalist Class

By MARY E. MARCY

TODAY several hundred American newspapers and several million newspaper-reading sheep are raising their voices in hypocritical horror, in virtuous fury because the imperial German government has notified these United States that she has inaugurated a campaign of unrestricted submarine activity and destruction, in which she will seek to sink all vessels plying the seas in a prescribed war zone.

And we are not concerned personally with the causes of this German declaration. We workers own no ships nor stock in shipping companies; we own no cargoes and we have no money with which to travel about luxuriously from one European country to another. What we are interested in is whether or not the American working class shall lay down its tools and take up arms and go to war over the matter. What we want to know is whether it is

worth our while to load our young men upon ships and rush them to France to help slay the Germans or to meet death in an ice-watery grave in mid-ocean.

We are not admirers of the German government. We hold no brief for the power-mad Kaiser or the Prussian military caste. We believe the German government is the best *CAPITALIST* government on earth today because it is most efficient, most brutal, most skilled in turning workmen into brainless, spineless cannon fodder. But from the viewpoint of the *class conscious* workers, the German government is the worst government in the world because it is able to suppress almost all spirit of working class revolt. It has so thoroly disciplined and molded its workers into thoughtless, automatic slaves that one would as soon expect to find a heart in the breast of a Rockefeller as a spirit of rebellion among the German laboring classes.

But bear this in mind: the German government is the *envy* of every large capitalist in the world today; it is the ideal toward which all other capitalist governments are laboring, are bending all their energies. The capitalist classes of all other nations recognize in Germany a menace and a competitor in world trade and in world finance. Apparently Germany has also solved the problem of keeping her workers cowed and submissive, therefore the German military system must be duplicated at home if the capitalists of other nations are to win in the struggle for new foreign spheres of interest and hold those spheres they already possess. And the only way the capitalists of other nations can defeat the German ruling class is by adopting the German system and beating the German capitalist class at its own game.

During the past two years the largest newspapers in this country have carried on a systematic campaign for the greatest navy in the world, for an enormous army and universal military training. But the working class of America refused to be hoodwinked into submitting to this yoke and in spite of all the papers could accomplish the preparedness campaign fell flat.

But the capitalist class can put over almost *anything when the country is at war!* During the excitement, and stimulated, perhaps, by lies of barbarities, manufactured in newspaper offices, the government can force universal military service down our throats and lay the foundation of an obvious Imperialistic rule in which so-called democracy will yield to the mailed fist.

The American workers must be aroused on these points; they must be shown just what is proposed and what is about to happen. They must not be permitted to blindly put their heads into the noose. They must refuse to bear this intolerable burden that has brought about the reign of blood and terror in Europe. They must give the American capitalist class a warning in unmistakable terms that they *will not fight the battles of capitalism for profits*; that they will not go to war except to *fight in the interests of the workers of the world*.

All power lies in the hands of the working class. There can be no wars, no navy, no army, no munitions, or guns, no transportation or provender without the labor of the working class. The socialists and syndicalists in Europe had no program for

fighting and opposing war when war was thrust upon them by their respective governments. They had been either too blind or too weak to organize a *force to prevent war*, or, perhaps the men and women who actually understood the trend of Imperialism (the last and strongest form of capitalism) were too few in numbers to accomplish anything.

But the American workers can walk out of the mines, leave their engines, lay down their tools, put their hands in their pockets and go home, and thus *declare beyond any shadow of a doubt that they will not make war on any nation for the benefit of the profit-taking class of America!*

Coal and iron would cease going to mills and factories; wheels would stop revolving; where would there be found crews to run the trains, or coal to give them power?

Declare it from the housetops, you workers of America, that at the threat of war, you will put your hands in your pockets and go home and *stop the wheels of all industry*, until all danger of *universal military service being made into a law is passed*, until the thought of war is impossible.

Of course we know that it is "uncivilized," unchristian, inhuman and altogether devilish for one government to declare that it will destroy the lives of non-combatants at sea and send them to a horrible death.

But we workers remained calm when the Rockefeller hired murderers turned machine guns upon the poor homes of the Colorado miners, *without warning*, and killed, sleeping men, women and children.

The paid makers-of-public-opinion wail that Germany has insulted the flag, as though that flag had always represented peace and human liberty. But we can recall that the old Red, White and Blue floated over the bull-pens in Colorado when striking miners were herded together and illegally kidnapped and murdered at the will of the Colorado mine owners. It was in the name of law and order, and as the elected representatives of all the flag stands for, that two cowardly governors of West Virginia sent steel armored automobiles and machine guns against the striking miners, killing scores and scores of workmen *without warning*. And we workers did not go to war about that, nor talk about going to war.

Because they are too profit-mad to put in safety devices, tens of thousands of rail-



MINERS' WIVES AND CHILDREN WERE SHOT WITHOUT WARNING AT LUDLOW COL., U. S. A.

road men are killed on their jobs annually *without warning* in the "Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave," and nobody ever heard a capitalist wanting to go to war over it. They don't even go to jail for it. No paid editorial disease even thought about demanding preparedness to prevent the needless deaths of these workers.

Here in Chicago over a thousand young men and women went to their deaths in a boat at the Chicago docks, two years ago, *without warning* because the shipping company systematically overloaded a dangerous bottom for a few paltry dollars. And four or five years ago several hundred miners lost their lives *without warning* in the

Cherry mine disaster because the mine operators would not spend the money to make the mines safe.

And we workers just go out and gather up our dead and go back to our jobs—and don't go to war over it, or think of going to war over it.

The imperial German government has warned these United States that the leisure-class American public which seeks to cross the Atlantic will be blown to a sudden death by German submarines, and many American workingmen have signified their desire to go over and lick the Germans for it.

But have they so soon forgotten the authorities of Everett, Washington, who,

without any warning, on November 5th, lined up on the docks and killed five unarmed workmen and wounded thirty-one more by firing into a group of members of the I. W. W. who were going into Everett in the steamer Verona, entirely within their legal rights, to establish the right of free speech and organization, supposed to be the heritage of every "sovereign American citizen."

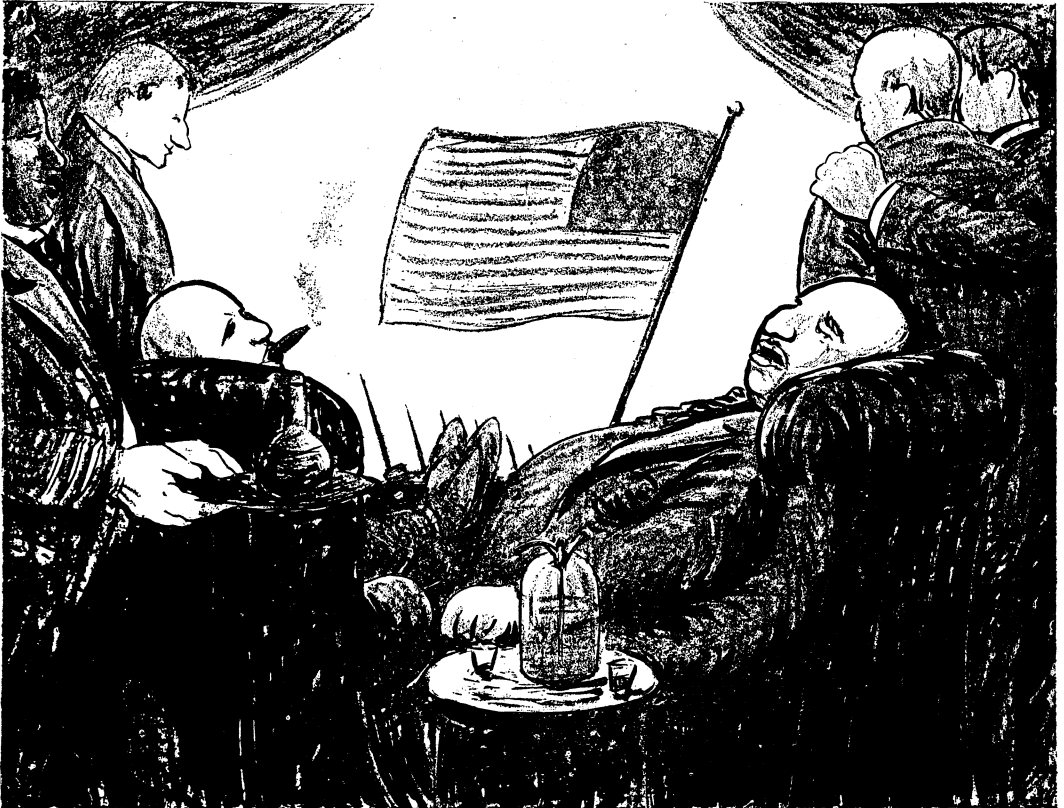
Scarcely a week passes that somewhere in this broad land the capitalist class does not murder workmen and women by their refusal to spend a few dollars from their dividends for safety devices, or when the servants of this class do not shoot down *without warning*, workers who are trying to secure a little more of their own products.

The Washington Lumber Trust killed

American workers *without warning*; the German imperial government *warns* us that it means to kill a few members of the parasitical, travel-indulging, American exploiting class; to destroy a few cargoes owned by this non-producing, product-grabbing class.

The Washington slaughter, the Eastland drownings, the four hundred Cherry mine murders, the Hancock, West Virginia, Colorado, Bayonne, Lawrence, Patterson killings, were, *are—our* fight, the fight of the working class; the German murders-to-be are the affair of America's capitalist class, the *one deadly, ever-present enemy* of the American working class.

We are not pacifists. We believe in *war*, but war upon the enemy of our own class—Capitalism!



From the Masses—

WHADDAYE MEAN "OUR BOYS"?

"Our Boys! I tell you what, there's nobody in the world like 'em"

The Apostate

By JACK LONDON

“IF YOU don't git up, Johnny, I won't give you a bite to eat!”

The threat had no effect on the boy. He clung stubbornly to sleep, fighting for its oblivion as the dreamer fights for his dream. The boy's hands loosely clenched themselves, and he made feeble, spasmodic blows at the air. These blows were intended for his mother, but she betrayed practiced familiarity in avoiding them as she shook him roughly by the shoulder.

“Lemme 'lone!”

It was a cry that began, muffled, in the deeps of sleep, that swiftly rushed upward, like a wail, into passionate belligerence, and that died away and sank down into an inarticulate whine. It was a bestial cry, as of a soul in torment, filled with infinite protest and pain.

But she did not mind. She was a sad-eyed, tired-faced woman, and she had grown used to this task, which she repeated every day of her life. She got a grip on the bedclothes and tried to strip them down; but the boy, ceasing his punching, clung to them desperately. In a huddle at the foot of the bed, he still remained covered. Then she tried dragging the bedding to the floor. The boy opposed her. She braced herself. Hers was the superior weight, and the boy and the bedding, the former instinctively following the latter in order to shelter against the chill of the room that bit into his body.

As he toppled on the edge of the bed it seemed that he must fall head-first to the floor. But consciousness fluttered up in him. He righted himself and for a moment perilously balanced. Then he struck the floor on his feet. On the instant his mother seized him by the shoulders and shook him. Again his fists struck out, this time with more force and directness. At the same time his eyes opened. She released him. He was awake.

“All right,” he mumbled.

She caught up the lamp and hurried out, leaving him in darkness.

“You'll be docked,” she warned back to him.

He did not mind the darkness. When he had got into his clothes he went out into the kitchen. His tread was very heavy for so thin and light a boy. His legs dragged with their own weight, which seemed unreasonable because they were such skinny legs. He drew a broken-bottomed chair to the table.

“Johnny!” his mother called sharply.

He arose as sharply from the chair, and, without a word, went to the sink. It was a greasy, filthy sink. A smell came up from the outlet. He took no notice of it. That a sink should smell was to him part of the natural order, just as it was a part of the natural order that the soap should be grimy with dish-water and hard to lather. Nor did he try very hard to make it lather. Several splashes of the cold water from the running faucet completed the function. He did not wash his teeth. For that matter he had never seen a toothbrush, nor did he know that there existed beings in the world who were guilty of so great a foolishness as tooth-washing.

“You might wash yourself wunst a day without bein' told,” his mother complained.

She was holding a broken lid on the pot as she poured two cups of coffee. He made no remark, for this was a standing quarrel between them, and the one thing upon which his mother was hard as adamant. “Wunst” a day it was compulsory that he should wash his face. He dried himself on a greasy towel, damp and dirty and ragged, that left his face covered with shreds of lint.

“I wish we didn't live so far away,” she said, as she sat down. “I try to do the best I can. You know that. But a dollar on the rent is such a savin', an' we've more room here. You know that.”

He scarcely followed her. He had heard it all before, many times. The range of her thought was limited, and she was ever harking back to the hardship worked upon them by living so far from the mills.

“A dollar means more grub,” he remarked sentimentously. “I'd sooner do the walkin' an' git the grub.”

He ate hurriedly, half-chewing the bread and washing the unchewed chunks down

with coffee. The hot and muddy liquid went by the name of coffee. Johnny thought it was coffee—and excellent coffee. That was one of the few of life's illusions that remained to him. He had never drunk real coffee in his life.

In addition to the bread there was a small piece of cold pork. His mother refilled his cup with coffee. As he was finishing the bread, he began to watch if more was forthcoming. She intercepted his questioning glance.

"Now, don't be hoggish, Johnny," was her comment. "You've had your share. Your brothers an' sisters are smaller'n you."

He did not answer the rebuke. He was not much of a talker. Also, he ceased his hungry glancing for more. He was uncomplaining, with a patience that was as terrible as the school in which it had been learned. He finished his coffee, wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, and started to rise.

"Wait a second," she said hastily. "I guess the loaf can stand you another slice—a thin un."

There was legerdemain in her actions. With all the seeming of cutting a slice from the loaf for him, she put loaf and slice back in the bread-box and conveyed to him one of her own two slices. She believed she had deceived him, but he had noted her sleight-of-hand. Nevertheless, he took the bread shamelessly. He had a philosophy that his mother, what of her chronic sickness, was not much of an eater anyway.

She saw that he was chewing the bread dry, and reached over and emptied her coffee cup into his.

"Don't set good somehow on my stomach this morning," she explained.

A distant whistle, prolonged and shrieking, brought both of them to their feet. She glanced at the tin alarm-clock on the shelf. The hand stood at half-past five. The rest of the factory world was just arousing from sleep. She drew a shawl about her shoulders, and on her head put a dingy hat, shapeless and ancient.

"We've got to run," she said, turning the wick of the lamp and blowing down the chimney.

They groped their way out and down the stairs. It was clear and cold, and Johnny shivered at the first contact with the outside air. The stars had not yet begun to pale

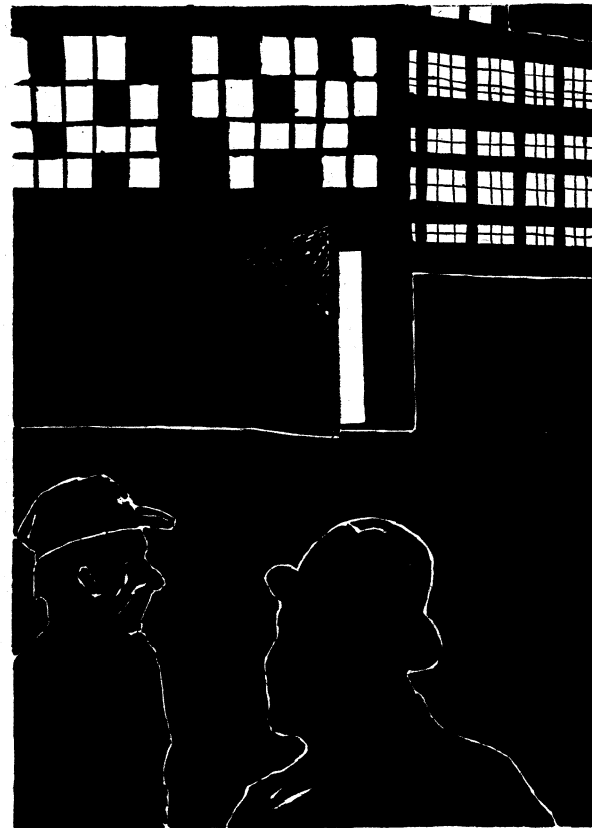
in the sky, and the city lay in blackness. Both Johnny and his mother shuffled their feet as they walked. There was no ambition in the leg muscles to swing the feet clear of the ground.

After fifteen silent minutes, his mother turned off to the right.

"Don't be late," was her final warning from out of the dark that was swallowing her up.

He made no response, steadily keeping on his way. In the factory quarter, doors were opening everywhere, and he was soon one of a multitude that pressed onward through the dark. As he entered the factory gate the whistle blew again. He glanced at the east. Across a ragged skyline of housetops a pale light was beginning to creep. This much he saw of the day as he turned his back upon it and joined his work-gang.

He took his place in one of many long row machines. Before him, above a bin filled with small bobbins, were large bobbins revolving rapidly. Upon these he



wound the jute-twine of the small bobbins. The work was simple. All that was required was celerity. The small bobbins were emptied so rapidly, and there were so many large bobbins that did the emptying that there were no idle moments.

He worked mechanically. When a small bobbin ran out he used his left hand for a brake, stopping the large bobbin and at the same time, with thumb and forefinger, catching the flying end of twine. Also, at the same time, with his right hand, he caught up the loose twine-end of a small bobbin. These various acts with both hands were performed simultaneously and swiftly. Then there would come a flash of his hands as he looped the weaver's knot and released the bobbin. There was nothing difficult about the weaver's knot. He once boasted he could tie them in his sleep. And for that matter, he sometimes did, toiling centuries long in a single night at tying an endless succession of weaver's knots.

Some of the boys shirked, wasting time and machinery by not replacing the small bobbins when they ran out. And there was

an overseer to prevent this. He caught Johnny's neighbor at the trick and boxed his ears.

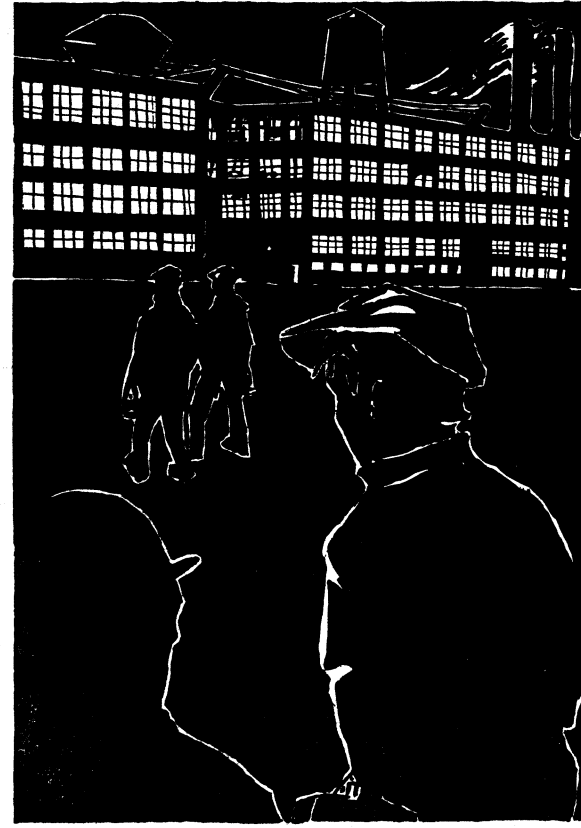
"Look at Johnny there—why ain't you like him?" the overseer wrathfully demanded.

Johnny's bobbins were running full blast, but he did not thrill at the indirect praise. There had been a time . . . but that was long ago, very long ago. His apathetic face was expressionless as he listened to himself being held up as a shining example. He was the perfect worker. He knew that. He had been told so, often. It was a commonplace, and besides it didn't seem to mean anything to him any more. From the perfect worker he had evolved into the perfect machine. When his work went wrong it was with him as with the machine, due to faulty material. It would have been as possible for a perfect nail-die to cut imperfect nails as for him to make a mistake.

And small wonder. There had never been a time when he had not been in intimate relationship with machines. Machinery had almost been bred into him, and at any rate he had been brought up on it. Twelve years before, there had been a small flutter of excitement in the loom-room of this very mill. Johnny's mother had fainted. They stretched her out on the floor in the midst of the shrieking machines. A couple of elderly women were called from their looms. The foreman assisted. And in a few minutes there was one more soul in the loom-room than had entered by the doors. It was Johnny, born with the pounding, crashing roar of the looms in his ears, drawing with his first breath the warm, moist air that was thick with flying lint. He had coughed that first day in order to rid his lungs of the lint; and for the same reason he had coughed ever since.

The boy alongside of Johnny whimpered and sniffed. The boy's face was convulsed with hatred for the overseer who kept a threatening eye on him from a distance; but every bobbin was running full. The boy yelled terrible oaths into the whirling bobbins before him; but the sound did not carry half a dozen feet, the roaring of the room holding it in and containing it like a wall.

Of all this Johnny took no notice. He had a way of accepting things. Besides, things grow monotonous by repetition, and this particular happening he had witnessed many times. It seemed to him as useless



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Of all this Johnny took no notice. He had a way of accepting things. Besides, things grow monotonous by repetition, and this particular happening he had witnessed many times. It seemed to him as useless

to oppose the overseer as to defy the will of a machine. Machines were made to go in certain ways and to perform certain tasks. It was the same with the overseer.

But at eleven o'clock there was excitement in the room. In an apparently occult way the excitement instantly permeated everywhere. The one-legged boy who worked on the other side of Johnny bobbed swiftly across the floor to a bin-truck that stood empty. Into this he dived out of sight, crutch and all. The superintendent of the mill was coming along, accompanied by a young man. He was well dressed and wore a starched shirt—a gentleman, in Johnny's classification of men, and also, "the Inspector."

He looked sharply at the boys as he passed along. Sometimes he stopped and asked questions. When he did so he was compelled to shout at the top of his lungs, at which moments his face was ludicrously contorted with the strain of making himself heard. His quick eye noted the empty machine alongside of Johnny's, but he said nothing. Johnny also caught his eye, and he stopped abruptly. He caught Johnny by the arm to draw him back a step from the machine; but with an exclamation of surprise he released the arm.

"Pretty skinny," the superintendent laughed anxiously.

"Pipe-stems," was the answer. "Look at those legs. The boy's got the rickets—incipient, but he's got them. If epilepsy doesn't get him in the end, it will be because tuberculosis gets him first."

Johnny listened, but did not understand. Furthermore he was not interested in future ills. There was an immediate and more serious ill that threatened him in the form of the inspector.

"Now, my boy, I want you to tell me the truth," the inspector said, or shouted, bending close to the boy's ear to make him hear. "How old are you?"

"Fourteen," Johnny lied, and he lied with the full force of his lungs. So loudly did he lie that it started him off in a dry, hacking cough that lifted the lint which had been settling in his lungs all morning.

"Looks sixteen at least," said the superintendent.

"Or sixty," snapped the inspector.

"He's always looked that way."

"How long?" asked the inspector quickly.

"For years. Never gets a bit older."

"Or younger, I dare say. I suppose he's worked here all these years?"

"Off and on—but that was before the new law was passed," the superintendent hastened to add.

"Machine idle?" the inspector asked, pointing at the unoccupied machine beside Johnny's, in which the part-filled bobbins were flying like mad.

"Look's that way." The superintendent motioned the overseer to him and shouted in his ear and pointed at the machine. "Machine's idle," he reported back to the inspector.

They passed on, and Johnny returned to his work, relieved in that the ill had been averted. But the one-legged boy was not so fortunate. The sharp-eyed inspector haled him out at arm's length from the bin-truck. His lips were quivering, and his face had all the expression of one upon whom was fallen profound and irremediable disaster. The overseer looked astounded, as though for the first time he had laid eyes on the boy, while the superintendent's face expressed shock and displeasure.

"I know him," the inspector said. "He's twelve years old. I've had him discharged from three factories inside the year. This makes the fourth."

He turned to the one-legged boy. "You promised me, word and honor, that you'd go to school."

The one-legged boy burst into tears. "Please, Mr. Inspector, two babies died on us, and we're awful poor."

"What makes you cough that way?" the inspector demanded, as though charging him with a crime.

And as in denial of guilt, the one-legged boy replied, "It ain't nothin'. I jes' caught a cold last week, Mr. Inspector, that's all."

In the end the one-legged boy went out of the room with the inspector, the latter accompanied by the anxious and protesting superintendent. After that monotony settled down again. The long morning and the longer afternoon wore away and the whistle blew for quitting-time. Darkness had already fallen when Johnny passed out through the factory gate. In the interval the sun had made a golden ladder of the sky, flooded the world with its gracious warmth, and dropped down and disappeared in the west behind a ragged sky-line of house-tops.

Supper was the family meal of the day

—the one meal at which Johnny encountered his younger brothers and sisters. It partook of the nature of an encounter, to him, for he was very old, while they were distressingly young. He had no patience with their excessive and amazing juvenility. He did not understand it. His own childhood was too far behind him. He was like an old and irritable man, annoyed by the turbulence of their young spirits that was to him arrant silliness. He glowered silently over his food, finding compensation in the thought that they would soon have to go to work. That would take the edge off of them and make them sedate and dignified—like him. Thus it was, after the fashion of the human, that Johnny made of himself a yardstick with which to measure the universe.

During the meal his mother explained in various ways and with infinite repetition that she was trying to do the best she could; so that it was with relief, the scant meal ended, that Johnny shoved back his chair and arose. He debated for a moment between bed and the front door, and finally went out the latter. He did not go far. He sat down on the stoop, his knees drawn up and his narrow shoulders drooping forward, his elbows on his knees and the palms of his hand supporting his chin.

As he sat there he did no thinking. He was just resting. So far as his mind was concerned it was asleep. His brothers and sisters came out, and with other children played noisily about him. An electric globe on the corner lighted the frolics. He was peevish and irritable, that they knew; but the spirit of adventure lured them into teasing him. They joined hands before him, and, keeping time with their bodies, chanted in his face weird and uncomplimentary doggerel. At first he snarled curses at them—curses he had learned from the lips of various foremen. Finding this futile, and remembering his dignity, he relapsed into dogged silence.

His brother Will, next to him in age, having just passed his tenth birthday, was the ringleader. Johnny did not possess particularly kindly feelings toward him. His life had early been embittered by continual giving over and giving way to Will. He had a definite feeling that Will was greatly in his debt and was ungrateful about it. In his own play time, far back in the dim past, he had been robbed of a large part of

that playtime by being compelled to take care of Will. Will was a baby then, and then, as now, their mother had spent her days in the mills. To Johnny had fallen the part of little father and little mother as well.

Will seemed to show the benefit of the giving over and the giving way. He was well-built, fairly rugged, as tall as his elder brother and even heavier. It was as though the life-blood of the one had been diverted into the other's veins. And in spirits it was the same. Johnny was jaded, worn out, without resilience, while his younger brother seemed bursting and spilling over with exuberance.

The mocking chant rose louder and louder. Will leaned closer as he danced, thrusting out his tongue. Johnny's left arm shot out and caught the other around the neck. At the same time he rapped his bony fist to the other's nose. It was a pathetically bony fist, but that it was sharp to hurt was evidenced by the squeal of pain it produced. The other children were uttering frightened cries, while Johnny's sister, Jennie, had dashed into the house.

He thrust Will from him, kicked him savagely on the shins, then reached for him and slammed him face downward in the dirt. Nor did he release him till the face had been rubbed into the dirt several times. Then the mother arrived, an anemic whirlwind of solicitude and maternal wrath.

"Why can't he leave me alone?" was Johnny's reply to her upbraiding. "Can't he see I'm tired?"

"I'm as big as you," Will raged in her arms, his face a mess of tears, dirt and blood. "I'm as big as you now, an' I'm goin' to git bigger. Then I'll lick you—see if I don't."

"You ought to be to work, seein' how big you are," Johnny snarled. "That's what's the matter with you. You ought to be to work. An' it's up to your ma to put you to work"

"But he's too young," she protested. "He's only a little boy."

"I was younger'n him when I started to work."

Johnny's mouth was open, further to express the sense of unfairness that he felt, but the mouth closed with a snap. He turned gloomily on his heel and stalked into the house and to bed. The door of his room was open to let in warmth from the

kitchen. As he undressed in the semi-darkness he could hear his mother talking with a neighbor woman who had dropped in. His mother was crying, and her speech was punctured with spiritless snuffles.

"I can't make out what's gittin' into Johnny," he could hear her say. "He didn't use to be this way. He was a patient little angel."

"An' he is a good boy," she hastened to defend. "He's worked faithful, an' he did go to work too young. But it wasn't my fault. I do the best I can, I'm sure."

Prolonged sniffing from the kitchen, and Johnny murmured to himself as his eyelids closed down, "You betcher life I've worked faithful."

The next morning he was torn bodily by his mother from the grip of sleep. Then came the meager breakfast, the tramp through the dark, and the pale glimpse of day across the housetops as he turned his back on it and went in through the factory gate. It was another day, of all the days, and all the days were alike.

And yet there had been variety in his life—at the times he changed from one job to another, or was taken sick. When he was six he was little mother and father to Will and the other children still younger. At seven he went into the mills winding bobbins. When he was eight he got work in another mill. His new job was marvelously easy. All he had to do was to sit down with a little stick in his hand and guide a stream of cloth that flowed past him. This stream of cloth came out of the maw of a machine, passed over a hot roller, and went on its way elsewhere. But he sat always in the one place, beyond the reach of daylight, a gas-jet flaring over him, himself part of the mechanism.

He was very happy at that job, in spite of the moist heat, for he was still young and in possession of dreams and illusions. And wonderful dreams he dreamed as he watched the steaming cloth streaming endlessly by. But there was no exercise about the work, no call upon his mind, and he dreamed less and less, while his mind grew torpid and drowsy. Nevertheless, he earned two dollars a week, and two dollars represented the difference between acute starvation and chronic underfeeding.

But when he was nine he lost his job. Measles was the cause of it. After he recovered he got work in a glass factory. The

pay was better, and the work demanded skill. It was piece-work, and the more skillful he was the bigger wages he earned. Here was incentive. And under this incentive he developed into a remarkable worker.

It was simple work, the tying of glass stoppers into small bottles. At his waist he carried a bundle of twine. He held the bottles between his knees so that he might work with both hands. Thus, in a sitting position and bending over his own knees, his narrow shoulders grew humped and his chest was contracted for ten hours each day. This was not good for the lungs, but he tied three hundred dozen bottles a day.

The superintendent was very proud of him, and brought visitors to look at him. In ten hours three hundred dozen bottles passed through his hands. This meant he had attained machine-like perfection. All waste movements were eliminated. Every motion of his thin arms, every movement of a muscle in the thin fingers, was swift and accurate. He worked at high tension, and the result was that he grew nervous. At night his muscles twitched in his sleep, and in the daytime he could not relax and rest. He remained keyed up and his muscles continued to twitch. Also he grew sallow and his lint-cough grew worse. Then pneumonia laid hold of the feeble lungs within the contracted chest, and he lost his job in the glass-works.

Now he had returned to the jute-mills where he had first begun with winding bobbins. But promotion was waiting for him. He was a good worker. He would next go on the starcher, and later he would go into the loom-room. There was nothing after that except increased efficiency.

The machinery ran faster than when he had first gone to work, and his mind ran slower. He no longer dreamed at all, though his earlier years had been full of dreaming. Once he had been in love. It was when he first began guiding the cloth over the hot roller, and it was with the daughter of the superintendent. She was much older than he, a young woman, and he had seen her at a distance only a paltry half dozen times. But that made no difference. On the surface of the cloth stream that poured past him, he pictured radiant future wherein he performed prodigies of toil, invented miraculous machines, won to the mastership

(Continued on page 558)



drawn by Harry Osborn
From the Masses—

Christian Patriot, will you call on your God to help you when your country goes to war?

WHOSE WAR?

By FRANK BOHN

THIS war is a fight between medieval aristocratic Germany and modern capitalistic France, England and Italy. In London and Paris such old-fashioned aristocrats as still remain are at the beck and call of the capitalists. In Berlin the capitalists are at the beck and call of the Junkers. It is a war between the fifteenth century and the last quarter of the eighteenth century.

In this war I wish to see capitalism destroy monarchy and feudalism. That's why I want the Allies to win. That's why I want Germany to lose. After the defeat, Germany will develop a capitalist state—that is, a constitutional and liberal government. Then the German working class will have an opportunity to begin the development of a class-conscious labor movement.

At the beginning of the war I was very glad to see the English capitalists plunge in as they did. I didn't think they "had it in them." It was their job to lick Germany. I rejoice whenever the English and French capture a trench or a submarine. I rejoice because I wish to see the eighteenth century completely and forever wipe the fifteenth century off the map of Central Europe.

What About America?

On the day when everybody thought that America would be rushed into the war before sundown I went out to get an "extra." I got a copy of the New York Globe, an enthusiastic pro-ally paper which advocates war with Germany. On the front page, side by side with the patriotic speech of Senator Lodge, in which that bitter opponent of the Wilson

administration rushed to the support of the President, I found the story of the Bronx janitor which is printed below. On the second page, and right together again, were the news items concerning the re-

cruits for the navy and the report of the Consumers' League upon the condition of the New York waitresses. We print these four items just as they appeared in The Globe:

Washington, Feb. 7.—A remarkable situation developed in the Senate today when Senator Stone called up for action his resolution declaring that the Senate indorse the action of President Wilson in severing diplomatic relations with Germany.

The Democrats were shown to be badly split over the desirability of adopting the resolution, and the President found his most ardent supporter, during the debate, in the Republican leader of the upper house—Lodge of Massachusetts.

This peculiar situation was emphasized by the fact that Lodge has been Mr. Wilson's most frequent and bitter critic in international affairs, and report has had it that the White House was barred against him.

"May we remember that we are all Americans and that our first duty is to stand together in this controversy which has unhappily arisen with another nation."

In this language, and in other expressions equally emphatic, Senator Lodge—who is the ranking Republican member of the foreign relations committee—declared his support of the action of the President.

"Under the present conditions," he said, "party lines vanish, and any criticism of the past or any criticism of the present is silenced for me. When my country is in controversy with a foreign nation I can see for myself but one duty, and that is to stand by and support the recognized constitutional authority of the government."

NAVY PREPAREDNESS IS CALLED PLEASING

Washington, Feb. 7.—So long as no proven overt act is committed against American life at sea by Germany officials will continue to harbor some hope of avoiding a break.

Holding to this faint hope on the one hand, and pressing forward preparations for eventualities with the other, sums up the attitude of the administration. Preparations, however, are only a preliminary sort, such as the merest sort of prudence dictates.

They are only slight forerunners of what the government really could do and would do if war should come. Then the engine of preparedness would be speeded up to a pitch of almost inconceivable intensity.

Good reason exists for the belief that the navy has done much more in the way of getting ready than generally believed. The world over American ships have been directed to get themselves in readiness, and Secretary Daniels' report to the President that a great fleet of more than a score of battleships, with

BEATS HIS WIFE; KILLS HIMSELF

Janitor, Worried About Food for Children, Leaps From Roof After Attacking Wife

The high cost of living darkened all James Griffin's thoughts. How to feed and clothe his family of six on the wage of a Bronx tenement janitor tormented him. He was continually discussing it with his wife, Mary, a woman of forty, ten years his junior, and then he would grow heated and talk wildly and the children would cower away from him.

After the four children—Dorothy, seven; Mary, eight; Alice, ten, and Lawrence, thirteen—had gone to P. S. 40 this morning, Griffin went to his wife in their apartment at 1876 Clinton avenue, the Bronx, where he is janitor.

He struck her on the head with a hammer. She screamed and fell unconscious. Neighbors rushed in, but they could not hold him. He ran to the roof of the five-story tenement and leaped off.

He died as he was being borne from the ambulance into Fordham Hospital. His wife is unconscious from a fractured skull, and physicians at the hospital say she cannot recover.

The children were taken from school and to the Sixty-fifth Precinct police station, where they told their story. They were placed in charge of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

cruisers, destroyers, and other craft, are ready for instant duty on the Atlantic side has given a feeling of satisfaction.

NAVAL RECRUITS POUR IN THICK AND FAST

The officers in charge of the recruiting stations of the naval militia expressed themselves today as highly gratified at the number of applicants who are calling at the two stations and at the training ship Granite State, at the foot of West Ninety-seventh street.

A new station was opened today at 1906 Broadway, which will act in conjunction with the office opened Monday at 2299 Broadway. Lieutenants Moore and Mason are in charge.

Up to noon today fifteen applicants were directed to the Granite State for their physical examinations.

The naval militiamen who are on duty are working in relays at their different stations. The greater part of the force of the First Battalion, numbering about 650, report daily.

Albany, N. Y., Feb. 7.—That hundreds of restaurant proprietors in New York City are working their waitresses twelve and fifteen hours a day, that some of the women have to make "dates" with the male patrons of the place to be able to keep up with the pace, and that in some instances as many as twenty-three girls are piled in together in the same apartment because of the starving wages paid, are some of the contentions of the Consumers League made to the legislators today.

Copies of the league's report, made after an exhaustive study of the conditions in New York, were sent to the legislature to aid the passage of a bill introduced today by Senator Ross Graves of Buffalo and Assemblyman Robert McC. Marsh of Manhattan.

The bill proposes to place the waitresses under the present fifty-four-hour mercantile law. The report points out the selfish care exercised by the restaurant proprietors, the employers of female labor, to get "pretty girls"—girls who are willing to slave all day and half the night for a paltry weekly wage of \$3. They look to the "tips" to boost the weekly stipend to an average of \$9. It seldom exceeds that and often falls far behind it.

"A few, to be sure," says the league, "can afford apartments of their own, but as a whole, their lot falls within the congested districts of the city. Confusion, overcrowding, dirt, lack of sunshine, air and privacy and unwholesome surroundings are only too common in their homes. The janitor of an east side tenement house says: 'A little while ago down in Third street there were twenty-three girls sleeping in two rooms. They'd put their mattresses down on the floor at night and pile them on top of each other in the daytime.'"

The girls must snatch a bite of food now and then, carry heavy trays, and rush about every moment. They get home at 10 and 11, do their own work, and must awaken at 5 or 6 to hurry to their employment. In many cases the waitresses pay for dishes broken and also for mistakes in orders. The girls are driven to encourage the tipping system.

"The girls need the money," says the report, "and they work for it, partly for good service and partly by adopting an intimate personal tone toward their men customers. This leads naturally to familiarity on the man's part and establishes a personal relation between them. Most of the girls quite frankly admit making dates with strange men. In one restaurant a woman was pointed out in incredulous admiration by the other waitresses. 'Her husband has been dead four years and she hasn't gone out with a man yet,' they said. These dates are made with no thought on the part of the girl beyond getting a good time which she cannot afford herself, but the outcome is often a tragedy."

Oh, Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson! Do you expect that janitor's wife to join the Navy League? Are you asking the janitor's four children to rally round the flag and sing the 'Star-Spangled Banner'? Do we hear you inviting the

twenty-three waitresses who get three dollars a week for fourteen hours a day, who eat the scraps that other people leave, and sleep huddled together on the floors of their two rooms—do you expect those waitresses to become Red Cross nurses and take care of the men who invite them out nights for the price of their calico dresses?

Not the Workers' War

Let a mighty shout ring from coast to coast—THIS IS NOT THE WORKERS' WAR. It is a war of owning, ruling classes. Let them fight their own war. They have been shouting for militarism and war, they have been beating the drums of "preparedness" ever since August, 1914. Now let them go and have their fill of it. Vincent Astor is an officer in the naval reserve. Fine! Put Vincent Astor on a cruiser and let him go to chase German submarines in the English channel. The Harvard students organized a regiment last year. Let that Harvard regiment go to war and lie in the freezing mud of the trenches! Let them "charge bayonets" at midnight among the rotting bodies between the battle lines! Let the mouthy shouters for war find out what war is! The United States could not possibly arm and equip more than a million men the first year of a war with Germany. Very well! We can spare a million parasites. Let every lawyer who can pass muster be enlisted. Let every college professor who doesn't know he is a slave get into khaki. There are at least a half million sons of the rich who are totally unfit to do a tap of work. Put them under regular army officers. Drill them until they are as hard as nails. Then send them over as fast as the ships can take them, to beat the stuffing out of Germany. We won't put a straw in their way. We shall not envy them their glory. Indeed, we wish them complete victory over the hosts of the Kaiser.

Officers and Dog-Soldiers

Theodore Roosevelt has asked to be made a major-general. His son, Theodore, junior, has just been appointed a major of reserves. Those Harvard students, who have been dancing around in uniforms for a couple of hours a week, all want to be officers. They wish to carry ten-ounce swords and COMMAND the

workers, who enlist as dog-soldiers, to carry fifty-pound packs on their backs. Those lily-fingered sons of the rich are going to ride on horses and lead the slaves who tramp in the mud.

Get Busy

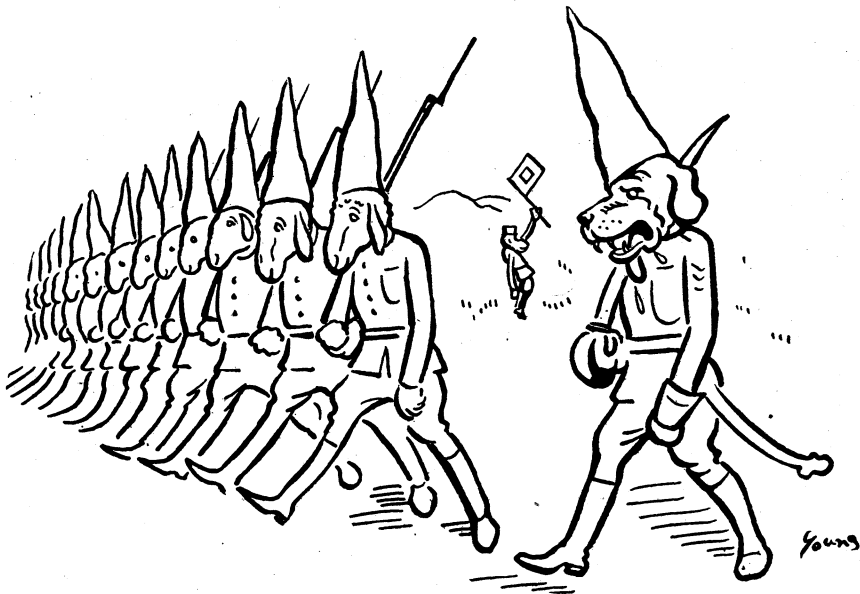
Start the hue and cry. NO WORKERS FOR BUZZARD BAIT. Let not a worker enlist because all are needed at home in the industries. Don't make fool attacks on the flag and get yourselves sewed up in jails. Tell the capitalists to rally round the flag and beat Germany. Say that there is honor and glory for them in war. Urge upon your audience from the soap boxes that those who have the money and the lands and the beautiful houses and the fine clothes certainly ought to get all the honor and the glory to be had.

More Wages

The Analyst, the financial supplement of the New York Times, in a most careful analytical statement, declares that from January 1, 1915, to January 1, 1916, the average cost of twenty-five articles of food rose 38 per cent. But the average wage of 500,000 workers, which it tabulates, rose 13 per cent. If we are to go to war with Germany the first thing we must demand of the capitalist govern-

ment is that it force the increase of wages as much as the cost of living has increased. If wages do not go up 25 per cent all the way around, the workers will not be strong enough to make the munitions of war, to dig the coal to run the railroads. We must demand this out of pure patriotism. Nothing will be so important while the capitalists, and the lily-fingers generally, are over fighting the Germans as to put our industries up to the highest point of production. Nothing decreases production so much as starvation wages. Hence, prepare to support the government by calling general strikes in all the industries which do not at once put up wages 25 per cent. Let that be our share in supporting the war.

If you should find a working man who thinks of enlisting, don't be angry with him. Don't sneer at him. Sit down quietly and prove to him that he is a fool; a deaf, dumb and blind ignoramus; a sucker who is willing to go and die for a country that has reduced his wages 25 per cent while his masters made twenty billions of dollars out of war prices. If he insists upon going to war, at least persuade him that he is not a man but a jackass and ought to sell himself for a hundred dollars to help pull the army wagons.



From the Masses

It Is Up to YOU

From Committee on Industrial Relations

By DANTE BARTON

IF EVER "Eternal vigilance" was "the price of liberty," that warning is true for the American workingman now. With the attention of all persons distracted by the threat of war, the American workers face a greater and more imminent danger than that of war with any foreign power. There is not one chance in ten million that any invading soldier will set foot on American soil, but there is every chance that a system of domestic tyranny will be fastened upon American industrialists while preparations are making to resist a possible foe three thousand or six thousand miles away.

Conscription, compulsion and constabularies threaten to be the three Fates hereafter for workers whose Destinies were promised to be liberty, equality and fraternity.

Powerful interests that seek every pretext for fastening their power more firmly on workers have already set in motion in Federal and State jurisdictions the instruments for making the workingmen and women of the United States a docile, servile and helpless class.

They would stamp every worker as "lawless" and "criminal" if he unites with other workers in the use of the strike, the only weapon available to the worker for industrial justice.

They are pushing in Albany, New York, a bill for a State constabulary, an organization having no possible relation to war, but designed to club and shoot American workingmen, precisely as it has been used to club and shoot American workingmen in Pennsylvania.

In the Missouri legislature there is pending a bill that baldly and boldly turns over the police power of the state to railroad corporations, and compels the Governor of the State to license any number of "special officers" to be armed and paid by railroad corporations for "the protection and safety of all property and interest of such common carriers." As many of these "deputies" must be licensed and placed at the disposal of the railroads as their general managers apply for. These two are only examples.

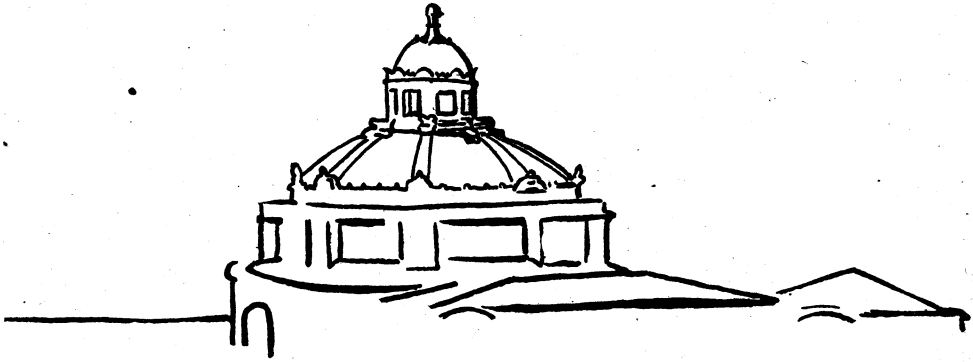
A bitterly prejudiced prosecution of labor leaders is proceeding in San Francisco. In the State of Washington the trial of seventy-four other labor leaders has been set for March 5 in a prosecution founded on the monstrous proposition that the friends and associates of the several other workers who were killed in Everett by a disorderly mob of Commercial Club men, sheriffs, deputies and lumber mill guards deserve death because their friends were killed.

There was not even a threat of war, except as men like Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Elihu Root threatened it, when the State of New York, fifteen months ago, accepted a gift of an armored train of cars and an armored aeroplane and forty armored motor cars from such friends of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Root as Elbert H. Gary and Henry C. Frick of the Steel Trust.

The Albany legislation for "Cossacks" was introduced by a son of a New York Central Railway director. In direct line with this, it will be observed that the same railroad interests which fight the eight-hour day are the same interests that seek to place the shackles of a lawless law upon the men who move the trains and upon all the workers in the nation's industries.

The patriotism and honor of the American labor movement have been proved in ten thousand ways. Through the president of the American Federation of Labor, it is now seeking to join hands with the labor movements of all lands in the tremendously patriotic service of ending the war among the already belligerent nations, and of preventing America's precipitation into that calamity.

The patience and strength of President Wilson in "keeping the country out of war" made their strongest appeal to the workers of America. The personal freedom and self-respect of American workmen and women, of all national ancestries, are one great element of real preparedness for any development of the national life. They are the one enduring fortification of American patriotism.



UNDER^{THE} GOLDEN DOME

By NINA LANE McBRIDE

THE Library of Congress is not only known as the most beautiful building in the world, but it is said to be the largest, the costliest and the safest library in the world. It was built at a cost of \$6,344,585.34. Exclusive of the cellar the total floor space is 326,195 square feet, or nearly eight acres. Both inside and out, the library is, in the main, in the style of the Italian Renaissance—derived, that is to say, from the architecture of the buildings erected in Italy during the period (roughly speaking, the fifteenth century) when the elements of classic art were revived and recombined in a Renaissance, or new birth, of the long-neglected models of Greece and Rome. The dome and lantern is the most conspicuous feature of the building, and the first to attract the attention of the visitor. The dome and domed roof of the lantern are sheathed with copper, over which, with the exception of the ribs of the dome, left dark to indicate their structural importance, is laid a coating of GOLD LEAF, 23 carats fine.

Photographs or word pictures fail to portray the beauty or richness of color of the interior of this building. An artist, who had traveled the world over and gathered impressions of the most beautiful architecture, stood in the Entrance Pavilion of this wonderful building and said, "To think that I should have had to come to America to find the most beautiful building in the world! It is almost beyond belief."

Every morning, before the day has reached the full dawn, a small army of poorly clad, shivering women, enter the marble halls of this magnificent edifice, and on hands and knees, with pails of water, soap and brushes, scrub, and rub, the matchless marble to keep it white and shining. Mops, in most cases, are taboo, and the women must crawl around on hands and knees, which are sore and swollen, or crippled with rheumatism from the wet and cold, aggravated by sores caused from the soap powder, and the dye from their wet skirts. It is not uncommon to see the skin peel off the knees when the stockings are removed, neither is it uncommon for horrible sores to appear, only to be made worse from constant irritation by the soap powder and the rubbing of the stockings, and frequently women are forced to take to their beds on account of this condition. A few women wear pads or plasters, but these soon get wet and are more often a nuisance than a help. Some even attempt to use small rugs, but in working their way back, as they scrub, lose the rug from under them, and in recovering it, lose time, which is valuable. The hands, like the knees, often become so sore that they bleed and leave bloody stains on the mop cloths as they are wrung from the water.

The combination of soap powder, marble floors and water wears both clothes and shoes so rapidly that to replace them is quite an item of expense to the women,

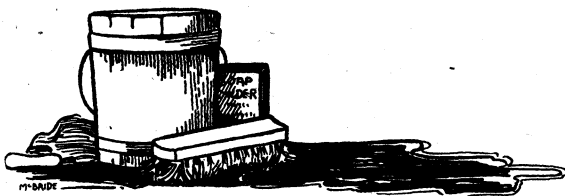
and second-hand stores, and even begging, is resorted to, to meet the condition.

Uncle Sam's underlings are inclined to be both haughty and severe in their treatment of the women. One woman, tubercular, with three small children to support, fainted on her way to work one morning, from exhaustion caused by lack of food. She was carried back to her home, and was unable to appear for work that day. The next morning when she returned for work she was told that in the future when she remained away on account of sickness she should get a doctor's certificate, or stay at home. The doctor's certificate would cost her \$2.

Her wages under the Golden Dome is \$20 per month.

If these women were to organize and strike for higher wages and better working conditions, a great army of unemployed, several hundred of whom are always on the waiting list for jobs, could be put to work on short notice. In the very shadow of the Golden Dome there are several hundred women who would gladly scab for the price of a loaf of bread for their babies, or some of the mush which Speaker of the House Champ Clark declared the people should eat more of to help solve the problem of the high cost of living.

The Golden Dome casts its shadow over a study in vivid contrast.



THE WAY OF WAR

Eleanor E. Carpenter

"My country needs me," so they said,
 And I believed it and marched away
 To music thrilled,
 And marshal tread,
 With heart throbs quick and shoulder straight,
 As duty called, I must obey;
 For "God and my country need me."

All young with hope, all joy and pride,
 The youthful flowers of all creation;
 With footsteps light
 And jauntly stride,
 We went our way midst throngs and cheers;
 A happy task to save the nation,
 And glad I felt my country needed me.

Then lightness turned to dark as down we went
 Like cattle before the cannon's roar
 In mangled heaps,
 And forms all bent,
 As shots and shells rained death around,
 For youthful flowers would bloom no more,
 And sad I felt my country needs me:
 From out a ditch of writhing flesh
 They kindly took all that was left
 Of me that once
 Was young and fresh,
 And bore me off to patch me up,
 To snatch a life from jaws of death,
 While knew I not my country's need of me.

"My country needs me" now no more say they,
 For arm and leg lie in the trench,
 So does my youth,
 And life so gay,
 And round I stump to ask a chance
 To keep the life war failed to quench,
 For now God nor my country need me.



A HAND FULL OF LUMBER JACKS

The Lumber Trust and Its Victims

By CHARLES ASHLEIGH

THE great Northwest! Land of snow-topped hills and fertile valleys; of the gray Puget Sound and timber-covered acres! This is the much-vaunted land of plenty, country of enterprise—the State of Washington.

Years ago, the first stalwart pioneers laid the foundation of a civilization which is now ripening to a maturity,—and, it would seem, a decay! The pioneers are gone and, in their place, are the mighty potentates who have come into power over the land: the emperors of lumber. Hundreds of thousands of acres of timber land have become the stage for the slow, grinding industrial drama of the exploitation of the army of slaves of the lumber companies. From myriad logging camps and a multitude of saw-mills flows an ever-increasing volume of fat profit into the gaping maw of the few who own the lumber industry. Along the shores of Puget Sound are a number of busy ports, the purpose of whose existence is the shipping of the lumber to all parts of the world.

And, in the “lower end” or “working-stiff

quarter” of every town upon the Sound you can see the producers of this tremendous wealth. Congregated on street corners, in pool halls, in the sitting-rooms of cheap “flop-houses” and in the “employment sharks’” offices are crowds of sturdy men, clad in the high, spiked shoes of the logger, heavy short flannel shirts and mackinaws; these are the human material which the lumber barons use for their enrichment.

The small towns on the Sound are in municipal vassalage to the lumber companies; the county administrations are carried in the vest pockets of the bosses. The proud and strutting mayors and sheriffs, judges and prosecutors, are but marionettes: dancing puppets which move jerkily and obediently as the master pulls the wires from behind the screen.

A land of which poets might sing: a land of broad-lined beauty and of such a richness of resources that a population a thousand times greater might live, every one of them, in the utmost plenitude.

But it is a land befouled. Over it lurks the giant lumber trust, like some great and



A HAND FULL OF LUMBER JACKS



I. W. W. HALL AT EVERETT, WASH.—WHERE' S THE CAT?

fearful dragon of fable, laying slavery upon the people, devouring men to satiate its fevered lust for profit. And the workers, in their camps where life is that of a dog, rather than of a man, in the shingle-mills where fingers and hands are given daily to the whirling saws and where wood-dust fills the lungs and kills thousands of victims with consumption—the workers did not for long dare to raise hand or voice against the ogre which towered threateningly above the land.

In the old story, you will remember, it was the young and blithe St. George who went out at last to give battle to the dragon. With shining armor and valiant song of battle the gallant knight rode forth to slay the beast that had been eating the flesh and drinking the blood of the people.

So, also, in these prosaic days, came a young knight, bold, debonair and singing, to lay low the dragon of Industrial Despotism in the land of timber, that the workers might be freed.

It was the Forest and Lumber Workers' Industrial Union of the of the I. W. W. that stood forth upon the great industrial stage of the Northwest and challenged the monster of profit. Fearless, militant, tireless in propaganda, the young organization sent out a ringing call to the workers in the logging camps to organize under the banner

of the One Big Union to gain higher wages, shorter hours, better camp conditions and, eventually, the control of industry.

When the monster recovered from his preliminary astonishment at this audacity, he began to consider and to plan. It was plain, thought the lumber bosses, that this pernicious agitation must no longer continue or profits—sacred, well beloved profits—would diminish. The lustily growing bloom of organization must be killed in the bud or, one of these days, we shall find ourselves stripped of our power and—we may have to work for our living!

In Everett, one of the principal nerve-centers of the lumber industry a big shingle-mill town and a busy lumber port, the lumber slaves were listening in increasing numbers and with growing attention to the propaganda of Industrial Unionism. The situation was sharpened by the strike in some mills of the shingle-weavers and by the very recent strike of the longshoremen. I. W. W. papers were selling readily; street meetings were attracting larger and larger crowds. Soon, in Seattle, was to take place the great conference of lumber workers of the Puget Sound country to consider plans of organization and tactics for a big drive in the logging camps. It was high time, decided the Lumber Monster, to check this before it became too late.



I. W. W. HALL AT EVERETT, WASH.—WHERE' S THE CAT?

So the wires were pulled and the official puppets started their frenzied dance. The regular police force of Everett was not sufficient—and perhaps not brutal enough—to fulfill to the required extent the desires of bosses. So the “citizens”—meaning those citizens who were either employers or hangers-on of employers—met in their Commercial Club and organized their now notorious “law-and-order” committee. McRae, the then Sheriff of Snohomish County, a willing servant of the timber octopus, promptly deputized these local “respectables.” Stars were given them, and arms, and they were ready for their appointed work.

Everybody has by now heard of the series of brutal assaults perpetrated upon workers in Everett, culminating in the bloody tragedy of November 5th. Two hundred and sixty workers on the steamer “Verona,” were subjected to a cross-fire from three points of ambush by the bodies of vigilantes, armed with high-power rifles, who were stationed on the docks. Five workmen were killed and many wounded. Two deputies also lost their lives, killed, it is believed, by the fire of another posse of their accomplices on the opposite pier. The men were all arrested in Seattle on the return of the “Verona” and, after a selective process dictated by the capacity of the Snohomish County Jail, seventy-four of their number were charged with the murder of the two deputies. Or, rather, one should say: charged with the murder of one of the two deputies. For, they were originally charged with the murder of C. O. Curtiss, but, when it came to light that Curtiss’s wound was evidently caused by a high-power rifle bullet, the charge was substituted by another accusing them of the murder of Deputy Jefferson Beard.

And so the next act of this grim drama of the uprising of Labor is to be staged in the Superior County court-room in Everett. There the men are to be tried—not for the murder of a deputy, but for their audacity in questioning the power of the lumber interests.

The dragon has not yet been conquered. Still, over the vast stretches of the timber country, looms the giant shadow of industrial tyranny. And it is hungry for these seventy-four knights of the great company of toilers who came, valiant and with song, to do battle with the swollen beast of profit. They had polished up their weapons, as did the brave St. George—their weapons were of the working class: their shield Solidarity, and their sword the General Strike. But the weapons of the masters are bullets and clubs and jails and the gallows! Which, O workers, shall prevail?

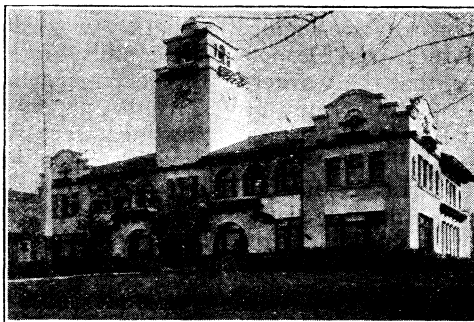
If Solidarity is something more than an empty mouthing these men will not be condemned. If there exists working-class loyalty, our class comrades will go free, once more to resume the only fight worth fighting. The first trial starts on March 5th. The hour draws near! Only the workers can help the workers!

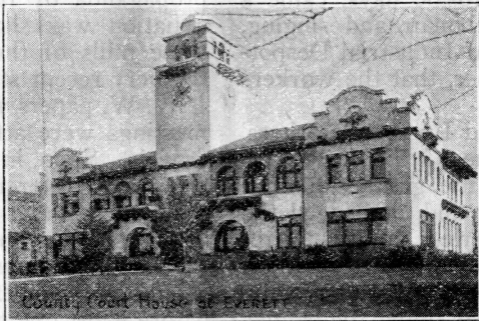
Workers, arouse! Seventy-four of our best and bravest are in danger! In the name of Solidarity and the Industrial Democracy!

* * * * *

Funds should be sent to Herbert Mahler, Secretary-Treasurer, Everett Prisoners’ Defense Committee, Box 1878, Seattle, Wash.

Send protests and demands for a congressional investigation and a fair trial for the men to President Wilson and to Governor Lister, Olympia, Wash. Act now!





County Court House of EVERETT

The State of the Socialist Party

By HENRY L. SLOBODIN

IN 1912, with three big parties bidding furiously for votes, with one of them bidding especially for Socialist votes by lifting almost bodily the Socialist program of immediate demand, the Socialist candidate for president received over 900,000 votes—901,032 is the exact number and not 815,934, as erroneously given in the last issue of the National Socialist Bulletin.

With these 900,000 votes tucked away safely under its belt, the Socialist party set out in 1912 with a great blare of trumpets on a vote-getting expedition that would bring it millions of votes. Ever since and every day of the 1,460 days between the election of 1912 and the election of 1916 the quest for votes was kept up.

Tremendous work! Tremendous results! When the vote of 1916 was finally counted, it was found that the Socialist candidate for president received less than 600,000. And of these there were many thousands of votes of women who did not at all vote in 1912. The result of four years' work of 120,000 organized Socialists is getting in 1916 a little over half of the vote of 1912.

Many Socialists are rubbing their eyes in unbelief. They stand aghast. They ask for the cause of this, what appears to them, sudden collapse of the Socialist vote.

War! It is the war! is the ready answer of the Socialist standpatter. Why not? The catastrophe of the war is so universal and its blight so far reaching that it very likely set back the hand of progress in this country as well. This explanation has the double merit of saving hard thinking and diverting the inquirer's attention from causes which are in his control to conditions utterly beyond his control.

Unfortunately for this explanation, the National Socialist Bulletin of January 13, 1917, publishes several tables of figures which show conclusively that the poison of disintegration began its work in the Socialist party long before the war broke out. We ask the reader to examine closely

the following table of the average membership of the Socialist party from 1903 to 1916:

1903	15,975
1904	29,763
1905	28,327
1906	26,786
1907	29,270
1908	41,751
1909	41,470
1910	53,011
1911	84,716
1912	118,045
1913	95,957
1914	93,579
1915	79,376
1916 (11 months)....	83,067

The table shows a remarkably steady and rapid growth of the membership during the ten years from 1903 to 1912. And then commences as rapid and steady decline, as if a blight struck the Socialist party. And the decline is still going on notwithstanding the show of increase in 1916 over 1915. Every presidential year shows an accelerated growth of membership due to greater agitation. This is followed by a reaction. And we believe that the present membership of the Socialist party is far below that of 1915.

The Socialist vote has not suffered a sudden shrinking in 1916. It began to shrink with the party membership in 1913. In 1916 there was no more concealing the fact, as the Socialist decline became a national instead of a local issue.

I know that this will be news to a great many Socialists. They will ask each other—What happened in 1912 or 1913 to the Socialist party that poisoned its body and spirit so as to make from a growing, lusty youth a shrinking, declining invalid?

Something has happened, and this something was pointed out by me and other Socialists for many years past. The Socialist party of 1903 was a party of promises. The Socialist party of 1913 was a party of fulfillment. And its fulfillment of 1913, the Socialist party showed a decided inclination to forget its promises of 1903.

In 1903 the Socialist party was a party of social revolution. It blazoned on its banner—We Demand the Overthrow of Capitalism and the Establishment of the Co-operative Commonwealth and No Compromise—and nailed its banner to the mast. It had not only the youthful ardor of achievement, but it also had the firm, nay, fanatical belief that the great achievement was immediately pending.

And therein lies the crux of the distinction between the theory of social revolution and the theory of social reform; between the revolutionist and the reformer; between 1903 and 1913.

Has the idea of impending social revolution, of coming of Socialism in our day, any foundation in solid fact, in the reality of social development, or is it simply mouthing and vapping of irrational and irresponsible agitators? For one can readily see that one's entire conception of the very nature of the Socialist movement is colored by the view one holds of the social revolution. For if the social revolution is not a thing of our making in our day; if the social revolution is something that may occur hundreds of years, perhaps a thousand years hence, then no rational person will plan or base his action with a view to the occurrence of an event so remote. In social events one can lay plans for our own time or for a generation or two to come. To attempt to project oneself further than that into the future would be vain. Reason refuses to follow phantasy into domains of the future so remote from us.

The fact that the idea of social revolution was part and parcel of the Socialist plans and programs of the last, say, thirty years, proved conclusively that the Socialists believed it to be an event of the very near future. And the perusal of the Socialist books, other than those turned out by American Socialists during the last few years, will convince the reader that the social revolution was a living faith, a near and approaching fact to the majority of the Socialists.

The course of the Socialist movement was molded accordingly. Nothing else mattered very much, seeing that a great social reconstruction was at hand. Reform? Yes. Immediate demands? Yes. But they were accepted as a creditor ac-

cepts interest on a debt which is about to become due.

And political action was viewed as the effort of the working class to seize the political power which will enable it to carry out its historic mission—the emancipation of the working class and the establishment of Socialism. Also as the best means of Socialist propaganda. Constructive legislation? Yes. But this no more satisfied the Socialists than reading the menu would satisfy a hungry man.

Imbued with this faith of the social revolution being right at hand and the tremendous role of the Socialist movement in this revolution, the Socialist party attracted thousands of young men and women, ardent for a struggle and full of the coming triumph.

Owing to causes which it is unnecessary here to discuss, other influences came to the front in the American Socialist movement, influences that were more than skeptical of the social revolution and which viewed the fanatical preachment of the same by its zealots sometimes with amusement, more often with contempt.

No one could question the sincerity and honesty of the Socialists of the new school of, as they called it, constructive Socialism. Their devotion to the cause could not be doubted. Yet as they came to the front, the Socialist movement came under the influence of Socialists whose antecedents and environment were anything but of proletarian character. Talk as they might about the great mission to the working class, the fact remained that they were not wage-earners and they could not have that abiding and ardent belief in the working class revolution which springs on the soil of the shop and factory only.

In the division between the revolutionists and the constructivists within the Socialist party, it so happened that almost all the emoluments of honor and profit fell to the constructivists. And it also happens that almost all the public emoluments of honor and profit that fall to the candidates of the Socialist party are gathered in by the constructivists. The revolutionists have for their share most of the abuse and derision in and outside of the Socialist party.

The national convention of 1912 showed that the constructivists were in

full control of the Socialist party. And they decided to assert their power. The idea of an impending social revolution, they considered as baseless and irrational and the talk of the revolutionists, as child prattle where it was not dangerous vapping. Yes, a change will come sometimes, but only by slow imperceptible degrees, a step at a time, and by legal means. The last thought was the most important. The constructivists rejected any and all action on the part of Socialists that was not strictly according to law. The violent protests of the revolutionists led them to believe that the two elements were irreconcilable and could not work together. The revolutionists had to be ousted.

In the national convention the revolutionists felt trouble. They were a minority of only one-third in the convention and they comported themselves accordingly. They yielded point after point until even the platform was reported unanimously. But the constructivists were determined to force the issue. After the committee on the constitution had reported, a motion was made from the floor to insert a clause ordering the expulsion of any party member advocating methods of emancipation of the working class that were not legal, and making "practical politics" a fundamental of Socialist tactics. This was carried by a two-third majority. This was the culmination of a policy that was calculated to destroy the faith of thousands of young and ardent Socialists in the efficacy of the Socialists' movement as a means of working class emancipation. The policy did its work splendidly. Between thirty and forty thousand of the best workers left the party in 1913. And the exodus continued and continues right along. Both members and voters are abandoning

the Socialist party. This is the direct result of the "practical politics" of the constructivists.

It is beside the point to argue that the constructivists meant it for the good of the party. There can be no doubt of that. This is immaterial. By their deeds shall you know them.

And where will it end? I have an abiding faith in the Socialist movement. For one reason, there is no place better, or even near as good, where a fighter for freedom can make his work count as the Socialist party. But the main foundation of my belief is that I am a Socialist and the practicaest of all practical men.

I am convinced, from scientific and historic data, that the social revolution is coming soon. Without that conviction I see no sense in being a Socialist. If Socialism is to come a thousand years from now, how do we know that it will come at all? At any rate, why bother? We might as well follow the advice of Tolstoy and commit suicide, because the sun will be extinguished some day and life on earth will become extinct, anyhow. You see, I am much more practical than my constructive friends. If I believed as they do, I would not be a Socialist.

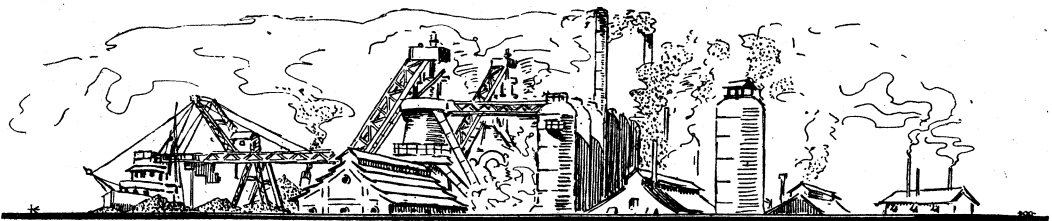
As a revolutionist, I also believe that the Socialist party will be the means of emancipating the working class. How? Always by education and organization. Sometimes by force. Eventually by both.

Force!

No living creature is born without the use of force. A chicken cannot come out of its shell without the use of force. And you expect a great social change to come peacably, imperceptibly? Oh, ye blind leaders of the blind!

But be of good cheer.

Some day the Socialist puppy will open its eyes.



Seeing Sarawak, in Borneo

Peculiar Customs of the Aborigines; Crude Housekeeping; "High Society" Costumes; Cheap Wives

By R. R. HORNBECK



A CAPTIVATING LAND DYAK

The scars are self inflicted, to enhance his beauty. The lower necklace is made of wild boars' teeth.

ON A SULTRY morning in June, a friend and I took passage from Singapore for Sarawak, the kingdom of adventurous Rajah Brooke. The boat was very small, and we were the only European passengers. Let me explain parenthetically that east of Suez all white people are "Europeans." The skipper and crew were Malays, but the chief engineer was a sandy, bewhiskered Scot. As fishing is the inevitable avocation and vocation of the Malay, since the pestiferous Westerners stamped out piracy in these parts, several fishing lines were constantly dangling from the sides of the boat, and we caught one beautiful fish over five feet long, which subsequently was served a la mode.

There was only one cabin in the boat, and we were assured before embarking that we could occupy it, but we found the chief engineer securely anchored within and so had to make shift on the bridge. My friend found a dirty hammock, while I located a

rickety steamer chair, and there we sat and there we slept, for three and a half days. The Malay at the wheel had the additional duty of ringing the watch bell, and every half hour, day and night, the chimes rang out from one to eight times. Now this bell was only about four feet from where we tried to sleep, so the reader may imagine, without further comment, what I think of this ancient custom of ringing the bell to keep the crew awake.

The route to Borneo lies between many tiny coral islands, lying so low in the water that they are partly or entirely submerged at high tide, and all we could see was a clump of trees seemingly growing right up from the ocean's depths.

Every morning the Malays would gather on deck and "shave." Now there are many ways to shave, I have learned since coming East. The Indians finish the operation by pulling the hairs out of nose and ears, while the Malays go them one better by pulling



A CAPTIVATING LAND DYAK

The scars are self inflicted, to enhance his beauty.
The lower necklace is made of wild boars' teeth.

all the hairs on the face. So we lay and watched the grimaces as an unusually stubborn hirsute appendage was plucked out with the aid of an ordinary pair of tweezers. My safety razor was a curiosity and elicited many expressions of disgust. Did I not have to shave daily and then cut only the tops off, while they entirely eradicated the pests for a week or more and no growth was ever visible on their faces?

The skipper had been to New York and hence was quite a prodigy to the crew. But as he had not penetrated further than Chinatown and the Bowery, he had a very hazy idea of the city of skyscrapers. The crew openly ridiculed my story of the Woolworth building and would not believe there was any building in the world higher than the 200-foot trees which are native to the jungles of Borneo. I was highly elated on being told by a Malay that it was simply wonderful how I could speak their language so well after only two years' study, whereas they had for many years studied (?) English with no apparent success!

It was surprising how often they asked about the war. "Sir, which is stronger—England or Germany?" This question followed me everywhere I went in Borneo, and the listeners never wearied of the story. They said they wanted the war to stop, for food was becoming very high in Borneo. It is indeed remarkable what a pronounced influence the European war has on one of the most remote and primitive countries of the earth. In one town we visited all the Chinese coolies had refused to unload a few cases of goods for a Japanese merchant because of the demands China had been subjected to from Japan. And so the wealthy sons of Nippon had to roll up their sleeves and do their own dirty work.

The first stop in Borneo was at Rejang, about 450 miles from Singapore. This is a tiny fishing village at the mouth of the mighty Rejang river, and the white men seemed as much of a curiosity to the inhabitants as they were to us. The natives there are called Melanus and speak Malay. There is one Chinese Christian in town, whom we visited and were offered cigarettes and then watermelon, the latter of which we accepted and found barely fit for human consumption.

We proceeded up river for seventy miles to Sibiu, our destination, passing a few villages en route. The Rejang river is a mile

to a mile and half wide where we were, and narrows to a rushing, mighty mountain torrent a hundred miles farther up stream, where the steamers must stop and the traveler proceed past the rapids and waterfalls in long native boats which must frequently be carried overland to a higher stretch of the river. These dug-out boats are made of the trunks of tall jungle trees and are usually about sixty feet long.

The principal tribes of Sarawak are the Sea Dyaks and Land Dyaks. Many years ago the Land Dyaks forced the Sea Dyaks back from the sea into the jungle, and occupied their choicest territory, so that now the Land Dyaks dwell by the sea, while the Sea Dyaks inhabit the fastness of the jungle. These tribes have always been head hunters, but Rajah Brooke's government has taken vigorous measures to suppress this pastime. They are allowed to keep all old heads as heirlooms, but are prohibited to take new ones, and when they do this the government offers their heads to any Dyak who can take them, and then every other tribe in the country makes a rush to the offending tribe and annihilates it, keeping the heads as trophies. Nevertheless, there are frequent outbreaks among the Sea Dyaks, who retreat far up the Rejang river after taking the heads of their enemies. Then they cut the trunks of the tallest trees overhanging the river until they are just ready to topple over, and when the pursuers come along down crash the trees across the boats, killing or maiming most of the occupants, and the Dyaks who give the final shove rush into the jungle in high glee to relate their exploit to admiring females of the tribe.

The Dyaks are a hardy race and seek adventure and tests of prowess. Sometimes they meet an antagonist worthy of their mettle, as the following clipping from the official Sarawak Gazette will prove: "From up the river comes a story of great presence of mind on the part of a Malay. He was fishing with a 'jala' (casting net) in the river not far from the Sejijak and while stooping down was suddenly seized by the head by a crocodile. The intended victim was, however, not of the sort who gives in without a struggle, and he made his captor release him by digging at the brute's eyes with his fingers. The Malay afterwards had the wounds in his head attended to at Sejijak hospital and since then has been looking out for his assailant with a gun. He says he



A DYAK ART GALLERY

Every house has a collection of heads, and they are highly prized, as the Dyaks believe that the strength of a vanquished adversary passes to the victor.

wishes to 'bayar hutang'—which is to say, 'get his own back.'

At Sibu we met Mr. and Mrs. Hoover, missionaries there for thirteen years, and Mr. Brewster, a young missionary from Los Angeles. The Hoovers speak Tamil, Malay, Dyak and two dialects of Chinese, and are well known all over Sarawak. Sibu is the second largest town in Sarawak, having about 10,000 souls, mostly Chinese and Malays.

The day after our arrival we four men took Mr. Hoover's motor boat and proceeded six miles up river to visit a Dyak house. We anchored to a log at the bank of the river, and I remarked that no house or path to a house was in sight. Thereupon Mr. Hoover told us that we would have to wade a mile or so, it being high tide. Now such a trip held no terrors for me, for I had never tried it. We waded through bogs and undergrowth for over a mile, generally sinking to our knees. At the bottom of the "path" logs were placed lengthwise, and when our feet struck these and did not slip, they afforded considerable help. As the Dyaks are not burdened with clothing and

tread the logs daily, they splash along quite heedlessly.

It is not appropriate to ask how many houses or people there are in a Dyak "village," but how many doors. A settlement always consists of only one long house, raised on stout poles higher than a man can reach, the purpose being to prevent an attacking tribe from piercing the floor with knives or swords. The house is divided into small rooms, each having a door leading onto the long enclosed porch in front. It is impossible to enter or leave the building without traversing this porch. This is communistic enough to please most anyone.

There was a log leading into each end of the house before us, with notches for a toe-hold, and it must have been a circus to see us scrambling up those logs. The first inhabitants we met inside were a few razor-back hogs, some chickens and a mangy dog. Along the porch which ranged the entire length of the house were old brass cannon and sword and knives, with an occasional blunderbuss to recall revolutionary days in France or America, whence these are said to have been brought by early traders. And



A DYAK ART GALLERY

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then there were the smoked heads hanging from the ceiling, which are more highly prized by the Dyaks than in any other kingdom. They were taken in the good old days before the galling restraints imposed by a civilized administration, and we could not buy one of these heads at any price. "Why, sir, these were taken by our father, and if we lost them the evil spirits would bring death and desolation."

Besides, the Dyaks care nothing for money in itself and never keep it for any length of time. A man's wealth is measured by the number of jars and old crockery he has acquired, and his prowess by the number of heads he or his ancestors took and retained through succeeding wars. Each of the small rooms contained a collection of jars and crockery and brass trinkets, and these are jealously guarded. When the Dyaks swarmed about us I offered to buy most everything in sight, and got nothing—not even a pleasant smile. The women wear corsets made of small brass rings strung on bamboo and wound around their waist, and these are very highly prized. The woman whose corset extends the highest is the most admired of all, hence these rings are sought for assiduously. One woman whom we asked about her corset offered to buy one from us at any price we would name, and what could we reply to that? They told me frankly that if I took the corset I would have to take the contents (being the woman herself)—that the two always went together and were inseparable till death! But they very considerably asked no increase in price for the girl, and told me to take my choice of the assembly for six dollars.

Below the corset the women wear a skirt extending to the knees. They have no other clothing, but are invariably loaded with trinkets and gewgaws. In their ears and noses, and on their arms, wrists, fingers, legs, ankles, necks, and hair, is something that glitters and delights their eyes. Here I will explain that the currency of Sarawak is practically all copper cents, which are more than twice as large as American cents. The Dyaks buy all the silver coins for anklets, bracelets and belts, and a recent coinage of \$20,000 in silver disappeared like red lemonade at a country picnic. One dollar copper weighs two pounds, so a man would have some difficulty in carrying away \$100. It is the usual custom to pay all debts in coppers, which are rolled fifty in a package. Mr. Hoover received one debt of \$2,000 in

coppers and took it home in bullock carts, and in Borneo this is not considered a strange proceeding.

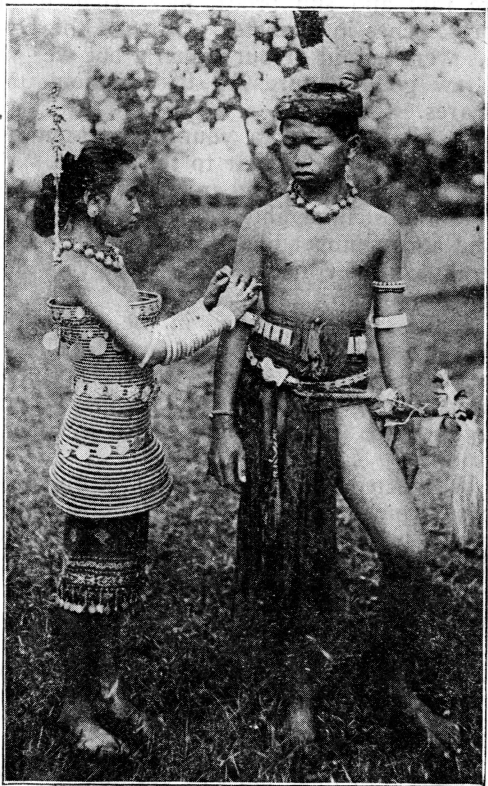
White men never carry money in town where they live; they write a promise to pay for every article bought at the market place, and the storekeeper must go to the house and have his pay counted out to him in coppers. One time Mr. Hoover took pay for some rice, the buyer giving him the money in a large sack holding about \$400. Before the sack arrived at home the package had all broken up, and a number of men had to be hired a half day to count and roll the coppers.

A short distance from the house we visited is a small grove of rubber trees which the government encouraged the Dyaks to plant. The women do all the work in caring for these trees, but judging by the condition of the field, this small plantation is not likely to yield rubber enough for the Detroit trade for some years yet. The Dyaks hunt and fish and find wild fruit for



SEA DYAK SWEETHEARTS

He may lose her if a rival gets a head first. A murderer is idolized if his victim belongs to another tribe.



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SPINNING THE THREAD

a livelihood. One tribe, the Sibus, makes baskets to sell to Europeans. This tribe occupies two houses near Sibü, and no baskets like theirs are made elsewhere in the world. I bought seven of the baskets and hats for a few cents. The hats they wear are rain and sun proof, measuring about forty inches in diameter. Most of the Dyaks were afraid of our camera, but we got a few good pictures by taking them un-awares.

In Sibü we saw a young orang-outang which was very similar to the human species in appearance and mimicry. Its cries were almost incredibly human and it would pout and whimper like a spoiled child. The Dyaks consider monkey and snake very delicious food, it is said.

While stamping letters in the post-office a Dyak asked us if the stamps were medicine to make them go! When they see Europeans taking outdoor exercise the Dyaks say they are "makan angin"—that is, eating wind.

We visited Mr. Davis and wife, missionaries from Kansas, who live twelve miles from Sibü. Mr. Davis took me on a ramble along the log paths through the jungle, where many of the trees are over one hundred feet to the first branch, although no larger at the base than a man's thigh. Numberless vines and parasitical growths were entwined among the branches, and I was told that it was quite impossible to cut down the trees singly, as they will not fall. An acre or so of them must be cut through the trunks, and then one of the largest is given a hard shove and the whole lot goes down

with a resounding crash. Mr. Davis conducts an industrial school and reformatory, where refractory Chinese and Dyak boys are made so tame that they will eat food from a plate, and are taught the rudiments of soil culture.

We found the Bornean pineapple sweeter and much larger than the Singapore variety. One grown near Sibü weighed 51½ pounds. The bananas are also very large and delicious, and one hundred of the choicest may be had for \$1.35.

As I wished to see Kuching, the capital and largest town of Sarawak, I left my friend in Sibü and proceeded alone. The English rajah, Sir James Brooke, lives here. He is now 88 years of age, but is vigorous and hearty and usually accompanies the war expeditions against the Sea Dyaks. He has a glass eye to replace the one jerked out by a limb while he was hunting. I saw him walking to his office, assisted by a Malay who carried an enormous yellow umbrella over him. His father ruled before him and his son will be the next rajah, Sarawak being absolutely independent of any nation. Kuching is a day's run from Sibü and on the Thal river. The principal place of interest is the museum.

On the return to Singapore we got a touch of the southwest monsoon, and this kept me in my cabin for over a day. But in spite of the hardships which have to be endured by travelers to Borneo, the trip is well worth the inconvenience and trouble, for those who wish to see children of nature who are wholly untrammled by the shackles of civilization.



SPINNING THE THREAD



THE ONCE OVER

By Militant

THE labor movement is built on sacrifice and force.

These are two of the most important elements entering into any effective, aggressive unit of working class organization.

When a labor organization is afraid to take a chance—when the members and officers hold back from a projected action because of the risk that they may lose what they already have—then that labor organization has begun to take on the character of a propertied class in human society.

The slogan then has become “Safety First.”

Nations, individuals, labor unions—each and all—are entering the shadow of the curse of degeneracy—they are losing the sap of power to hit and power to take punishment—whenever the slogan “Safety First” becomes dominant.

THE railroad brotherhoods—have they lost the meaning of sacrifice and force?

Is all memory gone from the Big Four of the struggles twenty, thirty and forty years ago? For the right to organize, for the right to hold meetings and take counsel together without losing their jobs and being outlawed?

Have repeated arbitrations, incessant tactics of talk and talk, taken away from the Big Four brotherhoods the power of action?

OUT of the trend of events suddenly leaped the threat of war for the United States. This was on Wednesday.

It came in the form of a note from Germany to the United States that unrestricted submarine warfare would be inaugurated in definite sea zones and the United States government was informed that: (1) It would be permitted only one boat per week to England, and (2) this lone boat must be painted with stripes of a certain color or it would be torpedoed. On Thursday this was a nation hanging by an eyelash to the precipice of war.

On Friday Warren S. Stone of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, speaking directly for his own organization and presumptively for the Big Four, announced that there would positively be no railroad strike; that all possible and projected action for the eight-hour day is halted and there is nothing doing. With this was stated a theory that the nation and the flag come first in importance and afterward come the interests of the railroad brotherhoods and the organized working class.

That the brotherhoods might use their mass power to enforce the nation's will on a group of fat, greedy railroad bankers and financiers, was not suggested. That the coal miners of Wales and the dock wallopers of England and Scotland were the splendid instruments by which the British nation compelled fat and greedy coal landlords and fat and greedy ship-owners to loosen their greedy fists and serve the nation instead of their own fat pocketbooks and stomachs, this, too, was not hinted at in the announcement from Warren S. Stone.

The stories sent over from England by those painfully accurate and human

reporters, Will Irwin and William Hard, telling how British labor stood for repudiation of the British flag so long as the capitalistic masters of Britain were repudiating the flag thru hoggish profiteering—all this does not seem to have dawned in any slight degree inside the ivory dome of the spokesman of the railroad brotherhoods.

That now when the Ripleys and Hale Holdens, railroad masters of America, are figuring on more and more record-breaking profits from war business—that now is the time to beat to their knees these railroad masters—is not shadowed forth in any vaguest kind of suggestion from Warren S. Stone.

What he wishes emphasized now is that he and his associates are 100 per cent pure patriots; in their hearts an unblemished love of the flag, and on the rear of their trousers a sign reading, "Kick me."

Talk runs strong in some quarters that if there had been a rail strike last August the brotherhoods would have gotten the trimming of their lives. They weren't ready in the way the Ripleys and Hale Holdens were. The Santa Fe, Burlington and Pennsylvania roads had a strike-breaking organization recruited from brotherhood members whose first "loyalty" is to the railroad companies and all the predictions of 'Gene Debs and Scott Nearing in this particular are verified by all fresh incoming reports. Private detective agencies, an array of gunmen, state governments and newspapers, these all were ready for the job of trimming the brotherhoods last August.

Instead of sacrifice, "Safety First" has become the slogan of the rail organizations' leaders. Instead of a belief in what they can accomplish thru the use of their force, their organized economic physical force operative thru stoppage of work and standstill of a nation's transportation, the Warren S. Stones pin their faith entirely on legislation, court decisions, arbitration, speeches, diplomacy. Stone cherishes the theory that he is able to out-talk and out-argue and out-speechify the railroad lawyers and managers, so as to whipsaw them into granting the brotherhood demands. When will these tactics reach a final showdown?

BRYAN the pacifist. Look at him. War—a war between the working class of Colorado and the Rockefeller Colorado Fuel & Iron Company was on. Men were shot with lead bullets exactly like those in use in Europe. This is Walsenberg and on "The Hogback" where Don Magregor and 80 men with rifles stood off the Rockefeller militia and the Rockefeller gunmen.

Women and children were burned to charred crisps—and suffocated into deaths of bloated bodies and ghastly writhing faces—and the affair constituted an atrocity rivaling in kind, if not in degree, any sort of an atrocity that has been committed in cataclysmic Europe the last two years. This, in Ludlow, Colorado, a few months before the Great War came on us. This, under the orders of the Rockefeller Colorado Fuel & Iron Company, in the United States of America.

It was war. And Bryan, the pacifist, kept his mouth shut, trimmed and ducked, wouldn't say a word.

Likewise there was war between the working class of Calumet, Michigan, and the multimillionaire copper magnates of Calumet and Boston. And on this war Bryan, the pacifist, kept his large oleaginous mouth shut.

Again there was war in West Virginia and a machine gun was run on a railroad car by hired thugs who turned a stream of bullets down Paint Creek pumping jags of lead into the bodies of strikers and their families. On this war Bryan, the pacifist, was silent.

This is partly the reason why organized labor listens with a sort of silent contempt to the mouthings of Bryan, the pacifist, these days.

SACRIFICES—what is it—whaddaye mean "sacrifice"?

It's the stuff embodied in the action of Margaret Sanger and her associates.

It's the driving motive behind the 72 men in jail in Everett, Washington, wrecking the doors, chandeliers and plumbing of the jail interior and singing all night their repertoire from "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight" to "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum," in order to force the sheriff to give them food fit for human beings.

Sacrifice? It's the stuff in Matthew

Schmidt, languishing in Los Angeles jail ready for either life sentence or death or anything else rather than be the obedient lackey of the prosecuting attorney of Los Angeles county and cheap instrument of the ruling class of Los Angeles.

Pat Quinlan in New Jersey state prison—Ford and Suhr—Joe Hill—what a list it is of the souls of sacrifice now held within the walls of American bastiles because they took risks for the working class!

Without these and their kind, how far would the working class get?

Without this element of rebels who give all they have and never count the cost, what would the working class be?

They may convict more and more there in San Francisco to follow Billings and Mooney. But the examples of Billings and Mooney will live on as embers that transmit their flame to fresh firewood touching them.

CHICAGO'S police chief, Charles Clarence Healey, has been indicted on charges of bribery, extortion and malfeasance in office. In the hour of his need the labor movement is handing him the horse laugh. When the street car strike was in full swing, he asked the city council to appropriate \$450,000 cash for him to hire 1,000 special policemen and buy rifles and cartridges. During the garment strike of 1915 he was the directing official under whom 1,300 arrests were made on charges of disorderly conduct, unlawful assembly and assault and battery without one subsequent conviction out of the whole 1,300.

MEANWHILE the indictment still stands in Cook county, Illinois, whereby Guy Biddinger, right hand man to Detective William Burns, is accused of extortion and running a confidence game. The latest word is that extradition will be obtained, and Biddinger brought from New York to stand trial. State's Attorney Hoyne's declaration is that the evidence on hand will convince any jury that Biddinger is a crook leagued with professional thieves and all the sanctimonious pretensions of Detective Burns' first lieutenant are only a mask for covering the phiz of a hypocrite who almost got away with it. This situation, along with the conviction of Detective Burns and his rebuke by a New York court for eavesdropping, are enabling the general public to get a line on the character of tools used by the National Erectors' Association to combat the structural iron workers' union.

HENRY FORD, we repeat, is scabbing on his class. It isn't the regular and accepted thing for the men of property to offer their property to the nation for use in the event of war. Yet that is exactly the sacrifice Henry, the Tin Lizzie King, is making. The Rockefellers, Morgans, Schwabs, Hearsts and Otises are a cheap lot of flivver patriots—pikers, quitters and white-livered cowards—when they are placed alongside Henry Ford for comparison. Henry says if we take the Profits out of war munitions there will be no more hollering for war.



The Future of International Socialism

By S. J. RUTGERS

FRANK BOHN invites us to put certain facts in a row and to look them over.

The facts as given are:

The Socialist Party is going down.

State Capitalism is growing rapidly.

Congress is losing function after function.

Its place is taken by various commissions.

The "great" middle class wants relief, on account of high prices, etc.

The A. F. of L. is working hand in glove with the professional and middle classes.

The middle classes are going to bedevil plutocracy, which they are doing in proper shape, and when they get done with the job there won't be any plutocracy left. Morgan is the big man of yesterday; Goethals (the engineer who built the Panama Canal) is the big man of today and tomorrow.

The conclusion is that we have to co-operate politically with the middle classes, especially in city and state government (Congress being practically considered out of the job), and that on the economic field we have to democratize industries by building up industrial unions. Besides, we should have a purely educational organization or club for propaganda purposes only.

The main feature of this new "American" scheme is that it puts a great deal of hope for human progression on the middle classes and the farmers and consequently wants to co-operate with these classes. The middle classes are supposed to put plutocracy out of business, and this done, it will, of course, be a relatively easy job to democratize industries, which will be controlled by committees of technical experts.

Now it certainly needs some nerve to announce this position of the middle class, savior of mankind, as a "fact," but even as a suggestion it is hardly worth serious consideration. To give it any glimpse of a possibility, it is necessary to make this an "American" issue, to give it a nationalistic feature. To even sug-

gest that the middle classes in Europe will develop the forces to overcome plutocracy, to overcome imperialism, must seem ridiculous. This very class of professors, school teachers, editors, lawyers, etc., belong to the most reptile servants of Big Capital, are the strongest advocates of imperialism and paid to fool the workers. And this not only holds true in Germany, but in all European countries, including the neutrals.

And how could we expect a different situation?

A gigantic struggle is going on for world dominion, for the supremacy of financial capital. A struggle in which the concentration of capital is going to be fabulous. A struggle in which financial capital as a class is going to be the winner, no matter what may be the national results. A struggle in which even the working class has been crushed temporarily, and in which the middle classes not even stammer a murmur of opposition. And in our relatively small part of the world, which happens not yet to be actively involved in the struggle, because it prefers the rôle of a Shylock coining gold out of blood, we are invited to expect a development diametrically against all experiences on the other side of the ocean! This country, which prepares itself feverishly to play at least an active part in the next conflict, whose President actually does the bidding to be admitted in a world counsel to prepare the next war, this country, in which the Morgans and Rockefellers have increased their influence on the industries and on public life tenfold during the few years of the European war, is going to bedevil plutocracy!

And this Herculean task is not supposed to be performed by the working class, by the workers in the industries on which the money kings base their power, but by a few servants of those money interests, by the professors of the Rockefeller Universities, by the editors of the most rotten, corrupt press in the whole world, by the corporation lawyers, etc. If this is Americanism, if we have

to betray our International position as cheaply as that, we had better stop denouncing the nationalistic schemes of the Imperial Prussian "Socialists."

The Socialist Party has failed, which is regrettable, but let us not make it worse by trying to invent American substitutes for a sound International basis of the proletarian class struggle.

State Capitalism is growing in Europe quicker than it is in the United States, but it will come here as well as in Europe, and we should see as our friend Frank Bohn does, that this is no Socialism; we should realize that this is a form of concentrated monopolistic Capitalism under control of the money kings.

Congress is losing its importance just like the parliaments in Europe, and the Executive Power, the President and Committees, are taking its place. All right, but this means again that Financial Interests, without the co-operation of which no President can maintain himself, and which largely control the committees, judges and other executive powers, are the leading force in present-day Society. No doubt they will pay good salaries to their more intelligent servants, including some of the professors who are paid to fool the rest of the world. Those servants will go on pretending to fight Plutocracy and trying to get still higher salaries for betraying the workers in politics, education, morals, and all the rest. They

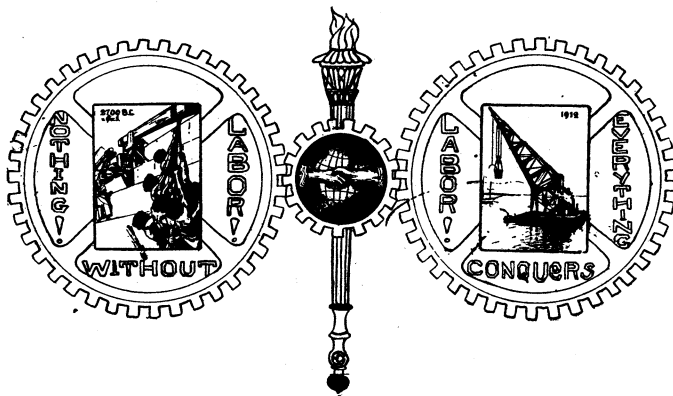
will even help to maintain the illusion of a democracy, but remember: Congress is losing function after function, bourgeois democracy is doomed.

More than ever in history, the working class will have to know that it can *only* rely on its own power, that it has to fight the whole world, including the middle classes, including their own leaders as far as they show middle-class features.

The failure of our American party is greatly due to the fact that it has been mostly a middle class party, and now we should advise to make this a principle rather than an accident!

To my mind, there can be no greater disaster than to saddle upon the workers the illusion that some other class will put plutocracy out of business. It is the gigantic historic task of labor to overcome this new ruling class, and to fulfill this task means to win Socialism. All of its energy, its brains and its heart, its life and its soul, will have to be put in this struggle for victory. This is the very essential part of its class-struggle and somebody comes along and tells us that other people will do the job.

I am pretty sure that no class conscious worker will be trapped by this new form of "nationalism" and become a traitor to his International class, but if so, it would be a crime, which no amount of devotion could make good.



Marxian Economics

TRANSPORTATION

By MARY E. MARCY

THE men who build the railroads, lay the tracks, construct the engines and the cars and who build the vast railroad yards, etc., as well as those who build ships, the docks and ship yards—all produce value or commodities for which they are paid only wages, that is a *portion* of the value of these products, but which wages are, on the average, the value of their labor power. Like all other revolutionary workers, they desire to receive the value of their products—to cease selling their labor power as men sell saws or cloth or cows.

But the railroad men, the men who run the railroads, and the men who sail the seas, the vast army of workers who transport things from where they are produced to where they may be needed, from the farms to the mills and thence to the cities where people need food or clothing, these men are producers of value in another way.

Ten carloads of cattle remain only ten cars of cattle both before and after a long journey across a continent. A shipload of horses sent from America to the war zone in France contains no more horses at the end than at the beginning of the journey. Neither the transport workers on the ships nor on the railroads in either case have produced any additional *commodities*. Both groups of workers have, however, produced additional *value*.

And it is obvious to everyone that transportation is a necessity in society as it is organized today. Without railroads bringing fresh meats and other fresh produce to the cities every day we would soon be reduced to hunger and starvation. Mighty ocean liners carry wheat from the great wheat-producing nations to the nations which would be speedily brought to famine and disaster if they were unable to obtain outside supplies. Without the railroads and the oversea lines, "civilized" society and modern industry would be impossible today. Both enable men to get necessary things quickly, to cover long distances in a

short time. They have brought all men close to one another.

In these cases men produce value who do not produce any commodities.

On page 170, Vol. II, Capital (Kerr edition), Marx says:

"The use value of things has no existence except in consumption, and this may necessitate a change of place on the part of the product, in other words, it may require the additional process of production of the transportation industry. The productive capital invested in this industry adds value to the transported products, partly by transferring value from the means of transportation, partly by adding value through the labor-power used in transportation. This last named addition of value consists, as it does in all capitalist production, of a reproduction of wages and surplus value.

"Within each process of production, the change of place of the object of labor and the required instruments of labor and labor-power—such as cotton which passes from the carding to the spinning room, or coal which is hoisted to the surface—play a great role. The transition of the finished product, in the role of a finished commodity, from one independent place of production to another in a different location, shows the same phenomenon on a larger scale. The transport of the products from one factory to another is finally succeeded by the passage of the finished products from the sphere of production to that of consumption. The product is not ready for consumption until it has completed these movements.

"We have shown previously that a general law of the production of commodities decrees: The productivity of labor and its faculty of creating value stand in opposition to one another. This is true of the transportation industry as well as any other. The smaller the amount of materialized and subjective labor required for the transportation of the commodities over a certain distance, the greater is the productivity of labor, and vice versa.

"The absolute magnitude of the value

which the transportation of commodities adds to them is smaller in proportion as the productivity of the transportation industry and vice versa."

And on page 172:

"The circulation, that is to say, the actual perambulation of the commodities through space, is carried on in the form of transportation. The transportation industry forms on one hand an independent branch of production, and thus a special sphere of investment of productive capital. On the other hand, it is distinguished from the other spheres of production by the fact that it represents a continuation of a process of production *within the process of circulation and for its benefit.*"

On page 340, Vol. III, Capital (Kerr edition), Marx explains further:

"Expressage, cost of transportation, storage, etc., all these costs are not incurred in the production of the use-values of the commodities, but in the realization of their exchange value. They are pure costs of circulation. They do not enter into the strict process of production, but since they enter into the process of circulation, they are part of the total process of reproduction."

The wage workers on the steamship lines and on the railroads, who transport the commodities of the world from nation to nation and from state to state, sell their labor-power just as do the cotton mill workers or the miners. They sell their labor-power on the market and receive something like the value of that labor-power—that is, wages enough to produce more labor-power for the next day and month, and children to take their places later on. Their wages may represent two hours of social labor, or three hours of social labor, and the value they add to the commodities they transport may represent eight or ten hours of labor. In this country, where some railroad men work on a mileage basis, they may add *sixteen* hours of value and receive wages representing four or six hours of social labor, or value.

Marx puts the workers of the express companies in the same class with the transportation workers.

Storage

In writing of storage, Marx says storage may or may not add value to commodities. Where a speculator, for ex-

ample, merely decides to keep his bushels of corn or wheat in the warehouses awaiting a rise in prices, this storing produces no value.

When a farmer is compelled to sell his wheat or oats as soon as they are produced in order to secure ready cash, and the man to whom he sells holds the grains on a rising market, the broker or purchaser is put to storage expense, but adds no value to these products.

In such cases the producer merely sells his product below its value and the expense of storing is paid out of the portion of the surplus value appropriated by the buyer.

But in other instances the nature of commodities makes their storage a necessity. Storing crops, to preserve them, *necessary* cold-storage are examples of this nature. This storage adds value to the commodities.

In Vol. II, Capital, on pages 154-155, Marx makes this plain. He says:

"Expenses of circulation, which are due to a mere change of form in circulation, ideally speaking, do not enter into the value of commodities. The capital parts expended for them are deductions from the productively expended capital, so far as the capitalist is concerned. Not so the expenses of circulation which we shall consider now. *They* may arise from processes of production, which are continued only in circulation, the productive character of which is merely concealed by the form of circulation."

Speculators may buy and sell the same wheat, storing it in various warehouses, over and over again, at a time when there is a big demand for this commodity. The wheat will probably, or at least on the average, sell at its value ultimately. The man who originally bought of the farmer purchased the wheat below its value. No value is added by storing it in the warehouses, but the expenses of storage are borne by the various speculators who pay it out of the surplus value appropriated from the farmers, or producers.

This would not at all apply to necessary cold storage, which enables the world to buy eggs when the hens are not laying, to preserve meats for long periods of time in the hottest weather, or to ship meat to distant points preserved by up-to-date refrigeration.

All this work of the men and women employed in such storage is necessary labor which adds value to the commodities, altho it does not produce any commodities itself. This means value produced in the sphere of circulation. And the capitalists in these fields are able to enrich themselves to the extent of the difference between the wages paid these workers and the value added by them, less, of course, the wear and tear of machinery, etc., etc.

Questions

1. Do commodities, on the average, sell to the consumers at their value?
2. Do wage workers, on the average, receive the value of their labor-power?
3. Is virgin gold any more valuable in Washington than it is in Alaska? Is wheat any more valuable in Chicago than it is at the farm?
4. Do these commodities sell at a higher price in Washington and Chicago than they do in Alaska and at the farm?
5. Do the railroad men who haul logs from Northern Michigan to the furniture factory in Southern Michigan add any value to them?
6. Where does the railroad corporation get its profits? From the furniture manufacturer or from the labor of the railroad men?
7. Suppose wheat is sold by farmers to a speculator who ships it to Chicago from Indiana and this speculator re-sells to another man, who ships the grain to Missouri; suppose another purchaser ships it back to Indiana, who pays for the unnecessary transportation? The working class? The "consumer"? Or the speculator?
8. Whom does the railroad company exploit—the consumer, the shipper or the railroad workers?
9. Do any workers produce value who produce no commodities? Name those so employed in two industries.
10. Are there any workers who perform a useful function in society who neither create any value nor produce any commodities? If such workers are necessary, will we always aim to give them the value of such service even under an industrial democracy? Will these workers have to be paid out of the value created by the producers? Does anybody else produce any value?



Current Affairs

By Louis C. Fraina

The Curse of Success

THE philosophy of a successful capitalist is revealed in Charles M. Schwab's book, *Succeeding With What You Have*. Here are two gems:

"The man who fails to give fair service during the hours for which he is paid is dishonest. The man who is not willing to give more than this is foolish."

"I have yet to hear an instance where misfortune hit a man because he worked overtime."

The book doesn't mention the animal cunning, the tricks of trade, the jungle morality, by which men rise to economic power. But in spite of that it reveals the low plane upon which Capitalism places life.

Man should work to live; Capitalism makes him live to work. The most wonderful and potential years of life are from sixteen to thirty. With the physical and temperamental re-birth of adolescence, men and women become eager for the Great Adventure—for love, for creative work, for *living*. But it is precisely during these years that we are thrown into the mill, the mine, the factory; that we must grub and grub, and fight to get the best of the other fellow before he gets the best of us.

And when the savage fight is over, you are either—successful, with the virginal sap of life dried up into a smug satisfaction with things as they are—or, you are one of the unsuccessful many upon whose tragic failure is built the success of the very few.

The Menace to Mexico

THE United States government, through Secretary of State Lansing, has protested against Mexico incorporat-

ing in its new constitution articles vesting the Executive with power to expropriate property without judicial recourse, and generally limiting the property holdings of foreign capital, and against a clause that "apparently means virtual nationalization of the Mexican oil fields." All this, says the protest, might, if retroactive, be confiscatory.

Precisely; the measures *are* meant to be confiscatory. Mexico seeks to expropriate foreign capital of its holdings secured largely through treachery and theft. Imperialism has Mexico in its grip; and Imperialism means securing control of the natural and industrial resources of an economically undeveloped country in ways that rival the terrors of the Industrial Revolution in England.

The task ahead in Mexico is the development of national Capitalism—the task of the bourgeois revolution. Politically, it means constitutional bourgeois government; economically, the development of an independent farmer class and industrial bourgeoisie.

This historic task is complicated today by a circumstance unknown to previous revolutions—the grip of foreign capital upon Mexico. Carranza's effort to free his country of this control is being bitterly fought by international Imperialism, particularly of the United States. Future events in Mexico will largely be determined by this clash of interests. In the event of war, the murder of Mexican and American workers will determine which master class shall get the profits.

The Collapse of Parliaments

THE investigation of the charges that Wall Street speculators received a "tip" about President Wilson's peace

note, is proving one important fact: *The collapse of Congress*. Congress is becoming more and more futile, its popular prestige steadily declining.

A determining development of the new Capitalism and Imperialism is the centralization of power in the executive, and the consequent decline of parliamentary prestige. This is a general development, and is being seriously discussed in Europe. In this country, President Roosevelt terrorized Congress, and got away with it; while President Wilson wields an even greater power. The demand in the Progressive party platform for a virtually Caesarian "administrative control" was a definite expression of the trend toward centralization of power.

The economic unity of Capitalism and its merging of interests in State Socialism, is one cause of this trend; the other cause is the increasing severity of the struggles of Imperialism for control of investment markets.

This collapse of parliamentary control may lead to one of two things:

Congress and parliaments generally may sink still lower in actual power, and become mere verbal outlets of repressed energy.

Or, their basis of representation and functions may become transferred and adapted in accord with the new conditions.

Considering the steady development of State Socialism and the complexity of interests it represents, it seems likely that parliaments may assume a new form. The *London Times*, for example, urges a reconstruction of the House of Commons, *favoring the abolition of political representation based on geographical divisions, and insisting upon election by trades, industries and occupations.*

This is the Industrial Union ideal, turned to the uses of aggressive Capitalism. This development would make all the more necessary adopting Industrial Unionism as the basis of Socialist action. May our conservative Socialist majority realize the compulsion of economic facts!

Socialist Integrity, Above All!

THE Russian revolutionary Socialist, Leon Trotsky, recently expelled from Europe, said in a speech in New York City on January 25:

"Socialists in Europe should have made

it clear that they were against the war, even tho they could not prevent the war. But they did not do so, and the result is that President Wilson, who is a tool and servant of the capitalist class, is more powerful when he lifts his voice for peace than the Socialists."

In this circumstance is one cause of the drop in the Socialist vote. The party declaimed against war, but the *action* of European Socialism spoke louder than words. And, to make matters worse, the party did not emphasize a revolutionary opposition to Imperialism, militarism and war.

Socialism cannot afford to compromise. Temporarily, it may pay in votes; ultimately, it means disaster. Only at its own peril may our movement sacrifice its revolutionary integrity of principles and purpose.

Mass Action and Industrial Unionism

THE growing interest in Mass Action is important, and should be encouraged. But we must not accept Mass Action without considering the historical conditions of its European origin, and adapt it to our particular needs and revolutionary practice.

We did not do this with syndicalism, and it proved more of an injury than a benefit. Syndicalism contributed nothing of value that was not implicit in Industrial Unionism, except Sabotage. And even in this we did not relate Sabotage to our own conditions and industrial development.

It is different with Mass Action. This practice contributes an important idea,—*if we interpret rightly.*

Mass Action means more revolutionary action against imperialism, against war, against capitalism. But, apart from this program, Mass Action is indefinite. It is indefinite—that is to say, incomplete—because it does not emphasize the ultimate revolutionary mission of unionism. It is indefinite because in Europe it is used primarily as a means to fight the conservatism of the Socialist movement. When rebels in Germany urge Mass Action upon the party, they mean more aggressive action and not a comprehensive program of revolution. (While street demonstrations, for example, may be an aggressive and even revolution-

ary act in Germany, they are not in this country.)

Mass Action, precisely as does Industrial Unionism, urges the extension of Socialist activity to *conscious* and *aggressive* action on the economic field. This activity stimulates the independence of the working class and warms its idealism into aggressive action. It "puts a bone" into the parliamentary struggle and compels it to become revolutionary. The fight against capitalism becomes an active mass fight, not merely an electoral and parliamentary debate.

But Industrial Unionism goes much further: it bases the whole Socialist movement upon economic action; it sees in the immediate struggle of the unions a preparation for the revolutionary strike that will overthrow capitalism; and it organizes the working class in a way that provides the means of assuming control of society,—builds in its organization the structure that will function as the administration of the new society on the day of the revolution.

Karl Kautsky, in an article in the *INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW*, April, 1901, said:

"The trades unions . . . will constitute the most energetic factors in surmounting the present mode of production and they will be pillars on which the edifice of the socialist commonwealth will be erected."

But trades unions are not working for the revolution; they are working as a caste for a place in the governing system of the nation,—making for State Socialism, and

not the Social Revolution. Nor does the structure of the trades unions admit of their assuming possession and management of concentrated industry. Industrial Unionism alone provides the aspiration and the means, the theory and practice, of the ultimate revolutionary act.

All this isn't emphasized in the program of Mass Action; nor does it project a *new* and *more effective* form of union organization.

But Mass Action and Industrial Unionism are not antagonistic: they are supplementary.

Industrial Unionism, alone and in itself, is compelled to abstain from action until the future, or to indulge in small action. On the whole, it may preach, but as yet it cannot always act. Thru the practice of Mass Action, however, the revolutionist may participate in all the struggles of the working class, organized and unorganized. We come to them with a program of *immediate* action, and in this way emphasize our propaganda.

Industrial Unionism without the practice of Mass Action may be doomed to propaganda alone; Mass Action without the theory and practice of Industrial Unionism neither builds for the future nor develops the *maximum* power of the proletariat.

The two must fuse: our movement must accept the practice of Mass Action. May our European comrades fuse *their* Mass Action with the theory and practice of Industrial Unionism.



(Continued from page 528)

of the mills, and in the end took her in his arms and kissed her soberly on the brow.

But that was all in the long ago, before he had grown too old and tired to love. Also, she had married and gone away, and his mind had gone to sleep. Yet it had been a wonderful experience, and he used often to look back upon it as other men and women look back upon the time they believed in fairies. He had never believed in fairies nor Santa Claus; but he had believed implicitly in the smiling future his imagination had wrought into the steaming cloth stream.

He had become a man very early in life. At seven, when he drew his first wages, began his adolescence. A certain feeling of independence crept up in him, and the relationship between him and his mother changed. Somehow, as an earner and bread-winner doing his own work in the world, he was more like an equal with her. Manhood, full-blown manhood, had come when he was eleven, at which time he had gone to work on the night-shift for six months. No child works on the night-shift and remains a child.

There had been several great events in his life. One of these had been when his mother bought some California prunes. Two others had been the two times when she cooked custard. Those had been events. He remembered them kindly. And at that time mother had told him of a blissful dish she would sometime make—"floating island," she had called it, "better than custard." For years he had looked forward to the day when he would sit down to the table with floating island before him, until at last he had relegated the idea of it to the limbo of unattainable ideals.

Once he found a silver quarter lying on the sidewalk. That, also was a great event in his life, withal a tragic one. He knew his duty on the instant the silver flashed on his eyes, before even he had picked it up. At home, as usual, there was not enough to eat, and home he should have taken it as he did his wages every Saturday night. Right conduct in this was obvious; but he never had any spending of his money, and he was suffering from candy-hunger. He was ravenous for the sweets that only on red-letter days he had ever tasted in his life.

He did not attempt to deceive himself. He knew it was sin, and deliberately he

sinned when he went on a fifteen-cent candy debauch. Ten cents he saved for a future debauch; but not being accustomed to the carrying of money, he lost the ten cents. This occurred at the time when he was suffering all the torments of conscience, and it was to him an act of divine retribution. He had a frightened sense of the closeness of an awful and wrathful God. God had seen, and God had been swift to punish, denying him even the full wages of sin.

In memory he always looked back upon that event as the one great criminal deed of his life, and at the recollection his conscience always awoke and gave him another twinge. It was the one skeleton in his closet. Also, being so made and circumstanced, he looked back upon the deed with regret. He was dissatisfied with the manner in which he had spent the quarter. He could have invested it better, and, out of his later knowledge of the quickness of God, he would have beaten God out by spending the whole quarter at one fell swoop. In retrospect he spent the quarter a thousand times, and each time to better advantage.

There was one other memory of the past, dim and faded, but stamped into his soul everlasting by the savage feet of his father. It was more like a nightmare than a remembered vision of a concrete thing—more like the race-memory of man that makes him fall in his sleep and that goes back to his arboreal ancestry.

This particular memory never came to Johnny in broad daylight when he was wide awake. It came at night, in bed, at the moment that his consciousness was sinking down and losing itself in sleep. It always aroused him to frightened wakefulness, and for the moment, in the first sickening start, it seemed to him that he lay crosswise on the foot of the bed. In the bed were the vague forms of his father and mother. He never saw what his father looked like. He had but one impression of his father, and that was that he had savage and pitiless feet.

His earlier memories lingered with him, but he had no late memories. All days were alike. Yesterday or last year were the same as a thousand years—or a minute. Nothing ever happened. There were no events to mark the march of time. Time did not march. It stood always still. It was only the whirling machines that moved, and they moved nowhere—in spite of the fact that they moved faster.

When he was fourteen he went to work

on the starcher. It was a colossal event. Something had at last happened that could be remembered beyond a night's sleep or a week's pay-day. It marked an era. It was a machine Olympiad, a thing to date from. "When I went to work on the starcher," or "after," or "before I went to work on the starcher," were sentences often on his lips.

He celebrated his sixteenth birthday by going into the loom-room and taking a loom. Here was an incentive again, for it was piece-work. And he excelled, because the clay of him had been molded by the mills into the perfect machine. At the end of three months he was running two looms, and, later, three and four.

At the end of his second year at the looms he was turning out more yards than any other weaver, and more than twice as much as some of the less skillful ones. And at home things began to prosper as he approached the full stature of his earning power. Not, however, that his increased earnings were in excess of need. The children were growing up. They ate more. And they were going to school, and school-books cost money. And somehow, the faster he worked, the faster climbed the prices of things. Even the rent went up, though the house had fallen from bad to worse disrepair.

He had grown taller; but with his increased height he seemed leaner than ever. Also, he was more nervous. With the nervousness increased his peevishness and irritability. The children had learned by many bitter lessons to fight shy of him. His mother respected him for his earning power, but somehow her respect was tintured with fear.

There was no joyousness in life for him. The procession of the days he never saw. The nights he slept away in twitching unconsciousness. The rest of the time he worked, and his consciousness was machine consciousness. Outside this his mind was a blank. He had no ideals, and but one illusion, namely, that he drank excellent coffee. He was a work-beast. He had no mental life whatever; yet deep down in the crypts of his mind, unknown to him, were being weighed and sifted every hour of his toil, every movement of his hands, every twitch of his muscles, and preparations were making for a future course of action that would amaze him and all his little world.

It was in the late spring that he came home from work one night aware of an unusual tiredness. There was a keen expectancy in the air as he sat down to the table, but he did not notice. He went through the meal in moody silence, mechanically eating what was before him. The children um'd and ah'd and made smacking noises with their mouths. But he was deaf to them.

"D'ye know what you're eatin'?" his mother demanded at last, desperately.

He looked vacantly at the dish before him, and vacantly at her.

"Floatin' island," she announced triumphantly.

"Oh," he said.

"Floating island!" the children chorused loudly.

"Oh," he said. And after two or three mouthfuls, he added, "I guess I ain't hungry tonight."

He dropped the spoon, shoved back his chair, and arose wearily from the table.

"An' I guess I'll go to bed."

His feet dragged more heavily than usual as he crossed the kitchen floor. Undressing was a Titan's task, a monstrous futility, and he wept weakly as he crawled into bed, one shoe still on. He was aware of a rising, swelling something inside his head that made his brain thick and fuzzy. His lean fingers felt as big as his wrist, while in the ends of them was a remoteness of sensation vague and fuzzy like his brain. The small of his back ached intolerably. All his bones ached. He ached everywhere. And in his head began the shrieking, pounding, crashing, roaring of a million looms. All space was filled with flying shuttles. They darted in and out, intricately, amongst the stars. He worked a thousand looms himself, and ever they speeded up, faster and faster, and his brain unwound, faster and faster, and became the thread that fed the thousand flying shuttles.

He did not go to work next morning. He was too busy weaving colossally on the thousand looms that ran inside his head. His mother went to work, but first she sent for the doctor. It was a severe attack of la grippe, he said. Jennie served as nurse and carried out his instructions.

It was a very severe attack, and it was a week before Johnny dressed and tottered feebly across the floor. Another week, the doctor said, and he would be fit to return

to work. The foreman of the loom-room visited him on Sunday afternoon, the first day of his convalescence. The best weaver in the room, the foreman told his mother. His job would be held for him. He could come back to work a week from Monday.

"Why don't you thank 'em, Johnny?" his mother asked anxiously.

"He's ben that sick he ain't himself yet," she explained apologetically to the visitor.

Johnny sat hunched up and gazed steadfastly at the floor. He sat in the same position long after the foreman had gone. It was warm outdoors, and he sat on the stoop in the afternoon. Sometimes his lips moved. He seemed lost in endless calculations.

Next morning, after the day grew warm, he took his seat on the stoop. He had pencil and paper this time with which to continue his calculations, and he calculated painfully and amazingly.

"What comes after millions?" he asked at noon, when Will came home from school. "An' how d'ye work 'em?"

That afternoon finished his task. Each day, but without paper and pencil, he returned to the stoop. He was greatly absorbed in the one tree that grew across the street. He studied it for hours at a time, and was unusually interested when the wind swayed its branches and fluttered its leaves. Throughout the week he seemed lost in a great communion with himself. On Sunday, sitting on the stoop, he laughed aloud, several times, to the perturbation of his mother, who had not heard him laugh in years.

Next morning, in the early darkness, she came to his bed to rouse him. He had had his fill of sleep all week and awoke easily. He made no struggle, nor did he attempt to hold onto the bedding when she stripped it from him. He lay quietly, and spoke quietly.

"It ain't no use, ma."

"You'll be late," she said, under the impression that he was still stupid with sleep.

"I'm awake, ma, an' I tell you it ain't no use. You might as well lemme alone. I ain't goin' to git up."

"But you'll lose your job!" she cried.

"I ain't goin' to git up," he repeated in a strange, passionless voice.

She did not go to work herself that morning. This was sickness beyond any sickness she had ever known. Fever and delirium she could understand; but this was insanity.

She pulled the bedding up over him and sent Jennie for the doctor.

When that person arrived Johnny was sleeping gently, and gently he awoke and allowed his pulse to be taken.

"Nothing the matter with him," the doctor reported. "Badly debilitated, that's all. Not much meat on his bones."

"He's always been that way," his mother volunteered.

"Now go 'way, ma, an' let me finish my snooze."

Johnny spoke sweetly and placidly, and sweetly and placidly he rolled over on his side and went to sleep.

At ten o'clock he awoke and dressed himself. He walked out into the kitchen, where he found his mother with a frightened expression on her face.

"I'm goin' away, ma," he announced, "an' I jes' want to say good-bye."

She threw her apron over her head and sat down suddenly and wept. He waited patiently.

"I might a-known it," she was sobbing.

"Where?" she finally asked, removing the apron from her head and gazing up at him with a stricken face in which there was little curiosity.

"I don't know—anywhere."

As he spoke the tree across the street appeared with dazzling brightness on his inner vision. It seemed to lurk just under his eyelids, and he could see it whenever he wished.

"An' your job?" she quavered.

"I ain't never goin' to work again."

"My God, Johnny!" she wailed, "don't say that!"

What he had said was blasphemy to her. As a mother who hears her child deny God, was Johnny's mother shocked by his words.

"What's got into you, anyway?" she demanded, with a lame attempt at imperative-ness.

"Figures," he answered. "Jes' figures. I've ben doin' a lot of figurin' this week, an' it's most surprisin'."

"I don't see what that's got to do with it," she sniffled.

Johnny smiled patiently, and his mother was aware of a distinct shock at the persistent absence of his peevishness and irritability.

"I'll show you," he said. "I'm plum tired out. What makes me tired? Moves. I've been movin' ever since I was born. I'm tired of movin', an' I ain't goin' to move any

more. Remember when I worked in the glass house? I used to do three hundred dozen a day. Now I reckon I made about ten different moves to each bottle. That's thirty-six thousand moves a day. Ten days, three hundred an' sixty thousand moves a day. One month, one million an' eighty thousand moves. Chuck out the eighty thousand—"he spoke with the complacent beneficence of a philanthropist—"chuck out the eighty thousand, that leaves a million moves a month—twelve million moves a year.

"At the looms I'm movin' twice as much. That makes twenty-five million moves a year, an' it seems to me I've ben a movin' that way 'most a million years."

"Now, this week I ain't moved at all. I ain't made one move in hours an' hours. I tell you it was swell, jes' settin' there, hours an' hours, an' doin' nothin'. I ain't never ben happy before. I never had any time. I've ben movin, all the time. That ain't no way to be happy. An' I ain't goin' to do it any more. I'm jes' goin' to set, an' set, an' rest, an' rest, and then rest some more."

"But what's goin' to come of Will an' the children?" she asked despairingly.

"That's it, 'Will an' the children,'" he repeated.

But there was no bitterness in his voice. He had long known his mother's ambition for the younger boy, but the thought of it no longer rankled. Nothing mattered any more. Not even that.

"I know, ma, what you've ben plannin' for Will—keepin' him in school to make a bookkeeper out of him. But it ain't no use, I've quit. He's got to go to work.

"An' after I have brung you up the way I have," she wept, starting to cover herself with the apron and changing her mind.

"You never brung me up," he answered with sad kindness. "I brung myself up, ma, an' I brung up Will. He's bigger'n me, an' heavier, an' taller. When I was a kid I reckon I didn't git enough to eat. When he come along an' was a kid, I was workin' an' earnin' grub for him, too. But that's done with. Will can go to work, same as me, or he can go to hell, I don't care which. I'm tired. I'm goin' now. Ain't you goin' to say good-bye?"

She made no reply. The apron had gone over her head again and she was crying. He paused a moment in the doorway.

"I'm sure I done the best I knew how," she was sobbing.

He passed out of the house and down the street. A wan delight came into his face at the sight of the lone tree. "Jes' ain't goin' to do nothin'," he said to himself, half aloud, in a crooning tone. He glanced wistfully up at the sky, but the bright sun dazzled and blinded him.

It was a long walk he took, and he did not walk fast. It took him past the jute-mill. The muffled roar of the loom-room came to his ears and he smiled. It was a gentle, placid smile. He hated no one, not even the pounding, shrieking machines. There was no bitterness in him, nothing but an inordinate hunger for rest.

The houses and factories thinned out and the open spaces increased as he approached the country. At last the city was behind him, and he was walking down a leafy lane beside the railroad track. He did not walk like a man. He did not look like a man. He was a travesty of the human. It was a twisted and stunted and nameless piece of life that shambled like a sickly ape, arms loose-hanging, stoop-shouldered, narrow-chested, grotesque and terrible.

He passed by a small railroad station and lay down in the grass under a tree. All afternoon he lay there. Sometimes he dozed, with muscles that twitched in his sleep. When awake he lay without movement, watching the birds or looking up at the sky through the branches of the tree above him. Once or twice he laughed aloud, but without relevance to anything he had seen or felt.

After twilight had gone, in the first darkness of the night, a freight train rumbled into the station. When the engine was switching cars onto the side-track, Johnny crept along the side of the train. He pulled open the side-door of an empty box-car and awkwardly and laboriously climbed in. He closed the door. The engine whistled. Johnny was lying down, and in the darkness, he smiled.



A MILE POST ON THE THOUSAND MILE PICKET LINE.
DISCOVERED, BY HECK.



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An International Policy

By WILLIAM E. BOHN

1. Against Capitalism and imperialism.
2. Against all forms of militarism.
3. In favor of strike against international war.
4. In favor of effective union of working-classes of all nations.
5. In favor of any attainable form of internationalism at any time.
6. In favor of any measures which will tend to increase popular understanding of other nations and respect for them.

IT is to be hoped that American Socialists will unanimously support the motion of Local New York in favor of a National Socialist Congress. Since the war our party has been under a cloud. The actions of large groups of European Socialists were a body blow to us and a mighty weapon in the hands of our enemies. Instead of setting ourselves clear before the country we fumbled and hummed and hawed. We lost the advantage of our long antimilitarist campaign at this time when anti-militarism attracted many of the finest sections of the population. We had long been shouting that capitalism means war. And when war came and we had the master argument against capitalism we permitted that argument to be used against our cause. We have suffered for our lack of clearness and courage. We have deserved to suffer.

But we have had thirty months for thought. We have been getting together. We have regained our grip on the situation. We see that thousands who have thus far kept aloof from us are accepting our thought about war, even if they are not inclined to come into our party and join with us in our policies. Quick, clean action now *might* again put us in an advantageous position. A party congress would give us the opportunity to take such action. Let us have the congress.

But a congress will be useless unless it can speak in no uncertain tone. Let us give it something to say. Let that something be so simple, so clear, that it will carry to the most out-of-the-way place and the most benighted intellect. There must be no more long, wordy, technical, contradictory paragraphs strung together and called our platform. Let us first think what we think and then put it into a few simple words which any person over fifteen years of age can understand.

The six proposals set down above are proposed as a basis for argument. Write to the Review and tell what you think of them. Every party member has a right to be heard.

I, for one, believe that they offer a rational basis for a party program. In the first place, we must make it clear to everyone, that the present great war is a result of the natural operation of the capitalist system. It came as a normal extension of policies pursued during a long time of peace by all the great European powers. America is at present pursuing the same policies and so may expect in due time to have her war.

This line of argument is valuable now because it gives us a chance to interest everyone in our general thought about society as it is organized today. People are asking questions. They are not getting answers. If we will put our answers into plain speech we shall be listened to as we never were before.

Moreover, a clear statement on this point puts the burden of proof where it belongs. When the German Socialists went in for war a good many people acted as tho they started it. They did not start it. As far as human beings may be considered responsible for what has happened the great industrial, social and political leaders of Europe are the responsible parties. The blame must be placed at their doors. And in this country, we must make it clear, our Security Leaguers, our International Corporationists, our half-blind politicians are making themselves responsible for the same sort of thing. We must make their responsibility clear.

And militarism is merely a feature of capitalism in its modern form of imperialism. All recent wars have been imperialistic in their origin. Some Socialists are filled with the idea that we must train ourselves to fight in defense of liberty. Were

not the Boers justified in defending themselves? They would never have had to defend themselves had it not been for the imperialistic militarism of Great Britain. Socialism and the labor movement are international. If they fight imperialism and militarism in all countries alike they cannot miss the source of any possible war. This is the reason why we need no boggling about defensive warfare. Besides, this is the sound reason that nobody can tell whether a war is offensive or defensive. The distinction is antiquated.

Democratic militarism is a mere figment of a few theorists. It does not exist in the world. It never has existed. It cannot exist.

In case war does arise we must have a definite program definitely understood. Whatever is done against it must be done on the instant or it may as well not be done at all. I am aware of the fact that mere non-resistance on the part of some well-placed group might result in great good. The 110 Socialists members of the German Reichstag might have stopped the great slaughter if they had simply stood in their places and said, "We are against this thing and we shall do nothing to support it. They might have been shot, but they would have saved the lives of millions. On the other hand, even a large number of conscientious objectors under any ordinary circumstances will not prevent international carnage. There are thousands of them in jail in England at the present time. There is a considerable number of them in jail in Germany. But the war goes on. Passive resistance is not enough. It does not appeal to any considerable number of people. The pacifists, if they are to be effective, must have their bugle-call. They must lead their forces into action.

The modern method of working-class warfare is the strike. It is the method which the workers understand. They have faith in it. It is carried on in a realm which they know. It leads them to battle organized as they are in the daily struggle for bread.

We all remember the Hardy-Vaillant motion. In this country we were voting on it during the fateful summer of 1914. The union men in England and France approved of it. Socialists and unionists in this country were rapidly swinging into line to support it. There is little doubt that we could

at the present time get about three million people to agree to the adoption of such a measure as this. And in Germany the men and women who are backing the Minority Group would welcome an opportunity to swear allegiance to their comrades in other lands. An immense standing-army for peace could be organized if we went about it with the determination which the danger demands.

But we need something more. There must be a real international organization. One of the great tragedies of working-class history is that of the French workers waiting for word of the up-rising of their German comrades. If there had been a real international organization they would not have had to wait. Orders would have gone out from the central office. Railways and telegraph and cable are in charge of workingmen. There would have been no such tragic isolation as that which plunged millions into despair during those opening days of August.

With a million men in each great nation internationally organized for peace any war could be prevented. Our present International Socialist Bureau is just the hope of an organization; the symbol, or, at most, the germ of an organization. The moment the great nationalist floods had carried away the working-classes it went into hiding. When it reappeared it went about timidly questioning this group and that in order to find out whether it had the right to breathe. It has never had authority. It has never been looked to by the workers as their visible head. When the members of it met at last they made long speeches and drew up pious resolutions. It was so like The Hague Congress that the two might have passed for twins. It did not even furnish the workers of the world an emotional focus.

Compare this feeble attempt at internationalism with the organization of the German Empire. Within this great national unit all citizens are educated to live and think in relation to the purposes of the nation. The empire sets the pace in church and school, in family and shop. Men and women and children are used to responding quickly to its demands. In the moment of crisis they do so spontaneously. But our so-called internationalists never learn to respond to a central agency. In peace the International Bureau makes no demands on them. Their lives are not varied a hair's

breadth to further its purpose. So in war they do not look to it for leadership.

I am aware of the fact that an international union cannot be organized from the top down or from the center outward. The working-class struggle begins in the shop or in the town or neighborhood. It develops till it takes in a section of the nation. Lastly, it links nation with nation. It is only as a result of the necessities of the struggle that it finally becomes world-wide. But if the local struggles are tense enough and the intelligence of the workers of the civilized nations will act together spontaneously and vigorously as the citizens of a nation do now.

But the present war is just the agency that was needed to weld the national groups of workers into such a world-union. For thirty months we have been pondering the same subject. Our feelings have been moulded by the same distress. The very sense of weakness which engulfed us all has taught the necessity of a new unity. Now is the time to get together. If our various national committees and conferences, our journals and writers, all of us who care deeply for the good of the movement and the world, act energetically now, it may be possible to achieve the hitherto impossible.

The word *effective* is vague. What I mean by an "effective union" is a union capable of giving effect to the deep longing of the workers for active co-operation in peace and war. The members of the central body would have to be elected directly by the members with the understanding that they shall have authority to deal with an international crisis quickly and energetically. We should have to say to them in advance that we are ready to refuse to fight, to go on strike, to do anything which is demanded by the situation. If the workers in each nation knew that those of every other nation were resolved to do this, we might expect with confidence the realization of our hopes. In fact, if the rulers were convinced of our sincerity we should probably win our fight in advance. No government would dare to declare hostilities in the face of a million citizens pledged to place the good of their class and of the world above an imaginary advantage to the nation.

The fifth point in this proposed program refers to possible efforts in the direction of world-government by the various existing governments. The movement inaugurated by Mr. Taft's League to Enforce Peace is

a good example. President Wilson and the English Premier have both declared themselves in favor of some such world-government. I am convinced that capitalist world-government is impossible at the present time. In the controlling industrial, commercial and political agencies, all the forces which brought about the war, are still as powerful as ever. There will be the same necessity for capitalist expansion after the war, as there was before. The economic struggle will be carried forward on a larger scale than ever. This fact will tend to increase its intensity rather than to diminish it. Now, some persons expect the representatives of the mutually-antagonistic governments to get together and form a world-union. Such a development presupposes some common basis of action, some generally recognized principles of justice. But at present justice for England, justice for Germany, and justice for the United States mean different things. Under the influence of imperialism justice means in each country that policy which will place that country's capitalist interests foremost. A world court would be a mockery without a corresponding world-congress for the passage of the necessary legislative measures. On what principle could such a congress be expected to formulate its measures?

But even the world-government may be impossible on any basis proposed by the present governments, I believe that working-people should give every possible kind of support to all pacifist efforts. International capitalism is better for the workers than national capitalism. A show of international government is better for them than nothing. For everything of this sort tends to break down the idiotic, antiquated devotion to purely national ideals.

The sixth point opens up a vast field of effort to working-class organizations. The superstition that various races and various nations are naturally quite different is ancient and deep-seated. Our own prejudices against the Jew, the negro, and the Japanese are cases in point. So long as we have such a superstitious feeling against any race or nation or sect we are exposed to a similar feeling against other groups. All the forces of our journalism and our platform are from time to time set in motion to arouse such a sentiment against this race or that. Such antipathies have often been artfully manufactured and will be again. War tends to engender them instantly. A hundred

years ago every normal Englishman believed that the French were a race of unbelieving, irresponsible devils. Now the French are angels and the Germans are the devils. A few years ago we were all taught, by our statesmen and newspapers, to admire the Germans. Now we are taught to despise them. The Japanese are an admirable nation. They have a splendid intellectual and artistic culture. They are rapidly proving their virtues serve but to make them the more dangerous. Men who would cut but a poor figure beside a Japanese philosopher or artist shout loudly that the little brown man has about him a subtle something which makes him forever different from us and forever our enemy. We are humanitarians, of course, but these people are made to stand outside the borderline of humanity. And this is one of the hindrances to world-unity of any sort. If not a direct cause of war, it is an accessory before the fact.

Labor unions and Socialist groups have done something against this sort of thing, but not much. International congresses have taught us that we have similar interests and similar ways of thinking. The migratory nature of some crafts has taught tolerance. The mingling of great hosts of workers differing in nationality and race has forced a degree of mutual understanding within restricted regions. But competition between various labor groups has done much to strengthen the old devil of suspicion and separatism. The barring of negroes and Japanese from many American labor unions is a case in point. Outside the organized labor movement the workers do even worse

in this respect. No group is so poor and low as not to teach its young that some other group is poorer and lower. The poor and ignorant of each race have a favorite derogatory nickname for those of another. The Dago, the Mick, the Wap, the Hunkie are not human beings. They are outcasts. They cannot be played with or worked with as equals.

The working-class could educate its children out of this sort of barbarism. Shouting loudly that we are brothers or singing the International out of tune will not help. Lessons on the civilizations of various countries would be more to the purpose. Our Socialist Sunday Schools and Young Peoples' Leagues can do much in this direction. The Socialist Party can do more by organizing itself on a working-class basis rather than on a nationalistic or racial one. In some cases our language groups are actually working in opposition to the common good. But the labor unions can do most. If they believe in human brotherhood let them recognize the negro and the Jap as brothers. That will be an ocular demonstration which will go farther with the coming generation than a thousand miles of resolutions.

But, as I said above, these six points are set down here merely to form the basis for a discussion among REVIEW readers. Discussion may lead to unity of thought, and unity of thought may lead to unity of action.

NOTE: The editors of the REVIEW heartily endorse Comrade Bohn's request for expressions of opinion on this all-important subject. But, as our space is limited, we must ask each comrade to keep inside of 200 words. Also, please write on only one side of the sheet, and do not mix what is written for publication with letters to the editors or publishers.

The Majesty of the Law—The Everett Tragedy presented thru the medium of a courtroom comedy is the idea of a one-act sketch, "Their Court and Our Class," from the pen of Fellow Worker Walker C. Smith.

The I. W. W. in Seattle so successfully presented the sketch at their December smoker that it is to be staged again, this time by the Young Peoples' Socialist League, acting in conjunction with the local defense committee. In Portland, Ore., Denver, Colo., and various

other parts of the country the sketch is being put on as propoganda and to raise funds for the Everett Prisoners' Defense.

As a pamphlet the sketch sets forth the workers' side of the case in a most readable manner. If you cannot see it acted you should at least read it.

Single copies are ten cents; lots of fifty or more are six cents. The supply is very limited. Orders may be sent to Walker C. Smith, 7409 10th Ave., N. E., Seattle, Wash.

The Press Censorship Bill

LOOK out for the press censorship bill!

It has been drafted by the Army War College and will be introduced in Congress, probably, on the day that Congress declares war, if it should, and an attempt will be made to drive it thru both houses under the emotional stress of that occasion.

The bill is exceedingly dangerous and should be defeated. It is aimed, not at the enemy, but at the complete control of public opinion in this country in time of war. If passed it would set up a complete censorship machinery thruout the country, and forbid the publication in newspapers, periodicals or pamphlets of any discussion of the war *except by special permission of the censor.*

Make no mistake about it; this bill was drafted with an eye to those newspapers which, in the event of war, might attempt to criticise the conduct of the war, those newspapers (to borrow the language of the War College's statement) which "by their editorials and presentation of news . . . may sway the people . . . against the war and thus . . . by adverse criticism tend to destroy the efficiency of these (the military) agencies." The quotation is from monograph which the Army War College has drafted in support of its bill; it is entitled "The Proper Relationship Between the Army and the Press in Time of War." This monograph may be secured from the Superintendent of Public Documents, Washington, D. C., for five cents. *Send for it.*

This argument is easily recognized; it is the old argument of autocracy, with its efficiency, real or imagined, and democracy. The argument holds just as strongly against popular discussion of civic officials as of military officials. The only difference is that public officials have become habituated to the idea of responsibility to the people and military officials would evade this embarrassment if they could. Democracies, however, have faced the problem of free speech and settled in favor of it despite its fancied inconveniences. Now is no time to abandon it, especially in favor of a group so dangerous to civil liberties and democratic ideals as the military group.

The metropolitan press has been won over to the support of the bill by representations that "practical newspaper men, with army experience," would be appointed as censors. Moreover, they know their power and, like Lord Northcliffe, they are not much afraid of what the censor will do to their editorial columns. But the really independent press must be made to realize the threat concealed in this bill and all lovers of democracy must be aroused to fight it even before it makes its appearance in Congress.

Write to the President about it. Write to your congressman. *Write to your editor.* Make him realize that public opinion will back him if he fights this bill in the name of freedom of the press which is our freedom as well. (C. T. H. —American Union Against Militarism.)

"My Dear Brown:

"Out-of-the-Way-Home, January 31, 1917.

"Your magazine 'The Modern School,' certainly is a credit to you, editorially, typographically and every other way. It ought to wield a real influence.

"I must congratulate you on the publication of that poem by Rose Florence Freeman. In its mingled passion and delicacy, and perfect grace, yet artistic restraint of utterance, I have never seen a sex poem to excel it. It is notable and will be immortal.

"Cordially,

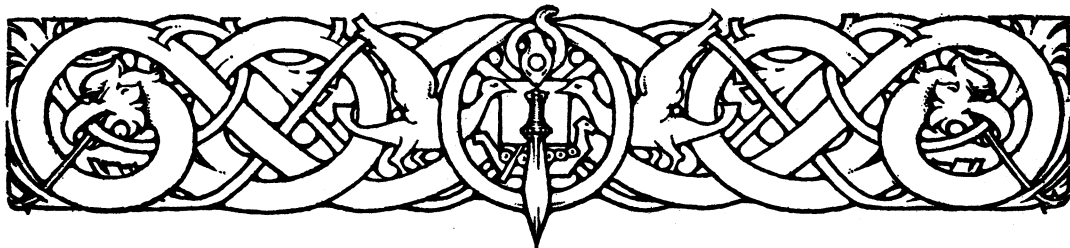
"J. WILLIAM LLOYD."

In the February issue: "Spent," a beautiful poem by Rose Freeman; "The Case of Nietzsche," by J. Wm. Lloyd, etc.

In the March number: The Great Debate between Clarence Darrow and Scott Nearing, etc.

One Dollar a Year. Address

THE MODERN SCHOOL,
Stelton, N. J.



INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

French Socialist Congress

The annual congress of French Socialists took place in Paris, December 25-29.

A vigorous debate on party policy ended just as all such debates have ended in France since the war began. A resolution in favor of continuing to support the war was carried by a vote of 2,838 to 109. Another in favor of permitting socialists to become cabinet ministers received 1,637 in favor to 708 against. A third in favor of refusing to meet the Germans in conference before the Germans have explained their attitude toward their government's peace move was carried by 1,537 to 1,407. A fourth against allowing the Kienthalers, or the left wing, to participate in the editing of *l'Humanite* was adopted "almost unanimously." This probably means that the three members of the Chamber who attended the famous conference at Kienthal were the only ones who voted against it. Their names are: Blanc, Raffin-duguen and Brizon. There will be a conference of Allied Socialists in March. A special congress is to formulate a program for the French delegates.

One interesting and important suggestion was made during the discussion on reopening relations with the German Socialists. Those in favor of this move said there was no longer any sense in referring to Scheidemann and his majority as Socialists. What was wanted was to establish relations with Liebknecht and the other real Socialists. Let us hope that this idea will gain wide currency.

The various peace moves of President Wilson were much discussed at this con-

gress, and his name occurs frequently in various resolutions adopted.

* * *

Strike of French Munition Workers

Toward the end of January several thousand workers in the munition factory of Schneider and Company, Harfleur, went on strike. Albert Thomas, Socialist and Minister of Munitions, went up to persuade them to return to work. He is reported to have said: "The government does not want to use the means the law gives it, and it appeals to your patriotism, to your affection for the fighters who are at the front and to your reason, for everyone to be present tomorrow at the factory. According to a decree, the government has the right to mobilize workmen or requisition works. Besides, it has the right to decide issues between employers and workmen."

* * *

English Labor Party Conference

This conference took place at Manchester on January 23-25. The action of Henderson, Hodge and Barnes in taking positions in the new cabinet was approved. A general enthusiasm for peace was shown by five minutes of applause which greeted a chance mention of the name of President Wilson. But a determination to carry on the war was evinced in many definite actions taken. For example, the representation of the Independent Labor Party on the Executive Committee was so cut down as to give this vigorous group of internationalists little influence between congresses.

**Confederation
General
du Travail**

The Confederation held a conference at Christmas time. There was a long and heated debate about the support which the organization is giving the government in the prosecution of the war. The vote was 91 to 25 in favor of continuing to give this support.

* * *

**Help Needed
for Work
in Japan**

For the past nine years it has been almost impossible to carry on Socialist work among the Japanese. At the time the publication of Socialist papers was stopped, Socialist books in Japanese were confiscated, and even books on Socialism in the libraries were withdrawn from circulation. One group of Socialists meets secretly in Tokio. The government makes a regular annual appropriation of about \$90,000 to suppress Socialism. All Socialists are registered at the police stations and their movements are closely watched.

Comrade S. Katayama, who has been hounded by the government for nearly twenty-five years, is now in this country. With almost no help from any source, he writes copy for a little paper, prints it with his own hands and circulates it as best he can. He can do more for Japanese Socialism from this side of the Pacific than he could at home. By rousing interest among Japanese residents in this country and by sending copies of his paper back to Japan, he is doing as much as possible to keep things moving.

With a very little money he could accomplish much more. He has never asked for contributions. Let us send them without his asking. Money sent care of the Review will be forwarded. Those who prefer to send it directly can reach Comrade Katayama at 92 West End Avenue, Manhattan Beach, Long Island, N. Y.

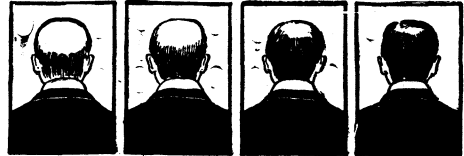
IS HE CRAZY?

The owner of a large plantation in Mississippi, where the fine figs grow, is giving away a few five-acre fruit tracts. The only condition is that figs be planted. The owner wants enough figs raised to supply a cooperative canning factory. You can secure five acres and an interest in the canning factory by writing the Eubank Farms Company, 1233 Keystone, Pittsburgh, Pa. They will plant and care for your trees for \$6 per month. Your profit should be \$1,000 per year. Some think this man is crazy for giving away such valuable land, but there may be method in his madness.



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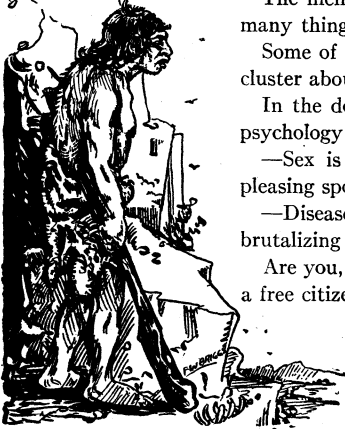
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**TOBACCO
HABIT**

A very interesting book has been published on tobacco habit—how to conquer it quickly and easily. It tells the dangers of excessive smoking, chewing, snuff using, etc., and explains how nervousness, irritability, sleeplessness, weak eyes, stomach troubles and numerous other disorders may be eliminated thru stopping self-poisoning by tobacco. The man who has written this book wants to genuinely help all who have become addicted to tobacco habit and says there's no need to suffer that awful craving or restlessness which comes when one tries to quit voluntarily. This is no mind-cure or temperance sermon tract, but plain common sense, clearly set forth. The author will send it free, postpaid, in plain wrapper. Write, giving name and full address—a postcard will do. Address: Edward J. Woods, 242 P, Station E, New York City. Keep this advertisement; it is likely to prove the best news you ever read in this magazine.

ARE YOU STILL LIVING in the OLD STONE AGE?



The men and women of the Old Stone Age were superstitious about many things.

Some of these the world has outgrown, but the superstitions that cluster about economics and sex still crush the happiness of the race.

In the domain of sex, the mass of our people still possess largely the psychology of fear and ignorance characteristic of the Old Stone Age.

—Sex is to the majority a mysterious, terrible thing, a vice, or a pleasing sport.

—Disease is rampant; and, that which is worse, the stultifying and brutalizing of sex.

Are you, in matters of sex, still living in the Old Stone Age, or are you a free citizen of the commonwealth of Modern Knowledge?

* * *

The awakening popular interest in Sexology is not without its dangers, which only *real* knowledge may offset.

Dr. William J. Robinson was the American pioneer of Birth Control, and the movement to popularize Sexology. His books are *authoritative*, instinct with sound judgment and radical sympathy.

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An astonishing book, in its scope, information and value. *A few of the subjects discussed: The Relations Between the Sexes and Man's Inhumanity to Woman.—The Influence of Abstinence on Man's Sexual Health and Sexual Power.—The Double Standard of Morality and the Effect of Continence on Each Sex.—What to do with the Prostitute and How to Abolish Venereal Disease.—The Question of Abortion Considered in its Ethical and Social Aspects.—Torturing the Wife when the Husband is at Fault.—The Most Efficient Venereal Prophylactics, etc., etc.* Price, \$3.00, postpaid.

NEVER-TOLD TALES

By WILLIAM J. ROBINSON, M.D.

No man sees more of the *hidden* tragedy and horror of life than a specialist in sexual diseases. In the form of vivid fiction, this book tells some of these experiences. A warning and a guide. *Jack London* said of this book: "I wish every person, man and woman, young and old, could have a copy of 'Never-Told Tales.'" Price, \$1.00, postpaid.

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BOOK REVIEWS



The New Socialism. By Harold A. Russell, C. E. New York: The Shakespeare Press. 111 pages. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 60c.

The author of this book seems unaware that he has chosen a title already used by Robert Rives LaMonte for an excellent book, published at the nominal price of 10 cents. The book by Mr. Russell is really not on the subject of Socialism at all, but of the State Capitalism already taking shape in Europe and likely to make rapid strides here after the war. As to the effect of State Capitalism on the standard of living of the wage-workers he is in our opinion unduly optimistic. For Harold A. Russell, Marx has written in vain. He imagines that low prices will abolish poverty without any revolution. It is just as well that copies of his book are sold at high prices, since they would only confuse the minds of any wage-workers who might happen to take the author seriously.

Germany and England. By J. A. Cramb, M. A., late Professor of Modern History, Queens College, London. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., price \$1.00 net.

This volume of lectures, delivered in London shortly before the outbreak of the world-war, was intended as a warning to the English. It serves now to explain the causes of the war, and especially the apparent unanimity of the Germans in their war-madness. While the author does not neglect the economic explanation, the chief merit of his book is in his critical analysis of the propaganda teaching the greatness and the conquering destiny of Germany which has been carried on for a generation. Its greatest writer is Treitschke, who says of the British empire: "A thing that is wholly a sham cannot in this universe of ours endure forever. It may endure for a day, but its doom is certain; there is no room for it in a world governed by valor, by the Will to Power." That is to say, England rules one-fifth of the globe because the ancestors of the English were crafty and lucky. Germany needs room to expand, and must, and will take it from England by force of arms." This helps us understand why there is little hope of peace until the Prussian war lords and their dupes are crushed or else have conquered the world.

"A Woman Free" and Other Poems. By Ruth Le Prade. Published by J. F. Sowny Press, Los Angeles, California. Price, 75c.

The introduction to this book of charming verses is by Edwin Markham, and he says: "Ruth Le Prade comes with the simple speech of every day, declaring her compassion for the multitude, announcing her contempt of caste and conventionality, affirming her faith in the coming of the great day when Love shall take form in a Comrade Order, wherein all from the greatest to the least shall have the social and material resources for living a rich and abundant life."

The Last War. By George Barrett. Published by the Workers' Freedom Group, 2 Hill St., Totterdown, Bristol, England, at one penny. This is the best brochure the war has brought forth on war from the point of view of the working class.

Mr. Barrett calls on the workers of the world to seize the opportunity that war gives them to attack the Invaders of the World who have despoiled those who produce the world's wealth. An invaluable booklet to place in the hands of workmen and women. The following is a quotation from the wealth of good things Mr. Barrett says:

War

"It is war we proclaim, the last war, the international war in which the workers of all lands shall be united against the invaders—the rich who have seized the land and lived on the labor of the poor.

"This is the war that remains yet to be fought. Is it possible? Nay, it is inevitable. It may be delayed, but it cannot be prevented. Already and everywhere dimly the worker sees the injustice of his lot and recognizes his folly in laboring so hard, while he enjoys so little of the fruit of his work. Many a man in each army engaged today knows in his heart that the enemy soldiers are men just as he is, no better but little worse. These dim thoughts only lack boldness, and they would make of each such soldier a revolutionist, who would refuse to fire in such a cause.

"It is by this growing courage that the international workers will presently form their army—not indeed an army like that which their masters possess, where the soldiers blindly obey their officers and care not if their cause is right or wrong. The workers' army organized for a different purpose must be a very different affair.

Our Answer

"Surely this is the answer we ought to be preparing ourselves to make. It would create a revolutionary situation, and no government faced with such internal difficulties, even though the workers were not yet strong enough to make a revolution, would dare to go to war. This would be the surest way to prevent an invasion, for certain it is that even though our comrades abroad were not perhaps so strong in their organization as we were or we so bold as they, yet the workers would still be able to organize sufficient militant strikes to make their government very reluctant to send their army out of the country.

"Have we not seen by the huge military camps established in Liverpool, London and other great centers during the recent great strike period, that the master class feels none too safe, even when the workers are, as now, entirely unarmed? It would need but a comparatively small labor movement in England and Germany at the present time to make these

governments very quickly change their minds as to who was the real enemy.

"The danger of rebellion at home would make a fellow feeling between the opposing governments, and they would very quickly agree to withdraw their armies to shoot their own countrymen. True it is that we are not yet strong enough to thus defeat war and invasion, but great things have small beginnings, and if we are to wait until we can be successful before we throw our energies into a movement, we shall find that we are always behind. If we are but a few in this movement, which will by and by make war and oppression impossible, it is certain that we should exercise no more influence by joining the hosts of English, French and Russian invaders than we have by raising the standard of revolt in our countries at home. Powerful, or even powerless then, as the workers' movement may now be, it should take up its stand of definite and uncompromising opposition to the war.

"War is a part of the present system, but it is one of its most vulnerable parts, for the system is based on violence, and when the means of violence are fully occupied, a great opportunity occurs for those who have been kept in subjection and poverty by them at

home. When we are prepared to take advantage of this opportunity we shall find that we have not only rendered war impossible, but that we are perhaps powerful enough to capture our country from the invaders who now hold it."

A Memoir to the Life of Father Robert W. Haire. By E. Francis Atwood, State Secretary of the S. P. of So. Dak.; published by the Commonwealth Print, Mitchell, S. D. Price, 10c. Proceeds to go to the campaign fund.

Comrade Atwood has given the Socialist movement not only a warm and glowing tribute to Comrade Haire, whom he calls the founder of socialism in the Dakotas, but he also devotes a large part of this excellent brochure to the work to which Comrade Haire, himself, devoted his life—the propaganda of Socialism. Not only to those who wish the loving appreciative memoir of this stimulating and untiring comrade, but to those who wish to still further spread the truth he taught, this little booklet will come as a happy opportunity. The proceeds from the sale of the book are to be donated to the campaign fund.

GREATEST OF ALL SOCIALIST BOOKS **Marx's CAPITAL**

You can be a Socialist without reading CAPITAL, but you cannot talk or write about Socialism, nor hold your own in debates with old-party politicians, without a clear understanding of the principles and theories which are explained in this book.

Until a few years ago, only one volume could be had in the English language, and that in an inferior edition. Then this publishing house took hold and published the entire work in three magnificent volumes, strongly bound in library cloth, with gold stamping.

VOLUME I, entitled "**The Process of Capitalist Production**," is practically complete in itself. It explains the thing which, up to the time that Marx came on the scene, had confused all the economists, namely, **Surplus Value**. It explains exactly how the capitalist extracts his profits. This volume might be called the keystone of the Socialist arch. 369 pages, **\$2.00**.

VOLUME II, "**The Process of Circulation of Capital**," explains the part that the merchant and the banker play in the present system, and the laws that govern social capital. Unravels knots in which previous writers had become entangled. 618 pages, **\$2.00**.

VOLUME III, in some respects the most interesting of all, treats of "**The Process of Capitalist Production as a Whole**." Predicts the rise of Trusts and makes clear the cause of panics and industrial crises. Shows how the small capitalist is swallowed. Explains for all time the subjects of **Land, Rent and Farming**. 1,048 pages, **\$2.00**.

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NEWS AND VIEWS

Our Militant Scotch Comrades:—Two orders for our standard cloth-bound Socialist books amounting to \$200 came in on one mail during the past week. One order was from the British Section of the International Socialist Party at Edinburgh. The other was from the Socialist Labor Press of Glasgow. While the boneheads are busy blowing one another off the map, these comrades are busy circulating sound Socialist literature which is the only ammunition that counts. In other words, it will wise up the workers so that they will not point their guns at each other as they are doing now, but at their real enemy.

Oil Field Flashes:—News comes in from many points in Kansas and Oklahoma that the oil field workers are waking up to the rotten conditions under which they have to work. The pipe-liners are lining up fast in the I. W. W. The I. W. W. way seems to be the winning way these days.

From a Vermont Reader:—Comrade Marsh of Rochester reviews his sub. and also sends in a subscription for the Public Library at Rochester. He closes his letter by saying, "There is but one fault I find with THE REVIEW; that is, there is not enough of it and it doesn't come often enough."

A Massachusetts Comrade Writes:—"I am glad to be alive and in a position to make one more kick for human rights. One of the pleasures I have in life is reviewing my subscription to THE REVIEW. I will always remember Comrade Mary E. Marcy's observation "Take care of the stomachs, and the morals will take care of themselves."—H. L. J.

Joe Hill—Memorial services in honor of Joe Hill, the I. W. W. poet who was murdered by the authorities of Salt Lake City last year, were held in San Jose, California, at South Park, January 14. Services opened by the signing of the Marseillaise by the I. W. W. local. Comrade Cora P. Wilson of the Socialist Party delivered the oration. Services were continued at Inspiration Point, Alum Rock Park. Joe Hill's last poem was read and as the comrades sang the "Red Flag," Rita Wilson, 9 years old, let loose three balloons containing the ashes of Joe Hill, which the four winds wafted over the beautiful Santa Clara Valley.

From Australia—A conference of branches of the Australian Socialist Party was held from December 24th to 29th, 1916, but owing to want of time for consideration of other than party business, Dr. Rutgers' articles on Imperialism and Mass Action were not brought forward as this branch had arranged. However, it may be said safely that all comrades are in agreement with Dr. Rutgers and the Left Wing as to the tactics to be adopted on this most important matter.

From Sidney, Ohio—Comrade Nutt added six new names to the subscription list just in time to get the February REVIEW.

The Questions on Economics—Comrade Mrs.

Truman of Erskine, Canada, sent in a subscription for the REVIEW and at the same time answered all of the questions on Economics asked in the outline which appeared in the January number correctly. We read her letter with great pleasure, as it is good to get in touch with a woman who is up on Marx. If there were a thousand more Mrs. Trumans the work of education in the labor movement would move twice as fast. Remember you cannot explain current events unless you study Karl Marx.

Donation from Alaska—Comrade Mrs. Keil of Alaska donated \$5.00 to the REVIEW to help pay the increased cost of the paper bill last month. This is certainly a practical way to help.

Et tu Bohn?—That Carl D. Thompson and Chas. Edward Russell should revert to their class interests was to be expected from their previous leanings; but when Frank Bohn, whom we always thought a thorough red, falls for this nonpartisan dope, it fairly takes our breath away.

Comrade Bohn is, of course, aware of the fact that the evolution of industry is at least a generation ahead of the corresponding mental status of society. The industries will, therefore, be here and waiting for the necessary mental readjustment to make proper use of them. Therefore, as Socialists, we need not waste our time on the organization of the industries. We can safely leave that to those most directly interested, "the great middle class, above all the professional class—the school teachers, college professors, editors, lawyers and physicians."

These will no doubt be greatly benefited under state capitalism, though it is problematical if the average wage earner, not under civil service) will fare any better, as the government has the reputation, amongst the unskilled at least, of paying very low wages. To be sure this does not alter the fact that we shall have government ownership, willy nilly, but neither does this fact alter the further and much more important fact that it is democratic management of the industries and the full product of our labor that we, as wage earners, are interested in. Of course our representatives in city council, legislatures and congress will, as consistent Socialists, vote for public or government ownership, whenever bills for this purpose are presented, but the main point in Socialist administration, democratic control, must always be emphasized.

No, comrades, don't let us waste our time. The tendency towards fusion and compromise is strong enough without encouraging it.

The industries are regular Frankensteins. They will destroy their masters in time. They are waiting, even now, on the necessary intelligence of the workers to use them. It is scientific socialism that must be taught and

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this, of course, includes the principle of industrial unionism.

I am sorry to see that the REVIEW, usually so clear sighted, should be so hasty in accepting this so-called 8-hour law as an accomplished fact and Bohn mentions it in the same light.

There is no evidence among the train crews here of an 8-hour day. In the quotation from the president that I saw it did not state that "The nation now sanctions an 8-hour day for all workers," but that "The 8-hour day has the sanction of society"—potentially very different. No, the Adamson law has not yet forced the American railroads to accept the 8-hour day principle. Not yet.—From O. H. Stow, Washington.

Constructive Program of Socialism—"These are the times that try men's souls," was bravely spoken by Thomas Paine in the revolutionary days of this country. One can imagine what it was to be a lover of liberty at that day and time and brave men like Paine must have seen mountains of difficulties to overcome in overthrowing the government by kings. The traditions and superstitions of his day were more in control of the minds of the people than at the present time. But he never gave up, because the "vote fell off," instead, his reply to "He kept us out of war," was the harder the conflict the more glorious the triumph. Heaven knows how to set a proper price upon its goods and it would be strange indeed if freedom would not be highly rated.

How well those words of one of the most illustrious sons of freedom fit the present day and time.

Do the votes determine the strength of our forces? Can we measure our achievements by votes? Can't we of the great working class movement realize that the seeds we have been sowing are growing in other parts of society, as well as the political field? Perhaps it is best that we did not get too large a vote. It might encourage our opportunists to adopt too many immediate demands to get into office like Wilson did. Then they would be very much embarrassed—that is if they were real Socialists—to be elected to office without sufficient economic education to back them up. We have lost no Socialist votes, notwithstanding we did not poll as many votes as we did in 1912. But we have done other things and that most im-

portant of all things was bringing together against the entrenched capitalists of this nation almost a solid labor action of the railroad unions of this nation. So much for Socialists' education. Those organizations were brought nearer together; they felt their united strength for the first time. It was only a brief spell that this mighty railroad united body were together, but they felt their strength, and they will NOT FORGET. What would 3,000,000 votes for the Socialist Party mean without that splendid demonstration that brought Congress to act to keep the giant labor asleep? Oh, you of little vision! Do you not see the world is in travail? That the deeds from the brain of Marx is stirring society as it was never stirred before? Labor organizations, fraternal societies, religious bodies, civic and political, are being forced to investigate economics. Churches are being forced to seek relief for members, or the ministers will go hungry. Fraternal orders feel the increase demand for sick benefits—out of employment being found the CAUSE.

We are inclined to be too pessimistic as to immediate results and we show our lack of social vision by condemning the embryo for not breaking all laws of nature.

Let us go into the great religious, fraternal and labor bodies and teach them how to win. Let us teach them to unite for their mutual good. Let us avoid their prejudices and cultivate their friendship. The lack of comradeship and icy conduct of many Socialists have done more to set the brakes upon the wheels of social enlightenment than all the powers of the master class. Our friends, the S. L. P., have reaped the bitter reward of carrying on a campaign of bitterness, instead of one of persuasion and kindness. The people are ripe for the new order of things. It is up to you and I to blaze the way and they will follow.—Jas. Pendragon.

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