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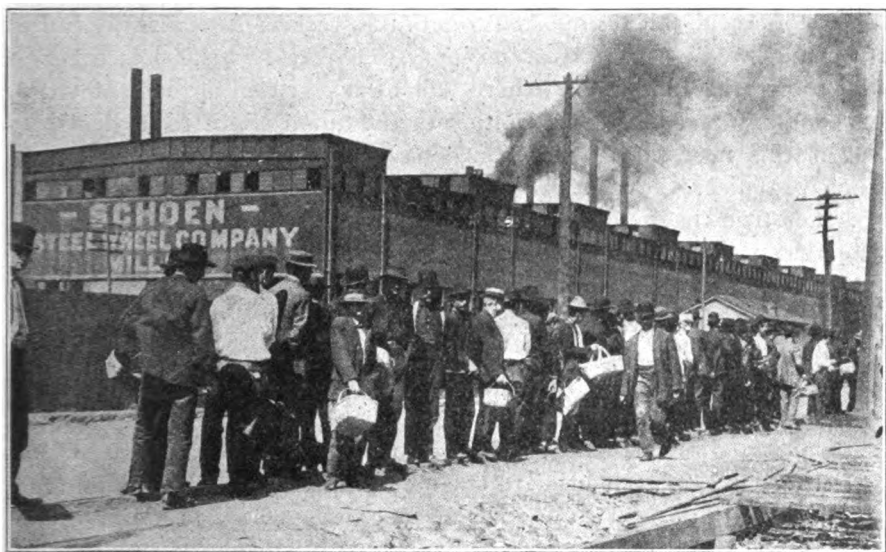
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Victory at McKees Rocks.

BY LOUIS DUCHEZ.



THE BREAD LINE THAT BEAT THE STEEL TRUST



IN this article the writer is not going to give much space to a recitation of the crimes of the capitalist class at McKees Rocks and the other strike points in Pennsylvania. It is unnecessary. The capitalist press has done that more effectively—regardless of the motives that may have prompted them—than he is able to do. The class struggle is a historic fact and the diametrically opposed interests have long ago been proven. Such practices as were exposed during the last few weeks are only the logical result of the

capitalist system of society at this stage of working class activity.

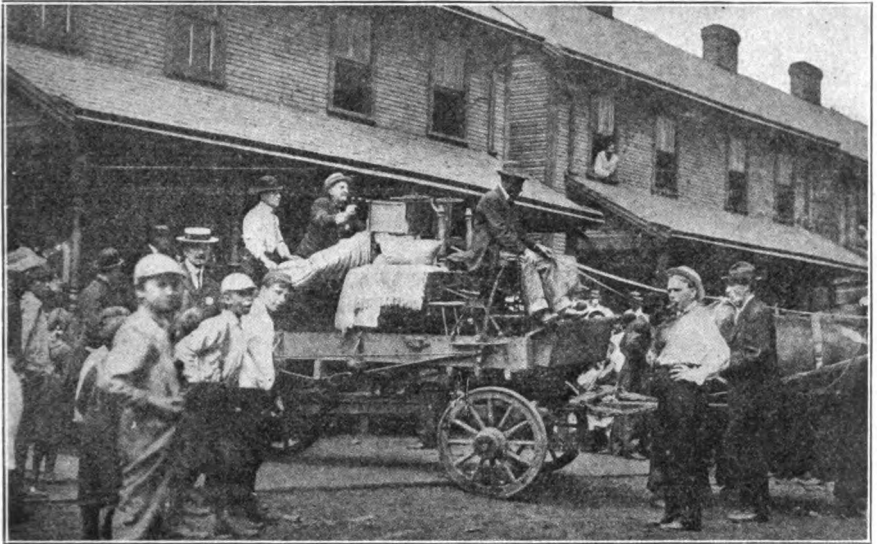
Readers of the Review want something more than a mere account of the cruelties of the Pressed Steel Car Company. They want to know something about the spirit and growth of solidarity and industrial organization among the striking wage slaves in Pennsylvania.

For the strike at McKees Rocks has been won. In spite of the tremendous odds against the men they have conquered in this battle against the Steel Trust. Not long ago we read in the papers that not one striker would be taken back at the mills. But they have been taken back. The pooling system has been abolished. They have gained a 5 per cent. increase in wages with an additional 10 per cent. within 60 days. Half-holiday Saturdays and no Sunday work. Grafting bosses have been "fired" along with all scabs. The shop rules have been revolutionized and the changed conditions afford employment for 1,000 more men. Most important of all, the workers have already built up during the struggle a revolutionary union of over 4,000 members, who thoroughly understand there will be no written agreement with the company and that a recognition of the union is not to be desired. Nor is this necessary. Craft lines have been obliterated and craft union organizers have been "passed up" with suspicion.

It is true that public sentiment was with the men, but it is also true that they have beaten the company in tactics at every point. And in writing up the account of the struggle, it is to this phase of the situation that the writer wishes to confine himself.

The strike began with, apparently, no organization among the men. Chaos seemed to prevail. Sixteen different nationalities were represented. Among them were: Americans, Germans, Hungarians, Ruthenians, Slavonians, Croatians, Polanders, Turks, Lithuanians, Russians, Greeks, Italians, Armenians, Roumanians, Bulgarians and Swiss. And the militant industrial unionists, who had training in the struggles in Europe—notably in Germany, Hungary and in the Russian revolution—played a very important part. Socialist leaders followed and established, with the aid of the industrial unionists, a remarkable discipline. Political propaganda, however, was useless among these men, because the fight was an industrial fight, and four-fifths of the strikers were not enfranchised anyway. Their shop minds could not get away from the mill—they wanted shop action.

A committee was elected known as the Big Six, only two of whom were revolutionists. The others were "pure and simplers." These men ran the commissary store house, warned the men against violence and helped conduct the big meetings on Indian Mound. But so far as a knowledge of revolutionary tactics in a struggle of that



DEPUTY SHERIFF EXLEY BUSY BREAKING UP STRIKERS' HOMES. HE IS SHOWN PLACING A BABY BUGGY ON TOP OF LOAD. HE WAS KILLED BY STRIKERS THE DAY FOLLOWING

kind was concerned, they knew nothing, although their intentions were of the best.

At the beginning of the strike, because of the many different nationalities, with nobody to bring them into a mutual understanding, there was much confusion. But a few men, who had been industrial unionists in Europe, got together, elected a committee among their own number and quietly, and without credit, planned the system and tactics of battle, put into operation methods of warfare, new in the history of labor wars in the United States.

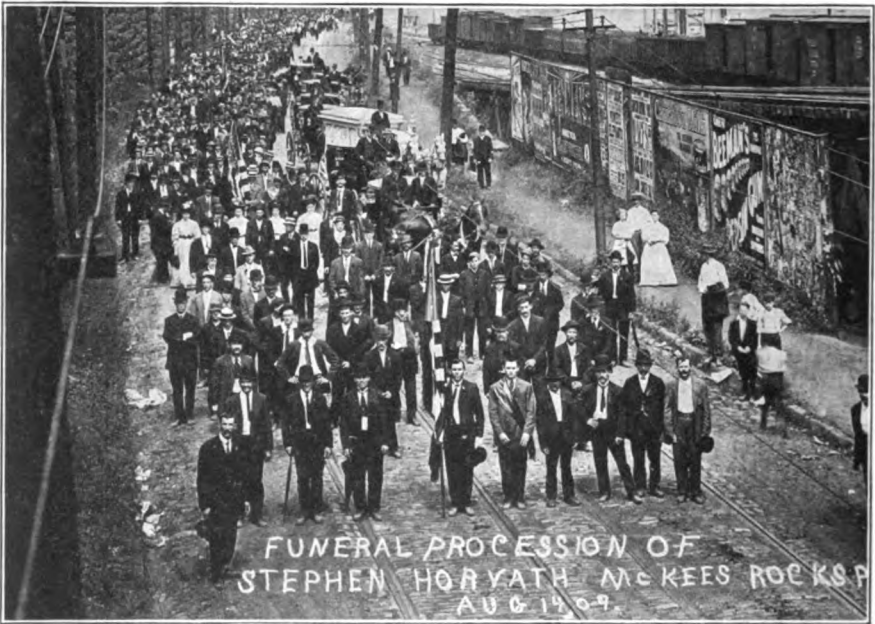
Too much credit cannot be given these men, who went about forming an I. W. W. organization among the strikers. And the strikers found they had those among their own ranks who thoroughly understood the class struggle and up-to-date tactics in industrial unionism. But they were unable to make themselves understood.

This phase of the difficulty was overcome by securing interpreters and speakers and throwing the power and experience of the I. W. W. into the struggle. It is well to note in this connection, also, that four members of the Big Six committee represented only 1,000 of the strikers, while the two revolutionists on the committee represented nearly 5,000 men.

When it was learned that the controlling element of the Big Six was, consciously or unconsciously, reactionary and seemed to be

at sea in dealing with the situation, an Unknown Committee acted in all cases of emergency. It was this committee that established the picket system, the signal system and the watch system which was so effective in keeping scabs out a few weeks ago. Among the foreigners this committee was known as the "Kerntruppen," a term much in vogue in the military system of Germany. It means a choice group of fearless and trained men who may be trusted on any occasion.

This committee issued orders to the Cossacks in black and white, it is reported, after the killing of Horvath, one of their number, on August 12th, stating that for every striker killed or injured, a trooper would go. And they meant what they said, as is proved by the death



of Deputy Sheriff Harry Exley and two troopers who went down in a riot on August 22nd with several strike breakers and some of the strikers, also.

It is also reported that the strikers could have killed every trooper if they had so desired, but they only resisted the violence meted out to them. The papers say the strikers and troopers are now on good terms and it is probable that no more rioting will occur. This Unknown Committee and the troopers know why. There has been an "understanding" between them that is more "sacred" than a contract between capital and labor by a long way.

On August 29th, a report was circulated that the bodies of three imported strike breakers, who died as a result of rotten food and

brutal treatment, were cremated in one of the furnaces. Nobody doubts that they were cremated. Perhaps several poor workmen were gotten rid of in the same manner. When it is known that the dry bones of three foreigners were found under scrap heaps where they had lain for months in this same plant, it is easy to believe almost anything that may be told of that hell which is well-named "The Slaughter House."

While still unproved, it is believed that the three bodies, cremated August 29th, were those of men who had been thrown alive into a hot furnace.

The Unknown Committee know how sixty strikers volunteered to hire out as strike breakers and go into the plant in order to get the scabs out. This was done. These sixty men were in the plant



THE GOVERNMENT WILL NOT PROSECUTE THE PRESSED STEEL CAR COMPANY
FOR PEONAGE

on the night the three foreigners were cremated. This much is known. But in the scrimmage, quick action was necessary and several went in who did not leave their names and were unknown outside their own friends.

At this writing the government is carrying on an investigation

of this case, but there is no doubt in the minds of those who have been in close touch with events from the beginning, that the three cremated foreigners were three of the sixty volunteers.

Lack of space forbids a full description of the class war carried on in this little corner of the country. The tactics employed by the strikers at McKees Rocks, it is true, would soil the lady-like sensibilities of John Mitchell and Sammy Gompers, who love to sing the song of "identity of interest." But the men acted on a full recognition of the cold hard facts and right in line with the words of A. M. Stirton, when he said:

"Whatever line of conduct advances the interests of the working class is right, and whatever line of conduct does not advance the interests of the working class is wrong."

But the tactics employed by the men at McKees Rocks were not of their own choosing. Those of the master class have been more bold and cruel than the workers have yet, collectively, been fearless enough to employ. The workers did what their knowledge of strike warfare and class warfare compelled them to do.

It was not the workers who started the riot on the night of August 22nd, when a large number of people were killed and wounded. The Pressed Steel Car Company started that riot. The methods employed by the company were so brutal and barbaric that even the capitalist papers of Pittsburg exposed them. It is commonly known that Deputy Sheriff Harry Exler, the Cossacks, and a bunch of wharf-rats and hoodlums from Pittsburg and New York, started the trouble. They wanted to make an opportunity to mow down the wage slaves of "Hunkeytown." Every method conceivable was employed to open up this opportunity. It is unnecessary to repeat them. But the workers refused to stand by and permit themselves to be starved, clubbed and shot to death!

The capitalist press stated that President Hoffstot wanted to see a charge of dynamite placed under the Pressed Steel Car Works, his object being to throw the blame upon the strikers and get rid of the old, wornout plant and erect a newer and improved one.

A few days ago, Frank Morrison, of the A. F. of L. made the statement (and his is the organization that refused to have anything to do with the strikers) that the McKees Rocks strikers were an ignorant lot of foreigners. This is wholly false. Since the I. W. W. organized them, we learn that a large number of the men have been revolutionists in Europe. Many of the Hungarians took part in the great railway strike of Hungary. Three men were in the "Bloody Sunday" carnage in St. Petersburg. Participants in the Switzerland railroad strikes were there and several Italians who took part in the

great resistance strike of Italy. Also there were many Germans with cards from the "Metallarbeiter Verband" (Metal Workers' Industrial Union) of Germany, Austria, Denmark and Sweden. Besides there were many members of the socialist parties of Europe, and others who are members of the socialist party of America.

During the fight these men were to be found in "the hollow" in some private house laying the plans of battle. We do not belittle the daily mass meetings on Indian Mound. They were very effective in keeping the workers together and informed in regard to the situation, even though they were sometimes addressed by men and women who had practically no knowledge of the labor movement and the real requirements of the McKees Rocks situation.

But the strikers wanted something besides advice to refrain from violence and to abide their time. They wanted to know ways best fitted to meet the shrewd and heartless schemes of the company, and these things could not be shouted from the hill-tops. But the Unknown Committee in the valley laid the plans. So we can see that these strikers are not the mob of men the A. F. of L. would have us believe.

At the beginning of the strike, it is true, they had no organization. But this was because they had had no plan of organization and nobody to do that work, a great work with the men divided by sixteen different tongues.

But the I. W. W. brought these men together. Militant men who were able to speak the different languages carried the message and the men were eager to accept it.

On August 15th, the I. W. W. advertised a mass meeting to be held on Indian Mound. Large posters printed in five different languages were displayed. Eight thousand men attended the meeting—nearly all strikers, and many railroad men and trade unionists and laborers from Pittsburg.

William E. Trautman first addressed the meeting in English and German, after which the men were parcelled off in lots. Nine different nationalities were spoken to—besides these two—and to each man his own tongue.

To Ignatz Klavier, a Polander and member of the Socialist Party who speaks five languages fluently, much credit is due for enlightening the McKees Rocks strikers on the principles of industrial unionism. It was Klavier who, during the second week of the strike, brought out clearly the distinction between the A. F. of L. and the I. W. W. He was ably assisted by Henyey, a Hungarian, and Max Forker, a German.

A wonderful spirit of solidarity was shown by the trainmen of

the Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne and Chicago and on the Pittsburg and Lake Erie roads—the only railroads running into McKees Rocks, when the trainmen refused to haul scabs to the plant. This is the first time in the history of labor troubles in the United States that this has been done. This was another example of the tactics of industrial unionism directly due to I. W. W. propaganda and education. Not only did the railroad men lend their aid to the strikers but the crews on the two company steamers, "The Queen" and "The Pheil," refused to haul the scabs. This also is due to the work of the Unknown Committee and the great wonderful spirit of solidarity that is spontaneously stirring the wage slaves of the world. Even the school children of "Hunkeytown" refused to attend school until the strike was settled.

In this connection, it is interesting to learn that ten of the sixty strikers who hired as strike breakers, went into the plant and later escorted the 250 scabs out, on August 27, presented cards showing they were members of socialist parties. It also developed that all ten had military training.

In Butler.

The situation in Butler is much the same as it was last month. A Polish priest there urged the men to go back to work, and they did. This is not, however, the cause of the abrupt ending of the strike. This was due to the misunderstandings among the men of different nationalities and because there was nobody on the ground who understood industrial unionism, and who could bring them to a mutual understanding. Now the men are back at work, while the sixty most active rebels have been victimized. But they are rapidly being organized and will doubtless come out again within a few months.

The conditions at Butler are as intolerable as they were at McKees Rocks. One big difference is that in Butler there are no large capitalist political papers with axes to grind. It has developed since the men returned to work, that when the Cossacks charged the town, three of the strikers were stripped, tied to posts and beaten into insensibility. Affidavits are being secured to prove this. The lives of the workers in the shops and in their shanties are just as miserable too as were those of the slaves of "The Slaughter House."

At New Castle.

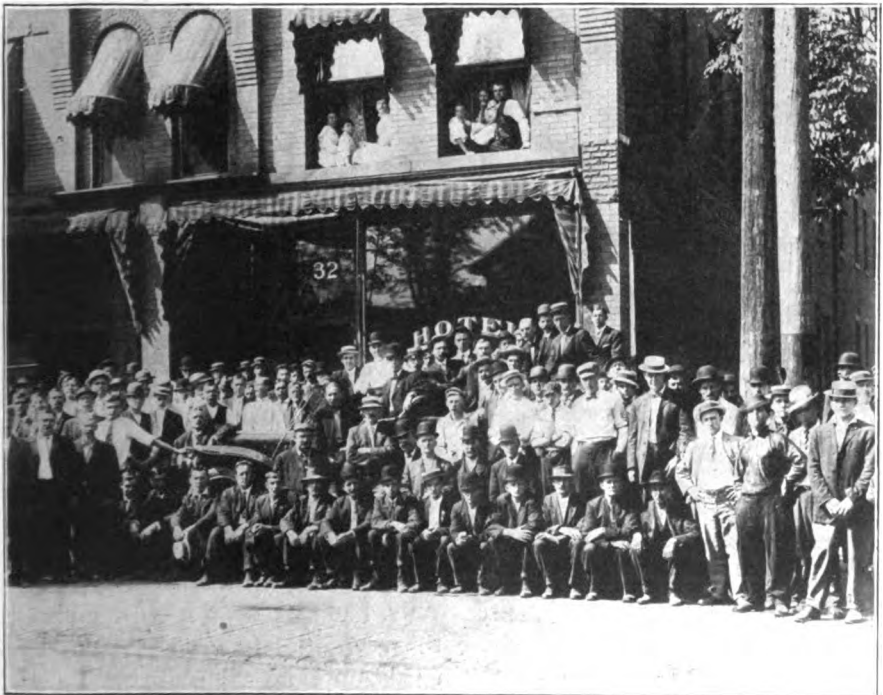
In New Castle the situation is almost unchanged. Practically no old men have gone back to work. On August 23rd, when the strikers marched down to their pickets' tents near the mill to have this photograph taken, they were charged by the Cossacks and clubbed

right and left. Several of the men were badly hurt although the 300 strikers were as peaceful as a funeral procession. Not one man in the crowd carried a gun. But the trouble at McKees Rocks demanded troopers, so the Cossacks have left New Castle.

The exposure of the county sheriff on the part of the Free Press (the official paper of the Lawrence County socialists) did more than anything else to chase the Cossacks out of town. But the strike is not over yet in New Castle. The men are becoming restless and dissatisfied with the actions of the Amalgamated leaders. They say there is not enough life in the fight there, and they want the independent union mills called out.

Railroad men in and around New Castle are kicking against hauling scabs into the city, but the officials of their organizations refuse to allow them to do anything. However, at a meeting of the local Amalgamated Association September 4th, a request was sent to President McArdle of the Amalgamated men to use his power to urge the head of the railroad men to listen to the appeal of the local railroad men in New Castle.

At South Sharon, Struthers and Martins Ferry the strikers



NEW CASTLE STRIKERS CLUBBED BY COSSACKS

in the tin industry are still holding out and the spirit of solidarity is growing stronger. Only the shell of the old organization stands in the way. The Wheeling Majority, a trades assembly paper, has come out for Industrial Unionism with a ringing editorial "For One Union." Its news columns are full of good stuff.

In South Sharon a joint delegation from the Amalgamated and Protective Association has declared for industrial unionism. A manifesto has been issued from that place calling for a district convention for the purpose of going over into the I. W. W.

The most remarkable thing about these Pennsylvania strikes is



RELIEF STATION AT NEW CASTLE

the spirit of solidarity among the men. The workers are not concerned about the name of the organization. They are after the real thing and they know the A. F. of L. hasn't got it to give. The writer predicts that within a few months, several big mills and mines in this part of the country will be out on strike and in open revolt against the master class. The winning of the McKees Rocks strike will be the spark. If our socialist press only had the insight and courage of conviction to point out where the revolutionary and constructive movement of the workers is when this uprising takes place!

In several places among the steel men and the coal miners of Western Pennsylvania locals of the I. W. W. have been organized

and the membership is rapidly increasing. In New Castle an I. W. W. relief station has been established and is conducted by girls who worked in the tin mills, under the supervision of Charles McKeever, who is district organizer of the I. W. W. and secretary of the Local Lawrence County Socialist Party. Several concrete lessons are to be learned from the McKees Rocks strike: First, there is the fact that it is not necessary to organize a large percentage of the workers into a revolutionary industrial union in order to handle the Social Revolution. The writer believes that 10 per cent. of the workers organized in that form of an organization will be able to handle the situation. For instance, if the mining industry, especially the coal miners, and part of the transportation were industrially organized along revolutionary lines imagine what could be done! Why the supply of raw materials could be cut off and industry paralyzed at once.

During these Pennsylvania strikes we have had a sample of the possibilities along this line. In McKees Rocks with no organization and a confusion of tongues we see a big organization spring up and a strike won against the largest corporation in the United States. Not only that, but we find railroad men and steamship crews refusing to carry scabs. The rank and file of the working class is revolutionary enough to bring about a social revolution next week. What is necessary is the machine through which this revolutionary energy can manifest itself in unison. The leaders of the old time unions are as yet in most instances in the saddle, but they are being pushed aside and ignored by the revolutionary spirit and activity of the workers who will not be hoodwinked much longer.

In the second place we learn that it is not necessary to upset a man's religious belief first before making a revolutionist out of him. In McKees Rocks and Butler we see this finely demonstrated. When the strike began foreign priests interfered. They knew very little about the labor movement, though they did know the revolutionary difference between the A. F. of L. and the I. W. W. In Butler, however, when the men were being organized a priest threw up his hands. He interfered with one of the largest meetings that was held there, and told his parishioners that the I. W. W. was a socialist organization and that they should join the A. F. of L. At any rate, a large percentage of his membership has left the church and, it is said, they are leaving him and his religion in such numbers that he will have to disband and hunt another parish or go into the car shops and work beside the men he tried to betray. In McKees Rocks, also, the faith in priests is waning rapidly. The poor workers say it's bread, not heaven, that they need just now.

Lastly, the most important thing demonstrated in these strikes

is the fact that the political power of the working class is wrapped up in the economic organization, also that the revolutionary movement of the workers is on the industrial field. In McKees Rocks we have seen how a group of striking foreigners, because they stood firm, compelled the government to investigate conditions there. Why doesn't the government look into the conditions prevailing at other places, such as Butler, where they are just as bad as they are at McKees Rocks! It was because there was no economic organization carrying on the fight at that place. Without economic organization the workers are helpless and their groans are unheeded by the master class, but once they assert their solidarity in the shops the entire governmental machinery may be brought under their control. It is in the shop and in the mill and in the mine that the power of the workers lies and it is there it must be organized. Instinctively the worker, who has been brought under the modern machine process, realizes that. He lives and moves and has his being in the shop, not in the legislative halls. He wants direct action and there is the only place he can get it. Moreover, it is there where the foundation of the new society must be laid. The revolutionary and constructive movement of the workers is in the industrial union. All other movements, including the political, have been but theoretical or laboratory tests, all right as a passing stage, but something that must give way to the real, constructive movement.

The workers of the world, I believe, may well turn their eyes to America as the opening scene of the last struggle with the master class. All signs indicate that the great worldwide movement of the world's toilers will find its origin on American soil. The industrial process is more highly developed here than in any other country. Because of the fact that our capitalist class has accumulated its wealth so rapidly that it still retains its middle class attitude of mind, it is more despotic, more brutal and more intolerant, and with all, more ignorant than the master class of Europe. Then the progressive and revolutionary blood of Europe has been driven to this country and we are not hampered with the clannish traditions of the lands across the Atlantic. Besides, the working class, once aroused, in this country will want direct action. Not only that but a large percentage of the workers here have no vote, any way. The principal reason why the workers of this country will not look to the political state for the redress of their wrongs is that the state is not their direct enemy as is the case in Europe, where the industrial life of those countries is more or less directly controlled by the political state of the masters there. Great things, indeed, may be expected from the working class of this country in the near future.

The Work of Watt the Material of Marx.

BY JAMES W. HUGHES



IN the seaport town of Greenock, Scotland, beneath those picturesque hills and highlands, on January 19th, 1736, a boy babe of genius was born, and nature could have given him no richer legacy than that remarkable ingenuity which asserted itself a few years later, by revolutionizing the motive powers of the world. James Watt, the great inventor, was a son of poor but talented parents, whose ancestors had held sway for over a hundred years as the leading mathematicians and mariners of the British Isles.

From his earliest childhood he displayed remarkable ingenuity and talent. When only ten years of age he is accredited with having knocked Old Lord Bacon's theory of "spirits" higher than a "cocked hat," by making a simple experiment that proved to his own little satisfaction that steam could be condensed into water.

It was not until about this time, or perhaps a little before, that the world had begun to really understand the nature and condensation of steam. It was only a short time before this, since Lord Francis Bacon (often styled, through the ignorance of people, as the "father of philosophy") tried, by his wonderful "philosophy," to account for all phenomenon, by the action of various kinds of "spirits," ghosts, etc. He seemed to think, with the ignorance of his age, that when various kinds of liquids were heated, the ebullition which ensued was caused by the escaping of "spirits" or "ghosts." And he is really kind enough to inform us, also, that "snow is colder than water because it hath more spirits in it, and quicksilver is the coldest of all metals because it is the fullest of spirits."

In those blindest days every phenomenon in nature was accounted for by the caprice of "ghosts" and "gods," "devils" and "spirits." "The very air was full of them," says R. G. Ingersoll.

All liquids were supposed to contain innumerable numbers of spirits with natural antipathies for heat, and when any liquid was heated up, in an enclosed vessel, the spirits in their frantic endeavor to get out, would lift up the heavy lids of kettles, sizzle through the

spouts, and when too closely confined they would burst the whole thing asunder and fly out in the way of an explosion.

It is one of the strangest contradictions in the evolution of man, that although the expansive forces of steam were made use of, in a crude way, for pumping water, over 130 years B. C., yet some of our ignorant forefathers, less than three centuries ago, considered that any attempt to utilize the expansive force of steam was simply a means of making the spirits of the dead work for the living.

And **that** they wouldn't stand for at all. They had a great respect for the dead. In fact, they thought so much more of the dead than they did of the living that if any one attempted to do anything for the living they were promptly put into the land of the dead.

They thought a dead man was better **any** time than a live one trying to do something for himself and humanity. But let us not laugh too soon at the ignorance and prejudice of these people. "Let us not pride ourselves too much on the advancement of the age," for the most of us are in the same intelligent business to-day. Let a soap-box speaker get out on the street and advocate a real solution for the embetterment of humanity and he will be despised by society as a whole, and if he is not arrested and thrown into jail, it is because he has succeeded in bluffing the entire police force of the city in which he is speaking. Let us not be too quick to laugh at those spirit theories of the seventeenth century, either,—for some of us are in **that** intelligent business also—about a million, I would say. I mean our friends the "Christian Scientists," who not only cling to the spiritualism of yore, but contend, furthermore, that "all matter itself is merely a dream."

But now let us return to the birth of the steam engine, and some of its early applications and developments. We find that prior to Watt's day but little progress had been made in the way of utilizing the expansive force of steam. About the only application that was ever made of steam power up to this time was to drive, in a crude way, some reciprocating mechanism like that of a pump, with a "plain to and fro" motion. It remained for Watt, among other things, to construct the first successful engine that would convert reciprocating motion into rotary motion (that is to say, the "to and fro" motion of the piston into the rotary or revolving motion of the shaft). This he accomplished at first by what is known as the "sun and planet" motion, which we need not go into the details of here: while, furthermore, later on, this motion gave way entirely to the ordinary crank motion we commonly see in use on the modern steam engines of to-day.

In the year of 1769 Watt took out his first patent on the steam

engine, and in so doing he at once lifted the steam engine from the impractical toy pump of Newcomen to a practical, world-revolutionizing motive power.

Watt's other inventions made during his lifetime are too numerous and varied to attempt to go into during this discussion, but we cannot pass over some of his most important ones, in connection with the steam engine, without making some mention. Watt not only made the first successful steam engine for driving machinery,



WATT, DISCOVERING THE CONDENSATION OF STEAM

but also invented all the necessary accessories that are still in use on the modern steam engines of to-day, with but slight modifications.

He invented and patented the steam gauge, the slide valve, the separate steam condenser, the steam indicator with its straight line motion, the throttle valve and the automatic centrifugal governor. He also took out a patent for the application of a steam engine to a carriage for the purpose of propelling the carriage, by rotating the wheels on a hard plane, thus antedating Stephenson's invention of the locomotive by many years. During his life he strenuously advocated the

principle of propelling a boat or ship by means of a spiral screw, driven by a steam engine, almost exactly as the modern screw propeller is operated to-day.

Like most inventors, Watt, for the greater part of his life, was short of funds, and so found it impossible to put some of his finest inventions into practice. A short while before his death, however, he had begun to accumulate a considerable fortune, but by this time he was growing old, his health became more or less impaired, and without the vigor and strength of his former days it was impossible for him to push forward some of his greatest ideas and inventions.

He never looked with much favor upon his invention of the steam carriage or locomotive because he seemed to think it was too dangerous a proposition for mankind to handle, and when he died in 1819 at the age of 83, he had stipulated in his will that no "steam carriage" should ever be built or developed in his factory and, furthermore, he requested that none should be allowed to even approach the doors.

James Watt, in my estimation, was, in many respects, the most remarkable man of his age, a man that can well be admired for his talents without the slightest danger of "hero-worship."

Some people will contend, in a narrow-minded way, that circumstances make great men. This I deny. For, as F. H. Wentworth has aptly said, "Circumstances do not make (great) men, they exhibit them." If the theory that "circumstances make great men" be true, then it will hold good in the **physical** sense as well as in the **mental**. And if circumstances necessitate that a great rock shall be removed by physical strength, it would follow that some weakling might become able all of a sudden to remove the rock. If, on the other hand, a man of unusual strength should be found who could pick up the rock and cast it aside, would the circumstances "make" the strength for the man? or would the circumstances merely exhibit his strength? That the conditions and circumstances of a child's birth and life determine wholly its strength, both physical and mental, none can deny, yet circumstance in the abstract is merely an inactive species of condition, and has no bearing on the development of the man. In other words, circumstances are merely peculiar kinds of conditions that stand around and exhibit great persons, things or events, as shown from the very etymology of the word itself, which comes from the Latin "Circumstantia"="standing around."

Just as there are giants and pigmies in the physical sense, so there are giants and pigmies in the world of brains, and James Watt was truly an intellectual giant of his time.

While Watt's ingenuity was always equal to the occasion and while his fertile brain seemed to be able to solve any problem it

came in contact with, his **greatest** mission in life was to give us the steam engine, and this he did and did well. Though he was fettered by poverty from his very childhood, was handicapped by the ignorance of his time, and had to fight against the most bitter prejudice of his age, yet he overcame every obstacle and succeeded in spite of conditions rather than by the aid of them.

He was one man in a thousand who could have succeeded under such conditions, while 999 men who might have succeeded as well under proper circumstances, would have proven utter failures under conditions like those he had to contend with. At this point I cannot refrain from calling attention to the absurdity of the bourgeois philosophy which says, "See, see how the great intellectual giant has overcome all obstacles,—why don't you, you little intellectual runt, go do the same?" In other words: "See, see the five hundred pound giant lift himself out of the debris of injustice. Why don't you, you little ninety-pounder, do the same?"

They seem to forget that conditions are not tested by how the able survive, but how the weakest of us manage to live.

Occasionally, therefore, we may expect some to succeed, in spite of the worst conditions that can exist.

And thus it was that Watt and his engine made their appearance upon the arena, and started a new era in the civilization of man. Up to **this** time the development of all machines was considerably held back through the lack of sufficient motive power to drive them. Most of the inventions were confined to those things that could be driven by "foot-power" or the power of beasts. True it was, they had the water wheel, the wind mill and the like, but these were subjected to special locations and special conditions. But now the steam engine offered a new form of power that could be used to run almost anything, at any time, and in any place. It offered the greatest inducement for inventions that the world had ever seen. Talent and ingenuity seemed to respond spontaneously, from every direction.

The methods of production were revolutionized in almost every branch of industry, and the world has been deluged with all kinds of inventions, good, bad and indifferent, from that day to this.

The development of machinery has gone forward and is still going forward in leaps and bounds. Having crossed the Atlantic Ocean the progress of the machine has been greatly accelerated by what is known as "Yankee ingenuity," which has played no small part in the inventions of the world. There are many great inventors, workers and originators in this country as well as in the old, that deserve no small amount of credit and consideration, but we could not even do justice to one of them without slighting all the rest.

Each in his way has been continuously contributing to the great sea of social knowledge and wealth that we now have at our command (even if we don't take command of it). There is one, however, that I cannot refrain from mentioning, namely, Thomas A. Edison, the "Wizard of Electricity." He is in the electrical world what James Watt was in steam engineering, or Karl Marx was in political economy. These three great men were all pioneers in their particular lines. Each found his particular science in a state of chaos, gathered together the bits and fragments of social knowledge, selected the good from the bad, the true from the false, and welded them together into a consistent whole, and presented his results to the world.

In almost every line of science we find one of those great pioneers, who has taken the science and placed it squarely on its feet. In chemistry it fell to the lot of Lavoisier; in biology it was accomplished by Darwin; in sociology Ward has taken a most prominent place, while for grabbing and monopolizing the benefits derived from the social knowledge of the entire world, we must take off our hats to John D. Rockefeller.

We have now reviewed briefly the great march of machinery during the last two centuries; we have seen how the methods of production have been changed in almost every line; how the subtle powers of nature have been subjected to man's own behoof, and how the development of machinery has revolutionized the world. The steam engine was the great cannon that demolished the last vestige of the old "feudal system" and brought "capitalism" flourishing into the world. And capitalism we have had ever since. While some think we have had plenty of it, **others** think that we need more of it, but I think we have had about enough of it and we ought to abolish the whole blamed business.

In the old days of "feudalism" a "serf" was born legally attached to the soil, and a lord was born, his master. There was no attempt made to hide the fact they were simply born slave and master. Part of the time the serf worked for himself and part of the time for the landlord, but in no case was he denied the right to work for himself when his landlord had a sufficiency. And **never** was a serf turned out to starve to death on account of making more food than was needed. But where is there a working man of to-day who can claim one-half as much protection? How many of us, depending upon wages and salaries, can feel **safe** in the case of over-production?

With all the advancements of our age we are not as safe as the serf of the sixteenth century.

The development of machinery for the last hundred years has been beyond all comprehension; its gigantic footsteps of progress

have shaken the earth; its every act has been to relieve some of the burdens of mankind, yet after all it seems as if it had wrought more evil than good.

While we have developed the machine to work with almost human intelligence, while the secret and subtle powers of nature have been enslaved to do the toilsome work of man, while one man to-day can produce more than ten thousand could of yore, yet, after all, there is more **misery, want, hunger, degradation, starvation and shame** in the world to-day than there ever was before!

Millions of men suffer from hunger, millions of souls are longing for a home, five millions of men to-day are out of employment, wandering and begging and seeking for work.

There is not a thoughtful man in all the world to-day who does not ask himself the question: Why do such conditions as this exist, in spite of all that we have to prevent them? The answer to this question can only be made by a truthful investigation of facts.

Such facts as these can only be truly gathered together through a materialistic conception of history, point out the economic basis upon which all forms of society have rested from the earliest days of captive and chattel slavery down to the present form of "Capitalism" or wage slavery. While it was a natural course of evolution for "Capitalism" to follow feudalism, yet, strange as it may seem, it was a case of a worse form of slavery following an easier form.

That "Capitalism" is the most brutal form of slavery that the world has ever known was not clearly to be seen in its earlier stages of existence, for, like every other form of squalid sore, it was not apparent on the surface at the time of inception: its real hideousness could only be made conspicuous by its own development.

The development of "Capitalism" depended largely upon the development of motive power, upon the utilization of the blind and non-sentient forces of nature, the private control of which gives man power over men; gives one human being the right to subjugate, enslave and plunder many others. In the words of Watt, "We are continually seeking the weak sides of nature, where we can tap it for its energies," and many are the places where it is tapped, but every blessed "tap" is privately owned and controlled by those individuals who were never known to do any "tapping" or to exert themselves in the least in the operation of the "taps."

The utilization of the various forms of energy "tapped" from nature are too multifarious and many to attempt to enumerate here, yet it is safe to say that steam still holds the throne as king of the situation.

When Watt invented the steam engine he unconsciously acceler-

ated the development of "Capitalism" to its most heinous and gruesome stage, thereby making it possible for Marx to analyze it in all its hideousness and rottenness in his great work called "Capital."

And thus we can clearly see, as we briefly pursue the course of the economic development of power and production, how it was the wonderful work of Watt that gave such magnificent material to Marx for his colossal construction of "Capital."

Up to the time of Marx the analyses of the "Capitalistic System" by all the greatest brains of the time were crude and sporadic, like the anarchy of production, on which the system itself rested. It remained for Marx to make the first scientific analysis of the present system, and the result of his work speaks for itself.

He stuck to the truth, and the truth only, without regard for personal feelings. He stripped aside every hypocrisy to show up scientific facts, he spurned every phase of diplomacy, for to him it was a child of mendacity, that was hatched from the egg of deception, and misleads in almost every case.

He went with the penetrating brain of a philosopher, to the very roots of the present system, and showed how all profits were derived through "surplus value" extracted from the unpaid labor of the wage slave.

He pointed out with derision and ridicule the fallacy of the theory that "primitive accumulation" was the result of "personal abstinence." He showed how the present system and the "sacred right of private property" "came into the world dripping from head to foot, from every pore, with blood and dirt." He showed how the present system was destined to perish from its own rottenness and give way to a higher form of society known as an "Industrial Republic."

And, last, but not least, he called to the workingmen of all countries to unite, which was the first real "shot heard round the world."

Marx was one of the most remarkable philosophers of his day, as well as one of the ablest scholars of Europe, to which must be added his rare faculty for close observation, which was scarcely excelled by any philosopher of any age. He had eyes to see, and he saw; he had ears to hear, and he heard; but most of all, he had brain that could put together what he saw and heard and endowed with force enough to present it to the world. Some men seem to contend that Marx was lacking in literary ability, that his philosophy outstripped the quality of his language, that sentiment and style was wanting, as well as many other things. To which I can only say that anyone who can read the more beautiful passages of Marx, without feeling a thrill of inspiration, his or her soul must be dead, indeed.

Personally, I think the following passage from Marx is one of the finest examples of the most forcible philosophy, expressed in as lovely a language as was ever penned by man:

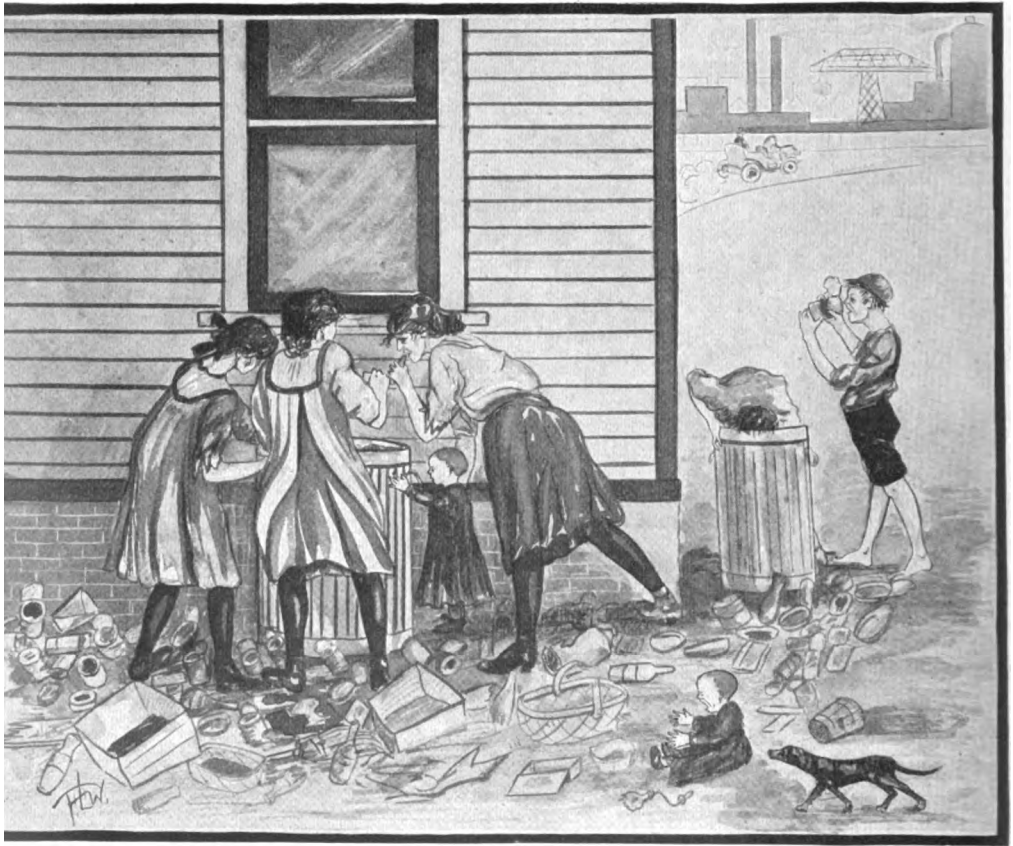
"Within the capitalist system all methods for raising the social productiveness of labor are brought about at the cost of the individual laborer; all means for the development of production transform themselves into means of domination over, and exploitation of, the producers; they mutilate the laborer into a fragment of man, degrade him to the level of an appendage of a machine, destroy every remnant of charm in his work and turn it into a hated toil; they estrange from him the intellectual potentialities of the labor-process in the same proportion as science is incorporated in it as in independent power; they distort the conditions under which he works, subject him during the labor-process to a despotism the more hateful for its meanness; they transform his life-time into working-time, and drag his wife and child beneath the wheels of the Juggernaut of capital. But all methods for the production of surplus value are, at the same time, methods of accumulation; and every extension of accumulation becomes again a means for the development of those methods. It follows, therefore, that in proportion as capital accumulates, the lot of the laborer, be his payment high or low, must grow worse. The law, finally, that always equilibrates the relative surplus-population, or industrial reserve army, to the extent and energy of accumulation, this law rivets the laborer to capital more firmly than the wedges of Vulcan did Prometheus to the rock. It establishes an accumulation of misery, corresponding with the accumulation of capital. Accumulation of wealth at one pole is, therefore, at the same time accumulation of misery, agony of toil, slavery, ignorance, brutality, mental degradation, at the opposite pole, i. e., on the side of the class that produces its own product in the form of capital."

Aside from Engels, whom Liebknecht styled "Marx's other self," Marx stood without a peer or an equal in the field of political economy, and this assertion is best verified by the fact that the whole world has "been at sea" regarding the true nature of "Capitalism" since as well as before Marx's time, while Marx, over fifty years ago, so thoroughly analyzed the present system of "Capitalism" that his analysis has needed no revision up to this day, notwithstanding all the new developments that have taken place since the time of his writing.

Outside of Marx few men, indeed, have been able to solve many of the riddles presented by the enigmas of "Capitalism" in its full development, for ever since steam revolutionized the process of production, "Capitalism" has been turned topsy-turvy and thrown into a conglomeration of confusions and contradictions.

To solve the above riddles, Marx gave his life and labor to the cause of the proletariat, with a fidelity unflinching, and a loyalty sublime.

Over a debris of ignorance and superstition, over the horizon of prejudice and persecution, he arose like a sun whose intellectual rays penetrated every stratum of society, while they enlightened the path of the proletariat on to his final emancipation.



An artist on the Review memorized the original photo, which is in possession of a large capitalist newspaper and not for sale. It was taken at McKees Rocks and shows strikers' children eating out of the garbage cans of the rich.

THE B AND O BY EDLINGTON MOAT



WAS freighting it eastward on "The Dope," known to respectable people who pay their fares as the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

One night, after a seven-hours' ride in a "gondola," through a land everywhere dotted with patches of snow—the unmelted remains of a March blizzard—I arrived about 4 a. m. in the train-yard at Chillicothe, shivering with cold and aching from exposure.

A short walk past multi-colored lights brought me out of the maze of cars and switches and into the rays of the flaming arc which illumines the unpretentious facade of Beefsteak Tim's. Thither I went, and there I found warmth and refreshment—and a one-legged waiter who stumped around painfully on a wooden counterfeit.

Scarcely had I begun to annihilate the ham and eggs set before me when the door-latch clicked, and a stocky, shifty-eyed customer, enveloped in a brown ulster that reached to his heels, and topped by a felt hat that encroached upon his ears, strode up to one of the tables with an independent air, and in a raucous voice ordered "A plate of beans, waiter, and a cup of black coffee, red hot."

Him I eyed between mouthfuls, while he in turn eyed the waiter. Surely I had seen him before, somewhere. But where? Had I seen him on the stage, or in the barracks, or on the New York "curb" buying and selling wild-cat mining stocks? I thought and thought, and then—oh, yes, it was on that hog train down in Texas. He had ridden over a thousand miles, posing as the owner of the hogs. And I had mentally named him Little Napoleon, from his resemblance to some picture I had seen of the warlike Corsican,

"Anything else?" queried the waiter, when at length he spread the order before the newcomer.

"Naw, I guess not. But say? Did you ever work at Fording's Shoe Factory, in Brockton? I knew a guy there looked just like ye, called Watkins."

"That's me," replied the waiter, expectantly.

"Howd ye come to be here, and with that timber attachment?" asked Little Napoleon, gulping the beans and sluicing them down with coffee.

Watkins' eyes wavered. He flushed slightly, and then, with a rising inflection, drawled out:

"Aw-w-w sure! Thought I'd seen you somewheres. **You** worked on the stitching machines, didn't you? That was back in '96, and I—"

"Seems to me," corrected the other, "it was back in '94 when I was there. D' ye remember? **You** was one of the fellers that scabbed it when the bunch of us went out on strike."

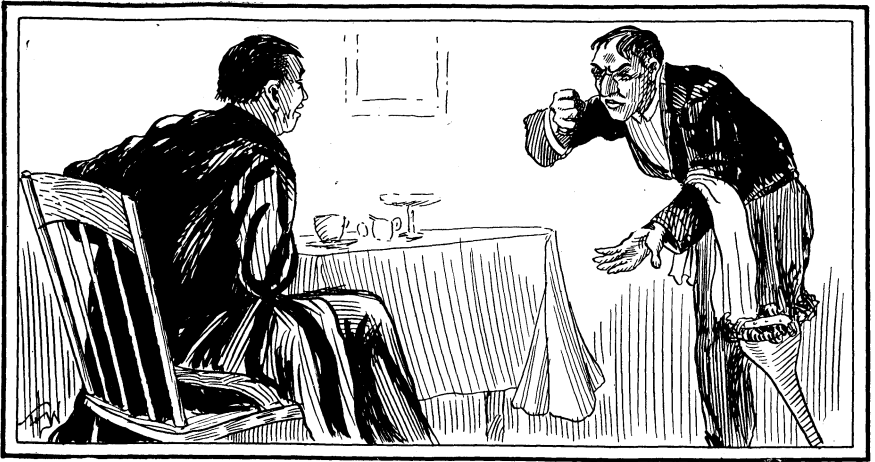
"I—well, mebbe that's what **you** call it. But you fellers quit work, didn't ye? Wasn't satisfied with the conditions? I don't know that I was, either. But I needed the money, so I held on. Didn't I have a right to do that? And mebbe you don't know we was in a pretty tight fix then? If I hadn't kept humping we'd a lost everything; and I wasn't going to stand round and see the old lady starve."

"P'r'aps not," retorted the stocky one, "but it didn't make much difference to you if somebody else's old lady starved. Ain't that so? Anyhow," he added sarcastically, "I s'pose they gave ye the foremanship, and doubled yer wages fer bein' faithful to the interests of the firm?"

Thus were the words bandied to and fro with increasing friction. And so adroitly did Little Napoleon shape his questions, his innuendoes, and his sarcasms, that the waiter, almost without knowing it, let drop the whole of his later history, how the "old lady" had died; how on that occasion he had taken a couple of weeks off and been discharged for it; and how, to forget his surroundings and revive his fallen spirits, as he thought, he had joined the volunteers at the time of the Spanish-American war and been sent off to the Philippines.

"And come back with a brand new leg," chuckled Little Napoleon.

An awkward silence ensued, during which Watkins leaned far over the table, glaring menacingly at his tormenter, while the latter seemed suddenly to have become absorbed in scrutinizing his now empty plate.



"Cut that out now, you hear?" snarled the waiter. "I ain't asking no odds of anybody. I work—and damned long hours—for what I get. And any 'Bo that comes around here and tries to kid me will wish he'd kept his mouth shut, that's all."

"Kid ye—kid ye? W'y, I'm not trying to kid ye," parried Little Napoleon, putting on an air of injured innocence. "I'm only statin' facts, that's all. You don't understand my——"

"I don't, don't I?" broke in Watkins, tapping with his fingers on the table. "Well, lemme tell you. If it had to be done over again, I'd do it. That's the kind of a man I am. And what's more, any man that wouldn't would be a dog and a traitor."

"But not a scab, eh?" sneered the other.

That was the last straw. With a yell of rage the waiter jumped for a bread-knife that lay on a counter close at hand. But in his wild haste he fumbled it; and the Little Napoleon, who had evidently been on the alert for some such a move, bolted through the street door, his mocking laughter ringing in our ears.

An hour or so later I came across him a short way beyond the train yards, stretched at full length on the sunny side of a lumber pile, awaiting the next "rattler." He evinced an inclination to talk.

"What!" he exclaimed, in answer to a remark of mine. "Him get me? That lubber swears he'll get me, does he? Say, he's what ye call an invetebrate—ain't that it? You know—no 'backbone. Scabbed it—then lost his mother—then got bounced and lost his property, or whatever it was—and then his leg. I ain't sayin' it's not hard luck. But he'd do it all over again! And fer what? That's what makes me sore. W'y, ye can keep some folks' nose to the grind-

stone till it's clean ground off, and I'll be damned if they won't holler fer more. Ain't that so?"

I admitted that it was. I admitted, also, that I understood but dimly the meaning of his transparent rancour against the waiter and others of his kind. Barring his willingness to be a scab, was not this Watkins inoffensive, industrious and patriotic, loyal alike to his aged mother and his country? "Suppose you had been in his shoes?" I asked in conclusion; "would you have done better?"

"Suppose, hey? Lemme tell you something, pal," he replied, lowering his voice to a confidential tone, at the same time getting up from his reclining posture, "mebbe you think I haven't been through the mill, hey? And talkin' about mills, mills manufacture something besides locomotives, and freight cars, and lumber and stuff—something that ain't listed in the corporation reports. They manufacture bums and cripples—thousands of 'em. I'm one. Watkins is another. Only he hasn't got a lookin'-glass to see himself by, and I have. That's the difference. He's so stuck on hypnotizin' himself into believin' he's a martyr fer his country, and that he's doin' his duty by earning a livin', and all that, that he'd sooner starve than beg if he couldn't get a job. O, I know him. He's one out of a million. I used to be a bit that way. But when I lost my mem'ry, I lost them ideas, too."

"Lost your memory?"

"Sure. It wasn't so long after the Brockton strike, either. Ye see, I'd been pretty active in that strike, and the powers had it in fer me. I couldn't land a job anywhere in Mass., so I borrowed a few shekels and showed up next in Brooklyn, which is a pretty good shoe town. Nothin' doin', though. I hung on, anyhow, expectin' to land something sooner er later. When the dough gave out I hit the free lunch counters and slept standin'. Never struck anybody fer a cent. I was too proud—Watkins' style.

"I remember hoofin' it up the Bowery one March day in the sleet, with some phony notion of lookin' up the ads in the papers at Cooper Union. I couldn't a held a job half an hour if I'd gotten one. I was too far gone. But I never thought of that. I hadn't had a square sit-down fer a month, and what with the wet clothes and bein' doped fer want of sleep, I must a lost my head and gone adrift. When I come to in the hospital four er five days after, they said somebody'd picked me up in East 42nd Street."

"Now, the queer thing is, durin' all them days of starvation something had been goin' on inside me, though I didn't know it then. I was just rotten ripe fer anything that turned up. I'd cut loose from the hospital and was meanderin' around the burg one Sunday, till

by and by I run into some mission house where an old feller was preachin' about duty. Fer one thing, he said we owed duties to ourselves as well as to others—said it was our duty to keep the mind and body clean and make the most of 'em."

"After he'd done pumpin' it into us, I hiked along up Broadway thinkin' it over and figurin' out how I could hook a job Monday, and if I didn't hook one, how in hell I was goin' to settle that duty to myself of steerin' clear of free-lunch slops and the hospitals. I could only see two ways—crackin' cribs er throwin' my feet. Crackin' cribs meant the jail er the pen sooner er later, and throwin' my feet—well, I made sure I wouldn't do that—it was too small and mean fer a man. And wasn't I a man, just as good as the next guy? What 'ud the fellers I used to work with say if they got onto it?

"Them's the questions I was firin' at myself when somebody bumps into me with a deuce of a jolt. I called him a fool, and a whole lot more, and asked him if he was blind. 'I guess I'm pretty near it, Bill,' he says, in the most apologizin' and God-forsaken voice ye ever heard. I never dreamed before there could be so much meanin' in half a dozen words. The minute I heard it, I knew that voice; it was the same, only changed, with a difference that 'ud make yer heart bleed. I looked hard at him, and damn if it wasn't my own brother Ed! He'd grown a beard and gone to pieces so I hardly recognized him—couldn't be quite sure till I asked his name.

"Ye see, he was a baker, and he told me the heat from the ovens knocked his lights out. I hadn't heard a word from him fer, I dunno how many years. So I piloted him along, jabberin' all the while about anything and everything. I soon noticed that he didn't seem to be much interested. Talkin' to him was like bein' hit by a cold, wet wind while yer reading a letter sayin' yer mother is dead.

"Well, I camped in his stuffy, three-room flat a day er two, and I guess some of the gloom soaked into my system and stayed there. Ed never made any complaint—direct. It only sounded in his voice when he spoke. Somehow his gumption seemed to have oozed out into the ovens with the light of his eyes durin' them years and years of dough-slingin'. I could see that the only thing kept him from fallin' apart was his wife. And she wasn't much to look at. But when he was gone, what 'ud keep her goin', hey?

"The more I thought of it, the hotter I got. Twenty-one years buried alive in a cellar feedin' ovens, and nothin' to show fer it but a pair of burnt out lamps and a half-dead carcass! 'So this is what he gets,' I says to myself, 'fer findin' a job and stickin' to it! If that's it, then I don't want a job very bad—not that kind—anyhow—and I ain't goin' to starve, either.'

"I begun to see what that preacher meant by a duty to yerself.

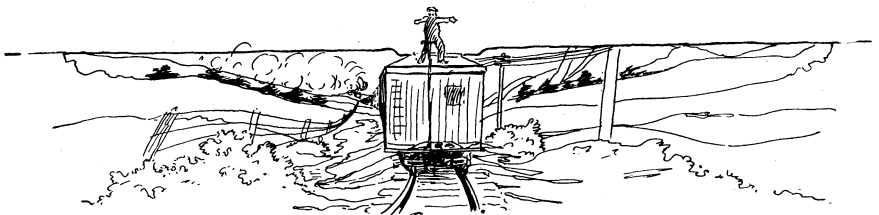
I begun to notice I wasn't so proud of bein' patriotic, and strong, and a fast worker, and all that. Of course, I ain't sayin' it didn't take more than that to root such notions out o' me. It got me goin', though. I'd seen hundreds of bums and broken-down men before; only I just *saw*—understand? and what had they to do with me? But when I was down and out, and heard that all-gone voice of Ed that seemed like a warnin' bell from hell, I *felt* somethin', too. I made up my mind I didn't want that kind of a hell fer mine. And I been running away from it ever since.

"Take my tip, Bo, when a feller's done his bit, and finds out he's side-tracked on some jerk-line of a job where there ain't one chance in a million, he'd better square himself to the facts and take the next freight out—er get a piece of clothes line and make use of it."

Little Napoleon ceased. There was the light of unwonted excitement in his eyes. He drew forth a package of Bull Durham and offered me the makin's. As he did so, a laborious coughing charac-



teristic of freight engines made itself heard. We jumped to our feet, hid behind some coal cars on a siding, and when an "empty" trundled by, "sprung" the side-door and climbed aboard.



The New Middle Class.

BY ANTON PANNEKOEK



THE middle class is the one which stands between the highest and the lowest strata of society. Above it is the class of the great capitalists; below it the proletariat, the class of the wage-workers. It constitutes the social group with medium incomes. Accordingly, it is not divided with equal sharpness from both of the other two classes. From the great capitalist the small bourgeois is distinguished only by a difference in degree; he has a smaller amount of capital, a more modest business. Therefore the question as to who belongs to this small bourgeois class is difficult to answer. Every capitalist who suffers from the competition of still greater capitalists denounces those above him and cries out for help on behalf of the middle class.

From the proletariat, on the contrary, the small bourgeois is divided by a difference in kind, in economic function. Be his business and his income ever so small, he is **independent**. He lives by virtue of his **ownership of the means** of production, like any other capitalist, and **not** from the **sale of his labor power**, like a proletarian. He belongs to the class that undertakes enterprises, that must possess some capital in order to carry them on; often he employs laborers himself. From the wage-working class he is, therefore, sharply differentiated.

In former times this class of small capitalists constituted the main body of the industrial population. Social development, however, has gradually brought about its destruction. The motive power of this development was competition. In the struggle for existence the greatest capitalists, the ones financially and technically best fitted to survive, crowded out the poorer and more backward ones. This process has gone on to such an extent that at present industrial production is carried on almost exclusively on a large scale; in industry small production survives only in the form of repair work or special artistic activities. Of the members of the earlier middle class a small number have worked themselves up to the rank of great capitalists; the great majority have lost their independence and sunk down into the proletariat. For the present generation the industrial middle class has only a historical existence.

The class that I referred to in my first paragraph is the commercial middle class. This social stratum we ourselves have seen, and still see, decaying before our eyes. It is made up of small merchants, shopkeepers, etc. Only during the last decades have the great capitalists gone into the retail business; only recently have they begun to establish branch concerns and mail-order houses, thus either driving out the small concerns or forcing them into a trust. If during recent times there has been great lamentation over the disappearance of the middle class, we must keep in mind that it is only the commercial middle class that is in question. The industrial middle class long ago went down and the agrarian middle class became subordinate to capitalism without losing the forms of independence.

In this account of the decline of the middle class we have the theory of Socialism in a nut-shell. The social development which resulted in this phenomenon made of Socialism a possibility and a necessity. So long as the great mass of the people were independent producers Socialism could exist only as the utopia of individual theorists or little groups of enthusiasts; it could not be the practical program of a great class. Independent producers do not need Socialism; they do not even want to hear of it. They own their means of production and these are to them the guarantee of a livelihood. Even the sad position into which they are forced by competition with the great capitalists can hardly render them favorable to Socialism. It makes them only the more eager to become great capitalists themselves. They may wish, occasionally, to limit the freedom of competition—perhaps under the name of Socialism; but they do not want to give up their own independence or freedom of competition. So long, therefore, as there exists a strong middle class it acts as a protecting wall for the capitalists against the attacks of the workers. If the workers demand the socialization of the means of production, they find in this middle class just as bitter an opponent as in the capitalists themselves.

The decay of the middle class signifies the concentration of capital and the growth of the proletariat. Capital faces, therefore, an ever-increasing army of opponents and is supported by a constantly decreasing number of defenders. For the proletariat Socialism is a necessity; it constitutes the only means of protecting labor against robbery by a horde of useless parasites, the only bulwark against want and poverty. As the great mass of the population comes more and more to consist of proletarians, Socialism, in addition to being a necessity, comes more and more to be a possibility; for the bodyguard of private property grows constantly weaker and becomes powerless against the constantly mounting forces of the proletariat.

It goes without saying, therefore, that the bourgeoisie views with alarm the disappearance of the middle class. The new development which inspires the proletariat with hope and confidence fills the ruling class with fear for its future. The faster the proletariat, its enemy increases in numbers, the faster the owning class decreases, the more certainly the bourgeoisie sees the approach of its doom. What is to be done?

A ruling class cannot voluntarily give up its own predominance; for this predominance appears to it the sole foundation of the world order. It must defend this predominance; and this it can do only so long as it has hope and self-confidence. But actual conditions cannot give self-confidence to the capitalist class; therefore it creates for itself a hope that has no support in reality. If this class were ever to see clearly the principles of social science, it would lose all faith in its own possibilities; it would see itself as an aging despot with millions of persecuted victims marching in upon him from all directions and shouting his crimes into his ears. Fearfully he shuts himself in, closes his eyes to the reality and orders his hirelings to invent fables to dispel the awful truth. And this is exactly the way of the bourgeoisie. In order not to see the truth, it has appointed professors to soothe its troubled spirit with fables. Pretty fables they are, which glorify its overlordship, which dazzle its eyes with visions of an eternal life and scatter its doubts and dreams as so many nightmares. Concentration of capital? Capital is all the time being democratized through the increasing distribution of stocks and bonds. Growth of the proletariat? The proletariat is at the same time growing more orderly, more tractable. Decay of the middle class. Nonsense; a new middle class is rising to take the place of the old.

It is this doctrine of the new middle class that I wish to discuss in some detail in the present paper. To this new class belong, in the first place, the professors. Their function is to comfort the bourgeoisie with theories as to the future of society, and it is among them that this fable of the new middle class found its origin. In Germany there were Schmoller, Wagner, Masargh and a host of others who devoted themselves to the labor of elaborating it. They explained that the Socialist doctrine as to the disappearance of the middle class was of small importance. Every table of statistics showed that medium incomes remained almost exactly as numerous as in former times. In the places of the disappearing independent producers there were appearing other groups of the population. Industry on a large scale demanded an immense army of intermediating functionaries: overseers, skilled workers, engineers, managers of departments, bosses, etc. They formed a complete hierarchy of officials; they were the

officers and subalterns of the industrial army, an army in which the great capitalists are the generals and the workmen the common soldiers. Members of the so-called "free" vocations, physicians, lawyers, authors, etc., belonged also to this class. A new class, then, constantly increasing in numbers, was said to be taking the place formerly occupied by the old middle class.

This observation in itself is correct, though not at all new. All that there is new about it is its exposition with a view to disproving the Socialist theories of classes. It was expressed clearly, e. g., by Schmoller at an Evangelical Social Congress held at Leipsic as far back as 1897. The audience burst into joyful enthusiasm at the good news, and declared in a resolution: "The congress notes with pleasure the reassuring and scientifically grounded conviction of the speaker that the economic development of modern times does not necessarily lead to the destruction of a class so useful to the welfare of society as the middle class." And another professor declared: "He has filled us with optimism for the future. If it is not true that the middle class and the small bourgeoisie are disappearing, we shall not be forced to alter the fundamental principles of capitalist society."

The fact that science is merely the servant of capitalism could not be more clearly expressed than in such statements. Why is this declaration that the middle class is not decaying hailed as reassuring? Why does it create content and optimism? Is it because through it the workers will attain better conditions, be less exploited? No. Just the opposite. If this statement is true, the worker will be kept forever in slavery by a permanent army of enemies; what appears to prevent his liberation is pronounced reassuring and optimistic. Not the discovery of truth, but the reassurance of an increasingly superfluous class of parasites is the object of this science. No wonder that it comes into conflict with the truth. It fails, not only in its denial of Socialist teaching, but in its reassurance of the capitalist class. The comfort that it gives is nothing more than self-deception.

The Socialist doctrine as to the concentration of capital does not imply the disappearance of medium incomes. It has nothing to do with relative incomes; it deals, on the contrary, with social classes and their economic functions. For our theory society consists, not of poor, well-to-do and rich, of those who own nothing, little, or much; but rather of **classes**, each one of which **plays a separate part in production**. A merely external, superficial classification according to incomes has always been a means whereby bourgeois writers have confused actual social conditions and produced unclearness instead of clearness. The Socialist theory restores clearness and scientific exactness by concentrating attention upon the **natural** divisions of

society. This method has made it possible to formulate the law of social development; production on a large scale constantly replaces production on a small scale. Socialists maintain, not that medium incomes, but rather small, independent producers, tend more and more to disappear. This generalization the professors do not attack; everyone acquainted with social conditions, every journalist, every government official, every petty bourgeois, every capitalist knows that it is correct. In the very declaration that the middle class is being rescued by a new, rising class it is specifically acknowledged that the former is disappearing.

But this new middle class has a character altogether different from that of the old one. That it stands between capitalists and laborers and subsists on a medium income constitutes its only resemblance to the small bourgeoisie of former times. But this was the least essential characteristic of the small bourgeois class. In its essential character, in its economic function, the new middle class differs absolutely from the old.

The members of the new middle class are not self-supporting, independent industrial units; they are in the service of others, those who possess the capital necessary to the undertaking of enterprises. Economically considered, the old middle class consisted of capitalists, even if they were **small capitalists**; the new consists of proletarians, even if they are **highly paid proletarians**. The old middle class lived by virtue of **its possession of the means of production**; the new makes its livelihood through **the sale of its labor power**. The economic character of the latter class is not at all modified by the fact that this labor power is of a highly developed quality; that its development may have required an expensive course of study, and that, therefore, it receives comparatively high wages; no more is it modified by the fact that this labor power is chiefly of an intellectual sort, that it depends more on the brain than on the muscles. In modern industry the chemist and the engineer are dealt with as mere wage-workers; their intellectual powers are worked to the limit of exhaustion just like the physical powers of the common laborer.

With the statement of this fact the professorial talk about the new middle class stands revealed in all its foolishness; it is a fable, a piece of self-deception. As a protection against the desire of the proletariat for expropriation the new middle class can never take the place of the old. The independent small capitalists of former times felt themselves interested in **the maintenance of private property in the means of production** because they were themselves owners of means of production. The new middle class has not the slightest interest in keeping for others a privilege in which they themselves

have no part. To them it is all one whether they stand in the service of an individual manufacturer, a stock company, or a public organism, like the community or state. They no longer dream of sometime carrying on an independent business; they know that they must remain all their lives in the position of subordinates. The socialization of the means of production would not change their position except as it would improve it by liberating them from the caprice of the individual capitalist.

It has often been remarked by bourgeois writers that the new middle class has a much more certain position than the old one and, therefore, less ground for discontent. The fact that stock companies destroy the small business men is a charge that cannot be allowed to count against its many advantages; it is really insignificant in view of the fact that the small business men, after being ruined, are given positions in the service of the company, where, as a rule, their life is much freer from care than it was in the first place. (Hemburg.) Strange, then, that they struggled so long, sacrificed their wealth and exerted their strength to the utmost, to maintain themselves in their old positions while all the time such an alluring berth was inviting them! What these apologists of the capitalist system carefully conceal is the great difference between present dependence and former independence. The middle class man of former times no doubt felt the pressure of want, of competition; but the new middle class man must obey a strange master, who may at any moment arbitrarily discharge him.

Now it is certainly true that those who serve the modern capitalist as skilled technical workers or company officials are not tortured by the cares which weighed down the spirit of the small bourgeois of former days. Often, also, their incomes are greater. But so far as the maintenance of the capitalist system is concerned they are worthless. Not personal discontent, but class interest, is the motive power of social revolution. In many cases even the industrial wage-worker of today is in a better position than the independent small farmer. Nevertheless the farmers, by virtue of the possession of their little pieces of ground, have an interest in the maintenance of the system of private ownership, while the wage-worker demands its destruction. The same is true of the middle class: the oppressed, discontented small capitalists, despite the disadvantages of their position, were props of capitalism; and this the better situated, care-free modern trust employes can never be.

This fact means nothing more than that the professorial phrases, intended to reassure the bourgeoisie with the notion of this new middle class and so hide from them the tremendous transformation which

has taken place, have turned out to be pure trickery, without even the remotest resemblance to science. The statement that the new class occupies the same position in the class-struggle as did the small bourgeoisie of the past has proved to be worthless deception. But as to the real position of this new class, its actual function in our social organism, I have thus far hardly touched upon it.*

The new intellectual middle class has one thing in common with the rest of the proletariat: it consists of the propertyless, of those who sell their labor power, and therefore has no interest in the maintenance of capitalism. It has, moreover, in common with the workers, the fact that it is modern and progressive, that through the operation of the actual social forces it grows constantly stronger, more numerous, more important. It is, therefore, not a reactionary class, as was the old small bourgeoisie; it does not yearn for the good old pre-capitalistic days. It looks forward, not backward.

But this does not mean that the intellectuals are to be placed side by side with the wage-workers in every respect, that like the industrial proletariat they are predisposed to become recruits of Socialism. To be sure, in the economic sense of the term, they are proletarians; but they form a very special group of wage-workers, a group that is socially so sharply divided from the real proletarians that they form a special class with a special position in the class-struggle.

In the first place, their higher pay is a matter of importance. They know nothing of actual poverty, of misery, of hunger. Their needs may exceed their incomes and so bring about a discomfort that gives real meaning to the expression "gilded poverty;" still immediate need does not compel them, as it does the real proletarians, to attack the capitalist system. Their position may rouse discontent, but that of the workers is unendurable. For them Socialism has many advantages; for the workers it is an absolute necessity.

In addition to this, it must be remembered that this body of intellectuals and highly-paid industrial employes divides itself into a large number of widely varying strata. These strata are determined chiefly by differences in income and position. We begin at the top with heads of departments, superintendents, managers, etc., and go on down to bosses and office employes. From these it is but a step to the highest paid workers. Thus, so far as income and position are concerned, there is really a gradual descent from capitalist to pro-

* Because the part of the intellectual in the socialist movement has recently been the subject of controversy, I feel obliged to remark that we are here dealing with an altogether different subject. In the party discussions the question has been, What role can individual intellectuals play within the socialist movement? Here we have under consideration the problem, What is the role of the whole class of intellectuals in the general struggle of the classes?

letarian. The higher strata have a definitely capitalistic character; the lower ones are more proletarian, but there is no sharp dividing line. On account of these divisions the members of this new middle class lack the unity of spirit which makes co-operation easy for the proletariat.

The state of affairs just described hinders them in their struggle to improve their position. It is to their interest, as it is to that of other workers, to sell their labor power at the highest possible price. Workingmen bring this about through joining forces in unions; as individuals they are defenseless against the capitalists, but united they are strong. No doubt this upper class of employes could do more to coerce the capitalists if they formed themselves into a great union. But this is infinitely more difficult for them than for workmen. In the first place they are divided into numberless grades and ranks, ranged one above the other; they do not meet as comrades, and so cannot develop the spirit of solidarity. Each individual does not make it a matter of personal pride to improve the condition of his entire class; the important thing is rather that he personally struggle up into the next higher rank. In order to do this it is first of all necessary not to call down on himself the disfavor of the master class by opposing it in an industrial struggle. Thus mutual envy of the upper and lower ranks prevents co-operative action. A strong bond of solidarity cannot be developed. It results from this condition that employes of the class in question do not co-operate in large bodies; they make their efforts separately, or only a few together, and this makes cowards of them; they do not feel in themselves the power which the workmen draw from consciousness of numbers. And then, too, they have more to fear from the displeasure of the masters; a dismissal for them is a much more serious matter. The worker stands always on the verge of starvation and so unemployment has few terrors for him. The high class employe, on the contrary, has a comparatively agreeable life, and a new position is difficult to find.

For all these reasons this class of intellectuals and higher employes is prevented from instituting a fight along union lines for the improvement of their position. Only in the lower ranks, where great numbers labor under the same conditions and the way to promotion is difficult, are there any signs of a union movement. In Germany two groups of employes of this class have lately made a beginning. One of these groups consists of foremen in coal mines. These men constitute a very high class of labor, for in addition to superintending industry they have oversight of arrangements designed to insure sanitary conditions and safety from accidents. Special conditions have fairly forced them to organize. The millionaire operators, in

their greed of profits, have neglected safety devices to an extent that makes catastrophes inevitable. Something had to be done. Thus far the organization is still weak and timid, but it is a beginning. The other group is made up of machinists and engineers. It has spread over all Germany, has become so important, in fact, as to be made a point of attack by the capitalists. A number of ruthless employers demanded that their men desert the organization, and when they refused to comply discharged them. For the present the union has been able to do nothing for these victims except to support them; but even in this it has taken up the cudgels against the capitalist class.

For the cause of Socialism we can count on this new middle class even less than for the labor union struggle. For one thing, they are set over the workers as superintendents, overseers, bosses, etc. In these capacities they are expected to speed up the workers, to get the utmost out of them. So, representing the interest of capital in its relation to labor, they naturally assume a position of bitter enmity to the proletariat and find it almost impossible to stand shoulder to shoulder with them in the struggle for a single goal.

In addition, a set of ideas, particularly notions of themselves and their position, tends to ally them to the capitalists. Most of them come from bourgeois, or at least small capitalist, circles and bring with them all the prejudices which stand opposed to Socialism. Among the workers such prejudices are uprooted by their new environment, but among these higher, intellectual employes they are actually strengthened. Small producers had, for example, as the first article of their faith, the idea that each one could struggle upward in competitive strife only by virtue of his own energy; as a complement to this teaching stood the notion that Socialism would put an end to personal initiative. This individualistic conception of things is, as I have remarked, strengthened in the intellectuals by their new environment; among these very technical and often high placed employes the most efficient sometimes find it possible to climb into the most important positions.

All the regular bourgeois prejudices strike deepest root in this class, further, because its members are nourished on the study of unscientific theories. They regard as scientific truth that which existed among the small bourgeois as subjective, unreasoned opinion. They have great notions of their own education and refinement, feel themselves elevated far above "the masses;" it naturally never occurs to them that the ideals of these masses may be scientifically correct and that the "science" of their professors may be false. As theorizers, seeing the world always as a mass of abstractions, laboring always

with their minds, knowing nothing or little of material activities, they are fairly convinced that **mind controls the world**. This notion shuts them out from the understanding of Socialist theory. When they see the masses of laborers and hear of Socialism they think of a crude "leveling down" which would put an end to their own social and economic advantages. In contrast to the workers they think of themselves as persons who have something to lose, and forget, therefore, the fact that they are being exploited by the capitalists.

Take this altogether and the result is that a hundred causes separate this new middle class from Socialism. Its members have no independent interest which would lead them to an energetic defense of capitalism. But their interest in Socialism is equally slight. They constitute an intermediate class, without definite class ideals, and therefore they bring into the political struggle an element which is unsteady and incalculable.

In great social disturbances, general strikes, e. g., they may sometimes stand by the workers and so increase their strength; they will be the more likely to do this in cases in which such a policy is directed against reaction. On other occasions they may side with the capitalists. Those of them in the lower strata will make common cause with a "reasonable" Socialism, such as is represented by the Revisionists. But the power which will overthrow capitalism can never come from anywhere outside the great mass of proletarians.

Translated by William E. Bohn.

The proletarian movement is the self-conscious, independent movement of the immense majority, in the interest of the immense majority. The proletariat, the lowest stratum of our present society, cannot stir, cannot raise itself up, without the whole superincumbent strata of official society being sprung into the air.—Communist Manifesto.

BIG FOOT'S NEW WEAPON.

A STORY
of the
CAVE PEOPLE

by
Mary E. Marcy



THE great flood that came in the spring brought death and misery to the tribes of savages that lived upon the banks of the river. Many were drowned in the swift waters, while others were borne away and scattered in strange lands. A few members of the tribe of Cave Dwellers found safety in the trees near the old Hollow. Far below, many of their brothers and sisters, with the men and women of other tribes, clung to the great trees where they also found security.

Strong Arm, Quack Quack and little Laughing Boy were among these. With the Foolish One and the Hairy Man they lived in the great banyon until the river crept back into its old channel. Then they descended upon the earth once more and began their long journey toward the Hollow, where they had lived with a small group of Cave Dwellers, the people of their own tribe.

All the face of the world seemed covered with a layer of rich mud, deposited by the river. The sun grew warmer with every day and a hot steam arose continually from the earth. Strong Arm and his little band made their way slowly, for the moist air gave them a fever and weakened them. Always it was very difficult to find food, for the roots lay buried in the soft mud. It was necessary to search in the branches of the trees for the nests of birds, and occasionally they found a few gulls' eggs.

For two nights they had slept in the limbs of trees, while Strong Arm watched wearily lest an enemy approach.

Already at this early stage in their journey the rank grasses of the tropics were springing up. A thousand creeping things thrust out their heads from the mud and slime. And the tracks of the black

bear, the woolly-haired rhinoceros and the sabre-toothed tiger were seen once more along the river bank.

Very cautiously this small band of savages advanced, for they had only rough sticks to use in defending themselves. On the third day they had traveled but a little way and of eggs they found none, nor any other thing. Their stomachs cried for food and they ventured beyond the skirts of the wood, where dangers lurked, seeking something with which to satisfy their hunger.

Strong Arm advanced, with caution, ahead of the little party. When he had gone but a little way, before him, from the cane, there arose suddenly a huge man. He was taller than any man among among the tribe of the Cave Dwellers, and with a stout stick he struck Strong Arm a blow on the head that dashed him to the ground. Though the arm of the big man was swift, it was not much quicker than Quack Quack, who threw herself upon him from behind. Laughing Boy added his blows to hers, scratching and biting the legs of the stranger with all his young power, till he also lay motionless.

A soft movement in the cane announced the presence of another and more wary enemy. But the blows of Quack Quack, the Hairy Man and the Foolish One soon drove him from cover, where they beat him freely, till he threw up his hands in a gesture of submission.

Then, borne on the winds that swept the old forest, came a faint smell of fresh meat to the nostrils of the hungry group. The anger of the travelers was soon forgotten and Strong Arm now commanded the two strangers to lead them to the feast. With a great show of friendliness, they limped forward and conducted their victors to a fire that blazed above a pile of rocks.

And they poked away the coals that covered a basin fashioned among the stones, like a great oven. Covered with large leaves, lay the roasted body of a man, which the two strangers dragged steaming from the flames. Then the Cave Dwellers and the strangers seized each his portion of the meat and fell to eating. And the flesh of the roasted man seemed very good to them.

Till the new moon grew round and full, the Cave People and the Hairy Man remained with the strangers, while the water slowly drained off the swampy river banks and the way toward their old home in the Hollow became more safe.

They now had always the wonderful Fire with which to protect themselves against the forest animals. No caves there were and the trees abounded with the green snakes and many other enemies, but for all these the small group of men and Quack Quack, the woman, were not harmed.

Upon the rocks they kept the fire burning continually and at

night they slept securely while some among them fed the blaze.

Very soon the Cave People began to call the shorter of the two strangers Big Foot, because his feet were very long. The other they called Tall, on account of his extreme height.

Although Strong Arm, Quack Quack and the Foolish One were from tribes strange to Big Foot and Tall, they were all able to understand each other perfectly, by means of the simple gesture language common to all tribes in the lower stage of savagery. Thus, the Hairy Man, from still another tribe, had no difficulty in making himself understood, nor in learning the thoughts or wishes of his companions.

One day, when hunting, the little band came upon a flint pit. To the Cave People the old gravel bed meant nothing, but Tall and Big Foot became greatly excited, and they grabbed the flakes that had become chipped from the flint cores and dashed them violently against a great stone lying near. Faint sparks flew. Then Tall covered the rocks with the feathers of a dead fowl and struck among them with the flint flake. Soon the feathers were ignited by the sparks. And Strong Arm and Quack Quack marveled at the Fire Beast which the strange rock had been able to summon.

The tribe from whence Tall and Big Foot came, had long known the use of flint in kindling fires, and well they knew the treasures they had found. From them the Cave People learned, also, and Strong Arm and Quack Quack bore with them always thereafter, one of these strange and wonderful stones, with which they soon became able to call forth the Fire Beast to their protection.

More and more, as the days passed, Tall taught them wonderful things. The flesh they cooked remained sweet for many days and did not grow rank with time, as raw meat did. Thus a new hope sprang up in the hearts of the Cave People, for armed with these rude flints, they were able at any time to kindle a fire and protect themselves from the forest enemies. Also they cooked their food and, this made possible the long, dangerous journey to the land of their fathers.

In spite of the height of Tall and the long limbs and great muscles of Big Foot, they wished always to carry out the desires of Quack Quack. Not only was she a woman, and for all women they cherished a great tenderness, but also was she strong, and both these men were unable to forget the blows she had given them when first they had attacked the Cave Dwellers and their little band. To Quack Quack, therefore, they looked for commands and they obeyed her words and gestures, while they sought her good will. But in spite of all this, Strong Arm remained the leader over all, for he was able to stand up before any man in the group, and the words which

he spoke and the desires he made known were always for the good of the band.

So it came about naturally that when Strong Arm and Quack Quack signified their desire to return to the Hollow, which was the old home of the Cave People, that the Hairy Man, Tall and Big Foot gave heed to them.

And they all made preparations for the journey. The large bones which they had found, were made formidable, when they were cracked and split open at end. Also they gathered knotted limbs from the trees, which the Cave People were accustomed to wave savagely around their heads, crushing in the skulls of the enemy.

But they prized nothing so highly as the rough pieces of flint flakes which they dug from the old gravel bed. Wonder and awe they felt for these strange stones, and not a little fear. To them even inanimate things possessed life, and the small flakes of flint were only a new, queer sort of animal that had hitherto befriended them by calling forth the great Fire Beast. These might also be capable of doing them harm and it was with deep feelings of uncertainty that they first began to use these wonderful flint rocks.

In the hunt which preceded their departure, the little band were fortunate in snaring a fat young boar. They speedily killed him and dragged his body to the top of a small rocky hill. And they pulled out the loose stones, building a deep, basin-like oven into which they put the body. This they covered with green palm leaves. Then a fire was kindled over this great oven and everybody made ready for the feast.

But the fragrant odor of roast meat reached the nose of the sabretoothed tiger and he followed the scent till he came to the small camp. And all the stray members of the little band crouched low on the opposite side of the big blaze in mortal terror. For here there were no caves in which they could take refuge and their numbers were too few for them to fight the enemy safely in the open.

But all the loose stones they had dislodged and pulled out when building the great oven, lay about them. And they gathered them up and piled them high like a great wall, for they feared an attack from the rear. And the rude wall of stones rose almost to their waists.

Very warily the tiger crept up the hill and approached the flames. The wind bore the smell of the roasting meat squarely into his teeth, and lured him on. But the wind carried, too, the thick smoke upon him, and he choked and paused to reconnoiter. As the wind died down he advanced hungrily, but the smoke and sparks from the flames sent him back to the foot of the hill.

The little band of savages watched him, while their limbs trem-



bled and their hair stood on end. Between them and the tiger roared the tall sheet of flames, but soon he began to circle the hill seeking an easy way of attack. Below the rude wall, erected by them, the the terrifying smoke and flying sparks no longer threatened. And he sniffed the air and advanced cautiously.

In the meantime, the small band of savages were rendered almost beside themselves with fear. Of weapons they had none. All their new sharp bone spears lay at the foot of the hill, with the great knotted clubs. The Foolish One started one of the big stones rolling down upon the tiger, but it passed instead of deterring him.

Then Strong Arm seized a large burning bough and hurled it straight into the great beast's face. But the tiger crouched low on the ground and the blazing torch passed over his head without harming him. Low he lay, with his long striped tail swaying to and fro, like the tail of a great cat. His eyes glowed with rage and fear and his lips were curled back in a snarl of fury.

Of all things in the old forest the strange, red, flaming fire alone had caused him to hesitate. The fierce unknown spat out a breath of hot smoke that bit into his muscular throat and choked him and the hot blaze held a menace that thrilled his long, lank body with a new fear.

Still he did not give up. Never in all his strong, free life in the forest had he ever given up. But he retreated to the foot of the hill, circling round and round it once more.

Long he continued, with his body crouched low, and his head thrown up, scenting at once the rich odor of the roasting boar, and the thick smoke, so full of strange menace.

Again and again he advanced, driven by the hunger within him, only to retreat because of the fear that would not be subdued. But as the sun sank low in the west, the little band scattered the flames and dragged out the roasted body of the young boar. From this they tore, eagerly, great chunks of the warm and dripping flesh and devoured them and one and all they thought no meat had ever tasted so sweet before.

During the feast they watched the tiger always, and they laid new branches upon the fire to keep it alive. But ere any one was filled—as savages were used to fill their stomachs after a long period of fasting—Strong Arm made known his wishes. Soon everybody understood his desire to reserve a portion of the young boar, that, should they prove unequal to the task of driving off the tiger, they might fling to him and escape.

To his wise suggestion all listened and obeyed except Big Foot, who declined to relinquish his portion. It was only after Strong Arm had thrust him down the side of the hill, threatening to hurl him to the hungry beast below, that Big Foot yielded. Once more Strong Arm had proven himself the leader of the band. Once more had his words resulted in the welfare of the group.

For, the flames having subsided a little, the smell of the meat drew old sabre-tooth irresistibly, and he made a bold and sudden dash upon the band.

But Strong Arm was quick also and a yell of warning he gave, as he threw a blazing bough upon him. But the tiger leaped over it and made his way nearer. Now the others seized burning branches and hurled them, until he must step straight upon the glowing coals to advance. And the fierce fires under his feet and the sparks and flames about him, sent the old fear through his blood and the tiger down the hill and through the forest snarling and howling with pain. Long they hear his roarings re-echoing through the old woods, but when darkness came on they descended and gathered more branches and leaves to continue the fire throughout the night.

Work's Coming-of-Age

REVOLUTIONARY UNIONISM IN EUROPE

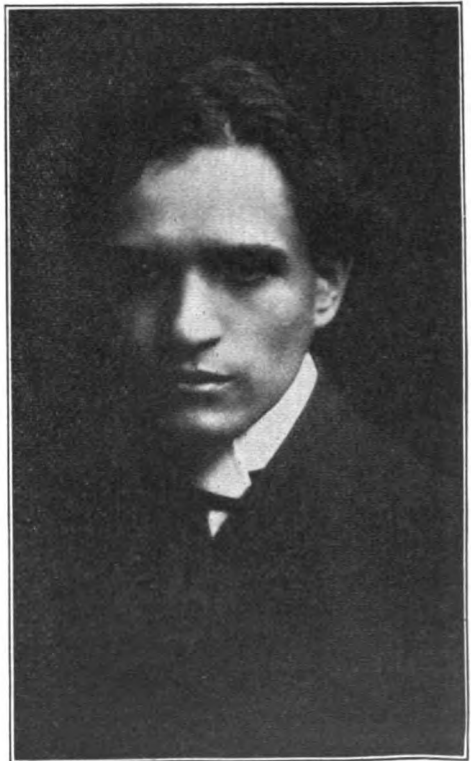
BY ODON POR



THE fruitfulness and the potentiality of a direct struggle against the capitalist class has been disclosed in all its magnitude to the working class of Italy. It at last has realized that a substantial mutation of personality takes place in the fight. And by realizing the true nature of the State the workers gave up all illusions

as to its radicalism and its social reforms. It became quite clear to their mind that the State will fiercely turn against the working class when another critical issue arrives. Therefore they consider it as a paramount social duty of the proletarian organizations to keep up an energetic anti-militaristic propaganda in order to prepare the active resistance of the workers as soldiers to the orders of their officers, who are the emissaries of the capitalist class and the Government of the Capitalists.

"The only reality of our times is the social revolution. It could not be different. The proletariat is becoming day by day more conscious of its own conditions and the intrinsic weakness of its rulers. Against the state the proletariat is organizing the anti-state, the non-state, in other words, it is organizing the collective potency of the groups of the proletarian interests which combat by means of the class struggle the capitalist bourgeoisie and the state which is its political expression."*



* Olivetti: "Senso di Vita."

In the Latin countries the strikes take almost without any exception a larger social aspect. They have ceased to be mere battles of a union for better terms and conditions of labor and became a power seeking larger issues. In these strikes there is always present a desire, heedless of defeat, to go ahead and to conquer still more. The workers are no longer concerned with immediate victories. They have learned that the first defeat is but transitory, that a defeat which does not diminish their force of resistance and is not followed by discouragement and a loss of the heroic sense of the proletariat is not a real defeat.*

The workers are inspired by those constructive virtues that spontaneously come out in them during the struggle. They are fascinated by their collective consciousness, by the unity of their class that may attack and destroy, may create new forces of union and reconstruction, that may interrupt the production of the means of subsistence and may take it up again and reorganize it to the benefit of all. The effective dynamical reality of the active movement has infused the workers with a spirit of right and a consciousness of capacity, with a daring spirit of conquest and a passion of creation the significance of which can not be emphasized enough.

A new man, the worker with a strong collective volition, is born.

* * * * *

France is industrially more developed than Italy, consequently in this country the antagonism between the industrial workers and the capitalists, on the one side, and the state and its employees on the other, is even more acute and distinct than in Italy. The strike movements in France have also revealed unsuspected forces and have shown the gravity of the crisis of the socialistic-radicalism now in power. Violent military interference at strikes, suppression of associations and suppression of free speech is the order of the day in France. And the democratic state, though pretending to be the protector of the workers, has turned against them not merely when they were fighting the capitalist employers, but also in the cases where they asked better conditions and better treatment from the state as their employe. The state as an employer has shown itself as a true exploiter.

All this has powerfully contributed during the last years to the disaggregation of the democratic hopes, and now all political illusions of the workers are dissipated.

In the French republic which is gradually monopolizing all public utilities where powerful and growing political parties demand the expropriation of the private industries, the attitude of the workers in

* By the same author: "Anima Nouva." loc. cit.

the employ of the state toward their profession, and the state itself, is of supreme social importance. The actual character of the state monopolies satisfies neither the public nor the workers. The public complains of disorganized service and the workers of the tyranny of the administration.

The recent postal strikes and their motives clearly put in relief the critical situation conjured up by a so-called democratic administration.

The postal employes have become tired of being directed and dominated by absolutely incompetent politicians who do not understand anything, neither about the work of the postal clerks nor about work in general. They therefore proposed to solve the technical questions themselves, and to eliminate the present political character of the postal service. They wanted to get rid of an exterior political discipline which offended their most intimate and profound sentiments of right and manhood. They struggled for the autonomy, the freedom of labor.*

It goes without saying that this autonomy of work presupposes in those who fight for it a professional valor jealously fostered, a clear sense of the economic realities, a realization of the public interests and of the responsibilities connected with such an industry of national importance like the postal service.** The General Association of the Postal Employees of France has during the last years turned its attention, beside the general social problems, to the professional questions connected with the postal service and administration. It not only has denounced the state as incompetent to run the postal department, but it has also occupied itself with technical reforms, with the amelioration of the service, and has sought to awaken the class consciousness of the workers and give them a high conception of their work and of the dignity of the producers.

The postal employes, through their daily experiences and observations during the work, have discovered the faults in the complex mechanism of the postal service. And they have tried to utilize their technical efficiency, in the light of their observation, in order to counterbalance the mistakes committed by the incompetent administration of the politicians. They were against the administrative waste of money and working force; in other words, they safeguarded the interests of the public.

Many important technical reforms were prepared by the association at the initiative of simple and obscure workers, that later were

* See Odon Por, "The Recent Postal Strikes in France," *Wiltshire's Magazine*, July, 1909.

** G. Beaubois: "L'organisation syndicaliste du service des Postes." *Mouvement Socialiste*, April, 1909.

put in practice by the administration. The new French mail cars were built on the plans submitted by the Association. In virtue of the action of the professional groups of the employes many vital advantages were introduced directly in favor of the public.

The technical groups revealed themselves as true organisms of industrial progress, as complete and active bodies capable to replace the inert and heavy administration and to transform and take over its functions. The valor of the technical groups has suggested that the holders of high-salaried offices are useless, and that without them the postal department would work better and at less expense, animated by a new life, enriched by the competency and devotion of the employes, whose work the Association succeeded in co-ordinating.*

The postal employes are the last body of French workers who have come to realize that the organization of technical groups creates a technical capacity in its members, that it wakes their spirit of initiative and their practical sense; in short, elevates the technical level of the working class.

The French workers have as a rule a very clear idea of the future, and know that the materialization of the future depends upon their personal qualities and efforts and upon their moral value. And they know that by consciously enhancing the technical capacities of the individual worker they make him desire a profound change in the organization of the industries, corresponding with the highest revolutionary ideal of Socialism. They want to teach the young workers all the details of their trade in order to make them capable of taking the organization of work into their hands. It is clear to them that "the revolutionary unionists must take care of the technical, moral and social perfection of the young men; they must guide and advise them, and awaken in them the spirit of observation, the qualities of initiative and energy. They must efface the painful and repugnant features that accompany labor under the present organization of production; the problem of progress lies in saving work from the monotony and routine, from the fatality and servitude; in other words, the problem of progress lies in freeing work and ennobling it. To initiate every worker into the progress of industry and the marvels of human activity, to show them the usefulness of their efforts and the grandeur of their work—this is to give them a passion, a soul, a conscience. . . . The organizations should become a paternal home for the young workers, protecting them from all temptations and leading them into life. A revolution does not improvise itself, and it is necessary that in the industrial groups new ideas, new collective

* A. Monbrunaud: "La Greve des Postes et sa porte sociale." *Mouvement Socialiste*, March and April, 1909.

sentiments should be born and should develop and prepare the social change. The work of liberty is a work of creation.”*

Those ideas agitate the French working class. In their great strikes, when by force of their industrial cohesion and moral solidarity the workers were successful in tying up whole industries, they realized their true force which they hold by the nature of their economic functions. In the strikes they received the strongest fundamental sensations of their life to be compared only as to intensity, endurance and significance to the first awakening of sexual life. So strongly they felt the solidarity of labor and its possibilities during these strikes that they came out of them as new men full of endurance and bravery, full of stirring ideas. A spirit of collective responsibility took hold of them that is beyond any consideration of immediate interests, beyond the consideration of the daily bread. Before of pale mentality, now they aspire for the highest social ideals and the greatest possible degree of culture. The monotony of their life has been replaced by a collective impulse that forces them to act and presents life to them in all its beautiful forms and varied colors.

The efforts of the French and Italian workers to free work from its guardians means work's coming-of-age. It means the beginning of a new era. It means that the workers are thoroughly conscious of an impending social change that will be based on a discipline called forth by the nature of the work to be accomplished. Their ideal is a work which is free and the same time organized under an inner logical discipline voluntarily consented to.

A desire was evolved in the workers by their organizations and their own activity which increased their technical capacity, elevated them morally and gave a powerful collective efficiency to the whole working class. A desire sprang up in them to rid themselves of the state as an employer and of the capitalist employer, a desire of eliminating the present imposed discipline in the industrial organizations, replacing it by an inner discipline organized by work itself. They, workers, want to get rid of the non-producers, the capitalists, and the parasitic big office-holders, being conscious of their ability to run the industry themselves. They feel a tremendous social responsibility resting upon them, originating in the nature of their work, and they have a firm will to contribute to economic progress. But they imperatively demand free work, for they know that only a free work in which they can give vent to their constructive virtues of initiative and cohesion, a work in which all their manhood is involved, can assure social progress and collective freedom.

This consciousness of the producers is the most revolutionary

* G. Beaubois, *loc. cit.*

force actively engaged in the formation of social relations. The state and the capitalists fiercely oppose the further development of this consciousness, fearing the inevitable consequences of this growing interest of the workers toward the organization of work. They justly fear that it will bring with it a legal, moral and social change, an entire reorganization of all social relations. But the workers are on guard. They well know the schemes of the ruling classes and oppose them directly, not, however, merely within the limits of their work, but outside of it as well. Many French teachers, also influenced by a revolutionary realization of their mission, teach revolutionary doctrines to the children, enlightening them as to the nature of capitalist patriotism and the role of the army, and bringing them up with a sense of collectivity. The workers keep up an intense propaganda against militarism and all foreign wars.

Through action the French working class has attained such a degree of co-ordinated and conscious industrial and moral discipline that it is able to tie up all the industries at a critical moment. And when enlisted in the army the conscious French worker will not forget his training, and, obeying the new law in his being, he will refuse to either shoot down his striking comrades or to go to war against the comrades of another nationality.

The confidence of the bourgeoisie in itself is shaken, it is desperately organizing now the last resources of its power against the continuously growing demand of the working class for social rights and a social revolution.*

* * * * *

Within the organizations a new morality has been formed, a new will has arisen. The movement gave new sensations, new sentiments, new moods and new interests to the workers, freeing and elevating their consciousness, driving them on to larger conquests. Within the movement the workers undergo a training collectively. In their practical collective economic activity they evolve a sense of personal responsibility and a class-consciousness. The collective and mutual division of labor at the initiative of collectively-brought decisions trains the worker for a future social discipline. In the moment he has realized that he is a factor in the building up of a wonderful new society, that his life is not useless and not aimless, but full of vital meaning and is an indispensable and aimful force—he obeys collective sanctions and orders and takes part in collective decisions.

Action and the conditions of a struggle are the most powerful determining factors for morality to both the individual and the group. The new personality which the workers have acquired during their

* The French situation is concisely stated by A. Ular: "French Labour Unions v. The State." *Contemporary Review*, June, 1909.

collective struggle and through the solidarity and cohesion of their class, their new generous impulses, their new industrial capacities and awakened initiative, their new dominant disposition is essentially of social, of collective nature. Their new personality is a collective personality resting upon a sense of collectivity.

The moral development of the worker is closely interwoven with the growth of the power of his organization. And inasmuch as his individual power is felt by him as a result and a part of the collective power, his morality is essentially a collective morality, a moral attitude which measures every individual action by the interest of the collectivity. With the development of the collective power goes a development of the consciousness of right, and a growing demand for the materialization of the conceived rights. The consciousness of right is absolutely necessary in order to be victorious in the social struggle.

"In the struggle, the consciousness of an ethical right, which is an abstract thing, transforms itself into an eminently dynamic factor, even more necessary than the best filled safe of a union. The union funds, as we can observe in the course of the economic movement of all countries, may, in certain conditions, be an element of safety during the struggle and a powerful arm for attaining victory. But, on the other hand, the funds may also—and history has proven this as well—tend to keep an organization static, and even tend to retrogression, and may hinder the workingmen from persisting in the struggle, lest they lose the sums amassed during past years at a great sacrifice. The consciousness of a proper right due to one as against the power of the bourgeoisie transforms itself during the struggle into money by ceaselessly renewing the forces of the combatants, by serving as a shield against the assaults of pessimism and accidental discouragements, and by winning higher wages as the prize of a victorious battle. Finally, there is nothing that would reinforce to a higher degree the class consciousness—in other words, the respect of the workers for their own movement—than the knowledge that the right is on their side, or stating this in less popular terms, than the notion of their right. This notion of a proper right is a stimulating factor. It is generally this notion that renders the workers victorious over their enemies. . . . The conviction that one's rights are superior to the rights of the enemy is a veritable reservoir for the sentiments of sacrifice and solidarity of the proletarian collectivity, without which it would remain powerless to the end. . . . In the daily struggle between Capital and Labor the ethics, the moral sentiments, transform themselves into qualities absolutely indispensable for the working class, like courage, perseverance and sentiment

of sacrifice becoming thus in its turn a veritable means of victory and ceasing to be a mere philosophical abstraction."*

The new ethico-economic consciousness of the working class, as determined by the technico-economic development and the maturity of the labor organizations, influences in its turn the trend of social development, on the one side, by deepening the antagonism between the social classes and, on the other, by preparing a collective state of mind and a collective efficiency, the basic forces of the organization of a new society. The consciousness in the individual worker of the organized collective power and capacity of his class makes him to plan. Man, if he feels any capacity in him, will plan to develop and materialize the desires which an insisting capacity creates in him. When man feels himself dominated by a collective consciousness, when he feels that by merging his activities with the activities of the collectivity, he engages his forces at their best—then he certainly will plan a social co-operation. The more intensely he plans a social work, with the more determination he will try to throw himself into the stir of collective activity, the larger scopes he will set himself. It is in the intrinsic logic of collective work that the more people it calls to co-operate the more efficient it becomes. With the enlarging of collective activities goes inevitably a broadening of aims, a widening of outlook, a deepening of motives. And a man amidst powerful and large collective action feels as though he could change everything, he feels himself a social creator.

Within the sphere of collective action of the revolutionary working class every individual worker wants to know what his particular work means and what it adds to the work of the whole in order that he may consciously co-ordinate his actions to the ultimate social aim. The revolutionary working class has changed its attitude toward the means of production, it has become interested in the problems of the machine process. And we know that many improvements in modern machinery and in the organization of work can be traced to simple workingmen. Schooled in the organization the modern workers have evolved a perfect knowledge as to organizing the production and running the machines. Therefore their desire to get rid of the owners of the machines and the administration of the non-producers is but natural. The workers have given up the idea of bureaucratic central government; they are against any employer, be it an individual, an association of shareholders or the state. They feel themselves professionally capable to run the production and to administer the affairs of the factories with their organizations.

The idea of an industrial or agricultural union sufficient unto

* Robert Michels: "Le cote ethique du socialisme positiviste." *La Societe Nouvelle*, Mons, September, 1908.

itself has evolved from the class consciousness and the collective power resting with the unions. The workers feel themselves as a real part of production. Their instinct of workmanship has been called out and therefore they rebel at being ordered around and being exploited and desire full liberty of initiative in order to improve individually and enhance the productivity of labor. They feel themselves responsible for social progress, for they know that everything depends on them. They want to put in the place of authoritative discipline, imposed from above by people outside of their rank, a self-discipline imposed by the social consciousness of their new individuality. Their ideal is a free, a conscious discipline that will render them social creators.

This sense of social responsibility of the working class, which excludes political authority and imposes a discipline logically enfolded in the process of production, is a continuously flowing source of the instinct of workmanship, of the passion of creation. It is the most powerful lever of progress. It has already formed in the industrial organisms that demand for themselves an autonomous active life upon the basis of the effective collaboration of the grouped workers and the continuous relations of the federated groups, the nucleus of the future social organizations. A successful national and international co-ordination of all the industrial groups will finally realize the new society in its full extent.

A new formidable state of facts has been created that constitutes the structure of the future society and has laid down the principle and the structure of new economic relations within which the capitalist methods of production and distribution will be entirely eliminated by the associated production of the free workers.

* * * * *

"Progress," as Lawrow puts it, "is the growth of the social consciousness, inasmuch as it leads toward the consolidation and the broadening of social solidarity; it is the consolidation and the broadening of social solidarity inasmuch as it rests upon the growing consciousness of society. Then the indispensable organ of progress is the individual who develops himself, who discovers in the progressive development of his thoughts and thinking the laws of social solidarity and applies them to his environment, and who finds in the process of the development of his energies the ways of a practical activity, especially the way of reconstructing his environment, conforming to the ideal of his convictions and the knowledge he has acquired. In short, progress is the development of consciousness and solidarity."*

The revolutionary worker has proven himself as the true organ

* Peter Lawrow: "Historische Briefe." Translation from the Russian. Berlin, 1901.

of progress because his developed consciousness is bent upon realizing a social organization, the supreme principle of which shall be a social solidarity creating all the freedom and offering all the opportunity to the further development of the individual personality, knowledge and consciousness.

Vilfredo Pareto, the great economist, advanced the theory that a mutation in the distribution of wealth in the sense of a greater equity is essentially and indispensably conditioned by the growth of collective wealth. From this Arturo Labriola justly concludes that a social revolution is possible only with the increase of social wealth.

"Now, we know that man is the highest factor of wealth; that the more energetic and the freer he feels himself, the more he feels himself as an individuality, the more he will produce and that, therefore, the growth of wealth depends principally upon the formation of a class of producers morally highly elevated."

"The revolutionary worker is a superior element of society, for he has a conception of his own person and of his social duties which is far more complete than the conceptions of the conservative or revisionist worker. It is evident that a revolutionary class, by virtue of the fact that it is revolutionary, has far more social value. If the success of revolution is determined by the possibility of increasing social wealth, then it is evident that the existence of a revolutionary working class is a guaranty that this result will be attained. Men who are more mature, who are conscious of the value of their person, who are more inspired and saturated with the sentiment of duty toward their fellowmen, and who therefore are disposed to discharge their duties with all possible broadness—will necessarily be good producers. They will know the economic and moral value of work, and there will certainly not spring up among them an aspiration for parasitism and loafing. The observers have proven that the most productive classes are the most exigent and restless classes. The East-Indian coolie demoralized by continuous work and by traditions of obedience, accustomed to a blind servility to customs and contented with low wages—produces precious little and is a very dear laborer."

"Revolutionary Unionism by training the working class to evolve a 'direct action' and to disregard the established situations and to act with open contempt as to everything that is consecrated by custom and law, works actively on the formation of a new superior society."*

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Not much attention was paid to Jack London's "Iron Heel" by

* Arturo Labriola: "L'Economico e l'Extra-Economico." *Pagine Libere*. March, 1909.

the American and European Socialists. Was this because they shrank from confessing that Jack London's vision was very much like reality? Indeed, Jack London is not merely a novelist. He is a man with a vision. In his imagination he sees certain germinating tendencies in their full growth at work, deciding and ruling.

Jack London evidently does not believe in a peaceful social evolution toward Socialism for he knows that the Capitalist is not a pacific man, and that he will violently oppose the establishment of Socialism. In his mind the capitalist class will not let itself be stripped of all its alleged rights by a gradually progressing social legislation, but will organize an army of hirelings and drown Socialism in an ocean of blood. Jack London evidently has no faith in the present form of the political socialist movements, he doubts their force of revolutionizing the whole working class when he predicts that an elite army of skilled workers will go over into the camp of Capitalism and will fight the revolutionary movement. His vision sees a handful of desperate revolutionists fighting with bombs and destructive violence against organized and paid hordes. Then only after centuries of fierce struggle will we reach Socialism. This gloomy and haunted book is a warning. It tells us that something is wrong and that it may become still worse.

Coincidentally with the *Iron Heel* a still gloomier book left the desk of Anatole France. A few years ago he drew a ravishing picture of the socialist society in his "*Sur La Pierre Blanche*," now he has lost all hope in the happy future of mankind. In his "*L'île des Pingouins*" he predicts a return to barbarism. The renegade socialists now in power in France, the treachery of a few political leaders, made him forget all his hope.

In his mind the future will surpass the horror of modern times. The "Comrades" will succeed each other in the cabinets of the ruling classes, while Civilization will pursue its normal course: the trusts will multiply, extending their political and economic power ad infinitum. An industrial society will establish itself exclusively devoted to the production of wealth not for being consumed but for merely being accumulated. A certain type of man will evolve in this environment, that "the anthropologists call the type of the billionaire." The cult of wealth will supplant all ideals. The workers will realize the type of the poor. They will not resist nor strike. The unions will be powerless to fight against the infinite number of the unemployed. A methodical selection, operated by the employers, will precipitate the gradual and continuous degeneration of the body and spirit of the workers. The machines will serve to weaken their resistance and their

intellectual faculties. The arts and the pleasure of the spirit will die out. * * * *

One day an exasperated employee of the Steel Trust will blow up Paris. Destruction will follow all over the country. *And "the hunters will come to chase the bears upon the hills of the forgotten city." Then a cycle will begin all over again. . . .

Are Jack London and Anatole France right? Is man's fatuity and conceit stronger than his social impulses? Will man always be a traitor to his ideals? Will he always sell himself for the profits and the pleasures of the moment? Will this perpetual fighting among the classes and the nations never cease?

In my mind Anatole France and Jack London have just seen the surface of things. Their terrible vision was conjured up by detached phenomena, that, though existing and seemingly all powerful, are doomed to perish by the intrinsic logic of the ethico-economic revolution now in progress. Nevertheless, notwithstanding the coincidence of the social visions of two active and broad-minded socialists, living one far on the Pacific Coast and the other in Paris, is significant and full of meaning. We must take the warning.

We may believe in a social catastrophe or a violent social revolution, in a sudden mutation of the present form of society into the socialist society; we may believe in the gradual infiltration of the present political institutions by socialist institutions or, in other words, in a slow, step by step evolution toward the socialist society—but all these beliefs, based more or less on unverified theories, do not actually change society.

One social fact, however, is undoubtedly established: the fact, namely, that the bearers of the social revolution are the organized workers. There is one firmly established fact, that the nature of the organizations preparing for social revolution will determine the rhythm and the course and the outcome of the revolution. We then must form our attitudes to the mould of this positive fact.

The experiences of a half a century are behind us. It is useless to reiterate always the same theories. The practice of the last fifty years furnishes us with more facts and material than all the old theories combined. "Every step of real movement is more important than a dozen programs," wrote Marx many years ago.** The theories have furnished us with a valuable point of view. The facts, however, have furnished us the arms wherewith to fight the battles for our aim.

We have seen the most active part of the European proletariat

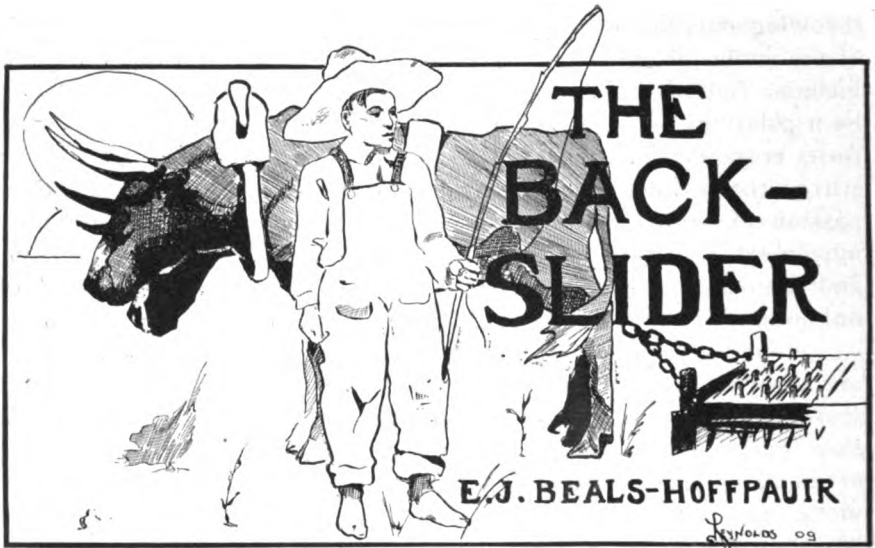
* H. G. Wells in his *The War in the Air* anticipates the destruction of Civilization by an international war in the air.

** Marx on The Gotha Program. Republished in *The International Socialist Review*, May, 1908.

throwing overboard the inefficient, sedative and corrupting methods of the "political fight"; we have seen it declaring as useless the intermediary functions of politicians who pretend to usher in Socialism by legislation; we have seen the proletariat turning its whole attention to its economic functions and social mission. The economic activity stirred the instinct of workmanship in the workers, awakened their passion of doing, accomplishing and creating. The revolutionary movements in France and Italy have touched fundamental passions and desires in man and are proceeding to give them full liberty of unfolding.

Herein lies the answer to the pessimist. Man's inmost tendencies are involved and called upon by the direct economic struggle for a social end. And there is no power, no other tendency, which could stop the inner pressure of a creating force, the flow and the surging of man's social passions. Not the rapacious elements will become victorious. The new man born from the struggle, the new man who has consciously turned away from his immediate interests, who with all his being has thrown himself into the collective and direct battle, the new man will conquer the new peaceful world.

In place of the old bourgeois society, with its classes and class antagonisms, we shall have an association, in which the free development of each is the condition for the free development of all.—Communist Manifesto.



He left the ox team standing in the field while he went to the house for the customary cup of afternoon coffee. He was but a boy of fourteen, freckled, tow-headed, with the expression of a philosopher welded with that of bull-dog determination. He had been driving the oxen steadily for several hours and now sought the house, where he could rest for a moment under the spreading umbrella China trees and sip his coffee in the pleasant Louisiana style—a survival of leisurely, anti-bellum days.

As he reached the house his Uncle Tom, a mild-eyed, middle-aged man, passed him with a warning whisper: “She’s on the rampage to-day, sonny.”

The boy stopped short.

“Go on,” the man said. “She’ll give you coffee, but be easy like.”

The boy entered the house and faced Aunt Jane for better or for worse. It was worse. She scolded Jimmy roundly for leaving the team standing in the field and walking to the house for coffee when “he knowed the rice oughter be all harrowed in ‘fore night.” She protested against his sitting down to drink the coffee she grudgingly handed out to him—a privilege which even his stepmother had never questioned. He gulped down the coffee, hastily performed the errands Aunt Jane never failed to demand, then with hands in his pockets and a look of stoical indifference on his face he trudged back to the field and resumed his work.

"Haw Buck!" he yelled. "Git along there, Brandy, you son of a Senegambian slush biler. Rock along! Whoa, come!" The oxen tightened the chain slowly and once more the heavy harrow moved over the ground. The boy's face betokened deep thought. He had been religious, "got saved at the last 'tracted meetin'," but he was beginning to show signs of backsliding, much to the annoyance of his class-leader. To-day was Wednesday, and to-night was the regular prayer meeting. He was debating strongly as to whether he should or should not go. All at once his face lit up with a new idea and he burst forth in a popular church song:

"Look up yander what I see,
Not made with hands,
A bleedin' savior waitin' for me,
Not made with hands."

One of his chums came riding by as he reached the fence. The song died away from his lips. "Whoa, wo-o-o there, you leather hided sons of Satan!" he shouted, and Buck and Brandy came to a standstill.

"Hello, Benny!" he yelled, "goin' ter prayer meetin' ter night?"
"Yas, reckon so, is you?"



"Yas, if Uncle Tom'll let me ride old Lucy I'll go. If he don't let me ride Lucy, damn if I go."

"Look here, Jimmy, sounds like yer losin' yer 'ligion?"

"Don't give a damn if I do—don't want it nohow."

"Gee, Jimmy! yer know what yer doin', yer backward slidin'. Better come out tonight and shout some."

"Yo go to hell," shouted Jimmy, as his chum dashed away.

Slowly the oxen turned. A few blackbirds flew up and lit on the fence, but Jimmy neither shouted nor threw clods at them—he was absorbed in thought. Yes, he would go to prayer meeting, and he smiled knowingly.

At sundown he unyoked the oxen. He patted old Brandy lovingly on the head—something unusual—and watched them as they trotted away to the wateringplace.

Shortly after reaching home he had slipped on his "church" clothes, and with Uncle Tom's permission had saddled Lucy and was riding away.

"Now, don't yer 'lope that mare, an' don't yer let her git loose, an' don't yer lose yer Uncle Tom's saddle blanket, an' don't yer play in ther road, an' don't—but Jimmy was too far to hear the rest of Aunt Jane's commands even if he had cared to listen.

Brother Clark, Jimmy's class leader, was leading the prayer meeting. He had known Jimmy from infancy—had been present at his conversion and watched with interest and love his "spiritual growth," and was much dismayed to find him gradually drifting back into the world. One thing gave him hope. He had been present at the conversion of Jimmy's mother, which occurred on the day of the death of Jimmy's grandfather. Satan had made an effort to take the old man alive, and was seen to enter the room in the form of an exceedingly large black cat, which proceeded to climb the bedpost a few minutes prior to the old man's death; but was finally compelled to flee from the room because of the prayers of those who "had power with God," and the Christian songs that were being sung. He had almost vanished from mortal sight, but several Christian women who were standing near the bed observed his feet and tail as he passed through the window. The rejoicing over the discomfiture of Satan was intense. They gathered in the death chamber and sang their most inspiring songs. Clark remembered that when he sang a certain song Jimmy's mother had been "blessed" and had "shouted all over the room." It was claimed by some of those present at the time that she didn't touch the floor, but just flew around the room by means of invisible wings. Clark knew that this had been told Jimmy, and he hoped by the help of that song, which would

awaken in Jimmy's mind the remembrance of his mother, to win him back to the fold before it was "everlastingly too late."

The scripture lesson was read; many earnest prayers were offered up, and still Jimmy sat stolid and unconcerned.

"Let us pray," again rang out through the room, and this time the leader himself petitioned the throne of grace. He pleaded for mercy for the young, especially those whose mothers had gone before. He referred to those incidents which he calculated would most likely soften Jimmy's heart. He prayed fervently. The room was filled as it were with a magic influence, and as the "amen" announced the end of the prayer, he rose to his feet singing:

"If you get there before I do
And have a shout in glory,
Just tell my friends I'm coming too
To have a shout in glory."

This was too much for Jimmy. This was the song which had resounded around his mother as she "left the world" to become a servant of Christ. The divine spirit overcame him and he burst into a flood of tears. A mighty shout went up in that little room. The lost was found—the stubborn backslider had been reclaimed.

He was called on to lead in prayer but choked down and could only sob, "Lord have mercy." But his "experience" came easier, and he told how that he had considered himself mistreated and had, that very evening, decided to steal his uncle's mare and try to get into Texas before they caught him, but by coming to the prayer meeting he was not only saved from committing a crime, but was brought nearer to the bleeding savior.

The ride home was given up to religious meditation and a complete confession was made on his arrival, which brought forth from both Uncle Tom and Aunt Jane loud thanks and prolonged shouts of praise for the wonderful manifestation of God's power to reclaim sinners.

"Jimmy, Jimmy! git up. Nearly daylight and nothin' done. Don't know what'll become of us. Git up now 'fore I go in there an' break your neck. Yer Uncle Tom an' me's got ter go up ter the Bethel 'tracted meetin'. 'Low we got some 'ligion, too," and Aunt Jane hustled Jimmy out to work.

But the next morning Aunt Jane received no reply to her calls and threats. A suspicion of the worst flashed through her mind and she hurriedly entered Jimmy's room. The bed had not been touched—Jimmy was gone. Aunt Jane rushed out to the barn to see whether

he had taken the mare, and finding her standing in the stall returned to the house.

"Well," she sputtered, wiping away the tears, "I shore did all I could to make him lead a Christian life, an' if he goes wrong my hands is clean. I used to whip him every time I ketched him a playin' on Sunday."

JOY IS OUR HOME.

I stood upon the slopes of the Mongol-world
 And saw the toilers climb beneath their loads;
 How wearily along their diverse roads
 Their piteous procession was out-furled!
 Not Dante in his visions of deep Hell
 Dreamed of such cares. His little Florence, set
 On war and hate and deadlier lusts, has met
 The gracious silence of the passing hell.
 And thus the Florences of all the years.
 A new day dawns at last for human kind,
 No more a body-servant, for his mind
 Stirs and awakes and through its birth-hour
 tears
 Can almost smile to see the dawning come:
 What of the goal? Joy is our common home.

—Isabel N. Wilder.

Socialism and Labourism in England.

BY H. M. HYNDMAN.



SOME time ago you wrote to me asking me to send you my views as to the position of Socialism and the Labour Party in this country. Unfortunately I am so much taken up still with the mere bread and butter sciences that I can do little more in the way of writing and speaking for Socialism than I am doing already. In fact, it will take me twice my present life to catch up with the work I feel I ought to do. You must therefore excuse a brief statement of my opinion about the present situation in England. If your readers wish to see my analysis of the general position here, and care to verify how completely that summary has been borne out by events, they can look back at an article of mine in the first number of your Review.

What has happened is precisely that which those who know best the ignorance and character of our working people saw to be inevitable if trade union leaders failed to develop vigour and initiative. As M. Clemenceau said more than three years ago, when lunching with me in Paris, "la classe ouvriere en Angleterre est une classe bourgeoise"—the English working class is a bourgeois class. That is absolutely true. It is ignorant, prejudiced, anxious to make petty profits for itself, and given over, in many cases, especially in the north of England and Wales, to the most canting and loathsome form of Religionism. Consequently, it has accepted in full the Political Economy of its worst enemies, holds that compromise is the highest wisdom, never accepts any definite principle with a view to pushing it to a conclusion, and believes that there is no way out of the present miserable system, because the governing classes say so.

The Labour Party, coming to the front at a time when the whole country was sick of both the existing factions, had a magnificent opportunity, if its Members of Parliament had acted straightforwardly upon Socialistic lines, of awakening the whole nation to the possibilities of social revolution. This they had neither the courage nor the ability to do; although all the really hard and dangerous work of Socialism in England had been done long years before the Independ-

ent Labour Party, and longer years before the Labour Party was ever heard of. They do not even take up and push vigorously palliatives of the existing anarchy formulated and advocated by the S. D. F. for more than seven-and-twenty years. They have been content to accept with gratitude just what the Liberals thought proper to chuck to them. The result of this, combined with their failure to criticise with any effect the proposals of Ministers, has been that they have lost all influence with really advanced men, and are now being rapidly absorbed into the capitalist Liberal party. The process has been going steadily on for some time past; but until the Labour Party resolved to support Mr. Lloyd George's Budget, which puts more than ten times the amount of additional taxation on the workers that is imposed upon the landowners, the people at large thought the Labourists, though incompetent, were still independent. Now they are being taught the truth daily.

Nothing has surprised me more, I confess, than the attitude of your Review in regard to this miserable surrender. Anyone would think to read the *International Socialist Review* and its comments on British Socialism, that the one object of Socialist work in England is to get men who belong to the working class into Parliament, quite regardless of the principles which they hold. When a man once succeeds, no matter at what price in the way of sacrificing the principles of Socialism, in getting M. P. tacked on to his name as a Labourist, the revolutionary Socialists who have done and are doing all the really valuable Socialists propaganda in this country are told that they are not practical men, and that they ought to give up the results of thirty years of propaganda in order to come to terms with the Labourists and Liberals in a nice semi-Socialist "successful" sort of way.

For my part I utterly repudiate and condemn such criticism and such suggestions. I, for one, threw myself into the Socialist movement thirty years ago at the cost of position, property, friends and comfort, because I saw that until the capitalist system is completely overthrown the worst form of slavery must still continue. Therefore, though the S. D. F. was the first organization to propose the Eight Hour Bill, the Free Feeding of Children in all Public Schools, the Nationalization of Railways, Gratuitous Secular Education from the Public Schools up to the Universities, the Organization of Unemployed Labour on Co-operative Principles by the Community, and several other palliatives which we have always advocated, we, nevertheless, have at no time compromised in any way, and have always refused to sink our revolutionary programme by trafficking with the profit-mongers.

We do not pretend to be satisfied with the progress we have made. Our countrymen, however, are so badly educated, and slumdom is so rampant in our cities, that we could not possibly have done more in the way of Socialist propaganda than we have achieved. But it is sad, not to say disgusting, to see men who know better taking advantage of our unpaid and exhausting toil to make good positions for themselves, pecuniarily and politically, by deliberately trading away the interests of the workers to the exploiting class. You can see plainly enough in America whither such a policy must lead for you. I hope, after this letter, you will take the trouble to apply the same canons of political and social criticism to what is happening here for us. The Labour Party in England today is the greatest obstacle to Socialist progress at home; while the leaders of that party by their insulting refusal, when in Germany, to recognize the German Social Democratic Party in any way, showed to all the world how completely out of touch they are with International Socialism abroad, though recognized as Socialists by the International Socialist Bureau.

The enemy who comes to us with open visor we face with a smile; to set our foot upon his neck is mere play for us. The stupidly brutal acts of violence of police politicians, the outrages of anti-socialist laws, the anti-revolution laws, penitentiary bills—these only arouse feelings of pitying contempt; the enemy, however, that reaches out the hand to us for a political alliance, and intrudes himself upon us as a friend and brother—**HIM AND HIM ALONE HAVE WE TO FEAR.**—Wilhelm Liebknecht, in *No Compromise*.

Ballots, Bullets, or —

BY JAMES CONNOLLY.



NOT the least of the services our comrade, Victor Berger, has rendered to the Socialist cause must be accounted the writing and publishing of that now famous article in which he draws the attention of his readers to the possibility that the ballot will yet be stricken from the hands of the Socialist Party, and raises the question of the action our party must take in such an emergency.

It must be confessed, however, that the question has, not been faced at all squarely by the majority of the critics who have unburdened themselves upon the matter. We have had much astonishment expressed, a great deal of deprecation of the introduction of the question at the present time, and not a little sly fun poked at our comrade. But one would have thought that a question of such a character brought up for discussion by a comrade noted for his moderation—a moderation by some thought to be akin to compromise—would have induced in all Socialists a desire to seriously consider the elements of fact and probability behind and inspiring the question. What are these facts?

Briefly stated, the facts as they are known to us all are that all over the United States the capitalist class is even now busily devising ways and means by which the working class can be disfranchised. In California it is being done by exacting an enormous sum for the right to place a ticket upon the ballot, in Minnesota the same end is sought by a new primamry law, in the South by an educational (?) test to be imposed only upon those who possess no property, in some states by imposing a property qualification upon candidates, and all over by wholesale counting out of Socialist ballots, and wholesale counting in of fraudulent votes. In addition to this we have had in Colorado and elsewhere many cases where the hired thugs of the capitalists forcibly occupied the polling booths, drove away the real voters and themselves voted in the name of every citizen on the list.

These are a few of the facts. Now what are the probabilities? One is that the capitalist class will not wait until we get a majority at the ballot box, but will precipitate a fight upon some fake issue

whilst the mass of the workers are still undecided as to the claims of capitalism and Socialism.

Another is that even if the capitalist class were law-abiding enough, or had miscalculated public opinion enough, to wait until the Socialists had got a majority at the ballot box in some presidential election, they would then refuse to vacate their offices, or to recognize the election, and with the Senate and the military in their hands would calmly proceed to seat those candidates for president, etc., who had received the highest votes from the capitalistic electorate. As to the first of these probabilities the issue upon which a Socialist success at the ballot box can be averted from the capitalist class is already here, and I expect at any time to see it quietly but effectually materialize. It is this: We have often seen the capitalist class invoke the aid of the Supreme Court in order to save it some petty annoyance by declaring unconstitutional some so-called labor or other legislation, now I can conceive of no reason why this same Supreme Court can not be invoked to declare unconstitutional any or all electoral victories of the Socialist Party. Some may consider this far-fetched. I do not consider it nearly as far-fetched as the decision which applied the anti-trust laws solely to trust unions, or used the Interstate Commerce Acts to prevent strikes upon railways.

I consider that if the capitalist class appealed to the Supreme Court and interrogated it to declare **whether a political party which aimed at overthrowing the constitution of the United States could legally operate to that end within the constitution of the United States** the answer in the negative which that court would undoubtedly give would not only be entirely logical, but would also be extremely likely to satisfy every shallow thinker and fanatical ancestor-worshiper in the country.

And if such an eventuality arose, and the ballot was, in Comrade Berger's words, stricken out of our hands, it would be too late then to propound the query which our comrade propounds now, and ask our friends and supporters, What are you going to do about it?

But even while admitting, nay, urging all this on behalf of the pertinency of our comrade's query, it does not follow that I therefore endorse or recommend his alternative. The rifle is, of course, a useful weapon under certain circumstances, but these circumstances are little likely to occur. This is an age of complicated machinery in war as in industry, and confronted with machine guns, and artillery which kill at seven miles distance, rifles are not likely to be of much material value in assisting in the solution of the labor question in a proletarian manner. It would do Comrade Berger good to read a little of the conquests of his countryman, Count Zeppelin, over the

domain of the air, and thus think of the futility of opposing even an armed working class to such a power as the airship. Americans have been so enamored of the achievements of the Wright brothers that too little attention has been paid to the development of the balloon by Zeppelin. Yet in his hands it has evolved into the most perfect and formidable fighting machine ever dreamt of. The words "dirigible balloon" seem scarcely applicable to his creation. It is a balloon, and more. It is a floating ship, divided into a large number of separate compartments, so that the piercing of one even by a shell leaves the others intact and the machine still floating. Nothing less than fire can menace it with immediate destruction. It can carry seventeen tons and with that weight on board can be guided at will, perform all sorts of figures and evolutions, rise or descend, travel fast or remain stationary. It has already been equipped with a quick-firing Krupp gun and shells made for its own special use, and at the tests of the German army has proven itself capable of keeping up a rapid and sustained fire without interfering with its floating or maneuvering powers. No army on earth, even of highly trained and disciplined men, could withstand an attack from ten of those monsters for as many minutes. It is more than probable that the development of these machines will eventuate in an armed truce from military conquest by the international capitalist class, the consecration of the flying machine to the cold task of holding in check the working class, and the making safe and profitable all sorts of attacks upon social and political rights. In facing such a weapon in the hands of our remorseless and unscrupulous masters the gun of Comrade Victor Berger will be as ineffective as the paper ballot in the hands of a reformer.

Is the outlook, then, hopeless? No! We still have the opportunity to forge a weapon capable of winning the fight for us against political usurpation and all the military powers of earth, sea or air. That weapon is to be forged in the furnace of the struggle in the workshop, mine, factory or railroad, and its name is Industrial Unionism.

A working class organized on the lines on which the capitalist class has built its industrial plants to-day, regarding every such plant as the true unit of organization and society as a whole as the sum total of those units, and ever patiently indoctrinated with the idea that the mission of unionism is to take hold of the industrial equipment of society, and erect itself into the real holding and administrative force of the world, such a revolutionary working class would have a power at its command greater than all the achievements of science can put in the hands of the master class. An injunction for-

bidding the workers of an industrial union to do a certain thing in the interest of labor would be followed by every member of the union doing that thing until jails became eagerly sought as places of honor, and the fact of having been in one would be as proudly vaunted as is now service on the field of Gettysburg; a Supreme Court decision declaring invalid a Socialist victory in a certain district could be met by a general strike of all the workers in that district, supported by the organization all over the country, and by a relentless boycott extending into their private life of all who supported the fraudulently elected officials. Such a union would revive and apply to the class war of the workers the methods and principles so successfully applied by the peasants of Germany in the Vehmgericht, and by those of the Land League in the land war in Ireland in the eighties.

And eventually in case of a Supreme Court decision rendering illegal the political activities of the Socialist Party, or instructing the capitalist officials to refuse to vacate their offices after a national victory by that party, the industrially organized workers would give the usurping government a Roland for its Oliver by refusing to recognize its officers, to transport or feed its troops, to transmit its messages, to print its notices, or to chronicle its doings by working in any newspapers which upheld it. Finally, after having thus demonstrated the helplessness of capitalist officialdom in the face of united action by the producers (by attacking said officialdom with economic paralysis instead of rifle bullets) the industrially organized working class could proceed to take possession of the industries of the country after informing the military and other coercive forces of capitalism that they could procure the necessaries of life by surrendering themselves to the lawfully elected government and renouncing the usurpers at Washington. Otherwise they would have to try and feed and maintain themselves. In the face of such organization the airships would be as helpless as pirates without a port of call, and military power a broken reed.

The discipline of the military forces before which Comrade Berger's rifles would break like glass would dissolve, and the authority of officers would be non-effectual if the soldiery were required to turn into uniformed banditti scouring the country for provisions.

Ireland during the Land League, Paris during the strike of the Postmen and Telegraphers, the south of France during the strike of the Wine Growers, the strike of the Peasants at Parma, Italy, all were miniature demonstrations of the effectiveness of this method of warfare, all were so many rehearsals in part for this great drama of social revolution, all were object lessons teaching the workers how to extract the virtue from the guns of their political masters.

But all this requires organization inspired by a revolutionary aim, and at every stage of the game instilling into the mind of the worker that he is being organized, not as a carpenter, a miner, a steel mill employe, a printer, or a teamster, but as a member of the working class, with rights and destinies bound up with all others of his class.

What is Industrial Unionism? The economic manifestation of Socialism.

I take it, then, that the real answer to the problem Comrade Berger propounds is:

Not the Bullet or the Ballot, nor the Ballot or the Union, but rather the Union and the Ballot, each resting upon, fortifying and completing the other.

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In every mill and every factory, every mine and every quarry, every railroad and every shop, everywhere the workers, enlightened, understanding their self-interest, are correlating themselves in the industrial and economic mechanism. They are developing their industrial consciousness, their economic and political power; and when the revolution comes, they will be prepared to take possession and assume control of every industry. With the education they will have received in the Industrial Workers, they will be drilled and disciplined, trained and fitted for Industrial Mastery and Social Freedom.—Eugene V. Debs, in Revolutionary Unionism.

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An Inspiring Victory. The first great battle of the new Revolution on American soil has been WON. The despised mass of "ignorant foreigners," held apart by their separate languages, half starved when at work, homeless and emptyhanded, have accomplished the impossible. In a few short weeks they have welded themselves into a fighting organization that has beaten the steel trust to a stand-still. They return to work victorious on practically every point in dispute. Their victory is an inspiration not only to themselves but to the whole working class of the world.

The Steel Trust's Mistake. The officials of the Pressed Steel Car Company, a subsidiary corporation of the steel trust, were evidently ambitious to break all records in profit-making, and to this end they shut their eyes not only to all considerations of humanity but also to the simplest principles of economics. They succeeded for a short time in squeezing out extra profits by paying the workmen less than the value of their labor power, less than enough to enable them to live and bring up families with the minimum of comfort common among wage slaves. By this course of action, these officials no doubt pleased Wall Street and boosted for the time being the prices of their stock certificates. But by depressing the purchasing power of their wage-workers, they lost the good will of the "business men" and newspapers of the surrounding community. More important still, they crushed out ruthlessly all the old craft unions among their men—the unions with time-honored traditions of "community of interest" and "a fair day's wages for a fair day's work." Thus they left the field clear for the in-coming of the modern revolutionary union.

The Industrial Workers of the World. Organized at Chicago in November, 1905, at a conference before which Eugene V. Debs delivered several notable addresses, this organization has had a checkered career of nearly four years. Its first burst of enthusiasm was followed by bitter factional disputes between "leaders." There was a split, and for some time a dual organization. Finally the constitu-

tion was modified in a way to remove, so far as any constitution could do it, the power of "leaders" to make mischief, and the I. W. W. took a new start. Up to this time we have watched its career with sympathy tempered by misgivings. All along we have been firmly convinced that industrial unionism would show itself to be the most effective weapon, not only in the daily struggle with the capitalist class for a larger share of the daily product, but also in the final struggle for the overthrow of capitalism. Our doubt was whether the I. W. W. had the efficiency demanded by the tremendous task involved in organizing the working class of the United States along modern lines to battle with organized capital.

Equal to the Test. The events of the last few months have convinced us that the Industrial Workers of the World, as now re-organized, offers the best available rallying point for socialists on the economic field, and it is on that field that the main battle must be fought and won before capitalism will end. What the I. W. W. has done at McKees Rocks to justify this change of attitude on our part is fully told by Louis Duchez in this issue of the Review, and we will not waste space in repetition. What needs discussion now is the practical question of the attitude socialists should take toward the different labor organizations. Thus far the Socialist Party as a party has been neutral, and this neutrality has been bitterly resented by the more aggressive members of the I. W. W. We believe that the events of the coming year will remove the reasons for neutrality that have obtained thus far, and will open the way for a better understanding and a more effective co-operation. The main function of the Socialist Party has been and still is its work of propaganda and education. Its vote-making is secondary. Some things of great importance may yet be accomplished by the ballot. When industrial union tactics become general among the working class, the capitalist class will desire new laws and new instruments of repression to crush the revolutionary unions. Socialist legislators might do much to block the passage of such laws and to expose their intent when first introduced, instead of letting them as now slip through in the dark and be sprung upon the unions by surprise. Again, the United States government and the governments of all the great cities are to an increasing extent employers of labor, and to protect the right of government employees to organize is one task of a working-class party. Wherever a socialist mayor or judge can be installed, employers will hesitate to fight a union, knowing that it will be difficult or impossible for them to use the powers of government against the strikers. But something more than voting is needed to overthrow capitalism, and revolutionary unionism is the something more.

A Paris Editor on Gompers. The *Petit Journal* of Paris is perhaps the greatest capitalist newspaper in Europe. Like most of our cheap American newspapers, it is ably edited under the supervision of capitalists for the consumption of workingmen. It may be interesting to American revolutionists to know how Samuel Gompers and the organization headed by him are regarded by the capitalists of Europe, and also how they feel toward the C. G. T., the great French industrial union. We, therefore, translate a few passages from the leading article in the *Petit Journal* of July 17, 1909.

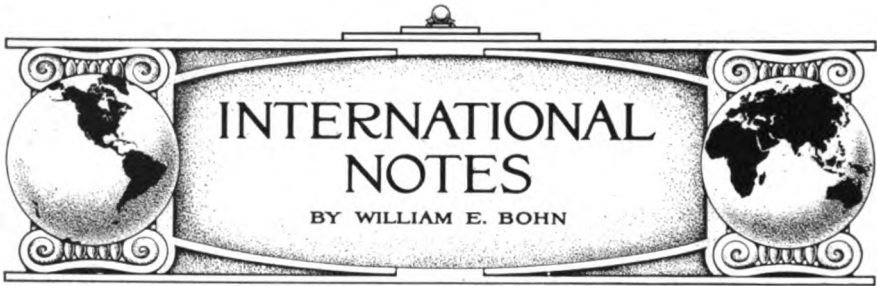
If the American Federation of Labor were like our C. G. T., and Mr. Gompers like one of the revolutionaries whom assume the direction of our caricature of a labor organization, the United States would inevitably be in a constant state of civil war. But it is not so at all. Quite the contrary; with a few slight exceptions the relations between the working people and the manufacturing interests are better in the United States than in any other country in the world. [This, of course, means better, for the capitalists.—Editor.] This is because the American Federation of Labor is in no way revolutionary. Better still, it is not even socialist. [If there is a covert satire here on certain forms of so-called socialism, the satire is that of the French journalist; our translation is very literal.—Editor.]

It pursues the definite aim of removing the causes of strife between employers and laborers, by means of peaceful negotiations. In other words, the American Federation and its chief laugh at the crude European conception which would have it that between employers and employees there exists a "class struggle." Mr. Gompers has many times declared that he regards this "class struggle" as a mischievous invention of old-world politicians, and he has often publicly reproached the labor movement of Europe for having thus wilfully complicated a purely economic question with an element of political discord which is wholly irrelevant. In his opinion, the laborer may and should demand the highest wages compatible with the state of industry, but he ought also to work in an orderly fashion and keep the agreements that he has accepted.

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In the eyes of our lunatics of the C. G. T., Mr. Gompers is so "reactionary" that he puts the public good above the immediate interests of a group of laborers. Thus, not to stop the economic life of a great part of the United States, he put an end, five years ago, to the great strike of railroad employees, sacrificing for the moment the demands of labor. Again, the following year, he called off the New York strike, because this check to the labor movement seemed to him less harmful than the interruption of traffic, from which the whole city was suffering intensely. And most remarkable of all, these decrees, unfavorable to the workingmen whose leader he was, were obeyed to the letter.

The editorial concludes with the fervent hope that Mr. Gompers' visit to Paris may help reorganize the French unions on the lines of the A. F. of L. We might add some words by way of comment, but it seems hardly necessary. Mr. Gompers' tactics are, it seems, thoroughly satisfactory to the capitalists. Why, then, should revolutionists support them?



INTERNATIONAL
NOTES
BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

ANOTHER REVOLUTIONARY STRIKE. Among revolutionists everywhere there has been one chief topic of discussion during the past six months. Everywhere comrades have been asking one another, "Which is the surest road to power?" Many have lost faith in parliaments; on the other hand the French postal strike was no more than a moral victory, and the armed revolt in Spain went down to bloody defeat. The working class is feeling the consciousness of power as never before, yet all methods of conducting the great struggle for the mastery have led to defeat or questionable success. So the question, which method is surest? Into which shall we throw our chief energy? has called forth a confusion of replies.

But now when interest in revolutionary tactics is at its height there comes out of the north of Europe an answer in the form of an actual demonstration of proletarian might. I shall not attempt to give here an account of the great Swedish strike. For weeks the papers have been full of it; before this month's Review is in the hand of the reader the outcome will be known. But whether our Swedish comrades win or fail in the achievement of their definite purpose they have taught the whole world a lesson.

The strike originated in the ruthless attempt of one of the three Swedish employers' associations to reduce its workers to a state of miserable dependence. No matter what the subject in dispute might be it constantly held over its men the threat of the lock-out. Altogether it had thrown out of employment at the beginning of August some 80,000 employees. No one was sure of his livelihood from day to day; wage-slavery was reduced to its lowest terms.

But this was labor's opportunity to show its power. Swedish labor is among the best organized in the world. Out of some 500,000 men and women employed in industrial concerns nearly half are organized, and of these the majority

belong to the national organization. The position of the employes affected by the constant danger of the lock-out was made the affair of this national organization and it was decided to call a general strike on August 4. When the day finally came about 70,000 unorganized workers also laid down their tools. So at one signal about 300,000 men and women, more than half of the industrial workers of Sweden, entered into a life-or-death struggle with the unfair employers' association.

So complete was the tie-up that for a time no funerals could be held, for there were none to dig the graves. The labor paper was the only one that appeared; typesetters and printers refused to produce any other. And when the editors themselves managed to print some little rags of sheets to take the place of the regular editions they could find no newsboys to vend them. When a Danish paper, Politiken, proposed to print an enlarged edition and send part of it into Sweden its typesetters and printers rebelled in turn. The interesting feature of this incident is that some years ago when a strike was under way in Denmark Swedish workingmen did exactly the same thing. It is a good example of effective internationalism.

When the great conflict was once fairly started two things struck all those who were following events. The first was the marvelous self-control of the men. At Stockholm 1,500 strikers were detailed to maintain order. They were directed especially to maintain public lighting, sanitation, etc. Marked by their red badges they are to be seen wherever there appears to be danger of disturbance. But even this measure appears to have been unnecessary. The strikers remain for the most part quietly in their homes. And even when they gather in tremendous out-of-door mass meetings they maintain an impressive quiet. One can imagine the feeling of power which inspires the 40,000 who regularly meet just outside of Stockholm.

They are described as sitting or standing for hours waiting for their meetings to open, waiting there in absolute stillness. And even when the speech-making begins they are not demonstrative. They listen soberly, and when the time comes for decision vote without excitement.

It goes without saying that the employers and the government, on the other hand, hardly balk at any means of achieving a victory. Their methods stand out in startling contrast to those of the men. The police are unnecessarily rough, and as if to compel resort to violence troops are conspicuously paraded on every hand. Travelers behold the strange spectacle of regiments of men fully armed, waiting week after week for an enemy that never appears. The only purpose served by this display of force is to show the subservience of the government to the employing class.

The methods of the employers themselves have just been exhibited in a highly interesting manner. As soon as the strike was declared it became noticeable, as it has on other similar occasions, that there was a remarkable unanimity of attitude on the part of the bourgeois press of foreign countries. One might think that this was due merely to the class instinct of the international bourgeoisie. Not so, however. On August 24 the Swedish strike committee published Circular No. 3, which is destined to remain famous. This circular, which fell into the hands of the strikers through some lucky accident, was addressed to the 1,300 members of the employers' association. It contained the following sentence: "The influence we have brought to bear on the foreign press has cost us much, but it is beginning to show results." It is not clear from this just how the funds designed to "influence" the agencies through which we receive our news was expended, but at any rate we know that when American dailies all unite in representing the strike as ended when it is still going on full blast they have good reason for so doing.

At this early date (Sept. 17) it is impossible to tell what the final outcome will be. But at any rate this is the most impressive demonstration of proletarian power that has ever been made. The population of Sweden is some 5,500,000; the number of those who struck in the beginning was about 300,000. A strike involving the same proportion of the laboring population in this country

would include nearly 5,000,000 men. The industry of the whole nation, even including little towns on the northern frontier, has been brought to a standstill. If the working class can maintain this condition for yet a few weeks it will surely conquer. Even now it has the fate of the nation, its industrial life, in its hands. How did the working-class bring this about? Through careful class organization. The general strike failed in France because less than an eighth of the French working class is organized, and that part but loosely. In Sweden, as we have seen, a large proportion of the industrially employed men and women are members of a national organization. That is why the Swedes are more successful than were the French. What counts is the revolutionary strike with the great number of workers carefully organized and drilled for the conflict. It takes class-conscious thinking and class-conscious organization together to put labor in the position of power which of right belongs to it.

MR. GOMPERS ABROAD. The backwardness of the American labor movement was never more dramatically exhibited than in Mr. Samuel Gompers' recent European tour. When he stood face to face with the French or German labor leaders he was forced to attempt a connected account of the policies of our American Federation of Labor. His failure to meet the demands made upon him was the result of no personal fault; mere words could not make the crooked straight or turn a hand-to-mouth way of merely getting on into a logical labor policy. It was all perfectly natural, the inevitable result of trying to justify mere conservatism from the point of view of labor.

Of course it goes without saying that Mr. Gompers was politely received. At London, Berlin and Paris he addressed large gatherings. He was greeted in fact, with a good deal of enthusiasm. It must be recorded, however, that the longer he remained in any one place the more this enthusiasm cooled down. At Berlin, for example, he was introduced by Comrade Legien, Secretary of the National trade union organization, as a real revolutionist. In his address he explained that our American conditions are peculiar, hence we have a peculiar form of unionism. The peculiarity of this form, he went on to say, is that it aims at only one thing at a time. It

works for an eight-hour day or a rise in wages till it gets it, then thinks of something else to work for. This policy, according to Mr. Gompers, has led to the most marvelous success. Not only have wages been raised, but the employers have been so impressed that they have not dared to lower them during times of depression.

Hardly was the address ended before trouble began. Comrade Dittmer asked Mr. Gompers about his attitude toward the bourgeois parties; it had been reported that he had entered into a campaign for the candidates of one of them. Why did not American unionists cooperate with the socialists? To this question Mr. Gompers answered that his personality did not enter into the discussion, therefore he did not consider it necessary to reply. Unfortunately for him, however, the answer was given for him in more than one socialist and labor paper. In *Die Neue Zeit*, e. g., Karl Kautsky devoted an article to the matters. He quoted at length from an address delivered by Mr. Gompers to his friends of the Civic Federation just before he left New York. In this address he is reported to have said that European unionists are over radical, and that he felt sure a proper presentation of the advantages of American tactics would induce them to take a more reasonable view of things. This went to show, Kautsky pointed out, not only that Mr. Gompers is no revolutionist, but that he is a good deal of a demagogue. As if this were not enough the American correspondent of *Vorwaerts* sent over a long communication proving that Mr. Gompers' assertions as to the success of the A. F. of L. policies were either false or incomplete. He had told of the rise of wages, for example, without mentioning the corresponding rise in the cost of to the maintenance of wages during the recent industrial crisis was quite untrue; in numerous cases, which were mentioned in detail, wages had been reduced. It can easily be imagined that after such revelations as these there was a sudden decrease in German enthusiasm for the representative of American labor policies.

In Paris Mr. Gompers' experience was not unlike that in Berlin. *L'Humanite* wrote him up politely without critical comment on the policies which he advocated, but in *Le Socialiste* these policies were exposed at length. The climax came, of course, at the international

congress of union secretaries. This met at Paris August 31 and September 1-2. In presenting himself before this body Mr. Gompers explained that the A. F. of L. is in favor of internationalism, but (once more) conditions in America were peculiar, and so the American unionists had not yet decided to join the international organization. He had no credentials to present. This statement was received with some surprise. Comrade Hueber (Austria) remarked that the American Federation had been in correspondence with the international secretariat for at least four years and during that time it might sure have come to some conclusion with regard to joining. It was clear, it seemed to him, that the Americans were not yet ready for international action. Mr. Gompers was finally received merely as a guest. Strangely enough the only proposition which he introduced was one looking toward a closer international organization in the future. He said that the present loose organization could mean little to the Americans; what they needed was a close, powerful alliance which would lay stress on practical reforms such as the abolition of child-labor. In view of the fact that the A. F. of L. is unwilling to enter the present organization this proposition naturally fell rather flat.

Everywhere, then, Mr. Gompers was met by leaders more advanced than he, most of them socialists. Invariably he tried to explain his tactics by allusions to the peculiarity of American conditions, and always he failed to satisfy his hearers. Even those who were not sufficiently well informed to oppose him insisted that the "peculiarity" of American conditions is only temporary and so sooner or later American unionists will take their place in the class, will come into the international movement and adopt revolutionary tactics. So the Europeans have learned something of America but remain as unreasonably radical as they were before Mr. Gompers' missionary journey.

REVOLUTIONARY UNIONISM.

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LITERATURE ART



BY JOHN SPARGO

Anti-Socialist though he confessedly is, it is always a pleasure to receive a new book from the pen of Major Charles E. Woodruff, Surgeon in the United States Army. Among present-day students of anthropology I know of no one whose work is more uniformly original and suggestive than his, nor, let me hasten to add, of greater practical importance.

Some of my readers will probably remember that some four years ago Major Woodruff caused something of a commotion in military and medical circles by the publication of a book in which he contended that what made prolonged residence in tropical countries dangerous for the average white man was the intensity of the light rather than that of the heat common to such countries. The more blond the would-be colonist the greater the danger of tropical residence to him. The book was in the main based upon Major Woodruff's experience in Cuba and the Philippines as a member of the Army Medical Corps, and its startling conclusions, bitterly attacked at the time, have gradually come to be accepted as fundamentally correct.

The practical importance of such a theory can be realized in a moment, even by the veriest tyro. It completely knocks out the prevalent notion that white men can be acclimatized to stand tropical life. In 1898 the Medical Department of the Army, under the delusion that soldiers could be "acclimatized," sent thousands of men to Tampa and other places to prepare them for service in the Philippines. Instead of helping the men, this had an exactly opposite effect, and thousands of men started out already enfeebled. That is only another way of saying that a larger knowledge of anthropology would have saved many an army corps.

Still another delusion commonly entertained concerning the prolonged residence of white men in tropical countries is that they need very little fat in their diet; that the best diet is an approximation to that of the natives—generally

fruits and rice. At first thought it would seem as if this ought to be so; that in tropical countries nitrogenous foods should as far as possible be avoided. But there is the logic of facts against this assumption. Soldiers everywhere in tropical climates demand quite as much sugar and bacon as in colder climates; the soldiers in Cuba and the Philippines use quite as much of these articles per capita as do those in Alaska, and any attempt to make them do with less provokes serious discontent. In his latest volume, Major Woodruff demonstrates very clearly why this is so; why the waste of tissue in the tropics is such, in the case of a white man, as to require an ample nitrogenous diet. Incidentally, also, he performs a very useful service by protesting against those mischievous food reformers, the Crittendens and others, who insist that the average American eats too much nitrogenous food. He shows very clearly, it seems to me, that the effect of the propaganda carried on by these food faddists cannot be other than dangerous. As a matter of fact, with the near-tropical climate common to a large part of the United States during a very considerable part of every year, there is every reason to believe that we already suffer from a deficiency of nitrogenous food, rather than otherwise. We Socialists in particular, it seems to me, ought to be careful not to countenance a propaganda which must inevitably lead to a lowering of the standard of living.

These matters are but incidental to the main theme of the Major's latest volume, which bears the title, **Expansion of Races**, and is published by the Reberman Company, New York City. In a bulky work of nearly five hundred octavo pages the reader is led through an amazing array of facts, all bearing upon one big group of questions having to do with human progress, and upon the answers to which depend both our interpretation of past progress and our forecast of future progress. Major Woodruff seeks the cause of the innumerable mi-

grations of man; why should the Aryan peoples rule as they do? Why did so many Europeans migrate across the Atlantic to America in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and why are we now crossing the Pacific in much the same manner? And how comes it that the white races always control the tropics, despite the fact that they cannot be acclimatized and that efficient colonization is impossible?

Most of my readers, being more or less familiar with Marx's historical method, will realize that only an economic explanation of these facts, and other similar ones, is possible. Now, Major Woodruff gives such an economic interpretation to the great movement of historical development, though it may not satisfy all the followers of Marx. Yet the answer is not, in my judgment, anti-Marxian.

We can briefly summarize Major Woodruff's answer by saying that the prime motive for race expansion and migration, and therefore for the whole movement of history, is over-population in one place and the capacity for sustaining a larger population in some other place. When men find it impossible or difficult to raise food, or to secure the wherewithal to buy it, they needs must move on. And the movements of men, motivated by the great fundamental need for food, constitutes history as Major Woodruff conceives it. Of course, "over-population" is a very elastic term. A thousand white men will live in comfort upon as many acres as ten savages would require, and we are always increasing the productivity per acre by improvements in implements, seeds, fertilizers, and so on. Still, our author contends that the reason why the United States has taken the Philippines is the same reason that has motivated all migrations of races, the need for new sources of food supply.

Major Woodruff is, therefore, not a disciple of Malthus, though it may be surmised that the famous Albury parson would be astonished at some of the facts contained in Major Woodruff's book, as well as at the conclusions he draws from them. Especially does he scout the idea of a degeneration of the great historic races and nations which has played such an important part in discussions of matters sociological and anthropological. An imperfect adjustment of man to his environment is about all that there is to the much talked of degeneration of the

great ruling races. In every one of the tropical countries the ruling class has been an alien, intruding blonder race, forced there by the great economic pressure, the need of new food supplies. But none of these blond rulers of darker peoples have been able to perfectly adapt themselves to the new environment, and after a few generations they have died out. In the case of India we see how impossible it is for the English, after centuries, to maintain themselves there. Not only must the Englishman in India constantly recuperate his strength in his native land, but even while he remains in India he is not able to support himself by his own labor; he is a parasite, and is incapable of becoming anything else in that climate, and by the third generation the Anglo-Indians die out.

In discussing the relation of the birth-rate to the saturation point, Major Woodruff starts with the assumption that the surplus population must always either migrate or be wiped out by death. That is the old Malthusian notion. He regards the birth-rate as a "delicately regulated governor, instantly responding to the need for over-population." It is very large where losses are tremendous or where the offspring cannot find room, but low in the opposite conditions of civilized life.

He is unquestionably right, I think, in the main proposition involved here. Nature struggles with Titanic energy against extinction, and where infantile mortality is great—where, that is to say, infant life is most menaced—there most babies are born. The well attested fact that every war is attended by a phenomenal increase in the birth rate is but one of a large number of illustrations of the working of this strange law of population. Adam Smith called attention to the fact that the birth rate was always highest among the poorest part of the population, and lowest among the well-to-do—a fact which has always seemed to me to adequately refute some of the practical conclusions of Malthus and his followers.

And it seems to me that the data which Major Woodruff has assembled bearing upon this question is capable of a very different interpretation. I have, myself, in a very humble way, suggested in one of my books that the increased complexity of life which goes with advancing civilization—education, the excitation of city life, and the other fac-

tors which mark the advance of mankind over mere animalism—tends to the automatic repression of the birth rate, and that volition enters in only as a very small factor. The same is true of the decay of another maternal function anlagous to child-bearing, namely breast-nursing. No fact is more abundantly verified than the repressive influence of complex conditions of life upon these functions.

It is curious, to say the least, that Major Woodruff should ascribe the fall of the birth rate in Australia and New Zealand to the approach of saturation—that is, the limit of the food supply. I confess that my good friend the Major seems here to have forced the facts to fit the theory; at least I am quite unable to see upon what grounds he would suggest that there has yet been the remotest approach to the saturation point in Australia. I should say that, on the other hand, the resources of Australia have scarcely been tapped as yet, and that there is a much more reasonable explanation of the phenomena of a declining birthrate in the increasing complexity of life due to an increased degree of comfort. Race suicide is a condition of prosperity, never of poverty, or the fear of poverty.

I have touched only the fringes of the Major's argument, and indicated only a few of the many vital problems with which it deals. I trust, however, that enough has been said to indicate that the book is one of uncommon interest and value. You may not agree with the author—though you had better well fortify yourself with facts before pushing your disagreement very far!—but at least you will admit after reading *Expansion of Races* that the volume is far more interesting than the average novel of today, and that every page contains a distinct challenge to the intellect of the thoughtful reader. It is a book to be read and re-read.

Keir Hardie has published through the publication bureau of the Independent Labor Party a little volume entitled *India*, composed of a series of articles he wrote for the Labour Leader—the I. L. P. organ—during his visit to India a couple of years ago. To those Socialists who have read the numerous pamphlets, books, editorials and speeches which British Socialists have devoted to this subject—especially the veteran H. M. Hyndman—Hardie's observations will

come merely as so much corroborative testimony. He shows clearly enough that India's chronic state of famine is an artificial condition for which her rulers are responsible. India is taxed to exhaustion, and the states which still maintain under native rule are much better off than those under British rule. The little book is one which ought to have great influence in rousing the working men of Great Britain; it admirably meets the long felt need for a cheap and readable summary of the facts about India which have been mainly published in expensive volumes out of the reach of the workers, both financially and otherwise.

Time was, not so long ago, when the publication of a new five-cent propaganda pamphlet by an American Socialist writer was an event of considerable interest, which attracted attention in every Socialist local in the land. But the flood of Socialist literature has swolled to such dimensions that both books and pamphlets pass by unnoticed. In the old days one could—and religiously did—review every new pamphlet and book on the subject as it appeared, but that is no longer possible. It is only once in a great while that one is able to mention a propaganda pamphlet at all. And the writing of such a pamphlet is no longer the certain guarantee of fame, within the movement, that it formerly was.

This brief explanation is offered to the numerous Socialist pamphleteers who have sent me copies of their publications, only to find that no mention of them crept into these pages. Occasionally, however, some exceptionally successful propaganda pamphlet imperatively claims attention. For example, W. F. Ries, of Toledo, claims to have distributed more than a million copies of his pamphlet, *Men and Mules*, which is a marvelous achievement. Now he is out with another pamphlet of very similar scope, entitled *Monkeys and Monkeyettes*. It is a useful little pamphlet for general distribution, but it is not, I think, as successful in its appeal as its predecessor.

Unless I miss my guess (in which case I shall claim the right to make another) the "great American novel" has at last been written. Its title is *A Certain Rich Man*, and its author William Allen White, the Kansan who won fame by asking: "What's the Matter with Kansas?" in a

now celebrated editorial. Hereafter he will be known as the author of "A Certain Rich Man," one of the greatest, if not the greatest, achievements in fiction within the whole range of American literature. If you have time for only one novel before the busy days come again, let it be this great story of American life.

Mr. White has taken the Kansas village about which cluster all his boyish memories as the scene of his great story, and the boys and girls with whom he played and fought are its characters. Take any little Kansas village in the ante-bellum days, when abolitionist agitation was rife, people it with just the ordinary mortals common to all such villages, engage them in all the incidents of such placid village life, and add the roar and excitement of the great war, and then you have the materials for such a story as this, provided you have the genius of Mr. White—a genius so reminiscent of Thackeray.

Little Johnny Barclay, the fatherless boy who drove the cows to pasture, played the melodeon, drove hard bargains with other boys, and ran away with the local company to the war, was no exceptional type. His environment made him what he was—hard, determined, resolute and masterful. And the qualities developed in the little Kansas village proved to be of great value when the boy grew to be a man and went out into the world. In his case it was especially true that the boy was "father to the man." Mr. White gives us a picture of John Barclay's progress that is like a relentless, untouched photograph, without a line softened or erased.

He shows us John Barclay the trust magnate, President of the National Provisions Company, gambling with the people's bread as recklessly as though the stake were of no earthly consequence.

He shows the steps leading from the Kansas village to the great metropolitan office—rebates, bribes to lawmakers and judges, and so on, through a list of methods not wholly unfamiliar to the real world of business. The picture impresses the reader as being true, a photograph rather than a caricature. Mr. White is too good a literary artist to write a political tract, or a treatise on political economy, in the guise of a novel. Still, for all that, the greatest value of his story will be the relentless and calm exposure of the methods of our great modern capitalists.

I confess that I found the minor characters more interesting even than John Barclay, the central figure of Mr. White's canvas. This is not said by way of criticism, let me add, for it is but another sign of the perfection of literary art which marks Mr. White's work that the figures in the background are as well drawn as the central figure. *A Certain Rich Man* is a great, big, virile story, worthy of America and the problems with which it deals. It stands out like a mountain above the plain represented by most of the season's fiction.

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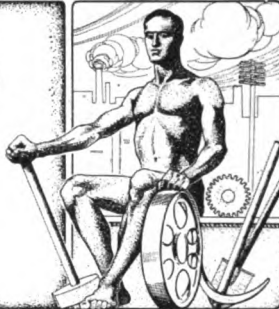
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THE WORLD OF LABOR

BY MAX S. HAYES



It cannot be denied that the United States Steel Corporation has been having considerable success in hauling ore from its mines in the Northwest to its mills distributed along the lakes and eastward during the past few months. But the stormy days of autumn are at hand and the high school scabs and land-lubber strike-breakers are deserting the ships in large numbers or protesting against continuing in the service of the trust. The result is that more work is thrown upon the few competent men aboard who deserted their organizations, and they are naturally disgruntled.

To make matters more uncomfortable for the trust magnates, the rumor has become current that a new organization has been secretly forming on the lakes which is to include all classes of workers from the master of the ship to the engineer and cook, and even the dock men are to be drawn into it. It cannot be denied that many of the engineers on board are disgusted with their lot, and it is also known that many of the captains have expressed regret in pulling away from the other crafts and accepting the open shop dose crammed down their throats by the trust.

Meanwhile many of the independent shipowners have suffered severe losses this year in allying themselves with the trust to smash unions and enslave labor, and not a few are doomed to bankruptcy. On top of it all the trust is building still more ships for the purpose of hauling its own ore and killing off the independents whom it used.

As the readers of the *Review* noticed in the daily newspapers, the 6,000 unorganized strikers of the Pressed Steel Car Co., at McKees Rocks, Pa., won their contest, which was undoubtedly the bitterest struggle that has been waged in any locality since the ill-fated Homestead strike. The result, as could be surmised, has aroused great enthusiasm among the iron and steel mill workers. Now there is talk of merging all the unions in that industry and forming

one great organization, somewhat along the lines of the Metal Workers' Union of Germany, the most powerful labor body in the world.

The Industrial Workers of the World, who were the controlling factors in the McKees Rocks struggle, are said to be growing at a rapid rate throughout the iron and steel manufacturing districts. During the past two months I have visited a number of strike centers and found a friendly feeling among members of the Amalgamated Association for the I. W. W. It is even predicted that these two organizations and the tinplate workers (finishers) will form some sort of a federation and organize the entire iron and steel industry. The Sons of Vulcan are also said to favor the plan.

It was erroneously stated in last month's *Review* that the great strike of hatters had been adjusted. The statement was based on a brief telegram and the settlement was anticipated because Governor Fort of New Jersey was requested by certain of the manufacturers to work out a plan to establish peace, which request he complied with. Governor Fort's idea was that the union should be recognized and the label used as before, that those who deserted the organization should be readmitted, and that no wage demands should be made within three years. The propositions were accepted by the unionists while the employers, who asked for a settlement plan, refused to abide by the Fort decision at the last moment. The hatters are making steady progress, only about 5,000 being still on strike. The rest have obtained work in union factories that have expanded their business on account of the strike or in other avocations, and the chances are good that some of the open shop bosses will hang out the sheriffs' sale sign soon unless they come to terms.

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the United Mine Workers is now in its primary stage. President T. L. Lewis will be opposed for re-election by William Green, president of the Ohio district. John P. White of Iowa, former vice-president, has also been mentioned as a probable candidate, although it is doubtful whether he will enter the race to preside over the destinies of 300,000 men. Vice-President McCullough, who is a Michigander, will be opposed by Frank Hayes, the stalwart young secretary-treasurer of the Illinois miners, and it is probable that Secretary Perry and all the other officers will have opposition.

It is not the desire of the writer to "butt" into the miners' contest any more than to say that President Lewis inherited a whole lot of trouble and had some hard problems to solve. Being human, he doubtless made mistakes, but it cannot well be claimed that one of those errors was to muzzle progressive thought and expression. Lewis is not a Socialist, but he has given the Socialists a fair shake in the official journal to make their views known, and Socialists ask for no more than a square deal. Probably Green would do the same thing, for socialism has become a power among the miners.

"When the cat's away the mice do play." Likewise: "Put a beggar in the saddle and he will ride a willing horse to death." These old sayings come to mind as one watches the crazy gyrations of Secretary Morrison of the A. F. of L. When Sam Gompers went to Europe to inform the foreigners that we are the greatest thing that ever happened and that their ways are not our ways, always, he appears to have instructed Morrison and the office cat to run the Federation headquarters at their own sweet will.

Anyhow, no sooner does Sam get out o' sight of land when Morrison begins to bombard the state and city central bodies with circular letters peremptorily ordering them to expel the flint glass workers or lose their charters forthwith. The flints, not desiring to be blamed as the cause of creating local divisions, withdrew from most city and state bodies. In a number of places the unionists protested against the flints withdrawing and they remained, the upshot being that the charters of the central bodies were revoked.

Having been fairly successful in ousting the flints (with the voluntary as-

sistance of the latter) Morrison hunted around for new worlds to conquer. He espied the electrical workers, who are in the throes of an internal controversy. Unlike the flints who are engaged in a jurisdictional row with the green glass blowers and hold no charters from the Federation, the electrical workers are affiliated with the A. F. of L., although the Federation executive council has recognized the so-called McNulty faction and frowns upon the Reid faction.

It would require too much space to go into the merits of this controversy. Suffice it to say that the Reid faction desired to rid itself of the international officers, petitioned for convention, were turned down by McNulty and then proceeded to hold a convention upon their own responsibility at St. Louis in September last year, and unseated practically all international officials except Treasurer Sullivan. At the Denver A. F. of L. convention McNulty was recognized and a representative was appointed to arrange a settlement of the controversy, but from that day to this the breach instead of being closed, has steadily widened. The anti-McNulty (or Reid) faction is composed of fully 80 per cent of the membership, but despite this fact the A. F. of L. officials outlawed the Reidites and Secretary Morrison peremptorily ordered all the state and city central bodies to expel those who refused to acknowledge the McNulty regime.

The consequence is that the local labor movements throughout the country have been thrown into a turmoil. A number of state federations and many city central bodies have defied the ultimatum and had their charters revoked, and the revolt is spreading all over the land. The feeling against the A. F. of L. cabinet is becoming intense and it is likely that this ruling will precipitate a bitter contest in the Toronto convention next month.

In the hope of prejudicing the rank and file the McNultyites have been hollering "Socialist" at the Reidites, but it appears that that old chestnut is wormy—ausgespielt. They will have to come into court with clean hands.

During the month a seceding faction of the Boot and Shoe Workers' Union held a convention at Lynn, Mass., and organized the "United Shoeworkers of America." Dissatisfaction with the older organization in matters relating to wage

agreements and administrative policies are mentioned among the causes that led to the formation of the new organization.

The International Association of Machinists is also having trouble. Some 5,000 members in the New York district were suspended immediately following the recent referendum election. In the international referendum all the old officers were re-elected and the Federation of Labor delegation stands three Socialists to two 'antis.'

The Illinois ten-hour law for working women was knocked out by Judge Tut-hill, "the working people's friend," on the ground that it interfered with the sacred right of contract. The case will be carried to the Supreme Court.

Organized labor and Socialist locals in the principal cities are making liberal donations to the strikers in Sweden. Two representatives are in the country explaining details of the great struggle.

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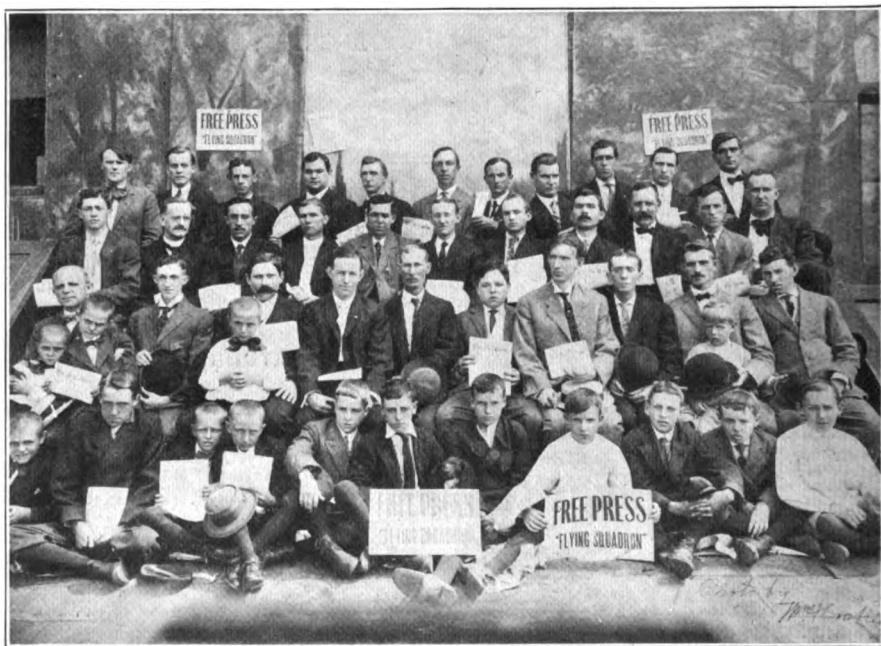
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NEWS & VIEWS

Socialists Who Work



NEW CASTLE, PA., SOCIALISTS.

"THE FLYING SQUADRON" of the Socialist Party of New Castle, Pa., is one of the best disciplined and the most progressive group of revolutionists in the state. About a year ago the idea struck them to start a weekly paper. This was done. No one had any great amount of money to put into it—there were no millionaire socialists in the local—but the paper has been carried through and *The Free Press*, which is published bi-weekly, is self-supporting.

Here is their plan: They get out a regular edition of 10,000 copies, eight small pages, and guarantee to place one copy in every home in New Castle every issue. Advertising sells for \$1 an inch.

\$25 a page, so it can be seen that *The Free Press* is no little affair. The local owns its own press and does job work in connection.

Were it not for the fact that "The Flying Squadron," which is composed of about 75 real red comrades, who line up every issue, get their bundles, and distribute them from house to house, the great work they are doing would not be possible. The accompanying photograph, which was taken by Alderman Crabill, who is a socialist, does not contain all the "Flying Squadron." The others were driven out of town on account of the tin mill strike which is still in progress.

In this connection it is well to note that these Socialist Party men are industrial unionists, too. Not the kind that say: "Yes, yes, I believe in it," and so on, and then refuse to stand for the organization that represents it, but they are I. W. W. men. The Socialist Party men and the I. W. W. work in harmony in New Castle. The Free Press has come out for the I. W. W. very forcibly. Revolutionists may well keep an eye on the New Castle bunch.

TWO CALIFORNIA REDS.



SELIG SCHULBERG AND SON,
SAN FRANCISCO.

LOCAL SAN FRANCISCO'S MUNICIPAL PLATFORM. The Socialist Party of San Francisco in convention assembled reaffirms its adherence to the principles of International Socialism.

The Socialist Party, as the political expression of the class-conscious working class, demands that the workers, the producers of all wealth, shall receive the full social value of their product. With this end in view, we demand that the working class, as the essential class in society, shall seize and control the powers of government, and shall use these powers for the purpose of enforcing and defending

their ownership and operation of the means of production.

The Socialist Party is the only party able or willing to make plain the cause and the cure of the great problems of today, including the problem of the unemployed. So long as there is industrial competition, so long as there is a struggle for profit, so long as one class owns what the other class produces, there will be panics, industrial prostration, and the tramping of the unemployed. To abolish unemployment, we must abolish capitalism; we must organize the workers as a class. To organize the workers into a solid political and industrial phalanx, the fundamental antagonism between the exploiters and the producers must be emphasized in every act of the workers in the shop and at the ballot box.

The Socialist Party realizes that, while the aim of the workers is to capture the state and national powers of government we are forced by the form of the industrial and political institutions of today, to acquire control of the municipal government in order to aid the workers in their struggle with the capitalist owners of the means of wealth. We therefore pledge our candidates to administer the powers of the municipal government of San Francisco in such a manner as to strengthen the working class in this city in all its efforts to organize for the final emancipation of labor from wage-slavery.

We declare that the only political issues of importance to the workers are class issues, and that all other parties in this campaign, in order to prevent the workers from lining up as a class, are aiming to center attention upon issues that do not affect the labor or social question.

The Socialist Party recognizes that an organized working class is essential to the progress of the human race. Hence our party calls upon all the workers to organize, the unskilled as well as the skilled. Understanding the trend of capitalist development, the Socialist Party of San Francisco realizes that, to cope with the powerful capitalist class and resist the encroachments of the greedy exploiters, an industrial form of labor organization is essential.

The Socialist Party the world over represents the interests of the toiling masses. Wherever men and women are organizing to abolish poverty and misery, wherever they are standing in stalwart defiance to militarism and all the

dred horrors of capitalism, wherever labor is on the march to emancipation, the Socialist Party is found in the vanguard of the conflict, an international army of over ten million, solidly arrayed around the banner that proclaims the slogan of International Socialism, "Workers of the World, Unite."

WE WISH TO THANK our friends who responded to the call for aid and who sent contributions to the strikers at McKees Rocks. The money helped the men to hold out against the Pressed Steel Car Company. It is only when we co-operate with our comrades on the line of battle that they can hope to accomplish big things.

COMRADE JACK WOOD writes from Southern California. "In spite of the wonderful crops and delicious fruit here, not many farmers are making fortunes, nor many slum-dwellers eating peaches. (Four footed) hogs eat raisins here while in London Jack London saw men eating rotten fruit from the gutter. But the burdens will be shifted soon. We will have peonage or socialism right here in America. Industrial Unionism is one of the main planks, if not the only one. to save the country from chaos. And the Industrialists will vote the Socialist ticket. Farmers' unions abound here, grasping at elusive prosperity. They'll have to get in the big industrial organization. It's the only remedy! Best wishes to all."

T. A. HICKEY WRITES: I am going to say a few things about the Lone Star State of Texas.

If Texas were laid on the face of Europe with its head resting on the mountains of Norway, one palm covering London and the other Warsaw, it would stretch across the Kingdom of Denmark, the Empires of Austria and Germany, across northern Italy, and bathe its feet in the Mediterranean.

This gigantic state had twenty-five locals of our party with two hundred members in 1905. She has now over two hundred locals, two thousand members in the spring of 1909. In 1904 there in spite of the poll tax that amounts to \$2.75 in the city, 7,500 votes were cast for Debs and Hanford. It is estimated that the vote is cut in two because of this poll tax and some thousands of votes were illegally counted out.

One of the brilliant features of the

movement in Texas is the Socialist encampments—great open-air gatherings, at which from six to ten thousand people were three thousand votes cast. In 1908 attend for a week to ten days. Enormous quantities of literature are distributed and the ablest speakers from all parts of the country attend. Eight of these encampments were held last year, this year twelve.

The movement in Texas is remarkably clear, considering its youth. Like all southwestern and western states, democracy is not a shibboleth, but an ideal to be fought for. 'Tis not surprising, accordingly, that the first move looking towards an adjournment of the National Executive Committee and National Committee between campaigns should have sprung from the State Secretary of the Lone Star State. Not only this, but Comrade Bell is pushing forward the organization of counties, senatorial and congressional committees to the end that local autonomy prevail in this great state.

'Tis worth remembering that Texas had one hundred thousand populist votes in the heyday of that movement. A great many of the old "pops" have been in reform movements for a generation and accordingly have become tired and pessimistic. However, the majority of them are still eager for reform and can be readily brought into our fold and will embrace our revolutionary doctrine when it is presented to them. The legislature has refused to put through the various planks in the platform they ran upon. The Senate at Austin is hopelessly reactionary and is controlled by legal lights from the big cities in the state, who between legislatures receive large fees from the special interests. Already the radical newspapers in Texas, like the Houston Chronicle, are referring to the men in control at Austin as the Republican side of the house. The old time Democracy is falling into disfavor everywhere and the new democracy—the Social Democracy—is being greeted on every side as the movement to bring peace and prosperity to the Lone Star State.

COMRADE W. J. BELL, writing from Texas, says: The man on the road finds himself questioned as to the danger of officialdom in the event of our party's triumph. Thousands of clean men can be secured for our organization within the next year if steps are taken that will remove or minimize the

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danger of a bureaucracy. One of the first steps toward that end should be the prompt retirement of our National Committee and its subordinate body, the N. E. C.

On the night after last election day the National Committee of the Republican Party met and adjourned subject to call of the chair, which will in all probability be about the 10th of April, 1912. Is there any good reason why our party can not do the same? But one tenable objection can be offered, and that is that there are four unorganized states. By turning some active organizers into that field they can be organized within the next few months. Then the rank and file of the party, with National Constitution in hand, can read Section 4, Article 12, to the National Committee and ask them: "Gentlemen, what reason can you give us for the continuation of your committee?"

The committee assumes the attitude of "direction" over the purely clerical work of the National Secretary. Not having daily oversight of the details of his work, they meet semi-occasionally and get him to instruct them in what they must instruct him to do, or by their ignorance of current necessities, prescribe procedure that merely interferes with the efficient performance of his duties.

The powers of the committee are merely "executive" yet we see them arrogating to themselves the power of direction over the thought and expression of a majority of the party in such self-imposed rules as National Committee Rule No. 7.

When called upon to enforce protection of State autonomy they are impotent. When called upon to choose between two factions in a state, their indecision and vacillation only complexes the situation. They are a nonentity in interstate law and in the political structure of the nation.

The curse of the movement in the past has been centralized power in the hands of the National Committee. The history of the S. L. P. is a history of blighted hope, smashed aspiration and pessimism for the suffering working class who looked to that organization for protection. Hundreds of thousands of workmen went to their graves in despair when the once magnificent K. of L. went on the rocks of centralized power, the S. T. & L. A. is another case in point.

If there is one lesson more than another that our past experience can teach us, it is this: That centralization spells

autocracy, and obviously decentralization spells democracy. The Romanoff dynasty, the religious hierarchies, the powers of kings, the New York Life Insurance Companies, in short everywhere that despotism lives it is based on centralized power.

If we follow the example of the Republicans and adjourn our National Committee, it would not be the first time that the Socialist movement has taken a leaf out of an old party book and prospered accordingly. When our party kicked over the centralization of the S. L. P. and established the state autonomy program of the old parties, we found the movement making an immense advance for the first time. When the rank and file found the deadly effects of centralized power removed, their individual initiative immediately asserted itself and growth was the order of the day. This plan must be followed if we are to win. All attempts to increase National dues and strengthen the "powers that be" nationally must be relentlessly fought. Rather should the national dues be reduced to a minimum, the funds remain in the state until all counties are organized, then the maximum amount accrue to the county central committees. The spectacle of a state handing over for the support of the national office an amount equal to what it retains for its own work of agitation and organization, and then accomplishing practically the same amount of work as does the national organization thus supported by the funds of forty states is an anomaly.

Steps should be taken also to abolish conventions and thus place absolute power once and for all in the hands of the men and women who comprise the rank and file of the party. A fraction of the membership, in convention, never truly represents the majority. Their work is done usually only to be undone by referendum after they adjourn. Caucusing and bargaining "support for support" run rife in old party style by this and that "clique" and time that cost sweating, bleeding hands of toil an enormous price per minute is consumed in senseless jargon for the sake of "getting into print."

Before closing I desire to call the attention of the membership to the fact that already in the labor movement a great labor organization has abolished conventions for all time, has done so for a number of years with tremendous success. I refer to the Cigar Makers'

International Union, of which our present National Secretary is a member. This is the record: On the 4th of July, 1896, they held their last national convention in Detroit, Mich. After wrangling for three weeks at an expense of over twenty thousand dollars to the rank and file, they adjourned never to meet again in national convention. The election of their national officers, the question of their dues, their grievances, strikes, etc., etc., have all been settled by referendum. They have even developed a national telegraphic referendum whereby at a reduced night rate the entire membership, over forty thousand strong, can settle important questions in thirty-six hours. We, as fighters for a Social Democracy, should do likewise—develop the initiative in the rank and file and place all responsibilities on their shoulders and reduce the menace of officialdom to the vanishing point.

I expect to be sharply criticised for this position, but stand ready to defend it against all comers, confident that I am walking in the light of advanced democracy.

AMERICAN JAILS FOR HIRE. "There is not one scintilla of evidence to hold this man," concluded the attorney for Tomas Sarabia as the two days' examination before the United States Commissioner, in the Federal Court room in San Antonio, Texas, came to a close.

The prosecuting attorney arose to his feet to reply. It had been his business for the last two years to follow up these fleeing Mexican patriots as they came over the border and see that they were placed in jail. So far, not one had escaped—not one that had been pointed out by the secret service men from Mexico—and Attorney Boynton's black eyes glittered, his hook nose and block chin drew together, as the pursuit drew to its close and he was about to utter the last argument for the jailing of the brown-eyed, boyish prisoner.

No one knew better than Boynton the weakness of the prosecution's case; he had attempted to introduce translations of papers, found in the prisoner's room, that were incorrectly translated, false upon their face, with twisted meanings that would cause the quick conviction of the prisoner. Nothing abashed when this false evidence was detected, the prosecuting attorney fought the case point by point, offering all sorts of printed and written documents that were as innocent of guilt as the Declaration of In-

dependence—and were, in very fact, declarations of independence written by Tomas Sarabia against the despotism of Porfirio Diaz.

And so this, the last work for the prosecution, was to be Boynton's final blow, and he drew himself together for the effort.

The Commissioner raised his hand for silence. "I do not care to hear from you," were the words that floated from the judge's seat across the astonished court room. Boynton dropped back into his chair with a fallen countenance. The prisoner's friends took heart; surely, they thought, "The Commissioner is about to order the Mexican patriot's release."

"—And so," concluded Commissioner Scott, 'the prisoner will be held to await the action of the grand jury.'

Six months in jail before even a trial—that is what it meant!

A smile of keen appreciation flashed across the prosecuting attorney's face. He clawed his law books together with the satisfaction of one who has caught his prey and can afford to dine at ease.

The little prisoner shook hands with his friends. A Mexican woman handed him some fruit; a Mexican baby-boy offered him a drink of water, which he took smilingly. Kind words of hope and encouragement, given with drawn faces and tremulous lips, he accepted without an expression of emotion, for Tomas Sarabia had lost all hope of justice in American courts long before he entered the court room. He had come to be sentenced—and it had been done.

Sarabia's lawyer was an attorney of the old school and he had really believed that his man would be freed. Citing United States Supreme Court decisions in favor of political refugees and foreigners in righteous rebellion against despotism, telling the story of Kossuth, Siegel and scores of other famous rebels that have been honored in America, the attorney pleaded for our country's right of asylum in vain, for it had been foreordained that Sarabia must follow the footsteps of those other Mexican patriots who had gone before, into the jaws of our American jails that yawn for the political enemies of President Diaz.

For six months Sarabia must be caged in this black pit, the Bexar County jail, a place of vermin, sweltering heat, and unmentionable vileness. For six months must this boy be jailed, before it is even decided by the grand jury whether or no there is evidence enough to try him.

The bail that the Commissioner set might as well have been a million as fifteen hundred dollars, for the friends of a Mexican political prisoner in the United States can only be found among the poor, propertyless Mexicans.

"I sometimes think that the men of our family were born for prison," whispered the Mexican revolutionist across the table strewn with law-books—this, in reply to my question about his cousin, Juan Sarabia, who has been held for years, "incommunicado," in the famous prison of San Juan de Alua in the harbor of Vera Cruz. "Even my little, 13-year-old brother, Francisco, has been imprisoned in the City of Mexico for refusing to give the police information about revolutionists."

When babies of 13 are manacled by Diaz to suppress a revolution, how long can an uprising in Mexico be kept down?

Let the officials in Washington consider these things, for, surely, they are wasting jail-space in their efforts to co-operate with Diaz.

JOHN MURRAY.

DO NOT FORGET that our comrades at New Castle, Pa., are still out on strike. They will surely win if they can hold out long enough. But it is hard work fighting on an empty stomach. Many of our readers sent in contributions for the strikers last month and the money was promptly forwarded to the Strike Committee. Through the Review this Committee desires to thank those friends who lent a hand when things looked pretty bad for the boys at McKees Rocks. But the New Castle comrades are still out. All contributions received for their strike fund will be promptly forwarded them.

UP THE DIVIDE, the little magazine published in Denver, Colorado, reached our desk this month—better than ever. We have wondered why our friends did not call the magazine FORWARD for Forward is precisely their watchword. Every Christian Socialist, and for that matter, every socialist, ought to read this new periodical. The prescribed course of reading alone is worth the subscription price. Unlike the orthodox teachers the editors of this magazine do not believe in a static religion. To them the very essence of a religion is that it must be a live, growing, evolutionary movement seeking and making use of each new truth. Our old friend, Rev. William Thurston Brown, is one of the

editors on Up the Divide and gives several interesting articles. This is one of the most refreshing and inspiring little magazines we have received in a long time.

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Receipts.	Expenditures.
Cash balance, August 1.....\$ 50.51	Manufacture of books.....\$ 614.77
Book sales 1,955.80	Books purchased 86.93
Review subscriptions and sales. 867.04	Printing August Review..... 482.54
Review advertising 18.81	Review articles, drawings, etc.. 61.00
Sales of stock 220.09	Wages of office clerks..... 309.50
Loans from stockholders..... 751.61	Charles H. Kerr, on salary.... 110.00
Donation, G. D. Sauter..... .75	Mary E. Marcy, on salary..... 60.00
Donation, R. L. Hicks..... 10.00	Postage and expressage..... 385.63
	Interest 40.31
	Rent 70.00
	Miscellaneous expenses 77.45
	Advertising 570.44
	Copyrights and royalties..... 62.29
	Loans repaid 469.48
	Cash balance, August 31..... 474.27
Total <u><u>\$3,874.61</u></u>	Total <u><u>\$3,874.61</u></u>

In the month of August, 1908, the cash receipts of the **International Socialist Review** were \$285.25; last month \$885.86. Until lately the **Review** was a heavy burden for the publishing house to carry. Today it is paying its own way; it would even be earning a profit but for the fact that our co-operative publishing house is not run to make

profits, so we are using the increased receipts to improve the **Review** and extend its circulation as rapidly as possible.

What we most need now is hustlers who will take the subscriptions of people who are glad to read the **Review** but will not take the trouble to order it for themselves. Thousands of socialists can get libraries for themselves without cost by working on the plan outlined on the preceding page, and with the growing demand for the literature of socialism, there is room for several hundred workers to earn a good living by taking subscriptions to the **Review** and selling our books. Write us for terms.

We wish to add a word of special praise for the **Library of Universal History**, described in full detail on another page of the **Review**. We have lately concluded an arrangement with the publishers of this work by which any **Review** reader can have a set shipped on approval without expense. We have as yet had time for only a casual examination of the volumes, but we can positively say that the plan of the work is admirable for popular reading and reference, the literary style is attractive, and the mechanical make-up of the books very attractive and substantial. The author, Israel Smith Clare, is a socialist.

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