

FEBRUARY 1, 1913

FIVE CENTS

# *The* New Review

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF INTERNATIONAL SOCIALISM

## CONTENTS

- Profits, Philanthropy and Religion . . . . . *H. S.*
- Facts for International Socialists . . . . . *Dora B. Montifiore*
- Socialism and the Negro Problem . . . . . *W. E. B. Du Bois*
- Tabooed Aspects of Suffrage Discussion (*Concluded*)  
*Theodore Schroeder*
- What Is a Riot Anyway? . . . . . *Phillips Russell*
- Socialism and Anarchism (*Concluded*) *Anton Pannekoek*  
(*Translated by Richard Perin*)
- In a Large City . . . . . *Detlev von Liliencron*  
(*Translated by Sasha Best*)
- Siva Rockefeller . . . . . *Moses Oppenheimer*
- The Flower of the Selva . . . . . *W. E. Hardenburg*
- The Influence of the Balkan War on the Unions

150 NASSAU STREET

NEW YORK

# THE NEW REVIEW

*Published Weekly at 150 Nassau St., New York City, by*

**NEW REVIEW PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION**

ALEXANDER FRASER  
PRESIDENT

MOSES OPPENHEIMER  
TREASURER

JOSEPH MICHAEL  
SECRETARY

---

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 PER YEAR    \$1.00 SIX MONTHS    FOREIGN, \$2.50  
SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS

---

*Entered at the New York Post Office as second-class mail matter.*

---

The following articles are among those that will appear in future issues of the NEW REVIEW :

Walt Whitman in France, by Charles Vildrac; Social Classes in the United States, by Isaac Halevy; The Panama Canal, by Michael Pavlovitch, of Paris; Charpentier, Musical Anarch and Labor Agitator, by Andre Tridon; Syndicalism and Mass Action, by Austin Lewis; The Exhalation, A Short Story, by Allan Updegraff; The International Co-operative Alliance, by Albert Sonnichsen; Socialist Gains and Losses in the Recent Election, by Wm. English Walling; Little Falls, A Capitalist City Stripped of its Veneer, by Robert A. Bakeman.

# *The* New Review

Copyrighted 1913 by New Review Publishing Association. Reprint permitted provided credit is given.

Vol. I.

FEBRUARY 1, 1913

No. 5

## PROFITS, PHILANTHROPY AND RELIGION

Two weeks ago we referred in this place to the cry raised by the clothing manufacturers that if wages were to be raised as an outcome of the great strike they would be compelled to raise the price of their wares. We then pointed out that the clothing industry had not yet become a monopoly and that, therefore, the price of clothes could not be raised with the same disregard, even though only temporary, of market conditions as, say, of anthracite. We further called attention to the notorious fact that the clothing industry had produced many millionaires, from which we naturally inferred that the rate of profit prevailing in this industry was, at any rate, not below the average rate of profits for this section of the country, and that therefore the rise in wages might very well take place at the expense of profits, and not at the expense of the consumers. Furthermore, we showed how the employers could recoup themselves for their temporary loss by introducing improved methods of producing and marketing, methods that no doubt would require the employment of larger units of capital and that would therefore tend to eliminate the smaller employers, the contracting middlemen, and the sweatshops.

Not being familiar with the details of the clothing industry, we spoke with becoming modesty and reserve, confining ourselves to general conclusions from facts generally known. Now, however, our words have received corroboration and reinforcement from a most unexpected quarter. Congressman F. O. Lindquist, of Michigan, is a capitalist largely interested in the clothing industry of this city as well as in textile mills in Michigan, and this highly respectable as well as unimpeachable authority testifies to the following facts: That suits of clothes which, from the cost of the cloth that goes to their making, should in no case sell at above \$10 wholesale, regardless of the kind and quality of workmanship, and which in most cases could be sold at a good profit for \$7.50, are being sold at \$15 wholesale; that the same suits are selling at

\$25 and \$30 each in retail stores; and that, in general, the manufacturers of clothing are making a larger profit than almost any other class of manufacturers. "And yet," concludes Mr. Linquist, "the manufacturers seem willing to allow child labor to continue and to screw down the garment workers to destitute wages."

It may be idle to speculate as to the motives that prompted Congressman Lindquist to proclaim to the world the secrets of the clothing industry. A widespread knowledge of the exceptionally large profits in the industry is, of course, calculated to attract to it new capital. It may be that Mr. Lindquist's interests as a textile manufacturer outweigh his interests as a clothing manufacturer and that he expects to gain from the increased sale of textiles more than he would lose from the increased wages of his garment workers. Possibly he is an exceptionally humane employer, preferring to pay "a fair day's wage for a fair day's work" rather than to gain celebrity as a philanthropist. He may also be an exceptionally enlightened employer, who, relying on his superior capital, is willing to pay the higher wages which, in the long run, result in a higher productivity and which his weaker competitors are unable to pay. But whatever his motives, no one has thus far even attempted to deny his facts and figures or to weaken their force. Exceptionally large profits, exceptionally low wages, exceptionally intense exploitation of women and children, accompanied with not a little of what looks like downright cheating—such is the true picture presented by the clothing industry.

The lesser strikes of 30,000 waistmakers and of the thousands of wrapper makers, which like the crackling of musketry have accompanied the cannon boom of the 110,000 striking male garment workers, has finally brought the irrepressible Col. Roosevelt upon the scene of action. He was shocked to learn of the wrongs endured by the girls, many of them mere children who ought to be at school and at play and who, as one of them complained to the Colonel, are not permitted to sing at their work. Mr. Roosevelt is one of our few statesmen who have shown a capacity for learning new things and comprehending new ideas; apparently he has learned much since his return from Africa and his assumption of the leadership of the Progressives. But he has not yet learned to look at the condition of labor with the eye, not of the moralist and philanthropist, but of the economist and statesman. "This is crushing the future motherhood of the country. It must be stopped. It is too horrible for words," he is reported to have exclaimed. Apparently it never occurred to Mr. Roosevelt that this cannot be stopped, that this will not be stopped so long as the fathers of these girls do not earn enough to support their families in ordinary comfort and decency, and that the fathers will never earn enough until the day when the workers become their own masters

in socialized industry. Mr. Roosevelt's indignation at the cruel wrongs inflicted on these poor girls does honor to his heart, but not to his brain. Surely he would never knowingly become an exploiter of children, but like young Dr. Trench in Shaw's comedy, he has obviously never asked himself whether as a matter of undeniable, absolute fact his hands, too, are not besmirched with the same dirty dollars as the hands of these child exploiters. Who but these children and their parents, or other children and their parents in precisely the same situation, create the wealth that goes to maintain the irreproachable country gentleman Theodore Roosevelt and his family? Who but they create the wealth that goes to the building of the battleships Mr. Roosevelt is constantly clamoring for? Who but they created the wealth that went to the financing of Mr. Roosevelt's campaigns, Progressive as well as Republican? If it is a question of morality and conscience and honor, then we appeal to the morality, the conscience and the honor of Theodore Roosevelt. But of course it is nothing of the sort. It is nothing more than the age-old, historic struggle of oppressors and oppressed, masters and slaves. But whereas the pagan country gentleman, Cato, was perfectly frank about the fact, which is indubitable, that the most profitable way of exploiting cheap slaves is to work them to the limit of endurance, our Christian country gentleman whimpers over the sadness of it all. We moderns have certainly acquired a Christian conscience, but there-with goes a goodly dose of Christian hypocrisy.

And nowadays Christian hypocrisy has become so all-pervasive that the Jews have finally come to claim it as their own special sacred heritage and attribute. The great majority of the clothing manufacturers are Jews. The great majority of the clothing workers are Jews. And these exploiters and these workers have been engaged in perennial strife these twenty-five years and more, neither side ever taking into consideration the fact that the opposing side consists of their fellow-Jews. This is entirely as it should be, for capital is an impersonal force that knows no God and no law, no morality and no religion other than its own imperious urge to perpetuate itself, multiply itself, and procreate surplus-value by devouring living labor. Nor should labor know any other goal than to subject capital to its own will, to possess itself of capital, peaceably if it can, forcibly if it must. But now comes the good Rabbi Schulman, who preaches in one of the show temples of New York, and appeals to his congregation, which no doubt includes quite a number of men who have grown rich in the clothing industry, to prove to the world that the "spirit of Jewish justice" is not yet extinct and that "Jewish solidarity and brotherhood" is still an active force. Alas, these fine things have been as extinct as the dodo these twenty-five hundred years or so.

ever since the Jews, too, became worshippers of the golden calf, and private property became a sacred institution among them, and "the ancients of the Lord's people, and the princes thereof" began to "beat my people to pieces, and grind the faces of the poor." Ever since that time was the voice of the prophets, even as the voice of one crying in the wilderness, and civil war raged in Israel and in Judah, and the raging thereof did not cease even while the city of Jerusalem was beleaguered by the Roman legions. After the dispersion, it is true, Jewish solidarity and brotherhood was galvanized into life by the natural exclusion of the stranger from village community and town guild and the general detestation in which he, the representative of "money economy," was held by the masses of the people living in a state of "natural economy." During the Middle Ages the constant pressure from without resulted in a semblance of internal cohesion. But that age of saints and miracles is now past. In all civilized, that is, thoroughly capitalistic countries, the Jews are now full-fledged members of the general community and are divided into the same warring classes as the society whose air they breathe. Under the warm sun of capitalism the artificial Jewish solidarity of the Middle Ages has completely evaporated. To speak nowadays of the spirit of Jewish justice, of Jewish brotherhood and solidarity, is nothing more than a piece of—Jewish hypocrisy.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating. On Sunday, January 21, the rabbi spake in the synagogue. On Monday, January 22, the judge spoke in the courthouse, and upon the application of nineteen leading Jewish firms, Supreme Court Justice Greenbaum, a tower of strength in the synagogue, issued a blanket injunction against picketing by the Jewish strikers, upon whom he thus let loose all the brutality of the New York police, which includes not a few Jews. A rose by any other name smells as sweet, and Justice Greenbaum's injunction will be of no more effect than Justice Amend's. The strikers, men and women and children, are now resisting this utterly illegal, unwarranted and contemptible attack upon their fundamental rights as wage-workers with the same indomitable courage and perseverance which they have manifested in all their previous struggles. The only possible effect of the injunction is to cause heads to be broken by the policemen's clubs and to bring down upon the strikers a rain of fines and imprisonments. It cannot possibly cause the loss of the strike. And it is for this reason that we say: it is not only unwarranted and illegal, but also contemptible.

The class struggle is a grim reality. It is not to be exorcised by any spirit, Christian or Jewish. It must be fought out to the inevitable finish.

H. S.

## FACTS FOR INTERNATIONAL SOCIALISTS

BY DORA B. MONTEFIORE (London).

There exist in the British Colonies of Australia, New Zealand and South Africa so-called political Labor parties, sent to Parliament by the trade unions and the small capitalists of those colonies, whose representatives in Parliament are a mixture of trade unionist leaders, lawyers, small shopkeepers, and amateur politicians, who have failed to get a show in other and more wide-awake parties. The programs of these various Labor parties vary in different colonies.

In Australia, with its four and a half million inhabitants on an area of 2,948,366 square miles, the Labor party has a prominent clause in its program declaring for a "White Australia"; that is to say, that no colored person is to be allowed to land or to seek work on the shores of Australia. In spite of this clause, however, a certain number of Chinamen, who pay a capitation fee of £100 each, come into Australia every year, and increase the wealth of the Commonwealth by their skill in market-gardening; while the richer among those admitted become wholesale fruit merchants and traders in general merchandise. The object of the skilled trade unionists in excluding colored, and in discouraging skilled white labor from landing in Australia was to keep up artificially the trade union rate of wages, by putting a ring-fence round the shores of Australia; but as these trade union leaders are extremely narrow in outlook and have no real knowledge of economics, they have failed to realize that any movement on the part of organized labor must be an international movement, because capitalism, being cosmopolitan, can exploit the colored worker in his own land, and in that way produce goods so cheaply that even a high tariff will fail to prevent them from competing in price against the artificially protected goods and labor of ring-fenced Australia.

Meanwhile, the too easily beguiled Australian workers were being adroitly flattered by their leaders, who were looking out for parliamentary honors, and were told that Australia was the "paradise of the working man;" that New Zealand was "God's own country"; and that the workers of Germany and of Japan were so envious of the splendor of the position of the Australian and New Zealand worker, that they were urging on their governments to invade Australia, and with fire and sword oust the Australian worker from his position of advantage, while incidentally violating, or marrying *en bloc*, the Australian women and girls. Out of this preposterous nightmare it was not difficult for the Labor leaders to evolve a spirit of vulgar jingoism, which, aided by the Labor press, spread like wildfire over the Australian colonies, and

enabled the Commonwealth Labor party, once it obtained a majority at the polls in 1910, to force on the country the passing of the Defense Scheme, on lines laid down by Lord Kitchener during his visit to Australia in 1909. This Defense Scheme provides for the compulsory military training of all boys in the Commonwealth over 12 years of age, who from 12 to 14 are to be known as junior cadets; from 14 to 18 as senior cadets; from 18 to 19 as recruits in training; from 19 to 20 as trained soldiers; whilst at the age of 26 the trained soldiers would pass into the reserve. It was reckoned that under this system a total of 80,000 trained soldiers would always be available for the Defense Force, while 11,000 would be ready for muster parade. This computation is for the Australian continent alone, and without reckoning the Defense Force of New Zealand, which, according to latest accounts, is to be now linked up officially with that of Australia.

Now that such a Defense Scheme should be passed by a Liberal or Conservative Government is quite conceivable, but that a so-called Labor government should not only take over and carry on the military policy of its predecessors, but should actually hurry through, without a special mandate from the country, what was in effect a conscription bill, and then make a boast of its betrayal of the workers, is, I assert, the crime *par excellence* against the proletariat of the Australian colonies, and incidentally against the solidarity of the workers of the world.

This is how *The Worker*, the official organ in Australia of the Labor party in power, writes of the work of its own hand: "The Australian navy that is now being built, and the Australian army that is in process of formation, are alike the creations of the Australian Labor party, which is a fact that in these times of strenuous anti-military agitation should not be forgotten by the Australian Laborites." The *International Socialist*, the organ of the Australian Socialist party, commenting on this jingoist effusion, points out by quotations from the speech of Archbishop Kelly and from an article in the *Sydney Morning Herald* (the most reactionary daily in the colonies), who both belaud the compulsory military training and service of the lads of Australia, "that the *Worker* is in the same boat with the *Herald*, and other open enemies of Labor. Its policy is in no way different from theirs. It believes in Labor conscription, while they believe in Liberal conscription; but there is really no difference between Labor conscription and Liberal conscription. The *Worker* asserts that 'in a country in which every man is a trained soldier the plutocracy is always at the mercy of the people.' If this is true, France, Germany and other conscript countries ought to be happy. Having the plutocracy at their mercy, the workers of those countries should be enjoying their full social product. . . . The Co-operative Commonwealth should be in full swing, and the social revolution accomplished."

Now as to the purpose for which this Defense Force is being enrolled by a Labor party in power. During my stay in Sydney I edited for five months the *International Socialist*, while the editor, Harry Holland, was ill in hospital; and during that period the Defense Acts were for the first time put into force. I immediately issued in the paper a manifesto to the conscript boys of Australia, warning those of them who were proletarians not to be trapped into training to defend a country that did not belong to them, but belonged to the capitalists. I further warned them on no account to take the military oath, the taking of which would remove them from civil to military jurisdiction; and I explained to them how, once they had become trained and disciplined soldiers, they were bound (having taken the oath of allegiance to the king) under penalty of death to carry out the orders of their superior officers, even if those orders were to shoot down their own brothers or fathers in times of industrial trouble. This manifesto was of course seditious, and a debate took place in the Commonwealth Parliament as to whether Holland and I should be indicted for sedition. The Labor government, knowing that our protest would be given a much wider and possibly an international publicity if they decided to prosecute, wriggled out of the business with a feeble excuse that the section from which the manifesto emanated was not of sufficient importance to warrant prosecution. But the valuable result of the debate was that we succeeded, through sympathizers in the Commonwealth Parliament, in extracting from Labor Defense Minister Pearce the statement: "We have, in order to maintain ourselves as a nation, to uphold the laws of our nation, not only against foreign aggression, but also against internal aggression. Therefore I say that our Defence Force is raised and maintained, not merely for the purpose of defending the country against foreign aggression, but also to defend the laws which have been framed through Parliament. . . . At present, as far as I know, the only way by which the Commonwealth Parliament is able to protect itself or a state from domestic violence is by its Defense Force."

Since the issuing of our Socialist manifesto, and the subsequent agitation carried on by the party, thousands of boys, both in Australia and in New Zealand, have been fined and jailed for refusing to train for compulsory military service. It is evident, therefore, that the Labor party now in power, if it cannot make conscript soldiers, will make criminals of the young sons of the workers.

As regards the Labor party and conscription in South Africa, the following facts are interesting: Soon after my arrival in Johannesburg in March, 1912, I wrote an article which appeared in the *International Socialist* of Sydney, on April 13th. The following is an extract from it: "Comrades in Australia will be inter-

ested to hear that I had not been a week in Johannesburg before I was approached by a member of the Labor party with a request to help him and others with an agitation they were getting up against compulsory military service. The man was deeply in earnest, and, having fought through more than one South African war, he knew what he was talking about from the humanitarian side; but when it came to putting before him our anti-militarist propaganda from the industrial standpoint, it was very difficult to make headway with him, for he knew absolutely nothing of the Socialist interpretation of existing social conditions, and he asked for an explanation of 'class-consciousness.' It appeared from what he told me that the Labor party in South Africa was divided on the subject of compulsory military training, and that the woman editor of the *Worker* (the Labor organ) was in favor of it. He had counted on her speaking for him at his preliminary meeting, but, to his chagrin, found she was in the opposite camp. He then, having heard of my work in Australia, came to me." The interesting outcome of this, my first introduction to the capitalistically befogged state of the South African Labor party, was that when I met the woman editor of the *Worker*, I found she was a relative of Lord Milner and had acted as his hostess in social functions when he was proconsul in South Africa, and was now (with the help of Mr. Creswell, a mine manager and Labor M. P.) running her husband for the South African Parliament, as another Labor representative! Continental comrades who are looking on at the game will perhaps appreciate the humor of all this better than do the skilled workers of South Africa, who are being led into conscription by a Jingo middle-class woman and a party of mine managers and young lawyers on the political make.

Mr. Fisher, once a working miner, now Federal Prime Minister of the Australian Commonwealth, commenting on a speech delivered in London by Lord Dudley, late Commonwealth Governor, on June 9, 1912, said: "I agree with his views on the Australian navy—a sane attitude for Australians to adopt. They must have ships, and fight in co-operation with the mother country. You can take my word for that." But Mr. Fisher and other Labor ministers went home to the coronation of King George, and were feted by the aristocracy—and the English Labor party; and Socialists, both in the old country and in the colonies, should know what all that is worth.

Meanwhile, I am like Zola: J'ACCUSE!!!

I accuse Mr. Keir Hardie, who is a member of the International Socialist Bureau, and at the same time a member of the English Labor party, of knowing (for he admitted to me at the Basle Congress that he knew all about it) how the leaders of the so-called Labor party in power in Australia were betraying the interests of the organized workers of the world and were helping

the capitalists and financiers of the world in their plot to degrade the Australian workers by arming them to defend the property and interests of the exploiters. I hold it was the duty of Mr. Keir Hardie, having these facts in his possession and posing, as he does, as an anti-militarist, to have given them not only to the members of the International Socialist Bureau, but to the organized workers and Socialists of every country in which he has lately spoken.

I accuse Mr. Macdonald, the leader of the Parliamentary Labor party, who has travelled in Australia, and who in his official capacity entertained at coronation time these militarist and imperialist "distinguished Labor Parliamentary representatives," because he has not raised at Westminster the question of the sons of British emigrants to New Zealand and Australia being fined and imprisoned because they refused, as thousands have done to become conscripts.

And I accuse the International Socialist Bureau, at their recent meeting at Brussels during the month of November, of refusing the application of the Socialist, anti-militarist parties of Australia, New Zealand and South Africa for affiliation with the Bureau (in order that they might have a representative on the Bureau) to put these facts and others equally important to International Social Democracy, before the other members of the Bureau. According to the report of the Bureau meeting in the *London Justice*, the Socialist parties of these colonies were told they must first join with the sham Labor and militarist parties in their respective colonies before any notice would be taken of their application for affiliation; and as I have been organizing, writing and speaking in these colonies for the last two years and know the impossibility of such an alliance, I desire to lay these facts before the American and European comrades, so that they may know actually what is the value to Social Democracy, and to the class-conscious industrial struggle of the organized workers, of the political Labor parties of Great Britain and of her colonies.



## SOCIALISM AND THE NEGRO PROBLEM

BY W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS.

One might divide those interested in Socialism in two distinct camps: On the one hand those far-sighted thinkers who are seeking to determine from the facts of modern industrial organization just what the outcome is going to be; on the other hand, those who suffer from the present industrial situation and who are anxious that, whatever the broad outcome may be, at any rate the present suffering which they know so well shall be stopped. It is this second class of social thinkers who are interested particularly in the Negro problem. They are saying that the plight of ten million human beings in the United States, predominantly of the working class, is so evil that it calls for much attention in any program of future social reform. This paper, however, is addressed not to this class, but rather to the class of theoretical Socialists; and its thesis is: In the Negro problem as it presents itself in the United States, theoretical Socialism of the twentieth century meets a critical dilemma.

There is no doubt as to the alternatives presented. On the one hand, here are 90 million white people who in their extraordinary development present a peculiar field for the application of Socialistic principles; but on the whole, these people are demanding to-day that just as under capitalistic organization the Negro has been the excluded (*i. e.*, exploited) class, so, too, any Socialistic program shall also exclude the ten million. Many Socialists have acquiesced in this program. No recent convention of Socialists has dared to face fairly the Negro problem and make a straightforward declaration that they regard Negroes as men in the same sense that other persons are. The utmost that the party has been able to do is not to rescind the declaration of an earlier convention. The general attitude of thinking members of the party has been this: We must not turn aside from the great objects of Socialism to take up this issue of the American Negro; let the question wait; when the objects of Socialism are achieved, this problem will be settled along with other problems.

That there is a logical flaw here, no one can deny. Can the problem of any group of ten million be properly considered as "aside" from any program of Socialism? Can the objects of Socialism be achieved so long as the Negro is neglected? Can any great human problem "wait"? If Socialism is going to settle the American problem of race prejudice without direct attack along these lines by Socialists, why is it necessary for Socialists to fight along other lines? Indeed, there is a kind of fatalistic attitude on the part of certain transcendental Socialists, which often assumes that the whole battle of Socialism is coming by a kind of evolution

in which active individual effort on their part is hardly necessary.

As a matter of fact, the Socialists face in the problem of the American Negro this question: Can a minority of any group or country be left out of the Socialistic problem? It is, of course, agreed that a majority could not be left out. Socialists usually put great stress on the fact that the laboring class form a majority of all nations and nevertheless are unjustly treated in the distribution of wealth. Suppose, however, that this unjust distribution affected only a minority, and that only a tenth of the American nation were working under unjust economic conditions: Could a Socialistic program be carried out which acquiesced in this condition? Many American Socialists seem silently to assume that this would be possible. To put it concretely, they are going to carry on industry so far as this mass is concerned; they are going to get rid of the private control of capital and they are going to divide up the social income among these 90 million in accordance with some rule of reason, rather than in the present haphazard way: But at the same time, they are going to permit the continued exploitation of these ten million workers. So far as these ten million workers are concerned, there is to be no active effort to secure for them a voice in the Social Democracy, or an adequate share in the social income. The idea is that ultimately when the 90 millions come to their own, they will voluntarily share with the ten million serfs.

Does the history of the world justify us in expecting any such outcome? Frankly, I do not believe it does. The program is that of industrial aristocracy which the world has always tried; the only difference being that such Socialists are trying to include in the inner circle a much larger number than have ever been included before. Socialistic as this program may be called, it is not real Social Democracy. The essence of Social Democracy is that there shall be no excluded or exploited classes in the Socialistic state; that there shall be no man or woman so poor, ignorant or black as not to count one. Is this simply a far off ideal, or is it a possible program? I have come to believe that the test of any great movement toward social reform is the Excluded Class. Who is it that Reform does *not* propose to benefit? If you are saving dying babies, whose babies are you going to let die? If you are feeding the hungry, what folk are you (regretfully, perhaps, but none the less truly) going to let starve? If you are making a juster division of wealth, what people are you going to permit at present to remain in poverty? If you are giving all men votes (not only in the "political" but also in the economic world), what class of people are you going to allow to remain disfranchised?

More than that, assuming that if you did exclude Negroes temporarily from the growing Socialistic state, the ensuing uplift



of humanity would in the end repair the temporary damage, the present question is, *can* you exclude the Negro and push Socialism forward? Every tenth man in the United States is of acknowledged Negro descent; if you take those in gainful occupations, one out of every seven Americans is colored; and if you take laborers and workmen in the ordinary acceptation of the term, one out of every five is colored. The problem is then to lift four-fifths of a group on the backs of the other fifth. Even if the submerged fifth were "dull driven cattle," this program of Socialist opportunism would not be easy. But when the program is proposed in the face of a group growing in intelligence and social power and a group made suspicious and bitter by analogous action on the part of trade unionists, what is anti-Negro Socialism doing but handing to its enemies the powerful weapon of four and one-half million men who will find it not simply to their interest, but a sacred duty to underbid the labor market, vote against labor legislation, and fight to keep their fellow laborers down. Is it not significant that Negro soldiers in the army are healthier and desert less than whites?

Nor is this all: what becomes of Socialism when it engages in such a fight for human downfall? Whither are gone its lofty aspiration and high resolve—its songs and comradeship?

The Negro Problem then is the great test of the American Socialist. Shall American Socialism strive to train for its Socialist state ten million serfs who will serve or be exploited by that state, or shall it strive to incorporate them immediately into that body politic? Theoretically, of course, all Socialists, with few exceptions, would wish the latter program. But it happens that in the United States there is a strong local opinion in the South which violently opposes any program of any kind of reform that recognizes the Negro as a man. So strong is this body of opinion that you have in the South a most extraordinary development. The whole radical movement there represented by men like Blease and Vardaman and Tillman and Jeff. Davis and attracting such demagogues as Hoke Smith, includes in its program of radical reform a most bitter and reactionary hatred of the Negro. The average modern Socialist can scarcely grasp the extent of this hatred; even murder and torture of human beings holds a prominent place in its philosophy; the defilement of colored women is its joke, and justice toward colored men will not be listened to. The only basis on which one can even approach these people with a plea for the barest tolerance of colored folk, is that the murder and mistreatment of colored men may possibly hurt white men. Consequently the Socialist party finds itself in this predicament: if it acquiesces in race hatred, it has a chance to turn the tremendous power of Southern white radicalism toward its own

party; if it does not do this, it becomes a "party of the Negro," with its growth South and North decidedly checked. There are signs that the Socialist leaders are going to accept the chance of getting hold of the radical South whatever its cost. This paper is written to ask such leaders: After you have gotten the radical South and paid the price which they demand, will the result be Socialism?

## TABOOED ASPECTS OF SUFFRAGE DISCUSSION

BY THEODORE SCHROEDER

(Concluded)

### THE EDUCATIONAL TEST

My opposition to arbitrary discrimination predisposes me against the requirement of an educational qualification for suffrage. I cannot admit that the culture acquired at schools and colleges creates any presumption of capacity for the solving of governmental problems. The purpose of educational institutions is to standardize the intellect, and not to encourage intellectual initiative, or promote judgment by impersonal standards. Students are not taught methods for the discovery of truth, but are expected unquestioningly to accept the ready-made allegations of truth according to the standards of the last generation. Schools are apt to teach us the rightfulness of whatever is popular with the influential, whereas those who are harbingers of progress encourage us to suspect that "whatever is, is wrong." If compelled to prescribe an educational test, for either women or men, I would make it a test for the elimination of parasites. I would require that the voter's mind and body be so trained that he or she is both able and anxious to do necessary creative work, at least to the extent of contributing to human necessities a quantity equal to the individual's own consumption.

### WILL WOMAN MORALIZE THE STATE?

The strongest argument against woman's suffrage is that made by some of its advocates, namely, that woman will moralize the state. By this is meant that she will vote for the suppression of all that harmless and self-regarding conduct which offends the "ethical" superstitions of white neck-tied, ladylike men or other nonentities, miscalled "good" women. If I believed this to be a permanent consequence of woman's suffrage, I would certainly be tempted to oppose it. I feel assured, however, that this will not be a permanent result. The Ladies' Mission Sewing Circle can have no influence upon government without experiencing a reaction equal to its own action, and in the long run this will get women away from their pettiness, even about so important a



question as the relationship of perdition to gum-chewing on Sunday.

In the broader sense of promoting political righteousness, women will have no special influence toward the elimination of evil. Why do well-fed men steal? Why do they exploit their fellows? Why do they accept bribes? Why do they give bribes? The superficial observer will say, to get more money. But why want more money than enough for a modest living? You have not sufficiently answered when you say, it is for the lust of power. I still ask, how does the power manifest itself? How is the surplus spent? And I answer, in ostentatious waste, in which a "good" woman is the central figure. Even where she is only the head servant of a profligate's harem, she is still the chief beneficiary of the ostentatious waste, which is made possible only by exploitation and graft, by political and economic wrongs, legalized or otherwise. Is any one really simple enough to dream that these "good" women are going to give up those advantages of luxurious idle ease, secured by the husband's economic and political crimes? I am not optimistic enough to believe that the priest-parroting, pharisaical portion of femininity, has the least present capacity for rendering any valuable service to the State, not yet! not till she ceases to be what she now is—a conscious, willing parasite. The best thing about suffrage is that it tends to develop the consciousness of social relations to the point where such "good" women may acquire so refined a sense of justice as to quit parasiting and become a humanizing factor.

#### CONCERNING MILITANT SUFFRAGISTS.

All methods probably have their use, and I am hardly disposed to quarrel with the militant woman. Although by disposition I would be averse personally to following their method, I cannot but feel a kind of admiration for those English suffragettes who have emancipated themselves from stupid enslaving conventions. In America the suffrage movement is so far under the blight of respectability that but few women have ever dared even to think of the expediency or justice of militant methods. To my mind, legalized violence to enforce unjust inequalities is more pernicious than unauthorized violence used to secure equality. The existence of either is an indictment of our civilization. Unthinking slaves to convention and victims of law-worship prefer legalized slavery to unstatutory freedom. I welcome the state of mind which is implied in militant methods, as at least preferable to that dead level, inert, unthinking mass of respectable sub-mediocrity, which, I fear, composes the mass of American suffragists.

#### SUFFRAGE AS A DEMORALIZER.

Among a large portion of femininity (which includes many men) the strongest argument against votes for women is the claim

that woman's political contact with, and a broader knowledge of, men and their ways will promote her "immorality." So differently does my mind work that I consider this the very best argument for woman's suffrage. Those who fear woman's suffrage as a promoter of woman's "immorality" obviously think that wordly experience will make woman doubt conventional "moral" dogmas, or even induce her to repudiate our popular "moral" sentimentalism in favor of a reasoned conception of morality. Such a result I would welcome as a most valuable ethical advance. "I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is run for, not without dust and heat. \* \* \* That virtue, therefore, which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue" (Milton). Personally I decline to applaud as "moral" what is only a craven and stupid conformity to unenlightened conventions. A knowledge of real life will possibly convince women of the folly that there is any virtue in sacrifice, and through an enlightened social consciousness may persuade her that the highest morality is found only in the most refined sense of justice, consciously entertained and always deliberately acted upon.

#### MORAL QUALIFICATIONS FOR VOTERS.

The foregoing subject is closely related to the often mooted question of a moral qualification for female voters. It is hardly necessary to add that those who propose such moral disqualification are usually so obsessed by lewdness that they know of no "moral" problem, nor ever heard of any "immorality," except in relation to sex. With these erotomaniacs, "morality" is always synonymous with sexual orthodoxy. Though opposed to all arbitrary discrimination, if compelled to discriminate along "moral" lines, I would disfranchise only the smug, well-kept, conventionally "moral" woman, who seldom can see anything reprehensible in iniquities that are popular. Furthermore, she has little or no real direct interest in government, because she can seldom see anything beyond the interest of the one male voter who provides for her needs and luxuries. But the unfortunate woman, especially the prostitute, is the victim of government. She is the chief sufferer from our legalized economic injustices. Although in a measure a beneficiary, she is also the creature and victim of our Puritan misconception of morals. She is the victim of every outbreak of "moral" hysteria, and the football of most fake reformers and quack-moralists making a grand-stand play for the votes of the Pharisees. She is the most frequent victim of police blackmail and of the conscienceless landlord's sordid greed. The prostitute, therefore, has a very genuine and a most direct concern

in the management of government, and should be the last to be disfranchised by a government professing chief concern with liberty and justice.

#### IN CONCLUSION

No! I am not opposed to "votes for women," only my reasons for favoring it are different from those usually expressed by suffragists. I am not for suffrage because it will immediately promote human liberty. I am convinced its immediate effect will be the contrary. Yet I am for suffrage, because it seems to me that such experience is the only way to cure men and women of their savage instinct to do moralization through legalized violence. I am not for suffrage from any conviction that women have a present capacity for improving the brand of "justice" handed out by the state. It is probable that the lack of experience with the problems of social economics and political justice has left woman's sense of justice even more primitive and crude than that of the average man. I am for suffrage because I believe that exercise with our complex problems of right will help both men and women to a more refined sense of justice, so that ultimately all will attack social problems by the use of their head, rather than by stupid acquiescence, perverse sympathies or diseased nerves, and will find harmonious adjustment through a growing social consciousness. I am not for suffrage because I believe women more moral than men. On the contrary, I believe them less intelligent than men about ethical problems. I am for suffrage because the conflicts of political life may rationalize the stupid moral sentimentalism of men and women. I am not for woman's suffrage from any belief that woman will improve the state. She can't do that, at least not yet, but any earnest effort to do so may improve men and women by enlarging their intelligence, rationalizing their sympathies, and developing their social consciousness. Women dominated by selfishness object to suffrage for fear they will lose the "privileges" of their slavehood, the gilt which conceals the ancient rust of their chains. To these I would say, don't fear the loss of anything whose value exists only in the imagination. Even under hard conditions, the joy of self-reliant independence far outweighs the satisfaction of physical comfort obtained through slavish submission to irrational conventions, or the rhetorical elevation to "queen of the kitchen stove."

The mere agitation for woman's suffrage has already done fine things for women. It has relieved some from the pettiness and meanness of the old life. It is no longer so generally true as it once was, that women are woman's worst enemies. Women are beginning to see themselves outside the old prison walls called home. That social ignorance which made her look with jealousy upon all the world outside as hostile to all within, is yielding to the expanding consciousness of social relations. Already many

women are beginning to see their kinship to more and more inclusive groups of other women. The walls of the home are moving out and the roof is increasing its capacity for shelter. If progressive women still feel men to be enemies, it is because in the mass of men social consciousness is not sufficiently developed to enable them to understand and appreciate the higher aims and ideals of the superior women. As our crude childish self-consciousness expands to a family consciousness, a sectarian consciousness, an economic class consciousness, a partial consciousness of sex unity, so ultimately we shall also develop a consciousness of human solidarity. I am for suffrage because it will help to humanize men and women through its failures at moralizing them by force. Suffrage will help to destroy the old home of master and slave, of patron and parasite, but it will contribute to the building up of the new and finer home of more free and more cultured equals; a centre of harmonious and humanizing endeavor for the development of a nobler society. That is why I am for woman's suffrage.

#### WHAT IS A RIOT ANYHOW?

BY PHILLIPS RUSSELL

What is a riot?

According to the interpretation put upon certain sections of the State Penal Code by the authorities of Herkimer County, N. Y., in which the town of Little Falls is situated, it is the assemblage of "three or more" persons who gather to listen to Socialist agitation or to discuss ways and means of improving their economic conditions.

That is why in the now celebrated Little Falls strike cases our whole scheme of political and economic propaganda and education is under attack.

That is why the strike of the textile workers in Little Falls assumes an importance all out of proportion to the number of people involved.

That is why every sort of support, moral and financial, must be given by all lovers of liberty to the twenty defendants in these cases, including fourteen now in jail and the six out on bail.

The names of the rioters are: George R. Lunn, the Socialist mayor of Schenectady; Harvey Simmons, a Socialist alderman of the same city; Robert A. Bakeman, a former clergyman, also of Schenectady; Benjamin J. Legere, an organizer of the Industrial Workers of the World; George Vaughan, Fred Hirsch, Filippo Bocchini, Orazio Morlando, Antonio Capuana, Rocco Filomena, Carlo Furillo, Antonio Preta, Domenico Bianchi, Pietro Cornacchio, Antonio Schietroma, Rona DeGuerre, Samuel Mayton, John Leheney, Helen Schloss, Louis Lesnicki, and Zageyka Wladya—two women and eighteen men, members of five different nationalities.

Legere and the nine Italians, and the little Polish woman, Zageyka Wladya—which is as close as the authorities could arrive at the proper spelling of her name—must stand trial also on additional charges of assault in the first degree, the penalty for which is as high as ten years in the penitentiary. They are alleged to be the persons who attacked the two policemen injured in a clash between the guardians of law and order and the strikers.

Mayor Lunn and his comrades arrived in Little Falls on Oct. 17 and began speaking in Clinton Park. This spot has since become so famous that persons unfamiliar with the town probably imagine that there is something peculiarly magnificent and sacred about it to cause the Little Falls authorities to forbid its defilement by Socialist speakers and working people out on strike. As a matter of fact Clinton Park is a commonplace plot of ground, measuring perhaps 200 by 300 feet and sparsely covered by reluctant grass and a few immature trees. The reason that it became *tabu* during the strike was that it is situated between two of the principal mills affected and actually runs up to the doorway of one of these mills. The company officials were not long in informing the police that this anti-capitalist agitation going on so near their doors was excessively annoying to them, besides having a distracting influence on the employes who remained at work.

The police were not slow to act. In fact, with the words of their chief—"we have kept these people in subjection in the past and mean to continue to do so"—ringing in their ears, they descended on the park with zest and manfully pulled off their boxes speakers who quoted from such anarchistic documents as the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States and the Bible.

Flushed with success, the police next attacked a parade of peaceful pickets on the morning of October 30. Here, however, their clubs met with resistance and two of them were wounded, one by a knife and one in the leg by a bullet, which, witnesses declare, was fired by an excited special policeman. Following this affair the police indulged in a carnival of arrests until at one time forty-six strike prisoners were in jail.

Now the law, with its usual elasticity and looseness, defines a riot or riotous assemblage, in effect, as any assemblage of three or more persons which disturbs the peace, etc. and such an assemblage immediately becomes unlawful as soon as a public official has read a document pronouncing it so. Consequently any person who addresses such a throng or is unable to get away before a long-legged policeman can catch him is guilty either of inciting to riot or refusing to disperse from an unlawful assemblage. And there you are!

Under such a construction any Socialist or labor meeting may be declared unlawful whenever it annoys an exploiter of labor or

a person of conservative mind, and its speakers and participants may be thrown into jail as criminals. The indictment of Mayor Lunn et al. specifically charges them with the commission of "a crime." The police blotter, by the way, explained that Mayor Lunn was arrested—"For speaking."

When asked at a preliminary hearing if he had ever read the Constitution of the United States, Chief Long of the Little Falls police answered that he thought he "seen a copy once."

Evidently it was but a passing glance, and judging by the support Chief Long received from the business men and respectable citizens of Little Falls they started reading the Constitution backward, but stopped at the first paragraph.

Absolutely all constitutional and human rights were annulled and even made sport of by the authorities during the Little Falls strike. They now seek to fasten a conviction upon at least a few of the most active workers and sympathizers and thus set a precedent that will be most dangerous to the Socialist movement in this state and in other states in the future.

The Socialist movement must now determine, by the support it gives these defendants, whether this precedent shall be set.

## SOCIALISM AND ANARCHISM

(Concluded)

BY ANTON PANNEKOEK

(Translated by Richard Perin)

The organization of labor implies a certain measure of legal compulsion, that is to say, of the subordination of the will of the minority to that of the majority. But whence will this order of society obtain the force to execute its laws? Under capitalism the state has at its disposal a great mass of forcible means: police, prisons and courts, and finally the army; it is only through the physical means of force at its disposal that a minority is able to maintain its rule over the great mass of the people. These physical means of force are unnecessary to the rule of the mass, which will accomplish its purpose by moral force alone. The political system which the proletariat will introduce after its victory, and which may be designated as a consistent democracy, will be governed by the same principles which the workers now employ in their fighting organizations: equality of rights for all members, expression of the will of the whole in legal provisions and resolutions which each must obey, execution of the will of the majority by an executive. The means of compulsion that are employed here to impose the will of the majority upon the minority will probably also be employed in the future industrial democracy—namely, discipline.

This discipline consists in the voluntary subordination of the individual to the whole; it is the chief proletarian virtue, which the working masses have acquired in their struggle against capitalism. The workers will never be able to overthrow capitalism until they have brought this virtue to its highest development, the subordination of their personal desires and of their egoism to the interests of the whole class; this virtue they will carry with them into the new society, and there it will become the moral cement of the Socialist order. It will be the moral counterpart to political democracy; the latter will need no other means of force.

In any case, discipline means the overcoming of an existing instinct; the safeguarding of the interests of the whole does not, in this case, spring spontaneously from direct inclination, but from rational consideration. This instinct, which must be overcome, is egoism, self-interest, which has been fostered by the economic conditions of commodity production and competition until it has become the predominant instinct. Whoever does not possess this characteristic, or possesses it in insufficient measure, is hopelessly lost under capitalism. A characteristic that for countless generations has been ever necessary, and almost essential to life, and hence is firmly rooted in human nature, will require several generations of disuse to become weakened to a considerable degree and finally to disappear. Therefore, the Socialist order of society will be unable to uproot this impulse immediately; its advance over capitalism will consist in this, that egoism will be restrained by discipline (that is, by rational conviction grown into a habit), that the preservation of the common interest will become the most efficacious means of preserving the individual interest.

But the new order of society will itself foster far different traits of character. The common labor for a common end, the community of individual interests with those of society as a whole, will develop to an extraordinary degree the feeling of brotherhood and comradeship. It was economic necessity that made egoism the most prominent trait of men under capitalism; it was economic necessity that made solidarity and discipline the leading traits of the revolutionary labor movement; and it is economic necessity that will, to the same extent, develop the feeling of sociability above all other traits of character in the Socialist society. Men will regard themselves, first of all, not as individuals, but as members of society; the welfare of the whole will dominate all their thoughts and feelings. This tendency will then no longer rest upon the self-conquest of the individual, who sacrifices his inclination to that which he recognizes as necessary; it will rest upon direct inclination. Instead of having to overcome an inherited instinct, this tendency will rather consist in the active exercise of the newly born instinct.

This evolution of human instincts will also entail a change in the social organization. In the beginning, the organization of social labor will require special measures, which will be decided upon by the majority, executed with conscientious care by a central body, and faithfully observed by the individual. But as organized work becomes a habit, and as the interest of all becomes the highest aim of each, the deliberate organization and regulation of labor will gradually become superfluous. And to this extent the last vestiges of political authority will vanish, the authority which in the beginning, under the form of laws and controlling bodies, kept the minority in subordination to the majority. The organization of labor will then be no longer a product of external regulation, but of inner impulse. And when the enormous increase in productivity, due to the advance of science, becomes a reality, the results of labor will no longer have to be obtained through carefully planned organization. Thus the substitution of Socialism for capitalism signifies from the very beginning an enormous advance in liberty, since the rational force of discipline in behalf of individual and common interests takes the place of brutal compulsion in the service of alien and hostile interests; but in the further development of the Socialist society even the compulsion of discipline will gradually disappear, and no compulsion will remain other than that of the individual's own sense of sociability, the appreciation or the blame of his fellowmen.

It is self-evident that with greater or less probability much more can be inferred from the given premises in regard to the various phases of development of the future society: in regard to the technique of labor, artistic activity, the return to the land, etc., there are many valuable hints in our literature. The statements made here, however, suffice for an appreciation of the views of the modern Utopians.

### 3. MODERN UTOPIANISM.

As long as no working class movement was in existence, utopianism was the natural form of Socialism, of the aspiration for a form of society based upon common property. Until the appearance upon the stage of history of a class whose struggles had Socialism for their necessary goal, Socialism was bound to be an artfully contrived idea, of which hopes were entertained that it might be made sufficiently attractive to the rest of mankind. To have foreseen this goal, signified at that time a tremendous advance. Therefore the modern Socialistic working class holds in high honor the great Utopians of the early part of the nineteenth century, whom it regards as its precursors.

Even with the appearance of scientific communism and of the working class movement, Utopianism has not utterly vanished from the scene. The defects and faults of the existing social order are so plainly apparent to countless men outside the working class,

that the question is forced upon them: Could not society be better organized? But only an infinitesimal portion of them come into the workers' camp as allies; the conceptions of the Social Democracy remain foreign to them; and although some, after much difficulty and painful shedding of numberless prejudices, do finally find their way there, the great majority are prevented by bourgeois limitations. To these there is no other course left than to construct a better world in their own imagination and to try to gain adherents to it; to the professional vanity of clever literati it appears far more honorable to invent a "system" of their own, than to be incorporated recruits in the great army of the party of Labor.

Thus the two roots of modern Utopianism are the defects of capitalism and the great intellectual eminence of the Socialist movement, so sharply opposed to all conventional bourgeois conceptions and so far superior to them. But while the classical Utopianism was in advance of its time, modern Utopianism lags behind our age. It remains beneath the intellectual level of the present, because it has not freed itself of the intellectual backwardness of the bourgeois mode of thought. Within the latter, it is true, it occupies an honorable place because of its wider vision and keener critical attitude; this honorary testimonial must compensate it for the fact that it is practically without influence in society. A Utopia, an imagined best order of society, cannot form the program of a fighting class; a Utopia cannot gather around itself a party, it can only be the nucleus of a sect.

It is true that even Utopian social constructions can temporarily gain considerable influence. In America, after the publication of Bellamy's "Looking Backward," a group of people (it was even called a party) was formed, which set for itself the task of realizing the system of society described by Bellamy. Similarly, in the beginnings of the German working class movement the Utopian constructions of Eugen Dühring met with so much response that Engels was forced into the famous controversy with him.

Among all modern Utopian systems, Anarchism in its various forms has become the most influential and significant for the labor movement. In countries that have remained backward in capitalistic development, where the government is in the hands of a small, corrupt clique serving only special petty interests, instead of in the hands of an energetic capitalist class that has strongly organized the power of the State, the Anarchistic watchword, abstinence from corrupting politics, meets with ready response among the workers. Thus it was for a long time in Italy, thus it is still in Spain. As the logical successor to liberalism, it forces the latter's individualism—worship of abstract liberty and aver-

sion to the power of the State and all authority—into a complete opposite to capitalism. Its Socialism is Utopianism, that is, it has no idea of the necessary evolution of social formations upon the basis of the evolution of the forces of production, but places before itself the ideal of an absolutely just and best world, for which it seeks to win adherents by means of propaganda.

Regarded superficially, this ideal appears to have some features in common with the state of society which we have predicted above as the farthest result of evolution. The division of the means of consumption according to need and the absence of all compulsory authority, which we expect as the final consequence of evolution, is set up by the Anarchists as an absolute demand for society. This coincidence is the basis of the curious idea that the Anarchists are more logical and more radical than the Socialists, because they aspire to an order of society that is higher and further developed than the Socialist order of society.

This idea is ridiculous. In the first place, there is no such thing as a definite Socialist order of society. And in the second place the liberty demanded by the Anarchists takes no account of the foundation work—the highly developed productive forces—which alone makes that liberty possible. In Kropotkin's famous work, "The Conquest of Bread," the workers are advised, when the revolution breaks out, to throw off all authority and to establish no new authority, but to combine into free laboring groups. All that could result from this is co-operative, or private, petty industry. The Anarchistic ideal discloses itself here as a petty-bourgeois ideal, a yearning for the "liberty" of the small, independent producer; some Anarchists, who call themselves the most logical, even put their theory into practice and settle as hermits upon some small estate, far removed from the tumult of world conflicts and development.

However, this idea is easily comprehensible, because all those who have not freed themselves from the bourgeois conceptions, hence also the Anarchists, cannot conceive of Socialism and the striving for the abolition of capitalism, otherwise than as the realization of a Utopia. Therefore, they believe the Socialists to be the adherents of a definite future social order, one that has already been fixed and determined upon. This error is especially prevalent in France: the alleged ideal of the Socialists—the socialization of the means of production exclusively—is there called Collectivism, while the more radical, who demand the abolition of all private property, call themselves Communists. It is further said of the Collectivists that they advocate a division of goods according to service, while the Communists want them to be divided according to need.

This idea often prevails among those who seek exact defini-

tions of Socialism and Anarchism, in order to answer the question whether the Anarchists also belong to the great family of Socialists, and whether they are justly or unjustly rejected by the Social-Democrats as illegitimate "brothers." Practically, the question is not of the slightest importance; we fight the Anarchists most energetically, in spite of the fact that they call themselves enemies of capitalism, because they are enemies of the working class movement; because their propoganda always threatens to destroy organization and discipline, the chief weapons of the proletariat in its struggles, and tends to divert the workers from the most important part of their struggle, the conquest of the power of the State. And so it is not because of a formal definition, but in the interests of the practical struggle, that we regard the Anarchists as opponents who do not belong to our Socialist movement.

---

## IN A LARGE CITY

BY DETLEV VON LILIENCRON.

*Translated by Sasha Best.*

To and fro in the great sea of the city,  
Drifts this one and that one, hither and thither—  
One glance in passing, and past and gone:  
The organ-grinder plays his song!

Drops that fall into the great sea of the void,  
This one and that one, hither and thither—  
One glance at a hearse, and past and gone:  
The organ-grinder plays his song!

Swims a funeral procession in the sea of the city,  
This one and that one, hither and thither—  
One glance at my coffin, and past and gone:  
The organ-grinder plays his song!

## SIVA ROCKEFELLER

BY MOSES OPPENHEIMER

The ancient mythology of the Hindus centers around a trinity: Brahma, the creator; Vishnu, the preserver; Siva, the destroyer of life. The greatest of the three is Siva. All the millions of years of Brahma's life are but one day in the life of Vishnu, all the millions of years of Vishnu are but one day in the life of Siva.

Deep truth is hidden beneath that concept of the riddle of the universe. Destruction must go on forever, pitilessly, so that there may be room for new life, new growth. Hence the importance of the destroyer in the scheme of things.

It is from some such high plane that we must assign to John D. Rockefeller his station in history. Rockefeller arrived upon the scene at a time when our economic structure was pregnant with new forms. Science and invention had harnessed mighty forces of nature. The old competitive system was getting outworn, obsolete. The silent forces of creative work were seeking, groping blindly, for greater usefulness, for a larger share in life. Men scarcely knew the direction in which they were being driven, nor the meaning of the new propelling forces. They were still devoted to old ideas, old laws, old concepts of morality.

Then appeared this man, a gigantic genius, one-sided, yet with clear vision of his own possibilities, free from qualms of conscience, endowed with an iron will. He was fated to become the Napoleon of economics, to sweep away the cumbrous ruins of the antiquated competitive order as relentlessly as the man from Corsica swept away the ruins of medieval feudalism. Evolution used both these giants as its iron brooms.

It is doubtful whether Rockefeller at the beginning of his career understood his own mission as that of the economic superman. Yet such he turned out to be, after Friedrich Nietzsche's own heart. Competitors stood in his way: he bought them out or he crushed them. It was all the same to him, as long as he could remove the obstacle. The law as well as the accepted tenets of morality were against him. He brushed them aside with a superior smile of contempt. To him counted only the means that would win. Success was its own justification. He must have room for new creation, for new construction. Hence destruction must clear the pathway.

In the words of Goethe, Rockefeller became "a part of that force which ever desires evil and ever creates the good."

So he worked as the gravedigger of the competitive system, ushering in the new era of combination and organization. He was the tool of destiny, indispensable in the scheme of evolution.

Siva Rockefeller as destroyer is the advance agent of a new order, a higher order. He is the forerunner of destructive and re-constructive Socialism. More than a score of the most eloquent Socialist agitators has he accomplished, in clearing old cobwebs out of the minds of the masses. He has made it plain to millions that the twilight of the gods of the old order is upon us.



He is the product of all the silent forces that have been at work building up the new within the old. This great Siva of our time, grimly tramping under foot old laws, old moralities, bribing our politicians, snapping his fingers at our courts, stands towering at the gateway through which the new order will make its triumphant entry. We should not condemn him. We should learn to understand his place in the process of evolution, his mission as the pioneer of industrial combination.

## THE FLOWER OF THE SELVA

### A TALE OF THE UPPER AMAZON

BY W. E. HARDENBURG

[This story is based upon fact. Mr. Hardenburg is also author of "Putumayo; The Devil's Paradise," published by Fisher Unwin, London.]

The clear, crystal waters of the River Urubamba splashed noisily against the numerous boulders that obstructed our progress, as we wearily pushed our way up-stream. The burning rays of the tropical sun poured down upon us, unrelieved by the slightest breeze, for the steep, high banks of the narrow stream shut out every breath of air. Still the Indian boatmen continued their patient poling, while I—somewhat exhausted by the tedium of the journey—dozed off in a sweet, dreamy slumber, from which I was presently awakened by the voice of Acate, the helmsman.

"Wake up, Senor. We have reached the Mashico rapids and must unload the canoe."

I arose lazily from the box of condensed milk, which had been my seat, and, stepping ashore, fastened the canoe, while the five Indians began to unload the cargo and carry it up the steep bank. Acate had just shouldered his load and was preparing to follow the others, when a yell from the last man caused us to look up. A huge boulder had become detached from its bed and was leaping down the precipitous bank straight for Acate. I shouted to him, but, encumbered by the heavy load strapped to his back, the unfortunate man was unable to turn aside in time, and the boulder, with a final, malignant leap, struck him full in the chest and knocked him into the seething whirlpool at the foot of the rapids.

Aroused from my langour by this catastrophe, I hastily grasped a coil of rope, one end of which was fast to the canoe, and plunged in after him. After severe exertions, I succeeded in getting him out and, finding that he was still alive, within a few minutes restored him to consciousness. A few draughts of my only remaining bottle of Scotch soon fixed him up, except for the great bruise, where he had been struck by the boulder.

That night, when our frugal supper of bread, danta-steak and coffee was over and I was sitting by the fire, smoking my last pipe before turning in, Acate approached my tent. I could see that he wanted to say something, so I spoke.

"Well, Acate, how are you feeling now?"

"Quite well, thank you, senor. You have saved my life and . . . I must tell you something."

"Well, out with it. I'm going to bed directly."

"Senor, I'm going to leave you to-night."

"The devil you are! You forget that you are engaged for the whole trip and that I have advanced you half the money."

"Listen, senor. I had no need to tell you, for I was going to desert to-night, but since you have saved my life, I can't leave you that way, without a word of thanks, so I beg you to let me go. You'll have four men left and they'll be quite enough, now that the dry season has begun. Here, I return you the money you advanced me."

I paused to reflect. If he was bent on going, it would be best to let him have his way, for, if I had to keep him by force, he would be more trouble than help. Still, I rather liked Acate and did not relish the idea of losing him, for he was worth any two of the other men. At last I growled:

"What's your reason? Why didn't you tell me this before?"

"Senor, I can't give you my reason. . . . I didn't tell you before, because I knew you wouldn't take me if I told you I couldn't go all the way, and I had to come."

"Look here, if you can't tell me your reason, you can't go. I suppose you want to leave me, thinking you'll get more money somewhere else. Is that it?"

The Indian was silent a moment. His tall, slim figure—covered only by his long cotton cushma—was silhouetted in bold relief against the moonlit sky, as he stood before me, apparently deep in thought. Then turning to me with a look of sudden resolution, he said:

"Bien, senor. You're an Ingles, so I'll tell you, and you shall be my judge."

Then, still standing before me, Acate told me his tale. Sometimes, during his narration, his voice would break and he would be compelled to stop to master his emotion; again, he would raise his head, which, covered with his long, black hair, resembled a lion in its savage majesty, while his dark eyes gleamed with a diabolical light.

## II.

"Ten years ago, senor," he began, "on a night like this, I was the happiest man in the Campa tribe. Why? Senor, senor, have you never been in love?—but no, white men cannot love; their hearts are too cold.

"For years I had watched the Princess Cuma grow up—from a little, laughing guagua to a woman. She was the daughter of old Guema, our chief—the flower of the selva we called her, for never, in all the tribe, was there a girl like her. Oh, I see her now before me as she was then—those bright, black eyes, that smiling mouth, that laugh, like the murmur of the river; her hair, long, black, luxuriant; her figure, graceful as a fawn's . . . Oh God, why was she born?"

"But I must be calm, patron. It's a long story, but I shall cut it short. I had just passed the test as a warrior and that very afternoon we had finished my little hut. The chief had consented to my suit and on that



fatal evening, we sat together, Cuma and I, planning for the morrow, when she was to become mine. Everything had been made ready; great jars of chicha and masata; meat and farina there was in abundance; a place had been cleared for the dances; everything was there, all ready for the three-days' celebration that would signalize the marriage of the chieftain's daughter with young Acate.

"Until a late hour we sat there, apart from the rest, talking as only lovers can. Then old Guema's voice was heard calling her, and so, with a last, fond kiss, we parted, and I made my way to my new hut, which stood in the forest, a little out of the common clearing. Here I lay for hours, thinking of my great happiness, until, at last, I fell asleep.

But what was this? Thunder, lightning, fire, yells, shrieks and cruel laughs! I dashed out of my hut to the main camp. A horrible scene met my eyes. There was a band of the dreaded white men, all dressed in clothes, whom we had heard of but never seen. The air was thick with smoke, but lighted continually by the terrible lightning of the whites and the blaze of our burning camp. As I rushed forward, spear in hand, I saw numerous corpses lying on the ground, while there, in the distance, struggled a group of women and children in chains. Among these I saw Cuma—my Cuma. Together with old Guema and several others, I leaped forward to the rescue, but once more the awful thunder of the white men was heard, and I knew no more.

"You understand, senor, at that time we knew nothing of firearms. We thought the whites were fiends, sent by the Spirit of Evil himself, who had supplied them with thunder and lightning for our destruction. Thus, such was our surprise and terror that, paralyzed by fear and unable to escape, over two-thirds of our tribe of seventy-odd families were destroyed that night—the men killed and the women and children kidnapped to serve as slaves for the extraction of rubber—that accursed rubber, which has been the ruin of us all.

"I was awakened, patron, by the vultures plucking at my eyes. It was mid-day, and the tropical sunlight poured in a dazzling stream over the ghastly scene that met my gaze. There lay the corpses strewn about among the ashes of the camp, picked at and torn about by an army of vultures. Ay, Dios mio! senor, never shall I forget that spectacle. There lay old Guema's body, completely disembowelled by the carrion birds, intent upon their awful feast . . .

"I arose weakly, and finding that the wound in my breast had started again through the pecking of the vultures, bound it up with a few *piri piri* leaves and then, looking once more upon the sickening sight around me, I dropped upon my knees and registered a vow of vengeance against the fiends responsible for this night's work.

"Senor, I left my people, my blood, my soul, I left everything. I wandered five days, five centuries, without food, without anything, alone in the selva. On the afternoon of the fifth day I stumbled and fell, and, overcome by my weakness, I fainted. How long I lay there I know not;

at last I awoke, and there, bending over me, chafing my hands, stood a white man, but, apparently, of a different tribe, for he wore a long, brown robe, something like our cushmas, and on his feet, instead of shoes, were sandals. I tried to crawl away, but in vain, for, lifting me in his arms, he carried me a few paces and we entered his rancho.

"That holy man was a Capuchin father—Padre Estanislao—and for five long weeks he stopped there, nursing me and curing my wounds. During this period he taught me a little Christianity, some Spanish, the use of firearms and the ways of the white men. Then came the time when I was well and, at last, we parted. It cheers me to think that years afterward I had the pleasure of repaying him, but that's another story.

"As I say, I left the Padre, senor, and for ten long years I wandered through eastern Peru, searching for my Cuma. Sometimes I thought I had found a trace of her, but no, it resulted in nothing. During this time I stopped at nearly all the rubber camps of this region, and, oh God, the sights I have seen in some of them—tortures, flagellations, chains, slavery and lust—all for the fatal black gold of the Amazon.

"At last, wearied and discouraged, I arrived at Iquitos. This, patron, was just before I met you. I found her there.

### III.

"It was on a hot, burning afternoon, when I was walking down the Calle de Prospero, that I met her. I saw a chola, an Indian servant woman, carrying on her head an immense roll of laundry, being pulled about by a group of boys. Chasing them away, I turned to the slave and saw Cuma, but, good God, how changed. Her hair, once abundant, long and glistening, was now thin and mangy; her eyes, formerly like two deep pools of the black water of the forest lakes, were now dull and bleared; her figure—but, oh, senor, I can't go on . . . you understand.

"I turned to her quite calmly and said: 'Cuma, I have found you at last. Do you remember me?'

"She started; then, with a glad cry, she rushed towards me, but stopped half way and hesitated.

"'Oh, Acate, Acate. Is it really you? . . . I thought you were murdered with the rest.'

"'I escaped, Cuma, and have been looking for you ever since, and now . . . I've found you. But we can't talk here—where are you going?'

"She led the way, still carrying the laundry, to a little stream, not far off, that emptied into the Amazon, and there, while she—my Princess Cuma—washed the dirty clothes of her white owner, I listened to her story.

"I will not shock you with her narrative, patron, for it would give me too much pain. It will suffice for you to know that on the very night of their arrival at the white man's house, my Cuma, in spite of her appeals, was ruthlessly violated by the chief, who afterward kept her as the favorite of his harem for nearly three years, when he tired of her and sold her to a friend for forty pounds. During this time she bore him one child, whom he kept when he sold its mother.

"Her new owner suffered from a most repugnant and infectious disease, very common in the Amazon; nevertheless he, too, made her his victim. This lasted about four years, when, becoming short of money, while on a trip to Iquitos, he sold her as a common chola to her present master, a human brute, who flogged her into a state of insensibility, when he learned of the dread malady she had contracted. Continual cruelty had been her portion ever since.

"I ascertained the name of the wretch who had made the raid and who was thus responsible for all this, and turning to the repugnant wreck of her, who, long ago, had been the pride of the Campas, I said:

"Cuma, our lives are wrecked, wrecked by that monster. I have found you, but, alas I have found you ruined. In this life we can never come together; perhaps, in the next, we can. What do you say, Cuma? Shall I end all this for you? I'll follow you as soon as I've settled with the wretch who has caused it all.

"She lay silent in my arms. Then presently she murmured: 'Give me one last kiss, Acate, and I'm ready.'

"So for the last time I kissed those lips, once so pure and sweet, but now scarred and disfigured by the fell disease of which she was the victim.

"Follow me soon, Acate,' she whispered.

"I will, Cuma,' I answered, and five minutes later her spirit had entered the Land of Rest.

"For hours I sat there, holding in my arms the blood-stained corpse of her whom I had loved so well. I was thinking—thinking of the happy days of long ago, of my Cuma, as she was then—pure and spotless as the snowy peaks of our Andean volcanos—before the coming of the 'civilizers.' For, as you know, senor, these fiends say they are 'civilizing' us. I sometimes doubt that there is a God, patron, for what sins have we poor people of the selvas ever committed, that He should deliver us to such punishments? Senor, I know; we are a doomed race. A few years more, and no longer will the foot-steps of the red man be seen within these selvas; no longer will the forest ring with the laughter of our children; no longer will our dug-outs navigate these broad rivers. No, senor. These vast selvas, where we have lived so long, will form the sepulchre of the remnants of my race. The falling leaves of the forest trees will soon cover the rotting bones of the last of the Indians.

"But enough, senor. As I say, I sat there, on the banks of the little stream, until the last red rays of the setting sun hid themselves behind the dark forest across the river. Then, arousing myself with an effort, amidst the fast-falling dusk, I carried the stiff, cold corpse of the selva's daughter to the mouth of the quiet stream and then, pressing a last kiss upon those cold lips, I threw her into the Amazonas.

"Shortly after that, I came with you."

#### IV.

"Well, senor, my tale is finished." He paused a moment, then: "What do you say, patron?"

"Go, Acate, and good luck to you," and I gave him my hand as I asked: "Who's the man?"

"Jose I. Fonseca," he replied, calmly.

"What? Fonseca, the big rubber dealer at Retiro on the Mana?"

He nodded. I knew the man—a wretch, who had accumulated a fortune by the sweat, the sufferings, yes, the very life-blood of his fellow-creatures; a wretch proverbial, even in this vast and tragic theater of lawlessness and crime, for his rapacious cruelty to the unhappy human beings who had the misfortune to become his victims.

So I arose and, unpacking the boxes, gave him a supply of farina, some dried meat, a bottle of native fire water, and a few other necessities for his journey. Then, clasping once more his slim, bronze hand, I said:

"Good-bye and good luck, Acate."

"Good-bye, patron. God will not mark this down against you. He will understand."

And his dark figure disappeared in the gloom of the forest. That was the last I saw of Acate.

\* \* \* \* \*

Six months later I returned to Iquitos and, happening to glance over some local newspapers, which had accumulated during my absence, I saw the following interesting piece of news:

"It is with the utmost regret that we inform our readers of the horrible death of the popular and enterprising Don Jose Inocente Fonseca, one of the foremost explorers of the remote regions.

"It appears that one day, while out inspecting the rubber workers, he was assaulted in a lonely spot by one of these savages, and choked into a state of unconsciousness. Then the assassin dragged his helpless victim several kilometers, into the heart of the forest and, although the latter was still alive, proceeded to crucify him by nailing him to a tree.

"Five days later, the horribly mutilated body of the unfortunate caballero was found by one of his employees. The eyes had been plucked out by the vultures, which had also disembowelled him. Not far off was a rancho, where, judging by the ashes, the Indian had stopped several days to gloat over the prolonged agony of his victim. The criminal was nowhere to be found, having probably made good his escape.

"Senor Fonseca was one of the first to explore and open up the Mana district, and bring the aborigines into the ways and customs of civilization and Christianity. It is sad to think that one of the people he had spent so many years in civilizing, could have repaid him in this manner.

"This is only one proof more of the innate savagery and barbarism of the Indians, and their total unfitness for civilization. Either the Indian must yield to the forward march of progress, or submit to extermination, and it has long been our opinion that the latter is the only true solution of the problem.

"As the lamented Sr. Fonseca has no other heirs, his large fortune—made in the rubber business during the last eight or ten years—will go to his brother, Sr. Fortunato Fonseca."

So Acate balanced the account at last.

## THE INFLUENCE OF THE BALKAN WAR ON THE UNIONS

The International Secretariat of National Trade Union Centres, of which C. Legien, Berlin, Germany, is the secretary, has issued an appeal for the support of the trade unions of Serbia and Bulgaria, in order that these may be able to preserve their labor temples and their press, and assist the families of members who have been hard hit by the war. Mr. G. Pavlovitch, Secretary of the Serbian unions, in his letter to the International Secretariat points out that the work of many years will be lost if no help comes. Exceptional demands are now made upon the trade unions, while the sources of income are absolutely dried up. Mr. Dimitrov, the Bulgarian secretary, reports at length on the effects of the war. His article is very instructive for all workers and given hereunder:

Owing to the strict censorship in this country, which affects also private correspondence, I regret very much that I am unable to present to my foreign comrades a very clear picture of the position here. I cannot give all the facts, nor can I inform them of the probable consequences, as affecting the fighting proletariat, which the war will bring about.

On the 30th of September the order was given for the mobilization of all the armed forces throughout the land, and on the 18th of October war operations were commenced against the Turks. All who had served in the army and had not on the issue of the order completed their 46th year were called to the colors. All recruits who would have been called up in 1913 were enlisted. Macedonians living in Bulgaria were compelled to serve in the Macedonian Volunteer Corps. Only those who had not reached the age of 18 were free from compulsory military service. To the elder men fell the duty of guarding magazines, some being attached to the Red Cross contingents. Employees at the post and telegraph offices, likewise the workers of the State owned colliery and railways, were placed under military control.

All enterprises were after the first few days of the mobilization badly affected and quieted down. Every thing was prepared for the army exclusively. All tailors, shoemakers, joiners, and blacksmiths who had not been called to the colors, including women, were obliged to labor in the workshops of the army without payment, receiving only their keep.

In the different towns the workmen's clubs and meeting rooms were turned into workshops and factories for the military authorities or into magazines and hospitals.

At the same time as the order for mobilization came a decree which proclaimed a state of siege throughout the land and also the strictest censure of the press and private correspondence. Meetings were forbidden. The publication of our political and trade union papers was suspended.

In such circumstances all activity in our organizations is suspended. It has become impossible for them to fulfil their tasks. They are all the more unable to discharge their duties as out of about 10,000 Socialist trade union members only 500 at the most—not counting the railway, post office and telegraph employees—remain at home and these are expecting to lose their employment daily; in fact, most of them are out of work at the present time.

To the Bulgarian trade unions falls the duty of providing for the organized workmen and women, and those whose husbands or sons are on the field of battle. The desperate misery in which the workers and their families live is indescribable. Their lot is made harder and less bearable through the extraordinary increase in price of provisions and the approach of the pitiless winter.

The trade unions are compelled, therefore, to support their own numerous members and families whom the Parish Boards deny assistance. Out of the 30,000 francs held in hand by the trade unions in case of need only a very small amount remains.

Whatever may be the end of the war, one thing is certain, the labor movement of Bulgaria will experience a period of extraordinary difficulty and will have to make great sacrifices. In these troublous times and in the still harder days to come we have but one consolation and hope, and that is that we may reckon on the support of the international proletariat.