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*The*  
**INTERNATIONAL  
SOCIALIST REVIEW**

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*The Fighting Magazine  
of the Working Class*



A Union Seaman, Photo by Lewis W. Hine (See page 155.)

**THE ROOSEVELT IDEA, BY HENRY L. SLOBODIN**  
**CLARENCE S. DARROW ON PATRIOTISM**  
**AUSTIN LEWIS ON THE INJUNCTION**

# THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

OF, BY AND FOR THE WORKING CLASS

EDITED BY CHARLES H. KERR

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# THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

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## Roosevelt's Idea

By

HENRY L. SLOBODIN



LIBERTY or order! Individual freedom or public safety! Sometimes one in the ascendant, sometimes the other; sometimes mutually exclusive, sometimes mutually complementary; these two ideas contended together and with each other throughout the history of all political institutions. It is obvious that governments have come into being as a necessary means of public safety. This meant the limitation of the primitive freedom of the individual. It meant class rule.

\* \* \*

Whenever a government aspires to be greater than the dominating class of whose interests it is the guardian, that class responds by sacrificing public safety and taking liberty for its slogan. The Magna Charta was born of such a struggle. The same happened whenever the King stupidly allied himself with a decaying master class against the aspirations of a rising new class. The French Revolution was the greatest instance of the sacrifice of public safety, so that the dominance of the bourgeoisie be secured. That is all liberty, equality and fraternity meant. Wherever, on the other hand, the advancing bourgeoisie secured control of the government, public safety was inscribed on its banners. When parlia-

ment and crown, or the cities and the King, became allies against the robber barons, they said little about liberty and equality and a great deal about law and order.

The ruling class availed itself impartially now of one, now of the other principle, as it best served its interests. Where the political supremacy of the master class was undisputed, the morality of the day consisted in preaching law and order. Public safety became enthroned. The government was a sacred institution. But whenever the government threatened to escape from the control of the master class, then it became in the eyes of that class a thing of evil; to be hardly tolerated; whose activities should be confined to looking for drunkards and mad dogs.

These two policies of government contended for supremacy since the foundation of our government. The Hamiltonians proclaimed zealously the interests of public safety; the noble sovereignty of a strong government. The Jeffersonians declared for the sacredness of individual liberty.

\* \* \*

Our own day and generation seems to have come under the dominance of the Jeffersonian policy. The economic power of the capitalist class is boundless and undisputed. So great has the power of that class now become, that it is in a

position to fulfill, in its private capacity, all the functions of a sovereign government. It can maintain private armies and protect its property and the lives of the capitalists. It can wield force, the chief attribute of sovereignty. It can also issue its own money. And with the organization of the trusts internationally, the capitalist class will be in a position to manage, through its private agents, the foreign affairs of the nation. It is a mistaken notion that political power resides only in the government. Any social class or group which is in a position to impose its will or its interests on any other class or group of society, regardless of state and government, is a political power. Our capitalist class possesses such political power. It has no more need of the agencies of government. It looks upon them with hostility or contempt. It is true that the capitalist class uses the government. But that is contrary to its own desire. It would much prefer to starve the people into abject submission by closing the mines and stopping the railways and factories. Instead it must contend with government commissions. It would much prefer to use the Pinkerton armies instead of the militia. To admit the supremacy of the government; to be forced to contend for its control; is to fight a battle which it must in the end lose. Of this our capitalist class is aware. Hence its attempt to organize its political forces outside of the government. In this the capitalist class is aided by the theory that ours is a government of limited powers. Also by one branch of the government itself—the judiciary. Since the days of Marshal, the judiciary has been assiduously engaged in plucking the feathers out of the eagle's wings. It was, I think, Comrade Russell, who wrote on the "Treason of the Senate." He has been wasting good ammunition in the wrong direction. His penchant for the unearthing of public corruption has led him on the trail of the thieving United States Senate. The real treason to nation and state was wrought in the courts which transferred political power and sovereignty from the government to the ruling class in its private capacity. As part of the class struggle, there is the struggle on the one side for

enlarging, on the other for further curtailing the owners of our government. Invariably, the working class is found on the side clamoring for the extension of the functions of government and, invariably, the capitalist class demand the curtailing of them.

\* \* \* \*

Such in brief is the political situation now and such it was when Roosevelt appeared on the arena of national politics.

Roosevelt appeared as a man of destiny. The conspiracy of the Republican bosses to have Roosevelt "kicked upstairs" was frustrated by the finger of Providence or the hand of Cholgosz. While serving McKinley's unexpired term, Roosevelt made a display at carrying out McKinley's policies. This was a decorous make-believe which misled no one. For there was a vast difference in the make-up of these two men. McKinley was a shrewd politician. Capitalism and republicanism were his God and his religion. He took his colors from Hanna. And Hanna, on one occasion, declared earnestly that God was a republican. Roosevelt spoke of McKinley with reverence in public and with contempt in private. On one occasion he referred to McKinley as a "stuffed club." He is too aristocratic to be a mere tool and he loathes the vulgarity of mere money-worship. For all that or because of that he served the capitalist class far more ably than McKinley. For Roosevelt is essentially aristocratic in his inclinations and sympathies. He never concealed his detestation of the ideals and aspirations of democracy. It is writ large in his works. He spoke with contempt of Jefferson as a demagogue. He said plainly that he despised the city workingmen and compared them unfavorably with the lawless, almost savage, cowboys. Certainly, he made use of the popular-catch phrases in his speeches. But no one need be misled by a word or a phrase, as his real views can always be found in his books.

\* \* \* \*

Roosevelt is not to be disposed of by a joke nor annihilated by denunciation. His pretensions are not to be laughed at. For they were recognized, not only by the American people, but also by the

governments of the great powers. Nor could the Socialists consistently denounce him. For what reason? Because he stood in defence of interests of the capitalist class? But he never pretended or promised to stand for anything else. In his frankness Roosevelt is almost brutal and stands head and shoulder above the politicians of our time. He compares favorably with Bryan, who is medieval in his observatism, and he towers above Hearst, who never means and is never true to what he says. It is true that Roosevelt denounced the Socialists as enemies of the existing religions and marriage institutions. It is obvious that Roosevelt is ignorant of the subject. The Socialist party declared religion to be a private matter and has nothing to say regarding the family. But there are few Socialists who do not hope and work for nobler religious institutions than the present ones and for a purer family than the existing one. Instead of avowing it frankly, the Socialists have adopted the method of disclaiming any views on these subjects or of asserting that they are positively in favor of leaving religion and family as it is. What good this method does us, I fail to perceive. The harm is obvious. Misunderstanding and misrepresentation become rampant. And Roosevelt is merely a victim of his ignorance. It is said by some that Roosevelt is an inveterate liar. This may be true for all I care. It is of no consequence. Roosevelt is a great public personage. We are concerned not with his morals, but with his ideas and policies.

\* \* \* \*

Roosevelt is a man with an idea. He is also an anachronism. He is certainly for the existing order with all his heart. But this is not all that he is. He does not believe that the people are fit to govern themselves; nor does he believe that the capitalists, the mere money-grubbers, know how to govern the people. Triumphant democracy suits Roosevelt not at all, and a mere money-bag civilization does not enlist his sympathies. Roosevelt stands for a governing class, distinct from the owning class and superior to the people.

Roosevelt is a man of "law and order;"

a man of "public safety;" of stern capitalist justice. He abhors the shibboleths of Democracy. During the Moyer-Haywood agitation he told a well-known Socialist that if he had his way he would have stood Debs to a wall and filled him with lead.

A story is related of Roosevelt's nursery days. He was playing with some children in a neighbors house. The mother of the children entered the room. She found the children playing church. There was the audience, there was the minister, but Teddy was not in the room. "Where is Teddy?" she asked, surprised that he did not occupy the spot light in the play. "Oh, was the answer, "Teddy is in the next room; he is God Almighty." True or not, the story is characteristic of the man. To govern has become with him a fixed idea. All classes must submit to this idea. He did not hesitate to utter a scathing denunciation of "rich malefactors," and the people believed that Roosevelt was actuated by a holy indignation against the economic injustice. They threw their hats up in the air for Roosevelt. As a matter of fact, capitalism has no abler, no more consistent defender than Roosevelt. But Roosevelt has no patience with the attempt of the capitalist class to emasculate the government. In this he finds himself at odds with his class. Therein lies the secret of his insurgency.

Also the source of his popularity. Roosevelt is a Hamiltonian with a vengeance. He not only believes in a strong, efficient government, but also in a strong efficient governing class, independent of the economic classes. In this he is the most utopian reactionary that was ever prominent in American politics. His task is hopeless. Governing classes are disappearing fast wherever they existed. One can govern in United States in our time by the mandate of the capitalist class only. And the working class is struggling for the control of the government. No other artificial group has any place or chance. But this does not deter Roosevelt. He masks his desires and works with the drift.

\* \* \* \*

Roosevelt shows a deep understanding

of the game of politics. He appreciates the value of the spectacular. Therein he emulates no less an authority than God himself. According to Heine, God gave the commandments to his chosen people on Mount Sinai, amidst thunder and lightning. Now, says Heine, the thunder and the lightning, the fire and the clouds, added nothing to the value of the commandments, and their absence would not have subtracted one jot from their merits. But the dear Lord knew his oxen. He knew that commandments uttered amidst thunder and lightning would have infinitely better chance of being remembered, than if given in a prosaic, work-a-day manner. Our hero has a genius for self-advertising. For this he uses nations, Kings and Kaizers. Just now we find him among the Pennsylvania miners, "incognito." An automobile concern put a car at his disposal. Then it proceeded to advertise the fact, so as to get its money's worth out of the affair. Roosevelt sent the chauffeur and the car about their business for having violated the imposed secrecy. And then proceeded to introduce himself at each step, to old and young! "I am Col. Roosevelt, ex-president of the United States." It became evident that there was no danger of the colonel straining a leg in trying to keep his "incognito." Also that if any advertising was to be gotten out of the trip, Roosevelt was to get it and not any old car.

\* \* \* \*

The working class wants a strong government. Roosevelt wants it too. But he has no understanding or sympathy for the aspirations of the working class to be freed from economic exploitation. Roosevelt believes in the right of the capitalists to own the country. He believes it to be right for the workingmen to work and be exploited. But he also be-

lieves it to be providential for the Roosevelts to preside over both classes and rule them for their own good. If he had his way, he would have established caste in this country. He called men of his class to power. But they showed no sympathy for his plans. His failure with Taft was particularly ludicrous. It was absurd for him to look to the Bench for a strong government man. The "judicial mind" consists in having no understanding for any other public policy except the "liberty" of capitalist exploitation. The now classic exclamation: "Liberty! What crimes are committed in thy name!" would particularly fit the present situation. "Freedom of contract! By this sign shall we be saved!" the capitalists say, Freedom to work tender childhood; Freedom to keep mine and shop in unsanitary and dangerous condition. Freedom to sell adulterated goods and poisonous foods. Oh, their name is legion, these freedoms of capitalism. They are all equally dear to Taft's heart. No government may be permitted to interfere with these freedoms.

\* \* \* \*

People wonder why Roosevelt chose Taft. As a matter of fact he had no choice. He stands alone with his idea of a governing class, supreme over the economic classes. The capitalist class distrust his idea, but it knows that it can trust the man. Should capitalism be really threatened, Roosevelt would be the man of the hour to "save society." There is the making of a Galifet, the butcher of the Commune, in Roosevelt. In blood and iron, Roosevelt would come into his own. No man's future is as pregnant with fateful events, fateful and terrible to the working class, as is Roosevelt's future. The workingmen should watch Roosevelt. The Socialists will watch him.



Gatling Gun Protection for the Scabs

## The Street Car Strike at Columbus

BY

EBER F. HESTON

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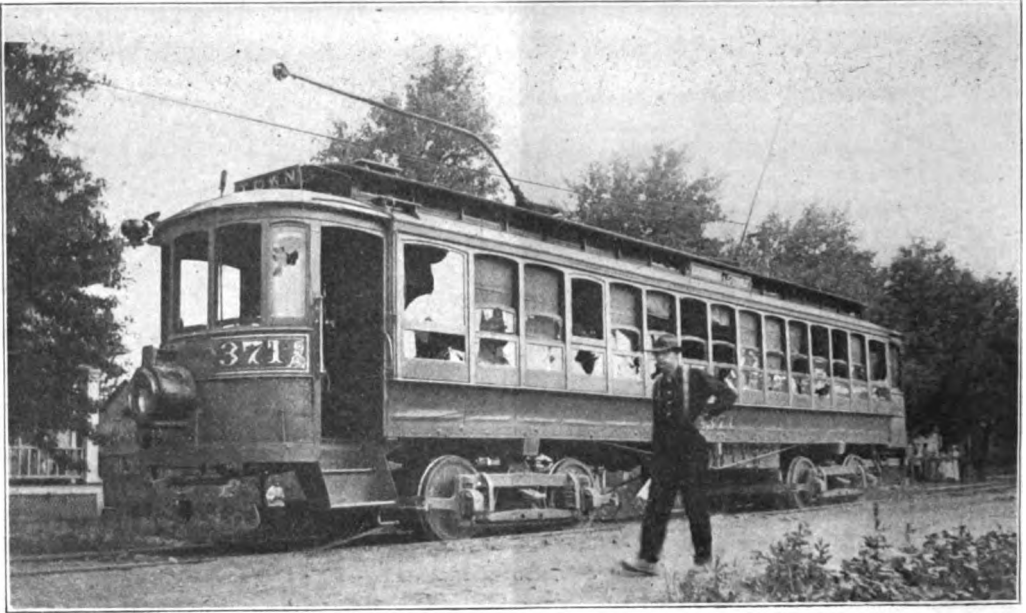


**A**FTER a brief struggle of a week's duration against the intolerable and slavish conditions prevailing in connection with the Columbus Railway & Light Co., the employees, who had recently organized Local 538 of the A. A. of S. & E. R. E. of A., came to an agreement on May 4th, 1910, with the company, whereby, among other concessions granted, there was to be no discrimination between employees because of membership in any union. But the agreement was no sooner made, than the company immediately began to seek ways and means of breaking it and disrupting the union. Among other things, they began to convert Milo Barns into what is now popularly known as Ft. Stewart in honor (?) of General Manager Stewart. They began to discriminate in the treatment of

the men ruthlessly discharging many without cause, sending thugs, thieves, spies and strong-arm-men among them to browbeat and intimidate them, hoping thereby to disrupt the union. Although the men were beaten unmercifully by these thugs, insulted by detectives and mistreated by the officials of the company, they hung together valiantly and did everything possible to strengthen their position before the public.

On June 20th, the carmen charged discrimination against the union men on the part of the company, but the company, however, does nothing but deny the contentions of the men, making false statements in order to fortify its position, whereupon, the men unanimously vote to strike leaving the time for it to go into effect with the executive board.

On the 22nd of June, the boys offered to arbitrate their differences but the company refused. About this time the big



Some One threw Beans and Rice

business interests of the city were about to hold an industrial exposition. Some three hundred of them petitioned the boys to refrain from putting the strike into effect until after the exposition. The minority maintained that the men should strike at once regardless of these interests, stating that no matter what they may say for or against Manager Stewart, these business men were his natural friends; but, that since groups of men follow their material interests, that, if the strike was put into effect at once, they seeing their own interests in jeopardy, would certainly be more inclined to bring pressure to bear upon Stewart then, than later. The majority desired to defer action in order to capture public sentiment. But the same business interests represented by the Chamber of Commerce gave the State Board of Arbitration formal notice of a strike pending, whereupon the board, an obedient tool of capitalistic interests, asserts its power to probe the situation and began June 24th, for the first time in its history, a compulsory hearing.

This hearing, in my opinion, was a farce pure and simple and was only bene-

ficial, in that it afforded a means of placing the carmen's wrongs before the people. The board, itself, allowed evidence to be given and construed in such a way that black appeared white and white, black in favor of the company, yet while this was the case, enough truth came to the ears of the public to overwhelmingly convict the company of discrimination and many other abuses against the union men. The board, with the aid of the company's lawyers endeavored to get each of the men, by means of leading questions and other unfair methods, to construe all relations with the company, its officials, agents and so forth, as such, that the public might be lead to believe that there was no intimidation on the part of the company with the individual, personally, who was being questioned.

In one instance one man admitted no intimidation to himself, personally, when in fact he had been nearly killed by one of the company's thugs. One witness objected to these methods in questioning witnesses and was given to understand that those methods were perfectly proper and the witness left the stand with the absolute knowledge that the board was



but a tool of the corporation interests. During the hearing, the Railway & Light Company admits the importation of strike breakers but the hearing goes merrily on, enabling the company to train men for breaking the proposed strike.

On July 11th the carmen appealed to Gov. Harmon to invoke the law. Nothing doing.

On July 20th the hearing was stopped in hopes of a peace conference, but it seems to be a play on the part of the company for more time, as on the 22nd the company refuses to renew negotiations.

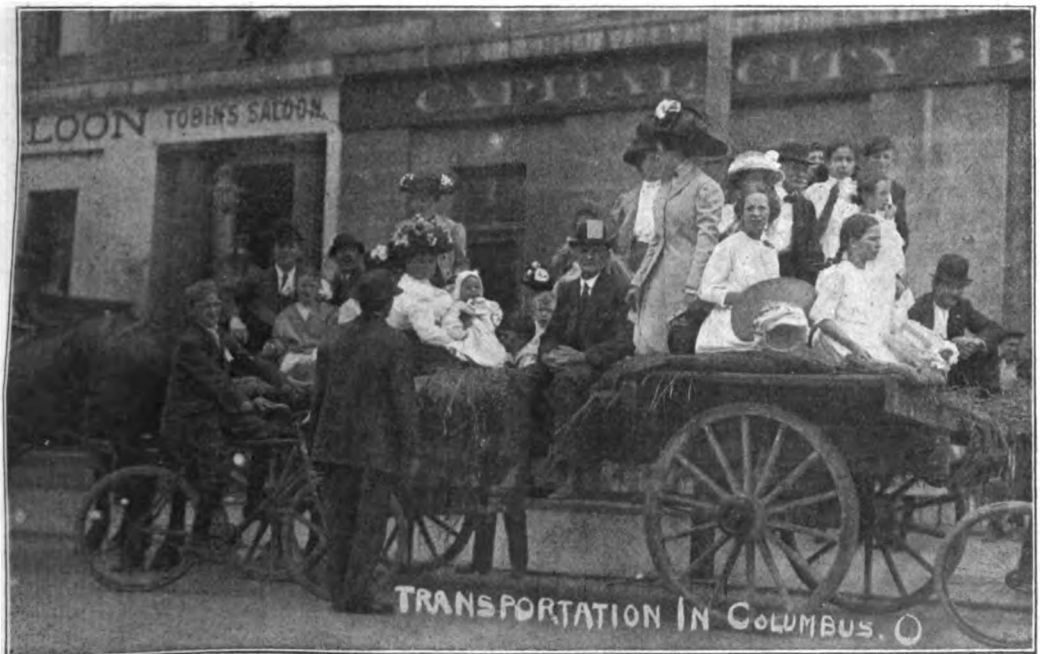
On July 23rd a mass meeting was called in which the men voted to go on strike at 4 A. M.

On July 25th, 17 out of 122 cars were operated with automobile protection. There was some rioting in which sixty-one arrests were made. At this time the arbitration board rendered its decision which found discrimination on the part of the company, but it clothed the findings in such language that the company may be able to secure a more or less victory based upon this decision. It was, of

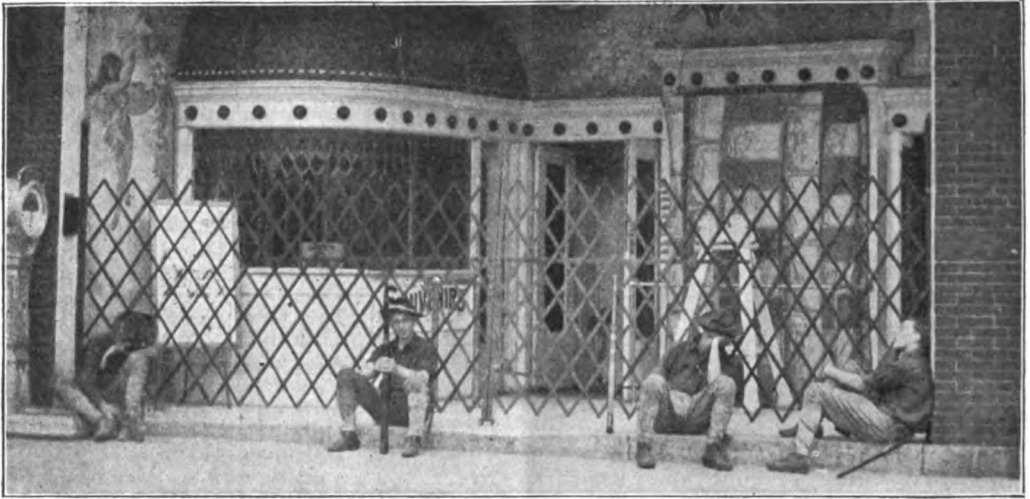
course, absolutely impossible for this board to have rendered a decision showing no discrimination, for in face of the overwhelming evidence, it would defeat the purpose of the board, viz. to deceive the carmen and the public as to its real objects and aims in protecting capital from the onward march of the labor movement.

July 26th finds the rioting increasing and non-union men firing into the crowds inciting violence in order to secure the militia and on the next day Mayor Marshall, a pretended friend of the carmen when appealing for their votes but now a willing tool of corporation interests, called, in obedience to their demands, on the sheriffs for assistance, also ordering troops. All cars were ordered stopped by his orders for a day and a half awaiting the arrival and distribution of troops and July 29th at 4:30 P. M. cars again were started protected at each street corner with troops. The rioting, however, continued and the next day reinforcements composed of two regiments were ordered to Columbus.

On Sunday July 31st, there was held a



Transportation in Columbus, Ohio



There are many Union Men Troopers

huge mass meeting on the steps of the State Capitol Building, under the auspices of the Central Labor Federaton. At this meeting, addresses were made by the National Organizer, Fred Fay, of the carmen's union, Attorney Bope, counsel for the union, James Henderson, a Socialist speaker, Secretary Savage of the State organization of the U. M. W. A. and others. This meeting was a success, and was attended with no violence

On August 1st, Governor Harmon brought a proposition to the men from the company, stating that the company was willing to make terms with the men provided they throw away their buttons, the emblem of their membership in a union. Business Agent Miller, for the men, replied that this would never be done, whereupon, Governor Harmon remarked, "Why! you are farther apart than I thought you were," thus disclosing his interests in the welfare of the corporation. There will be many Harmon buttons thrown away this fall, judging from the socialist sentiment developing among the boys.

On August 2nd, the Chamber of Commerce, that august body, that union of business men which has for one of its main objects the exploitation of labor, began to seek a means of peace. It is a notable fact that in one of the meetings

that the Mayor was severely criticised for the manner in which he was controlling the situation and that he had remarked in the course of an address before that body, that he had risked his life in order to save the property of Columbus Railway & Light Co. While at the same time to the union leaders, he appeared as their friend in the controversy.

Cyrus Huling of this body, which had been so anxious for the strike to be deferred until after the exposition, offered a resolution demanding that the city be ruled with an iron hand. Rev. Washington Gladden, who would have labor believe that he is labor's friend, seconded this resolution. He who preaches a sermon on the Prince of Peace, advocated the iron, rule of a Czar. What does this rule mean? It means that labor must be crushed by Russian tactics. It means that as Gen. Speaks, one of the officers in command, interprets it, that a citizen must be arrested on the slightest pretext, innocent or otherwise. It means that if your wife should forget herself to the extent of calling a scab, a scab, she is subject to arrest. Dr. Gladden is one of those, who are always active in negotiating peace, but always trying to get the men to concede something. It is time that we, as laborers, know this man as he really is,

a tool of the corporation interests. Dr. W. O. Thompson, President of the O. S. U., one of the chief negotiators for a settlement of the last strike, declared in a sermon given at the Broad St. M. E. Church, that the people should hold themselves in conformity with the constituted authorities and held that sentiment and passion or acts begotten by them becloud and distort judgment and render it of little value. When we remember this man, acting with Dr. Glidden in the settlement of our last strike, using the influence of his official position, as the head of one of the largest institutions of learning in the land, defending the iron rule instigated and made necessary by the vested interests who rob labor of the major portion of labor's creation, we cannot but feel that there must be some truth in the Socialist contention that our colleges are subsidized and that the sources of information are no longer dependable. May the social revolution which is in the process of formation drive such useless appendages to society to the wall, is the wish of all liberty loving citizens.

Workers of Columbus, it is now up to you to decide what you shall do with

your property commonly known as the Columbus Railway & Light Company. Legally, it is true, that certain wealthy individuals living in Philadelphia and elsewhere own a big portion of our streets, but in reality labor has produced everything of value in connection with this corporation. Every rail manufactured and laid, every spike driven, every tie placed in position, every wheel rolled and every ticket taken, represents the blood and sweat of suffering labor and the so-called capital invested, represents the accumulated surplus above the laborer's wage, which he created but did not receive. If labor creates this and did not receive it, manifestly, labor has been robbed of the results of that much of his labor. Hence, the corporation known as the Columbus Railway & Light Co is entirely labor's creation, every job and tittle. And since this is the case, it is deplorable that we have given over our streets to a few Philadelphia millionaires with which to grind and browbeat their employees who have asserted their manhood to the extent of demanding a slightly greater portion of what they produce. It is up to the people of Columbus, who have been



Furnishing Coffee to Strikers, Columbus, Ohio

insulted and shot down by hired assassins of this souless corporation, to decide by their votes whether such unjust conditions shall prevail. Above all do not scab at the polls. Vote the Socialist ticket, take possession of your streets, own and control them in your own interests. Own your own job and work will be a pleasure; hours will be short; remuneration will be sufficient to supply generously all the needs of life. Your grievances will pass away; cars will be kept in a sanitary condition; "refrigerators" will pass away into the past history; crowded cars will be unknown; ample service during rush hours can and will be provided. Your fares can be taken in a quiet and gentlemanly way by a quiet, unruffled, calm and dignified conductor, who is prepared at all times to answer all questions. The motormen, no longer performing the service for three or four cars, can stop and start cars gently. Thus accidents will pass away into the ridiculous department of History. Vote the Socialist ticket and rule the disposition of labor's creation.

Some of the signs of a new approaching era are seen in the fact that the 6th Regiment contributed \$500.00 towards the support of the men, showing that when we are ready to capture the reins of gov-

ernment, we need fear nothing from that score. The soldiers wore "United We Walk" buttons and were on the whole in sympathy with the carmen. The people have nobly walked long weary miles to and from work in order to achieve labor's victory. The unions have been with us without regard to any affiliations. It is a fine spirit expressed by the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, an organization not affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, when this class-conscious body contributed \$500.00 to the cause, bespeaking the coming solidarity of labor in its future battles.

On August 9th, the last regiment of troops was removed. The special police and the regular force are to police the city while the sheriff has deputized his assistants to police the lines outside the city. The rank and file of the regular police are with the carmen. They have their own troubles, since Mayor Marshall vetoed the ordinance giving them an eight hour day. The Mayor claimed that the city must economize but he permitted his own salary to be raised without protest. But since the company is offering a reward of \$200.00 for the arrest and conviction of offenders against its property, the boys can expect many false arrests and arrests for minor offenses at the hands of the special officers many of whom belong to the riff raff of the country.

As this article goes to press, the strike committee have proposed to submit their demands to the State Board of Arbitration but the company remains unmoved from its former position. These demands include absolute recognition of the union, an arbitration clause by which all future differences are to be settled by arbitration and a wage scale of 25 cents an hour for the first years service and 27 cents an hour thereafter. Fifty-six policemen have refused to ride the cars and will be dismissed. The sheriff has deputized fifty strike breakers and the Governor has again ordered the troops out, not to protect the striking citizens but to aid the professional strike-breaking thugs. How this government of-for and by the capitalists loves to protect the workers when they demand a little more prosperity.



I Hate a Scab

# Military Dick of Ohio

By

R. U. WISE



ENATOR Charles Dick, who is division commander of the Ohio National Guard and Father of the iniquitous Dick Military Law, spent some time this month showing

the street car strikers at Columbus what the army is maintained for.

The reports have it that everytime the boys on strike tried to get together to talk over the situation or attempted to remonstrate with scabs, Senator Dick (going to "run" again this fall") would order his troops to disperse them. The papers say the officials have ordered that the crowds shall not be permitted to form under any circumstances. "Go to any lengths to prevent this," is the order given.

It is a little bit unfortunate that Senator Dick should be called upon to show his hand so close to the fall elections, but the working class in Ohio has shown itself willing to be fooled so many times in the past, that Military Dick probably thinks he will be able to bamboozle them again this fall.

Under the Dick Military Law military service is made compulsory. Men on strike against their employers can be commanded at the will of an army officer and dragged into service.

This outrageous law was sneaked through both houses of Congress and signed by Theodore, the best friend the trusts have ever had.

But we are not surprised to see Senator Dick turning the troops against the workers of Columbus. We expected the Grand Trunk Railroad to call for the militia to be sent to Durand, Michigan, to intimidate the men on strike there.

**The army is maintained to subdue wage workers when they unite to demand a little more of the goods they create. It is the tool of the capitalist class, the weapon used by them to keep the workers in subjection.**

Thanks to the growing intelligence of the workingmen and women, and the lessons taught us so well in Columbus and elsewhere, the workers no longer can be wooed into joining the Army. All the pathetic dribble of the Willie Hearst, and other capitalist papers about Boy Scouts is unable to bring into life any spirit of patriotism among the men who work and who are beginning to use their brains.

They know the workingmen have no country—the capitalists own them all. They have reached the point where they refuse to lend themselves to schemes for increasing an army that is organized for the purpose of crushing down their efforts to secure better living conditions.

You can look for the patriot in Pennsylvania and you will find him not. The boys along the Grand Trunk know what the troops are maintained for. They have just met them in their last victorious strike.

In Ohio too they are learning their lesson well. The Army is gaining the ignominy it so surely deserves, for we have come to see that it is one of the instruments that makes slaves of workingmen and working women. It is in the service of the **CAPITALIST CLASS.**

\* \* \*

**Extracts from the Dick Military Law.**

Section 1. That the militia shall consist of **every ablebodied** male citizen of the **respective States and Territories** and the District of Columbia, and **every able-**

bodied male of foreign birth who has declared his intention to become a citizen, who is more than eighteen and less than forty-five years of age, and shall be divided into two classes: The organized militia, to be known as the National Guard of the State, Territory, or District of Columbia, or by such other designations as may be given them by the laws of the respective States or Territories; the remainder to be known as the **Reserve Militia**: **Provided**, That the provisions of this Act and of section sixteen hundred and sixty-one, Revised Statutes, as amended, shall apply only to the militia organized as a land force.

Section 4. That whenever the United States is invaded or in danger of invasion from any foreign nation, or of rebellion against the authority of the government of the United States, or the President is unable with the regular forces at his command to execute the laws of the Union, it shall be lawful for the President to call forth such number of the militia of the States or of the States or Territories or of the District of Columbia as he may deem necessary to repel such invasion, suppress such rebellion, or to enable him to execute such laws, and to issue his orders for that purpose, through

the governor of the respective State or Territory, or through the commanding general of the militia of the District of Columbia, from which States, Territory, or District such troops may be called, to such officers of the militia as he may think proper.

**Provided further**, That when the military needs of the Federal Government arising from the necessity to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrection, or repel invasion, cannot be met by the regular forces, the organized militia shall be called into the service of the United States in advance of any volunteer force which it may be determined to raise.

\* \* \*

AT THIS MOMENT THE MILITIA IS ENGAGED IN INTIMIDATING STRIKERS IN MICHIGAN; IT IS HELPING THE STREET CAR COMPANY IN COLUMBUS IN ITS FIGHT AGAINST THE MEN: IT IS BEATING, KILLING AND ENDEAVORING TO CRUSH OUT THE SPIRIT OF UNION AMONG THE MEN IN THE IRWIN MINING DISTRICT, IN PENNSYLVANIA THIS IS WHAT THE MILITIA IS USED FOR!

But what confounds intelligence is that in all Countries, the beggars, the poverty-stricken, the disinherited, the over-worked beast of burden, ill-fed, badly housed, badly clothed, badly educated as are the three-fourths of the inhabitants of every Country, march like one man, at the first call, whatever may be the cause of the war.

People who would not take one step to render a service to their neighbours, workers like themselves, march hundreds of miles in order to get killed for the masters who sweat them.

Hervé.



Stockade at Herminie, Pa.

## The Class War in the Coal Fields

By

THOMAS F. KENNEDY



**THE Strike** are the words most appropriate to designate an article dealing with the situation in the Irwin coal field, because it is the strike of the year if not of the decade.

There was nothing out of the ordinary about any of the other strikes that have occurred so far this year. The biggest strike in point of numbers and duration is that of the Illinois miners. It has been since its inception strictly orthodox, including the conflict of authority between the district organizations and the National Board and Presi-

dent Lewis. In Illinois both sides were, and had for years, been organized. All of the arts of diplomacy and bargaining were exhausted before the strike was declared. It is warm, pulsing stomachs against steel safes full of gold.

The Irwin strike is rashly unorthodox. Excepting the formal declaration it has all of the characteristics of a violent revolution.

More persons have been killed, injured and taken prisoners than in many of the bloody uprisings in the Balkans or South America which are so regularly exploited on the front pages of the "Joinals."

Fifteen persons, two of them women,

have met violent bloody deaths. Some of these were killed in open conflict, others in skirmishes, but most of them were brutal, cold-blooded murder of men who dared to tell a prospective scab that there was a strike on.

Nobody knows how many strike breakers have been killed at work owing to inexperience and their bodies burned or secretly buried at night. When a big mine is running with experienced men there is hardly a day passes without some being killed or badly injured, but if there are any accidents now nobody ever hears about them. Of course they are killing men and like wise of course they are burying them secretly, probably with the connivance of the county authorities.

Some of those arrested were deputy sheriffs. One is in jail for the most brutal, cold-blooded murder in the criminal annals of Pennsylvania. Three others are out on bond charged with murder. One operator is out on bond for having kicked and killed a pregnant woman.

Some of the strikes that received so much notoriety from both the capitalist and socialist press were but child's play alongside of this. The waist maker's strike in New York was a case in point. Proximity of course had much to do with it. The capitalist papers could safely excoriate the little capitalists that are engaged in the waist industry. They did not own the papers. They did not furnish any of the advertising and gave the "Jionals" a chance to prove to the workers how they love them.

For shocking sensations, intensely dramatic incidents and solid elemental tragedy this Irwin strike surpasses anything since Homestead.

There were not fifteen killed in the skirmish of the waist makers, no three hundred injured, no 1100 prisoners taken as has been the case in Irwin. There were no fourteen foot stockades to keep strike breakers in and strikers out. There was no regiment of "Black Hundreds" collected from the slums and barrel houses of Pittsburg and other cities, armed to the teeth and sworn in as deputy sheriffs. There were no evictions from company houses and an enforced life in overcrowded tents like nomads of the desert.



Family of John Potlar who was Murdered by a Deputy

The whole labor press of America have neglected not only their duty but their opportunities in this Irwin strike. While they are discussing craft autonomy and shouting with joy about Bucks, one of the greatest battles of the class war is raging and they don't even seem to know it, excepting in Pittsburg.

The Greensburg Argus, a Democrat organ published in Greensburg has done good service in exposing the insolent, drunken thugs that parade around armed to the teeth looking for trouble and if they can't find it—making it. The Washington Labor Journal edited by William Black, a printer and published or edited in Washington, Pa. has published every word it could secure about the strike.

When the deputies commit an especially vicious act of villany in true bandit style, they always cut the telephone wires so that the first report that reaches the rest of the world is their own cooked up account.

Of course the operators being the most powerful and wealthiest capitalists in Pennsylvania can easily muzzle the capitalist press. They have muzzled it and only very small harmless items appear in their inside pages except in the "Leader."

They are offering \$6.00 an oven for men to pull coke. A man can pull three ovens a day so that they are offering



\$18.00 a day for strike breakers. They are offering all kinds of minor inducements such as free fare, free furniture, moving and free rent. The regular price for pulling coke in the Irwin field is about 75 or 85 cents an oven.

#### The Union War Chest.

The Syndicalists can scoff at the war chest, but had it not been for the war chest of the Miners' Union, the strike would be but a memory. As soon as the slaves revolted they were ordered out of the company houses. Had the strikers been obliged to get out of the district there would have been no difficulty about getting and keeping strike breakers. But in anticipation of the evictions the officials of the Miners Union ordered 400 tents used in Alabama and bought 100 more, making 500 tents now in use. In many cases where a man rents from a private individual or owns his own home as some of the miners do around the larger towns, the men and boys occupy the tents while the women and smaller children sleep in the houses.

The camps are a constant reminder that there is a strike. The stupidest strike breaker is bound to discover the meaning of the camps before he is very long on the job. So long as there is one single striker's tent in the Irwin field the strike is not over.

At first living in the camps was a picnic and was the first holiday some of the miners and their families have had in their lives. But now summer is on the decline. Already the nights are chilly and crisp October is only a month ahead so the strikers are chaffing and growing impatient. The growing frequency of clashes with guards and scabs is evidence of their growing desperation.

The scab hunters tapped a rich vein about the middle of August. In 1903 the Meyersdale region was swamped with new importations to break a long drawn out and bitterly contested strike. The Union was annihilated and the strikers driven out and pursued with a relentless black list. The scabs were never white washed and never forgiven but



Camp at Madison, Pa.

were treated by the survivors of 1903 as traitors and enemies. For several years the operators in the low coal of central Pennsylvania have been so hard pressed by competition with the cheaply mined coal of West Virginia that the mines have been idle or partly idle. For several years work has been slack and times hard around Meyersdale so that it was not difficult for the scab hunters to prevail on those that had scabbed in 1903 to scab again.

They know what they are doing too. They are not being deceived as are so many. They are going to stay. They are going armed and to a comrade who spoke to a batch of them going to Latrobe, they said they would shoot the first man that dared to attack or molest them even so much as by telling them there was a strike. These are the first experienced miners that have been brought in to take the places of the strikers. They are foreigners and of the same nationality that is the backbone of the strike in the Irwin field. These fellows should be able to get at least \$10.00 a day and I have no doubt they will.

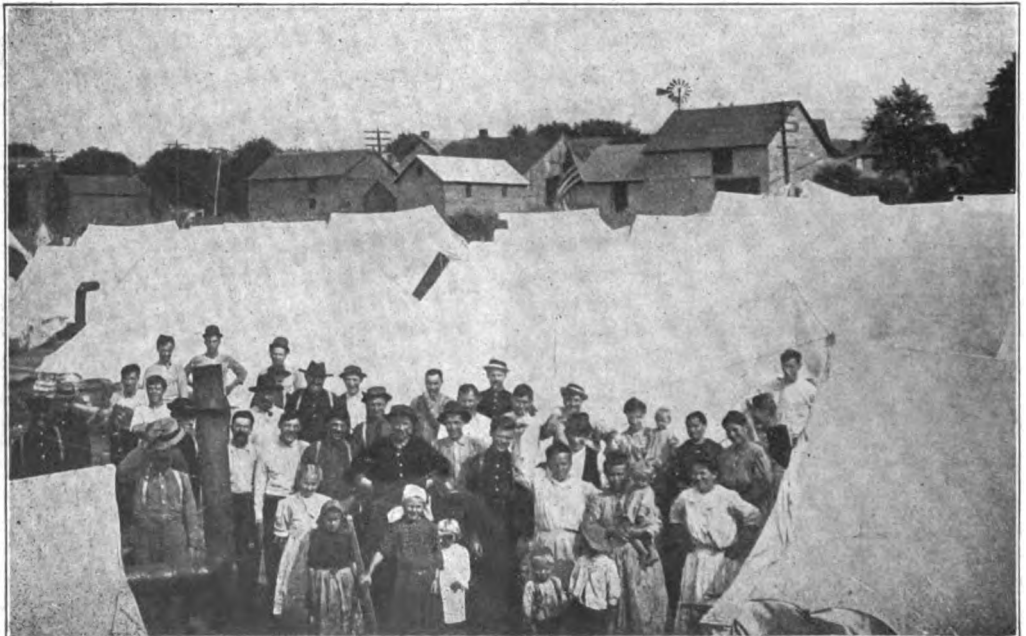
**Cossacks vs. "Black Hundreds."**

Brutal as the state constabulary have

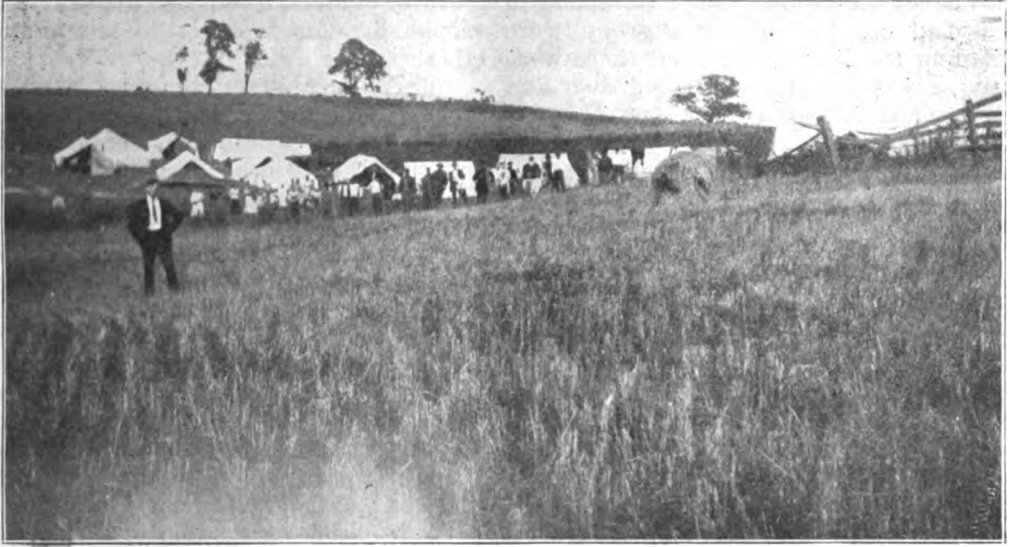
shown themselves on numerous occasions the testimony on all sides is overwhelming that compared with the thugs and bums engaged as deputies by the coal companies the State Police are gentlemen.

One of the odd developments is the cordial dislike of the State Police for the deputies. The State Police are not backward about declaring that practically all of the rioting and killing has been caused by the deputies. You must understand that economic interests are at the bottom of this feeling of these two forces for each other. The rank and file of the Police get \$60.00 a month and board, no matter what is doing. When all is quiet they get their pay for patrolling some country road on a well groomed saddle horse. If there must be a strike they would much rather see a nice quiet orderly one where there are no riots.

But the deputies are in a different boat. If all were quiet they would have no occupation. So to make their jobs secure they must keep something doing all the time. They explode a charge of dynamite under the corner of an unoccupied house, fire a lot of shots some night or when they meet an unarmed striker on the highway slug him or arrest



**Camp at New Alexander, Pa.**



Camp at Edna, Pa.

him. When there is any real duty to perform, when there is a batch of strike breakers expected who must be prevented from talking to the strikers the first thing they do is fill up with whiskey. At one hotel where a bunch of them stopped, six drinks of whiskey in their stomachs and a half pint in their pockets was the regular ration, before going out on any special duty.

#### Who They Are.

Not only every race but every combination and every cross of every race that ever came from Europe is represented from the Arctic Ocean to the Persian Gulf and from the Caspian Sea to the Bay of Biscay. Around Bradenville and Latrobe there are a great many Italians, the staunchest and most resolute group engaged in the battle. At Claridge and Export there are large numbers of Poles. John Potlar of Claridge who was brutally murdered by one of the "Black 100's" was a Polish Catholic. Around Greensburg, where the strike started, there are many Americans and Americanized Germans. At Madison on the Hempfield branch, I saw more Scotch and Irish miners than I have seen since I worked in the mines on the Pan Handle 27 years ago. The Arona mine, where these men work, has not turned a wheel since the first day of the strike. A car

has stood half loaded since the last day they worked. Not even one man has deserted at Madison.

#### Alert and Suspicious.

In the early days of the strike the Socialists at Greensburg engaged a big hall and advertised a meeting of striking miners for Sunday and had John Slayton make an address. The bills did not say anything about who was calling the meeting and as soon as the strikers, especially the foreigners, arrived they wanted to know, "Who calls that meet?" They admitted after the meeting that they suspected that it was the bosses had called it to make some move to disrupt the strike. They were delighted when they found it was a working class political party wishing to give them instruction and encouragement.

It is really dangerous for a stranger to enter the mining camps alone without something to show, some pass or some credential. I was rash enough to venture out along the New Alexander branch visiting the camps at New Alexander and Salemville. An organizer or some officer of a local went with me or I knew some one at all the camps I visited excepting those at New Alexander. The "Black Hundreds" and the state police eyed me suspiciously.

When I got to one camp, I stopped in the road opposite where a group were standing inside the fence, but there were only scowls for me. I walked over and made as if to enter when one of them asked in a low, menacing tone, "What you want?" The instant I saw the first scowl I knew I was under suspicion. I did not in the least resent it. In fact I was rather pleased to find that these latest recruits (they were the last to join the strike) were so alert that they suspected anyone that even spoke to those whom they looked upon as enemies of their class. The fellow that acted as spokesman while I was squaring myself and proving that I was not a spy nor a scab is holding the paper in the photograph. The paper is the charter of the newly organized local. This experience taught me not to visit camps without a conductor. Both the strikers and the guards are suspicious of strangers.

#### The Injunction.

The injunction is sweeping. It forbids marching in bodies anywhere in Westmoreland County. It forbids the strikers from coming anywhere near the mines, and is such a thoroughly workmanlike job that when the strikers wanted to attend a funeral they had to get a permit from the judge and then the deputies violated the terms of the permit and Tom Jamison compelled the man that carried the American flag to lower it passing Jamison No. 2.

This No. 2 manned by the same kind of foreigners thousands of whom are on strike, is one of the mines that the strikers have not been able to close or even cripple. It is a coke plant and many of the workers work outside. Jamison felt that it would have bad moral effect on his submissive slaves who refuse to revolt to have the American flag carried along the public highway, so backed by his armed retainers like a feudal baron of medieval times he ordered the AMERICAN FLAG LOWERED. I wonder what some of these patriots think of it, some of these fellows who are always waving the old flag until they dull the points on the stars.

The injunction of course forbids the strikers under penalty of imprisonment

for contempt of court, to speak to any strike breaker in order to tell him that there is a strike.

After the injunction was secured and especially after it was made permanent, the operators with a child-like faith in its efficacy began to send strike breakers in on the regular trains. The strikers either ignored the injunction or never heard of it. Anyhow I have seen them on train and trolley scanning faces and sizing up passengers and when they suspected one, ask him for a match or a light or find some excuse to engage him in conversation. Nobody will ever know how many men have been turned back by these scouts. Lately, however, the companies have been waiting until they collected a car load or part of a car load and then they would have a special haul the car in at day light in the morning. The strikers have ignored and dodged the injunction, but hundreds of them have been arrested and held for court.

#### The Storm Centre.

Although only one killing has occurred at Export it has gained the most notoriety. The few sensational items that have appeared in the capitalist press of Pittsburg have nearly all borne an Export date line. The biggest mine of the Westmoreland coal company employing over 1,000 men, is located at Export. It is a wretchedly dirty, straggling settlement twenty-eight miles from Pittsburg on a branch of the P. R. R. that runs up from Trafford City along the winding banks of Turtle Creek.

The company made desperate efforts by means of threats and cajolery to operate a big mine at Export, but the best they have ever been able to do was about ten per cent of the normal output.

They erected a big searchlight on the tippie and kept swinging it around all night. The searchlight was threat, menace, irritant and challenge all rolled into one. Some persons began to shoot at the light. Strikers of course were suspected but there was no proof against them. It may have been deputies to keep up the excitement and make their jobs secure. It may have been farmers or other sympathizers. Whoever it was they were good shots because they fired from the

different points on the hills always a mile or more distant. They broke the light a number of times and made it so hot for the operator that he skidoed and left the light to penetrate the night in one direction. The sharp shooters were always very considerate and fired a big charge of powder or dynamite as a warning to get out of range before the shooting began. In addition to the searchlight they perforated the shacks erected for the scabs called scabtown, but no one was ever hurt. It was a sort of retaliation for the insolence and brutality of the deputies. Most of the alleged dynamiting was done around Export.

### The Scabs,

The few scabs that have remained at work from amongst the strikers at the few mines that are running are not working for the sake of the trifle of money they expect to earn during the strike, but for rewards in the form of soft snaps after the strike is over. They are usually disappointed in this.

Andrew Carnegie is the only man that

ever rewarded his scabs, or has his hirelings Schwab and Corey do it. And by the same token he pursued the strikers the most relentlessly.

The fellows who go in to scab expecting and being promised "Something good when it is over," are by long odds the most dangerous. They are usually the fellows who believe what they have been taught by their capitalist masters that there is a chance for every man to rise in this glorious land of liberty. And they mean to rise even though they have to cut a few throats to get there. They are the fellows who accept that delicious bit of lickspittle, sucker philosophy attributed to Fra Albertus that "Only those that do more than they get paid for ever get paid for more than they do."

The other kind of scabs are men who never work only during a strike. Men who do not want a steady job. Men who could not keep a steady job for any length of time. Some of these fellows that come in really don't mean to injure the strikers but want to work for a stake.



Camp in Church Yard near Salemville

This is especially true of the American hoboos.

Of all those engaged in the struggle, the most to be pitied are the few workers who own a little home or who are trying to pay for one. After the battle, whether the miners win or lose, they will be the special objects of the master's wrath. If the home is partly paid for they are liable to lose it. If it is clear they will likely be obliged to sacrifice it when they are driven elsewhere to hunt for another master.

Those that lived in the company camps, who have only about two wheel barrow loads of furniture, being "independently poor," are in better shape to fight the battle than those that have something to lose.

They cry out for Roosevelt to save them!

This strike, now (August tenth,) has reached about the same stage as the Anthracite strike had reached when Roosevelt interceded with the miners in the interest of the defeated operators.

Baer and his allies were defeated and if ever a body of workers in the wide world were robbed of the fruits of their victory it was the Anthracite miners in 1902.

If tying up an industry and stopping the output is the test of a successful strike

the Irwin strike is a success. Only a moiety of the normal output is being shipped, and it is costing so much that about a year of such operation would put the operators in the hands of the sheriff.

If Roosevelt or Taft or any other politician intercedes it will not be in the interest of the miners, or the public, or in response to the squeals nor hysterical shrieks of the small business men, but to save the face of the defeated operators. It will be a repetition of what occurred in the Anthracite fields and an attempt to rob the workers of the fruits of their well earned victory.

Watch when the capitalist press begins to notice the strike. That will be the preparation for intervention on the part of Governor, President or his Majesty at Lobster Bay. If they raise their voices it will be after a conference with the operators and at their request. If the operators of the Irwin coal field permit Roosevelt or any other politician to come in to the fight it will be equivalent to unconditional surrender. It will be the same as a positive declaration that their rebellious slaves have been victorious and have forced concessions from them. Concessions which if even hinted at a year ago would have caused them to laugh in their sleeves.

## Your Job

By

ED. MOORE



**Y**OUR job fixes your standing in society.

Working on a job tells everyone that you are hired by a master.

Where there is a servant there is a master, and there is also two

classes. A master class and a servant class.

There cannot be equality and freedom

in a land where there are masters and servants. In the eyes of the law, a servant is not the equal of his master. One who must obey another's orders to get money to live on, is not free.

While working for a master you are his property. He buys you for the wages he pays you. Sold into slavery for wages, the law does not recognize that you have rights equal to your master's. It gives him the right to make you do what he

wants, and it lends him police, deputy sheriffs, state militia and judges to force you to obey them.

In every case in which the rights of the masters and the servants are brought into question, the masters have the advantage, for it is members of their class who run the courts. Law makers and judges are masters, and they want cheap servants. They are not going to voluntarily do anything to encourage an independent spirit in the servants. They do not want the servants to think they are as good as their masters.

Servants do not come into and go out of a shop when they like, nor do they pick out the kind of work they want. The time is set and the work is given out by a boss.

When the servants stick together and get the boss to agree to let them start later and quit sooner, they do not change from servants to masters. They are still servants working to make wealth for a master.

While the law says you must be a servant if you are not a master, you cannot be "a free citizen." The job holds you in bondage. The right to vote does not change the standing of a servant. At common labor or at skilled labor, the native and the foreigner get the same rate of pay.

Citizenship is not something you can eat. It is not clothes, nor will it do for a lodging place. A citizen who is a servant, if he wants to live, must eat, has to wear clothes, and must find a lodging somewhere. To get these he must sell a part of his life to a master. For this part of his life he is paid wages.

It is customary to call the masters the wealthy, and the servants, the poor. It is easy to tell who is a master and who is a servant. Masters are well fed, well dressed, and live in fine houses. Servants have a half-starved look, wear shabby clothes, and live on the side streets and alleys. The masters live on the money they get from the wealth the labor of the servants make. The servants live on the money they get for making the things the masters own.

Business is the name the masters call getting the wealth made by the servants.

There are many kinds of business, for instance: banking business, insurance business, liquor business, advertising business, stock broking business, law business, railroad business, produce business, and—one is tempted to say—funny business of all kinds.

Business is different from working for wages. The difference is that you get more out of business than you put into it. Getting more out of business than you put in, is called profit making. The profit is that part of the wealth made by the servants for which they did not get anything. The servants that make the wealth, have to keep themselves, the masters, and the other servants they hire to keep them comfortable and amuse them.

Wages are paid for work. Servants call work a job. Work makes you tired and breaks down your health. When you are sick or tired, you do not care to look at things or read. If you do not go to look at things and you do not read, you get stupid. It is the work that makes the servants stupid, that makes the wealth the masters use to get automobiles, yachts, race horses, flying machines, city, seaside and mountain homes, elegant clothes, and expensive food. Masters enjoy the wealth made by their servants.

A servant who has a short work day and high wages, says he has a good job. He means that he does not have to work as long for his master for the food he eats, the clothes he wears, and his lodgings, as some other servants have to for commoner food, poorer clothes, and less comfortable lodging. But he still must obey his master, for he can only hold his good job while he pleases him.

Servants are always looking for good jobs. To hold a good job, they will let a master swear at them, cheat them and then laugh at them, and still pretend that they respect him.

Masters like servants who do not kick when they swear at them. Masters have a big opinion of their own dignity, and they think it is respected when servants do not talk back when they are cursed. To reward these meek servants, the meekest of the lot, are given enough money to keep them out of the poorhouse after they have their legs and arms chopped

off in the service of their masters, or after they get too feeble or too old to do profitable work. Masters who give back to the servants enough to keep them from being paupers, are praised by their hangers-on and timeservers for being kind and good. Workingpeople have a short, plain word that tells what sort of people sing praises to get favors. They call them suckers.

Servants who have families are very much afraid of losing their jobs. A father would rather be kicked and cursed by a master than see his children go hungry. He will let his master cheat and abuse him to hold his job. Masters know that the love of parents for their children fastens the servants to their jobs better than the strongest steel chairs.

Married and unmarried servants must have a job to get money. They have only a poor chance of getting money any other way, unless they beg or steal it. For a servant to steal, in the opinion of the masters, is almost as wicked as to murder one of them. They also think begging is one of the meanest things servants can do. "Patriotism" is what the masters call the murder by workingmen they dress up in uniforms and send out under a flag they call the "Banner of Freedom." "Promoting public welfare," is what the masters call the begging they do to get the government to give them money to help them in their business.

Congress and the Legislatures always do what they can to help the masters get wealth from the labor of the servants.

They give them Panama Canal contracts, Alton railroad bonds, Alaska land grabs, incorporate mining companies, and legalize strikebreaking agencies. The jobs Congress and the Legislatures give the servants is to put them breaking stone as convicts if they strike for higher wages.

Jobs and the government are owned by the masters. Owning the jobs, the power of life or death, over the servants, gives the masters control of the government. Control of the government gives them the authority to vest the titles of the ownership of wealth in themselves, and the legal power to set the length of the work-day and the rate of pay. The length of the work-day sets how much of their lives the servants must sell to the masters, and the rate of pay sets how much they shall get for it.

A political party, the masters find, is a better burglar's tool than a jimmy. Congress and Legislatures are far better pals than expert safe blowers. Courts a better fence (A place where stolen goods are sold) than pawnbrokers' shops; police, army and militia better strong-arm men than any gang of footpads.

Intelligent servants, who do not want to fight against each other to get jobs to make wealth for masters, have organized a working people's political party. It is called the Socialist Party. When it gets hold of the government it will change the law of ownership and make the masters work to make the wealth they get. They now get their wealth by giving jobs to servants to make it for them.



# The Injunction

By

AUSTIN LEWIS

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**S** for the Injunction there is "much talk about it and about" and no definite conclusion among the talkers. It could not be otherwise. The Injunction is a concrete fact, and, as such, cannot be got rid of by any amount of talking. One may walk about it and tell the towers thereof, and saving an accumulation of technical and, for the most part, worthless knowledge, there is nothing gained thereby. The Injunction in spite of all analysis still remains a very present enemy and obstacle to the labor movement.

Clarence Darrow recently disposed of the question rather tersely when he said "In a labor case it depends altogether upon the point of view of the judge. If the judges are your friends you will get favorable decisions." This reduces decision to a mere matter of prejudice. And so it is, where there is a great economic struggle pending—prejudice plus economic interest. The two combined are the factors in interpreting the law as between a possessory and a revolutionary class.

And since the possession of the means of declaring what is law is the most cherished prerogative of power as indeed it is the best evidence of the possession of that power, it is obvious that before we can get working class law, we must have judges who have the working class point of view, and that implies a considerable advance upon anything which looms before us in the immediate future.

Lawyers and others who are enamored of abstract legal ideas have fulminated

against the use of the Injunction in labor disputes upon several grounds. They contend that the Injunction is an equitable remedy to be employed by the chancellor in order to prevent a person suffering an irreparable injury, for which there is no remedy at law; that to employ the injunction in cases where there is no legal transgression is bad law and leads to tyranny, as is also the use of the injunction to prevent the commission of a public offense; that to punish for contempt for the violation of such an injunction is really the assumption by the judge of powers which do not belong to him and a denial of the fundamental right of trial by jury. No doubt, this is all very true. No doubt, the use of the injunction in labor disputes is a new departure, and not in accord with former practice. But, what of it?

No ruler ever yet failed to use a convenient legal remedy because it was new. No class battling for supremacy will ever hesitate to use any usable instrument to defend its interests or to aid itself in its aggressions. Now and again it is true a ruling class, as in Spain, will fall back upon a barbaric and stupid method of reprisal which only brings contempt upon itself. Such acts, however, are evidence of unfitness and lack of sagacity, which is perhaps the reason why they have been more frequently favored by ecclesiastics than by other rulers.

The injunction labors under no such burden of archaism. It is not barbaric; on the contrary, it is very civilized. It is a weapon which could have been forged only in a highly developed country. It is a beautifully polished rapier with the

cynical sneering light which plays on the surface of the weapon of refinement. It is clever, mocking and paradoxical. In a country which explicitly provides certain methods of trial for the accused, it sweeps them away without ceremony; it places the judge above the law; it punishes disobedience to illegal decisions with fine and imprisonment. It works quietly and securely. There is no ostentation about it. It has a Star Chamber method and a peculiar procedure, all its own.

Can one successfully attack such a remarkably clever invention by merely pointing out that it is unusual? Is it any argument to say that it does not conform to recognized legal standards? Will those who have promoted and those who profit by the use of the new machine discard it because it does not correspond with older models? To think so is absurd. You may attack the injunction with logic, knowledge, wit and eloquence; you may prove it tyrannical, you may even establish that it is ridiculous. But the injunction will persist as long as the class that finds it useful can safely use it.

The fact of its novelty is so much the greater testimony to the ingenuity and astuteness of the legal servants of the dominant class. To have overcome a whole system of law and to have wiped out a constitution, so far as the intent of that constitution goes, is an achievement which will place American jurists high in the heaven or deep in the abyss of legal distinction. The skill of American mechanism is again vindicated. We can make all sorts of machinery for the greater capitalism, even new legal machinery, warranted to work noiselessly, accurately and with speed.

But if the injunction is a machine, it has the inherent weakness of all machines, it must be driven by a man. Behind the injunction is the judge. And as a machine occasionally fails to operate correctly by reason of the failure of the nerves of the operator so even the injunction will not always be employed, when the nerve of the judge fails, when there is a very distinct manifestation against its employment. Thus, we see what while the injunction may be readily obtained

and stringently enforced in some circumstances it can neither be so readily obtained nor so readily enforced in other localities, though the circumstances are practically the same. This it may be remarked is particularly true where strong labor organizations exist, if it is known that these labor organizations are in the habit of voting unitedly, and that their political stand is decisive of political success in the locality in question. In other words, the nerve of the mechanic operating the injunction machine responds to political pressure.

An ordinary judge is dependent upon politics for his livelihood and must take notice of political conditions and the variations in those conditions, even when he is writing opinions.

So far, the people who have demanded injunctions in labor disputes are also the controlling figures in politics. Though they remain in the background they still command the political situation.

It is for them that the conventions are held and the tickets arranged. In their hands rest the industrial and financial interests of the dominant class in the community. By reason of this fact they are able to exercise their influence in politics and to control the judiciary. This must be so even where the judge himself does not recognize the fact, because his economic position is dependent upon those in control of the political situation and because, as Darrow points out, his associations give him a point of view antagonistic to that of labor.

These people who want injunctions are in control practically everywhere, and naturally as a rule succeed in getting what they want. This is the prerogative of political power.

But political power is dependent upon voting strength and that in turn depends upon the votes of individual men of whom a preponderating number are workmen. Hence, when workmen go into politics on their own account and complicate the situation they render the political position of the judges more insecure and to that extent make the action of judges with regard to injunctions more uncertain.

Judges, at least those whose tenure of office depends upon success at the polls are divided in their allegiance and they tend to swerve away from the dominant class wherever the grasp of political power by that class becomes at all uncertain. This is only human, after all, for a judge is a lawyer who wants a job, and is very frequently not even a good lawyer, certainly not a first rate lawyer, for in the latter case he would be much better off in a private practice.

When we come to the Federal judiciary, however, we are on other ground. These judges, holding office for life, and not dependent upon a popular vote are safely entrenched in the very citadel of capitalism. They cannot be dislodged, save by an overthrow of the present system. They sit in security and issue their injunctions protected by all the power of the greater capitalism. They have at their back and call "all the resources of civilization." Their mandates will be obeyed for their utterances are the declarations of the greater capitalism, the dicta of the industrial and financial overlords. In order to break the power of the injunction in the hands of the federal authorities nothing short of the complete overthrow of the present political system will suffice.

But it has already become axiomatic among those socialists whose opinion is worth anything that political power is only the reflex of economic power and that a political victory which does not have behind it an economic support is for all practical purposes worthless, a flash in the pan, a momentary upflaring of popular discontent, such as has happened many times without producing any practical results.

Such a political overthrow as would result in the abolition of the injunction cannot be looked for unless there is an economic working class movement of sufficient magnitude for the acquisition of political power and the keeping of it after it has been acquired.

In other words, the capitalist class will not surrender the use of the injunction in labor disputes as long as labor disputes exist, that is as long as the present system continues. It is a weapon with which

it will not part and with which as a matter of fact it cannot afford to part.

So that all rhetoric and fiery denunciation directed against the injunction had just as well cease for this method of attack will produce no practical results. There is little benefit or dignity in shaking one's fist and shouting at a fact. That sort of futility should be left to the insurgents and the populists.

Organization, effective labor organization on the industrial field is the great need of the hour. The injunction is effective only for the protection of scabs. Where there are no scabs or few scabs or insufficient scabs the injunction of course fails to achieve its purpose, it ceases to be effective. It is the business of the labor organization to reduce the number of scabs, to eliminate the scab in fact. In so far as this is not done, to that extent the labor organization does not effect its purpose.

In this respect it is plain to see that the old-fashioned trade union and craft organization is at fault. It fails to deal with what is called "unskilled labor" while the fact is that "unskilled labor" under the new conditions dominates the situation. This so far practically unorganized mass which has no interest in the present dominant form of trade organization is the preponderating factor. Its existence renders the injunction possible and for its protection the injunction is used. The first problem is obviously to get rid of the scab and that is essentially a trade union problem.

Again, another and more complete form of industrial organization is necessary. Industrial unionism must prevail, if the term were more closely defined and its content more accurately apprehended even by those who are most in the habit of using it. An organization which is as broad and deep and high as the industry itself and which can strike every part and department of an industry, which operates upon the mass and upon the molecules composing the mass leaves but little room for the employment of scabs and so little room for the use of the injunction.

It is thus that we find the real remedy for the injunction, thus and not other-

wise. The laboring class must by virtue of its organization prove itself capable of controlling the industry before it can control the industry and before the owner will give up the injunction. The naked truth is that the fight around the injunction is a fight determinative of victory for either side. The possession of the injunction enables the capitalist class to bring all the resources of the capitalist state against the workers, the loss of the injunction practically means to that class the loss of its position. Further, the destruction of the injunction as a weapon is dependent upon the extent to which the working class can organize and can marshal its forces.

In the meantime what is to be done with the injunction while it is in actual operation, while it is a weapon in the hands of the enemy? That depends upon

the circumstances of each separate case. As we have seen, the political action of the working class may in some instances be effective to prevent or to cripple its use. In other cases, there is only one course and that is to disobey the injunction. This of necessity implies the punishment always meted out to transgressors of the edicts of the ruling class. It implies a certain amount of suffering and of loss but it also implies a tremendous amount of agitation and of popular execration of the injunction and incidentally of the class in whose interest the injunction is employed. All this is of first class importance to any revolutionary body for agitation is the very breath of life of the Revolution. Besides sooner or later the revolutionary working class must of very necessity come into collision with capitalistic law.

**Socialism groups men, poor against rich, class against class, without taking into account the differences of race and language, and over and above the frontiers traced by history.**

**We admit one war only: the civil war, the social war, the class war, the only war which at the present time, might bring some real profit to the exploited of all Countries.**

**Hervé.**



## Boy Scabs

ON THE

## Great Lakes

By

THE CLEVELAND PRESS



**T**HE Lake Seamen's union, on strike to years, scoffs at the Lake Carriers' "welfare plan," and charges the strike breakers on steel trust and independent boats are treated like coolies.

The Lake Carriers, on the other hand, maintain conditions aboard the boats are better than even under a "closed shop," that cargoes are moved more efficiently and expeditiously, and that they never had a better satisfied lot of sailors. The res assigned one of its staff men to ship on one of the vessels and learn, at first hand, real conditions. The following is what he found on a 900-mile voyage on the steamer A. G. Brower from Ashtabula to Milwaukee.—  
Editor The Press.)

They sent me out to investigate conditions on the Lake Carriers' association boats involved in the strike of the Lake Seamen's union, While I am not a seaman, I think I had perception enough to see, so far as the boat on which I daily peeled potatoes, scoured pans and did the thousand and one odd jobs falling to the lot of the second cook on a freighter was

concerned, conditions are as bad as the strikers for the past two years have represented them to be.

The seamen charge the boats are manned by an assortment of mere boys and saloon and wharf hangers-on. The steamer A. G. Brower was. They say when a man ships on these boats, which, independents and all, are dominated by the steel trust, he must sign away his allegiance to all but his religious belief and citizenship. I had to forswear all allegiance to unions before I was admitted to the Lake Carriers' association.

### Sleeping Conditions Bad.

The seamen charge sleeping conditions on board the boats are vile; that stewards are so restricted in the amount of money they can expend for food per month that food is often poor in quality and scant in quantity, and that hours are long, too long. I found all these things to be true on the Brower.

Take the picture of the three boys. The

boys represent a type performing the actual, active seamanship on the great lakes these days. The doorway opens into a room which is typical of the sleeping quarters that these strikers are talking about.

Behind those three boys are five grimy bunks, piled three high on one side and two on the other. The room is dark, ill-smelling, and poorly ventilated. It is situated in the fantail of the ship. On one side there is the constant clanking of the steering apparatus. From the other come oily fumes from the engine room. The only light comes through a small "dead light."

#### **Fine Dream Shattered.**

These boys are strike-breakers. One of them, like many others, was picked up while playing on the docks by shipping agents of the Lake Carriers' association. The prospect of \$1.05 per day, with endless trips over the bounding waves, was held as a lure to take boys from their homes to help the companies carry down the mountains of ore from the mines about Duluth to the furnaces of Cleveland.

The lads' dream of pleasant voyages, with nothing to do but sit and watch the waves, was soon blasted when a two-inch hose was put in their hands by a gruff mate and they were ordered to scrub the decks, handle heavy hatchets, drag hawsers and cables until their limbs were near giving way from exhaustion. It was a 12-hour day they were compelled to work, in two "watches," six hours on and six hours off, day and night, with no time for a good, wholesome sleep, and no place for it if they had the time.

Since the lake seamen struck in 1909 hundreds of them have been shipped aboard the big freighters. Many of them quit with the first trip, but many stayed, and these are the ones I watched and studied.

I found them hardened and matured beyond their years by association with the riffraff from the lodging houses and jails. They, too, have shipped on the lakes and their influence has left its mark in the hardened faces and coarse language of boys.

#### **Watchman Boy of Sixteen.**

The Brower is owned by the United States Transportation Co., one of the independents forced into the Lake Carriers' association by the steel trust, which is fast getting control of lake shipping. Conditions on the Brower, I was told, were far above the average.

The Brower carried a crew of 21, four of them minors. Three of the boys, Walter West, Walter Davis and Joe Sawdusky, were deck hands, or "deckeroos," in the lake lingo, and the fourth, Ray McTavish, was a watchman. He boasts sixteen years.

Deck hands' hours were 12 a day on the lake. In port they might be asked to work any number of hours. A 20-hour shift while the vessel was loading or unloading, I was told, was not unusual. A deck hand might just have turned into his bunk after finishing his watch when the vessel came into port and the order come, "stand by, all hands on deck."

#### **Beds Changed Once a Trip.**

Bed clothing was changed once on a trip, and it might be 20 days before a change was given. Eight men quit the Brower when she reached Cleveland on the trip before, but there were no bed clothes for men taking their places. Chas. Mason, the steward, shipped at Cleveland, slept on sheets used by the negro cook on the previous trip.

The "forward" quarters, occupied by the ship's officers, were not bad, but the bunks in the fantail were. In rough weather the deadlight had to be closed and the heat became almost unbearable. Often the boys would bring a pillow above and catch a nap on the steel deck in the shade of the kitchen galley. But the deck was always warm from the sun's rays.

I soon found the company limited the Brower's steward to 48 cents a day per man. This included the three meals and a midnight lunch for the change of watches. The steward managed it by a "steward's rule of thumb," that member being jabbed into the remnants left in the messrooms to search out bits that might be used for the next meal.

There was a notice posted on the boat giving direct directions for the fire and



Minors.

accident drill the law calls for, but inquiry from the crew revealed fire and accident drills were dead numbers on all boats. "Fair weather seamen," the striking union men call the strike breakers. They cite the following as proof:

The steamer *Etruria*, manned by experienced union seamen, was rammed in a summer fog in Lake Huron five years ago by the *Amasa Stone*. Half the crew was abed, but the boats were lowered and all were saved in the minute they had to save themselves. A few months ago the steamer *Goodyear*, manned by strike breakers, was rammed under exactly similar circumstances by the *James B. Wood*. The crew was "above" at the mess table and had twice the time of the *Etruria* men to save themselves, but 18 were lost through inexperience in handling the

boats. Marine men declare the loss of lives and property on the lakes in the past two seasons since the strike has broken all records.

When the closed shop prevailed on the lake boats only men of experience, able to stand a rigid examination, were placed in positions of responsibility. A candidate for a watchman's position was required to pass an examination of 50 practical questions. *McTavish*, the sixteen year old watchman on the *Brower*, told me he had been sailing only three weeks when he got his job as watchman, and a large part of the responsibility for the safety of the ship and crew placed in his hands.

#### Only Nonunion Men Hired.

Union men declare they will never submit to the terms of the association, which

means the renouncing of their affiliation with the unions and entire submission. The Lake Carriers have advertised their battle as one for the open shop, pure and simple, but their attitude toward union men has shown them to be acting on the steel trust's principle of eliminating the unions entirely. Letters filed by V. A. Olander, Lake Seamen's union vice-president, with the congressional committee on merchant marine and fisheries, show their attitude plainly.

"Hereafter you are to take nonunion men only," Al Rumsey, Cleveland, chief shipping master for the Lake Carriers' association, wrote a dozen ship owners and captains. The letters from Rumsey begged absolute secrecy from the captains and vessel owners, and in one or two instances asked the recipients to burn the letters immediately after reading.

A committee from the Detroit central labor body met with three vessel owners during the last shipping season to find out if something couldn't be done to settle the strike.

"The ship owners told our committee they were powerless to help the situation," Vice-President Olander told me at Chicago. "They were independent owners. They told the committee if the officials of the Lake Carriers' association knew they had even met with a union committee it would go hard with them."

The explanation is, according to union officials, that the steel trust has it in his power to crush any independent it chooses. The steel trust controls the ore mines near Duluth, upon which the independents depend for their cargoes. By simply refusing to let them have the ore it can cut off their business.

Lake seamen say the steel trust owns the lakes. A steel trust boat pulls into port and there is a dock awaiting her, while an independent may wait a day or more before her cargo is loaded or unloaded.

I found seamen seldom ship the entire

season on one vessel. The Lake Carriers' association is kept busy supplying men to take the deserters places. This has been a serious obstacle in the way of captains of independent vessels, but the steel trust found a way to get around it.

When a man signs up with the Pittsburgh Steamship Co., the steel trusts' fleet, he signs for 30 days. If he quits before that time he forfeits his right to his pay. In nine cases out of ten his term expires in some port far from home. Unless he signs up for another term of 30 days he must go ashore and take his chances of getting another berth or pay his fare home. The result is in the majority of cases he stays.

In addition to the enlistment scheme the steel trust has another safeguard against being caught short-handed. Last season it began paying by check. If a trust boat lands at night she is usually ready to leave again in the morning, so that if a sailor wants to quit the boat at night he must take chances on being able to have his check cashed in a strange port or sign again on the boat for another term.

The Lake Carriers' discharge book, is what union men denounce as a legalized blacklist under the guise of a welfare plan. If a man's services are good and if he is found by the spies furnished by the Corporations Auxiliary Co., Chamber of Commerce building, Cleveland, to be a safe nonunion man, his captain will mark in the blank left for the character of service "good," if otherwise, he is instructed to withhold the book and the association has him blacklisted forever with a Bertilon record to identify him.

The welfare plan, designated by the union as the "Hell fare plan," promises the association member \$75 in case of death or disablement, and the use of the "Assembly halls" when in port. If all the assembly halls are like that at the Main avenue bridge, Cleveland, they are smelly, dirty barracks.



# Patriotism

By

CLARENCE S. DARROW

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"There is no such thing as patriotic art or patriotic science. Both art and science belong, like all else that is great and good, to the whole world, and can only be promoted by a free and universal interchange of ideas among contemporaries with constant reference to that which we have inherited and learned from the past."

GOETHE.

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This sentiment of Goethe has been expressed over and over again by the great and wise of every age and land, still, after long years of so called civilization, the shoddy sentiment of patriotism is almost as strong for mischief in the human heart as in the days of the savage who knew only the members of his own tribe, and knew no trade but war.

From the time of the primitive man, rulers and robbers have used the sentiment of patriotism as their chief asset in their selfish schemes. Whether the strong Nation wished to conquer and despoil a weaker land or plunder the people of their own, they have ever appealed to patriotism to blind the ignorant to the real motives behind their schemes.

With a primitive people knowing little and seeing little, there was some reason for the belief that their own tribe held all the greatness, intelligence and virtue of the world, but in modern life it is only the narrow and ignorant who can really think that their own land is better, wiser or more advanced than many others on the globe. Even as to governments, no one can tell which is best or which is worst, and in fact, the real governments of every land are much the same amongst people of a like grade of intelligence.

Forms of government, like forms of religion are matters of growth and development and, all things considered, fit the particular time and place where they hold sway.

The history of the world shows the ruin and bloodshed and destruction that the spirit of patriotism has caused. Ambitious rulers have always appealed to this blind, senseless passion to move their dupes to give their lives and their fortunes to help the ignorable schemes of a few. In the great wars of the world, waged for no real cause, the rulers and they alone have reaped fame and fortune, while the people have given their labor and their lives.

The common people, the ones who toil have done the fighting, have shed the blood, have borne the burden. And these common men have had no cause to fight and no land to serve.

The real work of the world to-day is not for destruction. True, the vainglorious, those who like applause or offices or honor, are as ready as ever to shed the blood of the innocent and helpless. It matters not who may suffer or die, if they be made generals or colonels, or even majors. These schemers want notoriety; they must be talked about in newspapers; must hold offices; must acquire money. Neither life nor liberty can be permitted to stand in their way. Still it is true that the work of the world is along peaceful lines. The builders of to-day are subduing the wilderness; they are tunnelling the earth; they are sailing the seas, not with men of war, but with ships laden with the food and clothing and comforts that conduce to modern life.

The real men are studying the laws of the universe and the laws that make for the happiness of man. One almost nameless biologist, working patiently and obscurely to coax from nature the secrets of life and learn the mystery of death is worth more to the world than all the generals of antiquity. The man who discovered and applied anesthetics is of more value than all the armies of Europe. And the man who can find a way to pull one tooth without giving pain, is of more consequence than all the vain strutting colonels who were anxious to assassinate Spaniards and Fillipinos, so they might run for office when they came back from the "front."

Truly no country has any monopoly of the geniuses of the world. If you study the heavens, you can find no American or English astronomy. This learning reaches back to the nomadic tribes who tended their flocks and herds on the lonely plains and looked up at the trembling stars at night to learn some of the infinite mysteries that the heavens hold.

Wise men and great, in all lands, have builded on these small foundations to perfect the marvelous science of astronomy we have to-day. So too, not the patriot, but the student, has read the history of the world during the long silent ages before man was born; has read it in the rocks and soil and constructed a tangible theory of the earth and life. Science, not patriotism, has ministered to the afflicted, has vanquished pain, lengthened life and destroyed diseases that once scourged the world. Science and Industry have utilized the blind forces of nature and made it possible for man to produce amply, to satisfy his needs and desires.

Art and Music and Literature owe nothing to Patriotism, although this blind and narrow prejudice has wrecked and destroyed them with the new ambitions of almost every lunatic who strove to conquer the world and wished to make his own name so great that he might furnish the topic of conversation for all time to come.

Art and Literature and Music were not born in any one land, nor nurtured under

one flag. They were born of the sky and sea and earth and of human souls that could be inspired and moved by feelings universal to the race. Their devotees and patrons have lived and worked through all time and have made all nations great. Their thoughts and feelings have been as universal as humanity itself. The great artist and poet have never known the narrow lines which bind the feelings of the patriot.

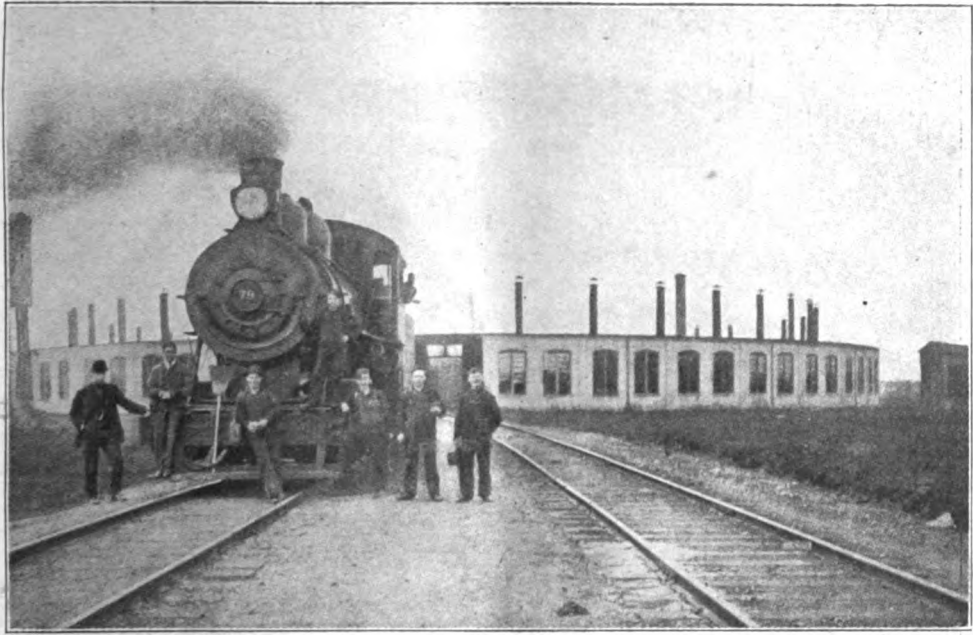
To him, injustice and oppression is no less sordid and mean when practiced in his native land. The claims of the poor, the weak and the oppressed appear no different to his heart, whether the victim live far or near.

The scientist, the student, the artist that knew nothing of the work or literature of any, but his own land, would be poor indeed. In fact, this could not be, for the knowledge and achievements of all the world are so woven into a complex mass that no chemist could be clever enough to separate the particles that form the whole.

As the world grows older and more complex, the lines of states and nations become fainter. Commerce and Industry, like Science and Art, make all lands one in intent, thought and feeling. The good that comes to one land is reflected to the rest and the calamities of one leave the whole world poorer for the suffering of a part.

Modern life and common interests must leave the feeling of patriotism to the politician, the vainglorious and the cunning. When a man waves the flag with his right hand, it is well to see what he is doing with his left.

In the aspiration and work for social justice there can be no state lines. The workers of the world have always had a common interest and should always have a common Cause. Under any ideal social system, every man who produces something in any land helps all the rest and every man who is idle in any land lays a burden on every worker of the world. The social cost of armies and navies and other paraphernalia of patriotism is a heavy burden on the poor and the social cost in the narrow, brutal sentiments of the race cannot be told!



## The Boys on the Grand Trunk

By

MARY E. MARCY



**THE** Grand Trunk boys won their strike! They stuck together and gained better working conditions and a little more money in their pay envelopes. But that is not all.

The strike has taught them many lessons. It has taught them that the governor of Michigan is serving their bosses. That he stands ready to do what these bosses want him to do; that he holds the troops in readiness to crush back workingmen when they make any attempt to gain a little more of the wealth they produce.

They are beginning to ask why the men who operate the railroads should not own the roads. They are beginning to ask why the men and women who own

stock in the roads should be reaping big rewards without doing any of the work. And when men begin to ask these questions they are pretty nearly ready for socialism.

There is no doubt that there is a class war raging in America, and in Canada, and England and France and Germany. Wherever there is an exploiting class that lives on the labor of those who work, the class war is on.

The people who own the railroads, the coal mines, the street cars (in Columbus) are using every weapon at their command to hold down the workers who operate the roads, and dig the coal and run the street cars, while the workers everywhere are trying to get a little more of the wealth they produce.

And everywhere the governments are



Waiting for a Run.

aiding the master class; the judges are issuing injunctions forbidding unions from paying strike benefits; the congresses are making laws to protect the bosses and the armies and police forces are being used to force the workingmen and women to submit to the further degradation the masters have planned for them.

But every strike, every struggle between the owning class and the producing class, teaches the workers how strong they are and what great things they can accomplish if they will only fight together, strike together, vote together and unite in one big industrial organization.

On the Western coast the capitalists are telling the wage-workers that the Japanese and Chinese are their enemies; that if the Japanese and Hindus were prevented from coming into America there would be more jobs and higher wages for the American workingmen.

In India the caste system which keeps the workers from uniting to fight their exploiters, prevents successful organization among the men who produce things,

and it is only organization, and class solidarity among those who are exploited that will enable them to abolish exploitation.

In the South there are many socialist workingmen who refuse to unite with their colored proletarian comrades. The capitalists there tell them in their papers that if there were fewer colored men competing for jobs, there would be better conditions and higher wages for the white wage slaves.

**WE DO NOT REALIZE THAT THE HINDUS, the NEGROES, the JAPANESE and CHINESE WORKINGMEN are our exploited comrades and that our common enemy is CAPITALISM.**

The Grand Trunk boys are still organized along old craft union lines. Some of them still believe they are able to fight and to win some small victories through their own particular little craft organization, and this is true, but how much stronger and how much more certain of victory would they be if they were organized industrially—every single man who works on the railroads in one big union!

Suppose we elected socialists to office who would send troops to protect the LIVES of the WORKERS instead of the PROPERTY of the CAPITALISTS!

We must remember that there is just one enemy that we are fighting, and that is CAPITALISM—wage slavery.

We must remember that every wage-worker in the world is our natural ally and that our only hope and only aim is the abolition of the wage system.

Boys of the Grand Trunk, your place is in the ranks of Socialism. This is the movement that is determined that the workers shall reap the rewards of their labor. It stands for the ownership of the railroads by those WHO OPERATE the roads. It stands for the wealth of the world for those who create that wealth.

We want to take the mines away from the mine-owners; we aim to take the mills and factories from the men and women who own them; we mean to give the land to workingmen and women who will use it; we are going to take the railroads away from the bosses.

Socialists propose that the workers who work in the mines and mills and upon the railroad shall OWN THEM.

Think it over; talk it over with your

friends; discuss it at your union and you will want to get busy and help your own cause along.



"Sure, We Won!"

## "The Friends of Labor"

Taft and Roosevelt.

By CLARENCE T. WIXSOM

"Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you." Jesus, The Carpenter.



HIS saying is the philosophy of friendship. Would labor know its true friends? Then judge them by this principle.

Let us begin with the noisy Roosevelt. He, more than any other, has proclaimed himself a "Friend" of the workingman. When the great Croton Dam was being built, Roosevelt was

governor of New York. The laws of New York made eight hours a legal work day. The contractors wanted to extend the hours. The men refused. A strike was called. The workers demanded of their "Friend" Roosevelt that he enforce the law. Roosevelt instead sent state troops and helped the contractors break the strike.

Again: The miners of Colorado were engaged in a desperate struggle with the

mining trust. The workers sought to compel the legislature to enact an eight hour law to which the legislators were pledged before election. The mine owners turned the state troops upon the workers. Scores of husbands and fathers were exiled; homes were broken up; pregnant women turned into the streets where many died in premature childbirth; hundreds of men and many women were thrown into a foul "bull pen;" property of the workers worth thousands of dollars was piled up and burned. The suffering toilers appealed to their "Friend" Roosevelt for aid. Roosevelt answered and said, he could do nothing for them as he had no right to interfere in a state's business.

The miners of Goldfield, Nev., struck against company stores and payment in script. They were winning the fight. The mine owners called on Roosevelt for help to break the strike. Roosevelt sent the regular troops to Goldfield. The Department of Commerce and Labor sent men to investigate the conditions. Their report showed no cause for sending federal troops. Yet Roosevelt kept the troops there until the Governor of Nevada could convene the legislature in special session to enact a law creating a force of Cossacks such as Pennsylvania has. The workers were beaten. Whose commands did Roosevelt obey?

Time passed. Roosevelt wanted to go to Africa to kill something. He put Taft forward as his successor, telling the workers Taft was as good a friend of labor as himself. For once Roosevelt told labor the truth, as we shall see.

In 1894, Debs had succeeded in organizing the western railroad men. They formed the famous American Railway Union. A strike tied up every western road running into Chicago. The men were winning when the federal troops came in and broke the strike. Debs was arrested and sent to jail. His crime consisted in breaking an injunction issued by Taft who was at that time a federal judge. The union was broken up.

When the Bethlehem strike was raging, a party of business men of Bethlehem called on President Taft to urge him to use his influence to send government con-

tracts to the Bethlehem Steel Co. In discussing the strike, President Taft told the committee that he was not interested in the quarrel between the Bethlehem Company and the workmen. This when in the Bethlehem plant men were working from 10 to 18 hours daily for 12½ cents per hour. Here also Cossacks helped break the strike.

When the last Congress was about to adjourn, President Taft used all his influence to defeat an amendment to the Appropriation Bill, which, had it passed would have made it impossible to use the Sherman Anti Trust Law against the workers. Whose commands was Taft obeying?

These two men are high types of Labor's "Friends" in political office. And from the office of President down to township constable, these officeholders have proven themselves enemies of Labor whenever the opportunity to be so was offered. What can you expect? What have they to hope from Labor once they are in office? You gave them your vote. You have nothing else to give. But with the employers, who are the real master, theirs as well as yours, it is different. They have the wealth they are taking from you daily with which to pay for service from these "Friends" whom you elect to office. The service the employers require of them is help in keeping you in subjection. So when you strike for better wages; shorter hours, safer conditions of labor; your employers call on their hirelings whom you call your "Friends" and they promptly send Cossacks or militia or federal troops, as the case may require, and beat you back to work. Then when election comes around again they try to explain to you. They tell you that what they did against you in your last strike was the right thing to do. They say you were violent and were going to break the law and in order to save the community it was necessary to send troops against you. The community they were concerned about was the community of your employers. The laws they feared you would break were the laws made by them to keep you in bondage. They know they can get away with that line of talk because you forget so easily. But

your employers never forget, nor forgive. If once your false friends fail to do their bidding, they are cast out. And the amusing part of it all is, the employer gets you to help him do the job. Thus have you been doing these many, many years. Marching up to the ballot box like a flock of sheep and casting your ballots for the men who tell you plainly that you have no rights that they are bound to respect. What a comedy it would be if it were not such a terrible tragedy for you.

These fellows have a great contempt for you. They think you never will wake up. They are so bold that they print books showing how much wealth you produce each year and what a small portion you get as your share in wages. These books say you create about \$3,000 worth of wealth in a year and get an average wage of \$437. Now think of that a minute. Does it not make you feel cheap? What would become of a business man who would sell an article worth \$3,000 for \$437? Well he would not do it more than once if he found it out, else his friends would have him examined as insane. But you do it year after year, even though you are warned, and starved

and beaten, and jailed and sometimes shot.

You have been betrayed so long by these false friends. You have been sadly deceived. You have voted them into office and marched, a joyful mob, in countless parades as though you had won a victory. But the real victors, the employers, they are not in your parades. They are too busy always laying plans to further enslave you and the hands that fasten the new chains on you are the hands of the "Friends" in whose honor you paraded.

Wake up Labor. The time is near when again you will have all the power in your hands. You are many. Your employers are few. But they are well organized. You likewise must organize. In shop, mill, mine and factory, organize into industrial unions within which there will be no divisions. On the political field, organize with the Socialist Party. Choose your friends not from among the hirelings of your employers, but from the ranks of your fellow workers. You have no need of any other friends. Labor itself alone can serve Labor. None can nor will help you but yourselves.

It is not to reform the evils of the day, but to abolish the social system that produces them, that the Socialist party is organized. It is the party, not of reform, but of revolution, knowing that the capitalist system has had its day and that a new social order, based upon a new system of industry, must soon supplant the fast decaying one we now have.

Eugene V. Debs in "The Growth of Socialism."

# Something Doing in Los Angeles

By

ANDREW J. GALLAGHER



OR years it has been apparent to those holding responsible positions in the San Francisco Trade Union movement, that the attitude of the merchants of Los Angeles and the moneyed inter-

ests of that city toward trade union organization would some day become a most serious menace against the permanency of the trade union movement in San Francisco, which is admittedly the best organized city in the country.

Labor union officials of San Francisco have made visit after visit to the city of Los Angeles, ostensibly attending to detail trade union matters, but really to get an understanding of the conditions so as to determine which was the most suitable time and the best craft to attack in organizing that city.

No one unacquainted with the calibre of the average Los Angeles merchant can have the faintest idea of the intense hatred he as a class has against organized labor. They have repeatedly boasted to the world, and to the commercial world especially of their freedom from trade union organization, of their superior independence, and have laughed the San Francisco merchant to scorn because of the strength of unionism in that city.

They have repeatedly boasted that it was impossible to organize the city of Los Angeles in a trade union sense, and seemed to be over anxious to invite a war with the organized forces in San Francisco, particularly, and the country in general, to the end that the merchant of Los Angeles could demonstrate that it was impossible absolutely to make a break in his ranks.

Quietly, however, the International Unions operated through their affiliated unions in San Francisco.

It was noted by the representatives of the San Francisco unions who visited Los Angeles investigating, that a desire was becoming more and more apparent on the part of the workers to revolt against the evil conditions under which they were working; business agents of unions were treated in a manner calculated to make it impossible for their unions to progress; men who had the temerity to accept positions as officers of unions were discharged; the employers had, as they thought, honeycombed the unions with their agents under the guise of members, and they went their way in the foolish belief that their open shop position was impregnable.

Wages in that city were far below those paid San Francisco in every given line except perhaps the printing trades, a fair estimate would be that the wages in Los Angeles in any craft were from \$3 a week to \$2 a day below the San Francisco scale.

The merchant was ever on the lookout for any move on the part of the unions of Los Angeles to the end that it could be strangled at birth.

On the occasion of the dedication of the new Los Angeles Labor Temple, February 22, (Washington's birthday by the way), the merchants of that city were officially warned by the representatives of San Francisco, that their vicious tactics against the organization of unions in Los Angeles must cease. The San Francisco unions had hired a special train, and had sent down a delegation of about 200 persons to the dedication ceremonies, and right here began the fight for freedom of the workers of Los Angeles. Instead of heeding the advice of unionists from the north, the merchant became more active if anything in his endeavors to prevent unionism from progression in Los Angeles.



On the promise of the financial support of the San Francisco union officers a great impetus was given to the organizing of unions in Los Angeles, and on May 19th, 1910, the battle opened by a refusal of the brewery proprietors to further deal with the unions of the International Brewery Workers Organization by a declaration of open shop on the part of proprietors of said breweries. These brewery proprietors immediately cast their lot with the merchants and manufacturers association of that city, which, for a "union-busting" aggregation, has no peer in this or any other country; however, the brewery workers met their defiance and on May 20th, 1910, every member of the Brewery Workers, Beer Wagon Drivers and Beer Bottlers, walked out not to return until their demands had been conceded.

On June 1st, the Unions of the Metal Trades Council of Los Angeles sent a respectful request to their employers asking for a conference on conditions for the coming year. The Los Angeles Times reporting the reception which the merchants gave to this communication stated, that it was "thrown in the waste-basket." On receiving no reply the Metal Trades Unions met at 12 o'clock on the evening of June 1st, and declared a strike in every craft in the Iron Trades.

To the tremendous surprise of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association and to the agreeable surprise of the organizers, (ten of whom had been quietly working in that city for months), 1,200

men responded to the call and completely tied up nearly every foundry in that city. San Francisco, redeeming its promise, immediately placed an assessment upon every member of every union in that city which was followed by similar action on the part of the California State Federation of Labor and the California State Building Trades Council.

The ten organizers above referred to were picked men from the San Francisco movement, who were sent down to Los Angeles with instructions to "organize the men of Los Angeles" and to not report until they had results to report, no one organizer knew anything about the other; friendly merchants were keeping the San Francisco leaders in touch with the movement of the head of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association, and the so-called detectives in the labor organizations on being found out by those organizers, allowed their report to be written by the organizers, and thus the Merchants and Manufacturers Association went its way blissfully ignorant of the volcano under its feet.

San Francisco has sent alone and unaided over \$50,000 to the assistance of the Los Angeles Unionists, from outside of San Francisco has come about \$2,000; this too in spite of the fact that the building contractors of San Francisco attempted to tie up the building industry, refusing to grant the eight-hour day to the hodcarriers and throwing about 3,000 men out of work.





Sweat Shop.

## The Cloakmakers' Strike

By

S. A. STODEL



**THE** cloakmaking business is dead."

Standing with a friend of mine in the lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel I heard these scraps of conversation pass between two men, unmis-

takably buyers from some large western department stores.

"Yes, I tell you the d—m business is dead. I can't contract for anything. My house wants cloaks and suits, but cloaks and suits ain't made anymore apparently."

"I can well agree with you. Been here ten days", said the second buyer," and I am unable to do any business."

Little did these two buyers know the soundness of the economic principle they were uttering when they said "the cloakmaking business is dead.' The cloakmaking business is as dead as a door-nail. It died when the hordes of cloakmakers deserted the establishments, leaving the tables and the machinery standing idle and alone.

It was a grand exhibition of working-class solidarity. These great numbers of different nationalities had been welded together in the seething furnace of capitalistic exploitation and had come out in one solidified mass, the proletariat. Seventy-five thousand quit at the time agreed upon.

At the beginning of the strike, or, rather when the strike talk first started, there were probably less than eight thousand organized cloakmakers in New York city and vicinity. Now it is safe to say that upward of thirty thousand have joined the union, so that the union embraces fully one-half of those on strike.

And the struggle they are waging is a marvelous exhibition of endurance. These thousands of men, women, and children for many of them are here also, have been most of them at least, months out of employment. They had stared hunger and want in the face long before the gage of battle was thrown down.

Thousands of them knew that in the long struggle that was to come, there was scant likelihood of their getting any relief whatever. They had no union strike benefits to look forward to. They belonged to no union. Many thousands now sticking sturdily out on strike don't even now belong to the union.

It is not for themselves that they strike, it is for the trade, for living conditions

and against a system which has become insupportable.

The employers are quoting the high wages earned by the cloakmakers through the columns of the papers favorable to their interests. This is done for the purpose of attempting to prove that their employes have no cause for grievance on that score. When they say that a cloakmaker earns from \$25 to \$30 per week, they are telling only a half truth. They fail to state that the work is only seasonable and the cloakmaker works but a few months in the year.

The business usually starts up about July 1st, becomes accelerated about the middle of August, and dies out about the middle of November. In the few months that the cloakmakers are employed, so intense is the strain under which they work that they spend double and treble the strength used in an ordinary working day. They work from five in the morning till long past the midnight hour. Fathers are compelled to press into service every member of the family able to



Piece Work at Home.



Cloakmakers at Work.

lend a hand. Even babies are taught to pull out basting threads.

And he who has worked twelve hours in the shop in the evening carries home a huge bundle upon which he and his family spend almost the entire night working, stitching, stitching, until they fall asleep amid their chairs or on the floor.

This is the man who earns \$25 or \$30 a week.

The manufacturers hold, that to raise the pay of their employes, they will have to raise the cost of the garments. Nothing could be further removed from truth than that statement.

The average consumer has but little idea of the cost of making a suit that she pays \$25 to \$100 for. Almost the highest price paid for the making of any kind of a coat is \$10. The material in such a coat will cost probably up to \$3 per yard, and the trimmings about \$10. Thus, the entire cost of producing the garment, material, labor and all included is about \$35. For such a garment the manufacturers get \$100 wholesale.

The labor cost of producing the cheaper grades of suits, those that sell for \$25, is about \$2.50. This is considered a high price. Many jackets are made for twenty to thirty cents apiece.

There has never been such a strike as this one in the history of the cloak-making industry. Every worker has joined in, and intends to stay out until he has the assurance of better pay and better working conditions. They want a chance to lead better, more rational and human lives. They want the system of taking home work, abolished. This home work is a violation of law and the bosses know it; but it saves them money. It saves loft rent, the cost of power and light and these money-hungry manufacturers are fighting tooth and nail for more profit.

There has probably never been a strike in New York that was fought with the resolution of this one. Thousands came out of shops—and are keeping out—that never were organized,—when there was not a single union man or woman in the place. Many of these the employers have at-

tempted to draw back with promises of better work at higher prices; but in vain. No inducements, however subtly presented, have caused them to desert their fellows.

Attempts were made by out of town factories to do the work of some of the "struck shops," but as soon as this was discovered, that firm had a strike on its hands also. One Boston firm, Joseph Rudy and Son, accepted some work from the National Cloak and Suit Company. The entire shop walked out and stayed out until the employers were compelled to ship the goods back to New York.

Another Boston concern got itself into deeper trouble. When the shop struck and refused to do scab work, the firm advertised for help in the papers and failed to comply with the law which makes it mandatory to state whether a strike is on, or not. The union got after them and warrants have been issued for the arrest of the members of the firm.

Of course, and unfortunately as is almost always the case in a big strike like this, there is the irrepressible "labor leader" who would exalt himself, by even standing upon the prone bodies and reputations of his fellows to do so. The snob, who is anxious for notoriety. One of the officials and we are happy to state—one who will undoubtedly be gotten rid of after the trouble is over was anxious to have his picture in the papers and a story told of his "greatness, tact," etc.

On the whole the best feature of the strike so far is that the workers are beginning to realize that industry depends upon them. They see that since they have struck, although millions of dollars of money has been invested in the 1,600 factories and shops, now idle, not one single garment can be made without their labor.

They are realizing that capital is impotent and Labor is—Invincible—when labor understands its value.

## Suppressing Socialism in Argentine

B

WILLIAM E. BOHN



**C**APITALISM is international. So are the methods and manners of capitalists. In some countries, however, these methods and manners can exhibit themselves better than in others. Look, for example, at almost any region but lately brought under control of the capitalist system or at any in which the backward condition of the working-class gives the masters free rein. In such a land capitalism can do its perfect work. Looking there we can see what our own lords of lands and mines and mills would do if they but dared. The reader will immediately think of South Africa, of Congo Free State, of Mexico. Or he may think

of Argentine, that great, rich domain of South America. Your school geography told you it is an immense expanse of wheat-field and meadow. If you remember your geography lesson you may wonder at the sounds of strife which have recently been coming up from the south. Then you may turn to an encyclopedia and discover that Buenos Aires, the capital of the country, is a metropolis containing near a million inhabitants.

This tremendous country is, in truth, being rapidly laid hold of by the captains of industry. The great prairies have been taken from the Argentinians just as Alaska has been taken from us. Industrial centers are being built up with all speed. The census of 1895 recorded the presence of 150,000 industrial laborers. Since then

immigrants have been imported by the thousand every year. With the great stretches of fertile soil in their possession, with industrial cities growing by leaps and bounds, the captains of industry have had a fine opportunity to build up a great country. Great for them, of course.

One thing has been constantly in their favor. The working-class consists mainly of as promising a lot of slaves as the most rapacious capitalist could wish. It is made up of two elements, Creoles, that is, native half-castes, and comparatively recent immigrants. Both elements are for the most part ignorant and submissive. It is only with the greatest difficulty that they can be organized.

But there is a socialist and labor movement in Argentine, and a very vigorous one. The Socialist Party was organized in 1893. It has met with great difficulties. But it has been from the beginning intelligent, energetic and uncompromising. At present it has a sure hold on the working-class of the country. The labor union movement is revolutionary to the core. In general it looks to an outsider like that of Italy on a smaller scale. Like this latter movement it is strongly tinged with anarchism, and many of its leaders, in consequence, decry the use of political action. The Socialist Party supports a daily paper and an excellent monthly review. The unions support a daily and at least one weekly publication. All of these periodicals are filled with the spirit of class-conscious revolution. It would be hard to find anywhere in the world's working-class press clearer or more spirited editorials than those which they contain.

These facts taken in combination do much to explain the story which is to follow. We have here in Argentine an all-powerful capitalist class, a backward working-class, and a determined, clean-cut, revolutionary socialist and labor movement. Here is an ideal chance for a capitalist class to assert itself, to show its real nature. What that nature is the sequel will show.

For a long time the labor movement of Argentine has suffered from restrictive legislation. Working-class papers have been censored, labor leaders have been

thrown into jail. In May of this year an exposition was to be held at Buenos Aires in celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the nation's "independence." During the past year the unions of the various crafts have been drawing together and forming a common organization. Before the buildings for the exposition were complete it occurred to some that a favorable moment had arrived for a strike. On Sunday, May 8, in a great mass-meeting, a general strike was finally decided upon.

Then things happened. Just what they were the outside world was a long time in finding out. For at least a month the working-class press was put out of business. On June 14 *La Accion Socialista* finally got by the censor and sent across the frontier the account from which the following paragraphs are taken.

On May 13 more than a hundred socialists, among them a number of editors, were cast into jail. The entire edition of *La Batalla* and part of that of *La Accion Socialista* were confiscated. A procession of students marched up and down the streets singing patriotic songs and crying "Long live the fatherland! Down with anarchy!" Meantime the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate were declaring the fatherland under military law.

May 14 was the real gala day. At five o'clock in the afternoon an assembly of leading citizens, representing the Chamber of Deputies, the titled aristocracy and the aristocracy of wealth, gathered at the headquarters of the principal sporting club of the capital. A certain Baron Demarchi was the presiding officer. Calmly, and with the full knowledge and approbation of the government, these worthies decided upon "direct action" to achieve their purposes.

At eight o'clock that evening a mob of several thousand persons attacked the office of the Anarchist paper *La Protesta*. It was a mob of most remarkable character. For the most part it rode to the scene of action in carriages and automobiles. It was made up of students, capitalists, statesmen, government employes, policemen and military officers. All these, "exquisite flower of capitalism," as they are called by the editor of *La Accion*

**Socialists**, swarmed round the building, smashed in the doors, and wrecked everything which they found within. Finally a great pile was made of machinery, furniture, books and papers. Amidst wild rejoicing and patriotic songs and cries fire was set to the mass. As it burned, a circle of ladies who were looking on from a distance laughed gaily and cried "Bravo!" to the heroes of the great triumph.

The offices of **La Batalla** was the next to receive attention. Quickly the entire plant of this paper followed that of **La Protesta**. Linotypes, presses, books, all were destroyed completely. Then it was the turn of **La Vanguardia**, the Socialist daily. The editor of the journal had sent to police headquarters for protection. He had been told he had nothing to fear, and in order to make assurance doubly sure the chief of police sent twenty sailors from the fleet ostensibly to stand guard over the property of the paper. What was the surprise of the editor when, on the arrival of the mob, these sailors turned with the best of good will to aid in the work of destruction. As in the other cases, this work was well done. Nothing of value remained after its completion. When the editor protested to the chief of police he was told that he might, at some future time, be reimbursed by the government.

The attack was next directed against the Socialist headquarters, Calle Mejico 2070. These headquarters serve, or did serve before they were destroyed, as a sort of *maison du peuple* for Buenos Aires. Here were located, besides the offices of **La Accion Socialista**, those of the national Federation of Labor, of the working-men's Mutual Aid Society, of the union of cabinet makers, and of numerous other labor organizations. At this point the mob met its only reverse.

A number of comrades had concealed themselves in the building and as the attacking column drew near they opened fire with revolvers. At least two students were wounded. At this the valiant patriots withdrew in great disorder. The following night, however, they renewed their attack, and the office furniture, libraries and supplies of all the institutions which centered here were ruthlessly de-

stroyed. When the ruin was complete the national banner was run up over the building as a suitable symbol of this capitalist triumph.

Shops were ransacked, houses burned, men beaten, and women violated. It is unnecessary to recite all the revolting details. Nothing that a rabble of wild demons could think of was left undone by these, the most respectable and most patriotic citizens of Argentine. The editor of **La Accion Socialista** made careful investigations in order to be able to record exact facts. He gives in his edition of June 14 the addresses of many of the places raided, the names of persons maltreated and, in great numbers, the names and titles of the leaders of the mob. The whole account bears the marks of painstaking truthfulness.

Our South American comrades are doing all in their power to rouse the working-class to the needs of the hour. The central committee of the Socialist Party has notified the local groups to choose delegates to a congress and hold them in readiness to be sent to a place of meeting as soon as the necessary preparations can be made. The Federation of Labor has sent out a ringing appeal to its members urging them to make fullest use of the events of the past few weeks in the effort to swing the whole working-class into line for conflict. The general strike is being kept up, and in some industries is fairly effective. Working-class propaganda is, however, carried on only with the greatest difficulty. Martial law is to be maintained indefinitely. The Socialist and labor press has been disabled. Our comrades in Argentine are in dire need of funds with which to carry on the necessary work of organization. The international working-class movement has come nobly to the aid in many a conflict of recent years. But there was never greater need than exists in Argentine at the present moment. Had the events recounted above occurred in Europe the whole world would be stirred up over them. Funds intended for the assistance of the working-class of Argentine should be sent to the International Socialist Bureau at Brussels or to Jose P. Balino, Calle Defensa No. 888.

# New York City and the Revolution

By

LOUIS DUCHEZ



HAVE just returned from New York City where I spent three months as a reporter on "The Call." During that time I "covered" strikes and labor troubles and conventions in Manhattan, Brooklyn and

the surrounding places. Besides, I did considerable street speaking there. Also, I spent most of my spare time in studying labor in New York from a revolutionary point of view.

New York City in many respects is peculiar. It is essentially a commercial city. There are no big industries there such as exist in the Pittsburg district. There are many little industries but these, in a large degree, turn over their work in lots to families which take this work home (perhaps I should say to their dark, unsanitary existing places) and when it is completed it is taken back to the bosses who pay them paltry sums for long hours of labor. Entire families of six and eight are often engaged in "rolling" cigarettes, stringing beads, making toys, wigs, etc.

How soon will the workers of New York be ready for revolt? This is the question that thundered continually in my ears. Much as I would, I could not banish it from my thoughts.

On the one hand I saw the terrible misery of the workers. The largest city in the United States—the second largest in the world! I saw the midnight bread lines. The thousands of homeless sleeping in the parks, upon the sidewalks and in the doorways of large shaded buildings in the off-streets. I saw them perched on the fire-escapes for eight and ten stories upwards, in order to get a breath of air that might possibly sweep

through the long, narrow streets. I saw hundreds of ragged, half-starved children rumaging through the garbage-cans early in the morning before the carts came along to empty them. And the thousands on the streets, men, women and children, begging from the passers-by!

If there is one place in America where the workers have reason to revolt against capitalism and this thing called "civilization" and to overthrow it, it is New York City.

All this I thought about. But there is another side to the story. Besides the poverty, the hunger and the suffering of the masses there, there is a large lackey class, with flunkey souls, ready to do anything—anything—for the master class and their hangers on for an existence.

There are scores, perhaps hundreds of hotels where the industrial barons of the United States pay for the board and rooms of thousands of strikebreakers, so that they may have them ready when ever they are needed to be shipped off to any part of the country where a strike is on or there is prospect of one.

These men live and lounge about the city. Many of them are the business agents of the tenderloin and perhaps the promoters of the white slave traffic. A large percentage of them are labor spies, employed by the detective agencies. Some of them, I have been reliably told, are officials in some of the conservative labor unions.

For the most part they are not ignorant men. They are men who have been hardened by capitalism. The individualism of capitalism has taught them to follow the lines of least resistance.

Religion and patriotism are foreign to their minds. Their love for humanity has



been crushed, or at least sidetracked, by the brutal individual struggle for existence.

I talked with one of these men. He was a Pinkerton man. I had met several in the West and I won his confidence. He was frank, I believe, but his philosophy of life is a brutal philosophy.

He understood Socialism. He knew what it meant to himself, as well as to humanity. He believed in it thoroughly—as a theory.

He had read the books of many of our leading writers. Much of it he called "hodge-podge." His main criticism of Socialism, judged from its official representatives, was that it could not be carried out, peaceably, quietly, as most of its writers lead him to believe. He believed a great revolution, which would not only abolish wage slavery but the existing State, was necessary for the realization of Socialism. Until the time comes when that conception begins taking hold of the masses of workers he said he feels justified in playing the part of the Pinkerton, the thug and the Nietzschean.

I simply report his attitude. The reader is left to judge.

I looked into the labor unions of New York City. The building trades is the backbone of the A. F. of L. there. These workers are fairly well paid—when they work. It pays the bosses to pay them well—when they need them.

Here are the facts. By paying the few "skilled" men fairly good wages, the tendency is not only to keep the unions of these "skilled" workers conservative but to keep the "unskilled" from organizing. In this way the bosses have the cooperation of the few union (?) men in keeping the mass in subjection. They can well pay the few four and five dollars a day if by so doing they are able to get the biggest part of their work done for a dollar and a half a day per wage slave.

No secret to that. But that is not all. In New York with sky-scrapers as many as twenty stories high, it is an important item to get a building completed two or three months sooner than it ordinarily takes. On some of these buildings the rent reaches \$150,000 a year.

So the "skilled" men, the fairly well paid men, are encouraged, and generally compelled, to "speed up." This speeding up, of course, makes the poor devil working at

a dollar and a half a day "take up the pace."

Truly, it is to the interest of the boss to perpetuate the conservative, aristocratic labor union!

I could point out a similar condition in the next industry in importance in New York City—that of printing.

But back again to the question of revolt. Do I think it will come in New York City? Yes. How soon? I don't know. But it is not many years away.

The momentum for the revolution in the great cities, especially for New York, will develop in the two basic industries—that of mining and the metals and machinery. The workers of the Pittsburg district, and Pennsylvania in general, will lead the way.

In that part of the country the workers are reduced to a revolutionary level more than anywhere else. A more pronounced mass psychology is developing there than anywhere else in the United States. Out of this collective struggle in production, there springs a collective aim, a direct, a definite plan, a tremendous confidence in each other, and a feeling of working class power which is unconquerable.

But New York City in itself is not as hopeless as the superficial observer would think. I "covered" several strikes of the unorganized, I talked with hundreds of workers who do not know there is such a thing as the Socialist movement, I attended the cigar makers' convention and several labor conferences, I talked with hundreds of workers on the unorganized street railway lines of New York and Brooklyn.

Everywhere I saw, perhaps I should say felt, the spirit of revolt. A battle cry is listened for. A spark is needed—expected. The heavy police force there, always on the alert to club and shoot the workers who show the least spirit of revolt, know that something is coming.

But they cannot stop it. They can only spread it, so that the uprising may be more extensive and powerful. The business agents of the conservative unions, too, may hobnob with the bosses and these aristocratic organizations may cooperate with the capitalists in keeping the mass of workers in submission. But this will not last much longer. Their actions, too, have the same effect upon the revolutionary movement as a whole, as that of the "cops."

We have reached a point in capitalist

development where capitalist oppression only stimulates revolt. The days of feudalism and the Middle Ages are past.

The millions in New York City and everywhere else, for that matter, are not going to stand for capitalism much longer. The good things of life are here, and they are going to take them. He who does not believe in Social Revolution is blind to the great social forces, indeed.

The repetition of the great French revolution and the Paris Commune in any country will now mean but one thing—the Social Revolution and the establishment of Industrial Democracy.

The sooner it comes the better. The minds of all classes are ready to accept the

inevitable. Power is recognized everywhere. The flunkey-souled preacher and journalist, the unscrupulous Pinkerton, the brutal “cop” and capitalist thug, for the most part, see and know—in theory. They will all recognize working class POWER—and yield to it. Once a hopelessness in the capitalist order begins to develop in their minds, they will begin to “cave in.”

Then, as Marx says, “the integument is burst asunder; the knell of capitalist private property sounds; the expropriators are expropriated.” Revolutionary propaganda and the appeal for SOLIDARITY is the demand of the hour. The workers are beginning to feel their power. The Revolution is coming! What are you doing?

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## Vagrancy

By

FRANK CORLISS

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AWOKE with a start. The bull's-eye of a dark-lantern within a foot of my face began to assume the proportions of a gigantic searchlight, and as I mingled my sleepy

glances with its inquisitive rays, could make out what I mistook to be the form of a human being holding the light between me and itself. Then a voice came from the throat on the other side of the light and that voice framed the words: “Come on Bo.”

On the instant, as by long familiarity, I knew the voice for that of a “bull.” Remembrance flashed back to a month of penniless, workless days during which John Law had been hot on my trail, driving me and my kind from one place to another, rounding us up in the box-cars

by night and on the tie-piles by day, never allowing us to “light” anywhere, putting the fear of God into our hearts by living up to sundry signs posted on telegraph poles and telephone poles, on fences and in all conspicuous places, advertising that taxes were high, food scarce and uninviting, rocks plentiful and hard to break, and intimating the advisability of immediate, rapid and continuous movement on the part of Willie, John Yegg and their ilk.

It was not until I had been safely arrested and was on my sure way to the barred cage that tardy retrospection was born and began to urge its irk of reproach. I berated myself roundly. Surely I had violated all the known tactics of trampdom in choosing a place so conspicuous in which to “kip” for the night. No one but a “gay-cat,” or hobo new to

the road would have chosen to bivouac in that newly-painted Studebaker wagon-bed, so close to a main artery of travel and right under the noses of the police. But then the railroad yards had been hostile and infested with the presence of many "fly-mugs," Cerberus had barked and frightened me away from a clandestine entrance to a private barn, and anyhow the wagon-bed was very nice and clean and my eye-lids heavy with little sleep. So I had hoisted to a berth in it, and giving a tramp's thanks to a tramp's God for that chance to rest, had fallen asleep.

There was a rattle of great keys, the click of a lock, the creak of hinges, the clank of an iron door, the click of a lock again, and—I had been tarred with the jail-bird's brush. Never again could I truthfully aver that my record was spotless and clean or inform prospective employers that I had never been in jail. And yet what crime had I committed? Whom or whose had I injured? Hoping to let the world alone and that the world would let me alone, I had simply crept into an unused wagon box which on the morrow would be none the worse for my having slept in it. Then in the daylight I could continue the search for work and if that were not to be had, well, it was becoming a routine now: into a town, a wash-up at an un-used or unwatched hydrant or under the drip of a water-tank, wiping face and hands on soiled handkerchiefs or drying them in the wind; then uptown and downtown, scouting around everywhere for work, in return for which I would accept money, chalk or marbles, unmindful of threat, insult or contemptuous look; and then when it became evident that the town held for me no job or situation, being hungry, there would be nothing to do but obey nature in defiance of man-made law and "slam a gate" where a wood-pile was in evidence. Usually, after asking at three or four such places, (shaming Ananias to the blush when the plain, unvarnished truth would not avail) a meal of some kind would materialize, 'tho sometimes no work would be accepted. Then down to the railroad yards again, blotting myself out of the landscape until a train came along in the direction I wanted to go.

Then into an "empty" or an ice-box of a refrigerator, up on the "deck" or swinging under the rods, all depending on the kind of train and the way the "fly-mugs" and train crews sized up. And so away from the town.

Two things would be certain: In the place from which I was going I knew there was for me no work and in the place to which I was going I did not know there was no work. So, ever the fires of hope were fed and every fresh rumor of work brought the droop out of shoulders, made the chest swell and took the aimlessness out of my walk. Yet I was only one of thousands living and moving thus over the land, their clutch on home and place or on thoughts of home and place all gone, and for the passive phase of criminality in my lack of being other than one of these, O Tucson, right in the shadow of the stars and stripes that represent our boasted liberty (not to do others but to keep from being done), did you take from me my heritage of freedom and steal from me my time.

It seemed strange to me to be able to look up at the stars when one was in jail but there they were. This part of the jail was simply a court with no roof but with rafters made of two-by-four lumber, placed about five or six inches apart and eighteen or twenty feet from the cement floor. There were six cells and they were ranged along one side of this court and had a roof over them. At one end of the court was a shallow, disreputable looking sink, and in a corner near this was what was supposed to be a water-closet, 'tho there was no screen nor partition to save it from the gaze of all the inmates. It was simply a filthy, reeking flush-bowl, black with the accretions of ages and in a very bad state of repair. The sink leaked badly, sending its sickening, microbe laden stream across the cold floor. tributary to other refuse that gravitated sluggishly into a cess-pool which was indicated by a grated, iron depression in the middle of the floor. Near the sink was a tub or half-barrel into which was dumped the solid garbage that came from the prisoner's food. This was wet and had fermented, while around the inside of the receptacle was a macadam of hardened swill which had encrusted the

staves so that they might have been removed, leaving garbage holding garbage. The aroma from this slimy mass of stuff lingered all too long and too caressingly before ascending cloudward from the man-high stratum of air that kept up the life of the lungs.

Yet even this overpowering assault upon the olfactory nerve failed not for reinforcement, for from the cells came the odor of unwashed, sleeping bodies and sweaty clothes of men and of women—the women of their ilk and kind.

I was still sleepy but no effort of the imagination was required to drive away all thought of sleep in such a place. Besides there were no cots nor boards nor railroad ties—just the plain, concrete floor with its burden of oozy wet. So I, walked the floor until the daylight began to filter into the jail.

And then the living things all round about the country side awoke from cleaner beds than ours and lifted up their dawn cries, joining in a matin song, far-flung, exultant, mocking, proclaiming a universal belief that life is inherently good and that only human relationships make it otherwise. Were those other orders of life mocking us? Did they say to us—"You humans, there in the jail, you have become so low that your brothers have had to lock you up?"—or was the mockery for the world outside, that breathed the clean, sweet air and denied the same to us? Was that proclamation of a clean, new day invested with Nature's authority to say: "Shame upon you, World. If jails must be, why such an abomination as this jail we see?"

Rattle of keys, clank of iron door, creak of rusty hinge, and the day jailer came in. He aroused his sleeping charges, unlocked the cell doors and went out. He could get out.

The cells unlocked, the inmates came out into the court in which I had spent a part of the night. There were five white men, and the rest, including the women, were Mexicans. There was none of the mystery of sex between women and men. There was no privacy of any kind for anyone.

Rattle of keys, clank of iron door, creak of rusty hinge, and the food was brought in. Food? Forgive me, it was

grub. The prisoners lined up with round tin pans and tomato cans in their hands. Each one received a generous slice of bread, a cup of black coffee—in the tomato can—and a helping of beans, stew or whatever happened to be the piece-de-resistance of the meal. Then they squatted on the floor and ate, sopping the bread in the watery piece-de-resistance, using the bread as a common carrier between the pan and face, for 'tho the mouth was target, the marksmanship of some was hit or miss. No knives, no forks, no spoons, no chop-sticks. No nothing, as one of them expressed it with a conciseness foreign to better grammar of the élite.

These starved men and women ate in the manner of primordial life and with the bestial, ravenous gusto of primordial life. The mind of me wondered if they were gorging as a duty, if the life spark in them cried so loudly for replenishment of its fuel. Did any pleasure reside in eating it was not in the taste of their grub but in the swiftness with which their stomachs could be made to receive that grub. Eating, as a social function, appealed to them not at all. Duration of hunger-hurt had written the jungle story into their faces and brought the beast a-top of the man. Each treasured his bit of provender with solicitation pathetic, gloating over the diminishing mite, straining alertness to shield it with furtive gestures of arm and hand, conscious of security, confident in possession, yet vaguely, instinctively aware that some triumphant beast might suddenly pounce upon it and snatch away the grub, the life.

Betimes the hunger cried less loudly, the beast crept down and away somewhere, and human looked out of the eyes for a space. But there was another hunger look and it came always with those fleeting, transitory glimpses and peerings-out of that strange, elusive spirit within. It evidenced hunger a thousand times more terrible, more insistent while it lasted, than the mere jungle craving; for something a thousand times more indefinable than grub, a thousand times more satisfying; an indescribable longing that had been starved a thousand times more terribly and shamefully than their bellies

had been starved. They were the losers in the race for a thing called success, in a race for which they had never been prepared nor had a chance to prepare, their names duly entered with no consent of theirs and with belated information that there was to be a race. Not theirs sufficient guile to trade one rotten apple for two good ones. Not theirs the brute strength of intellect to overcome. Not theirs to command life. Theirs only to do what the world told them to do; to dig the world's ditches and wash the world's dishes, to scrub and sweat and stoke and tug and pull and haul; and because of a mere difference in occupation, to forfeit clean sheets, bath-tubs, pure air, wholesome food, clean friendships and the "nice things" that mental occupations, somehow, gather the medium to buy.

I counted the noses. There were twenty-one—but twenty-two persons. Three of us were vagrants, one had stolen something, and the eighteen, including the women, were drunks. I did not eat, 'tho I was very hungry. But I would have to be very awfully hungry before I would eat from such filthy tins and drink from such filthy cans. Instead, I gave my ration to the man with only half a face in return for which he took me on a trip through Diaz's penal hells.

Breakfast was over and the door swung open for the night's gathering of human derelicts to walk before their judge. We filed out meekly and faced an important-looking individual who sat behind a desk with his hat on and looked at us out of a pair of red-lidded eyes. Machine-like speed ground out the grist and my turn came with a rush that swept away two-thirds of my resolution for defense. "Charged with vagrancy. Guilty or not guilty?" "Guilty," I said. "Twenty days," said the judge. "Your Honor, if you will telephone \_\_\_\_\_" "Send them out to work," said he. "If you will telephone," I insisted, "to Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ of the \_\_\_\_\_ cafe, I think you will find that I have prospective means of support." "Have they got a job for you?" he asked. "No," said I, "but they told me I could work for my board while looking for a situation."

"Oh, you worked for a meal," said he, as if to dismiss the subject. "Then will you allow me to send a note." I asked. "You wouldn't have been sleeping in a wagon-box if they were going to take care of you," he came back. "But there's a limit to a man's imposition upon kindness and I didn't want to let them know," I parried hopelessly. Whereupon he instructed the keeper to telephone to the proprietor of the cafe I had mentioned, to find out the truth or falsity of my assertion, and, if true, to release me at once. In the meantime we were marched out to work. Upon coming in at noon I asked the keeper what news for me. "Aw, I didn't 'phone," and he slammed the door, turning the key in the lock.

That afternoon I borrowed paper and pencil from our kind-hearted guard and smuggled a note to the best-natured darkey chef that ever led mens' minds through 'possum hunts in Dixie; whose whole-souled phrase of invitation had been, "Come around occasionally if you don't strike work. You can do an odd task now and then and board with us a while 'til you get on your feet." That evening, I ate some supper and ate it from one of those dirty pans and drank coffee from one of those dirty tomato cans, that no amount of scrubbing (with cold water and no soap) could cleanse of grease and rust.

The next morning we went out to work—in the shadow of the books. From a near-by school-house floated a song. From a mast on the schoolhouse floated a flag. A prisoner by my side said something about the triangularity of the song, the flag and us. I looked at him with wide eyes and did not understand. But then I was only beginning my second day while he was beginning his thirty-fourth.

At ten o'clock we were approached by a man who drove a horse that was hitched to a light trap. He called for Harry Wilson. I had forgotten my name but guessed that was it. So, at his invitation, I climbed to the seat and we drove down to the cafe—the straw at which I had grasped with surprising result. "You're going to work now," said the man, driving away. "Take care of yourself."

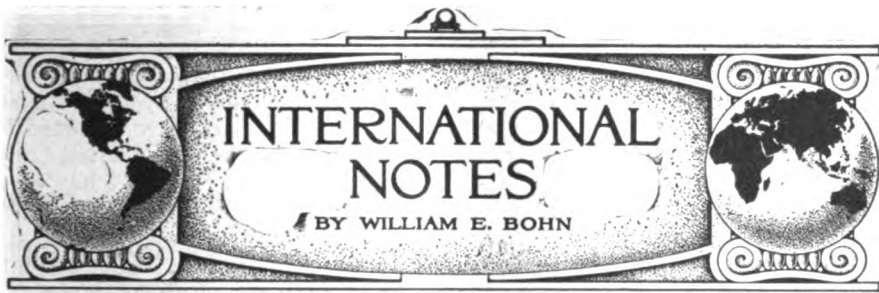
# EDITORIAL

**Organized Labor Becoming Revolutionary.** Trade unions in America, as in England, were organized for immediate, practical ends. They served those ends admirably. Isolated, the laborers were at the mercy of any employer who desired to exploit them. They had to accept his terms or starve. United, they found themselves able to treat on something like equal terms. Where "free competition" among employers prevailed, and the workers in a craft formed a strong organization, they frequently obtained real concessions in wages, hours and working conditions. As long as they could hold the advantages thus gained, it was natural that they should be conservative. But capitalism does not stand still and the capitalists have learned to organize. Their combinations are stronger than the labor unions. They are backed by judges, policemen, soldiers. And all the while, new machines are threatening to make worthless all the special skill of the union men. Gradually they are coming to see that their old tactics are out of date, that their own welfare is closely bound up with that of the rest of the working class, and that nothing but REVOLUTION will do.

**The Socialist Opportunity.** Old party names are losing their magic. Republicans are splitting into stand-patters and insurgents on lines of business interests, while democrats are ever and again deserting their own party to help one of the republican factions. All signs point to a fresh line-up of parties in the near future, and to this process we Socialists may look forward with little to fear and much to hope. Our course now is plain and easy. If we agitate for middle-class reforms we simply strengthen the "insurgents," or whatever the politicians who voice the hopes and fears of the little capitalists may call themselves. If we keep to the straight line of the class struggle, irresistible forces will be found fighting on our side. For the class struggle is no longer a mere Marxian theory to be confirmed or dispelled by later events. It is a grim fact staring at

every reader from the headlines of every daily newspaper, and closer still to the eyes and ears of every wage-worker who knows that he must have more wages if he is even to maintain his past standard of living, and that he will not get them without a fight. More and more brutally, ruthlessly, the capitalists are using the clubs of the police and the bayonets of the militia to crush out the resistance of the wage-workers. And the sight of the latest improved machine gun mounted in a swift motor car on the streets of an inland city a thousand miles from any possible foreign foe is a new and valuable help to clear thinking on the part of wage-workers. There is just one party that dares propose to put the wage-workers in control of the machines they use, and that is the Socialist Party. And there is just one issue on which the Socialist Party can make an appeal that will unite the working class. It is that the workers shall be the rulers and the owners.

**Aim at the Center.** There are plenty of objectionable things about capitalistic politics and capitalist society in general. We might scatter our fire on any or all of these and accomplish nothing. Or we might even help the "insurgents" to "remedy" a few of the "social evils" successfully. But what good would this success do us, the wage-workers? The trouble with us is that under the capitalist system we can receive and do receive only a small fraction of the wealth we produce. This trouble will not be remedied in the least by electing honest men to office, or stopping graft, or compelling wicked capitalists to pay their "just" share of the taxes, or by any of the other reforms over which so much breath is wasted. And it is encouraging that the propertyless wage-workers are taking no interest in these issues. What they want is more of what they produce. The Socialist movement shows them the only possible way to get this. Here is the line of argument that wins. The straight road is the best road; let us keep in it and press on.



**England. John Bull on Industrial Unionism.** Up to the present time the principle of industrial unionism has been represented in England solely by a small but vigorous branch of the Industrial Workers of the World. In Socialist and labor union circles the members of this organization have been looked upon as malicious trouble breeders. *Justice* and *Clarion* have denounced the principle which they represent as an outlandish heresy which was to be put an end to with short shrift.

Under these circumstances it has been with great curiosity that the friends of industrial unionism have watched the reception of Tom Mann in English labor circles. Comrade Mann returned from Australia to his old field of battle an advocate of the newer form of unionism. In fact it is doubtful if there is in the entire labor movement of the world a more ardent and influential advocate of it than he is. And he has thrown himself with characteristic force and frankness into the effort to swing the English labor movement into line with the world movement. From the very first remarks with which he hailed the comrades who greeted him at the dock to his latest writings and speeches everything he has said has teemed with the spirit of working-class solidarity. If one is to judge from reports in the English Socialist papers his opinions have been received with wonder and misgiving. Even now suspicion has hardly been supplanted by real understanding.

For example, notice the reception given Comrade Mann's pamphlet, "Prepare for Action," which, by the way, is announced as No. 1 of the "Industrial Syndicalist." A reviewer in *Justice* devotes more than a column to this exposition of industrial unionism. After explaining in a rather patronizing way that

all the ends sought by Comrade Mann can be attained by political action the author tries to smooth things over by the following conclusion: "Tom Mann comes back here from Australia; it is against his good nature to libel and slander his old comrades, as the previous apostles of industrial unionism have done; he is impressed, as we are, with the fact that the General Federation, given the spirit of class solidarity, is quite capable of working the thing out. Really, Mr. Mann is so reasonable an industrial unionist that he is hardly an industrial unionist at all." This is hardly graceful or gracious, but it means at least that the author feels obliged to accept a form of unionism represented by so influential an advocate as Tom Mann.

In this connection it is with pleasure that one records two recent expressions on this matter of the old and the new forms of unionism. One represents the most advanced opinion in the Social Democratic Party, the other that in the Independent Labor Party. In the *Clarion* for July 29 an editorial writer discusses the causes for the recent defeat of the workers in the famous North-Eastern Railway strike. The author concludes: "As things stand the workers tend to lose by strikes. While they are willing to sulk together in sectional camps, the enemy will use one regiment against another. But that only proves that sectional striking is played out. The workers must learn to strike properly. They must take a leaf out of the capitalist book and link up their many interests into a national and international federation. Had the workers been properly organized, there would have been nobody to drive the train in which Mr. Sidney Buxter traveled to Newcastle. But as things are, the capitalist can always rely upon ignorant or cad-

dish workers to convey even blacklegs to injure and defeat the strikers.

"The strike is not an obsolete weapon. Its uses are only just being discovered. Out of the roving and disunited bands an army is being organized. And when that army is ready to strike as one man, our righteous capitalists will be ready to spill more than ink."

In the same issue of the *Clarion* is reported a speech by Keir Hardie on this same railway strike. He expressed his admiration at the fine energy and spirit of the strikers and went on to say that he hoped the day was not far distant when the power of the working-class would be further consolidated. When the railway men, the colliers, the dockers, and the iron workers would all be members of one great brotherhood. Given such a combination, he continued, the strikes would be practically over.

No doubt Victor Grayson correctly represents the attitude of the average English Socialist in an article which he recently published: "It is sufficient to mention the words 'Industrial Unionist' to send the average Socialist lecturer into involuntary shudders and cold sweats." Then he goes on to show how the English Industrialists have carried on their propaganda by forcing Socialist orators to run a gauntlet of questions on class-struggle economics. But what follows is more encouraging: "Whatever the manner of the message may have been, its matter should compel the immediate and serious consideration of Socialists. It is not for us to greet it with bovine indifference..... We must carefully sift and weigh its arguments and proposals. This has not been easy for the average Socialist, partly because of our futile wanderings in the fog-bound labyrinths of politics, and our preoccupation with the literature of parliamentarianism; and partly because there has been no well-known or accessible literature upon the subject. With the return to this country of our clear-thinking and hard-hitting friend and comrade, Tom Mann, this difficulty has begun to be overcome."

**Socialist Unity.** At the annual conference of the Social Democratic Party, held during the Easter holiday, a reso-

lution was adopted looking toward the unification of the various Socialist bodies of England. It is now reported that this resolution is being carried out. The secretary of the S. D. P. has arranged a conference at which are to be represented, beside his own organization, the Fabian Society, the Independent Labor Party, and the Labor Party. English sectarianism has hitherto failed to yield to the repeated resolutions of international Socialist Congresses. But there are still Socialists in England who have not lost hope of attaining unity. The comrades from all over the world will wish them success.

**Turkey. A Fight for Unionism.** Hardly has the last shot of the bourgeois revolution died away in Turkey, but already we hear of the beginnings of the proletarian revolt. During the month of July the police of Salonica endeavored to suppress the Tobacco Workers' Union. They closed up the union headquarters and dragged the union officials into court. The defense was based on the new constitution. The comrade who made it closed with the words: "To suppress the liberty of the unions would be to suppress the liberty of a great number of citizens, and there would no longer be a constitution in Turkey, except in name." The men were acquitted and, amidst great rejoicings carried at the head of a procession about the city. It is interesting and instructive to notice how soon bourgeois "liberty" begins to play out.

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# THE WORLD OF LABOR

BY MAX S. HAYES.

The long fight against the Buck Stove & Range Co. was finally ended during the past month by a complete surrender on the part of that concern, and at the present time the unions involved—the metal polishers and brass workers, iron molders, stove mounters and foundry laborers—are working out the details of the conditions under which the plant is to be operated upon strictly union lines.

A son of the late J. W. Van Cleave, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, is the present manager of the Buck Company and in the settlement proceedings announced that the old policy of opposition to union labor would be abandoned by himself and his board of directors and union labor would be fully recognized in all departments.

It is going on six years that the elder Van Cleave resorted to the unusual scheme of forcing the metal polishers to abandon the nine-hour day and return to the ten-hour system, despite the fact that metal polishing is regarded as one of the most dangerous of all trades on account of the workers in that occupation being an easy prey to the white plague. A strike followed and the Buck company was placed on the unfair list of the A. F. of L. in a prefatory sort of way, and little attention was given to the concern except by those directly interested, but still enough damage was done to arouse the ire of Van Cleave, who made the mistake of his life by going into court and obtaining nation-wide notoriety by suing for an injunction.

After securing his restraining order against Gompers, Mitchell, Morrison and others he had the former brought into court under charges of contempt, and every subsequent move reacted hardest on Van Cleave and his stoves and ranges. Finally he stepped out of office in the National Association of Manufacturers, a broken man and died in St. Louis several months ago.

The settlement will not affect the contempt case against Gompers and his col-

leagues, as this legal fight has reached the United States Supreme Court and is being prosecuted by the American Anti-Boycott Association, the organization which stood behind the plaintiff in the celebrated case of Loewe versus United Hatters, and which is a sort of auxiliary to the National Association of Manufacturers and the Citizens' Alliance and probably other labor-hating bodies. However, it is possible that those wise old owls who grace the Supreme bench may find some way of getting around this somewhat delicate situation without squarely facing the issue, now that the main cause of the legal battle has been satisfactorily arranged. It's not such a hard job for the learned limbs of the law to get out of an embarrassing position by digging up some technicality and postponing a final decision upon some vital principle for several years.

The supreme judges don't want to imprison Gompers and make a martyr of him and give the labor movement the benefit of the moral effect. They remember that Eugene V. Debs came out of jail a much more popular man than when he went in, which was also true of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone. The final outcome of this cause will prove interesting.

Meanwhile the Buck settlement is one more fine example of what the working class can accomplish when it is true to its interests, thoroughly conscious and demonstrates its solidarity.

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Meanwhile a victory here or a defeat there doesn't seem to affect the general tendencies or evolution of capitalism to any great extent. The movement to outlaw boycotts and strikes and completely enervate organized labor is proceeding slowly and surely. Not long ago the United States Court of Virginia enjoined the miners from going on strike. Then the Illinois Appellate Court restrained the Chicago street car men from walking out on strike.

Now, right upon the heels of the announced settlement of the Buck Stove trouble, comes the Superior Court at Boston, at the behest of a combine of bosses, and issues a sweeping injunction against the striking photo-engravers. The latter are enjoined from doing almost everything except breathe. They are not only restrained from talking to or making gestures at strike-breakers, but they are enjoined from 'continuing or proceeding with the strike already called against the plaintiffs' (the bosses' combine), and are forbidden to pay strike benefits or to impose fines or other punishment on any members who desire to play the role of strike-breakers.

It used to be the boast of the capitalists and their legal hirelings that labor had the right to work or not to work, etc., and, indeed, certain labor leaders, so-called, were very fond of repeating that nonsense like so many parrots. Labor has no right to work under present conditions—it has a right to hunt a master, and that's about all. Now the courts are beginning to rule that, having found a master, labor has no right to quit serving him or advise others to cease work.

True enough, injunctions like the foregoing are not the general rule—not yet. In robbing the people of their freedom, tyranny usually proceeds slowly, insidiously. Learned opinions of the other petty czars court lays down a precedent, then another builds thereon, then a third quotes the learned opinions of the other petty czars and adds a few wise thoughts favoring the master class, and gradually a dozen rule in the same vicious manner, and the practice becomes "good law."

Then we have a few boneheaded "labor leaders" who brag about how much more "free" and "independent" we are than the European paupers. Isn't it rotten?

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President Moyer, of the Western Federation of Miners, has made the suggestion that Samuel Gompers, president of the A. F. of L., be retired on a pension to make room for a younger man. Gompers retorts that it is up to the delegates to the Federation convention to decide that matter. If it's the idea of Moyer

that Gompers should be pensioned and some present vice-president promoted or other "standpatter" picked from the delegates for the place, then the miner man is wrong. If there is to be a conservative at the head of the A. F. of L., let Sam remain as long as he likes. I don't know of one of his followers who could fill his shoes.

Moyer should be very careful how he expresses himself, as he is after a charter for the W. F. of M., which has already been protested by certain craft union officials, who would like to rip the miners to pieces just as they tried to serve the brewery workers and other industrial organizations, excepting, of course, the United Mine Workers, with whom the W. F. of M. is now in alliance. The little craft advocates have always been afraid of Mitchell and Lewis, who have stated plainly that all men who work in and about the mines must remain in the U. M. W. or get out. But they are going to try to bar the W. F. of M., just as they are trying to drive out the progressive element in the electrical workers, and just as they have barred the flint glass workers, the Amalgamated Engineers and other radicals. The A. F. of L. is "stand pat," par excellence. It is more conservative or reactionary than it was fifteen years ago, and it is quite natural that the friends of Gompers don't want to hear any radical talk from Moyer.

In this connection it might be stated that Speaker Cannon, the prince of "standpatters," is throwing some nice bouquets at Gompers. In his tariff speeches Cannon quotes Gompers quite liberally to show how much better off we are under an "American System" of high tariff than the Europeans. You know Gompers, when he was abroad last summer, could see and write about nothing but poverty and slavery—which, thank God! we haven't got in this country—and now Cannon reads his audiences liberal extracts from the Gompers letters and says they are as true as gospel. Politics surely does make strange bedfellows.

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About the only bill that successfully ran the gauntlet of the politicians who



Eugene V. Debs

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assembled in Congress at Washington during the year and spent over a billion dollars that appeared to amount to anything to the working class was the one to create a bureau of mines and mining. It is a notorious fact that in the United States more than double and treble the number of miners are killed every year than in any other country in the world, due to the driving and profit-grabbing methods of the American capitalists. For years the men who take their lives in their hands and work underground have protested against the needless dangers that they are compelled to face while their masters enjoy themselves in luxurious ease safe from explosions and constant accidents. Finally Congress, after hemming and hawing for several years, voted to establish a bureau to save life and limb, but only after a number of disasters occurred while the bill was pending. Now comes President Moyer and informs the convention of the Western Federation of Miners at Denver, that the bureau is no good unless the law is radically amended. So that once again the workers seem to be humbugged by the politicians who pose as saviors of society.

There is no change in the battle that is being waged against the United States Steel Corporation and the seamen on the Great Lakes and iron and steel workers. Although the labor organizations throughout the country, the labor press as a whole and many daily newspapers continue to expose the slavish conditions that the steel trust is attempting to enforce upon the workers, the corporation is not the least disturbed and is pushing its project of building a "model" town near Birmingham, Ala., which is to be named Corey, after Mabel Gillman's husband, who divorced the wife of his poverty days and who reigns as president of the new feudal institution, better known as the United States Steel Corporation. The steel trust is the head and front of the movement to smash the trade unions, and it is pointed to with pride by the various employers' associations which are trying to emulate its example. At the same time the workers refuse to surrender and acknowledge themselves out-and-out slaves.

The fight will not only continue here, but will be spread into foreign countries, more news of which will be given later.

It is unlikely that a Labor party will be formed in Los Angeles, where a fierce class struggle is raging between the unions and the open shoppers as a result of the metal trades for an eight-hour day. The unionists have held big mass meetings and declared their intention of leaving the old parties and starting a new party, but so many of the members have been joining the Socialist party lately, more than doubling the number who pay dues, that it would look like splitting the labor vote, and the indications are that the unionists will work with—and through the Socialist Party.

The Chicago Federation of Labor, the largest city central body in the country, adopted a committee report advising the severance of all connections with the old parties, and the local unions are now voting upon the question of starting a Labor party or joining with the Socialist party to fight for political concessions.

In Seattle about fifty unions formed a Labor party and will finance it by levying a per capita tax of 5 cents a month. The new party is the outcome of strikes and capitalistic oppression.

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# NEWS AND VIEWS

Still at it in Portland. We held an excursion and picnic down the Columbia Sunday, the 17th of July. It certainly was a success and we had to turn 200 people away as the boat was crowded to the rails. We had races, games and dancing and very good music. We are asked to give another this season. We have had a teamsters and machinists strike on here for the last two months or so. It is a great thing to witness in the City of Roses so boasted about by the home land sharks. You can get anything here in Portland but your money back—or a job. The scab teamsters are protected by the police, who ride with them all day, wait upon them while they eat their meals and take them safely home to Mamma at night. The employers' association has come out for the Open Shop. But some day these men will get wise on how to use their ballots and to industrial unionism. Then there will be something doing sure. It is a sorry sight to see men here scabbing on other men who are members of the same organization. For instance the teamsters are on strike. The bakers, bricklayers, masons and others are each paying 25 cents or 50 cents a week to aid the striking teamsters. But they handle the goods the SCABS HAUL and keep on working, and in this way support the strike-breakers and the bosses at the same time. Then some union men own their own homes. They know the little property owners can't dodge the taxes and that the police are paid to protect the scabs. They know they will have to pay the taxes that pay the police and so they become swell little strike-breakers. Also the union men contribute to the funds of the strikers. I wonder whether they ever will wake up out of the craft union dope and get into a union based on class lines that will use every weapon at its command to batter down the master-class. At present our hope is to keep up the fight, shoulder to shoulder with our overworked, underfed fellowworkers, who are so willing to remain slaves as long as they can get a job or a little raise in wages. Some day they will be as class conscious as they are job conscious and then it will be a merry war. But that is dreaming. Until the

workers are lined up with intelligence and solidarity, conscious of their power to inaugurate the workers' republic.

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Tom J. Lewis.

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**Something Doing in Springfield, Ohio.** I hereby place an order for the Local's bundle of August Reviews . . . We started several months ago with 20 and had a few left. Next we increased to 40 and have increased every time since until this month we ordered 100, then 20 more and still did not have enough. This month we offered an Appeal Arsenal of Facts for the person making greatest sales, he having sold 37 copies. Next month we will offer a bound copy of the Communist Manifesto. I believe a winner in a contest like this is more likely to read and appreciate our classical literature. Fraternally, R. A. Huebner.

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**When the B and O. Shops in Zanesville, Ohio** began to show an interest in the Socialist literature that was being sold by one of our young boy friends in that city, the bosses ordered the lad to stay off the premises. But the men who work in the shops will not be denied the privilege of buying what they want and our young comrade is going to see to it that the Review will be on sale in Zanesville. There is one good thing about Capitalist oppression. It always ends by working against them.

---

**The Workers in American History** is the title of a book recently published by the author, James Oneal, 831 North Third Street, Terre Haute, Ind., price 25c postpaid. Comrade Oneal has made a real contribution to the literature of American socialism by unearthing a mass of facts about people who were really making history while the Great Men were parading in the foreground. His story of the working people for the three hundred years ending with the adoption of the U. S. Constitution is one that will startle any

wage-worker who has believed the stories in the school histories. He will find that the Pilgrim Fathers were slave merchants, dealing in white slaves as well as black. He will find that the working class of the United States has been from the earliest days engaged in a struggle with the ruling class, that it has never any more "rights" than it was able to take by its own strength, and that its position is stronger far today than in the glorious (?) times of Bunker Hill and Yorktown. Moreover he will find that the Constitution of the United States is not a priceless heritage of liberty, as some amiable reformers would have us believe, but a series of measures shrewdly planned by the property owners to fetter the workers, so that it has worked for over a hundred years exactly as it was intended to work. Comrade Oneal is to be congratulated, and we advise every Review reader who wants to know more about American history to send for the book. It is well worth the price, which is more than we can say for other more pretentious books by Socialist writers lately issued by capitalist publishers.

**Labor Song.** March on to the Light, by Fred Holland Dewey, came to this office a week or two ago. Comrade Dewey only charges 10c for both words and music, and the song is a rare pleasure to working folks. Order copies from Fred H. Dewey, 250 West 22nd St., New York, N. Y.

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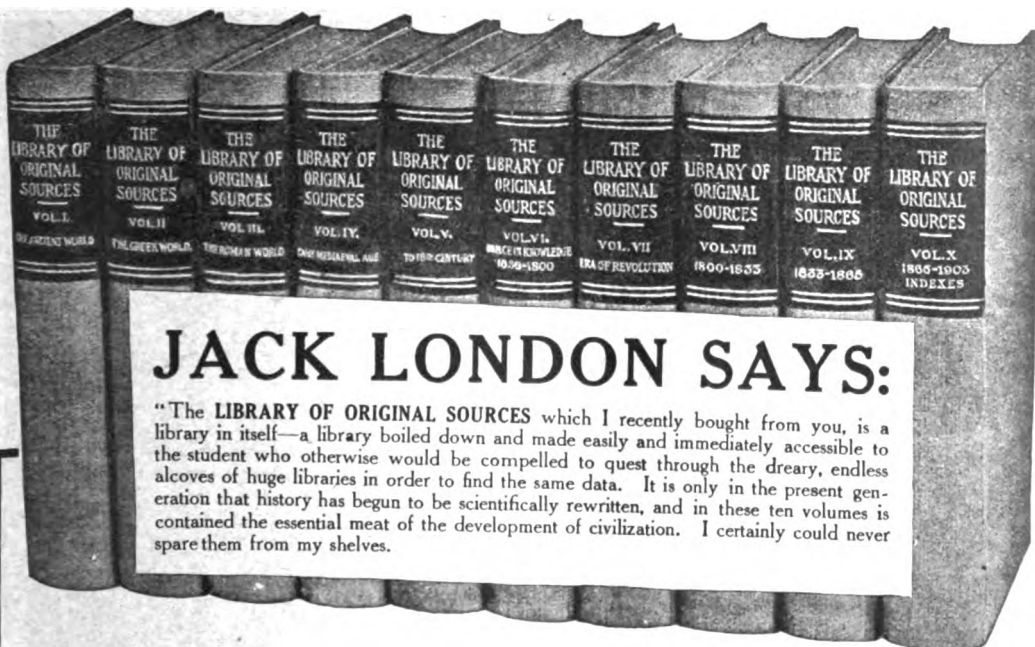
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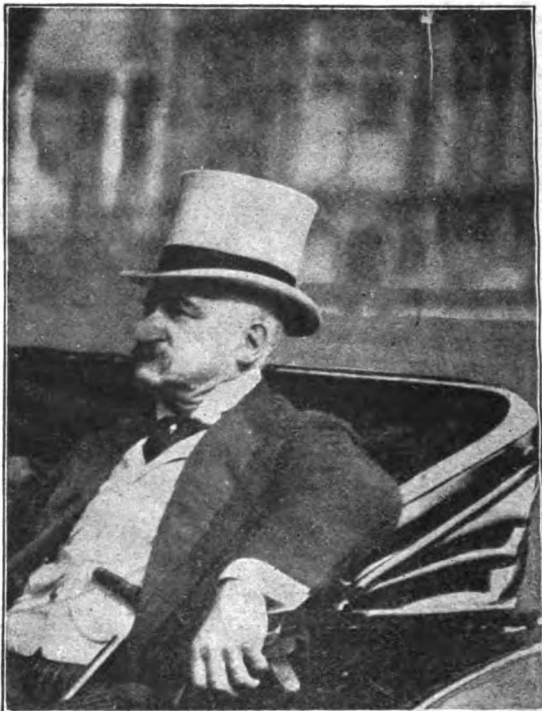
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