

SEPTEMBER, 1911

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The INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

*The Fighting Magazine
of the Working Class*



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LABOR'S STRUGGLE FOR SUPREMACY

By EUGENE V. DEBS

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THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

OF, BY AND FOR THE WORKING CLASS

EDITED BY CHARLES H. KERR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS: Mary E. Marcy, Robert Rives LaMonte, William E. Bohn,
Leslie H. Marcy

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THE GREAT DOCKERS' DEMONSTRATION IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, AUGUST 6TH.—THE STRIKERS WON

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WORKING FIVE HUNDRED FEET ABOVE GROUND

BY

THOMAS O'CONNELL

I WAS talking to Tim Saunders during his noon hour while the men at work putting up the great framework for one of the largest Chicago skyscrapers, sat about eating their lunches.

"Of course the job of an iron worker

is no cinch," he said, "but where can a man find one nowadays that is? My father was killed in the steel mills and my brother was lost in the Cherry Mine disaster. You're up against it everywhere."

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Every day as I passed the growing skeleton of the new building I heard men talking about the rapidity with which the work progressed. Story after story leaped skyward over night and arm after arm of ponderous steel was daily flung forward. The whole gigantic structure seemed springing into life before our eyes.

It was the tiny specks of men as they crept over the huge frame knitting together enormous girders with the raucous riveting machines, that interested me most.

The life of one structural iron worker EVERY WEEK during the process of construction was the toll paid. During the hot days in July, Dan Wheeler, an old, experienced hand crumpled up over a twelfth story section and lurched over to the basement. Two other men were so overcome by the heat that they had to quit for the day.

Often I passed Madison street at about the time the men working on the Gardner building came down in the morning, and I always stopped, at the risk of being late, and "docked" myself, to see the men hoisted to their respective jobs over the steel chain pulley or the great hoists. They would slip their hands through the links and brace their feet around the chain and go whirling and swaying through space three or four, or even five, hundred feet above ground.

Dan Wheeler told me of one day when he and three of his comrades doubled up in order to finish a specified number of floors at a given time. "We had to do our own work and avoid jars from the steel beams from theirs," he said.

"It was a windy day and the small manila brace ropes flapped in our faces and beat about our feet. We had all been 'called down' that morning by the boss and told to finish up that floor if we were any good at all, before night.

"But the wind was so strong that we worked with extra precaution. At such times the structural iron worker becomes a taut bundle of nerves. He must keep every sense alert for the slightest mischance may mean his finish.

One of the boys pushed back his soft hat and mopped his forehead, we always

sweat a good deal on such jobs because of the tension and the hard work and it was hot that day, too. The wind caught up the flap of his hat and as he snatched to catch it, his foot slipped and Bill got his last time.

"When you first start on a job of this kind, you are so careful that you are almost likely to stumble over your own feet. But by and by you get used to it, like a man gets used to everything in this world. Then you get careless. I used to be proud of my own nimbleness. People would talk about the way I leaped great gaps and flung myself about. And I was so light on my feet and so strong and young that I laughed at the thought of any accident coming my way, in those days.

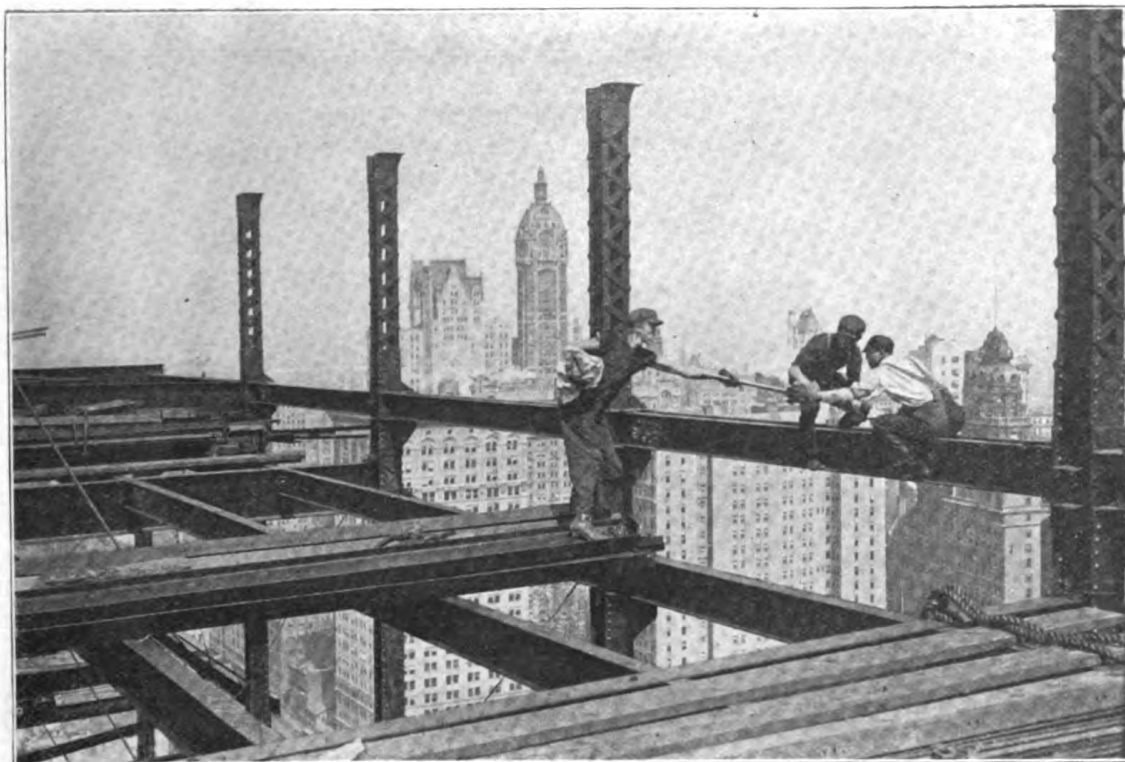
"But I learned a whole lot. And I was one of the lucky ones that learned before I fell. When a spike slipped and I saved myself from plunging into space by throwing my arms around the riveting machine, a fellow workman reached me inside a half a minute and pulled the riveter over to the girder and I found my feet again.

At another time I stepped on an untied shoe-lace, but threw myself backward in time to clutch the bars and save myself from going under. Every iron worker carries his life in his FEET every day. We could all tell you of our many close shaves.

"Now they have a new aerial ambulance for structural iron workers. But that don't come into use until we've been hurt. It's nearly always good by to the worker before the ambulance gets him. Sometimes our remains are scooped up and lowered to the ground and carted away to our bereaved families and sometimes men are gathered up still living. They may be an improvement on nothing at all, but they never prevent accidents.

The steel trust is now after the structural iron workers. It has crushed out the unions in many parts of the Pittsburg district where unionism is fast becoming a negligible quantity. And it has set its face against the organization of the iron workers.

Intelligent men and women recognize the McNamara conspiracy as a gigantic movement on the part of Morgan's gang



ACROSS THE CHASM.

to wipe out the gallant little band of air men in their last stand for their craft organization.

The union may win this particular fight, but they cannot win finally with their old weapons.

Capital is more and more concentrating into a few hands. It is armed with all the powers of government to use in its own way. Only a united working class can cope with the trusts. A small band of workers, be they ever so courageous and self-sacrificing, must go down before the better organized and better equipped capitalist class.

The day of craft organization is nearly done because the trust is become well-nigh invulnerable. It commands Supreme courts and the old-time gods of the ermine bend the submissive knee. It demands of Roosevelt, the boaster, that he become its servant and its tool and Teddy, the terrible, forthwith lays down his arms and dons the menial's attire.

It threatens to throw the nation into a panic, to close down factories and mines and to shut the mills. Unless Theodore, the terrible, became a public vassal to the steel trust, the steel trust threatened to involve the country in a panic. Then would all men know who was the king. So Teddy got down on his knees. He did not expect that the facts would be made public and that later on he (Roosevelt) would be called before a congressional investigation body where his subserviency would be proven.

Kings, princes, presidents, are all in the service of the trusts these days. A fighting craft union is like a small boy trying to stem the tide of progress when it goes up against the Steel Trust. A fighting, revolutionary industrial union, ONE BIG UNION of the working class can by its own united strength and solidarity, ride with that tide to the complete supremacy of the workers.



MARCHING STRIKERS.

THE CLEVELAND GARMENT WORKERS STRIKE

BY

C. E. RUTHENBERG

THE garment workers of Cleveland have been on strike for two months at the time this article is written.

In the face of the most bitter opposition the International Garment Workers' Union has ever met with, in the face of the brutality and violence of the worst lot of hired guards ever used in a contest of this character, in spite of the united effort of the capitalist dailies to prejudice the public against the strikers and to break their ranks by publishing lying stories about the strikers going back to work, and in spite of the arrest of hundreds of pickets, the garment workers are as firm in their demands as when the strike began, and they hold a stronger position.

The workers in this contest did not make the usual mistake of giving their employers weeks and months to prepare for a strike. They struck their blow the moment their demands were refused. On June 5th the demands of the union were presented to the employers. On June 6th a mass meeting of the workers was

called and the situation laid before them. The following morning the union officials again tried to secure consideration of workers' demands, of which the main points are, a fifty hour week; no work on Saturday afternoon nor on Sundays; not more than two hours' overtime five days per week; double time for overtime for week workers; the observance of all legal holidays; no charge for machines, power or appliances, nor for silk and cotton; no inside contracting; no time contracts with individual employes; prices for piecework to be adjusted by a joint price committee, to be elected by employes in the shops, the outside contractors and a representative of the firm. The employers absolutely refused to deal with the representatives of the unions.

The workers had begun their tasks at the tables and machines as usual the morning after the mass meeting, and probably none of the employers guessed that the strike was imminent. But when word was passed from shop to shop at 9 o'clock that the bosses had refused to

see their representatives and that they were to walk out at ten, the workers were ready. When the hands of the clock pointed to that hour they dropped their work and filed out of the factories.

On St. Clair avenue and intersecting streets, where a large number of factories are located, the streets were soon filled with strikers. In accordance with instructions received they formed in line and marched from factory to factory, augmenting their strength at each place until more than seven thousand were in line. They thus gave the first impressive demonstration of their strength. After passing through the down-town section the paraders proceeded out Superior avenue to the plant of H. Black & Co. This is one of the largest concerns in Cleveland and some difficulty was expected in getting the workers in this factory to join the strike, but when the strikers counter-marched before the plant they were joined by practically every worker employed by this concern.

The garment workers are fortunate in having an industrial form of organization and in making their demands as one organization and not as the demands of separate unions. Although there are five unions concerned in this strike they did not carry on separate negotiations and go on strike as individual organizations. Their demands were presented by the officials of the International Garment

Workers' Union, and when they struck, cloak cutters, cloak makers, shirt makers, cloak and shirt pressers and finishers and outside contractors struck as one organization. And ever since they have stood together as one organization and have refused to deal with their employers in any other way than through the joint board representing all the unions.

The Employers' Association has followed the usual tactics in trying to break the strike. Blackguards, ex-criminals and ruffians of all kinds have been employed through private detective agencies, ostensibly as guards, but in reality to instigate rioting and violence, which is laid at the door of the strikers by the capitalist press. "Facts," the official organ of the Employers' Association of Cleveland, thus sums up the result:

"The Cleveland strike has resulted in one death, thirteen serious riots resulting in shooting, slugging, smashing of windows, destruction of property, severe fighting and assaults, which were only quelled by calling out the police reserves; one vitriol throwing affair; three shooting affrays of major character not counting riots; one stabbing affray; twenty-two grave assaults and many street battles; many riotous affairs in which men were beaten up, wounded, and shots were fired; several hundred cases of violence where blows have been struck and hundreds of cases of missile and egg throw-



POLICE GUARDING SCABS GOING TO WORK.



POLICE ARRESTING A PICKET.

ing and disorderly conduct. Over three hundred arrests have resulted."

Here is one instance which will serve to explain how these riots and disturbances originated:

R. J. Snyder, E. J. McCarthy, Frank Deering and Ed Elliott, all guards in the employ of the manufacturers, were driving down Payne avenue in an automobile at the rate of forty miles an hour. Being drunk or inexperienced in handling an automobile, they lost control of the machine and crashed into a telegraph post. Snyder had his skull fractured and the three other guards were injured more or less seriously. People living in the neighborhood called an ambulance in which Snyder was taken to a hospital. They were engaged in caring for the other guards when another automobile load of guards came along. Without asking or waiting for any explanation these guards drew their billies and blackjacks, rushed into the crowd and clubbed and beat every one within reach.

The facts in this case were too palpable to be concealed, and other cases of violence and destruction of property upon

investigation show the same result. A non-union shop was set on fire and strikers accused of being the incendiaries. Investigation by the fire marshal's office brought out the fact that guards in the employ of the manufacturers were the real criminals. Warrants were sworn out for the arrest of these guards, but before they could be served they had disappeared and the detective agency which had employed them disclaimed any knowledge of their whereabouts.

It is not to be supposed that these seven thousand men and women carrying on a contest for wages which will give them a decent subsistence and for working conditions which will enable them to live as human beings have been always peaceable and have always refrained from meeting violence with violence. Can it be expected of these workers, fighting for their very lives, that they turn the other cheek when attacked by ruffians brought into the city by their employers? But it can be said without fear of contradiction that nine-tenths of the violence which is laid at the door of the strikers has been the result of aggression on the part of

the so-called "guards," hired to create disturbances.

The Cleveland police department has been entirely at the service of the Manufacturers' Association. One-third of the police force is constantly on duty at the various factories. At the plant of H. Black & Co. a few days ago there were ten burly policemen guarding the factory against four girl pickets, not any of whom was much over sixteen years of age.

The police, evidently acting under instructions, have harassed the strikers in every way possible. While guards, carrying revolvers and blackjacks, have not been molested, though violating the law which forbids the carrying of concealed weapons, girl pickets have been arrested on charges brought under obsolete ordinances, which no one ever heard of until the present strike. In the disturbances resulting from attacks on strikers by guards the police have invariably taken the part of the guards and clubbed and arrested strikers and bystanders, whether guilty of any lawlessness or not.

It is only necessary to read between the lines in the following report published in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, of a charge of mounted police, for evidence of this fact:

"They (the mounted police) galloped headlong at the crowd when they first appeared and the hundreds who blocked the street fled in terror. They swung their clubs when they reached the crowd and forced their way through, driving scores before them down the streets. Some groups that ran from them were chased for blocks. . . . There was little resistance offered the horsemen."

Brave men, indeed, to ride roughshod among unarmed men and women who flee in terror and offer no resistance!

In order to keep pickets away from the factories the police established what they called "dead-lines" about the garment factory district in the down-town section of the city, through which no one was allowed to pass without explaining his business. No authority existed for forbidding the people of Cleveland from passing up and down any street of the city, but although this fact was called to the attention of the head of the police department and the mayor, the "dead-lines" were maintained until the strikers them-

selves set them at defiance. A procession of strikers, their wives and relatives was organized and ten thousand strong they marched from the union headquarters through the heart of the city to the factory district and through the "dead-lines." Since this parade the police have forgotten that "dead-lines" had been established.

There are 1,600 girls out in this strike. Under the direction of Miss Pauline Newman and Miss Josephine Casey, both organizers sent to Cleveland by the International Garment Workers' Union, these girls are doing wonders. When the strike began very few of them were in the unions. Today they are practically all organized and firmer in their demands and more ready to do picketing and other work than the men. Miss Newman, who took part in both the shirt waist makers' strike in New York and the garment workers' strike in Philadelphia, says that the spirit manifested by the girl workers in Cleveland is an inspiration to every one connected with the strike.

At one of the factories forty-five girls were arrested at one time. No sooner were they locked up than one of the girls proposed:

"I move that we elect a chairman and hold a meeting."

The chairman was duly named and a committee elected to draw up resolutions condemning the police.

Girls who maintain this fighting spirit in police cells are not going to be easily beaten.

Officers of the International Union say that the Cleveland strike is the bitterest fight they have been in. Although unable to operate their factories, the employers are maintaining a firm front. When members of the State Arbitration Board came to Cleveland to investigate the strike they refused absolutely to place their case before the board, although union officials had manifested their willingness to submit the demands of the workers to arbitration. Various firms have tried to open shops in the small towns about Cleveland, but have not succeeded in operating them successfully. At Canton, Akron, Conneaut, Ashtabula, Painesville, Sandusky, Elyria and a number of other places these shops have been closed through aggressive work of organ-

izers and pickets from Cleveland co-operating with the central bodies of the unions in these towns.

The Employers' Association has tried to bring in strikebreakers from other cities, but with little or no success. Out of thirty-five of the larger shops concerned, only eleven are making any attempt to operate at all. In these eleven factories not over five hundred strikebreakers are employed.

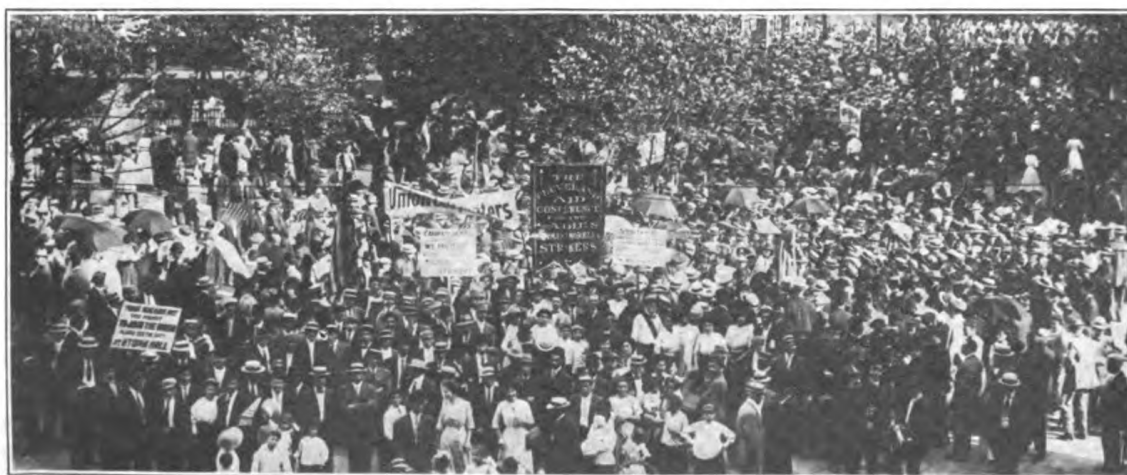
In some of these factories strikebreakers are being held in what practically amounts to peonage. Once outside of the shops they are kept there under guard, sleeping and eating their meals inside of the factories. They soon grow tired of such a life and if given an opportunity are only **too anxious** to leave.

The Socialist Party has not neglected the opportunity presented in this strike to show up the class character of the municipal government and the courts of Cleveland. When a judge declared that carrying concealed weapons by strikebreakers, which is absolutely forbidden by city ordinance, was not illegal, but that calling "scab" at strikebreakers justified arrest, the eyes of some of the workers were opened.

Socialist speakers have been addressing large meetings held under auspices of the union, and Socialist soap-boxers are holding meetings regularly in the strike district. Especially active has been the Jewish branch of the Socialist Party, which, through the Garment Workers' Aid Conference, took the leading part in arranging a monster protest demonstration against the city administration because of its use of the police in the inter-

est of the employers. Between 15,000 and 20,000 strikers, unionists and Socialists took part in this demonstration. Since this time the police have been a little more active in protecting strikers from the brutality of the guards. Evidently the capitalist administration fears the political effect of too open use of the police department against the strikers, especially since the Director of Public Safety, who has control of the police force, is the Republican candidate for mayor.

The strike at the time this article is written seems to be deadlocked. The workers are firm in their demands and are stronger than when the strike began. When the strike was called 3,000 out of the total of 7,000 workers who left the shops were members of the unions. Today practically every one of the seven thousand is a member. The employers' association, on the other hand, absolutely refuses to deal with the union officials, but each day that the workers remain firm adds to their strength. The busiest season of the year in the garment making industry is at hand, and every day the factories remain closed the employers are losing thousands of dollars' worth of orders. They have boasted in the past that Cleveland has the third largest garment making industry in the world, but unless they yield in this strike this prestige will soon be lost. If the workers maintain their splendid solidarity, if all the unions fight together to the end as they have been fighting during the past two months, there is hardly a doubt but that the victory will ultimately be theirs.





LABOR'S STRUGGLE FOR SUPREMACY

BY

EUGENE V. DEBS

IN THE struggle of the working class to free itself from wage slavery it cannot be repeated too often that everything depends upon the working class itself. The simple question is, can the workers fit themselves, by education, organization, co-operation and self-imposed discipline, to take control of the productive forces and manage industry in the interest of the people and for the benefit of society? That is all there is to it.

The capitalist theory is that labor is, always has been, and always will be, "hands" merely; that it needs a "head," the head of a capitalist, to hire it, set it to work, boss it, drive it and exploit it, and that without the capitalist "head" labor would be unemployed, helpless, and starve; and, sad to say, a great majority of wage-workers, in their ignorance, still share in that opinion. They use their hands only to produce wealth for the capitalist who uses his head only, scarcely conscious that they have heads of their own and that if they only used their heads as well as their hands the capitalist would have to use his hands as well

as his head, and then there would be no "bosses" and no "hands," but men instead—free men, employing themselves cooperatively under regulations of their own, taking to themselves all the products of their labor and shortening the work day as machinery increased their productive capacity.

Such a change would be marvelously beneficial all around. The idle capitalists and brutal bosses would disappear; all would be useful workers, have steady employment, fit houses to live in, plenty to eat and wear, and leisure time enough to enjoy life.

That is the Socialist theory and what Socialists are fighting for and are ready to live and die for.

But this is not a mere fanciful theory with Socialists. It is a vital force in society that is at work like gravity, steadily, unceasingly, transforming society and at the same time preparing the workers for the change. All the workers have to do is to recognize this force, get in harmony with it, and fit themselves by self-

training and co-operative self-control for industrial mastery and social freedom.

This seems simple enough and so it is, yet simple as it is it involves the greatest struggle in history. The idle capitalists who now rule the civilized world and rob the workers of the fruit of their labor will fight to the last ditch and they have numberless hirelings, mercenaries and lickspittles in the form of lawyers, politicians, legislators, judges, office-holders, professors, priests, editors, writers, "labor leaders" (?), soldiers, detectives, etc., etc., to fight their battles for them.

All this vast army serves as retainers of and apologists for the idle capitalists by whose grace they hold their jobs, and the entire brood is set solidly against socialism.

These servile sneerers and prostituted puppets all insist that working men and women are "hands" to be worked by capitalists, that they can never be anything else and that Socialism is but the devil's lure which they must shun as they would a deadly viper, and this they are dinning into the ears of the slaves early and late through their newspapers and magazines, their pulpits and confessionals, their civic federations and charity balls, and seeking in a thousand other ways, secret and subtle, covert and treacherous, to thwart the efforts of the Socialists to open the eyes of the workers that they may see the light and find their way to freedom.

This task on the part of Socialists, who are almost wholly wage-slaves with their brains in working order, is a herculean one and Socialists are the very last to underestimate its magnitude. They realize fully what they have undertaken, and how crucially they are to be tested in the struggle, and this has been the making of them and they are today the most fearless, persistent and successful agitators and the most self-possessed and optimistic people in the world.

They are not waiting for some so-called "great man" or "good man" to do something for them, but they are preparing to do all things for themselves.

The workers are in a great majority and without them every wheel would stop, industry would drop dead, and society would be paralyzed.

All they have to do is to unite, think

together, act together, strike together, vote together, never for an instant forgetting that they are one, and then the world is theirs. They have but to stretch out their millions of brawny arms and trained co-operative hands and take possession.

But to reach this point requires education and organization—these are the essentials to emancipation.

The industrial organization of the workers is of the supremest necessity. In this vital requirement they are still far behind. The trade union is almost half a century out of date. It keeps them divided and they fall an easy prey to their masters. The industrial union, reaching out and bringing them all into active, intelligent and harmonious co-operation with each other, is the union and the only union that develops revolutionary power and leads to victory.

The trade union of the workers has lagged behind and has been distanced by the trust of the capitalists. It has not kept pace with the march of industry and is now almost obsolete and in some respects even worse than useless.

The stage coach has become a locomotive, the dugout a steamboat, but the trade union is still the trade union.

The tools of the workers have been marvelously enlarged and improved and so has their product, but their old craft unions remain in the same narrow grooves, without a change or improvement to mark their progress.

There ought to be the same improvement and enlargement, the same high modern efficiency in the labor union that there is in machinery and production.

The industrial union corresponds to the locomotive, the steamship, the railway and telegraph, and the trust which controls them.

If the workers were rightly organized their union would show the same relative degree of improvement upon the craft union of a century ago that a steam engine does upon a wheelbarrow, and also the same relative improvement in capacity and performance.

The workers must organize their emancipation to achieve it and to control its illimitable opportunities and possibilities.

They must unite in one and the same

industrial union and one and the same political party. And the union and the party must be managed and directed by themselves, *not from the top down, but from the bottom up.*

When the head of a "boss" appears it is only to disappear if the workers know their book. Brains are wanted, but not bosses. The workers do not want to be patronized any longer by intellectual "superiors." They are organized upon the basis of mutual service and the superiority of all, and all are welcome to join upon that basis, the brainier they are the better.

But no bosses! Labor has been bossed

for centuries unnumbered and from now on it is going to boss itself. Labor has had all it wants of the "great man," who condescendingly smiles upon it to have himself lifted up on its shoulders and boosted into prominence, luxury and office.

The workers and producers, the builders and delvers, the sowers and reapers, the weavers and spinners, the mechanics, artisans and laborers of every kind and sort are the creators of society and the conservators of civilization, and when they come to realize it they will conquer in the struggle for supremacy and people the earth with a race of free men.

Not craft autonomy but shop unity, is the need of the workers.

* * *

The "closed shop" means a contract with the boss. When you sign a contract you enlist for a stated time to work while your fellow workingmen strike.

* * *

Trade agreements are merely licenses to scab. The union that upholds them becomes an auxiliary of the capitalist class.

* * *

It is not only wrong for an individual workingman or a union to bargain with the capitalist class, it is wrong for the working class as a whole to make such a bargain. Its historic mission is not to bargain with but to overthrow the capitalist class and emancipate itself.

—William D. Haywood.

WHAT COMES OF PLAYING THE GAME

BY

CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL



A PROLETARIAN movement can have no part, however slight, in the game of politics. The moment it takes a seat at that grimy board is the moment it dies within. After that it may for a time maintain a semblance of life and motion, but in truth it is only a corpse.

This has been proved many times. It is being proved today in Great Britain. It has been proved recently and most convinc-

ingly in the experience of Australia and New Zealand.

In Australia the proletarian movement that began eighteen years ago has achieved an absolute triumph—in politics. Under the name of the Labor Party it has won all that any political combination can possibly win anywhere. It has played the political game to the limit and taken all the stakes in sight. The whole national government is in its hands. It has attained

in fullest measure to the political success at which it aimed. It not merely influences the government; it is the government.

To make the situation clear by an American analogy, let us suppose the Socialists of America to join hands with the progressive element in the labor unions and with the different groups of advanced radicals. Let us suppose a coalition party to be formed called the Labor Party. Let us suppose this to have entered the state and national campaigns, winning at each successive election more seats in Congress, and finally after sixteen years of conflict, electing its candidate for president and a clear majority of the Senate and the House of Representatives. This would be admitted to be the summit of such a party's aims and to mean great and notable success; and it would closely parallel the situation in Australia.

Exactly such a Labor Party has administered the affairs of Australia since April, 1910. Its triumph was the political success of a proletarian movement that was steered into the political game. What has resulted?

This has resulted, that the Labor Party of Australia is now exactly like any other political party and means no more to the working class except its name. Constituted as the political party of that class, it has been swept into power by working class votes, and after almost a year and a half of control of national affairs it can show nothing more accomplished for working class interests than any other party has accomplished. The working class under the Labor Party is in essentially the same condition that it has been in under all the other administrations, nor is there the slightest prospect that its condition will be changed.

In other words, the whole machine runs on exactly as before, the vast elaborated machine by which toilers are exploited and parasites are fed. Once in power, the Labor Party proceeded to do such things as other parties had done for the purpose of keeping in power, and it is these things that maintain the machine.

On the night of the election, when the returns began to indicate the result, the gentleman that is now Attorney General of the Commonwealth was in the Labor Party

headquarters, jumping up and down with uncontrollable glee.

"We're in!" he shouted, "We're in! We're in!"

That was an excellent phrase and neatly expressed the whole situation. The Labor Party was in; it had won the offices and the places of power and honor; it had defeated the opponents that had often defeated it. It was "in." The next thing was to keep in, and this is the object that it has assiduously pursued ever since. "We are in; now let us stay in. We have the offices; let us keep the offices."

The first thing it does is to increase its strength with the bourgeoisie and the great middle class always allied with its enemies. To its opponents in the campaigns the handiest weapon and most effective was always the charge that the Labor Party was not patriotic, that it did not love the dear old flag of Great Britain with the proper degree of fervor and ecstasy; that it was wobbly on the subject of war and held strange, erratic notions in favor of universal peace instead of yelling day and night for British supremacy whether right or wrong—which is well known to be the duty of the true and pure patriot. This argument was continually used and had great effect.

Naturally, as the Labor Party was now in and determined to stay in, the wise play indicated in the game upon which it had embarked, was to disprove all these damaging allegations and to show that the Labor Party was just as patriotic as any other party could possibly be. So its first move was to adopt a system of universal military service, and the next to undertake vast schemes of national defense. The attention and admiration of the country were directed to the fact that the Labor administration was the first to build small arms factories, to revise the military establishment so as to secure the greatest efficiency and to prepare the nation for deeds of valor on the battlefield.

At the time this was done there was a crying need for new labor legislation; the system or lack of system of arbitrating labor disputes was badly in need of repairs; workmen were being imprisoned in some of the states for the crime of striking; the power of government was often used to oppress and overawe strikers, even when

they had been perfectly orderly and their cause was absolutely just. These with many other evils of the workingman's condition were pushed aside in order to perfect the defense system and get the small arms factories in good working order, for such were the plain indications of the game that the Labor Party had started out to play. "We're in; let us stay in."

The next thing to attest properly the true spirit of patriotism that burned and throbbed in the Labor Party was to send the Prime Minister and eighteen members of Parliament, at public expense, to the coronation puppet show. The Prime Minister was, in fact, one of the bright ornaments of that precious occasion, and was universally admired as he pranced around in knee pants and other regalia. He is by trade a steam engineer, and for years lived by the work of his hands. He was said greatly to enjoy the gew-gaws of the occasion. I do not know whether this is true, but certainly he presented a sad and humiliating spectacle as a representative of the working class, and one that would never have been offered to the world except for the necessity of "playing the game." It would have been bad politics for the Labor Party to have appeared in the least indifferent to the childish and silly tricks of the coronation; hence it must leave nothing undone to show its loyalty lest our enemies get ammunition to use against us and we shall not be able to stay in. Nothing more absurd and degrading can be imagined than the participation of any Labor Party in such a spectacle, but such are the conditions of this game. If you start in to play it you must play it, and you must play it in the way that will win.

Meantime there remains this awkward fact about the condition of the working class. It is no less exploited than before. It is as far, apparently, from the day of justice under the rule of the Labor Party as it was under the rule of the Liberal Party. What are you going to do about that? Why, there is nothing to be done about that as yet. The country, you see, is not ready for any radical measures on that subject. If we undertook to make any great changes in fundamental conditions we should be defeated at the next election and then we should not be in but should be out. True, the cost of living is steadily

increasing, and that means that the state of the working class is inevitably declining. True, under the present system, power is steadily accumulating in the hands of the exploiters, so that if we are afraid to offend them now we shall be still more afraid to offend them next year and the next. But the main thing is to keep in. We're in; let us stay in.

Hence, also, the Labor administration has been very careful not to offend the great money interests and powerful corporations that are growing up in the country. These influences are too powerful in elections. Nothing has been done that could in the least disturb the currents of sacred business. It was recognized as not good politics to antagonize business interests. Let the administration keep along with the solid business interests of the country, reassuring them for the sake of the general prosperity and helping them to go on in the same safe, sane and conservative way as before. It was essential that business men should feel that business was just as secure under the Labor administration as under any other. Nothing that can in the least upset business, you know. True, this sacred business consists of schemes to exploit and rob the working class, and true, the longer it is allowed to go upon its way the more powerful it becomes and the greater are its exploitations and profits. But if we do anything that upsets business or tends to disturb business confidence, that will be bad for us at the next election. Very likely we shall not be able to keep in. We are in now; let us stay in, and have the offices and the power.

Therefore, it is with the greatest pride that the Labor people point out that under the Labor administration the volume of business has not decreased but increased; the operations of the banks have shown no falling off; they are still engaged as profitably as of yore in skinning the public; the clearings are in an eminently satisfactory condition; profits have suffered no decline; all is well in our marts of trade. The old machine goes on so well you would never know there had been any change in the administration. Business men have confidence in our Party. They know that we will do the right thing by them, and when in the next campaign the wicked ora-

tors of the opposition arise and say that the Labor Party is a party of disturbers and revolutionists, we can point to these facts and overwhelm them. And that will be a good thing, because otherwise we might not be able to keep in. We're in; let us stay in.

So stands the case in Australia. But if anyone says to me that the heart of the trouble is some defect in the men that are the leaders of the Australian Labor Party, I deny it. There are no leaders of the Australian Labor Party in the sense that American politics understand leaders. Whoever comes to the front in the affairs of the Australian Labor Party is chosen by a free vote of the members of that Party and has not pushed himself to the front in the manner to which American politicians are accustomed. And as for the men that hold cabinet positions in the Labor administration and therefore may be regarded as chiefly the advocates of the policy I have here outlined if we think that these men are at fault we shall make the greatest possible error. There are no better men anywhere. Their sincerity is beyond question. They believe absolutely in working class government, they are personally above reproach, they represent a class of public men that for flawless honesty and purity of purpose is almost unknown in American public affairs; I wish we had a thousand like them in our government this day.

Nor is there any question about their ability. They are among the ablest of all executives. Every one of them, when he came into office, gave a notable example of efficiency by studying, simplifying and improving the operations of his department. The fault is not with their convictions nor with their intellectual resources. The trouble is with the game that they started out to play. That game has always these results and no others. Whosoever starts to play it must play according to the rules and these are the rules. You sit at the grimy board to win. If you win you can win in but this way, by continual compromise and by continual sacrifice of your principles.

Most of these men are Socialists. One of them, Senator George H. Pearce, now the able and efficient Minister for Defense, once delivered in my hearing the clearest and most concise exposition of the fundamental principles of Socialism that I have

ever heard anywhere. They are convinced Socialists and they will tell you that their ultimate ideal is the co-operative Commonwealth—when the people are ready for it. And yet, sincerely and truly believing in the Socialistic theory, they proceed to play the Capitalists' game, because they must play that game to keep in. We're in; let us stay in.

Meantime, how has the cause of Socialism progressed in Australia? Not at all. I would by no means disparage the efforts of the band of clear-sighted and able men and women that in Australia and New Zealand steadfastly insist upon the truth that nothing will ever be won by palliatives; but the great working population, carried away by the idea of winning political victories, is so far indifferent or hostile toward the only movement that can really accomplish anything. I know of but one other country in the civilized circuit where Socialism is so dead. The full attention of the proletariat is centered in the political success of this Labor Party. It will give no heed to anything else, and the few men that with clear vision and inspiration continue to insist that the only way to emancipate the working class is to emancipate it are like the voice of one crying in the wilderness. If the capitalists had designed the very best way in which to perpetuate their power they could not have hit upon anything better for themselves than this. It keeps the working class occupied; it diverts their minds from the real questions that pertain to their condition; it appeals to their sporting instincts; we want to win, we want to cheer our own victory, we want to stay in; this is the way to these results. And meantime the capitalists rake off the profits and are happy. We are infinitely better off in the United States. The Labor Party of Australia has killed the pure proletarian movement there. At least we have the beginnings of one here. If there had been no Labor Party there would now be in Australia a promising working class movement headed towards industrial emancipation. Having a Labor Party, there is no such movement in sight.

I said a moment ago that there is but one other country in the civilized circuit where Socialism is as dead as it is in Australia. The other country is New Zealand, where the game has been played as assidu-

ously as in Australia and with identical results.

Here is the one spot on earth where the proletarian movement ought to be the strongest and where it is, practically speaking, the weakest.

New Zealand was the first country where the workingmen recognized something of their power, the first country where the labor union was made a part of the government, the first to try to deal adequately with problems of factory conditions and hours of employment, the first to seek a peaceful solution of the problem of the strike.

Having made years ago so excellent a start it is discouraging to find that the pristine spirit died out so early; that in these days the first concern of the working class seems to be the figures of the ballot box; and that while the country has gone over wholly into the control of the capitalists, the workingman now gets nothing from his government but an elaborate confidence game and swindle.

In the face of injustice and governmental oppression as bad as anything we know in the United States and somewhat worse, there is no more revolt in the New Zealand proletariat than there is in so much putty. It has been hypnotized by the political game.

Year after year the wily gentlemen that hold the offices and rake off the good things in that country assure the workingmen that they are better off than the workingmen anywhere else in the world, and then fasten their minds on the Punch and Judy show of an election that, however it may result, can mean nothing to any toiler except the right to carry a banner in a parade and cheer in the streets on election night.

Nearly twenty years ago the working class of New Zealand went into politics as a game and won the nominal control of the country's affairs. A telegraph operator forgot all about his fellow workers when he got a cabinet office and accepted knighthood. The carpenters, masons and journalists that led the first movement lost sight of the real labor question as soon as they began to scheme and dream about getting office and keeping it. After twenty years of government by the Labor-Liberal combination, the telegraph operator, now became prime minister, slips over to Great

Britain a present of a Dreadnaught battleship, taxes every man, woman and child in the country ten dollars to pay for the gift, and then parades England in the glory of his achievement. Meantime the condition of the workingman, absolutely and relatively, is worse than it has ever been; the government placed in power and held there by workingmen's votes, gives to them such treatment as you would expect from a member of the National Manufacturers' Association; and a man that preaches the social revolution among them is looked upon as a strange, weird beast. What do we want of a social revolution? There is an election next year, and if you talk like that you may injure the chances of our candidate. People are not ready for that sort of thing, you know, and we must be practical.

Practical—that is a good word, especially in New Zealand. In that country striking has been made practically a crime; a man that engages in a strike (except under the impossible conditions laid down by the government) can be thrown into jail for that mere act alone. This is the express and practical provision of the statute and there is no protest against it from the working class.

In New Zealand the government operates a coal mine, wherein it exploits its workers and extorts from them more labor than the private mine owners get; and the working class makes no protest against that.

Men have engaged in a just and necessary strike, and to punish them their homes have been invaded and the sewing machines and little personal belongings of their wives have been seized and confiscated; and the working class accepts that.

The system of compulsory arbitration is now being worked by the capitalist class to keep down wages in a country where the cost of living rapidly increases; and the working class endures that.

For some years almost every important issue has been decided by the arbitration court against the toiler; and the working class endures that.

The government is plainly in alliance with the exploiting corporations, upholds the steamship trust, the coal trust, the bank trust, the fish trust, the oil trust, and many other trusts, and although this is perfectly

apparent to any observer, the working class submits to it.

To make any protest and to urge the pure proletarian movement would not be to the advantage of our party or our candidate. People are not ready for such things yet. If we take an advanced position we shall not be able to carry the election.

In New Zealand, as in Australia, all workingmen continue to create wealth but do not possess the wealth that they create. They continue to toil for the pleasure and aggrandizement of the masters. They continue to live under a system that enables idlers, parasites and cogging knaves to ride pleasantly upon the toilers' backs; a system that makes the poor poorer and the rich richer; that places a premium on dishonesty and penalizes virtue; a system so ingeniously contrived in deviltry that the greater the efficiency of the worker the greater the amount of which he is robbed. They continue to live under this system and to have no means of protest against and no present hope of relief from it, although they know that it condemns four men in every five to existence below a rational standard of food, shelter, comfort, leisure and opportunity. They see, or can see if they but look around them, that every year the forces that establish and maintain these evils become more powerful in their country and that the difficulty of ever dislodging them becomes greater, and against all this they have no means of revolt and no impetus thereto, because they have been bedeviled by the game of politics. They want to elect this man or defeat that, and they entirely lose sight of the only thing in the world that is of real importance to them or to any of us, and that is the destruction of the wage system and the emancipation of the working class.

You say: Surely it was something gained in New Zealand to secure limited hours of employment, to have sanitary factories, clean luncheon rooms, old age pensions, workingmen's compensation. Surely all these things represented progress and an advance toward the true ideal.

Yes. But every one of these things has been magnified, distorted and exaggerated for the purpose and with the result of keeping the workingman quiet about more vital things. How say you to that? Every pretended release from his chains has been in fact a new form of tether on his limbs. What about that? I should think meanly of

myself if I did not rejoice every time a workingman's hours are reduced or the place wherein he is condemned to toil is made more nearly tolerable. But what shall we conclude when these things are deliberately employed to distract his thoughts from fundamental conditions and when all this state of stagnation is wrought by the alluring game of politics?

I cannot help thinking that all this has or ought to have a lesson for the Socialist movement in America. If it be desired to kill that movement the most effective way would be to get it entangled in some form of practical politics. Then the real and true aim of the movement can at once be lost sight of and this party can go the way of every other proletarian party down to the pit. I should not think that was a very good way to go.

When we come to reason of it calmly what can be gained by electing any human being to any office beneath the skies? To get in and keep in does not seem any sort of an object to anyone that will contemplate the possibilities of the Co-operative Commonwealth. How shall it profit the working class to have Mr. Smith made sheriff or Mr. Jones become the coroner? Something else surely is the goal of this magnificent inspiration. In England the radicals have all gone mad on the subject of a successful parliamentary party, the winning of the government, the filling of offices and the like. I am told that the leaders of the coalition movement have already picked out their prime minister against the day when they shall carry the country and be in. In the meantime they too must play this game carefully, being constantly on their guard against doing anything that would alarm or antagonize the bourgeoisie and sacred businesses and telling the workers to wait until we get in. I do not see that all this relieves the situation in Whitechapel or that any fewer men and women live in misery because we have a prospect of getting in.

Furthermore, to speak quite frankly, I do not see where there is a particle of inspiration for Americans in any of these English speaking countries. So far as I can make out the whole of mankind that dwells under the British flag is more or less mad about political success, parliament and getting in. They say in New Zealand that the government can make a conservative of any radi-

cal, if he threatens to become dangerous, by giving him some tin-horn honor or a place in the upper chamber. In England we have seen too often that the same kind of influences can silence a radical by inviting him to the king's garden party or allowing him to shake hands with a lord. I do not believe we have anything to learn from these countries except what to avoid. And I do not know why we should not look for an American ideal in Socialism that will listen to no compromise, play no games in politics, care nothing for temporary success at the polls, seek to elect no particular individual to any office, never lower the standard, look beyond the skirmishes of the day,

and follow unhesitatingly and confidently the one ideal of the emancipation of the working class as the only object to which it will pay any attention.

Socialism or nothing. If this cause of Socialism is worth believing in it is worth following to the end without compromise. Either it is the greatest boon, incomparably, that ever was dreamed of for the human race, or we are a lot of lunatics. If it is what we believe it to be, then what shall we gain for it by compromise or coalition or turning for one moment from the ultimate goal? All the offices in the world—what are they worth compared with putting an end to wage slavery?

CAN A SOCIALIST SERVE "ALL THE PEOPLE"?

BY

MARY E. MARCY

OCCASIONALLY we hear some socialist elected to office declaring that he intends to "serve all the people." Such a man or woman should be regarded with great suspicion, because nobody can serve capitalism and the working class at the same time.

If socialists in office seek to shorten the working hours of the workers, it is at the expense of the Capitalist Class. If they aid in lengthening the workday it is at the expense of the workers. Higher wages for workers means lower profits for those who employ them. Better schools mean better education for the children of workingmen at the expense of the tax-payers who are the property owners and not of the propertyless wage slaves—that is, if the worker's children are not working in the factory.

Every benefit for one class must be made at the expense of the other class. From this antagonism existing between Capitalists and Wage-workers arises the Class Struggle which is a part of the socialist philosophy embodied in the application for membership in the Socialist Party and which every socialist is compelled to sign

before he can become a member of that organization.

The man who claims to serve Capitalists and wage-workers is either unacquainted with the aims and teachings of socialism and needs a good course in revolutionary socialism, or he is a hopeless utopian who will, if permitted, lead the party into the camp of Compromise and the Enemy.

The Socialist Party is the party of wage-earners, organized for the overthrow of the Wage System. It is **OF, BY and FOR** the working class alone and it ceases to be a Socialist party the very moment it pretends to represent the members of **ANY OTHER CLASS.**

Occasionally there arise in the Socialist Party men or women of the type of mind of old party politicians. They try to gain the support of all classes of society by promising to serve and trying to serve them all at the same time. Remember that the interests of wage-workers and capitalists are absolutely opposed. When one class is helped it is to the detriment of the other class.

You and I are not at all interested in

benefiting the capitalist class. The capitalist class has already helped itself by appropriating the product of our hands and brains. If you are a coat-maker, or a molder or carpenter you know that the man you work for **KEEPS EVERYTHING YOU MAKE**. The capitalist helped **HIMSELF**. He always does help himself, by taking everything we make for his own property. This is why we are revolutionists. We don't like it. We want to stop being the Easy Marks that the Bosses get rich on.

For this reason we will not permit avowed Socialists whom we elect to office to **SERVE US** and **OUR CLASS** to promise to serve our enemy, the Capitalist Class. We put men in office to do all in their power, by any and every means **FOR** the **WORKING CLASS**. Every man who refuses to so serve us is a traitor to the Cause he is supposed to represent.

When a man proves himself disloyal to the working class by promising to serve "all the people" (including our capitalist enemies) we **MUST NEVER FORGET** that he is an enemy to socialism, the revolution and the working class.

We must never trust him again. Socialists are just like other folks. Some of them stand by their friends and some of them try to make friends with the Enemy, thus delivering their friends into the hands of the Enemy. But once we begin by refusing ever to trust a man or woman who flirts with those who exploit us and by electing men among us who have proven themselves loyal to the interests of the working class, the **POLITICAL TRIMMER AND COMPROMISER WILL FIND NO PLACE IN** the **SOCIALIST PARTY**.

I once heard a striker speaking of another striker in terms which I would not care to reproduce here.

"Look out for him," he said, "**I SAW HIM TREATIN' a COP TO A DRINK!**"

Whenever we find a Socialist in office treating the capitalist to the promise of some benefits or service—**LOOK OUT FOR HIM** and put him down and out at your earliest opportunity.

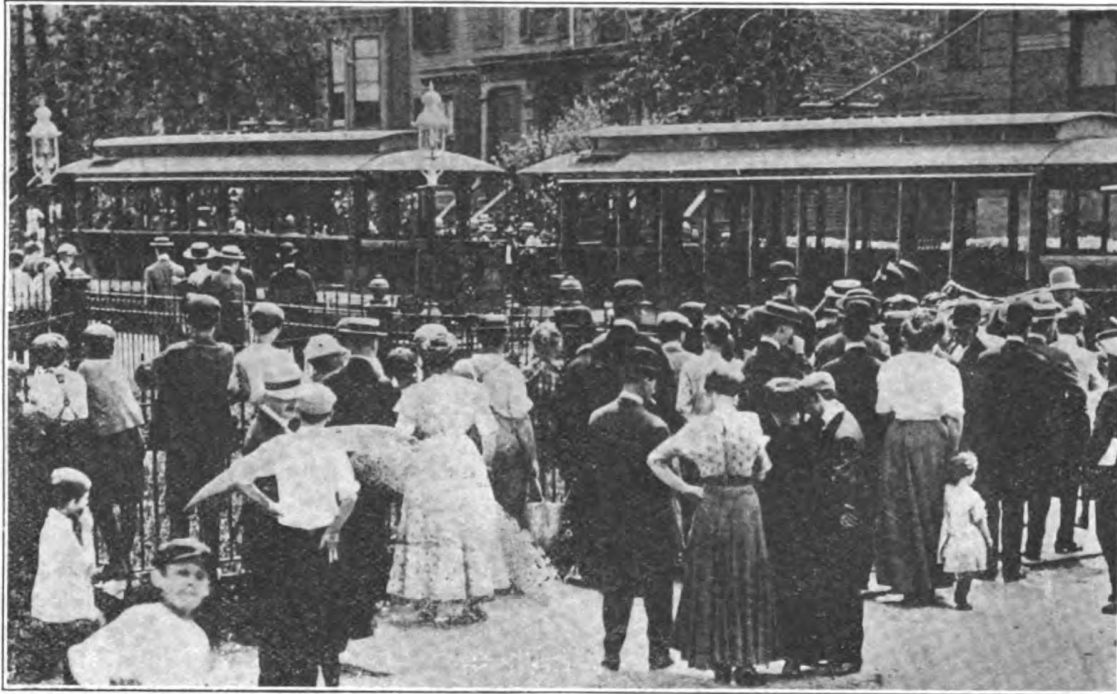
THE GREATEST VIRTUE OF THE REVOLUTIONIST IS LOYALTY TO THE INTERESTS OF THE WORKING CLASS. This above all things must all our **PUBLIC SERVANTS** possess. Without it they are the servants of the **EXPLOITERS OF OUR CLASS, THE WORKING CLASS.**

In the words of William Liebknecht:

"The enemy who comes to us with open visor we face with a smile; to set our foot upon his neck is mere play for us. The stupidly brutal acts of violence of police politicians, the outrages of anti-socialist laws, the anti-revolution laws, penitentiary bills—these only arouse feelings of pitying contempt; the enemy, however, that reaches out the hand to us for a political alliance, and intrudes himself upon us as a friend and brother,—*him and him alone have we to fear.* Our fortress can withstand every assault—it cannot be stormed nor taken from us by siege—it can only fall *when we ourselves open the doors to the enemy and take him into our ranks as a fellow comrade.* Growing out of the class struggle, our party rests upon the class struggle as a condition of its existence. Through and with that struggle the party is unconquerable; without it the party is lost, for it will have lost the source of its strength. . . .

"On the ground of the class struggle we are invincible; if we leave it we are lost, because we are no longer Socialists. The strength and power of Socialism rests in the fact that we are leading a class struggle; that the laboring class is exploited and oppressed by the capitalist class, and that within capitalist society effectual reforms, which will put an end to class government and class exploitation, are impossible."





STALLED CARS.

THE BROOKLYN CAR STRIKE

BY

ELIAS TOBENKIN

A MOST spectacular labor struggle is now simmering out in New York City. A street railroad, by itself extremely small, but backed by the unlimited resources of Wall street, is crushing the revolt of its employes with an iron heel.

The strike that is thus being smothered is that of 350 motormen and conductors of the Coney Island & Brooklyn Railroad Company, which came with lightning suddenness at 4 a. m. Saturday, August 5.

The strike of motormen and conductors is interesting in more ways than one. In the first place, it is a sincere strike, a spontaneous protest against unbearable conditions imposed by a greedy corporation at whose head stands an implacable foe of labor—the president of the Coney Island & Brooklyn Railroad, Slaughter W. Huff.

In the second place, the strike is unique

in the sympathy and support which it is getting from the public. The strike is practically out of the hands of the motormen now. It is the public that is striking. The companies are running cars manned with strikebreakers, but the public stubbornly refuses to ride in these cars. From the beginning of the strike The New York Call voiced the plea of the motormen and conductors that the public boycott the Coney Island line until the struggle is won, and the plea of the strikers has been heard. At the present writing the public is the real arbiter of the strike. If the boycott by the public of the struck lines keeps up a little longer the Coney Island line, despite its Wall street backing, might be forced to yield to the demands of the employes.

What makes the strike spectacular are the trivial dimensions of the walkout and the triviality of the demands, on the one hand, and the bitterness and vehemence

with which these trivial demands are being fought for and against.

The Coney Island & Brooklyn Railroad Company is a wee bit of a railroad, operating only four lines, or routes, and employing between 450 and 500 motormen and conductors. It is generally spoken of as an "independent" concern. As a matter of fact, the days of its independence have long since passed and its principal stockholders are powerful Wall street financiers.

Its traditions of "independence" the Coney Island line retains largely through the fact that it is the only street railway in Greater New York whose employes are organized. While the Traction Trust of New York has been successful in crushing out every vestige of organization among street car men, the employes of the Coney Island line have thus far been able to keep up their union. The 350 employes who are now on strike are members of Division 283 of the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway Employes, while the rest of the employes of the Coney Island line belong to one of the rare divisions of the Knights of Labor.

The strike came after months of negotiations with the company for an increase of 2 cents per hour. The men are now getting 23 cents an hour. They ask for 25 cents an hour. This together with the stipulation that those men not working by the hour but by the run get \$2.00 instead of \$1.75 a day for a "swing" run are all of the demands of the men and the cause of the bitterly fought strike.

The progress of the strike during the first days was remarkable. It was called at 4 o'clock in the morning. The company, which expected just such a move on the part of its employes, had a fair number of strikebreakers on hand by 7, and began moving cars. The result was that by noon Saturday there were a dozen broken heads, mostly of strikebreakers, and a similar number of shattered cars. The strikebreakers left their cars in the middle of the streets and ran from the fury not of the strikers but of the strike sympathizers, the public.

The rest of the day the strikers were in complete command of the situation. The company was tied hand and foot.

The following day, however, Sunday, the city authorities turned over to the railroad company what is known as the "Strong Arm Squad," some 35 giant police officers who are employed to do the "rough work" in the police department. These "strong arm" officers, dressed in plain clothes, boarded the cars manned by the strikebreakers in groups of three and four and when the populace attacked a car with bricks or otherwise the officers would jump into the crowd and lay open heads right and left.

Still even with the help of its strong arm men the company was getting the worst of the bargain, and had to stop running cars before nightfall.

Monday, the third day of the strike, the situation changed. Strike sympathizers ceased from molesting cars manned by strikebreakers, but the cars were running without passengers. The public would not trust itself to inexperienced men. The strikebreakers, left alone, began to demonstrate their incapacity by bumping into wagons and endangering the lives of citizens.

In the meantime the streets in the strike zone were cordoned with policemen and no one was allowed on streets or sidewalks except when he was moving at a rapid pace. The headquarters of the strikers in particular were the target of the police surveillance. Officers were stationed near the building and no one was allowed outside of it. One either had to remain in the hall or get away from the building as quickly as possible if a policeman's club was not to descend upon one's head or shoulder.

While the police were thus eagerly preserving "law and order" among strikers, law and order was a dead letter as far as strikebreakers were concerned. The strikebreaking conductors and motormen insulted people right and left, used the vilest language on women who were passing them or who perchance stepped upon a car. No strikebreaker, however, was molested by the police.

On Tuesday a committee of strikers visited Mayor Gaynor, asking him to bring about arbitration. Why this move was made, who was responsible for this sudden cringing to a city official for help at a time when the company was badly

demoralized and should have been first to ask arbitration, is not clear. It is known, however, the State Board of Mediation and Arbitration put a man on the job to "conciliate" and try to bring about "industrial peace." At any rate, the conference with Mayor Gaynor ended in nothing, as the company declared that it had "nothing to arbitrate."

After this conference with Mayor Gaynor the strike was once more allowed to

crease for its motormen and conductors.

These, in brief, are the salient facts of the strike. But there are interesting sidelights.

In the first place, the strike could have been won and won quickly if there had been unity and solidarity among the employes of the railway company, if "organization quibbles" had not been put above "class interests." When the 350 motormen and conductors of Coney Island line,



SLUGGED BY THE STRONG ARM SQUAD.

take its own course, and at the time of this writing the situation is simply this: The company is sending out cars with strikebreakers, but the public is firm in its boycott. It does not patronize the cars on the struck lines. It is not too much to say, therefore, that at present it is the public that is really conducting the strike and waging a battle with the Coney Island & Brooklyn Railroad for the trifling demand of 2 cents an hour in-

crease for its motormen and conductors. These, in brief, are the salient facts of the strike. But there are interesting sidelights. In the first place, the strike could have been won and won quickly if there had been unity and solidarity among the employes of the railway company, if "organization quibbles" had not been put above "class interests." When the 350 motormen and conductors of Coney Island line,

them in a strike for an increase of 2 cents an hour.

After several conferences, however, it was announced that the Knights of Labor men would not join the other strikers who are affiliated with the American Federation of Labor because they had an agreement with the company and they could not violate the agreement. The Knights of Labor employes of the Coney Island & Brooklyn Railroad Company are exploited just as much as their A. F. L. fellow employes. They, too, are only getting 23 cents an hour. Their class interests are identical. But their trade organizations are different and organization rivalry triumphed over their class interests and common sense and plain duty and loyalty. The same was true with the power men. They, too, were expected to join the strikers. But they, too, kept back for organization reasons. The company, seeing this division in the ranks of its employes, could well afford to say, "we have nothing to arbitrate," let alone granting demands of the strikers.

Another interesting sidelight is what might be termed the motive of the strike on the employers' side. It is plain that the Coney Island & Brooklyn Railroad Company could not afford at this time of the year, when every car to Coney Island, New York's great summer resort for the masses, is crowded to the brim, to run empty cars and pay strikebreakers five dollars a day for running these cars, all in order to not increase the wages of its men

the trifling sum of 2 cents an hour. The company, it is universally believed, is even going to pay the strikebreakers a bonus of \$100 after the strike is over.

It could not do this out of its own treasury. Who is behind the company then? Wall street. Why? To smash the last remnant of organization among street car employes in New York.

While the strikebreakers are shy to talk about it, they see and feel that they are engaged in a fight, not alone against the Coney Island & Brooklyn Railroad Company, but against the Traction Trust of New York, to whom the organization of the Coney Island Railroad Employes is a thorn in the flesh.

That Wall street has laid the proper plans for the present strike can be seen from the fact that it placed at the head of the Coney Island & Brooklyn Railroad a man whose star achievement is the breaking of strikes. President Slaughter W. Huff, of the Coney Island Railroad, came to his present position after he crushed a strike of street car men in Richmond, Va. His present job, that of president of the "independent" Coney Island & Brooklyn Railroad, was given to him as a sort of a reward for services performed and as an incentive to break up the last remnant of an organization among street car employes in New York, those qualified to speak assert.

In the meantime the strike is still simmering and the public keeps up its boycott of the struck street car lines.

SOCIETY IS COMPOSED OF THREE LAYERS:

"Deputies, detectives and strikebreakers are the dregs at the bottom.

"The working class—the great pay streak—is the center.

"And the parasites are the scum at the top."

—William D. Haywood.

THE PAY ENVELOPE

BY

J. H. FRASER

WHY do you object to this system? Don't you get good wages?" is a question often asked by workmen of Socialists.

Yes, I get good wages as wages go.

The scales run all the way from \$18 to \$35 per week, according to locality and the cost of living.

But, we don't get what we PRODUCE.

Where one of us gets \$30.00 per week, there may be a foreman who gets \$50.00 per week and his principal qualification may not be a knowledge of the work to be done. More often it is the ability to "hurry the work out," or, in other words, to drive us slaves.

Then there are the solicitors, who do not add a penny of value to the product, and who would be eliminated under any system that even bordered on a rational one, drawing \$75.00 to \$125.00 and up per week.

Next, there is a manager whose business it is to bulldoze the foremen and everybody else about the place. For this task he receives, not wages, but a SALARY, usually equal to what is paid any ten working men (producers) in the place. He is also the recipient of "secret" rebates from the establishment where he buys raw material for his shop or factory or mine or whatever it may be.

Next in line are the stockholders who take no part in the work of producing goods, who do nothing useful about the establishment, who perhaps never even see it, indeed may not know where it is located.

They may be Christians, Mohammedans, or Buddhists or followers of Confucius. They may be intelligent, they may be idiots or they may be raving maniacs. No matter who they are, what they are, or under what conditions of life they may be placed, we must produce enough so that they may have a good profit on the money invested.

Often the profits of a business exceed the amount paid out in wages.

This means that by owning the tools and

materials with which we must work, certain more or less useless persons are enabled to rob us. Yes, that's it—ROBBERY.

It doesn't matter to me what way these persons spend the money. I object to being ROBBED. They may buy Bibles or booze or found orphan asylums or build libraries. I only object to the robbery. They may establish churches or harems; that is not my affair. There is but one thing in connection with this system to which I can make a very serious objection and that is the AMOUNT of MONEY that is withheld from my PAY ENVELOPE.

Rent is another item of expense which the working class must meet. The fellow that smokes the cigars in the office or drinks booze for his health at some pleasure resort doesn't produce the VALUES that pay rent. It's us fellows who work in the shops, who produce the values which pay all expenses.

Another item, and by no means a small one, is that paid out by the capitalists in taxes, which are used to pay the police and other parasitic office holders, whose function in society is to keep US in subjection. Did you ever stop to think of the incongruity of this situation, the capitalist taking our product and paying our oppressors for oppressing us?

Let us suppose for instance, that your wages are two dollars per day and you produce goods to the extent of ten dollars per day. At the end of your day's work, try to take your full product home with you and you'll find out what the capitalist pays the police for.

An understanding of these facts gives rise to feelings of intense resentment and antagonism toward the master class, often manifesting itself in strikes and acts of violence against private property.

The master class is organized to prevent any kind of an uprising of the working class. They are ready to kidnap, rob, brow-beat or throw into jail any member of the working class who dares to oppose them.

This unceasing warfare is called by the Socialist the class struggle.

While the class lines are being more and more clearly drawn, there are still many persons who do not recognize their position as members of a distinct class. Many working men, lured by the bait of higher wages, take the side of the capitalist class. Sometimes individuals, here and there, who rightly belong to the capitalist class, through philanthropic and other motives, lend their assistance to the working class. But, from a lack of knowledge of working conditions and working class economics in general, their efforts are often misdirected and fruitless. They attack effects and not causes.

If the emancipation of the working class is ever to be brought about, it will come chiefly through the efforts of the working class, and in something like the following manner:

A certain well-defined goal must be set.

Say, for instance, the national eight-hour day. If we can make this law, by political action, well and good, but, in the meantime let us make it a law where we work. This will have the effect of reducing the army of the unemployed. This in turn will cause wages to rise, and this will reduce profits.

Many of the parasites will find their incomes stopped and they will be forced to take up useful work.

And this must be our program, our immediate demand, our "something now" for the working class. A reduction of the length of the working time until there are no unemployed, no tramps or millionaires, no lawyers or preachers, no pimps or prostitutes, no parasites of any kind whatsoever.

To advance our interest we must organize politically in the Socialist party and in ONE BIG UNION on the industrial field.

Read Socialist literature, organize, agitate, educate and emancipation is ours!





NIGHT SCENE IN PITTSBURG STEEL MILLS.

“JUSTICE” IN PITTSBURG

BY

FRED H. MERRICK

Editor of “Justice”

THE Pittsburg district is destined to become the great industrial battleground of America. Literally it is already the melting-pot of the nations. Here motley hordes of various nationalities are learning the lesson of class solidarity before the fiery furnaces that melt iron into the steel necessary for the varied demands of civilization. In this industrial inferno is being evolved in a truly wonderful manner the keenest class war in the world today. The working class of every creed and all nations is forgetting its petty differences and is being amalgamated into a fighting phalanx, politically and industrially.

The truth of Socialism is being demonstrated by cause and effect. Here is the greatest industrial center of the world. While New York is the financial center of capitalism, Pittsburg is the industrial hub, and as the capitalist class is entirely dependent upon the working class, so New York is more interested in knowing what the working people of

Pittsburg are going to do than they are even to know what the working class of Gotham may propose. There is more than one good reason for this. The steel trade is the basic industry of this country. What Pittsburg does in the steel trade determines the character of that industry. However, the capitalists of Pittsburg are having troubles of their own. They are face to face with the most militant element of the working class, gathered in a larger group here than at any other spot on the earth.

Pittsburg a Volcano.

Pittsburg is an incipient class volcano. Here the working class have dominated the community since the first blacksmith welded iron by the aid of coal picked from a creek bank. The necessities of her very existence have made the working man of Pittsburg traditionally honored and respected for a hundred years as in no other community of capitalism. Many of the nice conventionalities which prevail

in more parasitic towns are kicked into the gutter in Pittsburg. Underneath the glamor of a great metropolitan city there still persists in "Smokdom" many of the rough, brutal, direct virtues of the primitive mining camp and the blacksmith's forge. Pittsburg's smoke-scarred battlements, towering from the dirty banks of the Monongahela and the Allegheny, upon which the workers perch their houses, suggest nothing but work, and toil, and trouble. Pittsburg is the epitome of all the strength and revolt in wage slavery. Little of the weak or pitiful side of industrial serfdom is in evidence. Here come only those representatives of the working class fit to engage in the fiercest struggle for existence. The law of selection has segregated the choicest slaves for duty in this caldron. The daily danger and severity of the labor breeds a spirit of revolt and class hatred instead of one of servility and dependence as among so many other groups of workers.

Cossacks.

A man who experiences almost daily burns on his body from molten metal, without wincing, is not easily intimidated by a hickory stick in the hands of a policeman. This explains the necessity, as the capitalists see it, for the most brutal American police, christened years ago by the lone Socialist representative in the Pennsylvania legislature, James H. Maurer, as "Cossacks."

Contempt for Compromise.

This mental reflex of the way the Pittsburg workers make their living has been intensified by the accumulated impetus of the traditions of past generations who have experienced the same toil and suffering. The great battle around the Pennsylvania railroad roundhouse in the strike of '77, when the workers drove the armed militia over the hills and far away; the historic fight at Homestead, when officers of the law begged workers on bended knees to desist in their struggle instead of arresting them; and the more recent struggle at McKees Rocks—are traditions that arouse a fiery twinkle in the eye of the average wage earner around Pittsburg while any reference to the tactics employed by the A. F. of L. in their

so-called strikes usually produces a contemptuous sneer even from those who are nominally affiliated with craft unions related to the national fakirship.

Here more than anywhere else do craft unions demonstrate their absolute futility in the unequal struggle with international, trustified industry. There may be some reason why the workers, and even some Socialists, in other centers cherish the delusion that they will industrialize the American Federation of Labor. No such phantasy beclouds the vision of a Pittsburg wage earner, ignorant though he may be. If he is one of less than fifty thousand workers of a possible 350,000 who carries a craft union card he will explain to you that he carries it only for the time being to avoid any unpleasantness and that soon there will be no craft unions in this country to which he must pay dues.

The glorious defeat at Homestead sealed the fate of craft unionism, hereabouts, and from that moment they have suffered a steady decline. Had the workers realized why they were defeated at Homestead and learned a lesson which would have resulted in a class-conscious industrial and political movement able to cope with Frick's aggressive policy, unionism and Socialism might have a different history at the present time. This signal defeat evidently convinced the workers, subconsciously, even though gradually, that there was something wrong with trades unions or they would not have been whipped at Homestead. As this idea became more and more prevalent, unionism, as an organization, wilted.

Class Courts.

Just as it was necessary for the capitalists to kill the effectiveness of the labor unions so it was important that the courts be unusually responsive to the dictates of the corporate bosses. It required judges of "courage" to render the desired decisions in a working class community and these demands were met by the selection of the ablest and most brazen judicial servants of plutocracy in America until at the present time the twelve Common Pleas judges of the Allegheny county courts comprise an oligarchy of judicial corruption, brazen effrontery and arbi-

trary tyranny not matched by any other judges in the United States.

Their term of office is ten years. Their salaries have now been raised to ten thousand dollars a year. And every petty shyster in the county is boosting the practices in the local courts in the hope that he will land one of the judicial plums that the Pennsylvania legislature creates at each session to more thoroughly subsidize the "profession" which lives by selling the pull its various members have with certain judges to the highest bidder.

Parole Delusion.

The parole system is in full bloom in Allegheny county and, aside from abolishing trial by jury, vests in the judges almost unlimited power and makes them particularly useful to the politicians who want to put some individual under obligations to them. Until recently it permitted a judge, "in his discretion," to parole a convicted defendant. In this way the judge became the sole judge of a prisoner's conduct. The victim must report at regular intervals and must report that he had obeyed all the instructions of the court. If he should fall into disfavor with the "court" the judge immediately sent him to jail for the latter offense, without the formality of jury trial, for the remainder of the unexpired sentence. This was to have been the plan employed against the editor of *JUSTICE*, but it was exposed too soon to be effective.

By a shrewdly concocted jury system the chance for a defendant is extremely poor. The foreigners who find their unfortunate way into the judicial maws of the Pittsburg courts might as well plead guilty and throw themselves on the "mercy" of the court.

A typical case of this sort was the occasion for dragging the editor of *JUSTICE* into court on a charge of criminal libel. There is no question but the powers that be had been watching for a chance to use their courts for the purpose of suppressing *JUSTICE*.

A poor, but hard working Albanian with the views of that primitive people about taking human life, yet a man of undoubted courage, who had at least been of service to the community in which he toiled, was charged with having shot

down his boarding-house mistress while intoxicated. When brought to court he wanted to enter a plea of guilty. Judge Marshall Brown, the cleanest and most humane judge of the twelve on the Common Pleas bench, presided in this case. As judges go he is above the average and he is the one used by the capitalists as an excuse for the rest. Brown would not allow this Albanian, Steve Rusic by name, to plead guilty and forced an appointed attorney upon him. Rusic resented it and seemed to instinctively recognize that it was a game of court baiting and that he had no chance.

The result was his conviction. On an appeal to a higher court the question of his sanity was raised by his attorney but not considered by the higher court. Now under the loose practice in the local courts there is no question but that Brown could have ordered an examination into the sanity of Rusic and thus saved his life. He did not do it, more because the atmosphere about him is indifferent to such things than because Brown was viciously heartless.

A few months later Brooks Buffington, a notorious character about town and a chronic drunkard for forty years, brutally murdered a man in an argument in the bar of the St. Charles Hotel. Buffington had strong political influence and as it happened, Judge Brown also sat in this trial. At a certain juncture the defense was allowed to offer evidence tending to show that Buffington was insane and had been for years, although he was drawing a salary as superintendent of one of the largest office buildings in the city at the time of the commission of his crime. After the evidence had been offered Judge Brown issued a binding instruction to the jury commanding them to return a verdict of acquittal on the basis of Buffington's insanity. This was done and then he was sent to the City Home for the insane.

The contrast in the two cases was too great for any independent news dramatist to overlook. Here was the ornament of the bench caught red-handed in unconsciously playing class rules. More than this, Brown is up for re-election this year. The educational value of making an issue of his conduct was too great to lose



SOME "LIVE ONES" WHO ARE BACKING UP "JUSTICE."

sight of. This was particularly true as Brown's personal character and high reputation would preclude any possibility of the reader confusing the issue. It was clear and plain. It is not men we must remove, but it is institutions we must change. Judge Brown is all right if we are going to leave the courts as an institution where they stand.

JUSTICE met the issue squarely. Rusic had just been hung. His death was one of the most dramatic ever witnessed here. His crude but versatile genius found expression a few days before his death in a delightful and refreshing poem of love to his Albanian sweetheart in his homeland.

The morning of his execution he chanted the Albanian battle-song for three hours continually and up to the moment the black cap silenced his defiance to death and capitalist brutality. He marched to the death trap with a step and carriage that drew remarks of praise even from the hardened attaches of the human butcher shop.

To cap the climax the sheriff made a botch of the hanging.

This expert in murder, who had three months' notice to prepare for the execution, failed to hang Rusic and he strangled to death after thirteen minutes of such terrible agony that one witness to the horrible scene, a coroner's jurymen, fainted.

"Justice" Vindicated.

We therefore drew a comparison between the two cases and Judge Brown's

conduct and charged Brown with being influenced for political reasons. The editor of JUSTICE was indicted for criminal libel and given a farcical trial lasting less than four hours before Judge Evans. This man is the most despicable and heartless of the judges, noted for his discourtesy and brutality and had been repeatedly and severely criticised in JUSTICE. Any sense of decency would have caused him to retire in such a case. His rulings on the admission of evidence and allowing counsel sufficient time to prepare the case were intensely partisan.

An immense crowd thronged the corridors of the court house and, after being denied admission to the court room, were finally permitted to enter when Evans observed the hostile feeling that was being aroused. There was a noticeable change of attitude after stock had been taken of the interest displayed in the trial by the Socialists and workers. There were significant hints dropped that indicated that part of the object of the trial was to discover the extent to which the Socialists approved of the policy of JUSTICE. The authorities were promptly satisfied that they would be inviting political suicide to further persecute JUSTICE.

The attorney, Comrade Harold W. Houston, the state secretary of the party in West Virginia, had explicit instructions to employ none of the unfair technical defenses customary to attorneys, but simply put the case up fairly to the jury and abide by the decision. This he

did under the most provoking insults from the court and his address to the jury suddenly forced upon him without a moment's preparation was an able presentation of the position of the defendant as a class-conscious Socialist and not a supplicant for mercy.

In a short time the jury returned a verdict of guilty and recommended the defendant to the mercy of the court. Following this an effort was made to dispose of this unwelcome verdict by declaring the editor insane but was finally given up as impractical. The criticism the verdict aroused has proven a boomerang to Brown and he has begun a press agent campaign in his own behalf through the daily papers, enumerating his kind virtues for public consumption. Undoubtedly if they had it to do over again Evans would not try the case and a much fairer trial covering several days would result. Now the public with almost one accord admit that "railroaded" is the proper phrase to apply to the case.

Heretofore the thousands of cases that passed through the local courts were scarcely noticed by the working people. Now they are watching the judges with much more interest. Every act is being scrutinized and the result will be most beneficial.

The two great objects in launching JUSTICE were to expose to the naked eye of the dull public the class character of the courts and the control of the newspapers. The promoters of this sheet feel that if those two things can be but accomplished in a thorough manner the strong and militant organization of the party and its army of workers can make Socialist converts much more rapidly. This idea has therefore lately determined the policy of the paper. It has not been primarily a propaganda paper but a weekly newspaper dealing with current local events of a more or less sensational character, from a Socialist standpoint, which were suppressed by the other papers. Naturally our policy has been somewhat criticised in a friendly manner by some Socialists, but we feel justified in our course.

One of the first things decided upon was that "Justice" should advocate the principles of industrialism as strongly as

we did political action. But following the rule of local news we deal with it only as current local events give rise for comment. As the local unions are extremely corrupt we felt that an explanation was due at the outset. The local typographical union had notoriously and repeatedly prostituted itself to union scabbing and if we expected to deal with this evil we would be cowardly to omit that organization because we needed their friendship to publish the paper. There was only one thing left for a militant and uncompromising sheet to do under such circumstances and that was to print the paper without the union label and tell why. We first got the assurance of the label, so the officials could not later claim we were disappointed soreheads, and then went after their treachery. The educational merit of a discussion on industrialism was greatly intensified by the omission of the label. Many good comrades who have for years been worshipping at the shrine of the label without investigating whether the label was a guarantee of its professions but who endorsed the principle of industrialism had their idol smashed much quicker because we did not carry the label. Of course there were politicians in the organization who said we were right, but that it would cost the party many votes by those who misunderstood and our reply was simply that we were out to educate first and get votes after the voters had become class-conscious, not before. JUSTICE was denounced as a union smasher, but has outlived the criticism in a remarkably short time. A sad commentary on craft unionism here is that the only protest received from those outside the party was one anonymous letter.

Disfranchisement.

Disfranchisement of working people in Allegheny county by special laws and court decisions has been carried on to an unusual degree here but, despite that, the Socialist vote of ten thousand in November, twice the democratic vote, so frightened the plutes that they began to disfranchise also from the top by making a number of formerly elective offices appointive. This is true of jury commissioners, and the fifteen school commis-

sioners who at one strike supplant the ward school boards. In both cases the appointment is to be by the Common Pleas judges.

The government of Pittsburg has been changed to a commission with partisan ballot as a compromise, but the nine commissioners have already been appointed by the governor to serve until after the election. Needless to say they are all rabid business men with a good chance for election in November.

By a change of the primary election from June to September it was hoped to move up the last date of assessment so that propertyless workingmen would fail to qualify. These and other methods too numerous to mention are being employed and have resulted in the number of possible registrars in the city to which the Socialists were entitled being reduced from 245 to 2.

JUSTICE takes the position that the various strikes in this county, particularly Homestead and McKees Rocks, have proven that even industrial unionism cannot solve the problem without revolutionary political action, for the reason that the capitalist class are able to batter an industrial union to pieces by physical force as long as they hold control of the police powers through their undisputed domination of political government, and it is absolutely necessary that we wrest from them the control of the courts and the executive department to prevent interference with industrial organization and control of legislative department, not for the purpose of saying

in which corner of the alley the ash cans are to be placed, but to prevent the impeachment and removal of fearless executives and judges.

To the direct actionist who urges the disfranchisement of the worker as evidence of the futility of the ballot we answer that the frantic efforts and laws to disfranchise are proof the capitalist realizes the imperative value of the ballot to the worker else he would ignore any political tendencies of the working class. JUSTICE is directing a vigorous campaign toward political action and is using the tricks and schemes of disfranchisement as the text and the result is extremely gratifying. Thousands of workingmen who didn't see the situation have been awakened to the fact of the power of the ballot by learning of the efforts made to disfranchise them.

The day of revolutionary political and industrial action in the great Pittsburg district is at hand. The slogan of the party is becoming more clarion in its tone. If the political organization has not attracted the proper quota of people to its standard in the past it is not, as some fear, because they think we are anarchists, but because they think we are following some kind of a utopian, Sunday school program. Let it become clear to the Pittsburg worker that the party wants political power to protect the worker while he organizes in a militant manner for the death grapple with his robbers and is not seeking to advance another group of politicians and, as Clyde Fitch reported to the Pittsburg Survey, "the Socialists will not enjoy a landslide, it will be an avalanche."



The Cossack's Club



STOP WORKING TEN HOURS A DAY



BY

FRANK BOHN

NOW is the time to start the biggest propaganda that the labor movement of America has ever witnessed.

The universal eight-hour day can be secured just as soon as the working class present even a semblance of unity upon the matter and make their wants heard.

We shall go to work at eight in the morning instead of seven and stop working in the afternoon at five instead of six. No scientific theories are needed in order to understand just what this means. No introductory volumes must be first read in order to grasp the meaning.

The old-fashioned strike of a few isolated workers is a thing of the past. It belongs to the period of the small shop and the individual capitalist. The eight-hour movement must be a mass movement of the whole working class. The whole mind of the working class must be concentrated upon this one subject. Talk about it wherever two or three are gathered together. Distribute leaflets dealing with the subject everywhere. Describe the capitalists who work their slaves ten hours a day as inhuman slave drivers. In the shop get the whole bunch to prepare for the mass movement. Practice loafing on the job from seven to eight in the morning and from five to six in the evening. If you have to stay in the shop ten hours a day, work only

eight. Then the shop committee can prove to the capitalist that eight hours' work will turn out as much product as ten. Let the single immorality of the workers be ten hours' steady plugging a day.

Let the worker who works ten hours a day willingly be known as immoral, a traitor, a scoundrel. Let there be but one virtue required of the worker—to fight the enemy. Refuse to talk to any one who refuses to take part in this movement.

AN OUTRAGEOUS LIE.

Whenever the workers fight for lower hours, the capitalists say, "We cannot afford to grant the demands. We would have to shut up shop and go out of business. Our profits do not equal the time and money you insist on having."

Capitalists, in defending their profits, are the most consistent liars on earth. A millionaire will lie every day in the year in order to squeeze five cents a day more each out of his slaves.

THE TRUSTS AND THE EIGHT-HOUR DAY.

The Steel Trust, for every worker it employs, divides a thousand dollars each year in dividends among its stockholders and bondholders. To this must be added the vast sums fleeced from the workers and invested as new capital. A government re-

port shows that one-third of the employes of the Steel Trust work seven days a week and one-fourth work twelve hours a day seven days a week. One-half of the employes of the Steel Trust receive less than 16c an hour. The eight-hour fight should be pushed hardest in the great trustified industries. With the fight won there, the small middle class capitalists will have to follow suit or go to the wall.

The U. S. government has passed a 16-hour day law for railroad workers. Let the workers on the railroads pass a 48-hour week labor law for themselves. Do it by spoiling the railroad business for a while. That will get results. Eight hours a day for everybody. Let the unemployed go to work. They need the money and the sixteen-hour slaves need the rest.

DIVIDE THE ENEMY.

Against the working class movement we find a united capitalist class. That class is flanked by every hungry intellectual lackey to whom it grudgingly doles out a salary.

A universal eight-hour movement will send consternation through the ranks of the capitalist lackeys. Let the workers go to every newspaper and demand that it contain editorials in favor of the eight-hour day. Otherwise boycott the paper. Boycott the stands selling the paper.

Go to the preachers. Demand that they preach sermons favoring the eight-hour day. If one refuses, blacken his fame and name by proving him to be a cowardly enemy of the working class. Picket his church and keep workers from sitting at the feet of one who dares not favor the eight-hour day. Paste placards condemning him on the door of his church. Make life miserable for him.

Post eight-hour day stickers and placards everywhere—on the sidewalks—in the street cars—in the shops.

Next year there is to be a ferocious political campaign. Pack the political meetings of the Republicans and Democrats, the stand-patters and insurgents, the Anti-Saloon league and the Suffragettes. Make them talk about the eight-hour day or "bawl them out" and break up the meeting. Strikes for the eight-hour day by the score will be on. There will be trouble everywhere. Make the capitalist politician's life

a hell on earth unless he everywhere advocates the eight-hour day.

DON'T BE FOOLS.

Don't be fools enough to make use of the old, worn-out methods of striking. Don't starve yourselves to death and give the jobs to scabs. Work eight hours and quit. Go in to the shop at eight o'clock the next morning and start to work again. If the boss locks you out, pretend to surrender and then do the same thing over. Do anything except work ten hours a day.

But before this process begins, we need preparation. The movement must be made general. It will take continuous and enthusiastic propaganda from now until next spring to prepare the working class.

UNITE ALL THE WORKERS.

Arguing and squabbling over small differences is now a thing of the past. Everybody favors the eight-hour day for himself. To get it he must unite with everybody else who wants it. Socialist party locals, I. W. W. locals, A. F. of L. locals, unorganized workers—men, women and children—let no one talk division. You don't need a host of paid officials to tell you what to do. Get together and plug hard for what you want and every thing needed to get it will come in due time. Fight for the eight-hour day and you will perfect your organization. Fight for the universal eight-hour day and you will find the message of Socialism. Let no one direct your minds away from this important matter. When people talk to you about petty political reforms which our courts sweep into the waste basket, don't wrangle with them. Talk the eight-hour day. If they won't listen, go to some one who will.

CAPITALISM WILL SURRENDER.

The capitalists will grant the eight-hour day. If ten thousand workers will start this fight now and "never say die," it will be won hands down in two years' time. If the ten-hour day could be won in many trades eighty years ago and made nearly universal forty years ago, we can win the eight-hour day now.

The time has come. Conditions are ripe. Capitalism is scared. The progressive working people of America have developed

the brains, the nerve and the stamina to turn the track.

The universal eight-hour day will be a step toward Socialism. It will be a step in the right direction—straight toward the goal. It will be the beginning of working class government of the shop. Raise wages if you can, of course. But the time will come when the capitalists will lower them again. The eight-hour day, once secured, will never be lost. For the workers it will mean more rest, more reading, more strength, more hope, more life. The uni-

versal eight-hour law, passed by the universal acclaim of the workers and enforced in the shops, will be the greatest piece of working class legislation ever written into the constitution of the nation's social life. It will take time, the stuff life is made of, away from the capitalists and give it to the workers. It will place the feet of the whole working class upon higher ground. It will be the beginning of the end of slavery. With its attainment the complete freedom of the workers will loom up ahead, clear and near.

PATRIOTS AND PARASITES

BY

W. G. HENRY

THE working class is also the great producing class. The capitalist retains the commodities your labor has produced, not for his own use, but for sale. The capitalist class cannot begin to use up a fraction of those commodities. They cannot with all their regal extravagance, their beautifully arrayed women, their expensive wines, their gambling, their steam yachts and palace cars, their monkey dinners and poodle-dog suppers and debutante cat entertainments; not with all these and a thousand other luxuries and idiocies can they begin to consume the wealth the patriotic workers so cheerfully hand over to them. They must depend upon selling the surplus commodities back to the workers.

Now here is a likely state of affairs. You produce all the commodities and you are supposed to buy nearly all of them back for your own use.

Let us not forget that capitalism stands for wages and wages mean only a portion of the wealth you produce. And just here arises an opportunity for some genius to explain how a great producing class can buy back its product with wages that equal only about one-fifth the value of that product. Upon this point the defenders of "the best system the world has ever known" are as silent as their prototype, the fossil clam buried beneath the sedimentary deposit of centuries.

Thus it is that the wage system is responsible for panics. Then we have an exhibition of millions of idle men and women in the midst of plenty. The warehouses and granaries and shelves bursting with the weight of the products of our labor which we are unable to get because they have not the necessary purchase price. And we have not the necessary purchase price because we have been producing those commodities for wages which were equal to something like one-fifth the value of what we produced.

Did you ever notice that right on the heels of every industrial crisis, the capitalists, through their official lackeys, the preacher-editors, magazine writers and politicians, begin calling the attention of the workers to some foreign nation across the seas or some other imaginary boundary line whose inhabitants are taller or shorter, or thicker or thinner, or darker or lighter, or fatter or leaner than you patriotic citizens of America? and who, when they kneel down to pray, look cock-eyed instead of hypocritical as you do? And these boosters for the master class begin talking like this: "Now, do you see those fellows over there? They are miserable foreigners. They're the cause of all your troubles. Listen. You're patriotic, you love your country, you don't want to see it overrun by any heathen. You're out of a job. You're hungry and ragged. Your families are starving. You

want work, food, clothing and shelter. Here's your chance. We want to help you. We want you to help yourself. You are patriotic. You workers always are. You love your country and you will defend it (although you don't own any of it), God bless you! Come join our army of patriots. You will be right at home for all these patriots are workmen like you. Go with them and fight with them and you will once more free your country and at the same time get food, clothing and shelter for yourselves and starving families. You will get jobs." So with the fear of dying from an empty stomach as a workman, the worker prefers to take a chance of meeting death from a chunk of lead in the bread-basket as a soldier. It is settled. He joins the army.

Now you are that "patriot," Mr. Workingman. They give you a shoddy uniform, a cheap pair of shoes; they place upon your shoulder the latest improved, death-dealing rifle (the only up-to-date article in your outfit because it is the tool with which you are going to *work*). Then they will load you onto ships coated over with graft-made armor-plate worth just so much as the same weight of paper, with bibles on the deck and booze in the steerage and a generous supply of embalmed beef on board so that if you don't get shot, you'll get poisoned.

You sail across the seas to shoot "civilization" and "Christianity" into a nation of workers who never did you any harm, who have the same love for their wives and children and sweethearts that you have, who suffer under the same damnable system of wage slavery that you suffer under and who hope for the same emancipation that you want—"patriotic" hungry, star-spangled American workingman that you are, you are going over there to shoot and kill and burn and terrorize and "civilize" and "Christianize" those "heathens" and by so doing **OPEN UP THE MARKETS OF THE WORLD FOR THE THINGS YOU HAVE MADE AND WHICH YOU HAVE LEFT AT HOME IN THE HANDS OF YOUR ECONOMIC MASTER AND WHICH YOU CANNOT BUY BACK BECAUSE YOUR WAGES HAVE BEEN EQUAL TO ONLY ONE-FIFTH THE VALUE OF WHAT YOU PRODUCED.**

Patriotic Market-Openers! Embalmed

Beef Heroes! When are you going to stop this rotten business? When will you stop fighting the battles of your masters and begin fighting for yourselves? This thing of the workers fighting the battles of the shirkers has been going on through all the generations of the past. Will it continue to the end of time?

It would seem that the working class has at least reached the point in its evolution where it should stand squarely on its feet, look its capitalist masters squarely in the eye and say:

Mr. Capitalist, we have served you long and faithfully. We have given you the bulk of what we produced. We have built mansions for you. We have lived in the hovels. We've given you silks and satins and broadcloths; we've been content with overalls and calico. We've fed you on porterhouse steaks; we've been indeed glad to get the soup bones, the liver, the weinerwurst, the tail and the tripe. We've built for you, Mr. Capitalist, the up-to-date automobiles; we've been content with the exercise of jumping out of their way.

We have sent our wives and our children to your factories to be ground up into profit in order that you, well-fed loafers that you are, could have a nice, easy time debauching the female members of the working class and advising us how to live within our means. Yes, Mr. Capitalist, we've even done worse than that. At each recurring election we have gone proudly to the polls, we the voting sovereigns of America, and placed a ballot in the box which said: "We love to be kicked by a nice patent leather shoe—please kick us some more." And there is one thing more we have done that has sunk us to the very depths of degradation. Whenever, by our industry, we have produced so much goods that we cannot buy them back with our meager wages, in order to find a market for those goods you have set us to fighting the workers of another nation under the guise of PATRIOTISM. AND WE HAVE FOUGHT. And while we fought your battles for you, Mr. Capitalist, you stayed at home and continued to rob the workers who remained.

But, Mr. Capitalist, at last one feeble ray of light has filtered through our thick craniums. We have listened to the soap boxers; we have read some Socialist litera-

ture. Those soap boxers don't indulge in the nice high-flown language that your preachers and politicians use. They even say "damn" sometimes, chiefly in speaking of you, Mr. Capitalist, but it sounds good to us and we're here to tell you that this feeble ray has thoroughly convinced us of one thing, if nothing else, and that is:

Hereafter, Mr. Capitalist, if you have

any troubles to settle with any of those people across the seas or beyond any other boundary line, shoulder your rifle and go over there and fight it out with them; but as for us, an outraged and aroused and intelligent working class, WE ARE FOREVER DONE FIGHTING THE BATTLES OF A USELESS, CAPITALIST CLASS. You are our only enemies!

HAYWOOD IN CALIFORNIA

BY

J. EDWARD MORGAN

PACKED halls; aroused audiences; warm greetings; clamorings for more dates; long and enthusiastic after discussions among near, far and clear Socialists, craft unionists and industrialists, onlookers and sympathizers; a painstaking, apathetic labor press and a scrupulously silent capitalist press; all rebels alert and alive, smiling, watching, daring and doing; honest-minded craft, unionists sharply listening and going home asking themselves questions—straws these that point the meaning of Haywood's meetings in California.

Haywood comes with no message of divine deliverance kept sacred through centuries of slavery by the sleeping gods. No new, god-inspired interpretation of "Natural Rights," Mosaic Leadership," "Cosmic Oneness," or "Messianic Consciousness." Slighted by the gods and abandoned by the saints, with the keen grasp of the class conflict glinting in his eye, the heat of class loyalty quickening his pulse and the clarion call of battle on his tongue, he came, he said: "To pull the mask from society, strip it stark naked, and make its brutal hideousness so plain that even a preacher might understand the class struggle."

And this he did. As Mark Antony lifted Caesar's bloody robe and pointed dead Caesar's wound, unmasked the conspirators, so Haywood lifted prostrate labor's bloody pall, pointed the cankering wounds, the centuries of added insults,

wound on wound, blow on blow, then tore the mask from King Capital's snarling jowl and cried: "He did it. Labor's friend. Your brother. Here is the Class Struggle. The battle of the brothers!"

Through England, through France, through Spain, Russia, Germany, Japan, China; through Canada and Mexico, back to the U. S. by way of Los Angeles and the lair of "The Old Gray Wolf." We followed appalled, aghast at what we saw and heard. Everywhere the same prostrate, mangled form of labor; everywhere the same gloating, blood-spattered monster of the Iron Heel, crushing, despoiling, enslaving.

During that two hours we journeyed on that hell-bent pilgrimage with Haywood all illusions vanished. Not a prayer was said, not a psalm was sung; not a resolution written or a vote cast. Some inaudible sermons were preached by awakening conservatists by way of self expression, with a "by damn it," and Johansen French phrases for benediction. I believe the preachers and moralists present got a sniff of the class struggle, choked and floundered and bedizzened by the grit and grind, the gouge and grapple, the blood and hell of the class war through which Haywood dragged them. Race consciousness got an awful jar, with a class conscious rebel of bull-pen psychology ripping the cloak of hypocrisy from society to the holy horror of its defenders.

The lawyers got a soulful gaze at the

niche they fill in society; and the detectives had the exquisite pleasure of watching Haywood vainly striving to drop a plummet to the bottom of their depravity.

The working men and women saw amazed and maddened the hideous picture of the class war. Found themselves born into this slavery and about to die enslaved in mind and body. They craned their mental necks in agony for a way out. Haywood, unlike Gompers, pointed the way out. Everyone looked and saw a clear path the way Haywood pointed. From the clouds their gaze was turned earthward and inward. Moses and the leadership of modern saints was forgotten. All seemed to marvel at working class stupidity. Craft unionism got a terrible jolt when the big audience saw labor on its knees giving up a half million dollars to kidnapers to ransom one of their fellow slaves held captive for his loyalty to his class, when to simply remove the arm of labor from the wheels of industry would bring the kidnapers to meek and mild submission.

It was rough usage—too rough for sensitive souls—when Haywood said: “In a pinch we might get along without the preacher.” Were I a preacher I would doubtless resent the sting and preach him to hell and back again and chase him through all hell’s dominions. He would have to acknowledge me a part of the divine plan for the salvation of his impudent soul.

Think of getting along without Billy Sunday! With twenty-five thousand souls saved a year at only two dollars a head! (Or should I say two dollars a spook? Do souls have heads?) Think of the Socialist craft afloat, adrift, hell-bent, with not a heavenly pilot aboard to steer it into the ethereal waters of “Messianic Consciousness.” The rough-neck may build the craft, load the freight and hoist sail; his cleverness of brawn and brain take this coarse and peculiar turn. Hide, muscle and bone, with a steering

brain—the material man for this unimportant, vulgar, material work. But such rugged hands and jagged souls, daring wind and tide to do their worst, lured by the savage call of the wild, will steer for the open seas. Vain of their pent-up power, mad at the call of Freedom, they will throw old charts and Mosaic codes to the winds, ignore the heavenly pilot, and giving saintly leaders and Dipush out into the black unknown; shoo the surry-fum and cherry-bum from paradise, chase the boggy man through hell-gate and capsize the craft in the devil’s private fishing pond and the New Jerusalem go up in smoke.

Strong muscles and brave hands to build the craft, but more delicate hands and finer souls to steer it through troubled waters! “Those soft, sensitive, pudgy hands can’t man the wheels,” says Haywood. “Take yours away for a week and let them try it. When they get over trying, McNamara will go free.” So Haywood believes that soft, spongy, race-conscious souls, halting and timorous, cannot be trusted to guide the Socialist craft through the stormy waters of class-conflict.

Haywood’s coming to California is opportune. The Socialist Party here seems to be afraid of its shadow; of its very name; of its own voice—that is, afraid of itself. Trying to make itself pleasing to itself, for the sake of pleasing its enemies, it has bit off its own head. its tail, coughed up its entrails, sun-dried and sugar-coated them, then swallowed them with the oldest and shrewdest political adventures in California officiating at the delectable ceremony.

The clear voice of the man on the revolutionist’s job sounding the slogan of class battle will help the shame-faced Socialist to stand once more on his own legs and listen to his own voice without heart failure.

Here’s hoping Haywood will stay on the job until the workers get the goods and THE REVIEW outgrows every capitalist sheet in the land.

THE "SPOTKNOCKERS"

BY

RALPH H. CHAPLIN



SPOTKNOCKERS AT WORK.

NOBODY who knew them believed the spotknockers capable of striking. They had a few doubts about it themselves because their organization was young and inexperienced and because they had tried the stunt previously and had failed most dismally. The bosses knew something of tactics and acting upon the principle that by giving the spotknockers rope enough they would hang themselves, a strike was precipitated on the fifth of July in the very dullest period of a dull year.

The strike occurred at the Chicago Portrait Company, the best organized and largest concern of its kind in the world. The bosses at this place treated the strike as a joke from the first. They had been

accustomed to see the boys strike at one door and scab at another. Many of the most ardent strikers of the last unsuccessful union in a previous strike, those who would fairly bubble over with effusive, school-boy oratory when at the union hall, would go home and have a sister or wife sneak around to the back door of the shop and take out a bunch of work to do at home. Secure in their belief that the spotknockers were not class conscious and knew nothing of class solidarity and thus could not organize effectively the bosses put two ads in the papers, one for girls to learn the business (experience not necessary) and one for "male artists to do work at home." Then they lured a few scabs to work on the inside with

the inexperienced girls, made arrangements with a couple of scab studios in town to handle some of the work that the strikers refused—and went their way rejoicing.

The strikers have been out, at the time this is written, for an even month, but the scabs are still on the job, the improved machines that have made the spotknockers' skill useless, are still on the job and all the allied crafts necessary for the completion of a finished spotknocker picture are working overtime.

"You will be perfectly safe," one of the straw-boss hirelings assured a prospective scab. "These spotknockers are not teamsters." They understand the game, all right. They would be afraid of striking teamsters, but not of striking spotknockers. It seems that the further one goes from the class feeling of unskilled workers the more faded, weak and atrophied becomes class-consciousness and the real working class fighting spirit.

The skill of the spotknocker has been made useless by the machine, just as the skill of the wood carver has, for instance, and the skill of thousands of other skilled workmen has been made valueless and obsolete by machine production. Under the pressure of a constantly lowering wage scale and the speeding up process necessitated by the new method of production, the spotknocker, inspired by the alluring ideal of forming a "job trust," a "labor monopoly" that would enable them to force the prices back to the standard of the good old days, struck blindly at the machines that were displacing them.

It is probable that working people generally do not know what a spotknocker is, so I will explain and show how it happened that this hitherto most "respectable" and exclusive band of the working class was forced into doing such an "in-artistic," "undignified" and "ungentlemanly" thing as to *strike*.

A spotknocker is a commercial artist, a portrait artist—that is, he was an artist until modern machine production made him something else. His business is to copy and enlarge portraits from photographs (the kind you have hanging on your walls, size 16 by 20 inches, framed in six-inch oak burnished with gilt).

A long time ago he got a couple of

dollars or so for a single picture. Now he gets anywhere from 2½ cents to a quarter for touching up the machine-made article. In the good old days he was wont to wear a silk hat on Sundays, to let his hair grow bushy like a "Ham" actor and to wear one of these big spaghetti-catching, Elbert Hubbard neckties. People used to point him out as an "Artist." He prided himself upon being a "professional man" and was respected and looked up to by the (muddle-headed, middle class) community.

But, as has happened throughout the whole wide world, the heartless modern system of machine production invaded his snug little narrow world and tore him rudely from his lofty perch and placed him down with the common workman. The machine, all oblivious of his "artistic temperament," made his cherished skill useless. Gone are the palmy days of plug hats and dazzling sparklers when the artist used to "put it all over" a common herd. Gone are the dizzy, enveloped heights that he has haunted from time out of mind. The unsympathetic machine has made him a mere "Spotknocker" instead of an "Artist." Nothing else, as one boss has it, but a mere "air-brush hand." Instead of a spacious studio where the pale light filters through high windows, he now has a stall in a big grey room where he works eight hours a day with perhaps fifty or a hundred others of his kind.

For thousands of years pictures have been made with a stick with a few hairs at the end of it, but the brush has been torn from his delicate grasp and replaced with a vicious, little spraying apparatus of steel that is worked by compressed air. This devilish contrivance, in connection with the solar and bromide prints that the spotknocker retouches, has made his skill largely useless by multiplying his efficiency and dexterity an hundred fold and by making it possible for unskilled people to do the work. Before these things were invented two or three portraits were considered a good day's work. At the present day the man who works at the easel next to mine must speed up to the tune of one hundred and fifty pictures a day if he wants to make a living wage.

And all this time spotknockers have



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been wondering what could be the matter with them. Some people have wondered if they will ever live long enough to find out.

Thus it happened that the machine became the artist and the artist became the "spotknocker." It is his business now to merely stipple or "knock" the spots that the machine overlooks. Instead of one hundred and fifty artists, we now have one spotknocker. God be with us! The boys at the C. P. Co. are out on strike, the bosses are having a game of billiards at the Chicago Athletic Association and the inexperienced girls, the scabs, the unorganized solar and bromide printers and the machines they use, are still on the job.

There are not as many spotknockers engaged in grinding out "chromos" as there were ten years ago, although the volume of business done is greater than ever before. So prolific is our labor that four or five hundred of us, working mostly in Chicago and some of the larger cities of the country, Canada and Mexico, are capable of polluting the entire continent with them.

Somebody told me once that spotknockers are wage-slaves gone to seed. The unskilled workers look upon him as a freak who talks a lot and is unable to do a man's work in the world. His bosses take him as a joke and doctors, lawyers and other "respectable" professional folk pity his pitiable pretensions to professional "dignity." One of the boys in the

shipping department said, after he had thoroughly convinced himself that the spotknockers had really struck, "By —! those candy artists are becoming almost human after all!" Heavens, what will become of us?

Almost entirely isolated from the great main current of working-class struggles, hopes and victories, the spotknocker, in spite of the intolerable pressure that has been brought to bear upon him, is still stagnating in a marsh of reactionary, middle-class sophistry, still content with conditions if he can get a few pennies more for the pictures he makes, that he may draw more sharply the line that separates him in his narrow circle from the great working class. He still believes that he is able to "beat the game," playing according to capitalist rules. He is still nursing middle-class ambitions, insipid ideals and hopeless platitudes and every possible hobby from Astrology and Christian Science down to middle-class "reform" socialism. He is being pushed down into the ranks of the unskilled workman and he is squealing and squirming and kicking, but he has not yet awakened to the need of clear cut socialism and the revolutionary labor movement of today. It is natural that he should have developed this point of view, but it is just as natural that he should abandon it, as he is forced lower and lower into the ranks of the unskilled.

As the commodity that he sells in or-

der to live, his labor power, is cheapened by machine production he will more and more begin to get next to the whole rotten game. For the first time he will begin to realize what life is really like when he discovers that the class struggle is not confined within the grey walls of a spotknocking studio or by the narrow circle of some chaste-like skilled craft union. Instead he will begin to acquire

that clear, implacable and healthy hatred for capitalistic "ideals," "morality" and such bunk and drivel. He will learn to take his place gladly in the great, worldwide fight of the working-class to emancipate itself from the present crushing system of exploitation. The greatest thing in the world after all is to learn how to fight and fight effectively on the job and at the polls.

AN EFFECTIVE CO-OPERATIVE PRESS



W. HARRY SPEARS, EDITOR.

WITH the rapid growth of the Socialist Party, locals in many cities where the movement was hardly known five years ago are considering the matter of establishing a Socialist paper. The value of a local paper is unquestioned. The great mass of the working people of a community must be reached by the message of Socialism through the medium of their daily problems. If a Socialist paper writes up a local strike, and brings the revolutionary message printed in a home paper, every striker will read it and think about it and his Socialist education will thereby begin. When the main industry in a

small town is so affected, or if there is a street car strike, the whole town thus gets its first lessons in Socialism. In practically all the larger cities papers have already been established.

The multiplication of these papers placed before the movement a definite and very practical problem. How could they be made to co-operate so as to save expense and increase their effectiveness? This problem seems to have been completely solved. The Socialist Co-operative Publishing Company of Findlay, Ohio, now publishes papers for ninety-five cities and towns in half a dozen different states. A portion of the material in each paper is local. This portion may be a half page or a few columns. The remainder of the paper is devoted to general propaganda and educational articles which are the same for all the papers. Of course the general articles secured are much better than could possibly be gotten by an independent local paper.

We are glad to note that this publishing company is co-operative in fact as well as in name. To secure a local paper, the comrades in a city or town must first subscribe a certain amount of stock, in shares of \$10 each. Their paper bears a name chosen by themselves and has a local editor. There is nothing in it to suggest that it is not in every sense a local publication.

The general editor, also editor of the Findlay Call, is Comrade W. Harry Spears. The ability and untiring efforts of the Board of Managers is largely re-

sponsible for the success of the enterprise.

With the growth of the Socialist Party its propaganda and educational work tends to become ever better organized. The lecture bureau lately established by the N. E. C. suggests the trend of the Party's affairs. This lecture bureau organized into one system all of the separate bureaus lately maintained by the larger publications of the Party. The

Socialist Co-operative Publishing Company is performing a service for the movement which undoubtedly is as important as that of the lyceum bureau of the N. E. C. As it has gotten well beyond the experimental stage, *THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW* extends its congratulations and hopes that it may greatly increase its field of usefulness before the opening of the next campaign. Address all communications to W. Harry Spears, care of *Findlay Call*, Findlay, Ohio.

SPINES AND JELLYFISH

By

TOM J. LEWIS

SOMETIMES I think there are more jellyfish in the world today than there could have been in the past—especially when I look into the ranks of the craft unions. There are craft unionists who would calmly stand by and seen men tried and true hung without a murmur if it were not for the class consciousness and solidarity shown by some of their number who use their heads. Men who understand the class struggle fight to the last ditch when capitalists injure or attack one of their own class.

But this is not true of the "Simple" Trade Unionist, who believes in the old Identity of Interest yet. He is willing to crawl on his belly at the commands of his master. He is only JOB-conscious. He believes that contracts are sacred so that he is willing to scab on his fellow-worker in order to keep his agreement with the BOSS, who breaks agreements whenever he wishes. It is a case of "heads you win; tails I lose" when he goes up against the capitalist game, but he plugs right along, being "faithful" to the boss and scabbing on his brother workers and tying his own hands.

Just now I had hoped to see organized labor in the biggest series of demonstrations and strikes and protests that we have had since Haywood was on trial. But evidently there are too many spineless backs among the craft unions to allow them to

muster a good number. And the leaders are doubtless afraid the newspapers will "misrepresent them," if they protest. We should have mass meetings, parades and emphatic kicks.

About all these spineless individuals know is WORK, work, WORK and obey the Boss. They don't see any further than their own dinner plates, so they don't see that they are killing their own chances for dinners in the future.

But McNamara won't have to depend upon these men. In every craft union and in every group of workers you can always find two or three men with back-bones and a thinking apparatus in their heads that is working. Such men are waking up and refuse to be misled longer by peanut-brained leaders. They are revolting against their false and misleading methods and agitating for a new form of real organization on an industrial basis.

These men see the great class struggle and know they will have to stand with the workers in their own class if they ever hope to TAKE ANYTHING from the capitalist class. Their whole talk among the shops and mines and mills is ONE BIG UNION of the working class; One Big Union to stop the wage system which permits the capitalist class to appropriate all the good things by robbing the workers; One Big Union which will stop the private ownership

of the means of life in the shops, mills, factories and mines.

Class-conscious workers see that the capitalists have legalized their ownership of the means of life—of food and clothes—but they intend to inaugurate an industrial democracy wherein the workers shall collectively own these things. Then there will be no more master and no more slave.

We can secure a society where the factories and mills and mines shall be owned by the men and women who run them just as soon as we get together men and women of courage and intelligence who will be satisfied with nothing short of revolution.

Then we can keep reducing the hours

of labor until all who are able to work shall do their share of the work and nobody shall live and loaf in the sweat of another man's brow.

This is what Socialism means. Is it worth while to you, you wage-worker? Of course it is. It is the greatest worth-while thing to us workers in the whole world. Let's get it as soon as we can. We will use every means at our command. We will drop all of our weaknesses and prejudices and nonsenses and GET TOGETHER for the Revolution.

Get busy for the industrial union; join the Socialist Party—the party of YOUR class. Come on in. The water's fine!

All the property that a workingman has is done up in his own hide.

A warranty deed is a graft title, a fantasy of ownership existing only in the minds of slaves.

Law on the rights of persons is written on a folio. The rights of property have filled the tomes of ages.

The meanest, the most humble worker, is a better man and a more important factor in society than any judge on the Supreme Court Bench.

Society can get along without its intellectual hoboes—its judges, lawyers, statesmen, politicians, detectives, cadets, soldiers, and—in a pinch—without the preachers. But the worker is indispensable.

Book knowledge is no knowledge when it comes to making the wheels of industry go round. Real education needs callouses on its hands.

William D. Haywood.

THE SPECTRE OF INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM

BY

ARCHIBALD CRAWFORD

A SPECTRE is haunting the world—the spectre of Industrial Unionism!

Capital is frightened at its own shadow; the stupendous reflex of its own stupendous development. And well it might be.

Industrial Unionism is the greatest inspiration that has ever come to the army of labor—for it is an inspiration, not a plan devised by this or that labor leader.

And it comes to the *army* of labor, to every unit of the rank and file, not to this or that labor Moses.

Its message, thrilled with the breaths of an age of martyrs, says to the worker: "No Moses will lead you out. Emancipation is yours, but you must take it for yourself."

This message is not for *some* workers but for *all* workers. It is breathed louder to the homeless, the propertyless, the voteless, the jobless and the godless. The more the worker is dispossessed of all that adds up "*life*," the louder it is breathed, and for a simple reason—the inspiring message comes, not as all past hopes (?) of labor, from up above in the twinkling stars, but from below, out of the solid earth.

First it is heard, first understood by the despised bum, hobo, tramp, stiff, for he is nearest the source from which it comes. But its message of hope for an enslaved working class is wafting upwards and is affecting the entire soul of the great labor army.

And because it comes from the bottom and not the top, its philosophy, its ethics and morals are what some will call upside down. There is no *up* nor *down* in the universe except relatively, and the upside downness of the Industrial Union philosophy is best expressed in the word "revolutionary." Industrial Unionism is "Revolutionary Unionism."

The Old Unionism.

Hitherto wage-earners have been organized in trade or craft unions. The craft union does not admit capitalists into the union, for capitalists are its enemies, nor does it admit all workingmen, for all workingmen over and above the number of jobs available, are its enemies.

In other words, a craft union is an organization of workers engaged in a particular craft or calling, and the object of organization is to stint the number of persons who might learn, or become employed in that particular trade. Why so?

Because it helps solve the unemployed problem *for the craft*, but correspondingly *increases the problem for the remainder of the working class*.

A commodity is a thing of value produced for exchange on the world market. Butter, eggs, boots, etc., exposed for sale in a shop are commodities. Electric power is a commodity. Labor power is a commodity.

The law of supply and demand says that when the supply of a commodity exceeds the demand, the price of that commodity goes down. Inversely, when the demand for a commodity exceeds the supply, the price of that commodity goes up.

Craft unions reduce the supply of craft labor-power and increase its price. Hence the big wages in unions with big entrance fees and exacting conditions of apprenticeship.

But craft unions, as we have shown, increase the supply of labor power turned in other directions and thus put the rest of the working class in a less favorable relation to the law of supply and demand. Hence the low wages among unskilled and unorganized workers.

Craft unions fight and enervate the working class. However useful they were an epoch ago, they are absolutely dis-

astrous and a source of disintegration among the working class today.

"Recognition of the craft union by the boss," the "Union Label," "Trade Agreements," "Arbitration and Conciliation Boards and Courts," etc., are each and all wholly alliances between craft unions and more thoroughly enslave the whole working class.

Craft unions are good things for craftsman and if there was a larger force of craftsmen than "dead level" workers, craft unionism would still prevail.

But economic development has destroyed the crafts and reduced nearly all workers to a dead level. We workers are all sufficiently down and miserable to realize our identity of interest. Not one of us can rise unless we all rise. It has become a *class* matter, not an *individual* nor a *craft* matter. New times have new troubles and require new treatment.

The New Unionism.

Right never did prevail and never will without the aid of might.

Existence is a perpetual struggle; the weak go to the wall. It isn't the *few* who go to the wall but the *weak*.

The capitalists are few and the workers many. The workers however, are weak and the capitalists strong. The workers are going to the wall. In fact they are there already—right "up against it."

Why are the few strong and the many weak?

Why can a child lead an elephant?

The "elephant" labor has power in both hands, but lacks the co-operation of that divine speck of grey matter we call brain.

BRAWN and brain!

In impossible proportions. Plenty brawn, too little brain.

The greatest power in the world is *power to produce*, but it "cuts no ice," *except when it is withheld!*

Labor has power in its two hands, greater than any controllable power that does or ever did exist.

What is the mountain?

Have not the two hands of labor tunneled it?

What is the ocean?

Have not the hands of labor shaped and jointed iron that it floats in the most tempestuous ocean. Labor laughs at the angry sea!

And Niagara?

Has not labor already diminished that mighty roar. A hundredth part of that mighty volume is led, like the elephant, by the ear, to serve the needs of society. It comes like a roaring lion to dash upon the rocks below the fall as it has done for countless ages, but labor gently leads the way to the whirring wheels of the mill and after extracting its mighty power, leads the peaceful volume like a gentle lamb to join the rapids far below and beyond. And what labor has done with a hundredth part, it can do with a hundred hundredth parts.

What can be done that labor cannot do?

Nothing.

What can be done without labor?

Nothing.

What is labor?

The power possessed by the working class.

What does this power mean?

That society couldn't exist without it.

What power exists apart from labor?

No power creative at will.

What would happen if labor withheld its power to produce?

Capitalists, priests, politicians, press hirelings, thugs, sluggers, hangmen, soldiers, policemen and all creeping and crawling things that suck the blood of the common working man would die of starvation. Like Sampson in the Temple, labor's arms may rend the pillars which support society and bring the social edifice down to destruction about its own ears.

The new unionism says to the worker, weary with agelong travail, "Bowed and humiliated as you are, be you despised ever so much, your mothers, wives and sisters forced to lives of shame, your children stunted and starved, you hold in these two hands of yours the power to save not only yourself, your mothers, wives and sisters, and your children, but the whole human race. The world lies in the hollow of your dirty, blacked and horny right hand—save it!"

How We Didn't Used to Win.

Formerly when a wageslave had a grievance he complained and if his grievance was not redressed, he would at times

become wild and agitated and say things, whereat his boss would "can" him and employ another wage slave.

After a time, this being an experience of all wage slaves in a given trade or workshop, collective bargaining was resorted to. At first the boss was discomfited, but as the field of labor which he exploited became international, he used craft against craft and workshop against workshop as he had formerly used individual against individual and so got the upper hand.

Industrial unionism embraces the uttermost man within the uttermost limits of this earth and as the boss can get no farther, he is—so to speak—"up against it."

The old unionist based his philosophy and morality in the sacred rights of private property in things socially used. He believed in a fair day's wage for a *fair* day's work. A *fair* rate of interest, a fair margin of profit and *reasonable* rent. He wouldn't hit a boss below the belt and if the boss put the belt around the crown of his head he wouldn't hit him at all. He wouldn't go out on strike before giving the boss sufficient notice to cancel contracts, refuse fresh agreements, hire scabs, or in other ways get ready for the conflict.

Then the old unionists would walk out of the workshop, lift their hats respectfully to the boss's son, wipe the dirt with a clean handkerchief off their master's carriage wheel, got from rubbing against their coats, ask a policeman's pardon if he jogged his hand with their tiepin while attempting to bustle and strangle them, and apologize if their heads should happen to break a policeman's club.

They would stay out on strike for weeks and eat up the union funds, saved in the preceding thirty years; then they would perforce practice Upton Sinclair's starving cure, and when tired of that would go back to work and sign the pledge not to strike again for anything or anybody.

The New Morality.

The new morality says:

Damn interest!

Damn rent!

Damn profits!

Damn agreements!

Damn the boss!

Damn the boss's son!

Damn his family carriage!

And his family too!

We've damned well enough to do to look after our own damned selves and families.

The boss don't care a damn about us and quite right too. He has his own self and family to look after.

We ought to be damned if we don't look after our own dear wives and dear little ones.

For wife and little ones are as "dear" to the worker, as any such ever were to his boss.

And ninety per cent of the wives and children of the world belong to the working class!

Our morality asks—what will help them?

What will stop them starving by the millions?

And whatever is calculated to help our class is moral, good and pure.

What injures our class is immoral and must be fought down and out.

We didn't make the struggle between the capitalist class and the working class, but it's there, and it's our business to uphold our own interest if we don't want to go under.

The power must be taken out of the policeman's club!

How?

Anyhow!

Why?

Because it hurts our class and is therefore immoral.

The guns mustn't point our way if they aren't spiked, because they are liable to go off and hurt us and that would be immoral.

So we must spike the guns or turn them round. Anyhow, and because it hurts our class and is immoral.

If we go on strike we must strike quickly, sudden and certainly. Don't give the boss time to think or prepare plans. He might get the better of us and that would be bad for us and immoral.

Strike when he has a big order which he must fulfil. It will hurt him more and us less and that is moral.

Tie up the industries in the town, all

the industries in all the towns, in the whole country, or in the whole world if necessary. The strike will end quicker and we will starve less and that's good for us, and therefore moral.

How to Win.

Don't let the strike eat up your funds. That's bad for you and immoral.

But let it cost the boss a bit. His power consists of the things he owns and if he owns less his power will be less. His weakness is your strength and is good for you—therefore moral.

A bolt taken out of a machine may be a big help in a strike, even if the bolt is buried in a hole six inches deep.

Innocence is sometimes a crime! See how capitalist courts sentence innocent workmen and discharge guilty capitalists.

To step out on strike and starve is foolish if you can strike on the job and eat. Striking on the job means, doing such a thing—i. e., anything—that will compel the boss to do what you think is the fair thing. If you win it's good for you and therefore moral, however many little things belonging to the boss disappears, or however little work you might do.

Pat from Erin's isle got a job once to the surprise of his friend.

"So you're working Pat?" asked the friend.

"Hold yer whist, man," said Pat, "I'm just fooling the boss. Sure! I've bin carrying the same hod of bricks up and down the ladder all day, and the boss thinks I'm wurrking."

Pat may have been working but he knew how to get one on the boss.

Another immoral thing is to stop outside the factory door and watch the scabs trooping in. If you can't keep them away, get in yourself, and if the boss doesn't settle with you, come out later on after the scabs are gone.

Of course all these methods have to be mixed with brains as well as brawn.

If you intend to go by what the courts say, you might as well appoint your boss leader of your strike. Nowadays, it's illegal to strike in any part of the world. A

good many other things are illegal and if you get caught you will surely get punished, so don't get punished, for, as punishment hurts, it isn't moral.

A Few Pointers.

Be a patriot, in the sense that you are loyal to the class from which you spring.

Be moral and don't do a thing to hurt a single member of your own class.

Don't strike for more than you have a right to demand.

You have a right to demand all you have power to enforce.

If you try to raise a two-hundred pound weight with a 150 pound muscle you can only expect to get hurt and that's not moral.

If you decide to strike for shorter hours or better wages and find you don't develop the power you thought, get back to work on the best terms.

Don't think going back on less than you demanded is defeat. The workers have never been defeated. You can't tell the winner till the battle ends.

Don't hit the boss in the same place twice. He'll get wise and put on armor-plate.

When the boss gets the better of you don't growl. Give him credit and try and beat him next time.

Don't weep over a scab.

An Albany (N. Y.) paper the other day said: "When complaining about your job, remember your boss doesn't compel you to work for him."

The Industrial Unionists say in reply: "When people complain of the ingratitude of labor, remember you need not be grateful. Further, if labor makes it hard for you to own the means of life, remember you need not own these things. If you let them go, your worries will vanish, and since you do not yourself use them and scarcely ever see them, you can't have much affection for them. Have no fear for your future. If work is a hardship we will remember that and give you a lighter task. If you can't work we will see you are provided for. Industrial democracy is inevitable anyhow, and if you do suffer, you have the satisfaction of knowing you suffered for a good cause.

EDITORIAL

The Coming of Collectivism.—Few of us dreamers ten years ago would seriously have expected the mighty progress toward collectivism which the world has actually made since the dawn of the twentieth century. Many of the things for which we were valorously contending have been settled once for all by the march of economic progress. We were wholly right in denouncing the wastes of competition. Already competition in the great capitalist industries has become a thing of the past. Ten years ago, it was thought to be the sacred duty of government to preserve competition and suppress monopoly. Now the competition is between the great capitalist nations, and each of these finds that it must stop the wastes of individual competition at home if it is to compete on even terms for foreign markets. In many minor industries competition lingers on, but it is dying a painful death and we need waste no ammunition on it. Co-operation in production has proved itself to be the only practical method. And this is not all. Not merely large-scale production, but large-scale production under state control is rapidly being accepted by the capitalists themselves as necessary and "right." Even old-age pensions for wage-workers are being granted by the most highly civilized nations, and there is every probability that the capitalist rulers everywhere will gladly make these concessions and more. Utopia is almost here.

The Issue Growing Clearer.—Does all this progress toward Utopia mean that the condition of the wageworker is improving? Not at all. For ten years the cheapening of gold has been automatically and relentlessly reducing wages, and the small nominal increases which a few groups of workers have obtained will by no means make up for this automatic reduction. Never in the history of the world did the laborer receive so small a share of his product as in the United States today. Never was the need of revolution so apparent. By revolution we mean the overthrow of capitalism and

the abolition of the capital class. To this the Socialist Party is pledged and nothing less than this will be of any permanent benefit to the working class. Political reforms that are conceded by the capitalist class, such as old age pensions, free accident insurance, government ownership of railways and the like, are conceded because the capitalists believe these concessions will prolong the life of capitalism. We as revolutionists should leave the reforms to the capitalist politicians. If we do this and if we push on persistently our work of revolutionary agitation, the reforms can do us no harm, but if we allow ourselves to be led into compromises and alliances with capitalist parties for the sake of enacting reforms, our whole organization will dwindle into an insignificant tail to a capitalist party.

Socialism or Political Jobs, Which?—Every party member should make himself familiar with the important facts presented by Charles Edward Russell and Archibald Crawford in this month's REVIEW. By chasing after reforms, the labor movement of Australia and New Zealand has won apparent victories, but has destroyed itself as a revolutionary force. Instead of leading the world in the race of the nations toward Socialism, New Zealand and Australia have fallen far behind. The politicians who have been put in power by Socialist votes have become servile tools of capitalism, and a new working class movement, one that is really revolutionary, is at this late day beginning to take definite shape among our fellow-workers on the other side of the world. Let us in the United States take warning in time. Let us choose Socialism rather than political jobs. It is in our power to hasten the great revolution or to put it back for another generation. Let us not hesitate.

One Demand That Is Revolutionary.—The demand for an eight-hour day is not one of those reforms that can be secured only through compromise and fusion. It is a demand that can be enforced by the

working class. Its enforcement will be a direct material advantage to every worker now obliged to toil more than eight hours daily. It will oblige the capitalists to employ more laborers to do their necessary work and will thus diminish the competition for jobs; and finally the very struggle for the eight-hour day will bring hundreds of thousands of laborers into the thick of the class war, and if this fight is won, our strength for the next fight will be doubled.

Vote for Referendum C.—Local Philadelphia's amendment to the constitution of the Socialist Party has received the necessary number of seconds, and has been sent out to a vote of the membership as "Referendum C." We believe its adoption will immensely strengthen the party. The total membership will soon reach 100,000. Each member pays monthly dues, the amount of which is fixed by the local to which he belongs, usually 10 to 25 cents. At present 5 cents per month from each member is paid to the national committee, making its probable income for the coming year \$60,000. If Referendum C carries this will be reduced to \$24,000; the remaining \$36,000 being left to the state organizations. When the Socialist Party was organized, ten years ago, it had about 10,000 members and its income from dues was \$6,000. Moreover it had the difficult task of organizing many new states, and the services of several national organizers were absolutely necessary. Today every state has been organized except the Carolinas and Delaware. But plenty of money is available to pay national organizers, and they are hired. What they do is to travel back and forth through states already

organized, delivering lectures at the expense of the national party for the benefit of a few favored locals, and incidentally building up a centralized machine under the control of the National Executive Committee. Meanwhile nearly every state committee is in urgent need of money to carry on its work. Most state secretaries are underpaid; many of them have to work for capitalist masters all day and do the party work at night. State organizers can rarely count on receiving regular wages, and a state committee can rarely keep one man long enough for him to become familiar with local conditions. The adoption of Referendum C will at once increase the regular income of each state committee by sixty per cent, and in nearly every case this increase will so stimulate the state work that the membership will be doubled within a year, and the work of the national office will not suffer. The temporary loss of income will compel the stopping of all leaks; most of the national organizers will enter the service of the various state committees, and whenever any big thing needs to be done by the national office, the money will be supplied by voluntary contributions. The Red Special of 1908 was not paid for from the sale of dues stamps. Most important of all, this transfer of economic power to the state organizations is the most effective possible method for keeping the control of the party in the hands of the rank and file. The volunteer worker, who draws no pay from his comrades, but gives himself to the revolution, is the one who really counts. Give him a chance, and he will win the fight against capitalism.



INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

The Working Class and a War Scare.—One wonders sometimes what the masters of government and capital must think of themselves. Here is the German Kaiser, for example, always talking about the purposes of God and the peaceful intentions of Germany. A fine, religious man, the Kaiser. But German business is hard pressed. The old fatherland has to support about 60,000,000 people on a something over 200,000 square miles of territory. And Bismarck came too late to get a fair chance when the territory of the "inferior" races was divided. So the Kaiser and his cabinet carefully refrain from letting the right hand know what the left is about. While with the one they hand out the fear of God to the working class at home, with the other they try to filch something from God's innocents abroad.

At present Morocco is the particular heathen land that has centered about it all the attention of Christian Europe. Some years ago France, Spain, Portugal and Germany signed the agreement of Algeciras. According to this solemn compact France was to have guardianship over Morocco. Since then, of course, French capitalists have been doing their best to get the coin out of the heathen. They have organized mining companies, railway companies, and every other imaginable sort of company to exploit the territory and labor of Morocco. In this laudable activity they have had the full support of the French army and navy.

But Germany was left out. German "interests" in Morocco are of the slightest. They hardly suffice to furnish even the conventional excuse for armed intervention. But just now the Kaiser's government is sadly in need of outside excitement. Its unpopular tax law, which throws the burden of taxation upon the poor, has roused bitter resentment. The recent revision of the Workingmen's Insurance Law is hardly more popular. The failure of the Prussian government to grant even a pretense of electoral reform had added to the popular discontent. And there must be an election to the Reichstag in the near future.

Something had to be done to create a diversion.

Happy thought! Why not win an election and gain a slice of African territory with one bold stroke? So early in July the gunboat Panther was sent to Agadir, a port on the southernmost stretch of Moroccan coast. The official announcement said that this move was made to defend German business men against threatened attacks by the natives. But nobody outside the German government had happened to notice any threats.

The strange thing about it all is that apparently the move is going to be successful so far as the attainment of its exterior object is concerned. Of course, the other powers were stirred up, especially France. It was an unheard-of piece of audacity. Negotiations were entered into, however, with all possible secrecy and solemnity. The Kaiser's aggression involved the possibility of war between the chief powers of Europe, yet the German people were never once consulted. Neither were the other nations of Europe. It was a matter between rulers. Up to the present the carefully guarded consultations are not ended. But it is understood that the Kaiser is willing to keep his hand out of the Moroccan pie if France will make him a few concessions along the Congo. It was a pretty "raw" game, but it worked. The whole ten commandments of capitalist ethics have been illustrated. With all the talk about the law of God and international tribunals, the Kaiser knows that when you want anything the best thing to do is to send a gunboat after it.

On the outside the German government has succeeded, but at home, somehow, the old charm has failed to work. The campaign for suffrage reform never stopped an instant. The record of the government was never lost sight of. The war scare never played more than a small part in the working-class press. When the working class did express itself it was in a manner that must have given the ministry some bad moments. *Vorwaerts* raised the cry, "All Mo-

rocco isn't worth the bones of a single German workingman!" This cry was echoed in Paris. In fact, French Socialists have been fighting the Morocco enterprise from the beginning. On this occasion they declare their intention of opposing an international conflict with all their power.

The whole matter was well summed up by an editorial in *Die Neue Zeit*: "This decision of our French comrades will awaken the liveliest response in the German working class. We, for our part, will do all in our power to support the action of the Socialist Party of France. If it is possible to rouse the masses both this side and beyond the Voges against the Morocco game, the rulers in Berlin and Paris may be depended upon to gain the caution and foresight necessary for the occasion. But even leaving this particular incident out of the account it is time to make clear to the governments of Europe that the nations have ceased to be submissive flocks of sheep waiting to be driven to the military slaughterhouse."

It happened that when the excitement was at its highest a committee of French syndicalists visited Germany for the purpose of studying German methods of organization. They were received by the German labor unions with the greatest possible enthusiasm. One of them, Comrade Yvetot, made a speech which drew upon him the wrath of the German government, and he was ordered to leave German territory. But this puny means of opposing the expression of internationalism roused nothing but contempt.

In only one country was there a break in the working-class ranks. That country was England. And since the incident involved only the labor group in Parliament, it should not be taken too seriously. Perhaps it cannot be properly said to indicate a break in the solid phalanx of the working class. For the English proletariat has recently given tokens of increasing solidarity with its fellows of other lands. It will be remembered that at its Easter conference the Social Democratic Party passed a resolution in favor of maintaining an "adequate" navy. This resolution was obviously the result of the long campaign waged by Comrades Hyndman, Blatchford and certain others. Immediately after the conference it was seen that the action of

the conference was unpopular with party members. There were numerous resignations from the party as a result of it. Finally a referendum was taken on what has come to be known as the Hackney resolution and the action of the conference was definitely reversed. The S. D. P. is now on record in favor of the international solidarity of the working class.

Heretofore the Labor Party has always taken the regular Socialist position with regard to this one matter. This has been one of its few redeeming features. Curiously enough, just at the moment when the Social Democratic Party was finally swinging into line the Labor Party failed conspicuously to do its duty with regard to the Moroccan matter. When Premier Asquith declared in Parliament that the English government was ready to take a hand in the game Mr. J. Ramsey MacDonald said according to the press dispatches, that he "hoped no European nation would assume for a single moment that party divisions weakened the national spirit." This hardly seemed quite loyal to his recently acquired friend, the Kaiser, but what is friendship among statesmen? The Labor Party, apparently, is ready to sacrifice anything for international peace at an international Socialist congress. But in the English Parliament? That's another matter.

Germany—Labor Union Congress.—The eighth congress of the German Gewerkschaften took place at Dresden from the 26th of June to the end of the month. There were in attendance 388 delegates, representing 2,276,395 members. The program was long and the discussions characteristically thorough. A number of important questions of organization were up for decision. In most respects the organization finds itself in a flourishing condition. During the past six months it has gained nearly 260,000 members. More encouraging still is the fact that a good beginning has been made in the organization of farm laborers and private employes. Nevertheless, as Comrade Legien brought out in his opening address, the employers' association has grown even more rapidly, and the German workers find themselves on the defensive. So every means had to be taken to increase the fighting force of the organization.

The institution of a central strike fund

for the entire organization was moved by the central committee of German sculptors. It was argued that the strength of the whole organized working class should stand behind even the weakest subdivision in time of struggle. This motion was referred to a conference of executive officers for further investigation.

A resolution was adopted calling on all local organizations to carry on propaganda looking to the organization of domestic servants. In fact, a large part of the attention of the congress was given up to matters relating to the organization of the more backward sections of the working class. The Gewerkschaften have attained the point at which it is clear that the workers must go forward in undivided phalanx or not at all. For the next few years the cry is to be, "Organize the domestic servants, private employes and farm laborers."

The German unions finally took at Dresden the step which the Italians came near taking at their recent congress. They ratified a definite arrangement providing for a close relationship between the labor union and the co-operative movements. The agreement commits each of the two parties to a long list of obligations in relation to the other. The co-operatives agree, for their part, not to handle the products of prison or sweatshop labor. The fact that such provisions were necessary casts a good deal of light on the original character of the co-operative movement. But at any rate, the co-operators promise to reform. The unions, on their side, agree to advise their members to join the co-operative establishments and to assist the co-operative movement by means of an active propaganda on its behalf. Furthermore, the two organizations together are to undertake the establishment of co-operative manufacturing concerns and of a great workingmen's insurance society. The latter institution is designed to put an end to the many private insurance companies which are fleecing the workers at present.

Nothing which occurred at the congress was more significant of conditions in Germany than the discussion of the new criminal code which has been outlined by the government. The sections in which the workers are especially interested are those dealing with the rights of organization. At present the working class is much restrict-

ed in the organization of unions, the carrying on of propaganda, the preparation for strikes, etc., by the existing criminal law. The new code, instead of relieving the situation, will make it much worse. Under the new provision it is regarded as "coercion" to urge men to go out on strikes, or to refuse to work with non-union men. In German law "coercion" is treated much as conspiracy is among Anglo-Saxons. In addition, the new code absolutely forbids the formation of unions among the employes of the post office department, railways, telephone and telegraph companies or any other similar concerns connected with public transportation or communication. Nothing could show more clearly than these provisions how drastically the German government is determined to deal with the labor situation. There is very little hypocrisy about this feature of its activity.

Of course, the congress could do little more in relation to this matter than to "resolve" and "demand." But the discussion showed that the German working class is ready for action. The speakers said in substance: If argument and organization are illegal, then we will strike, and you can see what there is to be done about it. At the climax of his great speech on this subject Comrade Heinemann said: "The strikebreaker alone in all the German empire enjoys protection which no other can boast, not even the Kaiser or his Chancellor. The strikebreaker is in our society the only necessary person. The Chancellor can be replaced; the strikebreaker cannot."

Another important matter taken up was that of the protection and insurance of workingmen and working women. Particular point was given to the discussion by two circumstances. There is being held in Dresden an international hygiene exposition. When preparations for this exposition were under way the national commission of the Gewerkschaften asked to be allowed to make an exhibition designed to show the conditions which surround sweatshop labor. Surely nothing could be more appropriate, or even more important. But the request was flatly denied. Evidently the exposition authorities wished to keep alive the wide-spread notion that everything is all right in Germany. The other circumstances in the question is the fact that the Reichstag recently passed the much dis-

cussed revision of the imperial insurance law. In its new form, it will be remembered, this measure turns the control of insurance matters over to the representatives of the employers.

On this subject Comrade Robert Schmidt made one of the most powerful addresses of the congress. With tremendous effect he described the conditions of labor which obtain in various parts of the empire. When he had finished the representatives of one industry after another arose and told about their own sufferings or those of their comrades in the different trades represented. The picture given was terribly different from the one painted by bourgeois writers on economics, different even from the notion obtained by American travelers in Germany, who, of course, see nothing but the smug outside of things.

The last item on the agenda of the congress might look rather strange to an outsider. It read, "Educational work and libraries in the labor unions." Various plans were discussed and recommendations made looking to the lengthening and improving of the course of study in the school supported by the unions. The individual unions and local federations, moreover, were advised to arrange for systematic lecture courses. The union libraries are to receive more attention than heretofore. It was especially advised that librarians be appointed who are able to assist the workers and their families in pursuing private courses of reading and study.

France—Capitalist Government and the Working Class.—Readers of THE REVIEW may remember that some months ago the government of M. Monis made a solemn promise to the railway workers who were discharged after the great strike last autumn. There are more than 2,000 of these discharged employes; many of them have been for months in the most terrible distress. According to the agreement which concluded the strike, the railway companies were bound to take them back. But as soon as traffic was reopened they declared their intention of breaking their contract. Since then they have never relented.

The cabinet of M. Monis had his majority in the Chamber of Deputies pass a resolution calling upon the railways to reinstate all such employes as had committed no violence. In a dramatic speech he pledged himself to see that this resolution was made effective. If the companies did not respond, he said, he would return and ask for military power with which to enforce the demands of the government. At the time this promise was made THE REVIEW suggested that here was a good chance to test the real power of a government as opposed to the big business interests.

The sequel is hardly as interesting as it might have been; nevertheless, it is not without its lesson. The solemn promise of M. Monis was evaded by means of a change of ministry. With hardly the shadow of an excuse M. Monis resigned and M. Caillaux, one of his colleagues, was asked to form a cabinet. The new minister, as a member of the old cabinet, was of course committed to the promise made on behalf of the railway workers. But he has refused absolutely to carry out that promise. And the same parliamentary majority which supported Monis in his aggression now supports Caillaux in his retrogression. Day after day during the month of July the Socialist deputies returned to the charge. Over and over again they proved the minister to be a prevaricator of the most brazen sort. All to no avail. The discharged railway workers may starve for all the government cares. Incidentally, it is interesting to know that M. Caillaux is himself a railway director.

It has not been proved that the government is without power. But it has been proved that its power is at the service of the capitalists. The popular and reformatory M. Monis was withdrawn from office before he had a chance to do anything more than get the majority out of the predicament into which M. Briand had plunged it. Then there was once more wanted "a government which governs." Certain Socialists who became enthusiastic over M. Monis must feel rather foolish over the conclusion of the matter.

NEWS AND VIEWS

A Pace-Maker—Branch No. 1, Portland, Ore.—While the doctrinaires are weaving and untangling the knotty points of bourgeois and proletaire, direct action and political action, the "Rough Necks" of Portland, Ore., are going on their accustomed way agitating, expanding, carrying the revolutionary torch into the dark places and burning out the cobwebs of superstition and economic error.

Branch 1, of Portland, made "Three-O-Nine Davis Street" famous. There the "Prowls" gathered and went forth to battle in many a period of stress and persecution. The old, dingy hall, dear to the hearts of the proletariat of the continent, has been outgrown and Branch 1, still the same fighting bunch of "Rough Necks," as of yore, has moved into more spacious quarters at 142½ Fourth street. The new hall is becoming more popular than the old and the Sunday night meetings are crowded each week with seekers after economic light. Volunteer mural decorators have painted the walls in appropriate designs and over the speakers' platform the red sun of the Revolutionary Dawn glows in a radiant burst of color.

Accurate account of all propaganda meetings is kept and shows a gratifying result as the following summary of literature sales will show. This report does not include an item of 200,000 copies of a local campaign sheet, the Searchlight, which was distributed during the recent municipal campaign nor any other free distribution made during the period of six months covered by the report. It is a record that any organization may be proud of and the "Rough Necks" feel that they are entitled to crow a little over the good work done for it is bringing results.

Total number of propaganda meetings held.	166
Number of people addressed, about.	100,000
Total literature sales, January to July.	\$802.70
International Socialist Reviews, per month.	575
Appeal to Reason, per week.	300
Milwaukee Herald, per week.	200
Hope, per month.	300

The Coming Nation and other periodicals, besides an immense amount of miscellaneous propaganda books and pamphlets were also sold and distributed gratis. In addition the branch has given dances, excursions and entertainments, besides supporting a ball team and other methods to develop the spirit of comradeship among the people.

An Ideal Pamphlet.—"At last we have an ideal pamphlet on Socialism. Industrial Socialism is the very book that I have long been looking for. Comrades Haywood and Bohn are to be congratulated on the production of so plain, simple and convincing an exposition of Socialism. It should be sold by the million copies. A copy should be placed in the hands of every shop worker and farmer. Rest assured that I shall do my part in pushing its sale."—N. W. Lermond, State Sec'y of Maine



Sketch of Otto Schmidt.—He is familiarly and popularly known among the Socialists of Allegheny county as "Schmidtie." His undoubted devotion to Socialism and to industrialism is known to every Socialist and even to many policemen and detectives. He is a molder and an ardent member of the I. W. W. His first appearance among the party members was the signal for some of the fiercest polemic discussions ever waged on the vital question of the functions of the political and the industrial organizations. These discussions might have produced unpleasant and at least harmful friction in the organization, but "Schmidtie," with all his firmness, possesses a happy, infectious laugh all his own which he is an artist at employing at critical junctures. This smoothed over many a hot argument and the educational effect of his campaign is not to be discounted. The theory of industrialism has made tremendous headway in this county during the past year, and too much credit can not be paid to Schmidt for his part in this result when it required courage to defend his position. Undoubtedly the fact that Schmidt recognizes the necessity of political as well as industrial action and gave equal support to both the party and his union was a factor in convincing the skeptics.

Last November, "Schmidtie" got it into his head that there was a field for a Socialist newsboy, and while he was a little older than the average newsboy he went at the task with true German, Socialist persistence. There was need for all of our hero's courage for there were many nasty, cold days in Pittsburgh when the ten-mile tramp to deliver a hundred papers was extremely disheartening and not sufficiently remunerative to even place "Schmidtie" in the rank of employed wage slaves. He did not give up but kept up and is now the proud manager of the city office of *Justice* and the Socialist News Company. Under his gentle guidance this militant shepherd directs about a hundred obstreperous human lambs each week who gambol about the streets, in spite of the police, and loudly call the latest sensation in *Justice*, using the names of some of Pittsburgh's proudest capitalists with the most careless abandon.

When the Industrial Democracy is a happy consummation and we have the roll call of the Jimmy Higginse, one of the first names responded to will be our industrial fellow worker and political comrade, Otto Schmidt.

Cloth Weavers' Union of the Textile Workers of America get in line for the eight-hour day. John Whitehead, Sec'y Cloth Weavers' Union, No. 72, Lighthouse 146 W. Lehigh ave., Philadelphia, writes us that he has been instructed to advise us that his local has passed the following motion: That the Cloth Weavers unite with the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW in agitating for the eight-hour day. That we place before each local of our International union the question of having a bill presented at the National Congress for an eight-hour work day and that no other bills in connection with the hours of labor be presented or supported politically. . . .

He reported also:

At the recent convention of the International Congress of Textile Workers, the resolution of the English delegates in favor of a UNIVERSAL eight-hour day in textile factories was enthusiastically and unanimously adopted.

All this is great news. Our comrades across the Atlantic are getting in line. At the same time we receive word that the eight-hour movement is spreading to Australia and New Zealand. Let us join hands to make it a world-wide movement: Eight Hours in 1912, and the Revolution as soon as possible!

FAMOUS SPEECHES of the Eight Chicago Anarchists

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In reply to why sentence of death should not be passed upon them. Delivered in court October 7, 8 and 9, 1886. If you want to understand the frameup of the detectives and police against those labor organizers read this book; then watch Los Angeles. It also contains splendid photos of the eight men, taken just before they were murdered. Indorsed by the Central Federated Unions of N. Y. City, many Executive Boards of Organized Labor, also over 500 personal letters. Price, 30c. Bound, 75c. LUCY E. PARSONS, Publisher, 1000 S. Paulina St., CHICAGO, ILL.

\$25 WEEKLY and expenses to men and women to collect names, distribute samples and advertise. Steady work. C. H. EMERY, M. P., Chicago, Ill.

Can't Supply the Demand.—I received 50 copies of Industrial Socialism by Haywood and Bohn at 6:00 o'clock last evening. I began a street meeting at 8 o'clock and by 8:30 the last copy was sold and there were a number of un-supplied demands. I shall order at least 100 in a day or so as soon as I find where my address will be. Since the meeting I have carefully read the book and pronounce it the very best that has come from the press for a clear, revolutionary expression of the Socialist program stripped of all needless ornamentation and topheavy philosophical floundering. I shall sincerely assist you in distributing a million of these pamphlets among the workers. W. G. Henry, Stockton, Calif.

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Keeping Good Company.—Comrade J. Grose, of New Zealand, writes: "I enclose some more subs. for the REVIEW as you will see I have been keeping good company, men of intelligence who recognize the fact that there are only two classes in society—the workers and the shirkers, hence their orders for the Fighting Magazine, of, by and for their own class, the Working Class. The REVIEW is that magazine. I show them a copy. They examine it. Then they ask for it. They want it. They even demand it. So get a Yankee hustle on and get those REVIEWS over to us as soon as you can." Reports coming from New Zealand are simply inspiring to us here in this office. Our copy of the *Social Democrat* came today and there are so many good things in it that it is no wonder the movement in New Zealand is coming to be clear-cut and revolutionary. The New Zealanders see that all the reforms on earth don't mitigate the evils of wage-slavery and they are organizing and educating to abolish the cause of poverty.

The Advance Guard.—I cannot express my great pleasure in the splendid advance movement your company is taking in Socialist ideas. Your advocacy of industrial unionism and political action forms the graduate class in Socialism. Every word in your July number is pure gold. Your contributors are among the very cream of Socialist writers and they are preparing post graduates in the principles of Socialism. Long may you live to teach the way to the Co-operative Commonwealth. I am working hard for the Haywood meeting and subs. for your magazine.—Mrs. W. H. Newerof, of Los Angeles, Calif.

San Francisco "Labor" Party Sluggers Make Murderous Attack on Socialist.—The latest from San Francisco is a complete report of the desperate attempt made by a gang of "Labor Party" thugs to murder Comrade Cloudsley Johns, editor of *Revolt*, the Socialist paper of San Francisco. The McCarthy plug-uglies appeared at a picnic given by the Young Socialists' League of San Francisco. There they attempted to start a brawl, but were promptly ejected. That they were not a set of ordinary brutalized drunks, but paid professionals, is indicated by what followed. They hung about the place and in the evening followed Comrade Johns who was accompanied by his wife and a number of other women comrades. At an opportune moment the three attacked Johns from behind. Our comrade ably defended himself but his life would have been in danger had police not appeared on the scene.

Revolt, the ably edited organ of the San Francisco movement, has lately been criticising the so-called "Labor" Party administration. That the method now selected by the McCarthy gang to fight Socialism in San Francisco is to be kept up is shown by the threats made by the sluggers when their work was stopped by the police. "We'll get you yet," they declared. In court, two of the police who made the arrests refused to testify against the thugs. And yet there are some Socialists who still hope that a Gompers party may supplant their own.

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From **Boston Lettish Comrades**—For a long time I have been reading the **INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW**, but I never have found any news about the Lettish members of the Socialist party, about their activity to agitation and propaganda work, although the Lettish members distribute quite a large number of copies of the **REVIEW**. The reason nothing is said about the activity of the Lettish members in the English periodicals is because the Letts and especially the Socialists have immigrated only in the few last years and do not yet know enough of the English language to write much.

I think that it will be interesting to members of the Socialist party and also to the readers of the **REVIEW** to know about the activity of Lettish comrades, therefore I will give a short report accepted by the general meeting in July about the activity for the past half year of 1911 of the Boston Lettish S. P. branch No. 1.

1. We have held nine (9) lectures on different topics of Science and Labor Questions, which were attended by 3,249 persons, which makes an average of 361 at each meeting.

2. At these meetings we have discussed ten (10) different current phases of the labor movement.

3. We have published in total 6,200 copies of programs and proclamations, which were distributed among the people.

4. For the printing of above copies, hall rents and other expenses we have paid \$100, although our branch has only 125 members in good standing.

This shows that the Boston Lettish S. P. branch No. 1 is working to show the not yet conscious proletarians a way out from the present burden of capitalism in order to make them active members—Socialists.

The Lettish Socialist comrades realize that the distinctions between labor and capital are growing sharper every day, they know that the desire of capitalists for profits demands many lives of laborers, therefore we are doing and shall do in the future all there is in our power against capitalism for socialism.—Rudolph Salits, Agitation Committee, Secretary of Boston Lettish S. P. Branch, No. 1.

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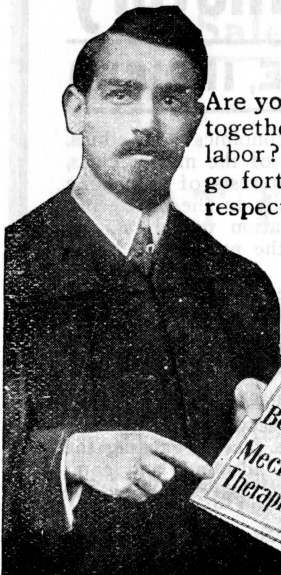
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Have you asked yourself this question? We answer, unhesitatingly, **YES.** If you have so much as an ordinary, common school education, you can learn.

If you have the ambition to better your condition—to earn more money—to have more leisure—you can learn.

Nor does this require years of patient study to learn Mechano-Therapy—we can teach you in a very short time, so that you may enter this profession—and when you do, you begin to make money. No text books are required, beyond those furnished by us. We supply all lessons and necessary text books free of cost to you. No apparatus is used. You do not even need a place to work. All you require is your two hands.

A Personal Word

From the President of the College.

Have you ever thought of going into business for yourself?

Then send for my FREE book. It will tell you how others are enjoying a life of luxury, while putting money away in the bank. How YOU can not only gain independence, but be a benefit to humanity and a highly respected citizen with an income of \$3,000 to \$5,000 a year.

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We can teach you an honorable and profitable profession in a few months, which will insure your financial independence for life. We can make you master of your own time—to come and go as you will—an honored and respected citizen, with an income of \$3,000 to \$5,000 a year. We teach you this pleasant, profitable profession by mail, right in your own home, at your own convenience, and without interfering with your present duties. It makes no difference how old you are, any person—man or woman—with just an ordinary common school education, can learn Mechano-Therapy. It is easy to learn and results are sure.

It is simply drugless healing. A common-sense method of treating human ills without dosing the system with poisonous drugs—that's all. We have taught hundreds of men and women who were formerly clerks—farmers—stenographers—telegraph operators—insurance agents—railway employees—in fact, of nearly every known occupation—old men of 70 years who felt discouraged and hopeless—young men of 20 years, who never had a day's business experience—salaried men, who could see nothing in the future but to become Olerized—laboring men, who never realized that they had within themselves the ability to better their conditions. Write for our FREE book, which explains all—today.

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