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COTTON'S WEEKLY

The New Review

Vol. II. **APRIL, 1914** **No. 4**

The Unemployed in San Francisco

By J. EDWARD MORGAN

In spite of the conspiracy of profit sharks to cry down the obvious truth, there came three months ago a climax in the situation here. The jails were overcrowded. Denied the jails, ousted from the cheap lodgings, from the saloons and free lunches, driven by dire need, an army of unemployed began forming. In small companies at first, congregating on vacant lots, in alleys, on the plazas. Soon came agitation and organization. Socialist and I. W. W. speakers urged quick, united action for relief. Committees of the unemployed called on the Mayor and supervisors demanding immediate work for the unemployed. The petition was ignored. Then came a "wave of crime,"—but the jails could not hold the numbers guilty of petty larceny. Footpads terrorized the community, prowling nightly. Driven by fear of drastic action by the jobless thousands, the supervisors took the matter "under advisement."

Desperate from need and exasperated at the dilatory tactics of the supervisors, five thousand men and women marched to the Governor's residence. It was a long march and they found the Governor "not at home," as advised by the maid.

Determined to await his return, for two hours speaker after speaker addressed the throng from the steps of the Governor's mansion. His Excellency did not return, so resolutions were passed demanding that he take immediate action in providing work for thousands of starving men. Adjourning to an uptown plaza, they left the resolutions with the maid, asking the Governor to meet a committee from the unemployed on his return.

Towards evening the Governor sent a message to the throng gathered upon the square. He was sorry for their plight and "regretted he could do nothing for them."

Back to the supervisors went the committee and demanded

action in terms that received serious attention. Something must be done, and quickly, or the property owners would reap the consequences of their neglect. The thousands were out of work and would eat, work or no work.

Then was opened a soup house on Howard Street. All desiring work were asked to register. Over six thousand registered the first day and thousands more were waiting to sign for work. The committee for the unemployed demanded the scale provided by the city charter—$3.00 for eight hours. Came days of bickering among the politicians. Went up a wail from the prostituted press and pulpit. "Here were a host of beggars demanding work and threatening to loot the city if they did not get it; and these same beggars had the unmitigated audacity to dictate terms!"

"$3.00 FOR EIGHT HOURS"

"We spurn your degrading charity! We demand our right to work like men for the wages of men. We protest against being forced to scab on union men by accepting your cheap charity." And so the unemployed gathered on vacant lots, formed in line and paraded the streets carrying banners: "$3.00 for eight hours."

Dreading dire consequences, work was given a few hours a day at the union scale. Soon went up a howl in the press that over nine thousand were fed in one day at the soup kitchen. All were registering for work, the city had expended thirty thousand dollars and would soon be bankrupt. One paper wailed that the situation was so grave the city could not touch the surface of it; that the state could not handle so vast a project; that all the out-of-works in the country were scurrying to San Francisco to take advantage of her liberality in providing work; San Francisco would be swamped with an army like that which swept on Rome. And so the work was stopped, registering stopped, and there was talk of abolishing the soup house and driving the vagabonds out of town.

How the agitators punctured the specious arguments of the bought press! Always had it howled that the unemployed were bums who would not work. San Francisco offered them work and in a few days the supervisors threw up their hands crying: "We're swamped! we can't handle it! Stop the registering."

When the number fed daily reached close to ten thousand, and thousands more remained hungry, the accommodations being inadequate—the business interests suddenly discovered that with so great an army marching the streets daily and howling their

wrongs to the winds, profits would go tumbling and the bottom might fall out of the great World's Fair project. Something must be done to hide the damning truth from the outside world. The army must be driven from the city. "As long as we feed them they'll hang around! Cut out the soup house!" And to this was added the cry: "They're a bunch of bums—I. W. W.'s and anarchists."

When work was suspended and a cry went up to close the soup house, there came a change in the attitude of the unemployed army. They gathered on a vacant square between Mission and Howard. They deposed the old committee and selected a new one. They issued a paper called the *Question,* the voice of the unemployed army—writers and place of publication unknown to the police. Through this medium the facts are given to the public. They contend that on careful investigation fully sixty-five thousand are out of work in the city. They declare that an army of 65,000 hungry men and women is of vaster import than a world's fair to flaunt the stolen wealth of the world's commercial brigands.

The new committee called upon the supervisors but were ignored. Andrew Gallagher, union labor official, declared he would not treat with any committee that had an I. W. W. delegate. This turn-down was followed by a march of ten thousand from the Howard Street Square to the Union Square Plaza, opposite the St. Francis Hotel. A frail woman, wheeling a baby carriage, led the army of marchers through the streets during the rush business hour. Trampling the grass into the earth, the ten thousand stood for hours under the very nose of the imposing St. Francis, listening to many speakers urging the vast throng to solidarity and to united action. The meeting was in charge of the unemployed women and was addressed by Ida Adler of the Cloak Workers, Lucy Parsons of Chicago, Pearl Vogel of the Waitresses' Union, and Thompson of the I. W. W. A committee went to the St. Francis asking a donation for the starving women of the glorious city. The affrighted guests stood aghast and some even dropped nickels and dimes in the hat.

Never saw San Francisco such a spectacle. The audacity of it! The disgrace of it! The most servile part of the press howled over the "insult to the Dewey Monument," "the insult to the guests of the St. Francis," and the trampling of the poor, dear, inoffensive grass of the Plaza. But other papers, the *Daily News* and the *Bulletin,* saw in the tremendous pageant a warning

to all who despoil labor—a rumbling of the volcano asleep at the base of the robber system.

This great demonstration was followed by the closing of the sleeping quarters at the water front, and a threat to close the soup house on Howard Street. This precipitated another parade down Market Street. William Thorne, chairman of the committee of unemployed, made every effort to prevent this parade, as he knew the police were prepared to turn it into a riot. Hundreds of police were in waiting, many in plain clothes swooped down upon the unsuspecting marchers like drunken savages. When their blood-thirst was satiated many faces were curtained with a crimson flood—bystanders falling victims to the blind ferocity of these uniformed beasts as well as the hungry marchers.

One man who was felled to the pavement and picked up unconscious from a pool of blood, was taken to the hospital. There his jaws were found to be broken, but what is of graver moment to the police and the interests they serve, the victim was discovered to be a prominent real estate man visiting in the city.

William Thorne, who took no part in the demonstration but tried to prevent it, is held with four others on a charge of rioting. At this writing Habeas Corpus proceedings are pending.

Monster protest meetings followed this bloody police riot. Speakers urged the unemployed to remain in the city and by the force of numbers compel the city to provide work. At Los Angeles, San Diego, Stockton, Sacramento, everywhere over California the same tale is told: unemployment and threatening starvation. From Vancouver, Seattle, Portland comes the same cry—hungry men and women, police riots, bread-lines. From New York, Chicago, Denver the same; so San Francisco's army determined to fight it out here. "The Governor says he can do nothing," cried a speaker at a great gathering. "Loot the city and see how quick he'll send an army to shoot you down. See how quick they will vote money to hire thugs to kill you, but not a cent to start work that you may live."

SAN FRANCISCO'S INFERNO

On Eighth and Market is an empty two-story building—the Marshall Hotel. Like a ghastly nightmare it will haunt the memory of thousands all their days and is destined to become historic—the most widely celebrated spot in San Francisco. Out of a generous heart the great city offered the building as sleeping quarters for the unemployed.

Below are two large store rooms. One facing on Market—

main street of the city, the other facing Eighth Street. To hide the shameful sight from the public, the large room was partitioned so as to exclude the men from the Market Street side. When the thousands came swarming the partition was torn down and the entire building occupied from cellar to garret. Passing at ten o'clock one beholds a sight perhaps not equalled for revolting horror anywhere outside of hell. By the dim light of the street lamps, looking through the large plate windows, the eye falls upon rows of men stretched upon the floor, covering every inch of space, squeezed tight together and overlapping like a great drove of hogs in a crowded pen. At first sight one might fancy the place a temporary morgue where, from some awful disaster, hundreds of bodies have been laid side by side in death. And indeed the hunger-pinched faces, lying in fitful sleep, glow with the pallor of death in the dim light from the street lamps.

Allowing two feet for a man, over two thousands lie upon the bare floors in the three rooms below. On the second floor are eighty small rooms. Each is packed to suffocation and after eleven P. M. one cannot set foot in any room or hallway without stepping on a man. Packed to nauseating discomfort, more than three thousand lie like pigs in a pen making a human carpet for every room and hallway. Even the stairs are covered with the ragged wretches.

The place is an inferno of degradation, stench and corruption. Lying in rows, close-packed, is a motley throng of the living dead. Hunger-whipped, bedraggled and vermin-pestered in their isolated vagabondage, they remind one of the hope-lost wretches of the leper colony of Molokai. One night after nine I visited the abominable place. No capitalist paper in the country will publish the facts I ferreted out that night in this monarch of all pest houses. The room was not yet filled. Around a poor fire, the only one in the building, many were gathered drying their rags. In the midst of a group of some fifty talking together was a soldier, a dapper, fine looking fellow of thirty, a graduate of the University of Tennessee. Just back from Manila, where he served six years in the Twentieth Infantry. He was interpreting a story of five Filipinos present. The five came recently from Hawaii with two hundred dollars in gold. They were held up on Third Street and robbed of all their savings. Penniless, hungry and unable to speak our language, the poor wretches followed the clamoring crowds to the breadline and to the sleeping pen at Market and Eighth.

"What! Soldiers sleeping here?" said I.

"I should say yes! over a hundred soldiers and more than two hundred bluejackets," answered a husky six-footer from the Phillipines.

When I expressed my surprise, they crowded around, exhibiting their discharges from the army as evidence. Around me were more than fifty soldiers and sailors who had been standing for hours in the breadline in the drenching rain.

"How do you like a stink hole like this after years of patriotic service to your country?" I asked in all sincerity.

"It's hell!" said a soldier.

"It's a worse hell in the army," put in one man who had seen service in China and the Phillipines. Then came a discussion to enlighten me on the life of a private in the United States army.

Surprised to see so many brave and loyal flag defenders reduced to so filthy a vagabondage, eating charity soup and sleeping like hogs, with every brand of the outcast, I determined to study more closely the personnel of this motley aggregation.

There were four graduates of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and one youthful graduate of the University of Georgetown, each with his certificate of graduation carefully pocketed. Twelve doctors, eleven dentists, many "busted" small business men—one who claims residence in San Francisco since 1874. Him I found grimy and seedy, but proud as Lucifer, trying to console himself with the belief that better days are coming. Among these wrecks of our social system, prone in the filth with bums, doctors, lawyers, graduate technologists, soldiers, sailors—and God only knows how many preachers, editors and outcast ex-policemen and police-court judges—I found an old man of seventy. Scarcely may be seen a more pitiful spectacle. Wet, cold, without blanket, newspaper for pillow, feet wrapped in strips of gunnysack, lying squeezed in the mangy herd, he looked the incarnation of sorrow. Daily I had seen his bowed, grey head in the breadline. He is the victim of a defunct bank that stole all his hard earnings. Another old man nearly eighty, bent, broken, body stiff from rheumatism and long years of unrequited toil, eyes sunken and almost colorless, looking like wells of grief. He was refused food at the soup kitchen because he had come recently to San Francisco. I wondered what the old man could do, for he begged for work.

"Good God! look at them hands! Pick and shovel, of course!" he cried, and the gnarled and calloused hands he displayed should be a passport to whatever heaven awaits the disinherited sons of toil.

Many I found sick almost unto death. One old man in the last stages of consumption, too weak to walk to the breadline, in agony from rheumatism from standing hours in the rain. Every hospital in the city refused him admission because of his filthy appearance after a week in that hell hole.

At the midnight hour the rooms were all packed to their utmost capacity. There they lay—a nauseating sight, an army of vagabonds, squeezed tight and overlapping, grimy, filth-encrusted, weltering in the unutterable stench from unwashed feet and bodies, each gulping his share of the stink-laden air, smelling like seepage from a sewer, the lice rioting in their flesh. Soldier and sailor, doctor and lawyer, broken merchant and jobless slave; college men and unlettered beasts of burden, Christian and Pagan, Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile, white, black, yellow and brown, brothers all, reduced to one common heritage in this inferno of the damned. Squeezing for room, hugging up for warmth, swapping lice and sharing each other's noxious breaths, this dog-kenneled, soup-fed, louse-eaten aggregation should long remember the social leveling of Capitalism's victims at the free-for-all pest house—the Marshall Hotel.

But Marshall Hotel houses but a handful of the unemployed army. Nightly with rolls of newspapers under their arms, the many hundreds scurry for cover under sheds, in dry goods boxes, anywhere they can crawl in from the rain and cold. Scores crawl under the board sidewalks and there, in the grime and vermin-infested earth, smelling of sewerage and decay, they fall into a nightmare of sleep. On every vacant lot fires burn nightly and around this fitful warmth may be seen scores of hunger-bleached faces gleaming in the ghastly light like ghosts of the dead in some Gehenna of the damned. Around the fires they gather, cold and wet and hungry, with warmth and comfort and luxury on every hand. And in every group are some who know—know the cause of all the hell they suffer—and these talk, and many listen and think.

The end is not yet. Since the above was written, meetings of unemployed have again been broken up, scalps crushed, arrests made, the victims being held under heavy bail on the charge of "rioting." The approaching World's Fair now seems but a brigand's dream. You should see the sights at the Marshall Hotel!

The Limit of Reform Under Capitalism

By Arthur Wallace Calhoun

Professor of Sociology and Economics, Maryville College

The old stigma attaching to the word "Socialism" is fast fading. The attempt to discredit measures of social advance by calling them Socialistic is proving so futile that wise reactionaries are driven to other tactics. The time is just about here for mild reformers to seek credit for their schemes by calling them Socialistic. There is abroad in the land a good-natured complacency, which bunches into one happy group all measures of social welfare and tries to make it appear that it matters little what a man's social creed is, provided he really means well. We are becoming familiar with variegated attempts to formulate a social program on which every "good citizen" can stand and work, no matter what notions he may have as to the trend of social evolution or the desirable direction of social advance. It is almost taken for granted that if the proper charm can be hit upon we shall see Anarchist, Socialist, Industrialist, Individualist, and Capitalist in benign *rapport*. And it is in the name of science that such vapory visions are thrust upon us. If due care is not exercised, the workers for social betterment will be tangled into a nondescript muddle very gratifying to the wielders of privilege. The congratulations heaped upon opportunism in the Socialist ranks are but evidences of this new nightmare that is impending.

Not long since an eminent economist ridiculed a subordinate who felt called upon to battle as a Socialist. "Now, see here," said the great man, "you believe in this, and that and the other thing. So do I. You want to work for them. So do I. But I don't call myself a Socialist. And what's the use of your flying the red flag, and mouthing revolution?" This incident is a fair example of prevailing confusion. The answer is easy. The young man should have answered his eminent superior thus: "We both want to go in a certain direction. I flock with those that are pushing with all their might in that direction. You, in your unwillingness to join us, find no alternative save co-operation with those that are being unwillingly dragged toward Socialism, or are going part way with the muddled notion that

somehow or other they may thus avoid going the whole way." The one was working with those that believed with him. The other was thrown into a crowd that largely resented his trend. But that was more comfortable, of course, than to wear the red. It is just at this point that a clearing must be made if we would avoid the amorphous mix-up referred to previously.

Very few Socialists to-day believe in the alleged theory of increasing misery. Higher criticism informs us that Marx did not intend to teach that the condition of labor will in fact become increasingly worse. He recognized, it seems, a counteracting force in enlightened labor organization,—a force that might neutralize in greater or less degree what he conceived to be the normal tendency under capitalism unrestrained,—the tendency to proletarian deterioration. Moreover, viewing the question from a different angle, Marxians tell us that while during the past generations the condition of labor shows a marked upward trend, still the curve of welfare of the upper classes is diverging more and more above that of the workers, so that relatively the condition of labor is less favorable than of old. In Socialist parlance, the degree of exploitation is greater.

It would appear, then, that progressive improvement of the actual material condition of labor, and increase of its power to command the comforts of life, may be incidental to, and go hand in hand with, the growing aggrandizement of capitalism and exploitation. This fact enables us to understand those modest reformers who are satisfied with the most meager tokens of improvement in the absolute level of the proletarian, without stopping to ask whether this uplift is in proportion to the increasing efficiency of production and the rapidly rising level of capitalist aggrandizement. We are enabled also to appreciate the willingness of certain benevolent capitalists to help improve the condition of labor. One can afford to increase his donations to charity, provided the remainder is constantly larger than of old. But neither of these classes is very important. The live question at present is, How far can reform proceed without undermining capitalism itself?

We used to believe that under capitalism the wages of labor tended to hover around the level of mere physical subsistence and propagation. This theory was fatally defective for the reason that the desideratum under capitalism is not merely a quota of laborers, but a quota of ever growing efficiency. So

we may revise the "iron law of wages" (which, by the way, Marx expressly repudiated) into this form: Under capitalism, wages approximate the amount that is necessary to maintain the present generation at the desired level of efficiency, and to rear the succeeding generation to the desired (probably higher) level of efficiency. It may safely be said, therefore, that the normal tendency of enlightened capitalism is to improve absolutely the condition of labor, inasmuch as such improvement is a form of more intense cultivation imposed upon the capitalist by the necessity of meeting world competition. It pays the capitalist to cultivate his human cattle more intensively, with greater outlay, just as it pays him to cultivate his field more intensively and with greater outlay,—up to a certain point. And that point of man-culture marks the limit of reform under capitalism.

It may be objected that, in the past, capital has begrudged every improvement in the condition of labor. This is true, but it ceases to be true as fast as capital (1) amalgamates and (2) gets its eyes open. It could not be expected that one capitalist would feel disposed to improve the condition of his workers so long as other capitalists did not do the same. Why should he waste money on men that might leave and go elsewhere, carrying to another concern the superiority that had resulted from his benevolence? But in so far as a concern secures a monopoly and becomes the sole purchaser of a certain kind of labor, will it pay to improve the life conditions of that labor. Because the monopoly hold on them makes them quasi-cattle, and a man is insane that does not take good care of his stock. More especially when it is agreed to impose equal conditions by law upon all employers of labor, does it become evident to all open-eyed capitalists that it pays to make these conditions increasingly stiff, in order to elevate the efficiency of the human chattels to the desired point. This point of view sets the measure to the progress of reform under capitalism.

The matter may be made perfectly intelligible by applying to capitalist reform the well-known economic category, the law of diminishing returns. We may state it thus: It will pay capitalists to enact reforms improving the condition of labor, so long as the money thus sacrificed pays normal dividends in increased efficiency. But the point will be reached presently where an addition to the well-being of labor will add a diminishing increment to its efficiency, and presently would cease to

increase that efficiency in any appreciable degree. As soon as reform reaches the point where additional outlay in reform will not pay normal dividends to the capitalist, one of two things must happen. Reform must cease, or capitalism is undermined. *When the point is passed at which reform ceases to be profitable to capital, the movement ceases to be reform and becomes revolution.* Capitalism is rejected. Socialism is under way. This is the limit of reform under capitalism.

We arrive thus at a criterion that enables us to dicriminate between reformer and revolutionist. The man that proposes to better social conditions only up to the point at which additional betterment will cease to pay the capitalist is a reformer. The man that proposes to continue social improvement indefinitely, not caring what happens to the capitalist as such, is a revolutionist.

At what stage is social reform at present? Evidently we are just entering upon the period whose dominant characteristic will be a shrewd recognition on the part of capital that "welfare work" in every sense is, if not overdone, a paying proposition. Some capitalists have recognized this fact in the past. But the bulk of the capitalists are only getting their eyes open to the possibilities of large returns in cash from investment in social betterment. As long as this period lasts, no social advance, however radical, can be called revolutionary. If progress could be confined within dividend-bearing limits the capitalist would needs be satisfied. The attempt so to confine it tends to State Capitalism.

It may be wondered whether the attempt to keep reform within the bounds where it will add to dividends will result in ultimate standstill In order to answer this question, we need only examine some dilemmas of capitalism.

At almost every point along the line of social advance, the capitalist is between the devil and the deep sea. There seems to be a sort of fatalism that he cannot escape. His task is less simple than that of the traditional voyagers between Scylla and Charybdis, for they might, perchance, keep "the middle of the road" and escape. But the dice with which our friend the plutocrat is playing are loaded against him. He is "in blood stepped in so far that should" he "wade no more, returning were as tedious as go o'er."

We are being treated to an edifying spectacle of cleavage in the ranks of capital. Certain supposedly wiser capitalists are

discarding the traditional *laissez faire* ("let alone") policy. Perhaps its lineage is too unsavory, for it harks back to the aristocrats around the cross of Christ with their sneering cry, "Let be, *(laissez faire)*, let us see whether Elias will come and take him down." Since Golgotha, that has been the slogan of mad plutocracy gathered around the labor cross. But doubtless it is something else than shame that to-day leads "progressive" capitalists to talk much of the conservation of life, and to muster to Armageddon against their cruder brethren who still adhere to the old policy of unmitigated exploitation. We need not be surprised to see rising from capitalist quarters of the horizon various and variegated movements alleged to be in the interest of the laboring man. Undoubtedly there is something noteworthy behind a movement that thus divides the House of Mammon against itself, setting brother against brother, so that even in capitalist ranks it comes to pass that "a man's foes are they of his own household." It might help to clear the minds of those Socialists, who have embarked in the Progressive party along with nondescripts, some of whom are vague opportunists, while others see in the movement a bulwark against Socialism,—it might help some of the errant comrades to get their bearings if they would just reflect on the new knowledge that *reform pays dividends.*

The gist of the matter seems to be that our benevolent masters, recognizing that in the present stage of the game they cannot hold their own against the world unless the workers are as efficient as possible, are bent on providing whatever conditions may prove necessary in order to make the proletariat into a more effective instrument of production, just as the British rulers, learning from the events of the Boer War that the manhood of England had almost hopelessly deteriorated, set about a program of resuscitation, which is the significance of the social legislation put through in England since 1900. We are being told that, from the standpoint of self-interest, and particularly of class interest, the capitalist that opposes legislation for the betterment of the life conditions of the wage-slave is a fool, because, forsooth, lean cattle without shelter from the blast will not fill the drover's pocketbook. Let us see which is the fool.

Begin with the matter of industrial education. Capitalists now realize that it does not pay to keep all the workers densely ignorant. The capitalist spirit is, indeed, pushing vocational

training of a narrow type, designed to fit the coming generation of poor for doing in a menial way the menial labor that their menial fathers are now doing. But the intention is that they shall do it more effectively in order to pile up the dollars faster for their masters. Corporations are even using the public school system in order to secure a race of trained operatives. This is the road to industrial efficiency. American capitalism must take it, or lose its advantage over the capitalism of Europe. But our plutocratic overseers have not yet worked out all the consequences that lurk in their schemes of education. They are perhaps unaware that even to the masses, in the class struggle, any training, however inadequate and narrow, is better than none, and that every increment of skill, other things being equal, makes the man so much less a slave. Unless capitalism can couple with its plan for narrow vocationalism, a thorough training in submissiveness and sheepishness, it is arming labor against capital. We may, accordingly, expect a boom of the movement for the diversion of public funds to the support of parochial schools. But it is safe to say that experience will in the long run prove that the height of industrial skill and efficiency demanded by modern capitalism can not be secured without giving real education to the masses. It is equally clear that to impart this genuine education writes the death warrant of capitalism.

Here, then, is the dilemma. Capitalism may take either fork of the road: Keep the masses ignorant, and thereby servile, but at the cost of losing first place in the industrial rivalry of the nations; or, educate the masses for efficiency, and hold first rank in international competition, but at the cost of whetting the proletariat to a sense of its potential strength. Either course is ruin to American capitalism, and there is no third alternative, unless we imagine an international coalition of capital to keep the masses everywhere in servile stupidity, even at the cost of inefficiency, on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread. But such a combination is, in view of the present awakening toward efficiency and of the present world rivalry, well nigh unthinkable.

Or take the larger question of securing for the masses decent living conditions. The progressive capitalist means to do this, because by so doing he hopes to equip himself with better human machines. He fancies also that such palliatives will make the workers better contented and hence more profitable. He must win the maximum of efficiency or lose in the race of the nations.

This motive accounts for whatever willingness exists on the part of German capitalism to encourage the so-called "municipal Socialism." But if the capitalist pursues such tactics, the working class, aroused to higher wants and greater power, will unseat him, and use the superior efficiency (that capitalism has cultivated for the sake of profits) to satisfy the wants that have grown too great to be satisfied under capitalism. Whichever of the two courses American capitalism may follow—disregard of living conditions, or safeguard of living conditions—dooms the system; in the former case through slackened efficiency; in the latter case through revolution.

Or again, the question of Alcoholism. If the wage-slave is to be efficient he must not be alcoholic. Therefore capitalist prudence would dictate the suppression of the drink traffic. In all probability, capitalism will throw the liquor traffic overboard ere long, and decree national prohibition for efficiency's sake. But if the wage slave is not alcoholic, his brain will be so much the clearer to think, and his hand so much the stronger to act, in his own interests. So capitalist prudence has been in a dilemma. In some cases it has followed the course of the Russian government, which encourages people to drink plenty of vodka. And it is doubtful whether the liquor interests are solely to blame on this line. But it is scarcely likely that American capitalism will choose to promote alcoholism in order to keep its slaves servile. It would thereby forfeit its indispensable efficiency. But if, in order to secure this longed-for efficiency, alcoholism is discouraged and suppressed, capitalism will find it so much the harder to hoodwink and shackle its workers. Either direction points to the finish of American capitalism.

So the study might be followed out in detail. No one of the phases mentioned is, by itself, absolutely convincing, but when we take them all together, in connection with other factors that might be mentioned, it begins to appear that the stars in their courses fight for us against the present system. The limit of reform under capitalism is clear. The dilemmas of capitalism are amusing. Which set of capitalists are the bigger fools,—those that stand pat and sacrifice efficiency for the sake of keeping the masses servile, or those that break loose and promote reform for the sake of efficiency at the ultimate cost of losing their slaves? The capitalist is in the predicament of a drunken traveller who consulted with the writer as to which end of the car he had better alight. "Step lively, please, this car stops at both ends."

Canadian vs. American Methods of "Primitive Accumulation"

By Gustavus Myers

Comparing the methods in the United States and Canada by which the State, or at least its parliamentary power, has been used to transfer vast properties, powers and privileges into private ownership, the investigator is impressed by the evident superiority of the Canadian system.

In the United States most of the legislators have been small lawyers, merchants, farmers or nondescripts, few of whom aimed directly at becoming great capitalists themselves. They dared not openly use their parliamentary power to vest in themselves as beneficiaries charters, subsidies and land grants. They were willing to grant all of these to others, provided the granting was attended by certain tangible considerations, such as the promise of renomination, or of a higher political career or direct bribes in money or in stock. Bribery has been common in the United States legislative bodies for more than a century. The members have been mostly middlemen selling the law-making power of the State usually to the highest bidder. Of the thousands upon thousands of men who have sat in Congress or in state legislatures, hardly more than one or two are remembered as the founders of great fortunes. In the United States Senate there are, it is true, many multimillionaires, but they were able to get into that body only after they had accumulated enormous wealth.

But in Canada members of Parliament have had no scruples in directly vesting in themselves by their own votes properties, powers and privileges of every description. They gave bank charters to themselves, railroad charters, subsidies and land grants, coal and other mineral areas, timber and agricultural lands and other donations, all comprising the most extraordinarily valuable gifts estimated in billions of dollars. Having the power of doing this by their own votes and freely exercising that power, they of course had no need of middlemen. Consequently, also, there have been few legislative bribery scandals in

Canada. "Slush funds" there have been in abundance, but they were funds applied not for the personal benefit of any set of legislators, but for partisan campaign purposes. An American legislator might often be bought for a few hundred or a few thousand dollars, but the Canadian legislator could not be purchased in so crude a way. He would not have to take money—a dangerous practice, at best, and always open to the possibility of detection and prosecution. The Canadian system has been a much more refined one, in which the vulgar business of passing money has been, not invariably but usually, absent. Each member would have his own "job," or combinations of members would have their "jobs," requiring simply an exchange of votes. Hence, in voting for one another's "jobs," the members could do so with what they could style "perfect propriety," at the same time expressing the most sanctimonious horror at the "Yankee system" of money corruption of legislators.

Most of the great Canadian fortunes can be directly traced to the activities of their founders as members of Parliament or other legislative or governing bodies. Or to point it in another form, members of Parliament in Canada have usually been the founders of the great fortunes. Lord Strathcona, for example, was a member of the Canadian Parliament during the very years when millions began to roll in upon him by means of the possessions that he and his associates obtained through the laws of one kind or another. The same is true of many other railroad and land, coal and timber and manufacturing and banking magnates. One notable exception to this rule is the case of those eminent railway magnates, Sir William Mackenzie and Sir Donald Mann, of the firm of Mackenzie and Mann, owning the Canadian Northern Railway system. Neither has ever sat in any legislative body, but they are exceedingly perspicacious men, and have learned the art of hypnotising Cabinet Ministers and other members of Parliament, and getting all that they want.

Present Status of French Syndicalism*

By Paul Louis (Paris)

The recent issues of those French journals which reflect the various aspects of bourgeois opinion—radical, moderate, conservative, clerical and even "independent" Socialist (the latter is only a form of governmental radicalism)—offered numberless articles on the crisis, the retreat, the fiasco of syndicalism. Certain of these organs which pretend, either for electioneering reasons or because of a wavering subscription list, to some sympathy for the working class, have been rejoicing at what they call the dawn of common sense in the organized proletariat. In the latest developments within the General Confederation of Labor (C. G. T.) or the great unions which compose it, they find a renunciation of its past doctrines, a return to reformism, a departure from those revolutionary tactics which for so long have held an honored place in the syndicats. The trade unions (according to these papers) would before long become again normal organs of the social body. Far from figuring as a disturbing factor, they would accelerate progress by peaceful means. In proletarian circles the minority, which had hitherto pushed reformism to its extreme limit, as far, that is, as compromise with the governments in power, hailed with joy this true or imaginary change of policy. Niel, a former secretary of the C. G. T. whom the revolutionaries had forced out of office (he had filled it only temporarily), made a speech at the Parisian conference of Bourses and Federations, of which I am going to speak, in which he applauded the triumph of ideas for which he had contended.

There was unqualified enthusiasm in those bourgeois newspapers which were not obliged to spare the feelings of their working class readers (we have in France, in spite of everything, a real solidarity of the workers, whether unionized or not). They not only proclaimed the evolution within the C. G. T. to the four winds; but they also tried to discover the deeply underlying causes of it. The explanation was simple. It was the salutary fear inspired in the unions by the government. "Inti-

* This article was written several months ago. Its publication was delayed owing to pressure on our space.—Ed. N. R.

midation" was all there was to it. This catch word got a start and speedily went the rounds. The Cabinet had asked the Chamber for permission to exercise a perpetual supervision over the syndicats, with power of dissolution. The unions had taken the hint, which had been made more specific by the imprisonment of several leading militants. In short, the energy of the police had so broken, so disjointed, revolutionary syndicalism, that all aggressive spirit had been crushed.

The capitalistic press was not alone in this penetrating scrutiny of the inner secrets of the union assemblies or of the conference at Paris, in this effort to deduce from them the impressions and conclusions most convenient to itself. The anarchist papers made a great ado over the decisions made by the various organs of syndicalism. The shout of "treason" went abroad. They drew the same inferences as the bourgeois journals which had head-lined the measures against the C. G. T. The C. G. T. had decided to put the soft pedal on noisy revolutionists. It was getting weary of the fight. The trust confided to it was being betrayed. The working class was being delivered bodily over to reformism. It is quite possible that individualistic anarchism was making a huge blunder in thus attacking the C. G. T., where the anarchists had a certain following. I feel personally, however, it was rendering a signal service, by giving the C. G. T. the opportunity to emphasize the vast abyss of doctrine, tactics and organization which separates it from that form of anarchism. In fact, we shall see that the really characteristic feature of the recent action of the Federation, or rather of syndicalism viewed as a whole, is precisely this definite break with anarchism.

I would like to dwell for a moment here on the present state of French syndicalism as seen from a Socialist standpoint. Although there is no official connection in France between Socialism and Syndicalism, there are too many points of contact between them, the work they do proves in practice too nearly identical, for the movements of the one not to be of extreme importance to the other. Both are fighting, on different ground, for the emancipation of the proletariat. In the recent events which have marked the struggle between capital and the wage-earners, the force of circumstances has driven them into each other's arms. Together they have fought war and armament, and this tacit and temporary fraternizing was all the more easy because the leaders from both camps struggled each in behalf of the other.

To ascertain whether the C. G. T. has evolved recently, we must compare the principles it now enunciates with those professed before. To determine whether there is a crisis we must compare present forces with those of the past.

Let us glance back at the manifesto of Amiens in 1906, which remains the basic charter of syndicalist action: "The C. G. T. brings together, irrespective of political affiliations, all the workers who are conscious of the struggle for the destruction of the system of wage-labor and capital.

"The congress considers this declaration a recognition of the class struggle, fought on economic ground by the workers in revolt against every form of exploitation and oppression, both material and moral, used by the capitalist class against the working class."

The congress made a theoretical declaration on the following points:

"In the daily upward struggle, syndicalism pursues the program of coordinating the labor forces, of increasing the well-being of the workers by accomplishing immediate reforms, such as the reduction of hours of labor, the increase of wages, etc.

"But this task is only one of the aspects of the work of syndicalism: it is paving the way for complete emancipation, to be realized only by expropriating the capitalists; it preaches as the means of action the general strike, and it considers that the syndicat, to-day a center of resistance, will in the future be a center of production and distribution, and the basis of social reorganization.

"The congress declares that this daily and future task is imposed by the condition of wage-earners, which crushes the working class, and creates for all workers, whatever their political or philosophical inclinations, a duty to belong to the basic group, which is the syndicat.

"As a consequence, and so far as regards individuals, the congress recognizes the perfect freedom of syndicat members to participate, outside of the union, in any form of struggle which may correspond to their individual politics and philosophy, limiting itself simply to the demand that, in return, they will not introduce into the syndicat the opinions professed outside.

"As regards organizations, the congress declares that, for syndicalism to attain the maximum of efficiency, economic action must be brought to bear directly upon the capitalists, the united organizations, in their capacity as syndicats, being under no obligation to take notice of the parties and sects which, outside of and aside from them, may seek in perfect freedom the transformation of society."

This document may seem long. I have cited it *in extenso,* because it describes with absolute precision the working program of the C. G. T.

It recognizes the class struggle; it calls for the suppression of the wage-system. Both these objects are identical with those of international Socialism. Here appears the profound identity of the Socialist movement and the syndicalist movement. This is also the basis of a primary solidarity, whatever be the divergences in tactics in other respects, between French unionist organization and the foreign national centers. But while the

latter, for the most part, have established more or less close relations with the Socialist party and at times even, as in Scandinavia, maintain official connection with it, here the separation is absolute. The C. G. T. permits its members to have any opinion they please, to prosecute any political struggle they may care to undertake, but the Federation itself remains neutral to all parties. It is on economic territory that its fight is waged; its weapon is direct action, the pressure exerted on the capitalistic mechanism by the organized workers, whereas the political action of Socialism results in parliamentary action through intermediary delegations and does not depend at every moment on the strength and responsibility of the proletarian mass. The general strike is the supreme resort of this direct action, but the C. G. T. does not say that it is to be called every day and without preparation. The C. G. T., while defining its revolutionary objective as "revolutionary expropriation," preaches the need of immediate reforms such as the reduction of hours of labor In other words, though it is not reformist, for it does not believe that reforms within the present structure of society can ever accomplish the liberation of the working class, it is far from rejecting them. It demands them as a preparatory step, as a weapon of reenforcement for the workers.

There is where we stand, or nearly so.

In this declaration of Amiens, which, I repeat, is fundamental, there is no talk of skirmishes, of sabotage, of the necessity of low dues, of boycotting the polls, or of the exclusive theory of active minorities, which would entail as its corollary the deliberate paralysis of union expansion.

I am aware that certain militants among the unionists have held the theory of violence as the supreme and only liberator, of sabotage as a weapon to be used on every occasion, without distinguishing between the cutting of telegraph wires during a period of revolutionary disturbance and the addition of harmful and nauseating ingredients to the bread which is the food of all. I realize that others, in view of the unwillingness of the French laborers to meet their dues, in the syndicats as well as in the Socialist committees, have erected a regrettable practice into a rule, and have fought moderate pecuniary obligations on the ground that the workers, if they were not careful, would become mere "dues-paying machines." They wanted the syndicats to remain poor so that all their thoughts would be on fight, so that the administration of the funds for the unemployed, for sickness, death, and injury, would not embarrass their movements. They held that the great foreign unions, those of Germany in particular, which were the models for many others, had become unreliable in the class war, because they were apprehensive of their dues and their savings. Others among the most conspicuous syndicalists brought no end of arguments in favor of the theory of the active minority sweeping along the masses of workers. We must admit that historically this thesis is not entirely false. Revolutions most often have been brought about by a minority, working, however, in a neutral environment relatively sympathetic. The very logic of their reasoning was what made their conclusions exaggerated and untenable.

But these theories were not representative of syndicalism generally. And the proof is that all the unions and the C. G. T. itself continued their propaganda with energy, gathering new recruits. And in their periodical reports, they were careful to announce the progress made.

It was a mistake then to regard such isolated expressions of a few militants of anarchistic sentiment as an exposition of the principles of syndicalism in France. As a matter of fact, syndicalism was much more complex than appeared on the surface. Of course, if the recent decisions of the C. G. T. and its principal constituent convention be compared with the theories advanced in various pamphlets published some ten years ago by various individuals, a change is to be noted. But it vanishes when such recent decisions are compared with the essential affirmations of the congress of Amiens, solemnly approved six years later by the congress of Havre. It becomes apparent that if these new resolutions make more specific the tendencies of French syndicalism, they are by no means a reaction against those of the past, nor are they in contradiction with them.

The conference of Bourses and Federations met on July 14-15, 1913. It first encountered a problem of organization. It was a question of defining the operations of the departmental associations of syndicats. Hitherto, or rather up to the Havre congress of 1912, the C. G. T. had been composed exclusively of local unions *(bourses du travail)* and of trade or industrial federations. Almost everywhere there had spontaneously arisen the departmental union of unions, with a much wider scope of action than the local unions. What was the precise function of these wider organizations and in what relation did they stand to the other branches? The conference decided that the relation of the new organizations with the federations ought to be very close. Mutual and effective support should be rendered

by the two classes of unions, the ones embracing all the workers of whatever trade in the department (there are 87 departments in France), the others embracing all the workers in a given trade or industry in the whole territory. The measure adopted shows the tendency to strengthen organization in French syndicalism. No other conclusion can be drawn from it.

During the second day of the conference the debates concerned the attitude to be taken towards the enforcement of the three-year-law, or prolonged military service, against which the C. G. T. had fought shoulder to shoulder with the Socialist party. There was also the problem of meeting the arbitrary measures announced by the government against the militants of the unions. Some delegates called for the general strike. It was then that the men recognized as most influential in the federations and in the C. G. T. fought this suggestion, calling it inopportune and dangerous. A motion was passed urging upon wage earners continuous opposition to the militarist spirit and declaring that "the conference, in the face of arbitrary repression, means to affirm that nothing can check syndicalist organization in the struggle which it declares to be superior to all the powers of oppression and exploitation, since it is precisely against these forces that its fight is directed. . . . The conference is sure it reflects the sentiments of the proletariat in declaring itself firm in the intention of continuing agitation and of opposing relentlessly, with all the means in its power, the audacity of the reactionaries."

Neither this measure, nor the preceding, can in any way suggest an abandonment of former tactics. The C. G. T. had never said that it should have recourse to the general strike on every occasion and pretext. It is true that several of the speakers had put the conference on its guard against traps laid by the government.

Nevertheless, the morning after these deliberations some of the conservative organs noted with evident pleasure the "good sense" of the syndicats and offered congratulations on this breaking away from revolutionary tactics. On Aug. 27, a certain number of the officials of the C. G. T., of the federations and the bourses, all known for their hostility to purely reformist measures and for their sympathy with doctrinal syndicalism, published a declaration. They defined once more their views, which embraced "the appeal to direct action, the wage-earners retaining the free disposition of themselves; deliberately coordinated action, all taking part in the battle; continuous action,

with a sense of confidence negativing passivity and creating deliberate revolution and progress; the daily acquisition of proletarian freedom; the securing of partial reforms to prepare a community of interests capable of serving the workers for the last battle; the general strike as a weapon of expropriation." The signers added that they had before their eyes the strengthening of the organized movement and that, as always, they emphasized the duty of syndicalism to work independently of exterior influences, according to its own will, its own needs, and its possibilities as determined by time and circumstances. They claimed the right for the general body of organized workers to vary, in accordance with economic conditions, their methods of propaganda and expansion, but they declared for the superior form of syndicalism, that of conquest by offensive measures. They emphasized their desire to attain tangible results, but without abandoning the program adopted so long before, without inclining toward reformism, without excluding violence categorically.

During August and September several trade and industrial federations held their regular congresses. The most important of these was that of the metal workers, important from the representative character of the militants who spoke there, from the speeches made, of which several had evidently been carefully prepared, and from the resolutions adopted. Although the metal workers' union represents only a small proportion of the wage-earners in this trade (about 25,000 members), and although its active propaganda has not succeeded in enlarging its membership to any great extent, it may be taken as a typical group. It has a revolutionary majority, that is, it is against systematic reformism and against appeals to the State. Nevertheless it has never followed the lead of its many anarchistic members whenever they have tried to impose their personal theories upon it. For that reason its action was carefully watched, not only in syndicalist circles, but also by those outside.

Let us try to get at the essential features of these different union congresses, without dwelling on details.

The general tendency is toward a concentration of forces, which must not be confused with centralization. The system of central control, prevalent in Germany and in a great part of Europe, and which gives full powers to the central organizations at the sacrifice of autonomy in the locals, has little chance of getting a foothold in France. Here the small unit system has been in force too long, and federalism, which reconciles group

liberty with mass pressure, has triumphantly prevailed. But the C. G. T. has everywhere favored a better understanding between the rival organizations that have been springing up inside individual unions, and has made a practice of recognizing only one organization from each trade. Hence its repeated efforts to unite the miners and stokers, hence also its successful attempt to substitute the departmental for the local unions, hence, finally, its desire to unite trade federations into industrial federations. The conference of last summer shows the progress made in this direction. The cases of the metallic lithographers and the tanners were particularly significant.

Dues have everywhere been raised. In former days it had been necessary to be content with very low assessments, which netted the most absurd budgets. But it has been proven that a penniless federation can neither fight nor assure its members, in case of strike, lock-out or shut-down, the slightest support. It was useless to rely on collections and subscriptions in such cases. A reserve fund is absolutely essential to a continuous campaign. French syndicalism will never think of raising its reserves to the figure reached in England, America, Germany or Scandinavia. The French traditions forbid such a thing. Syndicalism still feels a very real distrust of well-filled treasuries. But it does realize that without the "sinews of war" it is helpless. Dues were raised in 1912 in the building trades, the most revolutionary of all. This year a raise has been voted by nearly every congress. But the increase is slight. It by no means implies a return to the tactics of the old mutualities.

If the federations are striving to enlarge their treasuries, it is in order to develop syndicalist institutions, and especially those destined to sustain and reenforce the class struggle. For example, the creation of strike funds is everywhere the order of the day. They also hold in view the better preservation of allegiance in those who have once joined by the promise of a more conscious and active solidarity under fire. Reports of the metal workers indicate that in four years, with 95,000 applications for membership, a net membership of only 25,000 results.

All the congresses affirmed the necessity of adapting efforts to circumstances and to reasonable possibilities of success. A strike is neither a game nor a sport. It must be called only when circumstances demand it, and when the chances of success are real. Otherwise, it is recognized that strikes weaken and scatter the groups.

All the federations rallied around the plan of practical action

announced by the Havre convention last year, which consists in the fight for the "English Week." This demand has been substituted for the claim to shorter hours, which was the principal object, partially successful, of the campaigns of 1904-1906. The "English Week" gives a half holiday on Saturday.

The attacks directed against the holding of secretaryships by the same men for several successive years were repudiated by the congresses. This question was most acute among the metal workers. It was generally recognized that the officers of the syndicats should not be changed annually. It is dangerous in such important places to take the chances of rotation in office. Unusual competence and fidelity are indispensable to the proper exercise of such functions.

Finally, the conventions decided that if the C. G. T. and the federations could not afford to accept any tutelage from any political party, they could likewise not afford to surrender leadership to the few anarchists in the ranks who insisted on dictating policies. They dealt severely with those men, who without commission and without responsibility preached a reckless insurrectionalism and who were all the more ready to preach a general strike because they would never have to take part in it. In other words, syndicalism has made a declaration of independence, separating itself from the isolated individuals whose idiosyncracies were too often taken for the principles of the syndicalists.

There is the summer's work. By comparing these results with the earlier platforms of syndicalism, it would not be difficult to show that there has been no basic change. Syndicalism remains true to itself. Only it has felt the need of defining its position, clarifying its outlook, settling once for all distracting quarrels, and giving the lie to the interested statements of its adversaries. Henceforth no one should confuse it with anarchism.

Moreover there is no trace of a crisis. I do not think expatiation on that point is called for.

The C. G. T., instead of marking time, is regularly increasing its contingents of dues-paying members, who now number more than half a million. Its regular assessments are now collected with less difficulty than formerly, while increases are accepted with less protest. New groups are springing up nearly everywhere, bearing witness to the profound vitality of the movement. Thanks, be it said, to governmental repression, many a schism has been overcome, many opposing tendencies have

been reconciled. Some time ago the reformists were demanding proportional representation in the general committee which administers the C. G. T., that is, the representation of federations and bourses on the *pro rata* of membership. Since the government took the whim of imposing, in the name of law, its R. P. (perpetual supervision) and its right to have control at all times over the unions of the proletariat, since the liberty of the unions, and perhaps their very life, has been put in danger by the party in power, moral unity has been restored among the syndicalists. To be sure, all doctrinal differences, all conflicting opinions that have sprung up in their ranks have not been entirely swept aside. Unity in that regard would be sterilizing and deadly in the highest degree. But their ranks have closed up, their solidarity is more compact. No threat of the government has intimidated the C. G. T. or the syndicalists. Syndicalism has simply decided to strengthen its cohesion, to bring its action to more perfect concentration.

The Australian Workers' Union

By Jarrah

Originally the Australian Workers' Union contained only shearers and other men engaged in and about shearing sheds. By persistent agitation the union has raised the rates for shearing by 60 per cent. during the last ten years. It has several of its members in the various Parliamentary Labor parties and whenever the capitalistic crowd wants to frighten the electors, it tells them in a voice shivering with emotion that "this terrible A. W. U. controls nineteen members of the Federal Labor party." Personally I wish it controlled the lot.

This A. W. U. seems to see the necessity of One Big Union. Throughout Australia the farm workers were paid very poor wages, in some instances only $3.60 per week, with keep. Very often the places the men slept in were worse than unhealthy. They slept in the end of the stable, among the wagons, sometimes in a stripper, or in an unsanitary hut without a floor. On the average their condition was pitiable. They

always worked from before daylight until after sunset, and only a few years ago the highest pay was five dollars a week. About four years ago they formed the Rural Workers' Union, which accomplished very little. Then about eighteen months ago the powerful A. W. U. came along and persuaded the Rural Workers to amalgamate. They did so, and from one end of Australia to the other the capitalists cursed both unions loud and long. Then the scale of wages for rural workers was drawn up and published. It practically doubled the old rates. Bank managers, auctioneers, machinery agents and others who exploit the farmers urged them not to pay the new scale. But the A. W. U. formed camps for the men, where finally most of the farmers had to go if they wished to engage harvest hands. It is confidently asserted that the Waterside Workers will join forces with the A. W. U., and if so the United Laborers' Union will not be long in following it.

It will thus be seen that the A. W. U. has solved the problem of "the organization of the unskilled." In Australia any manual worker can join the A. W. U. Carters, laborers, carriers, sheep-drovers, wharfmen, sailors, and in fact anyone can be a member. Very often men join it in preference to joining the union for their own calling. Often men who work at repairing roads have A. W. U. tickets in their pockets. Before the Rural Workers' Union was started, it was common to find farm workers enrolled in the ranks of the A. W. U. Thus the organization of the unskilled has been provided for in Australia, because here we have a very powerful union that enrolls men of every calling among its members.

During the last year or two the Labor party has been getting a press, and I am pleased to say that it is union-owned. Daily Labor papers are now issued in Brisbane, Broken Hill, Ballarat, Hobart, Adelaide, and Perth. By next Easter a Labor daily will be printed in Sydney, the funds for which were collected as levies from the members of the powerful Australian Workers' Union. Some members objected to paying the levy and tested the legality of the Union's demand in the law courts, where it has been decided that the Union is perfectly justified in forcing its members to pay the levy.

Melbourne, Australia.

The Principle of Authority

By Frederick Engels

(Translated by Richard Perin)

[This article was published in an Italian labor publication in 1873, in the midst of the Bakunin controversy. It was recently unearthed by Comrade N. Riasanoff and published in the *Neue Zeit*, from which this translation was made.]

Some time ago a number of Socialists commenced a veritable crusade against that which they call the principle of authority. To condemn any action, they believe it to be sufficient to represent it as being authoritative. This summary method leads to so many absurdities that it is necessary to make a closer study of the matter. Authority in the sense in which it is used here means the subjection of the will of another to our will. Hence, authority pre-supposes subordination on the part of the other. Now, from the fact that these two words have an evil sound and that the relationship expressed thereby is displeasing to the subordinated factor, the question arises whether there is any means to abolish this relationship, whether—under the given social conditions—we can create another social order in which there will be no occasion for this authority, in which it will consequently vanish. If we study the economic, industrial and agrarian conditions that form the basis of the present bourgeois society, we find that they have a tendency to replace the isolated action of an individual by the combined action of several individuals. For the small enterprises of isolated producers modern industry substitutes the great factories and workshops where hundreds of workers attend complicated machines driven by steam, in place of the wagon and cart we have railroad trains, and steamers in place of rowboats and sailing vessels. Even agriculture is gradually coming under the dominion of the machine and of steam, which slowly but relentlessly is displacing the small farmer by the great capitalist, who cultivates immense estates by the aid of wage-workers.

Wherever we may look, the independent action of separate individuals is being displaced by a combined action, by a complication of processes each of which is dependent upon the other But when we say combined action we also say organization. Now, is it possible to have an organization without authority?

Let us suppose that a social revolution has dethroned the capitalists, whose authority now conducts the entire production and distribution of wealth. In order to place ourselves squarely upon the standpoint of the anti-authoritarians, let us suppose that the earth and the means of production have become the collective property of the workers who use them. In this case will authority vanish or will it merely alter its form? Let us see.

As an example we shall take a cotton spinning plant. In order that the cotton may be transformed into yarn, it must pass through at least six successive operations, which usually take place in different rooms. In order to drive the machines we need an engineer to care for the engine, some mechanics for daily repairs, and many other unskilled workers to pass the product from one room to another, etc. All these workers, men, women and children, must begin and end their work at an hour that is determined by the authority of the steam, which is little concerned over individual autonomy. Hence from the very beginning it is necessary for the workers to agree upon the hours of labor, and as soon as these hours are fixed they must all keep to them without exception.

Then in every room and at every moment there arise questions of detail relative to the method of production, the distribution of the material, etc., which, if it is not desired to risk a sudden cessation of production, must be settled immediately. Now, whether they are settled by the decision of a delegate conducting one branch of the industry or by the decision of the majority, the will of the individual must comply, that is, these questions are authoritatively settled. The automatic mechanism of a great factory is tyrannical to a higher degree than are the small capitalists who exploit the workers. In regard to the working hours, at least, we might well inscribe over the doors of these factories: *Lasciate ogni autonomia, vei che entrate* (All autonomy abandon, ye who enter here). When man, by the aid of science and the inventive faculty, subdues the forces of nature, they avenge themselves by subjecting him who exploits them to a real despotism, which is independent of the social conditions. To do away with authority in the great industries would mean to abolish industry itself, to destroy the steam spinning plant in order to return to the spindle.

Let us take another example, a railroad. Here the cooperation of an immense number of men is absolutely necessary, a co-

operation that must take place at exactly specified hours if a terrible accident is to be avoided. Here the first necessity of the entire system is a dominating will that decides all subordinate questions, and it is immaterial whether this will is represented by a delegated person or by a committee that is elected to execute the decisions of the majority of the interested parties. We have to deal with an authority in both cases. And more than that. What would happen to the very first train sent out if we were to abolish the authority of the railway officials over the persons travelling on it?

But nowhere is the necessity of authority, and an absolute authority at that, so obvious as on a ship at sea. There the life and death of all on board depend at every moment upon the absolute and instantaneous subjection of all to the will of a single individual.

If I were to use this argument against the most rabid of the anti-authoritarians, they could give me the following reply: "Oh, that is true, but here it is not a question of authority that we confer upon a delegate, but of a commission." These people believe that they can change a thing by altering its name. And thus these deep thinkers make fun of the whole world.

Hence we see that on the one hand a certain authority, by whomsover delegated, and on the other hand a certain subordination are things that, independently of the social organization, are forced upon us simultaneously with the material conditions under which we produce and distribute goods.

We also see that the material conditions of production and distribution are inevitably and to an increasing degree subjected to the influence of large industry and agriculture on a large scale, that hence the extent of this authority is becoming greater and greater. Therefore it is ridiculous to represent the principle of authority as absolutely bad and the principle of autonomy as absolutely good. Authority and autonomy are relative conceptions, and their range of validity alters with the various phases of social evolution.

Had the autonomists contented themselves with saying that the social organization of the future will admit of authority only within the unavoidable limits drawn by the conditions of production, then we would have been obliged to agree with them. But they are blind to all facts that make authority necessary, and fight passionately against the word itself.

Why do the anti-authoritarians not confine themselves to declaiming against political authority, against the State? All Socialists are agreed that the State and with it political authority will vanish as the result of the future social revolution; that is to say, that public functions will lose their political character and will be resolved into simple administrative functions supervising the social interests. But the anti-authoritarians demand that the political State shall be abolished at one blow, even before the abolition of the social conditions that created it. They demand that the first act of the social revolution shall be the abolition of authority.

Have you ever witnessed a revolution, gentlemen? A revolution is certainly the most authoritative thing that there is, an act by which a portion of the population forces its will upon the other portion by rifles, bayonets and cannon, all very authoritative means. And the victorious party must maintain its rule by the terror that its weapons inspire in the reactionaries. And if the Paris Commune had not made use of the authority of an armed people against the bourgeoisie, would it have lasted longer than a day? Conversely, can we not reproach it for having used too little of this authority? Hence we face an inevitable alternative: either the anti-authoritarians do not themselves know what they are talking about, and in that case they are only creating confusion, or they do know, and in that case they are betraying the cause of the proletariat. In either case they are only serving the reaction.

Bergsonism and Practical Idealism

By Charles B. Mitchell

Some months ago I took occasion, in a personal letter to the editor of the New Review, to criticise the ethical and social implications of the Bergsonian philosophy; and the editor has just sent me the proof sheets of M. Charles Rappoport's article on "The Intuitive Philosophy of M. Bergson," with a request which I interpret as calling on me to re-state the opinions of the letter, in fuller and more finished form, for a wider circle of readers.

M. Rappoport's article calls, however, for a preliminary word. It is both enjoyable and instructive; an excellent piece of philosophical exposition and criticism. No critic of M. Bergson has, to my knowledge, made it clearer that the Bergsonian distinction between Intellect and Intuition destroys the possibility of a philosophy, and leaves us with nothing but a mysticism. But there are two minor points in the article which I am unable to resist the temptation to subject to friendly criticism.

The first relates to M. Rappoport's conception of "pragmatism." The "imaginary millionaire" illustration is beside the mark. The pragmatist never calls a belief true simply because it is "beneficient" or "consoling"—at least if the late Prof. James was a pragmatist—but because external action, based on the belief, yields the results which the belief would lead us to anticipate. The "pragmatic" test in the case of the "imaginary millionaire" would be the purchasing power of the cash he thought he had.

The second vulnerable point in the article is M. Rappoport's own treatment of Intuition. He says that Intuition is simply another name for Experience. This, as I understand him, would make sense-perception a form of "intuitive knowledge." Sense-perception M. Rappoport does not challenge; but when he comes to the claim that there are powers of "spiritual perception" by which realities hidden from the senses may be known, he objects that such alleged perceptions are "beyond the control of reason."

And yet, just previously, he has emphasized, as against Prof. Bergson, that "reason" works only upon and with the materials which experience supplies. In the sphere of sense-perception, he would not think of insisting that reason should control the data; it must submit to them. Theories must be based upon experience, and all "theories" not so based are discarded as useless and meaningless dreams. If M. Rappoport applies a different principle in the sphere where others have alleged the existence of "spiritual perceptions," it is simply because he has no such experience, and is absolutely assured that his own experience is complete and normative.

Personally I incline to greater intellectual modesty. I am not willing to deny that others possess faculties of which I am deprived. If any man says that he has a direct and intuitive perception of the Infinite, I can only answer honestly that I haven't. I do not wish to start anything that might seem like a theological controversy—which is one of the most distasteful things in the world to me—but I simply observe that if I find a sufficient number of human beings, of different temperaments and different ages, asserting such a perception, and that the knowledge which they claim to derive from it helps to organize and rationalize the perceptive world, I believe I am authorized to conclude that it is my condition, not theirs, which is pathological.

But to return to M. Bergson. M. Rappoport says that Bergson's philosophy is, "by the nature of things, by the logic of its anti-rationalism, the Philosophy of Reaction." I have long wondered why the advocates of social betterment should ever have looked to M. Bergson as their philosophic champion. To state the reason at once: Prof. Bergson's polemic against "finalism," and his peculiar view of "creative evolution," would seem to logically destroy the possibility of ideals; and except as against ideals, the Might of the existing order is Right.

The modern movement for social betterment is essentially an idealistic one. We conceive ourselves, not as pigs at the trough, fighting for a larger share of the swill, but as allies of the universe, helping it to give birth to a juster human order. Only an intense ethical passion kindled by idealistic conceptions (moral idealism, I mean, not epistemological) can sustain the discouraging battle that a militant minority must wage before it grows to be a majority. Utilitarianism is, in the last analysis,

personal and selfish. No man will surrender present personal utility for the future interests of others, except under the urge of a compelling categorical imperative—a commanding sense of obligation to an ideal. One may rest the whole question of Bergsonism as a social philosophy on this issue: that it does not allow for the authority of the ideal.

To make this point good, we must undertake an analysis of some phases of M. Bergson's thought which have been only lightly touched upon by M. Rappoport.

"Life" is M. Bergson's name for the central core, the primary datum, of the sphere of experience in which we live. The essence of life is the "vital impetus." It is a force which can never rest. Its most congenial home would be in the Heracleitean "flux." But one misses in Bergson the *Logos* of Heracleitos. The ever-changing, never-resting "vital impetus" of the French philosopher does not imply or contain any purpose, or plan, or goal. The World-Will of Schopenhauer and the Unconscious of Hartmann did contain the possibility of evolving an intelligence which would discover the crime of creation, and thus involved a kind of theodicy, even if only a semi-atheistic one. Bergson's universe is moving, but can never arrive. It travels from eternity to eternity, with neither schedule nor destination.

The direction of its motion, at any given time, is the joint result of the impetus of life and the resistance of "matter." Since the evolution of life is "creative," i. e., produces forms of reality which were not contained in any pre-existing datum, and since the resistance of matter cannot be determined in advance without foreknowledge of the nature of "Life's" next attack, the future, in the organic sphere, is essentially unpredictable. In such a universe, "the reign of law" is a meaningless phrase. Government by laws whose operations cannot be foreseen and prepared for, is practically equivalent to a regime of chaotic chance. In such a condition of things, Micawber would be a philosopher. There would be nothing to do but wait and see what would "turn up." Speculation and action, in any but the immediate "bread and butter" sphere, would be equally useless.

Ideals are based upon two conceptions: the conception of "right," and the conception of "possibility." The one is an absolute and authoritative conception, the other a contingent and relative one. An "ideal" may be defined as a mental picture

of a state of affairs which, under the conceived circumstances, absolutely ought to exist, and which is capable of being brought into existence. The philosophy of M. Bergson, in those portions of it sketched in the two preceding paragraphs, seems to exclude both the conceptions which thus enter into the nature of an "ideal." If the nature of the constantly changing universe contains no plan, no purpose, no goal, how can we say that one state of affairs has a right to exist rather than another? What test can we apply, to decide this question? And if the direction of "evolution" is forever unpredictable, how can we determine whether our dreams are capable of realization?

On M. Bergson's principles there can be no such assurance. There can be no basis for a belief that our strivings are in harmony with the nature of things, and that the stars in their courses fight for us, such as has sustained and strengthened the great reformers of the past The question of victory is one of Might, not Right; and might is doubtful, so long as we are in the minority. The achievement of our social aspirations is dependent on the accident of Life's taking one direction rather than another, in the next step of change. The "survival of the lucky" takes the place of the "survival of the fittest" as the principle of change. Such a philosophy is, under present circumstances, far more available to our capitalistic antagonists than to ourselves. The philosophy which denies ideals will always be, like Napoleon's Providence, on the side of the heavy battalions. When Socialism is finally triumphant, it can claim Bergsonism as a Socialist philosophy—and not till then. We need a philosophy which will help us in the battle, not one simply to crown us when the dust and heat of the conflict are past.

Ethnology in Education

By Elsie Clews Parsons

Whenever I hazard the suggestion that ethnography and ethnology are an essential part of a liberal education I meet with an incredulous smile. Sometimes, when in view of my company I have been incautious in using the terms, I am asked their meaning; but in all circles I am asked what is the use of such studies. Why should one know how savages live or consider why they live as they do? That some of their ways are like ours or some of ours like theirs is a matter of rather curious information, but of no practical significance, except perhaps to the missionary. "If he were more of an ethnologist he might at times be less of an ass."

The missionary is obviously trying to change the conception and the customs of a given community. To be successful it is plain enough that he must know about the conceptions and customs he is to change. But so must any social reformer, anyone anxious to influence the ways of his society. Information about the ways of a society, whatever society it may be, is ethnography. But until this information takes on a comparative character, it is apt to be shortsighted, prejudiced, imperfect. Once ethnography becomes comparative, it has in it the makings of ethnology, the study of the meaning of customs.

We agree, therefore—do we not?—that as ethnology is the study of social customs unrestricted to any particular group or type, anyone who wishes to influence custom should be an ethnologist. We probably admit, too, that in these days of the "progressive" almost anyone is likely to have this ambition. But even the humble may wish to understand the customs they follow in their daily life, to appreciate what they can of their significance, whether they are content with them or not. Discontented, they are in a stronger position alike in their own eyes and in the eyes of others if they know the origin and

history of the habit or custom they rebel against; contented, this knowledge is also a help to them, a help against the destructive criticism of others and a help in rationalizing the habit or custom they are backing. Moreover, rebellion or propaganda aside, it is obvious enough that the more people see into their social environment the more interesting it will be to them.

None would demur, I surmise, to acquiring knowledge of the customs of the other "civilized nations," even at first hand. But there as yet most of us stop short, and we draw our line quite as decisively as the African or Polynesian potentates who have been known to forbid subjects on their return from the White Man's country to report thereof. With them as with us this purposive ignorance is a negative expression of the consciousness of kind, an assertion of group isolation. Against it, in our case at least, there are several objections. In the first place other races and cultures besides those we commonly account civilized are present with us,—the Negro, the Oriental, the East-European peasant. Then, the ways of our own children, of our old people, and of many an immature or unsophisticated adult among us can best be understood through comparing them with the habits and customs prominent in primitive culture. The conservatism of the savage, for example, throws light upon the conservatism of the child or of the aged. Again to primitive practices of sympathetic magic we must turn for an understanding of many of our own failures in rationality. Indeed, the culture we call civilization has its roots so deep in other cultures that the study of it cannot be isolated. "Civilization" is not a separate creation, and yet do we not persist in viewing it much as man himself was viewed in pre-Darwinian days and for much the same reasons, group conceit?

A Thousand Years From Now

By Felix Grendon

Suppose you woke up one day in the forty-eighth story of the Metropolitan Tower and found that the world had been laid in ruins and that the only other survivor was a distractingly beautiful girl—what would you do? This is the problem that faces Allan Stern, the remarkable young engineer in "Darkness and Dawn,"* when he and Beatrice Kendrick awaken from a sleep that has lasted 1,000 years, in fact, ever since 1920, the year in which a titanic upheaval convulsed the earth and totally disrupted civilization.

Allan's problem is complicated by a weak habit that human garments have of disintegrating in the course of ten centuries. Beatrice, mindful of Godiva, "draws the sheltering masses of her hair about her." But in spite of this precaution, I am sorry to say that Allan is guilty of what the author neatly terms "untoward thoughts." To give the hero his due, he does his utmost to conquer all such unholy promptings, and if we remember that he is a Socialist as well as an ardent champion of advanced ideas, and that a sleep of 1,000 years may well make the best of men a little hazy about the exact provisions of the moral code, we shall be able to judge his case with charity.

Besides, Beatrice is promptness itself in taking the situation in hand and saving the reader from moral embarrassment or ethical distress. For when "her perfect body, beautiful as that of a pagan dryad, roused mysterious passions in the engineer," and when "his passion leaped up like living flames," she withdraws from his burning clasp and, "instilled with the eternal spirit of woman," says firmly, "not now—not yet!" With this cold comfort, Allan (no less than the reader) is obliged to rest content. Nevertheless, his untoward thoughts cause him many a thrilling fall from grace, each fall bringing him to grips (and

*Darkness and Dawn. By George Allan England. Small, Maynard and Company, Boston.

to salvation) with the magic words, "not yet." I am bound to confess that, after the 400th page, the mere repetition of this insidious formula begins to pall. Luckily, on page four hundred and—but I must not anticipate.

He must be an intrepid writer who offers the public a new work in a field that a thinker of Mr. Wells' order has made peculiarly his own. Mr. England not only possesses courage, he has a fertile fancy and an infective adventurous vein. Except for these qualities, his novel wouldn't have entertained us as it did, and we shouldn't have read the six hundred and seventy pages through. The fact is that when the two sleepers awake in 2920, their loves and dangers combine to keep our hearts on the jump. They believe the earth to be all their own until, from the jungle in Madison forest (near 23d Street) they are attacked by the Horde, a race of savages evolved from a non-human stock. Being an engineer, Allan invents Pulverite in the nick of time, and routes the Horde with this high explosive and with the able help of Beatrice, who fights at her lover's side like another Amazon. Nor is this the sum of her services. In her partner's rare hours of ease, she keeps house for him in the Metropolitan Tower, turning, when need arises, from domesticity to the several professions of nurse, crack-shot, huntress, comforter, comrade, and second-in-command. Her versatility inspires Allan with a "wealth of intimate, yet respectful adoration," which by no means destroys "the magnetic sex emotion that thrills and attracts and infuses them both."

After the battle with the Horde, what a turn of speed the adventures do take! Allan and Beatrice set out on a journey of exploration during which they plunge down a cataract and find a bi-plane, a relic of the Wright brothers era. The machine is rehabilitated and a flight is started to the ends of the earth. But the fuel gives out, and the lovers are stranded at the bottom of the Great Abyss, one hundred miles beneath the earth's surface. There they are captured by the Merucaans, the descendants of the noble American race, who live in gloom near a sunless sea. Though hardy and courageous, the Merucaans have lost all record of their former glory, and, by succumbing to their murky environment, have deteriorated into barbarians leading the cheerless lives of a primitive fishing-folk.

It would be impossible to relate all the neck-breaking perils that now beset our lovers, fairly pelt them indeed, until an escape from death is a mere tonic for an after-dinner lethargy. It is

enough to say that the heroic energy and indescribable fortitude of Allan and Beatrice are central factors in bringing the Merucaans out of the Abyss and establishing them on the Earth's surface. There, thanks to the influence of propitious surroundings, the barbarians revert, as it were, to civilization. Moreover, under Allan's Socialistic teachings, they expand with a rapidity that would have flabbergasted Darwin, for, being a bold and fearless people untrammelled by plutocratic bonds or traditions, they not only cover the planet with mechanical inventions beyond the hope of the men of 1920, but inaugurate an epoch of real equality and brotherhood within a generation and a half. The story closes at the point where Allan, in extreme old age, abdicates an almost life-long Presidency. He is succeeded by his oldest son, the unanimous choice of the Merucaans and of the author as well. It is a little sad to see nepotism, all unbeknown to Mr. England, showing its cloven hoof in this paradise of the future.

Is the reader shocked at learning that an Allan junior appeared on the scene? I trust not. For candor binds me to confess that a time comes in "Darkness and Dawn" when Allan's untoward thoughts gain a human, all too human, response from Beatrice. Let me hasten to assure the Grundys that it all happens in the most proper way. Just before the Merucaans are restored to the surface, Allan and Beatrice stumble upon a phonograph and a number of records. Among these—O ineffable Providence!—is "The Form of the Solemnization of Matrimony, by Bishop Gibson." Arm in arm, bride and bridegroom listen reverentially while the phonograph chants: "Dearly beloved, etc." and "Wilt thou have this woman, etc." I observed that when Allan repeats the words of the record aloud. he promises to love, honor, and keep his wife, while she swears to love, honor, and *serve* him. Evidently feminism is a back number in 2920.

There comes a crucial moment in this duly solemnized marriage. Beatrice, forgetting that the economic independence of women will make a female as desirable as a male, anxiously asks Allan one day whether he will be angry "if it is a girl!" He magnanimously answers: "Of course, the world's work demands a chief, a head, a leader to come after me, but—" Though he does not finish the sentence, his tenderness reassures her. It did not reassure me, however, and I felt decidedly nervous until, several chapters later, it turned out to be a magnificent boy.

I suspect that there is a revolutionary allegory in "Darkness and Dawn." The Merucaans, like the working classes, are the slaves of their environment in the Great Abyss. Sticking through untold hardships to their leader, Allan, they break the chains of this environment in one act of concentrated determination, and emerge from their prison to initiate an enlightened society from which slavery is completely banished. Here, Mr. England's political convictions enlist our sympathy. In general, the thread of sustained adventure forms the most captivating part of the work. The author has a real gift for romancing entertainingly, and a real power of graphic description. When his people talk you hear them talking, when they act you see them acting. And the lively streams of incident flow convincingly enough, once the initial miracle is granted. In spite of his curiously atavistic sentiments on sex relationship and other human matters, Mr. England is, all told, a rattling good story teller. He would be an even better one, if he stuck exclusively to romance, or if his sociologic observations were shot through with a little less tradition and a little more life.

GRAY SKIES

By Louise W. Kneeland

Shock of the stubble and cold of gray skies!
O glamour of days that have no returning,
The beauty of summer fast fading now lies
And smiles not again for all the heart's yearning.

Garnered the fruit of the sun and the dew,
The stubble is left for the ploughshare's rude spurning.
O passionate heart, alas! that for you
Comes the ploughshare of time but no fruit of your burning!

LITTLE FRENCH PRIMROSE

By George Allan England

(*To M. E.*)

Little French primrose, faded, dried and pressed,
Far from thy sun-bright meadows of Lorraine,
Thou set'st me musing on a land of rest,
Of beauty, all my soul desires again,
Whence of long, dreary absence still endures the pain.

Only need I caress thee in my hand,
Ponder thee, feel thee lie betwixt my fingers,
Scent the vague perfume that still, ghost-like, lingers
Upon thy chalice, and this cruder strand
Fades quite; once more I see thy warmer, fairer land!

Vineyards I see, broad over rolling hills,
That dream in sunshine, hazy-warm and green,
With red-tiled hamlets nestled down between,
And poplar-rows along the lazy rills;
And the lark's song again I hear, that soars, that thrills!

I see brown vintagers, with quip and song,
Shearing the Tyrian clusters, whilst the wain,
Creaking, huge-wheeled and drawn by oxen twain,
Like Dionysius' car rolls slow along,
Flanked gaily with the merrymakers' sturdy throng.

Down the white, hard highway it groans, full-prest
With bleeding grapes, toward roofs where pigeons preen
On château-gables, mid far elms half-seen.
Cathedral bells blur the soft air, thrice-blest,
Where men have learned to love, to labor and to rest.

Rich farms I see, in sentinel ranks of trees,
Wind-sheltered, warm—see tower'd hill-towns high
Against the azure of that kindlier sky
Than ours, beyond these chill Atlantic seas;
I scent the fragrance of a gentler, purer breeze

Than wafts for us; flocks, lowing herds once more
I watch, a-pasture, as the peasant-maids
Distaff the wool; and, when calm daylight fades,
Glimpse brown latteens along a friendly shore,
Beloved of poets, rich in old and wondrous lore!

Once more, O withered primrose, may I stand
Upon that soil where first thy petal-cup
To sun and dews of France was lifted up!
This prayer I breathe, and hold thee in my hand,
Flower of well-loved France! Thou, too, dost understand! . . . . .

Behnke, Cellist

By Wilhelm Holzamer

(*Translated by J. Wittmer Hartmann*)

For weeks the theatre orchestra had been rehearsing the conductor's new symphonic poem, "Maerchen." Conductor Hornbach, usually so easy-going, nearly killed them this time. Nothing suited him, neither the tone nor the tempo. He found their entrances tardy, detected false tones, weaknesses in the single voices, which he might certainly otherwise have overlooked. They were only little shortcomings such as will happen in spite of everything. "More temperament! More verve!" he kept calling again and again. "Play together, please! Not so languid!—Don't let it drag so!"

The musicians shook their heads. They were doing all they possibly could. But because they liked Hornbach so much and esteemed him so highly as an artist, they went at the thing patiently, again and again. But a mania seemed to have taken hold of their conductor, a mania to rap on that desk of his. Sunday, at the Symphony Concert, the work was to have its first performance. On Saturday the public rehearsal was to be held.

During the last few days the conductor became a little more gentle. As he had always been. The thing went off so well that it was a pleasure to hear it. And even if he did make a wry face, he could not withhold a smile of satisfaction at the conclusion.

Fritz Behnke had never before played first cello. The inspired Poppel, who had always been the first cellist, had passed away. Hornbach hesitated for a long time. There was a big

solo for the cello; a real artist was required. If Poppel were only alive to play it! Then the tones would echo and penetrate into the remotest corners of the hall. The audience would feel them in their fingertips. But Behnke?

To be sure he was industrious, no one more so. He had acquired a very respectable technique. He could produce tone, too. Good Heavens! everything would be all right, correct, conscientious to the last dot. But something was lacking—individuality, depth of personality. Behnke was a useful musician, but really not an artist.

But there was no way out of it. He was the oldest. Hornbach didn't wish him to notice his objections and hesitation at all. As he gave out the parts he said casually: "Behnke, you play first cello. Do as well as you can. It's a solo on which the whole business depends."

Behnke bowed very low. He became red as a lobster, happy as if he had taken first prize in a lottery. At last he was being rewarded, and well rewarded, for his diligence, his years of work, his ambition, his zeal!

He was to play the big solo, on which, Hornbach said, "everything depended." On his cards he had printed: Fritz Behnke, *First Cellist of the Royal Theatre Orchestra.* He practiced half his nights. No sign went unnoticed. The parts began to assume definite shape in his mind. He knew every note by heart; he knew its position on the page and could turn the leaves mentally. His would be a first rate performance.

Hornbach would smile happily to himself, a little ironically but contentedly. It was turning out better than he had expected.

And as for Behnke, you hardly would have recognized the little chap. He had really grown. Dear old Behnke! If it were not for the absence of inspiration — — —

Public rehearsal! Hornbach was in his best mood; Behnke quite shaky. It took him a quarter of an hour to tune his cello. He kept running his bow over the strings and listening. The big solo! The thought made his brain whirl again.

He waxed his bow and then drummed nervously with his fingers on the neck of his instrument.

He cast a glance of inspection over the cello. There in the groove was a speck of dust. He took his clean, white handkerchief and whisked it off.

The second piece was Hornbach's symphonic poem.

The intermission was over. Cautiously and carefully Behnke once more plucked his strings. He shook his head.

But Hornbach had already given the signal.

It sent an electric thrill through them all.

The perspiration gathered on Behnke's brow.

The violins quivered softly, the clarinets and flutes quaked and shouted with joy. Mighty was the crash of the brass. Fuller and richer swelled the chords. This was to represent Day's Awakening.

Behnke until now had only been playing accompaniment The celli rose and fell again like the soft waves of a lake.

And higher and more powerfully the other parts swelled. Light, Joy and Life!

Now it must soon come.

Once again the trombones called out their Hallelujah for all the world to hear. And flutes and clarinets and violins joined in the happy answer. Then the long thrill and following the after-beat came the great solo for the cello.

And the lotos-nymph swims towards the shore — — — and the water murmurs and the water sprites play hide-and-seek and envy their beautiful sister — — — and out of the thicket comes the knight with spurs a-jingle — — — and caressingly, flatteringly, enticing him, the fairy sings her song of love.

Behnke closed his eyes.

As if genius had guided his hand—he had a tone, a depth, a warmth and color, golden almost. Hornbach listened in delight. Was that Behnke?

The violins rose and fell as in the tremulous waves of desire, but the cello dominated them all.

Behnke had his hour. But it wasn't Behnke. Something in him had come to life which had never before existed.

The whole orchestra came in with a crash and shouts of pleasure and satisfaction filled the hall.

The invited guests clapped their hands in applause.

Bravo, Behnke! called the Director of the theatre.

And Hornbach laid down his baton. He smiled happily.

"Behnke!" he said with something unusual in his voice, and nodding to him, "Fine!" But poor Behnke was so happy that he did not know how to comport himself and just gazed down at his instrument.

The rehearsal went on. The big symphonic poem was beautifully executed. It would be a success surely.

The work of a master, the critics who were invited to the rehearsal agreed.

"I thank you, gentlemen," so ended the rehearsal. "Just do it that way to-morrow and it will be all right."

Behnke couldn't close his eyes all night. His great solo! The laurel wreaths! Now he was the first artist in the city. Just like the brilliant Poppel whom they had all idolized.

The Prince would surely be present at the first performance. Oh, then the great solo!

He would surely make him Court Musician, perhaps Professor. Then he would have to have new visiting cards printed:—*Court Musician, Fritz Behnke, Professor,* or better perhaps:—*Professor Fritz Behnke, Court Musician.*

He decided on the latter form.

Would he be called out?

In that case, he would make a low bow and lay his hand on his heart. But how hold the cello? He would quickly take the bow in his left hand and make the bow. That would certainly look well. Would it be printed on the program, on the official one, of course?

Cello Solo................Fritz Behnke.

At five o'clock in the morning he was already nursing his instrument. He was tuning it. His hearing must have become ten times as fine as formerly. The least vibrations he could hear perfectly. He couldn't suit himself. So—that might do! And he closed his eyes and played his solo. What emotion!

Would it be a good idea to lengthen the trill a little? That was the thing that produced all the emotion.

Hornbach, to be sure, didn't care much for trilling. Just a matter of opinion! Yes, why not dispense with it? Well, then he would do just as at the public rehearsal.

He had probably not heard the knock. The janitress brought the official program.

There it was really: *Cello Solo..........Mr. Fritz Behnke.*

He danced around in such excitement that his slippers flew off. He could have screamed out aloud. He would have liked to open the window and call out into the street:—

Cello Solo...........Mr. Fritz Behnke!

"Pshaw!" he said then. "Of course! One must be a little blasé like all geniuses.—The first cellist in the city! Far and wide!"

Then he looked around for places to put the laurel wreaths.

One over the mirror, one over his picture and one there over the picture of his parents.

He was a pious fellow.

If he only had a fiancée. He would decorate her picture with the fourth wreath. But he was a confirmed old bachelor. He would have to enjoy his fame and his happiness alone.

That day nothing that he ate and drank had any taste for him.

Nowhere could he find rest. He couldn't wait for the evening.

He was the first one at the theatre. The porter put down his cello clumsily. Behnke argued stormily with him.

Then he started to tune up. Soon his colleagues came and interrupted him. The theatre began to fill until there was no longer a vacant seat. The electric bell sounded. Thereupon the ladies of the court took their places in the boxes. The Prince and the Princess followed them.

Behnke felt involuntarily at his cravat to be sure that it was the new white one and to be sure that he had covered his shirt button properly.

Hornbach had given the signal. The musicians held back a little in playing the first number. One could see that they didn't wish to let themselves go.—Schumann always gets applauded anyway.

But now for Hornbach's symphony! They warmed up even while arranging the music on their racks.

They looked up at Hornbach. He seemed perfectly composed. He stroked his mustache a few times. Was that a sign of nervousness?

Behnke shook like an aspen leaf. Suddenly he was seized with anxiety. Suppose he should not come in on time! Or make a mistake? No, by Jove, that couldn't happen. He prayed that his time might be perfect. Good Heavens! suppose he broke a string! He looked around once more. Everything in order.

But now he was suffering agonies. If only Hornbach would begin.

Now he raps on the desk.

And just as yesterday, warmer still, fuller, richer. Everything moved along without a hitch, down to the figure in the kettle-drum. Hornbach was complete master of his orchestra.

One could fairly hear the ardour of the musicians. Now the

joyous shouts swelled to the highest heights. The long trill—the after-beat—

Now Behnke drew his bow across the strings.

He closed his eyes. Warm and warmer, note after note. Sweetly the melody murmured. As if it came from the throat of a virgin, as if from a silver spring.

The violins rose and fell on tremulous waves of glittering passion—in golden tones the cello sang.

And full and strong the whole orchestra joined in and rioted in tones of happiness and sensual delight.

Then came the applause in the parquet, up in the gallery, in the boxes, and it rang through the whole theatre.

The Prince clapped his hands in applause.

Flowers and wreaths flew towards the conductor. The Prince sent a big laurel wreath. Behnke trembled. He reached out for it. Then the manager hung it on Hornbach's desk.

Behnke was still waiting for something. He had bowed several times, imperceptibly so, as if he could in this way attract attention to himself. He was in the greatest excitement. Then a wreath came flying directly at Behnke's feet. He got up quickly.

"Hornbach," someone shouted at the same moment.

Then Behnke collapsed. A sharp pain went through his heart, his brain was on fire—

Hornbach very graciously hung the wreath over the desk of his cellist. Yes, it was to be for him. But Behnke only smiled pointlessly.

The solo was encored.

"Once more, dear Behnke," said the conductor. "Once more, and as well as before." And he raised his baton.

Behnke played with the same correctness perhaps, but it sounded dead. The trembling violins covered the cello.

The symphonic poem of Hornbach was a great success. The composer had achieved a triumph.

Broken, Fritz Behnke crawled home.

He could hardly reach his room. A fever shook him.

While the newspapers were filled with praise of his playing, he lay at the point of death.

The Prince appointed him Court Musician. When he heard it, he smiled.

Behnke never really recovered. When he got over his brain fever he had to be pensioned.

The House of Applause

By Louise W. Kneeland

"There was," said my friend, "among those people of whom I have been telling you, a most unique and curious adjunct to the educational paraphernalia of their schools in the shape of an immense hippodrome filled with dummy auditors seated in solemn rows and worked by a mechanical device which fitted them to break into uproarious applause at a moment's notice.

"The use of it was this. Among the inhabitants of this hitherto unknown country from which I have just returned, there are occasional reversions to an ancestral type that shows itself in an abnormal desire for admiring and vociferous applause expressed by such loud and rhythmical noises as the clapping of hands, the stamping of feet and various vocalizations indicative of wild and primitive emotions. The sight of conspicuous objects madly waving in the air is also greatly relished.

"When one of their number is afflicted in this manner he is observed by the elect, who then prescribe for him a course in what is designated as the 'House of Applause.' Here he mounts an extended platform and proceeds to expound at length such of his views on things in general as he may choose. As the impassioned periods roll on they affect automatically the mechanism which sets the audience in motion. Salvos of applause greet his ears and round after round of deafening shouts with, from time to time, the frantic waving of sundry articles of wearing apparel.

"At first the unfortunate man is pleased, quite pleased—an atavistic phenomenon that is easily explained—he ends his first appearance undisturbed, even elated in temper and mien, but, the treatment proceeding regularly from day to day, in time his nerves give way, he comes to realize by slow degrees that these hilarious outbursts are but the mechanical expression of unthinking automata, his mind seems at length to grasp the fact that there is a difference between these vociferating wooden heads and intelligent human beings and he forthwith comes to loathe the attention and the acclamations that once he craved.

"It is said by these people that in earlier ages living beings filled the places of these mechanical figures and the orators were

then known as Leaders—Leaders of men. A most curious condition of affairs, assuredly.

"It is also claimed by some of their scientists that this insane desire to produce exaggerated effects of this kind may be prevented by free access to a tin pan and an iron spoon in infancy."

"But," I said, in open-mouthed astonishment, "do these people believe in showing no appreciation whatsoever?"

"Appreciation!" he exclaimed, with a patronizing smile, "Ah! that is quite another matter." With that he took his leave and I have been pondering this strange story ever since.

Book Reviews

History of Canadian Wealth, by Gustavus Myers. Vol. I. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. $1.50.

This is not merely a companion work to Myers' monumental study of "Great American Fortunes." It marks a great advance even over the radical and able methods of the former work. If anything it is even more documented and more scientific, so that it is difficult to see how the most reactionary reader could find any flaw whatever, either in the presentation of the facts or the reasoning. For years all economists and a large part of the general public have been in the habit of considering the great cities of the world not as political but as economic units, as Greater London, Greater Berlin, Greater New York, etc. Nations should be viewed economically in the same way.. Canada is a part of the Greater United States, and its history must be considered both as a cause and as an effect of our own. So that no American can afford to ignore this work. For example, superficial American historians have placed the disappearance of free or cheap land in the United States anywhere from 1880 to 1900. Yet cheap land is still fairly plentiful in Canada, a part of the Greater United States, so that we are still living, to some degree, in the period of 1880. There is a still stronger reason for paying attention to Canada. Its political, racial and social differences enable us to discount the effect of all these causes on economic evolution, for the underlying economic facts

in the two countries have been the same, and anybody who is familiar with Canadian history as seen in Myers' work will be able to disprove superficial statements concerning the United States which are based upon political, racial or social conditions peculiar to this country and not to be found in Canada.

The second volume of Myers' work, not yet published, will undoubtedly prove even more significant and valuable than the first. For half of the present volume is taken up with history before railroad times, which is almost the same to us now as history before the flood. This part is fascinating and may teach us a great deal about human nature, but it cannot tell us anything about present society. Somewhat more than half of the present volume, however, is concerned with the history of the railroads down to 1892. This was *the* industrial revolution all over the world and is of the utmost interest. The first Premier when railroads were being introduced, Sir Allan N. MacNab, put the situation in a nutshell when he said that *railroads were his politics*. The history of railroads was the history of the United States and of Canada from 1850 to 1890.

And the history of railroads was the history of governmental corruption. The government was conducted on the same principles as private business—can stronger language be used? Also Canada was about as corrupt as the United States and the corruption was considerably more shameless and considerably more thoroughly exposed, although a real economic history of Canada has never been written before Myers'. Concerning the exposures of 1891 in the Canadian Parliament, the Pall Mall Gazette declared that, "a more sordid spectacle of corruption has never been presented to a free people."

Hundreds of members of Parliament and dozens of Ministers were sooner or later involved. The British method was imitated of having leading capitalists go directly into Parliament to represent themselves, and a leading M. P. explained in 1886 that he saw no harm in this system:

> "I was not aware, Sir," he said with naive candor, "nor am I yet aware but that it was the general custom of members of Parliament to be interested in railway charters if they pleased, just as if they were not members of Parliament; and believing that, I went into this matter the same as though I were not a member of Parliament."

One of the investigating members of Parliament calculated that forty-two million acres of land had been given away up to 1891, and gave the following illustration of a deal in Vancouver:

> "There was," he said, "a little line of railway—I passed over it since —along the sea cost from Victoria to Nanaimo, a distance of 70 miles, the construction of which was scarcely necessary; and to promote the

construction of that railway nearly all of the coal lands of the Island of Vancouver were granted to a syndicate, the greater proportion of the capital being held in San Francisco by the Southern Pacific Railway magnates. I pointed out this fact at the time, but the lobby influences here, the backing here, were too strong; the grant was made, the coal lands have gone."

Denouncing the consecutive giving away of timber limits, John Charlton added to the debate. He said that 25,300 square miles covering 16,192,000 acres in the North West, had been granted to a horde of about 550 camp followers, not one or 20 of whom were lumbermen at all.

Charlton proceeded to give a long list of names of members of Parliament applying for and receiving timber limits of 50 square miles each in 1884-1885.

"We have in these applications made by members of this House on behalf of their friends," Charlton continued with vexatious mathematical precision, "a total of 79 applications presented by 34 members of Parliament, and covering 3,900 square miles, besides a total of 1,150 miles granted to members for themselves, making a grand total of 5,050 square miles of timber limits granted to members of Parliament on their applications, and we have 57 members applying either for themselves or friends."

It is significant, however, that after all the essential facts had been carefully gone over everybody was exonerated.

After reading the present volume it is with the greatest impatience that we await the second volume bringing all this history down to date and still more courageously defying *living* members of the capitalist and governing classes of Canada.

W. E. W.

The Spirit of American Literature, by John Albert Macy. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.50.

The most interesting things in American literature are its myths. By the treatment of these myths shall ye judge a critic of our literature.

The Hawthorne myth is one of the most interesting. Hawthorne is hailed as "the poetic embodiment of the Puritan spirit." "In sooth," says John Macy (and his incisive treatment of this myth serves as an example of his method), "Hawthorne was the least Puritan of New England writers. . . . Puritanism never produces art; it kills art. As well speak of a deaf violinist as of a Puritan poet. When Milton is writing poetry he is a pagan; as a Puritan he either does not write or writes badly." Hawthorne "was interested in fanciful manifestations of the soul, not in genuine ethical problems; his home was fairyland. . . . The theme of the Scarlet Letter appealed less to his moral sense than to his pictorial imagination. . . . The Scarlet Letter is a development of the theme: 'On a Field Sable, the Letter A, Gules.' " Hawthorne "stands alone in the literature of New England, a verbal melodist without any ethical intention whatsoever, a delicate detached artist, as solitary in Concord as Poe was in New York; symbolizing, if he symbolizes anything, not the Puritan spirit, but the spirit of beauty everlastingly hostile or indifferent to the crabbed austerities and the soul-killing morbidity of Puritan ethics."

Macy is not an intentional iconoclast. Yet such is the critical rubbish cluttered around American literature that even his none-too-deep analysis makes a veritable *debacle* of accepted opinions and literary values. "American literature is on the whole idealistic, sweet, delicate, nicely finished. There is little of it which might not have appeared in the *Youth's Companian.*" "The poets are thin, moonshiny, meticulous in technique. Novelists are few and feeble, and dramatists are non-existent." And Macy not only specifically proves his point in connection with individual authors, but indicates the "why" therefor: American literature did not grapple with the life and doings of its own moment and *milieu:* American life is practically non-existent in American literature.

The vital defect in Macy's book is an over-emphasis on literary lineage. "Literature is a succession of books from books," he says, which is only partly true. Technical developments are derivatives from books, in a large measure; but the living urge in literature springs directly from life—not ultimately, as Macy contends, but immediately. There are traces of Fichte's philosophy in Emerson; but Emerson's philosophy was an expression of American life, independent of Fichte, and harmonizing with Fichte only insofar as Fichte's philosophy may have corresponded to American psychology. The importance of the social factor is not sufficiently emphasized. Macy is a pragmatist; he "humanizes" American literature, but does not socialize it.

Macy's study has an immediate value as the first approach to an adequate study of American literature; it also has a potential value in that, being a pioneer in its field, its imperfections as much as its merits blazon the way for an adequate interpretation of American literature.

Louis C. Fraina.

A Socialist Digest

Edited by WILLIAM ENGLISH WALLING

Solidarity vs. Solidarity

The *International Socialist Review* for March contains two of the most important and valuable documents that have yet been published by American Socialists: "A Plea for Solidarity," by Eugene V. Debs and "An Appeal for Industrial Solidarity," by W. D. Haywood.

Debs makes the following statesmanlike proposal for securing *political* solidarity. On the one side let that wing of the Socialist party which sympathizes with the American Federation of Labor consent to give freedom of speech and action to those party members who sympathize with the tactics of The Industrial Workers of the World, including "sabotage." On the other side let the I. W. W. endorse Socialist political action and join with the progressive unions of the A. F. of L., and bring about a new *industrial* solidarity.

> Section six of article two ought to be stricken from the Socialist party's constitution. I have not changed my opinion in regard to sabotage, but I am opposed to restricting free speech under any pretense whatsoever, and quite as decidedly opposed to our party seeking favor in bourgeois eyes by protesting that it does not countenance violence and is not a criminal organization.
>
> I believe our party attitude toward sabotage is right, and this attitude is reflected in its propaganda and need not be enforced by constitutional penalties of expulsion. If there is anything in sabotage we should know it, and free discussion will bring it out; if there is nothing in it we need not fear it, and even if it is lawless and hurtful, we are not called upon to penalize it any more than we are theft or any other crime.

This would surely be an effective method of securing the political solidarity of the two factions. The only question is whether those now in control of the Socialist party will consent to it. Not only would it alienate many middle class members of the party, and check the present friendliness of the capitalist press, but it would also offend many A. F. of L. Socialists who are hostile to everything the I. W. W. stands for.

Debs' plan for achieving *industrial* solidarity is still more interesting:

> The United Mine Workers and the Western Federation of Miners, becoming more and more revolutionary in the desperate fight they are com-

> pelled to wage for their existence, are bound to merge soon into one great industrial organization, and the same forces that are driving them together will also drive them out of Gompers' federation of craft unions. There are other progressive unions in the A. F. of L. that will follow the secession of the miners and augment the forces of revolutionary unionism.
>
> The consolidated miners and the reunited I. W. W. would draw to themselves all the trade unions with industrial tendencies, and thus would the reactionary federation of craft unions be transformed, from both within and without, into a revolutionary industrial organization.

It will be noted that Debs admits that there are many A. F. of L. unions which will not come into the plan, and that the solidarity achieved will be a solidarity of revolutionists, and not a solidarity of the whole working class. But he believes that this larger solidarity is essential and can be achieved by degrees:

> I know of no essential distinction between skilled and unskilled salary and wageworkers. They are all in the same economic class and in their aggregate constitute the proletariat or working class, and the hair-splitting attempts that are made to differentiate them in the class struggle give rise to endless lines of cleavage and are inimical if not fatal to solidarity.
>
> Such distinction between industrial workers as still persists the machine is reducing steadily to narrower circles and will eventually blot out entirely.

Nevertheless Debs admits that the trade unions did practically nothing for the unskilled in the past, and that the service of the I. W. W. to the laboring masses is the very reason for its existence and its enormous influence:

> Never has the trade union of the past given adequate recognition to the vast army of common laborers, and in its narrow and selfish indifference to these unorganized masses it has weakened its own foundations, played into the hands of its enemies, and finally sealed its own doom.
>
> The great mass of common, unskilled labor, steadily augmented by the machine process, is the granite foundation of the working class and of the whole social fabric, and to ignore or slight this proletarian mass, or fail to recognize its essentially fundamental character, is to build without a foundation and rear a house of scantlings instead of a fortress of defense.
>
> That the I. W. W. recognized this fundamental fact and directed its energies to the awakening and stimulation of the unskilled masses which had until then lain dormant, was the secret of its spread and power and likewise of the terror it inspired in the ruling class.

To this last point—that the I. W. W. is a movement of the unskilled—Haywood heartily agrees. Indeed, his article is in answer to the "syndicalist" Tom Mann, who refuses to draw any distinction between the aristocracy of labor and the laboring masses, and says that the new unionism, on the contrary, represents economic vs. political action. But when touching on the A. F. of L., Haywood's arguments might well have been written in answer to the statements of Debs.

Haywood does not believe that those unions of the A. F. of L. that represent the aristocracy of labor will ever co-operate with the unskilled. He believes their refusal to co-operate, far from "sealing their own doom," has improved their position at the cost of the laboring masses. He believes the A. F. of L. is "an auxiliary of the capitalist system" and must remain so:

It may even be contended that the virility of the I. W. W. could breathe into the A. F. of L. a new life, and by a "holy crusade," drive out religious influence by attending strictly to economic principles. Such a course might be worth while if there were not real obstacles which prevent the working class from becoming members of the A. F. of L. These barriers have been raised by the trade unions and are insurmountable.

High initiation fees and dues, the apprenticeship system, etc., show that these unions are a true reflection of the selfish economic interest of a social class bent upon retaining its privileges. The A. F. of L. leaders truthfully represent the craft unions, and the craft unions truthfully represent the craftsmen, who, on economic grounds, are bitterly hostile to the unskilled. After describing the restrictions already mentioned, Haywood continues:

To this add the restrictions and discrimination against women, and the absolute refusal of some unions to accept colored persons as members, although we have millions of the black race unorganized, who are competitors in the labor market.

The A. F. of L. extends no relief, offers no hope, gives no comfort to the submerged millions of unskilled wage slaves.

That is, working class solidarity is unattainable if we have to wait for the privileged and better paid wage-earners. Haywood agrees with Debs, however, that a "revolutionary" solidarity can be achieved to-day—a solidarity of the laboring masses. This refers of course to labor union or economic action. Haywood's continued membership of the Socialist party proves that, on the political field, he does not object to co-operation with the aristocracy of labor, which in so many places is in control of the party.

Altogether these two articles have performed a remarkable service in clearing the atmosphere, removing superficial questions, and showing where real differences lie.

La Follette vs. Wilson

It will be recalled that Senator La Follette gave a more than passive support to Wilson during the Presidential elections This support developed into co-operation until the Tariff bill was passed and the Banking bill neared its final stages. It then began to turn into opposition, which has become more and more bitter until it is now complete. In the meanwhile many other progressive Republicans in Congress have passed through the same evolution, and since La Follette is in close touch with Bryan and the progressive Democrats it may even presage a split of the Democratic party.

A recent number of *La Follette's* weekly brings the issue to a focus. Wilson is accused of leaning towards Big Business. This is now the attitude of Progressives and progressive Republicans generally. But La Follette has gone farther. Since the business world generally is now following Big Business, La Follette renounces the business world and relies upon farmers and the aristocracy of labor, which means that he is moving more rapidly than ever towards government ownership under small capitalist control. Indeed, a dozen Senators of all parties have recently declared at great length in the Senate that government ownership of railways is approaching.

La Follette attacks the Manufacturers' Association almost as strongly as the labor unions do. Yet a very large part of our manufacturers are connected with the Association. Then he accuses the National Chamber of Commerce of being composed largely of the same men. He admits that it has 300,000 members, but accuses these of being a class, "the commercial interests":

In every organization, too,—however broad and patriotic some of its members,—there is an inherent tendency to support the interests of its own class. The three hundred thousand individuals in the local Chambers of Commerce affiliated with the national body are strictly business men. Legislation affecting the business in which these men have large investments cannot be considered as a wholly detached proposition. And even the Chamber of Commerce of the United States will not prove an entirely disinterested body, where commercial interests are directly or indirectly affected.

It is understood that the leaders of this organization are soon to move upon Congress for a federal charter. Such a charter would give it a status of special distinction. Its opinion upon governmental policies or legislative action would then be clothed with a certain oracular quality of added weight and authority because chartered by Congress.

La Follette then proceeds to name the classes he aims to represent:

But why should not other organizations have equal right to the sanction

of Congressional charter? It would contribute something to the dignity and power and influence of the Federation of Labor, the Brotherhood of Railway Engineers, the Patrons of Husbandry, if likewise granted a federal charter.

From the point of view of the farmers the Currency bill was a defeat or a surrender:

The Administration scheme gives the bankers the right to acquire the stock in the reserve banks, and gives the banks six and the government but three of the nine directors of each reserve bank. This establishes a bankers' ownership and a bankers' control at the vital point in the whole plan.

Practically, it will lie with the bankers to regulate the new element of elasticity which the new law supplies. All amendments offered to provide for public ownership of the stock of these reserve banks and for investing the public with control by providing that the government should appoint five of the nine directors of each reserve bank, were defeated by caucus decree.

The great center of financial power will be potential in the selection of the board of directors for every important reserve bank from New York to San Francisco, and the Administration now becomes sponsor for a system that legalizes this monopoly of banking power.

I find great difficulty in harmonizing the legislation which the President has insisted should be forced through under caucus rule, with the declaration in his message on banking and currency delivered to Congress on the twenty-third of June, when he said:

"The control of the system of banking and of issue which our new laws are to set up must be public, not private, must be vested in the Government itself, so that the banks may be the instruments, not the masters, of business and of individual enterprise and initiative."

The Unscrambling

The President, Congress, and the three big parties are all busy restoring competition and smashing the trusts. Even the Progressives want as much competition "as is practicable." But a part of the independent press—including the more radical progressive organs—are contemptuously sceptical. Perhaps the best criticism has appeared in the editorials of the *Saturday Evening Post.*

One of the Five Brothers, the bill proposing the abolition of interlocking directorates, we are reminded, is being praised by the same part of the press that hailed "the community of interest" between the great competing financiers of Wall St., a few years ago, as a blessing to mankind. Now the very opposite principle—"no community of interest"—is praised. A new act is billed, says the *Post,* "but if you look closely you will see that the actors are the same, playing the same roles." That is, the whole thing is a farce.

Another of the Five Brothers is characterized with a brief and ugly word. It is pointed out that it is a lie:

After the President's Five-Brothers anti-trust bills become law any two or more persons in the United States who "make any agreement, enter into any agreement,, or arrive at any understanding by which they, directly or indirectly, undertake to prevent a free and unrestricted competition among themselves, or among any purchasers or consumers in the sale, production or transportation of any produce, article or commodity," shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and be punished by a fine not exceeding five thousand dollars or imprisonment not exceeding one year, or both.

The primary object of every co-operative association of fruit and vegetable growers in the United States is to prevent competition among the members. It is exactly to keep them from dumping their stuff individually and competitively helter-skelter on the market that the association is formed. The primary object of every labor union is to prevent competition among the members—to fix a union scale and stick to it, so that one workman will not be underbidding another.

As we understand the English language—and the decisions so far given by the Supreme Court in interpreting the Sherman Law—every farmer who belongs to a co-operative marketing association and every workman who belongs to a labor union will be liable to a fine of five thousand dollars or imprisonment for one year, after this bill becomes a law.

Of course, you say, the Government will never think of prosecuting farmers and workmen. Then it will have a law that is a lie.

In spite of all this talk about restoring competition, the *Post* shows that the tendency is steadily towards a capitalistic form of collectivism, as we see in the new Banking Law (of which the editor, having been for ten years editor of the *Economist,* is able to speak as an expert):

Members of the Federal Reserve Board will have greater discretionary power than was ever before vested in a small number of individuals in this country in time of peace. By controlling the issue of circulating notes they can extend or restrict credit at will all over the land. By a stroke of the pen they can cause the banking reserve of Chicago to flow to New York, or vice versa; or that of San Francisco to move to New Orleans. They can arbitrarily suspend all bank-reserve requirements. They can discharge any officer or director of any Federal reserve bank.

For all practical purposes the power of the Supreme Court is more limited and that of the Interstate Commerce Commission fairly insignificant because its acts are subject to judicial review, while those of the Federal Reserve Board in the nature of the case cannot be.

Next and even more important come the railways. La Follette accuses Wilson of having gone over to the railway standpoint, especially in one of the Five Brothers bills. He says this bill—ostensibly to protect the small investor—will really act as a sort of guarantee of railway securities. (Even if it does, this would be desirable from the point of view of the small investor. But La Follette does not represent the small investor,

he only represents the very small shipper.) La Follette practically proves his case—and it is of collossal importance, as showing the conflict of interest between the small investor and the small farmer and demonstrating conclusively that the Administration stands with the small investor:

No warrant or excuse can be offered for the government's assuming any responsibility regarding capitalization of common carriers for the protection of investors. The purchase by an individual of railroad stocks and bonds as a speculation or for investment, is solely a matter of option with the purchaser. He buys in his own right and at his own risk. Upon principle, the government owes no other or different obligation to the man who buys railroad stocks or bonds, than to the man who buys Standard Oil or Tennessee Coal and Iron stocks and bonds, or to the man who purchases a horse, a house and a lot or a farm.

But should the government assume the responsibility of controlling the issue of railroad stocks and bonds, it will enter upon an undertaking fraught with grave dangers to the public—an undertaking certain to impose unnecessary and unjust burdens upon transportation.

Ten years ago every railroad in the United States would have taxed its resources to the limit to resist conferring upon the government power to superintend and regulate its financial operations. To-day they hail with satisfaction and delight the recommendation for such legislation. And it is to be noted that the organs of Wall Street and the stock exchanges especially commend the proposed regulation.

The reason is obvious. The railroads of the country carried their fictitious capitalization to a point where the public, within the last few years, has grown suspicious of the soundness of these securities. Values rapidly declined. Various schemes were devised to boost the market. They failed. Then came the bold demand for some government action that would rehabilitate these depreciated securities, and stimulate the languishing business of the stock exchanges. To this end Mr. Aldrich, five years ago, brought forward an ingenious plan to make railroad bonds security for emergency currency issue under the Aldrich-Vreeland bill. And now the railroads are hungry to have some form of government sanction for all future bond and stock issues. Such an approval would at once make an issue of bonds or stocks "a good thing" in the market. The government may disclaim that its action is a guarantee of the value of such securities. The proposed law may even so provide in specific terms, but for all that the investor will claim that in good morals, the government is bound, in its dealing with the railroad, to make the transportation charges high enough to "protect" the securities which it has authorized railroad companies to place upon the market.

But more than this: When the government through its commission, has authorized a railroad to make an additional issue of bonds or stocks, it will, in effect, have validated all the issue of stocks and bonds then outstanding.

If the railroads win wrongfully in a rate case, it is a hardship upon the public. But an erroneous decision fixing a rate too high may be corrected. The case may be reviewed. The excessive rate may be lowered in a subsequent proceeding. But a wrongful decision by the Commission, allowing the railroad to issue millions upon millions of securities which are at once thrown upon the market, is an everlasting burden upon the public,—an everlasting injury to the people.

Whoever buys railroad securities now, buys at his own risk. Whoever buys securities upon the issue of which the government has set the seal of its approval will, in good morals, hold that the government must, under all circumstances, maintain railroad rates so high as not to impair the value of those securities.

La Follette is even able to quote an expression of Wilson's which is almost identical with previous expressions of Roosevelt, Taft, McKinley and Cleveland:

The "prosperity of the railroads" is to be guaranteed by the government assuming the supervision and the responsibility of their financial affairs. The President says, "we cannot postpone action in this matter without leaving the railroads exposed to many serious handicaps and hazards, and the prosperity of the railroads and the prosperity of the country are inseparably connected."

But the railway question is not at present the chief question before the country and will not be until the great rate decision in June or July. In the meanwhile we are busy "unscrambling" the trusts and restoring competition. La Follette favors the process, but he has no trouble in showing that the present administration, especially through Attorney-General McReynolds, is working with the trusts and not against them. And he is also able to quote Secretary of Commerce Redfield's remark that the number of trusts still operating is "conspicuously small."

This certainly looks as though Wilson's unscrambling was not going to hurt the trusts. And if La Follette's would hurt the trusts, he has yet to show us how it would benefit even his constituents, the farmers and the aristocracy of labor. But La Follette has already taken the collectivist road as to banks and railways. He will either take the same road as to trusts or be swept aside by the progressive movement.

Gompers' Basic Argument

In a controversy with Kautsky a few years ago the president of the American Federation of Labor was willing to take as a test of its success or failure the fact whether the wages of union members per hour had risen or fallen faster than the cost of living. In his recent spectacular defense before the Coal Miners' Convention he took the same ground:

Mr. Gompers directed attention to letters which he said were over the signature of Duncan McDonald, and published in a Chicago newspaper in 1910. He read from one of these which tended to show that the cost of living in the fourteen years preceding had increased 60 per cent. and that the increase in wages amounted to 20 per cent. He said the miners would not admit they were 40 per cent. worse off than they were fourteen years before.

McDonald interrupted to say that he obtained the figures from a statistician employed by the Federal government and that they applied to all classes of laborers as a whole.

"It is absurd to say that the miners, the tailors, the carpenters, the women who work in the sweatshops or any of the toilers of the land if you please," said Gompers, "are worse off now than fourteen years ago. The statement is so bereft of reason that I prefer to leave it with you than to try and answer it myself."

The reports of the Department of Labor show that in the majority of unionized occupations wages *per hour* have indeed risen faster than the cost of living. But this is often not the case with wages *per day* or *per year*. In many *unionized* industries even the wage-earner's wife is able to buy less now than she was fifteen or twenty years ago.

The truth is, of course, that the unions can be held entirely responsible neither for the rise nor for the fall of real wages, and must be defended or criticized on other grounds. Gompers' optimistic argument is, in reality, a defense, not of the American Federation of Labor, but of existing society. Moreover, his test of the existing society is whether it helps that part of the wage-earners that has been able to organize—the far larger army of the unorganized being ignored.

British Socialists vs. the Mexican People

While the London *Nation*, the *Daily News*, and other Radical papers are taking a more and more sympathetic view of the struggles of the Mexican people, several leading "Socialist" papers, especially the *New Statesman* and the *New Age*, are more reactionary than ever. President Wilson is a crazy idealist, a dangerous Radical and a doctrinaire Democrat—because he believes the Mexicans may be gradually prepared for constitutional government:

> We must remember Burke's warning against "drawing an indictment against a whole people"; but we must also remember an older warning against expecting to gather figs from thistles. Honest constitutional self-government, which was President Wilson's prescription last August, is something to which the Mexican people has never been equal and shows no signs of becoming equal.

The *New Statesman* proceeds to exhibit as ignorant and virulent a case of race prejudice as has appeared in cold type for some time:

> It is an almond-eyed race, much resembling, save in complexion, some types of Chinese and Japanese, and reproducing in politics and war not a few Chinese characteristics. The Mexican is an individualist self-seeker, almost destitute of any corporate sense, and so incurably dishonest that not only are all the railways and commercial enterprises in foreign hands, but every minor post in them, if honesty is indispensable, has to be filled by a foreigner. In war he is cowardly, undisciplined, loot-loving, and cruel. Battles are won by bribery, with little real fighting; the bloodshed is that of non-combatants and prisoners, the officers of the latter being regularly killed, and sometimes tortured.

The article contains other amazing passages. "Almost the only instinct that unites" the Mexicans, it seems, is "hatred of Americans." There is no hatred, apparently of Spanish, British, or other foreigners. Wilson is no longer urged to recognize the *de facto* government of Mexico, but the *"de facto* government at Mexico City"! We are told that Huerta probably did not murder Madero:

> Whether Huerta was, in fact, responsible for the murder we shall probably never know; the best judges on the spot (including the American Ambassador) believed that he was not. It really makes little difference.

But, most amazing of all, the *New Statesman* confesses that a leading motive in its policy towards the Mexican people is the interests of British capital:

> British policy is bound to remain guided by one dominant principle—accord with the United States. Beside the importance of Anglo-American friendship such interests as we have in Mexico are dust in the balance. Yet they are very important interests in their way—the economic way by which our crowded island at present supports itself.

Towards Land Nationalization

At last the British Independent Labor party (Socialistic) has separated itself from the Fabians and the Labor party on the land question, and managed to get out in advance of Lloyd George. The London *Times* reports as follows:

> The national administrative council of the independent Labor party will propose, at the impending labor conference at Glasgow, that the working classes should oppose any proposals which "would strengthen the position of the great territorial owners, or perpetuate the private ownership of the land, whether by the creation of a class of peasant proprietors or otherwise, and should declare that only such proposals for temporary and immediate reform as tend towards bringing the land and its values into the ownership of the community are worthy of support."
>
> Furthermore, as a practical means of nationalizing the land the conference will recommend the parliamentary party "to prepare and introduce a bill enacting that a levy shall be assessed on all landed estates, urban and rural, for the setting up of a land redemption fund to enable the nation to reacquire its lost rights of ownership in the land within a reasonable period and on terms which shall fairly recognize all existing interests."
>
> A policy, in fact, of gradual confiscation of one particular class of property.

The closing comment of the *Times* seems fully justified.

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