

The Socialist

Not The Middle Class Socialist nor The Christian Socialist nor any other mixed kind of Socialist, but The Wage Class Socialist.
As soon as the Postoffice Department will allow, The Workingman's Paper will be our permanent heading.

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AMONG THE 'BOES

By Arthur Jensen

Law is the shield behind which the ruling class hides when enforcing its mandates. During the last few days I have seen more of the flexibility of the law than I have noticed for a long time.

Just at present a large number of workmen are "beating their way" from various directions to the wheat fields of Eastern Oregon and Washington. Of course, it is against the law to steal a ride. Still we find in some towns the town marshal watching for hoboes (men searching for work) to alight from trains in order to force them back on again. If it happens that there is no public work going on, the authorities do not care to have a penniless man come to town. So they force you to persist in breaking the law.

Then, in other towns you see a moral awakening. The "town bulls" (policemen) search every box car, every brakebeam, every rod and every "blind baggage" for "boes." Should they find any they will be arrested and brought to "justice" without delay. Pasco is just now having such a "moral awakening." "There's a reason," as "Grape-Nuts" Post would say. Pasco is a very hot place in the summer. It is so hot that workmen do not care about stopping there to work when other and less hot places offer more remunerative employment. So the law is brought into play. Pasco is a division point on the Northern Pacific Railway. It is a junction of several branches. During the last few years this town has enjoyed a considerable growth, having been the center of railroad building activity. The prosperous condition of the town has caused the worthy citizens to long for the comforts and luxuries of modern cities, such as paved streets, sewers, etc. But the heat makes wage slaves reluctant about going to work at a small wage. So the authorities have found a new and cheap method of securing labor.

Being a division point and a junction, Pasco is naturally the center for a large number of men looking for work in the harvest fields. So these "hoboes" are "pinched," given a speedy "trial" and invariably given a sentence on the chain gang. The good citizens are thus furnished with the means of cheaply improving their city while the work is undoubtedly a blessing to these "hoboes," who, as a rule, revel in idleness.

Legally the hobo has no right to exist. Wherever he does exist he either outwits the law or the law has "mercy" on him. As has been told above, he is, by force, made a useful member of society in some places, such as Pasco.

Here in Walla Walla the hobo is tolerated. Yes, he is even provided for. There is close to the business section a considerable tract of low land along a creek. This tract is used as a dump for rubbish, tin cans, etc. It is partly covered with a growth of bushes and small trees. Here in the shade of these bushes, with the supply of tin cans close at hand, one finds the habitat of the hobo. Close by these "jungles" are found potato patches, onion beds and fruit orchards, mostly belonging to Chinamen. In the darkness of the night the hoboes come here for their supplies. Meat, coffee and other supplies are secured in the stores, and it is a fact that a hobo can always secure his meat and other supplies more cheaply than the citizen.

The theft of potatoes and other vegetables is generally overlooked. There is only one crime considered serious by the Walla Walla authorities. If a few of the hoboes should attempt to induce the other hoboes to refuse to go to work until a certain wage has been granted, these criminals are soon found, "pinched" by the minions of the law, and charged with "inciting to riot," or told to leave the city at once if they want to escape serious effects.

The above is no joke. At the present writing there are several hundred men waiting to go to work in the harvest fields. A number of members of the I. W. W. came here a couple of weeks ago for the purpose of working in the harvest and incidentally to organize the harvest hands. A meeting was arranged to be held in the "jungles" for the purpose of discussing the questions of wages, hours and conditions of employment. But such a discussion might mean the loss of thousands of dollars to the farmers. A loss to the farmer is a loss to Walla Walla, this being the largest city in the state depending almost exclusively on the farmer for an existence. Hence, the agitator must be banished. A couple of the worst agitators were arrested on the charge of "inciting to riot," while the others were chased out of town.

When I arrived here last Sunday morning, I looked in vain for I. W. W. men. I found several harvest hands who were in favor of sticking out for wages, but they were all afraid to take an active part in organizing. Hardly anybody dared to mention the I. W. W. I finally found one member of the I. W. W. late Sunday evening. He had come to town after the others had been chased out. But he must have gone to work or left the city, as I have not seen him since Monday morning.

Last Monday there was a city election in Walla Walla. With the exception of two or three offices there were no contests. And there are really no good reasons for contests. This is a middle class city of a most pronounced type. No trusts and no workmen who do not think of becoming farmers or merchants.

The only real proletarians here, the "hoboes," of course are not voters.

The wages which are being offered so far are rather low, \$1.75 and up. However, it looks as though the farmers will have to pay more than that before the end of this week.

ARTHUR JENSEN.
Walla Walla, July 12, 1910.

DEFY THE LAWS

Extract from Speech by Fred W. Hesselwood, Organizer of the I. W. W., Delivered at the Annual Convention of the U. M. W. of A., 10th District, Seattle, July, 1910.

I want to refer before I quit talking to you to the Cherry mine disaster. I have probably followed your organization as close as many of you men who belong to it. I have followed it a little bit closer, probably, because I am a miner myself, been one for the last thirteen or fourteen years.

I said awhile ago the master class recognized no law. I want to refer you to the Cherry Mine which was a Union mine. I understand all the miners were union men under the jurisdiction of the United Mine Workers of America. We find there were certain laws in the statute books of the State of Illinois. One of these laws said we had to have an escape shaft whereby the miners could get out in case the main shaft should be shut off. We find when this here fire took place at the Cherry Mine, which is owned by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, there was no exit at all. That was one law that was broken.

We find that another law on the statute books of the State of Illinois was to the effect that the shaft where the men went out had to be lined with steel, had to be something that would not be inflammable, that would not take fire, so that the men could get out through that particular way. We find this shaft was lined with wood, saturated with gasoline or coal oil. When it caught fire it went up in a solid conflagration and it was impossible for any man to get out of there, the gas burning all excepting the men that smothered to death.

We find on the statute books of the State of Illinois you had to have electric lights all the way through the mine. We find for the period of three or four weeks the mine was lit up with torches, coal oil torches. Some of them leaked. What the devil did the mine owner care? You would think he cared enough about his mine to protect it. He don't. He was probably on some drunk down in New York or riding over to the old country. We find this mine had been lit up with torches for three or four weeks. The excuse offered by the mine owners was the dynamo had burned a wire out. Any kind of a scab electrician in this town could get a new wire and put it up in not to exceed two or three hours. Let's say, it took a day. No, it took several weeks. The mine caught fire by these lamps loaded with coal oil, dropped on the hay in the mule stables. The mine took fire. There was no way to get out.

There was another law said no boy was to work in that mine under sixteen years of age. There were little corpses taken out of that mine eleven years of age. You call that

a union? You should have some economic power there! To the devil with the laws of the State! Let them go to Hell!

If there had been organized, intelligent men in that mine they would have refused to work until there were electric lights in there, until there were escape shafts. You have power to get these things, regardless of any laws of this country any time you want it. You will have to see these things are done yourselves.

If you think somebody else is going to get something for you, if you think you are going to get something on this earth by praying for something or waiting for some district officers to get something for you, the sooner you undeceive yourselves the better. Money does not make a union. It

ABOLITION OF WAGES

At every street meeting held in the interest of the Workers we hear the same thing—rather the same three things—Agitate, Educate, Organize!

In every Revolutionary paper, magazine or book they are there—Agitate, Educate, Organize!

In all labor organizations are these three things brought to the point—Agitate, Educate, Organize!

And so on down the line. Now what does it amount to? What has all this Agitation, Education and Organization talk amounted to?

Nine times out of ten the Agitation amounts to any kind of fiery stuff that will gather a crowd that can land a good collection for the speaker or organization which he represents—or that will enable a business-like editor to pile up the subscriptions.

I'm not decrying either collecting of funds or lengthening of subscription lists, but when that is made the chief part of the agitation deal and all agitation which is not successful along those lines is eliminated, it is a different matter—and that is pretty much the condition of affairs isn't it, now?

Of course agitation is one thing and education is another, you say, for any old spouter can agitate while it takes something more than a wind bag to educate. Yes, it does, but let us look at the education the working class is getting. Of course outside of labor circles it is getting none whatever—but inside of labor circles is it getting what it should? Not by a long shot. The trade unions are just beginning to find out that economic education is what they need and are only on the threshold. So much time, thought and energy have been necessary in order to maintain their organizations and keep their heads above water that they haven't even realized that a grounding in Working Class Economics was necessary. That time is happily on the downgrade now, though, and better days are coming. The Industrial Unions have realized more fully the need of education and from their inception have pushed their educational propaganda as well as their agitation.

Other organizations, such as the Socialist Party, have of late been so busy backsliding into the Middle Class that they ever stood for working class education or anything else strictly working class, for that matter.

No, the education has been pretty much on the thin side and the mental muddle most of the workers are in attests to the fact that they can have more scientific dope handed over—and then some.

Well, at any rate, in spite of crazy agitation and tainted education Organization has progressed!

Organizations? Organizations until you can't rest! Organizations for the purpose of abolishing the wage system, and that alone? Well, maybe one or two, but you can hardly find them with a fine-tooth comb. No; instead we find organizations that are stretching blindly after something they don't know what—but ready to support any jaas-ack that happens along. Ready to listen to anything that sounds plausible—to the other fellow! But when it comes to organizing and standing pat for the abolition of wages—the one thing on earth that can give them freedom, why, Lawd a'Massy, they'd as soon think of shooting their fool heads off!

The dear old capitalists! They have the gray matter, I tell you! They can have the automobiles—and the airplanes! They have the brains, and that's all there is it! But let me tell you a secret: It has been found out that the brains consist of just one kind—the kind that make them see when a thing is in their own interest. They have found that TO EXPLOIT LABOR is in their interest, and to that end

can only be based on the emancipation of the working class against the master class. That is the only place you can base it. If you understand economics, if you understand this Class Struggle, your interest is not with the master class.

No intelligent men on God's green earth will enter into a contract with the master class for his services for ten minutes. If you cannot take and hold what you take by your economic organization of the working class, you have simply got nothing at all. You have nothing to compromise with the master class of this country. His interest is not yours, was never yours, will never be yours. There is a place with the pick and shovel for that guy just as soon as we get intelligent working men and women enough in this country to take and hold what they have.

they have agitated, educated, organized. To exploit Labor! That doesn't take an awful amount of unusual brains, does it? No. But they have hung on—have combined—have fought—have organized to do that one thing, and that alone. If they could gain in exploitation by controlling the government—they have done it. If they could gain in exploitation by controlling industry—they have done it. But they have done nothing that would tend toward anything out Exploitation of Labor.

Surely, Abolition of Wages is as good a slogan as "Exploitation of Labor," isn't it? It sounds as good to me—in fact it sounds a heap sight better. But no, I wouldn't do it—I wouldn't organize that way! At all. What's the use? Somebody has to be the man under the machine, so let it go. As one old wage worker said, "When he rubbed sleeves with a millionaire it made him feel good for a week." So when we can work for

WOMAN IN WORLD'S WORK

Vall says, "The door to most departments of industrial employments has been opened to women and with the most baneful results."

The introduction of steam power and machinery had the most baneful results for working men, but Socialism does not propose on that account to put men back at hand work, and no more, my comrade brothers, does it propose to put woman back into the narrow walls from which she is escaping. Socialists fling the bleefing gibe at Mr. Bryan and the bourgeois trust-busters who would set back the clock of progress in the organization of industry, yet some of them would put woman back into her "sphere" after she is married.

And what will she do there? In the words of the Moor, her occupation is gone, or soon will be. The labor with which she erstwhile beguiled the day and part of the night has gone to the machine and to fingers especially trained for each specific task. The creamery has taken her dairying. She can no longer make soap or candles, weave, spin or knit in the home to advantage. Sewing, washing, ironing, the nursing of the sick, canning, preserving, baking—in a word, cooking—are rapidly going from the home. This is evolution "disposing."

"SPECIALIZATION OF MOTHERHOOD"

Dr. Luther Halsey Gulick, of the Russell Sage Foundation, says, "Many functions of the old family unit are now being performed by the community in other and mainly better ways. The home is no longer the scene of activities which make up social life. The school brings about the selection of skilled individuals from the community who shall serve as models for our children, and since we are, on the whole, securing persons for school teachers who are far better patterns than the average parent, we are improving our social inheritance. This is only another step in the specialization of motherhood."

Professor Simon N. Patten, of the University of Pennsylvania, says, "There is no longer need for woman's labor in the home. Is she going to sit idle or is she going to make herself of use in the community? I do not question that she will make herself of use and thus solve her problem."

Are Socialist men going to allow these capitalist-minded gentlemen to be more scientific upon an economic and social question than they? In this transition period there are thousands of women who, not being compelled to enter the industrial field and having no training nor opportu-

the big boss, what's the use of taking away that pleasure? Who wants to abolish wages, anyway! What we want is to control public utilities. I tell you, let the Nation own the trusts—a fair day's wage for a fair day's work! etc.

So we "make a noise like a hoop and roll away"—and let the other fellow pass us on his joy ride!

One of our prominent educators is advocating a change in the methods in use in the public school system. He finds the greatest "peril of our public school" to be that it is not maintained in the interests of the masses. Doesn't that sound funny? To think that a prominent educator should be surprised at the fact that such should be the case is pitifully ludicrous. Can the worthy John Buckley Willis, A. M., find anything that is maintained in the interests of the masses? If he can he deserves a gold medal and would probably be given it by the monied interests as appreciation for pointing it out so it could be immediately abolished.

The Insurgents are prone to make the statement that he who controls a nation's money is the master of the people. (The "He" is usually John D. or Johnny P.) Just how they figure that to be different from "They who control a nation's money (and of course Labor) are the masters of the people" I don't see. Maybe they do—but I doubt it!

There is a man who is Pastor of the Metropolitan Temple, New York City, who says, God protect us from this "household industry," from this "full citizenship," which Socialism would thrust upon us. Said "household industry" and "full citizenship" being the state of affairs that would enable every helpless baby to be born into full citizenship and to enjoy all advantages of such birth, no matter what the conduct of the parents might be. "Terrible, isn't it? As he says, it would be better to throw our children to the wolves than to put them into the hands of such an administration.

Poor Jesus! I wonder what he would think of the things that are said and done in his name! B. F.

MOTHER INSTINCT TRAINED

The masculine psychology, in its management of women, entrenches itself in such phrases as "the mother function," and "mother instinct," as its last citadel. Capitalism has demonstrated that women have other important functions as well as the mother function, and it does not take much of a prophet to foresee that under correct conditions the performance of the mother function need not deter her from entering into the world's work. That she should be paid, not cared for by society as an unfortunate, while performing this function of race necessity, should never come up for question among Socialists. Mother instinct is a fine thing, provided it is guided by trained intelligence. There comes a day when the mother instinct, thus guided, says, "That baby which you call yours it not wholly yours. She has individual rights and society has a claim upon her. Henceforth you must employ-time hitherto given to her in some other way. The kindergarten teacher is fitted as you are not to care for her at this stage of her life. And you surrender her to one after another of the trained educators provided by society as a whole. Other mothers surrender the feeding of their children to the cooks provided by society for school children."

MOTHER INSTINCT TRAINED

Under Socialism shall we specialize in every other line of usefulness and shall this most important matter, the rearing of the children, be left to the haphazard chance of the individual mother, whether or not she be capable? We shall do nothing so foolish. Many mothers are not competent to rear their own children, but may do other splendid work for which they are adapted.

"THE SACRED HOME" MADE A REALITY

And is the sacred home then to be destroyed? The mouthpieces of capitalism have almost bullied us into timidity when it comes to discussing the home. Let me fortify myself. Says Bax, "Socialism is the great modern protest against unreality, against the delusive shams which now masquerade as virtues," and Emerson says, "He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness."

There is no sacred home where the

Continued on Page Four

AULT'S JUNK

The folly of Labor mixing up with other than its own men as candidates for political office is shown by the situation in Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, where the Labor Party has nominated a man who is not a member of a union and the Socialist Party has nominated another non-unionist. Both are asking the support of the unionists and succeeding in producing quite a squabble in labor circles there. It would seem that past experience would teach Union Labor that when it goes into politics it should advance as candidates only those of its own ranks and so retain its self-respect and secure the respect and confidence of the unorganized portion of the working class.

Seventy-five thousand Garment Makers are out on strike in New York. Like the shirtwaist makers, they all laid down their tools at the same time and walked out—not a few shops, or a few in a shop, but all shops and all in the shops. Now the bosses are making overtures to settle the strike and the union leaders say the strike is already won. This is a great advance over the time when the cutters would have struck separately at one time and the rest of the workers stay on, and the buttonhole makers strike another time. Gradually, but none the less surely, Labor is beginning to learn that if it would win in industrial disputes it must stand solid as a wall without a break in the ranks, and when it strikes pull every worker out of the shops and STOP PRODUCTION. The machinists of Seattle could take a leaf out of the book of the garment workers in New York. Let them remember that Moran built the battleship Nebraska with unskilled labor.

Thomas J. Morgan, one of the oldest Socialists in the United States and active in the union movement in its early stages in this country, publishes a little weekly in Chicago entitled "The Provoker," in which he is dishing up from week to week some more or less racy personal criticisms of various officials and members in high standing in the Socialist party. In his latest issue he retails some alleged shortcomings of the present national secretary, J. Mahlon Barnes, which, if true, should certainly destroy the confidence of the party membership in that gentleman's integrity. It seems, also, that Barnes is keeping up the reputation as a Don Juan which first secured wide circulation through his little escapade with the time of Thomas Aloysius Hickey, one time national organizer of the Socialist Labor Party. Keep up the good work, Morgan. The more you help to destroy the blind faith of the working class in its self-styled "leaders" the better for the working class.

"The comrades" must not be shelling out enough for gold mine stock. Wilshire has had to make his ad. a two-page insert in the latest number of his magazine. A Socialist sucker is about the easiest proposition on the map.

Our dear old friend Alden J. Bliechen—he of the smallpox editorials in "The Times"—has discovered, along with Chief of Police Woppenstein and Mayor Gill, that open gambling has been going on in this city for two or more months and insists that it must be stopped. He says it is a temptation to talk that way. He has never even considered the possibility that if the d. p. b. and t. c. should get into the habit of gambling, the "cost of living" would be increased that his wages would have to go up in proportion or the said parties have to make up the deficit out of such speculations as they might be able to make from their benevolent employers, who incidentally advertise in the Colonel's paper and so pay him for keeping the working class satisfied with what they get.

The steel trust is so satisfied with its experiment in Gary, Ind., that it is going to build another "model city" near Birmingham, Ala., to be called "Corey," after the husband of Mabelle Gilman, who is incidentally the president of the steel trust. The miners' union has been pretty well busted up in Alabama, and with full political control in their model city, the steel trust will have slave conditions that cannot be equalled on the continent—even in "barbarous Mexico." I tell you, it's worth something to be a free American citizen!

Those working men and women who were foolish enough to expect to get rich quick via the "wireless" route have been properly milked. Stock which has been selling for from \$40 to \$50 per share cannot be sold now at any price. If they had donated this

money to their fellow workers in some strike they would be just as well off, and the cause of working class emancipation would have been advanced that much farther.

The beauties of government ownership from the working class standpoint are without end. Here is another case of recent occurrence that should be a lesson to those union men who are wasting their good time chasing a will o' the wisp. Alessandro Comba worked for more than a year on the Panama canal, was so capable that he was made foreman of a gang of laborers and then was so unfortunate as to fall under a train (running without safeguards as they do in Panama), and lost both his legs. He has been deported as being unfit for residence in this country, and a bill introduced into Congress giving him the enormous sum of \$500 for injuries which will effectually prevent his making a living for the rest of his life, failed to pass. Even the steel trust would have treated a disabled slave better than this. And still we want government ownership!

In line with the above and on a par with the government's treatment of most of its employees, when they are common workers, the census takers, who worked for about \$2 per day on an average have not yet been paid in many parts of the country. Yes, government ownership is a step toward Socialism, all right. In order to reduce the postal deficit it has been decided that during the summer months, while the carriers are taking their vacations, they shall not put on substitutes, but shall be let out in rotation a few at a time, and each of those left at work will be required to do the work of two or three till the vacation time is over.

Organized workers of Seattle are going into politics right. After the attempt last spring to work on a basis of accepting the support of all the friends of the working class who are especially busy about election time, and putting up as candidates union men, former union men and union sympathizers, they have decided that the time has come to quit depending on anybody but themselves and are organizing to that end. Already more than forty unions have sent delegates to the Labor Party committee and these delegates at a meeting held last Friday decided to enter politics as the Labor Party, put up a full legislative and county ticket of union men and union men alone, and finance the campaign by a per capita assessment of five cents per member per month of all unions taking part in the work. At the meeting of the committee Friday a proposition to call the party the Producers' Party and co-operate with the farmers was voted down, it being pointed out that the wage workers and the farmers had no interests in common, that the farmer was an exploiter of labor and would naturally act in a way that would benefit himself by continuing that exploitation.

A platform containing a clear declaration of the class character of society and the struggle between the capitalist class and the working class and pointing out that the two classes had nothing in common was adopted practically unanimously. This platform was afterward adopted by the Central Labor Council and ordered printed in the "Union Record," the official organ of that body.

A resolution was also passed barring from the meetings of the party all those connected in any way with the old political parties, either as prospective candidates or political workers for other candidates.


Events to date seem to prove that a real proletarian party has at last arrived in Seattle and that at the next election the working class will have a representative in the political field for the first time that will truly represent their interests. I will keep you posted as to the further developments of this experiment.

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MILWAUKEE AND TAMPA

Milwaukee Socialism has reached to Florida, as witness the document reproduced by photographic process on this page. It is the Platform of the Socialist Party of Tampa, no mean city of the peninsular state. We are a little sorry this news is so late, but it reaches us only by accident. The letter of Herbert C. Davis, a former State Secretary of the Socialist Party of Florida, which we print herewith, shows that he too learned of this platform by accident. But, however late it reaches the public, it is a most significant testimony to the effect of Milwaukeeism on the Party that still claims to represent the Wage Class.

Some six years ago, this paper printed a Socialist Party platform from Olathe, Kansas, entitling it, "Brick or Cement, Which?" It was received with roars of laughter at the National Convention at Chicago in 1904; for the only issue set forth in that Kansas platform was whether the town should build its proposed new sidewalks of brick or cement, the Socialist Party advocating cement and their opponents contending for brick. We doubt if any smiles even will be provoked in 1910 by the Tampa Platform fac-similed below. For it is exactly in line with the example set by Milwaukee and so delightfully and universally acclaimed by the Socialist Party of the United States.

The Milwaukee motto is, "An Honest City Administration, An Economic Administration, A Clean City, A Square Deal, A Fair Day's Wage," a purely Middle Class set of measures. From Tampa to San Diego spring up the Middle Class responses to the Milwaukee slogan, revealing as with a magnetic touchstone, the real underlying Middle Class character of the Socialist Party constituency. Clearly, the Party was held to Proletarian principles and the Class Struggle theory for so long, only by the force and superior economic knowledge of a comparatively few leaders of the organization. The American Socialist Party was an outgrowth of the Middle Class Populist Party combined with a group of anti-De Leon S. L. P. members and a number of radical and discontented people from all ranks. It is now like the sow returned to her vomit, when it adopts these Milwaukee and Tampa demands.

Notice in this Tampa production: (1) It is addressed "To Citizens," not To Wage Workers, nor even, To Workingmen. (2) It hastens to state in the very first sentence, We address you "Citizens," "WITHOUT FAVORING ANY CLASS." Search every one of the sixteen planks in this telltale platform and see if you can discover any suspicion that the Socialist Party favors the Wageclass except the single and inconspicuous Number Fourteen, "An 8-hour day and the Union scale," a mere sop to the votes of the cigar makers. (4) The burden of the platform appears in such expressions as "Wasting the People's Money," Punish the Grafters, Relieve "an already overtaxed citizenship," "Special Privileges to None" (the very words of all the Rebels of the Pinchot Middle Class army). (5) According to the interlinings of ex-Secretary Davis, two of the three candidates signing the platform are small business men in whose mouths such insurgent sentiments sound as natural as the muckrakers themselves.

Yet we suppose a good many workingmen will read these criticisms of ours and wonder what is our grouch. They will see nothing in this Tampa Platform to kick about. They will even declare that this Socialism of Milwaukee and Tampa is something they can understand and would be willing to vote for.

Sure thing. Most workingmen are led by the nose through what they read in the daily papers. They haven't the faintest idea that the daily papers are run in the interest of the employers exclusively, nor that the Working Class is not interested in lower taxes, nor that the cry of "Special Privileges to

None" is an attempt to down the Trusts and to restore the good old days of universal competition, when wage workers were robbed just as freely as at present.

Those who are thus blind to our meaning in this criticism of Milwaukeeism must agree with the brutally frank editorial we saw in a Spokane Daily this very week. It said, in so many words, "There is no possibility of the laboring man ever receiving anything more than the wage scale." Do you believe that? This Spokane editor knew what he was talking about, for he says, "The laboring man must expect to spend his days in the one-task of merely securing the necessities of life." Do you agree to that? Have you given up hope of ever having any compensation but wages, which means, as this editor says, "merely the necessities of life"? Why are you concerned about taxes, or grafters, when all you can get or "expect" to get is merely, merely, MERELY, "the necessities of life." You couldn't very well get along with less than the "necessities," could you? And you won't get any more if taxes are lower. For remember, "There is no possibility of your receiving anything more than the wage scale, taxes low or taxes high, grafters or no grafters. That editor spoke the gospel truth when he gave utterance to this Law of Wages, which lies at the basis of political economy, though most workingmen are as ignorant of that law as the Tampa Socialists are of Socialism.

What real Socialism demands and must get is the Abolition of Wages, the stoppage of the robbery that always has and always will occur in the payment of wages. Real Socialism means the Emancipation of the Wage Class from this necessity of accepting the mere necessities of life as wages, and handing over all the surplus to those who enjoy the luxuries of life. The one "Special Privilege" which the Wage Worker is interested in suppressing is the Special Privilege which the Capitalist Class enjoys, of skimming him. But that Special Privilege the Muckrakers never say a word about, and the Tampa Socialist Party Socialists fight as shy of as the Devil of holy water.

Advanced Socialism

Port Inglis, Fla., June 14, 1910.
 "The Socialist,"
 Seattle, Wash.
 Dear Comrades:
 I have been kept on the eternal "hustle for grub" in points remote from the conveniences of civilization for the past two years, and have not kept up with the growth of the movement in this country. You can imagine the effect on my nerves when I received yesterday a private letter written on the back of the enclosed document.

Vague rumors of victory in Wisconsin, approaching success in Connecticut and New York have reached me and I have several times been on the point of seeking further and more accurate information; but this! and from Tampa, where we once had a few real socialists among the party members—enough, I had hoped, to leaven the whole lump—this is the limit. I have got to know the worst. Is the grain all husk? Some stamps enclosed. Send me a few copies of "The Socialist," or whatever else you call the paper now providing by that other name, it smells as sweet, and if you have not also taken up with this new advanced Socialism which is a little beyond my depth I will subscribe later. Yours for a working class party,

HERBERT C. DAVIS.

Socialist Municipal Platform

TO THE CITIZENS OF TAMPA:

WE the Socialist Party of Tampa, in Convention Assembled, have nominated candidates for the various City Offices to be filled at the general city elections to be held June 7th, 1910, and declaring ourselves to be in full sympathy with socialist principles and philosophy, we feel that we can especially solicit the aid of all good Citizens, upon the following issues:

FIRST: We demand the faithful, capable, honest and economical Administration of the City's Affairs without favoring any class or clique, and in view of the City's pressing needs for all kinds of improvements we especially denounce the present vicious practice of wasting the peoples money by supporting a horde of useless officers and paying office rent in expensive buildings, when the City Hall can easily be made sufficient for all practical purposes.

SECOND: We favor and urge the immediate adoption of the initiative, referendum and recall.

THIRD: We advocate and urge the adoption of a more concentrated form of government directly responsible to the people, who shall have the power to remove any officer whose conduct in office is contrary to the best interests of the whole City.

FOURTH: We shall use our best efforts to secure the repeal of the State Law, which allows a Political Grafter to escape prosecution after two years.

FIFTH: We demand the immediate and wide extension of the sewer system in order to promote and protect the health and comfort of our citizens, and realizing as we do that a healthy city must first be a clean city, we pledge ourselves to maintain an active and vigorous sanitary department.

SIXTH: And as a bridge across the Hillsborough River at Lafayette Street is a pressing and absolute necessity, we shall use every means within our power to secure this much needed improvement with all convenient haste.

SEVENTH: And as it is almost impossible to move the heavy apparatus of the fire department over most of our sandy streets with the speed and haste demanded in a time of fire—And as the City's traffic and the peoples growing needs demand the immediate paving of additional streets, we promise to carry on this much needed improvement with unremitting vigor.

EIGHTH: Realizing as we do the supreme necessity of quick and intelligent action at a time of fire, we pledge our sacred word that this important department shall be organized upon the basis of capacity and ability alone.

NINTH: We shall use our best endeavors to secure for the city a site of not less than a City Block upon which to build a City Hall as soon as funds can be secured for that purpose.

TENTH: We shall under no circumstances allow any sub-division to be added to the City if it is within our power to prevent it unless the streets are wide enough for all reasonable purposes and for a row of trees on each side.

ELEVENTH: We promise to begin at once the systematic planting of trees along our streets, in order that our city may, as far as possible, be protected from devastations by fire, may be made more healthful, more beautiful, and more comfortable.

TWELFTH: And whereas we realize it to be one of the chief objects of civilized society to establish good governments, maintain order and protect life and property, we shall use our best efforts to secure a thorough and effective police force; and as we are sure that good government cannot be secured by uniformed "thugs," we shall use our best efforts to secure men for that important department whose records are clean and who may safely be trusted worthily to wear the badge of the City's Authority.

THIRTEENTH: So far as is possible in our present state of civilized development, we shall secure to ourselves and our fellow citizens a day of rest and recreation, with no attempt to enforce a so-called Blue Sunday Law.

FOURTEENTH: We favor the 8 hour day and union scale of wages.

FIFTEENTH: The right of free speech and the right of assembly as provided by the Constitution of the United States shall not be interfered with.

SIXTEENTH: And whereas, the City government is, or ought to be, a huge corporation organized for the benefit of its individual members; and whereas no private corporation could long escape bankruptcy if it farmed out to private persons the only branches of its business which paid a profit and kept for itself only those lines which were expensive to maintain; And whereas, it requires huge sums of money to secure for the City those improvements which are crying out hourly for attention; And whereas, under the present incompetent system, there are no means of securing this money except by direct taxation upon an already overtaxed citizenship, and whereas, the public utilities of Tampa are paying huge sums of money each year, as profits in to the coffers of the private individuals who own them, and as every dollar of these profits are collected, from our own people; and whereas, if the city owned these utilities with the profits growing out of their administration, we could extend our sewer system, pave our streets and provide such improvements as are made necessary, because of the City's continued growth and development without increasing the City's debt or issuing interest bearing bonds.

THEREFORE:—We pledge ourselves in season and out of season and urge our fellow citizens to aid us in securing the public ownership of these utilities, in order that the profits growing out of their operation may be ours to develop and improve the city in which we live.

Upon the foregoing Bill of Rights and Platform of Principles and promising again a Square Deal to All and Special Privileges to None, we ask the intelligent co-operation and support of every citizen of Tampa.

The nominees are as follows:
 For Mayor, - - - S. ELLIOTT (Proprietor cider factory)
 For Councilman at Large, ANGELO LETO
 For Councilman at Large, ALBION M. WINDHORST (Proprietor stenographic Agency)

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THE PROLETARIAN

By Friedrich Engels

"Far more demoralizing than even poverty in its influence upon the workingman, is the insecurity of his position, the necessity of living upon wages from hand to mouth, that in short which makes a proletarian of him.

"The smaller peasants are usually poor and often suffer want, but they are less at the mercy of accident; they have at least something secure. The proletarian, who has nothing but his two hands, who consumes today what he earned yesterday, who is subject to every possible chance, and has not the slightest guarantee for being able to earn the bare necessities of life, whom every crisis, every whim of his employer may deprive of bread, this proletarian is placed in the most revolting, inhuman position conceivable for a human being.

"The slave is assured of a bare livelihood by the self-interest of his master, the serf has at least a scrap of land on which to live; each has, at worst, a guarantee for life itself. But the proletarian must depend upon himself alone, and is yet prevented from so applying his abilities as to be able to rely upon them.

"Everything that the proletarian can do to improve his position is but a drop in the ocean compared with the floods of varying chances to which he is exposed, over which he has not the slightest control. He is the passive subject of all possible combinations of circumstances, and must count himself fortunate when he has saved his life even for a short time; and his character and way of living are naturally shaped by these conditions.

"Either he seeks to keep his head above water in this whirlpool, to rescue his manhood, and this he can do solely in rebellion against the class which plunders him and then abandons him to his fate, which strives to hold him in this position so demoralizing to a human being; or he gives up the struggle against his fate as hopeless, and strives to profit, so far as he can, by the most favorable moment.

"To save is unavailing, for at the utmost he cannot save more than suffices to sustain life for a short time, while if he falls out of work, it is for no brief period. To accumulate lasting property for himself is impossible; and, if it were not, he would only cease to be a workingman, and another would take his place. What better thing can he do, then, when he gets high wages, than live well upon them?

"The bourgeoisie is violently scandalized at the extravagant living of the workers when the wages are high; yet it is not only very natural but very sensible of them to enjoy life when they can, instead of laying up treasures which are of no lasting use to them, and which in the end moth and rust (that is, the bourgeoisie) get possession of."—From "Condition of the Working Class in England in 1844," three years before Engels and Marx together wrote the "Communist Manifesto."

The Eclipse of Marx

The modern Christian declares Jesus his master and model, yet in practice ignores the ethics of Jesus. The modern Socialist accepts Marx as his Economic Master, but ignores the central teaching of Marx.

That Jesus was an altruist it did not need Tolstoid to show. His "Turn the other Cheek," and his "Love your Neighbor," were embodied in his life and pre-eminently in his death. He was a real miracle of sympathy, if historic, and an equally miraculous ideal, if literary only. In either case, those who believe in him profess to follow him. He is their great exemplar.

What a miracle of inconsistency is John D. Rockefeller as a disciple of the meek and lowly Nazarene; or Archbishop Ireland; or the ordinary business man, let alone the soldier or policeman. It actually seems inconceivable, this acceptance of the ideals of morality contained in the Sermon on the Mount and this practice of Jungle morality in the fierce competition of the commercial world. Yet the Christians seem unconscious of the hideous incongruity. Rockefeller continues to "love Jesus" and kill his competitors. Millions go to church every Sunday, and practice "The Devil take the hindmost," every week day.

In a precisely similar way, the professed followers of Karl Marx treat their master's main idea. They praise Marx to the skies as the greatest of all scientific economists, as the only man who has revealed the true secret of Capitalist society. They rejoice at the translation of the last volumes of his masterpiece, "Capital," into English, and hasten to put all his works on their bookshelves. Socialists are just as proud to be Marxians as churchmen are to be Christians.

Now, what is the main idea from end to end of Marx's "Capital"? In a single phrase, it is Unpaid Labor. That is his own favorite expression, as much as Love is the keynote of Jesus. According to Marx, Capital itself is produced and reproduced in continuous cycle from Unpaid Labor. According to Marx, when a man is paid his wages, a surplus product of his labor, over and above his wages, is withheld from him by his employer without any compensation, taken from the wage-worker for nothing. In simplest form, if you are paid Two Dollars for your day's work, your employer retains a surplus for himself out of your day's product equal to another Two Dollars, more or less. This Surplus Product, this Unpaid Labor of the immense number of Proletarians, or Wage-Workers, is the very source and secret of Capitalist accumulation. Here is the real confiscation, the real robbery, compared with which all the so-called graft and thievery and corruption are the merest drops in the bucket. In fact, all these other forms of graft are only subdivisions of this one original graft.

All that seems simple enough. There is nothing mysterious or recondite, profound, philosophical, learned, in that plain proposition, that the surplus a laborer produces above his wages is captured by his employer without the payment of a cent. That is indeed the very proposition which every wage worker will understand most naturally. For it is more and more of his product, higher wages and less hours of labor, that every worker is concerned to get, and that all Unions fight to obtain. Unconscious of the Great Economic Fact that Marx wrote his masterpiece to elucidate, and which he spent his life to get the Working Class to understand, the Working Class itself has organized its industrial armies to attack this Citadel of Capital. In truth, there is no better confirmation of the Marxian economic analysis of society, than this agreement of his theory with the actual development of the Proletarian tactics.

Why, then, is not this Prime Economic Fact, which is the pivot of all the scientific achievement of Karl Marx, pushed to the front by his professed followers? Why, for instance, in the Platform of the Socialist Party of the U. S. in 1904, was there only a single reference to the fact of Unpaid Labor, and this reference dragged in as a subordinate clause, "above its substance wage"? And it may be said here, that this clause was only inserted at the instance of the writer of the present editorial. The omission of the whole fundamental Theory of Socialism was entirely and quite unconsciously overlooked by all the rest of the Platform Committee, consisting of such representative Socialists as Debs, Malloy, Herron, Hillquitt and Berger. Precisely as an Ecclesiastical Conference or Synod will pass through a week's sessions and omit all reference to the Essentialness of Love to the Christian Community, so the Conventions of political Socialists gather and debate and adjourn without once mentioning the foundation principle of Proletarian Emancipation, namely, the Abolition of Unpaid Labor.

We call this the Eclipse of Marx, as we might call the practice of the modern church the Eclipse of Jesus. Of course the reason the church ignores Jesus and his ethics is that the theory of non-resistance can not be practiced in modern society without killing that society; the two are incompatible. The same reason holds for the Socialist Parties, who hide Marx in their own shadow. For, to bring forward the Fact of Unpaid Labor, and to make the battle rage around that Fact of Facts, would be incompatible with the interests of the Middle Class which composes the active majority of

the modern Socialist organizations. Such a battle would necessarily be a Wage Workers' battle; for the Middle Class, including Business Men and Farmers, are not robbed as Producers, but as Consumers. The Wage Class never even gets its hands on its own product, but passes it in the very process of production into the possession of the Capitalist employer. Marx knew all this perfectly, and therefore he had no time to spend on any but the Proletarian Class. All other classes may be disregarded in comparison with this Class of Wage Workers, particularly in view of its recent amazing growth in number and keenness.

No political organization dares to take the Marxian position. Therefore we are saying in another article this week that, until a Wage Workers' Party appears, there is nothing for Proletarians to do but to join such Proletarian bodies as already exist, to fight with them for such temporary advantages as are obtainable from the Capitalist Class at present, and more especially to force to the front of the battle-line that tremendous issue, The Abolition of Unpaid Labor, the Total Abolition of Unpaid Labor.

Thus, too, will Karl Marx come into his own and no longer be betrayed in the house of his friends.

The Middle Class Rebellion

(Reprinted from our issue of April 9, 1910.)

Aside from the Trusts themselves, the most conspicuous phenomenon in the United States today is the Rebellion of Small Business against Big Business.

Pinchot versus Ballinger is at bottom Small Business rebelling against its exclusion by Big Business from all business. Gifford Pinchot himself said last Christmas: "For whose benefit shall the national resources be conserved, for the benefit of the many or for the use and profit of the few? The great conflict now being fought will decide."

Ballinger and Taft have Big Business behind them. There is no practical doubt Ballinger was selected for his cabinet position by and for the enormous Capital invested in Metal Mines, in order to insure to the Guggenheims and their associates the possession of the Alaskan treasures of copper and coal. Pinchot's contention is that these treasures should be retained by the Government so as to give equal opportunity for their use to the "American People"; that is, to the small investor and prospector. He inveighs against "Excessive Profits from the Control of Natural Resources Monopolized by a Few."

There are many theorists who, following Marx slavishly, claim the Middle Class is too timid to put up a fight for itself, that it is disintegrating and has no future. But the American Middle Class has different traditions and training from the "Petty Bourgeoisie" and small traders referred to by Marx. The best representative of this American Middle Class is Theodore Roosevelt, the Strenuous. No one will deny that he is a good fighter. Other words of Gifford Pinchot have the ring of battle in them, as follows: "We have allowed the great corporations to occupy with their own men the strategic points in business, in social and in political life." "The only thing to do with them is to fight them and to beat them." That does not sound like timidity and incapacity.

The "Insurgents" among the Republicans, like La Follette and Cummins in the Senate and Norris and Poindexter in the House, with their Small Business backing of Farmers and Merchants in the West, are only another manifestation of this Middle Class Rebellion.

The Bryan Democrats are another branch, though less capable and more politic.

The vast growth and success of the cheaper Magazines in the last five years is directly due to the fact that they voice the popular discontent with the unparalleled development of the monopolistic trusts. "Everybody's" jumped to a half-million circulation on the strength of Tom Lawson's fierce attacks on "Standard Oil." The swarm of "Muck-Rakers," like Charles Edward Russell, Judge Lindsey and Stannard Baker, are paid for and inspired by the militant hosts of these Middle Class Rebels.

What will be the result? Is it possible for the Rebellion to become a Revolution? Will this American Middle Class, consisting of millions of men who have hitherto been successful in business; men selected and hardened for conflict by their two centuries of experience as Pioneers; will they win this battle against the comparatively small Army of Monopoly, Special Privilege, Incorporated Wealth?

Those who glibly say they have no chance, because the Laws of Combination will defeat them inevitably, may have miscalculated social forces. For the next step in the evolution of American society may be Government Ownership in the interest of the Middle Class. "Conservation" means, as Pinchot says, that "our natural resources must be conserved for the benefit of the many." The Government, by this plan, shall retain its ownership of the coal fields of Alaska and of the power sites on streams, so as to forestall private ownership and monopoly and to insure "Equal Opportunity."

Suppose Roosevelt, on his return, with his immense popularity and genius for forceful leadership, shall openly defy "Cannonism" and "Aldrichism" and Taftism, there is no doubt he can be re-elected as the Napoleon of the Middle Class Rebellion. He will have behind him a Congress overwhelmingly Middle Class and Anti-Monopoly. What is to prevent comprehensive legislation in the direction of Middle Class Socialism? Gifford Pinchot is now on his way across the Atlantic to be the first to consult with the returning Roosevelt on the Conservation Issue.

Bear in mind again what Pinchot said in that remarkable interview of his last December: "The Conservation issue is a great moral issue. When a few men get possession of one of the necessities of life, either through ownership of a natural resource or through unfair business methods, and use that control to extort undue profits, as in the recent cases of the Sugar Trust and Beef Packers, they injure the average man without good reason, and they are guilty of a moral wrong."

Such a call, addressed to the expropriated masses of the Middle Class, appealing to their interests and conscience alike, is certain to be received with militant fervor. What right, it will be demanded, have the Morgans, the Rockefeller, the Guggenheims, the Armours, to segregate the vast wealth produced by this Industrial Age and to use it to debauch municipal councils, state legislatures and courts, and even national officials, creating a Reign of Graft unexampled in all history?

To this national question, put in the name of "The Common People," and of "The Right to Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness," may arise an instantaneous and overwhelming Middle Class vote in favor of the Restraint of Monopoly by means of Government Ownership of the Monopolistic Trusts, including the Railroads, the Alaskan and other Coal Mines, the Oil Trust, the Meat Trust, the Sugar Trust, the Copper Syndicate, and all other "Bad" Trusts.

This will be "Bourgeois Socialism," the kind that has for its battle cry, "Let the Nation Own the Trusts," the kind of Socialism that Bryan was charged with in the last Campaign, the kind of Socialism that is growing popular, the kind of Socialism that Victor Berger and Samuel Gompers represent, and that the Socialist Parties of both Europe and America are coming to represent.

Undoubtedly, such a Socialism is reactionary both in itself and as compared with the uninterrupted development of Monopoly.

It aims to preserve the present system of Capital and Wage Labor. There is no suggestion in the program of Roosevelt or Bryan or Hearst or of any other of these "Radical" spokesmen of "The Common People," that the appropriation of profit from the employment of wage workers shall cease, that the competitive wage system shall be abolished or that there shall no longer be a Proletariat.

Rather, their ideal is a Middle Class, capitalistic, free-for-all Paradise, like the present, only the tyranny of Monopoly and of the Industrial Giants shall be prevented by Public Ownership of those which have already attained uncontrollable dimensions.

We call this reactionary, because it practically preserves the Status Quo of Wage Exploitation and puts off to some distant future the Emancipation of the Wage Class from its compulsory service to the Capitalist Class. A large competitive Middle Class, based on Capitalist Profit as at present, might maintain itself indefinitely in power, because fortified by the enormous income to be derived from the National Industries taken over from the Trusts, thus relieving the Government from all necessity of dependence on Taxation and legislative Budgets; a condition which now exists in a modified form in Russia, Prussia, Japan and in all countries where Public Ownership already finds a partial exemplification. Tsar Nicholas and Kaiser William are both enabled to sustain their oligarchies, in spite of popular dissatisfaction, because of the money obtained by their governments from the administration of the State owned Railways, Telegraphs and other "Natural Monopolies."

On the other hand, if the Trusts are allowed to proceed to their "natural" conclusion, then the organization of industry into larger and larger units, completely eliminating the "Little Fellow" by precipitating him into the Proletariat, will go on apace, with accelerating speed. At the present rate, how long will it take for the Harriman and Hill systems of Railways to effect a combination which will be able to crush and absorb all the other Railroads in the United States? Attorney F. B. Kellogg, arguing for the Government

before the U. S. Supreme Court, stated recently: "The Standard Oil Co., if permitted to go on undissolved, will own the business of the Nation in five years."

It may be that even now their economic power is so great that no possible union of Middle Class elements in society can be effected strong enough to withstand the purchasing and disintegrating influences of wholesale bribery. The well known alliance of Big Capital and the Slum in our cities, like New York and San Francisco, point in this direction.

If such an economic supremacy of Great Capital has already been achieved, and hence, if the Middle Class Rebellion shall prove abortive, then Aldrich and Cannon and Taft and Ballinger, and all the rest of the tools of Great Capital in the State, are indeed the servants of Progress, unconsciously hastening the industrial organization of American society under the lead of the Captains of Industry.

To be sure, such a progress is won at the expense of personal liberty and the extension of wage slavery, and the utter extinction of the entire class of splendid fighters who have built America out of the wilderness.

Yet it is better that one Middle Class generation should perish than that ten generations of Proletarians should live and die in slavery.

When the Trusts have developed into The Trust, when all productive industry in the United States has been unified under one management, and the Government is nothing but the repressive power of this centralized, syndicated Oligarchy of Wealth, then the "Common People" and the exploited Proletariat will be identical and have identical interests, and consequently will form a vast and irresistible Revolutionary Class.

The sooner this centralization of economic and political power is accomplished, the better the prospect for such an exploited class being competent for united and revolutionary action; for the present American Middle Class or their children will make poor slaves and rebellious subjects.

Consequently, we regard it as desirable and progressive that the Present Middle Class Rebellion should not succeed, that Bourgeois Socialism should be exposed for what it is, an attempt to help the Class of Little Business to perpetuate itself and to postpone indefinitely the day of Wage Labor's Emancipation.

The key to the immediate situation lies with the American Working Class.

The Middle Class Rebellion depends for its success on the co-operation of the Wage Class.

The victory of Big Business and the abolition of Little Business also depends upon the action of the Proletarians.

It is announced that Gompers is contemplating the formation of a political party to be composed of the Unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, in combination with certain Farmers' organizations, alleged to number some three million voters. If this be true and such a party is formed, it will be in direct line with the Middle Class Rebellion outlined in this article. For these Farmers' Unions are not organizations of the Farm Laborers, but of the Small Farm owners. Their program goes no further than Public Ownership of Public Utilities, combined with the Utopian demand for the Initiative and Referendum, as if this method of voting were not more susceptible to control by Big Capital than the present representative system.

The reactionary character of a Gompers political party, composed of Proletarian Labor and Agrarian Small Capital, is sufficiently obvious. It would easily form a basis for the Middle Class Rebels to build their political rebellion on. If the American Working Class is so little enlightened as to its own interests and so lacking initiative as to follow such alien proposals, then indeed the Middle Class may succeed in saving itself and in prolonging Wage Slavery. It were far better to have the combination existing in San Francisco made national in scope, namely, that Labor should unite with Big Capital and the Slum to win political power; in which case, the Middle Class will go to the wall, the Trusts will complete their efficient organization of society and the Wage Class will be consolidated into a mighty, revolutionary and irresistible social force.

And there you are. It is up to the Proletariat.

If it follows the reactionary lead of Gompers and unites its forces with the Middle Class Rebels, it may delay for many years the abolition of Class Rule in society and its own elevation to equal participation in the benefits of human invention.

But if it works with Big Capital to destroy the Middle Class, root and branch, with the greatest possible celerity; or if, better still, the Proletariat shall act together as one man, both industrially and politically, for its own class interests exclusively, then it will display an historic initiative and militant hegemony, which will make for the most rapid evolution out of society burdened with Class Antagonism into that association, sure to come some time, "in which the free development of each is the condition for the free development of all."



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THE FORCES OF PRODUCTION

It is little understood, nor even suspected by most people, what an utterly insignificant portion, whether it be in quantity or effectiveness, the actual accumulations of society constitute of the Human Productive Forces; yea, even of the ordinary consumption of a single generation of men during a few years.

The reason of this is obvious, but the effect is very injurious. The wealth which is consumed annually, disappears as it is being used. It stands before the eye only for a moment, and makes an impression only while it is enjoyed or consumed.

But the slowly consumable portion of wealth, furniture, machines, buildings, from our childhood to our age, they are standing before our eyes, lasting monuments of human exertion. By virtue of the ownership of this fixed, lasting, slowly consumed portion of public wealth—the soil, and of the raw material on which, the instruments with which, the work is done, the houses which give shelter while the work is being done—by virtue of this ownership, the owners of these objects control for their own advantage the Annual Productive Forces of all really productive laborers of society, insignificant as those objects may be in proportion to the ever-recurring products of this labor.

The population of Great Britain and Ireland is (1827, when this was written) 20 millions. The average consumption of every man, woman and child is about 20 pounds sterling, making a total wealth of 400 million pounds sterling, the product of labor annually consumed. The total amount of the accumulated capital of those countries does not exceed, according to estimates, 1200 million pounds sterling, or thrice the annual product of labor; if equally divided, 60 pounds sterling of capital per capita. (Note.—Reckoned in the United States for 1909, these figures would be as follows: Total wealth in the U. S., according to "World Almanac," 120 Billions. Total products for year, 1909, of Manufactures, 17 Billions, of Agriculture, 8 Billions, making 25 Billions in all produced in the U. S. during 1909. That is, almost one quarter as much wealth was produced in the U. S. in a single year as there is of accumulated wealth in the country, as produced in all past generations. That means that in five years' time we could reproduce all the wealth in America, if it were to be destroyed forthwith, so enormous have the "Productive Forces" of society become in modern times. Just here it would be well for all students of Marx to notice his constant use of a parallel expression, namely, "The Conditions of Production," meaning the social forms, customs, laws, governments, moral concepts, institutions and ideals of all sorts, which human beings have adopted to fit the prevailing "Forces of Production." These Forces of Production in Feudal times were different, weaker and less social, than they are now under the rule of machinery. But we still retain and reverence, most of us, the Conditions of Production which were moulded by society to fit those former Feudal Forces. The New Productive Forces are fettered by the old Productive Conditions, such as the Capitalist State, the Capitalist ideas of Labor, of Justice, of God. It is the mission of the Working Class to create new Conditions of Production which shall harmonize with the new Forces of Production. Like the growing child, last year's clothes will not fit him this year.)

We have in the above figures more to do with the proportion than with the more or less inaccurate absolute amounts of these estimated sums. The interest on this total capital would suffice to maintain the total population in its present style of living for about two months of one year, and the entire accumulated capital (if buyers could be found for it) would maintain them without labor for a whole three years! At the end of which time, without houses, clothing and food, they would have to starve, or become the slaves of those who have maintained them during these years.

As three years are to the lifetime of one healthy generation, say to 40 years, so the magnitude and importance of the actual wealth, the accumulated capital of even the richest country, is to its productive forces, to the productive forces of a single human generation; not to what they might produce under inferior institutions of equal security, and especially with co-operative labor, but to what they are actually producing under the imperfect and discouraging makeshifts of insecurity.

In this immense mass of annual production and consumption, the handful of actual accumulation would hardly be missed, and yet attention has been mainly directed, not to that mass of productive forces, but to this handful of accumulation. But this handful has been appropriated by a few and transformed into an instrument for the appropriation of the ever recurring annual products of the labor of the great masses. Hence the vital importance of such an instrument for these few.

The eye of the crowd looks with astonishment upon the accumulated masses, especially when they are concentrated in the hands of a few. But the annually produced masses, like the eternal and innumerable waves of a mighty stream, roll by and are lost in the forgotten ocean of consumption.

And yet this eternal consumption determines not alone all enjoyments, but the very existence of the human race. The quantity and distribution of this annual product should above all be made the object of study.—Wm. Thompson, an English author, writing in 1827, and quoted by Marx in "Capital," Vol. II, p. 371, Untermyann's Translation.

ORDER NOW

The ordinary non-union clerk is sometimes a pretty poor specimen of intelligence, but the delegate to the Central Labor Council of the Garment Workers' Union reports about the worst instance I ever heard of. Some of the members of her union visited the McDougal & Southwick department store and asked the clerk for his card, finding he had none. They then asked to see some union label shirts, to which the clerk replied: "Union label shirts? I never heard of them; we've got some white shirts, though." Verily, the task of educating the working class is a large one.

Our Tenth Anniversary Number will be a Special Poster Edition showing the Facts of Unpaid Labor so clearly they cannot be escaped.
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Issued August 13, 1910.

Editor's Introductory Note.—It is the policy of "The Workingman's Paper" to reprint short fiction from various current periodicals, as illustrating the growing attention to Proletarian concerns and as revealing flash-light views of actual working class conditions.

Notice two things as you read this story:

First: The grip of Social Forces, the Forces of Production, upon all the human actors; "Ed," his wife, their babes and the "Manager." They are individually as helpless as bees or worms or leaves under the "Forces of Nature."

Second: The utility of any remedy, like laws against prostitution or against dangerous occupations, while leaving untouched the Poverty of Competitive and Unpaid Labor. "Ed" was unpaid for half his labor, compelled to accept half pay, because others, unemployed, stood ready to take his place. Nothing short of a revolution which will set all men at work, not for competitive wages, but for the full product of their socialized machine industry, will banish such tragedies from society. Such a revolution is the mission of the Kelseys, the Browns, the Schmidts, the Wolkowskis, all, both women and men, who belong to the Wage Class. These millions have only to stand together to emancipate themselves and the rare Jarvisses as well.

Mr. Jarvis himself, the directing and active manager of the Company—under-Attack, got me up out of bed before half-past six.

He had seen our morning edition. He had not come about that. I would please dress as quickly as possible and he would explain as we drove down. He had a cab waiting for me outside.

I looked up quickly from pulling on my socks when he said that. I might have expected that another man in Jarvis's place, after such an accident as that at Jarvis's plants last night, would come with a cab the next morning for the newspaper writer attacking him. But I knew it was not like Jarvis; and he knew that I knew it. So I delayed dressing, a little, to think.

Four hours and a half before—quarter to two in the morning—I had finally satisfied myself that every man had been found, and so had telephoned the last details of the accident to my city editor, and his "Good night" had let me go home to bed; but I had left Mr. Jarvis still working (not without coat and collar, for he had never thought to pull them off) with the Slovaks in the steaming debris.

"Then after I left, you found—more?" I tried him tentatively, as I fastened my collar.

"No," he anticipated me shortly. "There was nothing else of importance after you left. You're not 'scoped.' Here are the other stories."

He threw the morning editions of the other newspapers beside my own on the bed. So he had not come to me to forestall still another story of that accident—another attack on him!

"What then, Mr. Jarvis?" I asked directly, looking wonderingly, admiringly over this man I was detailed to attack; for whenever he had finally finished with the wreckage, still unshaved; changed his clothes; read the papers; ordered the cab and driven it around for me. And also somewhere in those four hours, as well as I could observe, he had taken his customary eight hours' sleep.

"The 'Maimie,'" he replied, as he let in the chill of the gray morning air. "The 'Maimie's' got her man again. At half-past five this morning. They telephoned me at home just as I got there."

"Oh!" I thought I understood the cab now, as I followed him down and got into it. "So it's the 'Maimie' again? Overtime shift? That's it?"

"That's it," he said impatiently; but he turned from me pointedly and gazed out at the first lifting blinds and the passing milk carts of the awakening city. I saw that I had galled him. No; more than that. I had disappointed him somehow. Still I repeated it with a certain satisfaction to myself: "So it's the 'Maimie'—got her man again!"

For the Company—under-Attack, of which the man beside me was the responsible head, is one of those which, in the regular course of its business, kills some fifty men yearly, and more or less permanently disables some four hundred and fifty more.

For years the weekly lists of its killed and crippled had been coming into our city room; and our newspaper—like the rest—had been giving these regular, routine accidents "half a stick" of space, or maybe a "stick," if we had space to spare. Then last week, almost overnight, those ordinary accidents had changed from accepted obituary routine, like the records of deaths from typhoid and pneumonia, to front page news. The President of the United States, in a great speech, had cried out against our industrial "murder"; and the people and the press had taken up the cry and demanded an accounting from the slayers. So our newspaper had singled out Jarvis's company as the most vulnerable for our chief attack; and had sent me to ask him for his accounting.

It had spooled my first story, somewhat, that I had found him, not in a glass and mahogany office—a gold-laced general tented far from the field—but in the thick of it, deaf from the roll and rattle of furnace and mill at every side, where day was dark with smoke-obscured fires below, and thrice treschersons from the slip and tangle of twisted rails and whirling wheels under foot. But it had given me enough for my copy that this man, who made the dividends on a hundred millions, had said he neither could or would do differently; and dismissed me—but not before I had seen closer the fire of his furnaces in his eyes and something, at least, of the steel of his machines in his sinews, so that it seemed, indeed, that to convince Jarvis was to change the whole industry; to reform Jarvis was to reform his world.

I had seen, too, that Jarvis knew that now, when the public had been suddenly aroused to what had been going on all the time, we were only waiting our chance to assail him mercilessly. And I had seen that he knew that, inevitably, in just the regular course of the work, the plant must give us our opening. And it had given it almost at once. A regular, routine accident had swept away ten men, half to their graves, half to the operating table; and for none of the ten would the company pay a penny; so we had attacked Jarvis, the responsible head of the plant, in our gut, horrified headlines; and—again waited. For again he must, and he did, give us our opening.

Again some "fellow workman's" carelessness or something caused a "hang" on one of the furnaces; and it precisely the critical moment, before the five long whistles warn of the danger, the gas had ignited and the explosion came which struck down a dozen more men.

The headlines of my paper and of every other one that Jarvis had handed me, showed what we made of that. But now I knew it was not for that that Jarvis had driven around for me that morning. Jarvis knew and I knew that the men before the furnaces were the adventurers of industry, who faced their chances willingly again and again, because with the furnaces they were always running chances—but still chances. For spill or explode, if the furnaces must, they might always catch the other gang. But with the "Maimie"—as the men themselves had called the pulsating heart of the great machine where a man, clear-headed, cool and steady, must stand and swing exactly, push and pull and direct the whirling wheels and clanging bars amid the rush of ceaseless metal—with the "Maimie," Jarvis knew and I knew that no man for long ran merely a risk. We both knew that he faced, only sooner or later, almost certain death.

So it was to forestall the story of the "Maimie" that he had called for me?

He turned back to me from the gray rows of little wooden houses, already awake and springing to life as we pressed on nearer the works. The cab turned suddenly down a little side street, and searched dubiously along the unpaved, sandy stretch that served for a street—a street defined by railroad tracks where children dodged and watched, warily, short, stubby switching engines and longer lines of shunted cars. As we bumped across the rails, Jarvis took from his pocket a package of bank notes and counted them openly before me and put them back.

"So you are going to his—her house, Mr. Jarvis?" I comprehended more clearly than.

Jarvis did not answer.

"I mean the house of the man who was killed by the 'Maimie' this morning," I persisted, "to give the woman that money?"

"Yes," he said.

"To her only?"

"You mean, am I going to give to the wife those last night and those before?" he returned coldly, but a little defiantly. "Of course not."

"You don't have to give to this one, of course, you know," I said. "That has been settled over and over again."

"Yes; I know; but come with me now. I think we get out here." He was already out of the cab and half-way across the rickety walk from the street to the steps of the little house where the cab had stopped. I followed obediently. Two child-faces that had been peering from behind the faded blue curtain at the window were suddenly withdrawn as Mr. Jarvis's ungloved hand knocked at the door. It was a marvelously gentle knock for that big hand, but it got an answer in a woman's voice at once.

"Go away!" the voice said. The three syllables came out slowly, separately, as if beads were slipped down a string.

Jarvis knocked again, patiently.

There was a long silence.

Jarvis knocked again.

"There's no use in knocking. I shan't open the door," at last the same voice came, with the same slow effect of dropping beads along a string. Jarvis's face had held a listening look when there was no answer. Now that one had come, even though in denial, he looked as if I could imagine him looking when some opponent signs his terms in a deal.

"Please see us." He had raised his voice no more than enough to be distinct in the silence the other side of the door.

"I told you to go away!" the metered voice on that other side answered. "Do you think you're the first? There've been dozens here already—dozens before you—dozens. You were here before they brought him home. It was one of you told me—one of you told me—Oh God!—told me—"

There was something inexplicably uncanny—rather than pitiful—in that voice monotonously determining itself from the other side of the blank door. Now it had begun to speak, it seemed it would never cease. I wanted to go away. I believe Mr. Jarvis would have wished to go away; but I saw now that he understood the opposition.

"We're not always, Mr. Kelsey," he was saying. "We're not lawyers. I'm from the works—from the office. I'm—I was his employer. I'm Mr. Jarvis."

The door jerked suddenly open, and before the impulse of the woman could change, Jarvis motioned me quickly in and closed the door behind us.

I hadn't expected anything in particular, I thought, but I must unconsciously have been prepared for the usual workman's home of the region—bare, and yet cluttered, with calendars upon the wall printed in Polish, or some one of the Slavic papers lying about—far— even while absorbed in Jarvis's purpose and the situation into which he had brought me, I was aware of a distinct feeling of surprise that the woman was evidently an "American."

It was a sign of the strength of Jarvis's personality that at once he could get some of her attention from her own sorrow to studying his face. I, too, turned to watch him as he stood, conscious of her scrutiny, clean-cut, stern, and practical, but now not in the least hard or unkind of face.

"I didn't see you well," she said softly, but not as if in apology. "Of course, you're not one of them—my husband's only been away. But you've come about the same thing! I have no case. He told me—told me himself I'd have no case. He

knew the risks when he took the job, and he took 'em with it! It's the same as the rest that you kill there," she said, with such complete acceptance and so singularly without animus that I could scarcely believe I had heard the words right. "He knew the risks and took them. I know I have no case."

"I know it," Jarvis replied as insensibly. "That's why I had to see you."

"So I wouldn't waste what savings I had trying to sue?" The woman seemed to be drawn back, as a horse is reined. "I wasn't going to. I'm going to work—at once—next Monday. My cousin knows where I can get a job. Eight dollars a week. They—they—the tone made us know, of course, that she meant her children—they'll go different places till Ed's an old enough to help. Then he's going to help us get together again."

"You are brave!" The admiration seemed to have escaped Jarvis almost against his will; but the woman interrupted him.

"Me?" she said. "No; that's past. I was brave, maybe—once for all when I let him do it. Then—" She seemed lifted, absorbed in some memory.

"When" Jarvis pursued her relentlessly.

"The day he went to work at the 'Maimie'! Oh, don't you suppose I knew—don't you suppose I knew what was coming then?"

"Then why did you let him go to work there?" Jarvis pressed again; and suddenly I saw how he was forcing himself to force her, and I turned back to her with even closer attention.

"Why?" she echoed. "Or don't you know you pay five dollars a day when a man works on the 'Maimie'?—three is the best you pay anywhere else. Any one can do the arithmetic now. Three from five is two. Two dollars a day. It doesn't sound like very much, does it? But do you want to know the difference?—I'll tell you—"

"One night I was lying over there on that bed—no, not on that one—we didn't have any bed so nice as that then; but on the one we had. I had only four children then. I used to work in a twin-room before I was married, and after I was married I worked whenever there wasn't a baby just coming, or too young for me to leave."

"When I began to pay for it—working when I shouldn't. That night I lay there—in that corner, and the doctor said I could never get up again, unless I had some things done to me. I hadn't meant to let Ed know, because he was getting two and a half then, and it took more than he could make as it was. 'It is better,' I thought, 'to leave him quick than to drag on him for years!' So I wasn't going to tell him what the doctor said; but he came in and, before I knew it, he'd heard."

"It was dark in here by that time, I remember. I couldn't get up to light a lamp, and the children were over to my sister's. Ed just came up close to me, bent his arm around me like he did whenever I felt bad, and he said: 'Don't worry, Sis,' he said. 'I got a chance today! You can have all them things the doctor wants for you!'"

"I held onto him for a minute, and if it hadn't been Ed, I'd been frightened that he'd stole. Then I said: 'You're joking!' But 'No,' he said, 'No, I've got a chance to go on the machine next to mine.'"

"You see how kind and good he always was to me! He didn't say right off what machine it was—just called it 'next to mine,' being I wouldn't guess. But I thought a minute who worked next to him, and I remembered it was Puschek—a Slovak—a rough fellow that'd only been over here a little while and didn't have a family. I remember when he went on, Ed'd remarked it."

"But at first I couldn't bear to think of it. Then it seemed so easy to pretend there wasn't any such thing as a job like that. But then I'd feel of Ed—warm and breathing right close to me in the dark—and it seemed like something was pursuing me, like in a dream you have it when you dream about animals chasing you down a dark passage and there ain't any way out. But then Ed said: 'Now, look out at me, Sis. 'Tain't as if it was only me for you to consider. Nor even as if it was just the children that's already here. They've got a fighting chance in the world on their own account. But the little kid that's comin'. He ought to get a fair show.'"

"But it didn't seem to me 'sif anything or body mattered except just Ed. But then he said again how Puschek got killed because he drank. 'If he hadn't drunk beer he'd be there yet,' he said. 'Any one can stay that careful,' he said. 'Why, look, he sees, otherwise how does any one work at it at all? Why doesn't he get killed just as soon as he gets in? And anyhow,' he said, 'if it wasn't at that, wouldn't it be at something else? A man's got to work—you know it, and I know it. What's the difference between working where you may get hurt, and where you know you're bound to get sick? Like my brother—he worked in a cement mill till he took to coughin' and they let him out. He died afterward at Duaneing. And my sister's husband that had lead poisoning from his trade. Why, I could work fifty years at this job if I'll only be careful!' he said."

"Ed went on like that for a long time, but it was the part about the baby that hadn't been born yet that made me uncertain. But the end of it, he started in. The first morning he went to work I just lay there in that corner and prayed the whole morning. Then I began to get used to it, just the same as Ed did himself."

"You can't keep on praying about the same thing when you've got little children to take your mind off. And every morning, when Ed'd go, I'd say: 'Remember, be careful!' But by some mornings come when I forgot. First time I forgot—it was because the soup I had cooking on the stove boiled over, and I run out to the kitchen—I worried all day. Sent Ella down to the mills at noon to remind her father. But after a while I didn't mind when I forgot to remind him to be careful. And so I know it was just the same way with him. He was getting used to it. One day he said to me: 'Sis, he says, 'don't forget one thing: if anything should happen, you haven't any claim on any one. Don't make a fool of yourself, he says, 'tryin' to get anything. Most of 'em have tried it, and I know."

"Then I felt it all come over me again—not on account of the money! Oh, not on account of that! But I looked at Ed—" she stopped. She went to the window and pressed her forehead against the glass. We neither of us spoke. After a time she went on, as if she had set herself a task she must go through with.

"He was left eighteen hours on the job, I heard," Jarvis was standing her. "He was kept on overtime after the other accident."

"Yes," we could hardly hear her. "Eighteen hours—no wonder he got tired! He promised me—" her voice was steady now, but seemed to be coming from a very great distance—"that he would quit at the end of this month. The last of the doctor's bills we paid off and the baby was getting older, and the doctor said I could go to work again if I wanted to try— Ed—Ed—" But her calm was gone now, entirely. She lay across the table, crying in tearing sobs that shook her whole frail body.

Jarvis moved nearer her. If she held him personally in any way responsible as the visible and bodily representative of the industrial conditions which had wrecked her own life, had caught her husband out of the prime for his manhood and turned his five children helplessly adrift, even now she gave no sign. Jarvis stood over her and touched one of her clenched hands simply.

"That's right—for him. I'm not trying to stop you—for him," the big man protested very gently as she moved her hand from his touch. "But for the children—and—and yourself—that's why I've come here. So—so they won't have to go to different places and you won't have to try to work again yet—the way you are now, at least! That's what—" he laid upon the table the money I had seen him counting over in the cab, and drew his hand from it and retreated from it, almost as though he were stealing it from her, not leaving it. The sight of it flushed even me with shame as I saw him drop it. Yet what else could he do for her then? He retreated to me and stood, with his hands clenched now, watching her; for the woman seemed not to have heard him. Then, as if our silence had struck her, she raised her head and looked first at us; then, as neither of us spoke, at the roll of bills beside her.

"You're giving this to me, Mr. Jarvis?" she choked. "You're giving this to me?"

"No! It's yours! It's yours!" Jarvis blurted.

"Mine? But he said I had no claim! You told me yourself I had no claim! What do you mean by mine, then?" she cried shrilly. "Oh—or are you giving it to the Brown children, too, and the Wolkowskis, and the Schmidts, and the—the—" She named on and on, as though the words would never cease, the names of the men who had been killed in the big accident the night before and—as well as I could remember—those who had fallen in the one week before that; and then, perhaps six more names; could not recognize.

But when, at last, she was through, Jarvis shook his head.

"Not to the Brown children? Their mother is dead, too! Her voice rose again. "And not to the Wolkowskis, nor the Schmidts—" she burst on and on again. "Not to any of them? Then why does the company give it to me? Or who gives me the money—the company or—you?"

Again Jarvis could not enunciate; but his face—the face of a culprit—answered for him.

"So?" she cried. "So it is charity—charity from you! And you bring it to me now, when Ed died so we wouldn't take it—before Ed. Oh, how so proud!" She struck the roll of money from the table beside her to the floor; but as quickly as she in for the bills, and grabbed them to her, she had fallen to her knees, groping for the bills, and grabbed them to her. Jarvis and I were conscious, then, that at the moment before, the cry of a very young child had come from the next room. "Give it to me—give it to me!" she was crying hysterically now. "Oh, give it to me; I take it; of course I take it! But—Oh—oh, I'm taking charity, Ed! Charity! We wouldn't take it—before Ed. Oh, how so proud!" She struck the roll of money from the table beside her to the floor; but as quickly as she in for the bills, and grabbed them to her, she had fallen to her knees, groping for the bills, and grabbed them to her. 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