

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW



JANUARY



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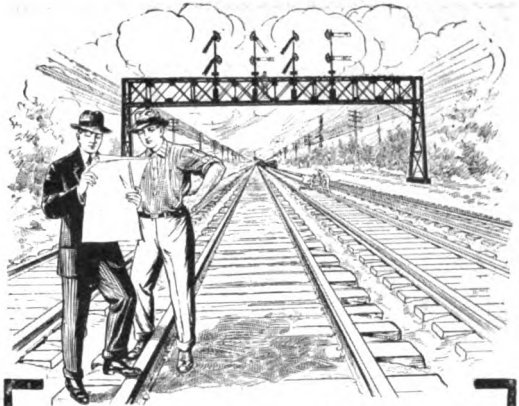
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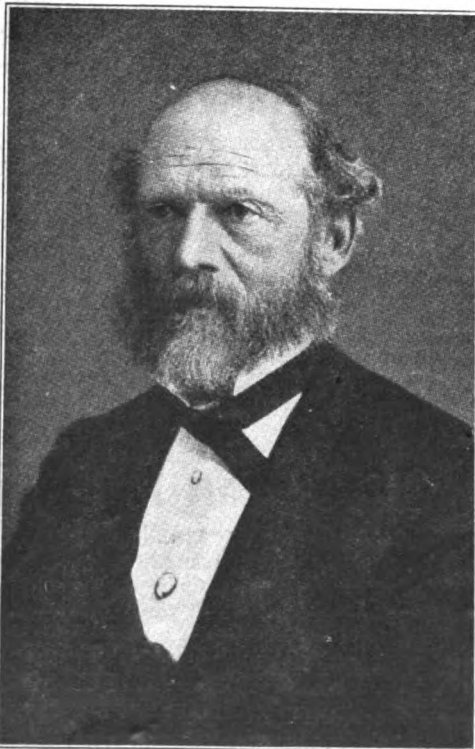
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ANCIENT SOCIETY

OR

Researches in the Lines of Human Progress: From Savagery Through Barbarism to Civilization



LEWIS H. MORGAN

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The Editor is responsible only for views expressed on the editorial page and in unsigned department matter. Each contributor and associate editor is responsible for views expressed over his own signature.

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The INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

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From The Masses.

Bunk Mills Open Again in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C., is the one place in these United States where they spill more bunk than anywhere else. Bunk? Take most any senator or congressman in the bunch of them and his first name is Bunk. A few exceptions, yes. A few men with the nerve and the backbone to face real issues and tell the facts as they are. But mostly bunkshooters, Hiram, mostly bunkshooters. Less common sense, less ordinary human gumption displayed on the floor of the senate and the house of representatives and more hypocritical palaverer than anywhere else on the map. Watch 'em this winter. Watch and see whether they stand for national ownership of munitions plants. Watch whether they seize for the nation control of the shops where war stuff is made. See how they answer the argument that national ownership of war shops protects the nation against the graft and the rotten materials and the huge profits of the Schwabs and Du Ponts, the steel trust and the armor plate

trust. Notice also how far they go on Frank P. Walsh's proposition to amend the Constitution so that power to nullify legislation is taken away from supreme courts. Millions of words and pages and pages of speeches printed and sent out to constituents for campaign reading. That we'll get. But how much real action from these gents stinkingly notorious for much gab and no action? National ownership of munitions plants and restriction of supreme court power to kick holes in laws passed by representative legislative bodies—how far will congress get on these two, big terrifically vital issues? Watch 'em. Ask your local bunkshooter where he stands.

ALREADY Charley Schwab and a Wall street gang have cleaned up millions of dollars out of the war.

Besides these legitimized grafters making money out of the war, there is a raft of smaller, sneaking grafters of business men making a clean-up.

"He made his money in the war." They said that after the civil war about Phil Armour and other American capitalists.

"He made his money in the war." This will be said of a lot of new American millionaires after this European cataclysm has settled down to the even ways of normal capitalism.

Well, then, why shouldn't workingmen strike and strike and strike?

The first minute there ain't a big easy profit in it for Charley Schwab and the steel trust and the General Electric and Westinghouse, and all the rest of them, they will strike and let the allies lose the war.

If you hear German or Austrian workingmen saying strikes should be called because munitions manufacture is morally wrong, tell those Germans and Austrians to go bump their heads against a brick wall and get some sense into 'em.

Tell those Germans the Kaiser is a one-armed mastoid and a terrible case of swelled head and blood-thirst and bombast.

Tell all workingmen to forget nations and national borders and national blood. Tell them this war started because German workingmen were not well enough organized to stop the war by means of a general strike and there was a yellow streak in the leaders of the German Social-Democratic party.

Then tell those Germans or anybody else you are ready any minute to go on strike if it will force the new war capitalists to come across with higher wages and shorter hours in a workday.

While the bullet and rifle manufacturers are making millions on millions of profits out of this war, let the workingmen of the United States step in and by strikes and direct action, force those capitalists to divide those profits, those "withheld wages."

Yes—strike! Tie up the bullet factories if the Schwabs and the rest of them won't make you a big divvy of the swag.

The Kaiser started the war. A lot of us want to see the Kaiser beaten back into Germany.

It was the Kaiser who first led his armies out beyond his own frontiers. It was the Kaiser who fired the first shot. The Russ horde so feared by the German Social-Democrats, has never been a danger and never was a danger to Germany. The war won't end till the pig-headed German Junk-

ers, the war-party of Germany, is battered into a bloody muck back across the German border lines where the German army started from under the initiative of the Prussian aristocrats and autocrats under the madmen's slogan of "world power or downfall."

Knock this common sense into the heads of the German workingmen in this country. Too many of them are kissing the feet of the Kaiser and ready to strike for the sake of the Kaiser where they wouldn't strike for their own bread-and-butter.

Strike and strike and strike till you have forced the largest possible division of the war profits out of the greedy hands of the Wall street patriots who are figuring on record-breaking profits out of the war.

Strike—and tell those who ask you, that you are striking for working class power—a larger share of the profits of the war for the working class.

REPORT to congress of the United States Commission on Industrial Relations gives letters of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and his Colorado superintendents and managers. The documents show that young Rockefeller knew at every step, of the employment and shipment of strikebreakers and gunmen. Then comes a passage more illuminating than the Socialist party platform on the subject of violence, and easily the most scientific treatment of violence that ever crept into a government treatise. It reads:

"The history of strikes shows that workmen on strike feel they have a property interest in their jobs and that other workmen who take their places and thus aid their employers to defeat the strike are fit subjects of abuse, ridicule and violence. It is only by ostracizing and intimidating strikebreakers that organized workmen can hope to discourage the practice and thereby win a struggle for higher wages or for industrial democracy.

"Society, if it wishes to prevent violence in industrial disputes, has only two courses open: To prohibit strikes and in so doing establish involuntary servitude, or to prohibit the importation of strikebreakers, at least until the employers consent to meet officials of the strikers' union.

BERNARD SHAW goes on. He wants German militarism smashed. But at the same time the English boys are dying in Flanders and at the Dardanelles for the purpose of breaking the Prussian Junker dream of world empire. Shaw refuses to let the English Junkers revive old tyrannies in the British Isles under guise of war necessity. Damning the world-war policies of the Prussian Junkers, he fights against the home policies of English Junkers. What English labor is up against is vividly summarized by Shaw in this passage from his tribute to Kier Hardie:

“Hardie actually thought it quite a serious matter that the government should imprison labor leaders under ancient mutiny acts; suppress labor papers; refuse to fix minimum wages on pretexts fifty years out of date; commit the country to war behind the back of the House of Commons; sell the Liberty party to the Opposition by a secret treaty; deprive the country of its constitutional safeguard against corruption and conspiracy by arbitrarily abolishing the obligation on its accomplices to submit themselves for re-election on accepting office, and, in the face of the protests against the secret incubation of the war, again go behind the back of the Commons to make a treaty depriving us of the power to make peace without the unanimous consent of Russia and France. Hardie, aghast, said, ‘Are you Democrats? Will you stand this?’”

In these United States we’ve got our Junkers to look out for. The Schwabs, the Du Ponts, the steel trust gang, they have the same swagger as the Krupp Hohenzollerns. They are the same sort of thieves, plotters and war lords. They live by the same kind of war swag.

MMEYER LONDON, our lone congressman from New York, in an interview with one of our good newspaper rebels, which appeared in the Chicago Tribune, said:

“I have no exaggerated idea of the effectiveness of legislation. The power of legislation for good is exaggerated and its power for bad is underestimated. It is not more laws that we need, but fewer laws and more good ones.

“The Socialists are opposed to national

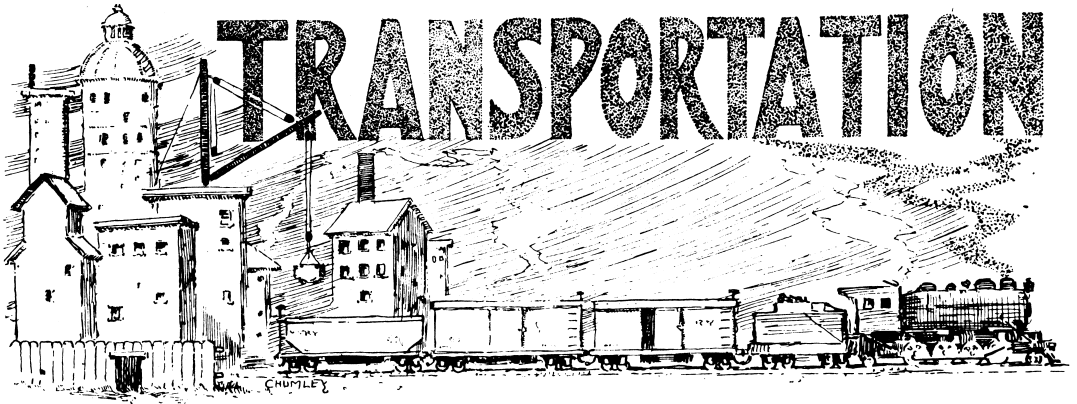


preparedness, are they not, Mr. London?” was the next question.

“Theoretically, I believe in the duty of every nation to be prepared against probable attack,” replied the congressman. But I am opposed to the present preparedness agitation, because it is largely artificial.

“To a great extent it represents a diseased state of mind, produced by the war in Europe. I am opposed to present plans for preparedness principally because the menace in a large army and navy will create an apprehension among our neighbors that we are preparing to fight some one.

“Everybody asks why Socialists are fighting in the armies of Europe today. The answer is this. If you and I and four or five others were sitting quietly in this room with four or five others, all of us at peace, and suddenly the lights went out, guns blazed and blows were struck and you came to on the floor with somebody’s heel in your face, you would naturally feel like fighting.



RAILROAD GENERAL STRIKE

Will Warren Stone Put the Brakes On?

RESOLUTIONS UNANIMOUSLY ADOPTED AT BOSTON JOINT UNION MEETING

It is hereby resolved. That the purpose of this meeting is to promote system co-operation along the lines of a maximum eight-hour working day in all classes of service, with double time for all overtime, with no reduction of wages.

WHEREAS, Arbitration for betterment of conditions and settlement of wage disputes between the railroad companies and the men has proved itself to be a one-sided affair in every sense of the word, and inasmuch as experience proves that arbitration contemplates only the support and welfare of the railroads and is a menace to the men, be it

Resolved, That we will never again submit to arbitration in any move for the increase of wages or betterment of conditions; be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be submitted to each of the executive officers of the several organizations represented here, for their information and guidance.

W. D. PHELPS,
Secretary.

WILL the rail men go through on a general strike? If they don't, who's going to put the brakes on?

On October 31 there was held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, Massachusetts, a meeting of railroad men. They took action at this meeting which, if pushed through to a finish, will gain revolutionary results—more so than any ever before talked of in Faneuil Hall. That hall has seen stormy ideas and plans launched for human freedom. But never yet anything so stormy, so big with possibilities, as the rail men propose in formal resolutions adopted there October 31.

It was a joint meeting of all railroad train service employes, a mass meeting of between 800 and 1,000. Speakers came from all big rail systems of northeastern United States. After each speaker had told his story, presented his view of the railroad situation now, there was passed unanimously a set of resolutions that call for:

(1) System co-operation, all rail brotherhoods to tie together and act as one mass. (2) Universal eight-hour work-day in all classes of service, with double time for overtime and no reduction of wages. (3) Never again any arbitration, because "arbitration contemplates only

welfare of railroads and is a menace to the men."

The above action, as here told, sounds desperately radical, is a long jump from any like action taken by railroad organizations in a public meeting at any time in recent years. To the ordinary reader it needs more than mere statement to make it go. On page 729 of the *Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen's Magazine* for December are the headlines: "Boston, Mass., Joint Union Meeting." The subhead reads: "Sentiment Unanimous for Eight-hour Day and Double Time for Overtime." The third subhead reads: "Resolution Declares That Arbitration Will Never Again Be Submitted to as a Means of Settling Differences with Railroad Companies." The account then tells of the Faneuil Hall meeting, saying: "First steps were taken to launch a country-wide campaign for an eight-hour day and double time for overtime." Anybody who doubts there was ginger to it may read that "every seat in the hall was taken, there being present between 800 and 1,000 men. The attendance was so large that the gallery had to be opened."

A start has been made for a big goal. There is now an opening wedge driven and the question is:

Will the rail men go through with a general strike? If they don't, who's going to put the brakes on?

The second chapter of this story commences and finishes with the same question the first chapter did. On November 11, not six weeks after the Faneuil Hall meeting, 150 delegates from the 98 western railroads came together in Chicago and held a two-day meet. What they did and how and why they did it, is not known. As usual in nearly every movement Warren S. Stone is at the head of, there were only meager details given out. No record of any official action was made public. All that can be gleaned to a certainty from behind the curtains where Warren Stone and his lieutenants are working are these facts:

1. Anti-arbitration is sweeping membership of the brotherhoods.

2. Disgust with arbitration award of last May and suspicion of treachery and lack of faith in the officials, who could

have stopped that award, is growing inside both firemen's and engineers' brotherhoods, more particularly the engineers.

3. Not in years has there been such a feeling of confidence among all railroad men that by joint action and square leadership, with democratic ideals and no sell-outs, the rail workers can force the companies to come across with wage raises and a shorter workday.

"We have come to Chicago because the men are dissatisfied and are calling for an eight-hour day and time and a half for overtime," said Warren Stone to a reporter.

"What about that Boston meeting, where they passed resolutions declaring they are through with arbitration and will never again submit their demands to arbitration?" was asked Stone.

"The Boston meeting was only a meeting of local railroad men, 500 or 600 of them," was Stone's reply. "Their action is not final. It represents the sentiment of the men of that community."

"Have you observed a similar sentiment in other communities? Has there been action like that of Boston in any southern or western cities?"

"No."

"Has your Chicago convention taken any action tending to support the same ideas and plans as the Boston meeting?"

"We don't know what we'll do. The convention has decided that an executive committee of seventy-two members from eastern, western and southern associations shall be called for a meeting in Chicago, December 15. They will go further into the subject."

While Warren S. Stone in this way fumbled and fozzled and wouldn't come out against arbitration, while he failed to make any decisive declaration, Timothy O'Shea of the executive board of the firemen's brotherhood did say positively:

"This time I don't think there will be any arbitration. I am not qualified to speak authoritatively, but I have had a chance to observe the temper of the men, and it is my belief they have had enough of so-called mediation. The principle of arbitration is excellent, but it has been abused. In the instances in which the men submitted to it, it has not been pro-

ductive of the justice for which it was designed."

Then O'Shea went on with the most decisive utterance that has come from any man high in the railroad brotherhoods in many years. He said:

"As for our intentions in the present case, I do not think there is anything secret about them. We are going to demand flatly an eight-hour day and time and a half for overtime. FAILING TO OBTAIN THAT, WE WILL WALK OUT AND LET THE DISCUSSIONS COME AFTERWARD. Every railroad in the United States will be affected. The day of action will be set by the conference."

Nothing half-way about that. Nothing under cover or around the stump. None of the hemming and hawing and clearing of the throat with which Warren S. Stone delivers his opinions when a vital question is put to him.

"The only way we can be beaten is from the inside," was the way one member of the conference gave his view. "The significant phase of this movement is that all the workers who have never held any soft jobs as officers or committee members are united on two propositions.

"One is that every railroad brotherhood must be in on the action. The second is that the action must be nation-wide. Nothing but inside treachery can defeat this movement. A universal, nation-wide walk-out of rail men, tying up all trains from coast to coast, would absolutely bring victory in less than a day's time."

"There wouldn't be any quibbling. The demand for an eight-hour day and higher rate for overtime would be granted. One way or another would be found by the railroads and the nation to finance the demands of the men. If the demands were unreasonable or high-handed, there might be some sort of opposition suggested. But in our situation the general public would be with us, because of the financial buccaneering, the enormous profits of the railroads,* their

familiar methods of saddling upon the consumers of the nation freight and passenger rates that are ridiculous on the face of the actual valuation of the railroads—because these matters are well known, we would have the assistance of the general public.

"Nation-wide walkout of all railroad brotherhood workers, train service employes, can not possibly be defeated from the outside."

What are the railroad capitalists and managers doing and saying? They are saying nothing, and what they are doing is all a quiet, under-cover work, and every indication is that they are working on the inside of the brotherhoods. One statement of a railway manager was that brotherhood officials, in case of general strike, could be indicted under the Sherman anti-monopoly law. Except for this, there hasn't been a cheep from any of the big fellows who sit in swivel chairs and dictate operation of railroads.

The newspapers, of course, have kept the news of this tremendous movement in small paragraphs on back pages. It's too powerful and dangerous an idea to give wide circulation to, this idea of general strike.

On May 11, 1916, the present agreement with the ninety-eight western railroads expires. According to its terms, the agreement continues in force without renewal until one party or the other signifies it is to be abrogated. Either side must give a thirty-day notice of desire to break the agreement.

In the past, whenever a strong movement has swept the rank and file of the rail unions, the defeat of the movement was worked from the inside. While brotherhood officials in general are the most conservative of any labor organizations in the country, there are some over their ears and up to their eyes in the plush and slush of middle-class and capitalist-class ideas.

Topping all reactionaries in the railroad brotherhoods is Warren S. Stone.

*On the very day after this declaration the interstate commerce commission announced a decision to go into effect Dec. 29, 1915. It will increase railway revenue over \$7,000,000 a year. It raises passenger fares from two cents to two and four-tenths cents a mile in Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri, north of the Missouri river, and Kansas, north of the Union Pacific main line. It raises two-cent fare to two and one-sixth cents a mile in Missouri, south of

the Missouri river, and in Kansas, south of the Union Pacific. It orders two and one-quarter cents a mile for mileage tickets in territory north of the Missouri river in Missouri and north of the Union Pacific in Kansas. It orders two and one-half cents a mile for mileage tickets in territory south of the Missouri river in Missouri and the Union Pacific in Kansas. Millions shoved into the mitts of the railroad owners and not a red cent for the fellows that run the engines and trains.

With the manners and speech of a second-rate corporation lawyer, without a single great and bold action or utterance standing forth from his record as Grand Chief of the Engineers, he is down in black and white in the stenographic report of proceedings before the western wage arbitration board that ended last May, addressing them in these words:

"I want to say, neither in the way of explanation nor excuse, that the grand officers of this organization, instead of taking the lid off, try to keep the brake on. If the men did not come to us with these grievances we would not be here with them. The thing we have always tried to do is to be conservative and keep the dissension down, if possible, instead of adding to it. If we simply take the brake off and let the men go, the men would be a whole lot more radical than they are. If any fault has been found with the executive officers of this organization it is because they have been too conservative and have allowed the railroads to capitalize that conservatism and

have not got the results that the rank and file think they should have gotten."

When a man talks that way before an arbitration board—apologizing for the ideas, methods and demands of the rank and file members who pay him a salary of \$10,000 a year to voice their ideas, methods and demands, how shall his speech and arguments and pretensions before his own membership be judged?

Is Warren S. Stone now engaged in a job whose purpose is again to "keep the brake on" and "be conservative" and "keep the dissensions down"?

If that is the job Warren S. Stone is now at work on, what will prevent the railroads from again capitalizing the conservatism of the executive officers of the rail organizations?

All of which leads us back to ask the question we began with:

WILL THE RAIL MEN GO THROUGH ON A GENERAL STRIKE? IF THEY DON'T, WHO HAS PUT THE BRAKES ON?

CHILD OF THE ROMANS

By C. S.

The dago shovelman sits by the railroad track

Eating a noon meal of bread and bologna.

A train whirls by, and men and women at tables

Alive with red roses and yellow jonquils,

Eat steaks running with brown gravy,

Strawberries and cream, eclaires and coffee.

The dago shovelman finishes the dry bread and bologna,

Washes it down with a dipper from the water-boy,

And goes back to the second half of a ten-hour day's work

Keeping the road-bed so the roses and jonquils

Shake hardly at all in the cut glass vases

Standing slender on the tables in the dining cars.



Do Inter- nationalists Want a Split?

By

Alexandra Kollontay (Russia)

SINCE the Zimmerwald Conference of the international-spirited socialists has taken place, the patriotic-minded socialists try to make out that the revolutionary internationalist wants nothing else than to annihilate the work of the socialists for these 50 years, wants to split the working class movement.

That the officials of the parties of the belligerent countries, after having proclaimed the "civil peace" with their class governments and endorsed the war, disapprove the aims of the Zimmerwald Conference is quite apprehensible and logical. But it appears that the poison of nationalism and opportunism has corrupted even the officials of the neutral countries. The executives of the socialist parties in Denmark, Switzerland and Holland not only disapprove the Zimmerwald Conference, but point out that their party never "dreamt" of sending official delegates to a conference that believes in the necessity of a strong class conscious international, that rejects the "civil peace" policy and condemns the alliance with the capitalist government, pursuing an imperialistic war.

By disavowing the Zimmerwald Conference and its purpose, the officials of the European parties are disavowing the very principles of the Socialist movement of scientific Marxism, they are disavowing the foundation on which both Internationals were built up: International solidarity and revolutionary class struggle.

The Socialists gathered at Zimmerwald had no intention "to split" or harm the movement. Their purpose was, and is, quite an opposite one: by working for peace, by fighting war, by calling the proletarians of all countries to unite on the old battlefield of the class struggle they want to revive the International, to call into life the greatest and indomitable force, international class solidarity.

The social patriots, the officials of the different parties, the opportunists who cry against the revolutionary internationalists and assert that they are harming the movement by bringing into it disharmony and ununity, seem to forget that "the split" of the Second International is a fact, a hard fact that has to be acknowledged.

This split was caused by the war, but the

line of division has been drawn not by the rebellious internationalist, but by well experienced official governmental diplomats. On one side we have the combined patriotic Socialists that endorsed the allies, on the other, those of the central powers. Each of them are assuring the working class, Scheideman and David in Germany, Plechanoff and Alexinsky in Russia, Guèdes and Vandervelde in Belgium and France, that the victory of their own imperialist government will end autocracy, militarism, navalism, will establish freedom and democracy for Europe, will help the victory of socialism! The path of class struggle is forsaken, the "civil peace," this logical result of the opportunistic tendencies in the European movement of the last ten or fifteen years, is declared as the highest wisdom of socialist tactics. Just now, the officials of the parties in Germany, France, Austria, Belgium and the social patriots in the other countries accuse one another for the tactic of endorsing their own governments, but one can easily imagine that when this war is over, the social patriots of the belligerent countries will forgive one another, that Vandervelde will try and rehabilitate Scheideman, that Plechanoff will give his forgiveness to the German social patriots and that the Germans will try and forget the sins of the "treacherous" English. . . . Did they not all commit the same crime? Have they not altogether betrayed their class and proved unfaithful to the principles of internationalism?

This general amnesty would help the officials of the parties to call into life the Old International based on nationalism and opportunism. And as soon as a new imperialistic war would start, the old history, the split, the break-down of the international working class movement would begin anew. . . . Is that what the working class desires? Is that the lesson which the suffering and the tortures of this terrifying war have taught the Socialists? . . .

The war has done a great deal of mischief, but this war can mean a step forward in the working class movement if the right lesson is taken out of contemporary events. This war has put clearly and plainly before the working class of the world the following question: What have the proletarians to choose upon an outbreak of an imperialistic war (and at this stage of capitalistic

development, there can't be any other war!) —the defense of the capitalistic-imperialistic fatherland or the defense of their own class interests and of the international solidarity of the working class of the world?

The comrades who assembled in Zimmerwald thought it necessary to leave no misunderstanding on this point. The working class movement can achieve its final purpose—the conquest of the means of production and the establishment of the working class dictatorship—only by a *practically international* class struggle. Nationalism and internationalism are principles that are opposed to one another. You can't be a "good Monarchist" and at the same time a good Republican, just as you can't be an internationalist and a nationalist at the same time. The proletarians have to make the choice.

But this war has taught us that the nationalistic policy, endorsed by the social patriots, is a failure. A new line has to be pointed out, to be drawn.

The Zimmerwald conference took the first step to draw this line; it was the first attempt to rebuild the international on the sound basis of anti-militarism (no voting for war credits) internationalism (instead of a formal representation of the national party bodies in the International Socialist Bureau) and revolutionary mass-action (instead of parliamentarism "pure and simple").

The comrades who stand with the Zimmerwald conference, don't work for a split of the Socialist movement, but they want to prepare the basis for a class conscious international that will be strong enough to fight the imperialistic policy of their own capitalistic states and that will take up here and now the task of "preparedness" for the final revolutionary battle.

The internationalists don't want to break up the working class organizations, they simply decide to spend all their force and energy to win the masses for the principles of the Third International. They hope that when the next International Congress takes place the working class will be strong and enlightened enough to put the question to the Socialist patriotic officials of all countries; what have you done with our confidence? Can you bear the responsibility of your treacherous acts?

The internationalists hope that in the new international there will be no place for op-

portunists and patriots, who in the most decisive moment desert the class movement and defend the interests of their national capitalists.

Now, when the question of endorsing the Zimmerwald conference is discussed in the locals of the American party it is for the American proletarians to decide; where they have to stand. Will they cling to the nationalists and opportunistic tendencies of the Second International or will they help rebuild the working class movement on the sound basis of rebellious spirit and international class solidarity?

The American comrades must remember: the international Socialists are not working for a split, they are working to get the whole movement in the lines of class conscious revolutionary activity, to get the Third International cleared from all elements that advocate the necessity of military preparedness and believe in nationalism, and as a result of it in "civil peace." Then, but only then, can the working class of the world rebuke the imperialistic policy of the capitalistic class and achieve the final purpose of the movement, *the social revolution*.

RAILROAD MEN AND MILEAGE

By RAILROADER

THE railroad men in the United States are invariably paid on a mileage basis, especially those employed in road service, the contention being that the greater the number of miles run, the greater the wages received, so the railroad man's economic basis of calculation is not the Almighty Dollar, but the mileage run in the month.

It may seem strange to people, not familiar with railroad men's phraseology, to hear them remark, that they are not able to live on 2,000, 3,000 or 4,000 miles, as the case may be, never mentioning the equivalent in dollars and cents received for this service.

The cause for this is that the majority of the railroad men are mileage mad, and the engineers being more affected than the other branches of the service, especially is this true of the older men. They will sacrifice anything for mileage, in some cases going to the extreme and dying on their engines. I have known instances where engineers had their layover at home when a Sunday run was put on that would result in their being away from home all that day, demanding that run to increase their mileage.

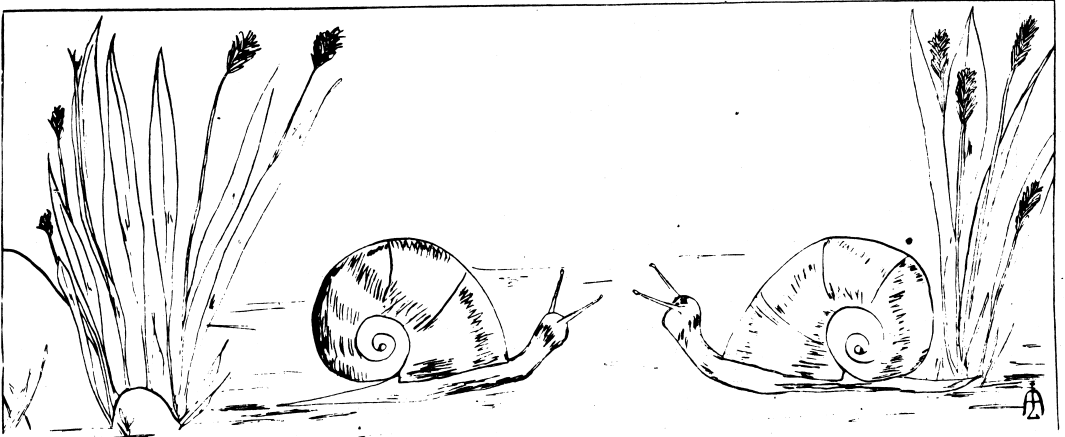
There is a movement on at the present time to limit the maximum mileage to be run by engineers, but the limit is so high that under the present "efficiency system" inaugurated that of heavy trains, on many divisions it is almost impossible to attain

the limit. So it is perfectly safe to assume that the limiting of mileage was brought up, simply for the psychological effect on the younger men who are compelled to fire and be content with it.

This mileage craze can have but one ultimate result, and that is the demoralizing of the railroad organizations, especially the B. of L. E., and building in their place an organization that will abolish the mileage basis and raise the conditions of the men high above their present slavery.

It is to be regretted that the older men, by making this excessive mileage, deprive the younger men of an opportunity to work as engineers and they are, therefore, obliged to fire or hustle engines a pleasant twelve-hour shift usually at night, but those that belong to the engineer's organization are not relieved from paying their assessments made necessary by extravagant joint boards, whose only "progressive" action was to increase their own wages from \$8.00 to \$9.00 a day.

Mileage is piece-work and must be abolished before railroad men can expect reasonable compensation for the service they perform. If the engineers would get an eight-hour day for freight and four hours for passenger men, the railroads to run them as far as they see fit, but double time paid for all overtime, it would not be long before the engineers would be receiving the highest wages in the country.



The Love Duel of the Snails

By WILHELM BOELSCHÉ

Being an Abstract of *Liebesleben in der Natur*. Translated by Hennysola Y. Dredenov.

JUST imagine you saw two vineyard snails approaching each other, changing themselves into winged cupids.

Now the two little rascals get out small bows, aim and shoot each other with tiny silver arrows, arrows of love that un-failingly hit the "heart," although they may land on some other part of the body. . . .

Hush! the imaginary view has passed away. There are only two ordinary out-grown, fat vineyard snails. And yet you have seen something with the eyes of poetry that natural history can record in its own way. In the love story of the snails, strict science has a tale to tell of actual love arrows that are used by the partners in love.

Such a snail is so much easier to understand than, for instance, the oyster. One can readily make head and tail out of it. However, what are usually considered ears by small and big children, are two pairs of extensible feelers, the larger one of which is provided with rather weak eyes.

Close to the right eye-feeler is a small aperture, which is nothing else but the sexual opening. This is not to be confounded with the breathing-hole of the lungs, which lies further back.

There is hardly another animal which has such a complicated apparatus behind a simple opening. The fundamental reason for this is that the vineyard snail is double-sexed like the oyster, that is to say, each one embodies both the male and female sexual organs. Deep in the body is located the double-sex gland producing in wonderful harmony male sperm as well as female eggs. A quite complicated hose conducts to the outer gate of love, through which ripe eggs and enterprising sperm cells can be conveyed down; moreover foreign sperm cells for the purpose of fertilizing the eggs can be lured the opposite way. Here, as everywhere in nature, self-fertilization must not take place. So in the upper part of said hose, the eggs and the sperm cells travel together; however, the latter are not fully ripe, so that there is no danger. But in the further run the hose is split and the eggs travel down the narrow shaft to the right, through which eventually outside sperm guests may come up. The germ cells go into the shaft to the left, leading to a rather extensive reservoir, which is nothing else but a reversed limb of copulation. This limb has its exit down near the outside aperture that leads to the egg receptacle

and has the ability to extend itself completely so that it stands outside of the body like a real male limb. The act of extension of the limb is performed in a spring-like manner so that it seems that it could sling out the sperm cells.

However, this does not take place as yet; for the time being, the sperm cells get first dressed up, that is, they are formed into "spermcartridges" by means of a secreted pasty substance. These "cartridges" have again their special mission, as we shall see later. But the body of the snail contains still more complicated machinery. There is first an empty kettle that is connected by a canal with the sex aperture and also more closely with the egg shaft.

Right next to this is another thing which is, undoubtedly, the most curious one. It is a kind of a quiver in which lies a small pointed arrow of chalk. This puzzling object has also no direct connection with the eggs or sperm cells. It seems to wait for something to come from the outside.

Let us quit now the inside of the snail with its signs and wonders. The snail sperm cells have gradually ripened; however, one snail alone can do nothing with them. Self-fertilization would be the easiest thing, but this is against the laws of nature and would be a perverse act. Not that the snail cares much about remaining on "moral" grounds, but it has the instinct and hopes for something especially exciting and agreeable by going with another one along the ways of nature, which self-fertilization could never bring.

And the other one is already coming up in the hot day of June, gravely, in the snail's fashion. Built exactly like its partner (bride or bridegroom is here out of place) it has also the very same desire. One can see the snails do no more belong to the low animal world; there is already some more complicated element about their behavior.

The two snails approach each other in visible excitement. First they walk around each other for a little while in a kind of a lame-duck trot. Then suddenly they stop, erect themselves as high as possible, approach each other and press the lower parts of their bodies together. Sitting back upon their shell house, they indulge for a while, quite humanly, in pressing their thick lips in a most devoted kiss. Their breath flies;

the feelers are moved vehemently; the passion seems boundless.

Unexpectedly a pause takes place; the excitement is not lessening, it seems only held back. This rest lasts about half an hour. Instead of going straight toward the desired object, it looks as if they were preparing something extraordinary. And, indeed, after their rest, they suddenly start a most curious intermezzo. Swelling up violently, in trembling passion, one snail approaches the other one with the desire to press the sexual openings together, thus creating a most unusual position on account of the peculiar formation of their body. Now it is one that attacks in this way; then they perform at the same time. Contrary to what may be expected, it is not the extensible male limb that shows itself, but, rather, the muzzle of the egg shaft widens itself and is pressed outward. Are they going to exchange eggs instead of sperm cells?

No, they do not. The mysterious arrow of chalk in the quiver seems now to be the center of their attention and activity. In endless trials and movements the arrow is squeezed and handled and sometimes, only after two hours, it has the position that is wanted for aiming. Now a sudden wrench, out comes the quiver in full development and the most astonishing phenomenon is visible.

The quiver actually goes off from the inside; this erotic gun seems to shot with water, as the puff goes off with a white foaming liquid. But no, a real dart has been slung against the other partner.

But may we not be mistaken? Perhaps it was one of those sperm cartridges aimed at the female of the partner snail and thus mark the movement of true copulation? No idea of that: What flies and hits is that chalk arrow which was lying in the quiver. It does not seem to matter where the arrow hits; the main thing is that it lands somewhere upon the partner in love. The arrow penetrates the skin with such a force that the wounded snail shrinks with pain. Sometimes the love arrow is slung so forcefully that it pierces the lungs of the "enemy" and a dangerous wound is the result.

Nevertheless, now comes the most unexpected success of love of this frivolous duel. Although the snails were already

highly excited before the attack, the love shot and the ensuing pain bring their passion to a climax.

However, this shooting has exhausted to the utmost all strength and the shooting snail drops down like dead for a little while. Some species do their shooting at the same time, while others do it one after the other. In the latter case it is just the wounded snail which, right after his convulsions of pain, gets up in his highest love-fire and leaves its exhausted partner hardly time to breath. And it is this blazing flame that leads straight to the summit, that is, the sexual unison.

How can the arrow have such an effect? In normal cases the arrow is gradually squeezed out of the body like a splinter and both snails have the power to supply anew their quiver after a few days with such persuading "love letters." Lately a naturalist by the name of Johannes Meisenheimer of the Marburg University has not only minutely examined all these parts, but has also succeeded in photographing the arrow-shooting as well as some other awkward positions. Amongst scientists there is no doubt that the arrow has some erotic effect, inasmuch as they call it the love-arrow.

In the further continuation of the love duel, this erotic effect is readily noticeable. The interrupted kissing and squeezing is taken up again with new passion. Suddenly both unfold their sexual parts, but this time not only the female apertures but also the extensible male limbs. After a few fruitless attempts, the latter penetrates the female sheaths deeper and deeper to deposit their sperm cartridges. In this way both snails sow as males and harvest as females at the same time. The duration of the real act is from four to seven minutes.

If our eye could penetrate into the interior of the lost-in-dreams, we would see how the male limb has been pushed into the female shaft, where it is held back for

a little while on account of a blood blockage. Only when the sperm cartridges have reached the little kettle, of which we spoke before, the limb has done its duty and can withdraw.

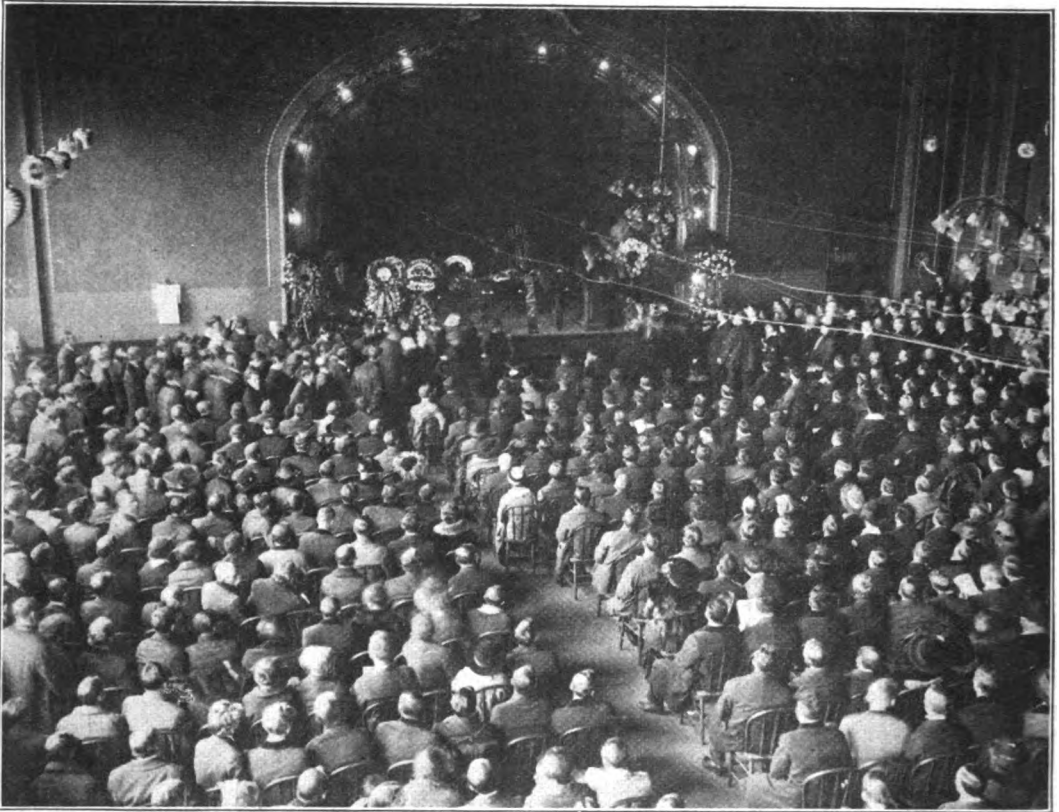
In this kettle the sperm cartridges open themselves and the individual sperm cells are forced. They wander up the egg shaft where they find ripe and nimble egg cells, with which they melt themselves thoroughly according to the old method. As soon as this is done, the newly fertilized egg covers itself like a hedgehog, to show the new sperm cells that she is already married. While going down again that same shaft the hedgehog pelt is cast away and a shell of chalk takes its place. The egg looks now like a white bird egg; of course, it is very, very small, although there are land snails in South America that actually lay eggs as big as pigeon eggs.

Before the eggs have reached this state, however, the snail has already fought a few more duels. New arrows and sperm cartridges have developed and with them, unbounded passion. The snail is all mother as soon as it has done its duty as father. As mother, it must deposit the ripened eggs.

To this end the snail first builds a cradle by digging itself in by circling movements until the little hole has reached a depth of about two and a half inches. Over this the snail covers itself, by using its shell as shelter, and deposits during a day or two about 60 to 80 eggs. These are carefully covered with ground so that all traces have disappeared. After about a month's time the youngsters come happily out of their grave cradle, fully developed to start life on their own account.

Thus the propagation of even the snail marks quite a complicated step in the age-long evolution from the one-cells that propagated by dividing themselves to the divine Madonna.





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SERVICES AT WEST SIDE AUDITORIUM, CHICAGO.

JOE HILL'S FUNERAL

By RALPH CHAPLIN

ON Thanksgiving day the throngs began to gather in the great auditorium hours before exercises were to take place. By 10:30 the streets were blocked for blocks in all directions; street cars could not run and all traffic was suspended. Within the hall one could almost hear the drop of a pin at all times. The casket was placed on the flower-laden, black and red draped stage, above which was hanging a hand-woven I. W. W. label (made by fellow-worker Cline in prison). So lavish had been the offerings of floral pieces from all over the city and the land, that the stage could scarcely contain them all. These were inscribed in a medley of languages. They were from English and

foreign speaking locals of the I. W. W., in and out of town; from Socialist branches and local unions of the A. F. of L., from independent organizations, from anarchist groups and from dozens of individuals. Some of these wreaths and flower pieces were elaborate and costly and others were simple and plain, but all were full of the heart-deep spirit of protest and regret.

The funeral exercises were opened with the singing of Joe Hill's wonderful song, "Workers of the World, Awaken"—members of the I. W. W. leading and the audience swelling out the chorus. This was followed by Jennie Wosczyńska's singing of the "Rebel Girl," written and composed by Joe Hill, after which came two beautiful

FIVE THOUSAND PEOPLE UNABLE TO GET IN THE AUDITORIUM.



tenor solos, one in Swedish by John Chellman and one in Italian by Ivan Rodems.

William D. Haywood introduced Judge Hilton with a short but powerful appeal, the keynote of which was, "Don't mourn—organize." In spite of this brave admonition, however, fellow worker Haywood's clarion voice was strangely husky as he stood beside the silent, flower-covered casket. Judge Hilton's lengthy and masterful presentation of the legal facts in the case and the part taken by the Mormon church in the perpetration of this ghastly and uncalled for murder, was listened to with absorbing interest by all present. And when the oration was concluded the thousands in the hall silently marched out to the strains of Chopin's Funeral March, played by Professor Rudolf von Liebich.

The parade formation was as follows: First, a committee to help clear the streets and to follow the prearranged line of march,

then the pall-bearers with the casket, followed by the flower bearers and the band. Because of the congested condition of the street, the committee and pall bearers had some difficulty in opening a passage through the crowd to the hearse, which was waiting a short distance away. After the casket had been placed in the machine the procession started its march to the elevated station. In the main body came the English-speaking branches with almost a hundred members of Local 400 and about 75 members from Rockford, then the foreign-speaking branches, followed by a veritable throng of workmen and women over a mile in length. Had it been possible to keep the crowd uniformly four abreast the procession would have been at least three times as long. It was found necessary to go four blocks out of the scheduled line of march in order to avoid the crush around the Auditorium building.



AFTER THE SERVICES



THOUSANDS MARCHED BEHIND SCARLET STANDARDS.

Slowly and impressively the vast throng moved through the west side streets. Windows flew open at its approach and were filled with peering faces. Porches and even roofs were blackened with people, and some of the more daring were lined up over signboards and on telephone and arc-light poles. The flower-bearers, with their bright colored floral pieces and wreaths tied with crimson ribbons, formed a walking garden almost a block in length. Thousands in the procession wore I. W. W. pennants on their sleeves or red ribbons worded, "Joe Hill, murdered by the authorities of the state of Utah, November the 19th, 1915," or, "Joe Hill, I. W. W. martyr to a great cause," "Don't mourn—organize. Joe Hill," and many others. The Rockford bunch was conspicuous by reason of its great crimson silk flag with the I. W. W. label on either side and the wooden shoe above the pole. Songs were sung all along the way, chiefly Joe Hill's, although

some of the foreign-speaking workers sang revolutionary songs in their native tongues. As soon as a song would die down in one place, the same song or another would be taken up by other voices along the line. The procession took complete possession of the streets with the exception of a few policemen, photographers and movie-men until the elevated station at Van Buren and Halsted streets was reached. Here the pall-bearers, flower bearers, funeral, singing and speaking committees were to board a special train of five coaches, in order to be first at the cemetery and prepare for the oncoming crowd. At this place, however, the crush from behind was so great as to almost upset all pre-arranged plans. Everyone seemed determined to board the reserve train and it took a great deal of hard work on the part of the membership to see to it that things went through according to the outlined plan that alone would insure the success of the

PALLBEARERS PLACING CASKET ON BOARD THE SPECIAL TRAIN.



program. The situation was explained to the crowd, which was soon pacified, and from this moment all elevated and surface lines leading to Graceland cemetery were crowded to capacity for over an hour. In some cases Joe Hill's songs were sung the entire distance.

Upon reaching the cemetery the funeral chapel was discovered to be ridiculously inadequate for the accommodation of the vast audience, and so it was decided to hold the exercises in the open air. And on the olive green

with tiny dove-colored clouds flitting across it hurriedly—somewhere. The air was warm and somewhat humid so that the trees

were hung with a soft mist that caused the landscape to fade away into a distance that seemed fairly enchanted. Here Joe Hill's songs were sung and Fellow Workers Haywood and Jim Larkin made short but stirring addresses in English, followed by Fellow Workers W. Sodergren in Swedish, H. Martin in Russian, C. Rothfisher in Hungarian, B. Schraeger in Polish, J. Santana in Spanish, D. Mari, in



HAYWOOD SPEAKING.



SMALL SECTION OF THE REBELS AT THE CEMETERY.

slope of an evergreen-crested hill they took place. Here the casket was tenderly laid upon the earth and all the flowers and wreaths and flags were placed about it. Above—high above the casket were the evergreens and above these, a couple of tall, bare elm trees raised up into the sky their delicately etched trunks and branches. Clutched in one lofty tremulous branch, as in a hand, was one of the last summer's empty birdnests. The sky was somewhat heavy and of a pearly grey tone

Italian, Wm. Penker in German, Harry Rabinowitz, in Yiddish and J. Siemiaszko

in Lithuanian. A few more songs were sung and then the body was removed to the little oak beamed high-roofed chapel, and placed on a bronze stand overhung with live palms and ferns. Here those assembled were given the last opportunity to view the remains of the murdered songwriter with the pale smiling face and the bruised hands folded above the four unseen purple bullet holes in his breast.



LARKIN DELIVERING ADDRESS



ROTHFISHER (HUNGARIAN).

SCHRAEGER (POLISH).

SANTANA (SPANISH).

A constant stream of people poured into and out of the semi-obscurity of the tiny room, while the great crowd gathered close around outside joined in one swelling, mighty chorus of song. Each one of Joe Hill's songs were sung over and over again, and when the great crimson silk banner of the Rockford local appeared the song of that name was struck up and sung as it was never sung before. Three ringing cheers were then given for the Social Revolution and the I. W. W. and then more songs. The singing and cheering was something the old cemetery had never witnessed before and the guards and officials were stricken with undisguised amazement at the audacity of it all. There were a couple of dozen "harness-bulls" on the job and it was funny to see them shy away from the sunburned harvest huskies of Local 400 and the brawny Swedish fellow workers from Rockford. The "bulls" were so outclassed physically and were so insignificant looking in comparison with the I. W. W. boys that it must have been painful to see them singing and cheering unmolested in an exclusive and sedate graveyard like Graceland. But the singing continued until it was quite dark and the trees and buildings blurred into gloom with only a few lights twinkling from out the shadows—and even then it continued. Finally small groups wearing carnations and ribbons walked slowly towards the station singing or humming or talking in low voices among themselves.

As no cremating could be done on a holiday a committee of five returned to the cemetery on the next day (Friday), accompanied by numerous members of the I. W. W. and friends. It was learned that the

body had been stripped to the waist in order to make photographs and to take the necessary measurements and casts for a marble bust.

A few laurel and other wreaths were saved from the floral offering, in order that they might be sent to some of the local unions of the I. W. W. in different parts of the world. The I. W. W. button was removed and also the cuff-links and necktie. These are to be preserved at headquarters and, in due time, placed in a shadow-box frame with an oil portrait of our songwriter. The casket handles were also saved and will be melted up into a plate on which can be engraved, "Don't waste time mourning for me—organize," which plate is to be used with the portrait mentioned above.

After some little delay, the casket was wheeled through an underground passage to the crematory room, where it was to be finally fed to the flames. The interior of this crematory is finished entirely in white. The walls are of white tile and even the steel doors of the furnace are enameled white. The body was here identified for the last time and, at a word from the committeeman in charge, it was wheeled to the doors of the blast chamber, which creaked open to receive it. Within was a stone slab on a level with the doors and the casket. The whole interior was already tinted a rosy red with the fires that were soon to consume the body of our murdered songwriter. The casket was suddenly pushed out onto the center of the slab. The steel doors creaked together and the tiny room was all white once more. Only the roar of the fire-blast could be heard growing louder and louder. . . .

In order to do all that was incumbent upon it, the committee was obliged to witness a small part at flames. The interior of this cremation. A small circular hole in the far end of the furnace was reached after traversing a dark and narrow passageway around the side of the blast room. Through this aperture the committeemen, one at a time and each with feelings all his own, viewed the flame-lashed casket containing the fine body and placid features of Joe Hill, dreamer, poet, artist, agitator, with four purple bullet holes in his young chest as punishment for the crime of being "true blue" to his class—and to himself.

The murdering of martyrs has never yet

made a tyrant's place secure, and the death orgy held by that heartless bunch of Mormon murderers on the nineteenth of November, in spite of the protests of the president and many noted men and women, and in spite of the protests of tens of thousands of working people all over the land, has done more to cement together the forces that are about to overthrow the ghoulis Capitalist system than anything that has happened in decades. The state of Utah has shot our song-writer into everlasting immortality and has shot itself into everlasting shame. Thank goodness, neither Joe Hill nor the I. W. W. will ever be found dead within the boundaries of Utah!

—Solidarity

QUESTIONED, THE EXECUTIONERS

By John Waring

What did you buy with your forty pieces,
 Any one of you five?
 Something to wear for child or wife?
 Release from a gambling debt?
 Christmas money, perhaps
 A gaud for a sweetheart girl?
 Whiskey to make you forget?
 Plenty of hire like yours,
 Hiding in little tills;
 Still it's seldom one puts one's finger on it
 Saying: "For this blood spills."
 This seems special, and so we ask,
 Idly—a passing thought—
 What did you do with your forty pieces?
 What was it that you bought?
 This we know not; but well we know,
 Things that you cannot buy,
 A pillow of ease for your head at night,
 A look in a straight man's eye,
 A pleasant thought when you walk alone,
 Or peace when you come to die.

The Rights of Small Nations

By JOHN REED

I WAS having my passport viséd in the Bulgarian consulate at Bucharest when, Frank came in on the same errand. I knew at once that he was an American. The tides of immigration had washed his blood, the Leyendecker brothers had influenced the cut of his nose and jaw, and his look and walk were direct and unsophisticated. He was blond, youthful, "clean-cut." Beneath the tweed imitation English clothes that Rumanian tailors affect, his body was the body of a college sprinter not yet gone soft, as economically built as a wild animal's.

As instinctively, too, as an animal, for he was not observant, he flared in me a kinsman, and said "Hello" with the superior inflection of one Anglo-Saxon greeting another in the presence of foreign and inferior peoples. He was a communicative boy, too long away from home to be suspicious of Americans. If I were going by the one-thirty train to Sofia, he said, we might travel together. He himself had been working for the Romano-American Oil Company—a subsidiary alias for Standard Oil—for two years, in the Rumanian petroleum-fields near Ploeshti. And as we walked down the street together he said he was going to England to enlist in the army and fight.

"What for?" I cried out in astonishment.

"Well," he said earnestly, looking at me with troubled eyes and shaking his head, "there's a bunch of Englishment out at Ploeshti, and they told me all about it. I don't care—perhaps it is foolish, like everybody says out in our camp, but I can't help it. I've got to go. I think it was a dirty trick to violate the neutrality of Belgium."

"The neutrality of Belgium!" said I, with a sense of awe at the preposterous possibilities of human nature.

"Yes," he rushed on, "it makes me hot to think of a little country like Belgium and a big bully of a country like Germany. It's a damn shame! England is fighting for the rights of small nations, and I don't see how anybody can keep out of it that's got any guts!"

Some hours later I saw him on the station platform, talking to a thin, plain girl in

a yellow cotton dress, who wept and powdered her nose simultaneously. His face was flushed and frowning, and he spat out his words the way a strong man does when he's angry at his dog, his servant, or his wife. The girl wept monotonously; sometimes she touched him with a timid, hungry gesture, but he shook off her hand.

He caught sight of me and brusquely quitted her, coming over with a shamefaced expression. He was evidently worried and exasperated. "Be with you as soon as I get rid of this damn woman," he said, brutally masculine. "They can't leave a man alone, can they?"

Lighting a cigarette he swaggered back to where she stood staring fixedly out along the track, her handkerchief crammed in her mouth, making a desperate effort to control herself. She had on excessively high-heeled slippers, such as Rumanian street-walkers wore that year, and carried a leather wrist-bag; everything about her was shabby. Her young breasts were flat, starved, and her knotted hair thin and dull. I knew that only a very unattractive girl could fail to make a living in Bucharest, where they boast more prostitutes to the square mile than any other city in the world.

Her eyes involuntarily leaped to his face; she began to shake. Frank dug into his pockets in a surly way, pulled out a roll of banknotes, and peeled off two. The girl stiffened, went white and rigid; her eyes blazed. Her outstretched hand with the money was like a loaded gun. But suddenly the dull red crept up her cheek like pain, and she clutched the bills and burst into violent sobbing. After all, she had to live.

My compatriot threw me a comic, despairing look and glowered at her. "What do you want?" he growled in harsh, unpleasant Rumanian. "I don't owe you anything. What are you bawling for? Run along home now. Good-bye." He gave her a little clumsy push. She took two or three steps and stopped, as if she had no power to move further. And some instinct or some memory gave him a flash of understanding. He put his hands on her shoulders suddenly, and kissed her on the

mouth. "Good-bye," said the girl, brokenly, and she ran.

We rattled south over the flat, hot plain, past wretched villages of mud huts roofed with filthy straw, halting long at little stations where the docile gaunt peasants in ragged white linen gaped stupidly at the train. The rich hectic whiteness of Bucharest vanished abruptly out of a world where people starved in hopeless misery.

"I don't understand women," Frank was saying. "You can't get rid of 'em when you're finished. Now I had that girl for about nine months. I gave her a good home to live in and better food to eat than she ever got in her life, and money—why, she spent on dresses and hats and postage stamps about a hundred and fifty dollars. But do you think she had any gratitude? Not her. When I got sick of her she thought she had a mortgage on the place—said she wasn't going to go. I had to push her out. Then afterward she began to write me hard-luck letters—nothing but a game to get money out of me. Fall for it? Of course, I didn't fall for it. I'm not so easy as that. This morning I ran into her when I came up to take the train; and I swear I couldn't shake that skirt all day. Crying—ugh!"

"Where did you get her?" I asked.

"Her? Oh, I just picked her up on the street in Ploeshti. You bet she'd never been with another fellow! That's dangerous." He looked at me, and a vague uncomfortableness made him desirous of justifying himself. "You see, out in the oil-fields every fellow has his own house. And you've got to eat and get washing done and have a clean place to live, of course. So everybody gets a girl to cook, wash, take care of the house and live with him. It's hard to get one who suits you all around. I've tried three, and I know fellows who've had six or eight; take 'em in, try 'em, kick 'em out.

"Pay? Why you don't pay 'em anything. First place, they live with you, don't they? And then they've got a house and food, and you buy their clothes for them. Nothing doing in the salary line. They might beat it with the money. No, that's the way you keep 'em on their good behavior. If they don't do what they're told, you shut down on their clothes."

I wanted to know if any of these *ménages* lasted.

"Well," said Frank, "there's Jordan. He's got the most beautiful house in our

camp; you ought to see that place. But of course he leads a pretty lonely life, because only the unmarried boys ever come to see him; sometimes a married man, but never with his wife. Jordan's been living with a girl for eleven years—a Rumanian girl he took just like we take ours—and, of course, nobody will have anything to do with him. He's the cleverest guy in the company, that man, but they can't promote him while he lives like that. A high official out here has got to be more or less of a social light, you know. So he's sat there for years and seen man after man that isn't worth a quarter what he is passed over his head."

"Why doesn't he marry her?"

"What!" said Frank, surprised, "that kind of a woman? After her living with him all that time? Nobody would associate with her. She's not decent."

"Doesn't it hurt *your* prospects to live with women?"

"Oh, us! No, that's different. Everybody knows about us and thinks it's all right, so long as we don't go around with the girls in public. You see, we're young fellows. It's only when you get about thirty that you must get married. I'm twenty-five."

"Then in five years—"

He nodded his yellow head. "I'll begin to think about getting a wife. But that's purely a business proposition. There's no use marrying—of course, a real man has to have a woman once in a while, I know that, but I mean there's no use tying yourself up—unless you can get something good out of it. I'm going to pick a good-looker, with no scandal about her and a social pull that will help me in my job. Down South there's plenty of girls like that. I don't need her money—I can make a pretty good salary in a couple of years; and besides, if your wife has an income of her own she's liable to want to do what she pleases, don't you think so?"

"I think that's a rotten way to look at it," said I with heat. "If I lived with a girl, whether we were married or not, I'd make her my equal, financially and every other way." Frank laughed. "And as for your plans for marriage, how can you marry anyone you don't love?"

"Oh, love!" Frank shrugged his shoulders with annoyance and looked out of the window. "Hell, if you're going to get sentimental . . ."—*The New Republic*.

THE ONE THING SACRED

By JACK MORTON

IF you want to know what it considers most sacred, look at the institutions of a country. Take the laws of these United States, for example. We have heard it said by well-known lawyers, that fully 95 per cent of the laws passed here are for the protection, and in the interests, of Private Property.

No government ever seriously considered the welfare of its working class sufficiently to enact laws to protect the lives and the health of its workers, except the German government. And it protected the German youth and looked after its health and welfare in order to build up the most powerful army the world has ever known. Germany fostered health and strength in her young men, not because she so valued the lives of her workers as such, but because she needed strong soldiers to kill and be killed in the interests of a bigger empire, and the German ruling class.

Millions of *lives* are being sacrificed today in the attempt to gain more *property* or to hold *property* already owned. Owned by whom? By the capitalist class, of course. The working class owns no property. Nobody ever heard of one-tenth the vast sums of money now being expended in property-seeking and property-saving warfare being spent in an effort to save human lives.

Germany pretends that her people required more land; but the German working class would have been welcomed in North America and South America, in Russia and in Canada. The German workers will not benefit through a German victory. England pretends that she is waging a war to save England for the "people"—or workers—of England. She declared war upon Germany because she feared that unless she joined France, and Germany emerged victorious from this war, the private property of the British-owning class would be jeopardized or seized.

And Private Property is the cause of all wars today when LIVES are paid to enrich the owning classes.

Today everything is colored with the taint of Private Property. Nothing is free

from it. While 95 per cent of the laws are passed DIRECTLY in the interests of the owning class, and for the protection of their property, almost ALL laws are indirectly passed for the property interests.

Neither the working class nor the capitalist class has ever been caught supporting a lobby at Washington for the passing of laws providing work for the unemployed. There is "nothing in it" for property owners. Nobody ever heard of any bribe being paid to get a bill through the legislature for a six-hour workday. Was it not Victor Grayson, British M. P., who "made a fool of himself" and arose in the out-worn English Parliament and demanded that something be immediately done to "feed the starving unemployed?" And was he not discredited everywhere as a hair-brained crank who did not know that Parliament was not the place to discuss the relief of the hungry and out-of-works? Grayson was thrown out of Parliament bodily and recalled, or impeached, or whatever they call it in England. Anyway, he was put out. He didn't belong. Now if he had discussed Work House appropriations or something sensible—. Anyway, Grayson never went back.

Again, questions vital to the lives of the working class are never discussed in the halls of Congress or Reichstag, except where they menace or bulwark Property Interests.

Almost every day we read about striking workmen being shot down and murdered because they have menaced the profits, or private property, of their employers. Employers of labor will go to any lengths to prevent their workers from securing a larger portion of the things they produce—because shorter hours and higher wages mean less private property for them. Lives of workmen and money are spent lavishly to insure future profits for the owners of industry. Employers of labor do not sacrifice a portion of their dividends to preserve and protect and enrich human life.

Let fifty workmen be shot down by gunmen hired by a mine owner. Whoever heard of the state militia being sent to

protect them? But let the striking miners flood the mines or menace profits and the troops are rushed to the scene to protect private property.

Look at the national educational institutions. Those that are producing ideas in favor of the owning class, those that are manufacturing future teachers that will spread and instill ideas favorable to the propertied interests, receive the support of state assemblies and philanthropic (?) millionaires; institutions that turn out men who are of "practical" profit to large landholders, or to big manufacturers are in great demand.

Professors may teach ancient Greek that is not even understood by the Greeks in Greece today to the thousands and nobody complains; learned Ph. D.'s may specialize in anthropology and exhibit prehistoric man in all his primitive instincts and emotions with impunity; but, let somebody, like Scott Nearing, come along and discuss the *PAY* earned by the *WORKERS* and everybody, from the church to the bribed state officials, from factory owner to city alderman, jumps up on their hind feet and demand that the heretic cease talking about things not in line with the "dignity and policy" of the university.

Take the "free press" (?) of America. It is owned by capitalists and supported largely by the big advertisers. It could not print the truth if it tried because, from garret to cellar, it is tainted with the viewpoint of the *PROPERTIED CLASS*. It is literally owned, "body, soul and breeches," by those who live by *OWNING* and not by *PRODUCING*.

Many churches are large property holders. They are one of the chief bulwarks of private ownership. Ask any large employer of labor and he will concede that he prefers "Christian" workingmen to non-christian workers. He will tell you they are more reliable and less extravagant workers. They ask less pay and produce more *PRIVATE PROPERTY* for their employers.

Imagine a middle-aged workingman, out of a job, coming to Chicago to seek work. It is winter. He has spent his last cent for a meagre breakfast and has tramped the streets all day looking for a chance to sell his labor power.

Darkness approaches and he turns his

steps toward the lake front in the hope of finding some sheltered doorway, some secluded nook into which he may tuck himself away for the night.

Bright lights are glimmering all along the beautiful Lake Shore Drive. Soft strains of music can be heard in the big houses and the gay voices of dinner party guests greet the ears of the workingman, out of a job for the first time in twenty years.

Through the windows he sees deft waiters serving dinner courses; he sees sparkling champagne, delicate dishes and lovely women. He sees men whose names spell millions of dollars and who have never soiled their hands or strained their brains with one day's honest work.

He thinks it over as he walks along, spurred onward by the silent blue-coated figures that pace softly up and down before the castles of the do-nothings, who own nearly all the wealth of the world.

He is just one among millions of other workingmen. For twenty years he has labored every day, earning barely enough to raise his family of girls and boys. And now, that his fingers have grown stiff and a little slow, so that the young fellows can better keep pace with the whirring machines, he has been turned *out*—out of shop, out of a job, out of his rented "home," out upon the streets to starve.

He knows that every other worker in the shop where he has labored all these years, would be in the same predicament if thrown out of work for two or three months—or even weeks—and he knows that the holdings of his employers—the great Consolidated Steel Company—have increased in value from \$500,000 to \$5,000,000 in twenty years.

And he knows that he and his shopmates have *MADE* that value, which has become the *PRIVATE PROPERTY* of their employers, instead of remaining the property of the *WORKERS* who created it. He knows that they have been robbed of their products and paid wages instead. They who have worked, have existed, and that is all; while those who did no useful work, performed no useful service, are rated among the land's great millionaires.

No gun was pointed at the heads of these workers. The great hold-up men did not command them to throw up their hands.

They did not go through their pockets. They hired other workers to build the great shops, with money which their fathers had in turn wrung from other workingmen. The employers had *OWNED* the shops, just as employers everywhere own *ALL* the shops and railroads, the factories and mines.

And the workers had to go to them to sell their laboring power; had to ask them for jobs. All these workers would have liked to collectively own the things they made, but they had to turn them over to their employers and accept wages that meant only a shelf to sleep on, bread and clothing.

If the workers, who made the raw material and built the shops and produced commodities *IN THE SHOPS*, together with the makers of the great machines, could have combined to keep the things they had made collectively, each and every workingman would have enjoyed steady work, at short hours, safety, leisure and comfort for life—for themselves and for their families.

No, the employers do not hold you up with a gun. They *OWN* the shops and your stomachs, force you to accept their terms when you *MAKE THINGS IN THAT SHOP*.

This workingman, out-of-work, looked into the windows of the rich. He was *outside*, penniless, homeless. And around about these great palaces, he saw soft-footed policemen guarding the private property of the owners. They were there to *KEEP HIM* and his kind *OUTSIDE*. They were there to keep *OUT* the very men who had toiled and slaved in building these wonderful homes, who had filled these homes with useful things.

This is the grand hold-up comedy in which we are all taking part today. Workingmen and women are *TURNED OUT* when their work is done; when the mansion is finished, when the clothing is made, when the food is prepared and stored. They are

turned out, robbed of their products, with only a few pieces of silver in their hands. The workers give much—all the useful, comfortable, beautiful and necessary things in life are made by their hands and brains—and they get *just enough to live on WHILE THEY ARE MAKING THEM FOR SOMEBODY ELSE TO KEEP*.

For there are so many workers after every job that somebody almost always offers to work for wages that are his "bare keep." And so everybody's wages become bare board and bed and clothing.

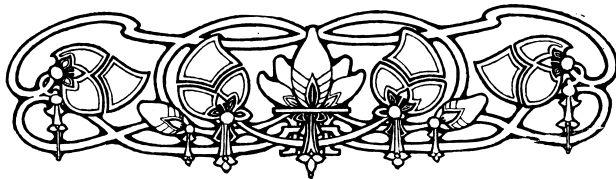
And so we understand that Private Property, that does not mean service rendered for service, work for work, value for value, hour for hour, *MEANS THEFT AND NOTHING ELSE*.

Nobody would be foolish enough to try to prove that any employer grew rich paying his employes the *VALUE* of the things they produced. That would not be wages. Wages mean *A PART OF*, a part of the value produced by the workers. And this is why revolutionary workers intend to abolish the wages system.

We don't want *A PART OF*, we want *ALL OF* what we produce. Then, if we only worked four hours a day, and gave the other fellows a chance the other half day, we would still get two or three times what we receive now.

The capitalist class is not necessary in society today. The shop and land and mine and factory and railroads *are* necessary; but these were built or are mined or made by workingmen. We want to own and control these things so that what the workers produce, by working together, they shall own in common.

The great owners of private property are the great hold-up men of the world. They have produced nothing; they have stolen everything we have made. The revolution will, to use a polite phrase, *expropriate* the thieves, and teach men to regard human life alone as sacred.



The Gulf Between the Michigan Fruit Belt and Chicago's Ghetto

By

PALMER HOKE WRIGHT



A COMMON SIGHT IN THE FRUIT BELT

OUR very best physicians assure us that fruit is one of the greatest blessings nature has bestowed upon mankind. I am not a physician, but I do know that when one's stomach is empty, fruit is a very good substitute for corn beef and cabbage. I also know something else about fruit, for I spent a couple of weeks in the great Michigan fruit belt, and then went back to Chicago and put in a few days in the ghetto district of that proud metropolis. In Michigan I found one of the finest fruit crops that district has known for many years, but I also found something else, the something else being the sight of tens of thousands of bushels of peaches, pears and apples rotting on the ground. On the other hand, in the poorer districts of Chicago, the best bargain I could drive with the peddlers was three miserable-looking pears for a dime and the same coin would purchase from four to six peaches, according to the stage of decay.

If this state of affairs arouses the reader's curiosity, as it aroused mine, perhaps we can get together on a common basis and figure out just why it is that a large number of people in Chicago are hungry while a little more than ninety miles away enough food to feed every starving victim of the competitive system of distribution rots on the ground.

Now, you will ask, just why should the fruit grower let his product go to waste when there is a great market so near at hand? The answer is simply this:

Neither the grower nor the various commission merchants who derive profits from the industry are the least bit interested in seeing to it that everyone is supplied with all the fruit they want at a reasonable price. They are interested solely in the proposition of making as much money as possible in the shortest possible time. In order to accomplish this purpose, the growers band together and we have a number of organizations which are known as Fruit Growers' Associations. These associations are formed in order that the growers can control the market in such a way as to assure big prices. The theory is that it is much more profitable to get a big price on a small amount of fruit rather than a low price on greater quantities. You can easily see just how the consumer is not taken into consideration.

The associations make arrangements with the South Water street commission merchants in Chicago to handle so much fruit at a certain price. The South Water street merchant, in turn, disposes of the product, at a profit, of course, to the outlying commission men who deal with the retailer, the man from whom the ordinary mortal

buys. Every time the fruit changes hands the price changes also—it goes up. The result is that only the well-to-do family can have fruit; the rest of them can exercise the divine privilege of wishing for it all they please. Verily, the way the capitalistic class has of preventing the distribution of food is wondrous to behold; it is a marvel of perfection—for the capitalist.

Socialism offers a certain remedy for the conditions just set forth. Under a Social-

ist form of government, the government, which would be yourselves, friend readers, would own the fruit lands of Michigan. You would also own the railroads and steamship lines which connect the market with the source of production. These systems of transportation would be conducted in a far different manner than the one in vogue today. Instead of the fallen down, poorly equipped and badly managed railroads, you would have well organized,



BARGAINING FOR PEACHES IN CHICAGO'S GHETTO.

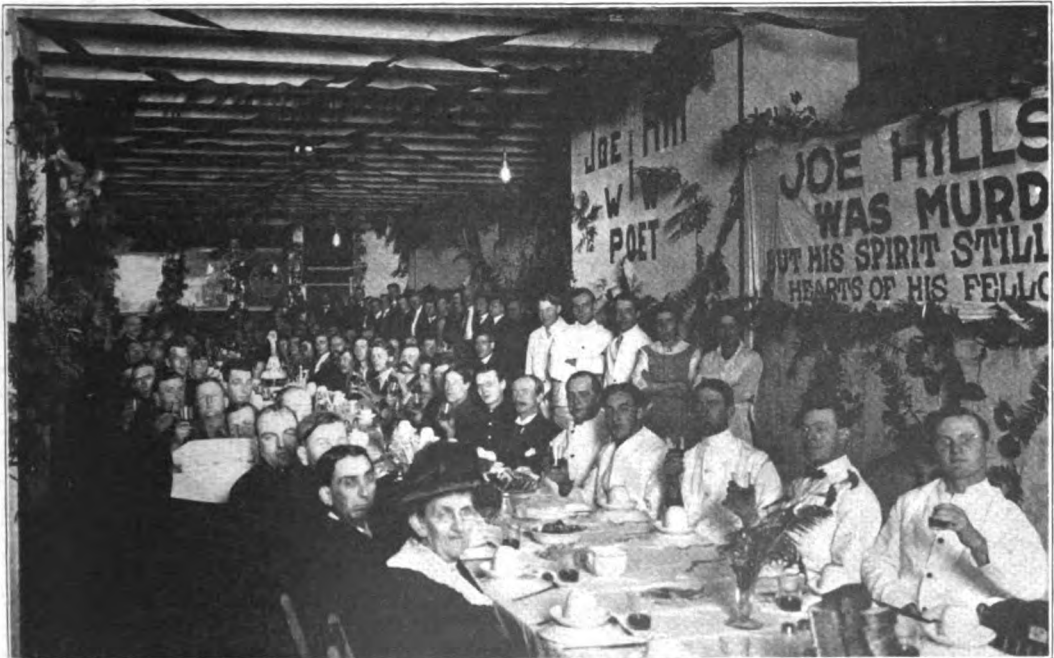
properly conducted and splendidly equipped steam lines which would do away with all the waste and lost energy so common today.

The fruit would be raised by responsible leaseholders of government-owned lands who would take pride in sending to market the finest fruit nature can produce, and it would be such a simple matter to get the product to market that there could be no possible excuse for any of it going to waste. When the fruit reached the great centers of population it would be taken immediately to the government-owned distribution stations, which would be so placed as to make them easily accessible to everyone. We would eliminate all chance for waste. The prices would be low. Fruit would become an article of every-day consumption rather than something intended for only the very rich. There would be no haggling middlemen to extort a profit; there would be no such incidents as the one which happened in Chicago the other day when com-

mission merchants destroyed eleven car loads of peaches to prevent glutting the market.

Perhaps all that sounds like an Utopian dream. Perhaps you will continue to look upon such statements as the product of a mind given to dreaming. On the other hand, perhaps you will start to thinking the matter over and become enough interested in what Socialism has to offer to make a study of what it proposes. That is all that is necessary. When you start to thinking you will become socialistically inclined. You can't help it if you really think.

I have told you why it is that fruit rots upon the ground while people are hungry. Similar conditions exist in the production and distribution of every other item of food; of clothes; of coal and wood; of medicine, in fact, of everything. What are you going to do about it? Think Socialism and keep on thinking it. It won't be long before you will be doing more than thinking. You will act.



I. W. W. SMOKER, SEATTLE, WASH.



WAITING FOR DINNER UP IN THE WOODS.

THE LUMBER JACK

By ARTHUR BOOSE

I HAVE been asked to contribute an article on the lumber industry and the conditions which obtain in it. I have spent a good deal of my life in that industry and take pleasure in telling about the life of the men known as lumber jacks.

I have often made the assertion that they are most submissive slaves. They put me in mind of what Joe Hill said of the Scissor Bill. They look like human beings physically, but they think like children. To prove this statement all that is necessary is to look over the conditions of the various industries of the country. We find that the conditions are worse and the wages lowest in the lumber industry. Last winter many lumber jacks got only \$10 a month and \$26 was top wages.

At the present writing in this city (Duluth, Minn.), while the employers are howling about the prosperity and scarcity of labor in the country, the employment sharks are hiring men for \$18 to \$30

a month for the lumber companies. What do you think of this kind of prosperity?

And when they are on the job, at about 4:30 in the morning the horn is blown which tells the men to get ready for flap-jacks and watery coffee. Then they are turned out in the dark to work long before sunrise. They are in the woods and snow, working, shivering and waiting for daylight.

The bunk houses in which the lumber jacks sleep are enough to gag a skunk. Men lie all night piled together like sardines in a box. Sometimes they sleep on the floor, when there are not bunks enough for all.

There are usually two tiers of bunks, one on each side of the camp. Sometimes the bunks are built of poles, with hay or balsam boughs in them for the men to sleep on. In one camp I saw men buying hay to sleep on. Otherwise they would have to do without. The lumber company sold hay to the men for beds at the rate of three cents a pound. Some of

this hay was sold over and over again. When someone quit work or got fired and left his hay in the bunk, the chore boy, better known as the Bull Cook, would gather up the hay and sell it to someone else that came along. And every time this hay was sold it weighed more, because it was filled with more vermin and dirt. Beans and sow-belly are the chief food.

To keep clean is impossible in a lumber camp. Baths and other sanitary conveniences are entirely out of the question. The only bath the lumber jacks get is when they are caught out in the rain. In most camps they get their dinners out in the woods. In cold weather the knife and fork would stick to their mouths. The food would be cold and sometimes frozen—not fit for pigs to eat. If thrown at a hog, I am firmly convinced he would grunt because it hit him. But watching some of the lumber jacks dig into that garbage, it seems they like it and thank God it isn't worse.

In very nearly all camps they must buy their jobs or they can't get on, because the lumber companies get their men through the employment agencies, because that is a good paying proposition for the lumber companies as well as the employment sharks. They divide this money which the men pay for jobs fifty-fifty, or, in other words, the sharks take half for hiring them and the lumber com-

panies take the other half for firing them. But it seems most of the lumber jacks like this system of getting a job, because they keep this up. When they get fired on the job they come right back to the city and buy another job, and can't understand why they must produce an employment ticket or be idle.

They ought to know it is bad enough when men have to run around in a "free country," full of prosperity, as they call it, begging for work, let alone *buying* a job. In many camps they must pay hospital fees, which are about a dollar a month, and ten to twenty-five cents a month to get their mail. They are often twenty to thirty miles from any town and if they need clothes or tobacco are compelled to buy it from the lumber company at exorbitant prices.

In some camps they have an extra table for the slave-drivers who boss the men. And in very nearly all camps the lumber jacks are required to count the logs they saw and skid. The object is to get them bucking one another for the most logs.

Some lumber jacks are like dogs; they like to be patted on the back by their master and they like to throw flowers at themselves, bragging of being the 'best man on the job. Evidently they can't see that to be the best man on the job only signifies that he is the biggest mutt on the place, because he gets no more wages and does more.



ON THE JOB

I could tell you much more about the lumber jacks and their conditions, but that ought to be sufficient to convince anybody these slaves are sadly in need of information along the line of how to improve them. The only chance for the lumber jacks to ever get anything better is through organization. How they can fail to see this is a mystery. They surely must have heard of the lumber trust. That is an organization.

The bosses organized to regulate the lumber market and the wages and condition of the lumber jacks. The workers can run their legs off from camp to camp as individuals, looking for better wages or conditions, until they organize and stick together like the lumber barons.

So long as they refuse to recognize

that, they can never change conditions or emancipate themselves. The only solution for the workers is to organize industrially, regardless of nationality, color or creed. The lumber barons don't care what nationality or color the lumber jacks are. All they are interested in is who can make the brush fly. Those who can hustle the fastest get the job. The only labor organization that realizes this fact is the Industrial Workers of the World, the only organization that advocates international industrial unionism. That is why the employers hate the I. W. W., and the union the boss hates is the only union for the workers. For these reasons I ask you workers to join the I. W. W.

The Decay of the Craft and Its Union

By A. Mack

UNIONISM had its birth in the recognition that group action was more effective than individual effort. Practically the same psychology operated in the development of flocks and herds among the lower animals, and also towards the formation of tribes and clans among our early forebears.

Two thousand years ago the Romans had craft groups, called by them *collegia*, similar to our trade unions; and we need not be surprised to behold the English-speaking world, in another decade, celebrating the centenary of craft unionism, for it is bordering on 100 years since such organizations of workers were first legalized by the masters of England.

To be effective the Labor union must reflect the economic conditions of the workers. This, the early craft union did; every workman was in those times the master of his particular activity; he worked on the article through all its stages to completion. Usually, he was the owner of the tools with which he worked. The craft groups were distinct organizations and the men were classified in agreement with their finished product. The slogan of these unions was the well-known "Fair day's pay for a fair day's work"; not a very high ideal, we will admit, but when we consider the igno-

rance of the people, and the fact that class distinctions were less distinct then than now, and also that many of the workers had an opportunity of themselves becoming employers, we must not cavil at their moderate demands.

The advent and gradual improvement of the machine has completely banished the old methods of production. The workman is no longer an artist; he no longer makes the whole article; now he performs perhaps only one per cent of the operations required for the completion of the article on which he labors. He has been reduced to and resembles a cog of the machine with which he works, performing the one uninteresting operation his whole life through. Thus, in the making of a pair of boots in efficient factories, the services of 115 workers are utilized, and these 115, working with modern machinery, can put out 20 times as many boots as 115 efficient workmen could do under the old plan.

The capitalist has found the advantage of a division of labor, not only in the increased output, but also in the fact that this machine process has split the workers into many groups in every industry. Where there are many divisions there is no solidarity among the workers; the boss wins and smiles. Every industry today presents the

sorry spectacle of several warring factions in its working ranks, each endeavoring to assert its right to be considered the aristocracy of that section, and each group fighting for itself alone, each trying to climb up by pulling the others down. Instead of being united, as of old, according to the nature of the finished product on which they sectionally work, they class themselves according to the lever or button they pull or press.

No wonder the boss believes in craft unionism today! No wonder he patronizes the union picnics and the eight-hour celebrations! He likes unionism, and intends to help it all he can, for he sees in the class divisions it perpetuates among his workers a stronger proof of his own supremacy than any he could forge himself. He knows that craft unions are harmless to him; he recognizes that they are the weapons of a dead generation; he can see that they do not express the economic demands of the working class; but when will the workers themselves see this? Intelligent workingmen have for long been warning the craft unionists, and pointing out the urgent need for a more scientific organization of their forces on industrial lines, but as yet little notice has been taken, or, at any rate, little change has been made; whether this lethargy is more due to the ignorance of the toilers or to the power of fakir politicians and ignorant, self-hunting union officials, it is somewhat hard to determine, but certainly much of the crime lies at the doors of these latter groups, in whom the trusting worker has apparently undying confidence.

When they realized, a quarter of a century ago, that the craft unions failed to improve their living conditions, or even secure them a "fair day's pay for a hard day's toil," they were enlightened by the aspiring politicians in their ranks that it was because the craft union was like a bird trying to fly

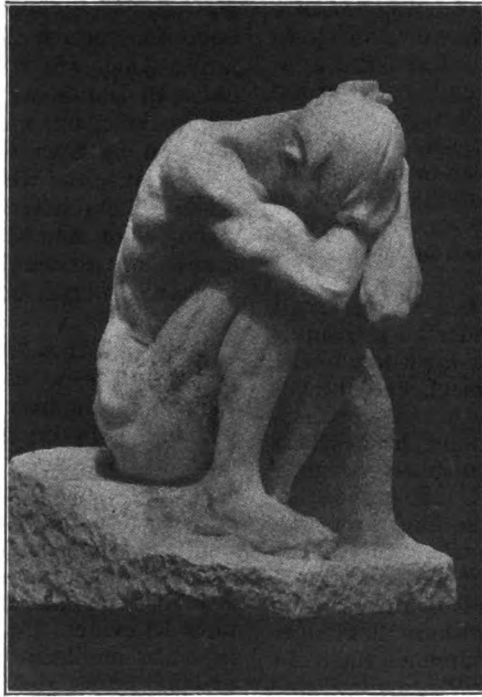
with one wing, and that before they could hope for success they must build a legislative wing, from among the workers, to assist the union wing. This they have recently done, but find that the bird still refuses to fly towards Paradise. Some say it is because the wing is not strong enough, while others assert the feathers are the wrong color, and some think the bird wants a new "constitution." This kind of strategy is known in craft union circles as "a step at a time."

While all this "step at a time" humbug is going on—to allow the fakirs to hold their jobs—the masters are building up their machine grip on the working class, and rubbing from the economic board any trace that may remain of the old crafts, upon whose existence the first craft unionists built their organizations.

That the old unions have failed to achieve anything for the workers in recent years must be evident to the densest of the working class intellects. After nearly a century of craft effort, they have not yet succeeded in landing that beautiful ideal—"a fair day's pay," etc., and we find them receiving less purchasing power now than they were 20 years ago. This is only as it can be, and the farther we go the quicker will be the backward step, for the craft union is so long obsolete that it is at present little better than a toy for the workers; it keeps them quiet, and gets them nowhere.

The only hope for the working class lies in and through the industrial unions. When they learn to so organize, and do their own fighting, instead of wasting time and energy in securing good jobs for others in the Parliamentary benches of Capital's Dopehouse, they will be in a position to secure for themselves the full social results of their labor, which is the only "fair pay" for any work.—From *Direct Action*, Australia.





OUTCAST.

OUTCASTS

By ELEANOR WENTWORTH

OUTSIDE the Rotunda of the Fine Arts Building of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition is hunched a gripping, sorrowful figure—a figure that crouches back amidst the foliage as if humbly seeking to escape the eye of the passer. Meekly it bears the name of *Outcast*. About it, fountains ripple; beyond, the sun joyfully sets a gleam the somber greens of olive; chuckling, sprightly Pans, with uptilted pipes, laugh to scorn the chill atmosphere of the sorrowful one, set so far into the shadows that the sun never reaches it, leaving its marble surface ghastly.

That figure, with arms clenched and head bowed, in its shadow seclusion indomitably symbolizes the disowned of the ages—the iron-collared slave, the branded thief, the wandering disbeliever, the woman scorned, the helpless debtor. It symbolizes those

passive sufferers, who, after tilling and sowing the fields of life, so that they grow green and cool, wander begrimed and thirsty in the waste desert stretches. Pitifully it speaks of those who confidently threw all their hearts' sweetest flowers to the world they loved, receiving no return, living forevermore with barren hopes. It whispers of those who flung their cries of joy to the winds, and heard them wafted back as taunts. It speaks of builders, of whose dream houses no cornerstone or cornice has been realized. Voicelessly it proclaims the *Slave of the Past*.

And as I looked at it, so hopelessly resigned, I hated it, for all its powerful symbolism.

Did the world know no other Outcast than this shrinking, unreprouched figure? Was this symbolism the whole truth? Were there no Outcasts who dared accuse—who



STRIKE.

dared fight for their inheritance? None to cry dauntlessly, "We will not be cast aside, we who have builded and tilled and dreamed!" Were there no Outcasts with hope—with fighting blood?

In the far recesses of the Japanese Section, where only a few errant footfalls echo solemnly through the spacious silence, I found that for which I searched. There I found the symbol of the Outcast I dared hope to see. A truly courageous figure it is, with Hope and the Spirit to be Free stamped large upon it. It is the very antithesis of that bowed figure out among the green vines and laughing Pans, which seem to beg forgiveness for its very existence. This other figure is called "Strike," and proudly it bears its insignia of rebellion. The gaunt outlines and the eyes overshadowed with a terrible fatigue brand this figure of a man, as the other, with the marks of the Outcast. A woman leans upon him and, in turn, a brood of young clings to her skirts. But this Outcast is no craven. He neither cringes nor sorrows. He stands erect, and through the shadows of fatigue,

his eyes flash defiance out upon the world of the Self-Satisfied. He seems to cry aloud:

"I suffer, my mate suffers, and our young; but you shall pay—pay in full! You who stand between us and our Inheritance, your Time is drawing near—prepare! For we declare that we, too, shall live, we, the sufferers!"

This Outcast, springing from the depths, flings a challenge where others have only wept; dares where others have cowered in self-debasement. This man of courage, standing erect under the scourges of suffering and deprivation, gazing so steadfastly into the Beyond through overshadowed eyes—he dares aspire to walk in the green fields of his making; already he treads them in his imagination. He has sent a barely whispered hope of joy out upon the winds and it is rushing back to him a mighty symphony of realization. He dreams of a beautiful world, and builds it as he dreams.

He heralds the day when there will be no Outcasts, but all will be Well Beloved. He is the *Master of the Future*.

FIGHTING FOR PEACE

By S. J. RUTGERS

IT certainly is very disappointing to read what the socialist press, even in neutral countries, has to say about peace.

Most authors advocate some kind of special solution of the problem, although nobody seems to be quite confident in what he says with so much emphasis.

We all want peace, which in itself means nothing, if we cannot give a positive form to this platitude.

What kind of peace? According to your personal taste you are invited to accept one or another of at least twenty peace propositions, and if you choose that of the American Socialist party, together with some of the amendments, proposed in the Socialist press, you will have enough to fill a 10 years' peace conference.

One of the fundamental difficulties with most of the peace programs is in the fact that its fulfilment depends upon the military results of the present war. This forces us to rest some positive or negative hope on national militarism in its modern imperialistic form. Most of us feel pro-ally or pro-German, or at least anti-German or anti-ally, but this, at the same time, breaks our fighting power against imperialism in general. And as imperialism is the present, latest phrase of capitalism, this means the giving up of the very principles of the class struggle. In fact, it is the same policy as that of the belligerent socialists accepting a truce of "Burgfrieden" (civic peace).

Those who advocate some peace program, that is dependent upon the results of the war, should logically allow countries that are in a position worse than this program, to continue fighting, whereas in countries that are victorious beyond the program, labor would have no actual influence on the peace terms, on account of their giving up the principles of the class struggle.

To expect more democracy or even permanent peace as a result of an imperialistic war, seems utterly absurd, imperialism and democracy being like fire and water, and peace among a troop of hungry wolves not very likely. But even if the wolves should

pause in fighting among each other, after the war is over, it could only be in a united effort to jump at labor.

Every proposition to make a so-called peace program, or to advocate some special form of peace, has failed and must fail unless you keep to the class struggle, straight and simple. If your program is less complicated, less scientifically dressed, you will find a way out, broad and bright, without theoretical clouds or fogs, but paved with deeds, strong feeling and heavy fighting.

Modern capitalism means imperialism.

National war means imperialistic war.

Class struggle means fighting modern capitalism.

means fighting present imperialism,

means fighting imperialistic wars,

means fighting nationalistic wars, whatever may be the so-called ideal motives. Please keep in mind, that *every* "national" war under the present conditions is bound to become imperialistic.

Now you may love your country your language, your literature, according to your personal taste, but if you love them more than you hate modern capitalism, or what is the same, imperialism, you simply are no Socialist. And if you happen to be a Socialist, you will fight imperialism, regardless of what will be the national issue. After all, you will find that there is some humor in history, because it will prove that the only way to protect nationality in the more human sense, will be to fight imperialism, and the surest way to destroy nations and national feeling will be to fight for them.

For the period of real national fighting has passed. The modern fighting, in strong alliances together with foreign nations, is fighting to improve strategic positions in the struggle for world power, is fighting to conquer foreign colonies, all of which is not the old national issue, and often means the very opposite of it.

But when we fight imperialism on an international basis, and without compromising with any capitalist party, socialism will be

the result, which at the same time means the only possibility for the free development of national feeling.

It really seems too simple, but from a socialist viewpoint there is no other way, and it is a fine way too, if we only have confidence in our own cause.

Those who despair are practically lost.

But when you see before your eyes that capitalism has reached a stage in which it can only exist by wasting and destroying its own products; where it can only maintain the position of its ruling class by brute power and corruption, and still you think that times are not ripe, that you will have to wait some centuries more, well then you are simply a slave in body and mind and you will get all you deserve.

It is up to labor to take its own fate into its own hands.

It is up to labor to start a fight that will not end until we have victory. This will have to be a harsh fight; it will mean de-

feats as well as victories. It will mean victims and martyrs. But to be killed in a war for imperialism seems worse than being killed in fighting against imperialism. And as even Morgan cannot pay interest when there are no workers, some of you will have to survive even a revolutionary period. Take the best of your chances and take it in your own hands.

This means to stop the "Burgfrieden" and to fight against your own ruling class in all of the belligerent countries; this means an agitation for demobilization in neutral countries in Europe, and it means uncompromising fighting all over the world, industrial and political.

American Socialists can give a moral support to those comrades who advocate this kind of peace action, but above all they will have to take up their own class-struggle in a most efficient way, which will mean a greater help to European labor than a dozen peace programs.

Tenant Farming in the United States

By W. W. PANNELL

IN THE great southwest, where a comparatively few years ago the "sturdy pioneer" homesteaded his hundred and sixty acres of land and had it deeded to him "free of all incumbrances," has developed a "problem," based on land tenantry that has assumed such stupendous proportions as to attract the attention of the entire country.

In Oklahoma 54 per cent of the tillers of the soil live on rented farms, in Texas only 2 per cent more own them there than in Oklahoma, while the percentage of tenants in the other states of the south and west is so large as to be almost unbelievable.

The tenant farmers of the southwest may be divided into two classes—those who possess their own farming implements, work animals, etc., constituting the larger, but rapidly decreasing class, while those who own nothing and are virtual serfs to the landlords and who constitute the smaller, but rapidly increasing class, the beginnings of a future "possessionless proletariat" of the soil.

Many farmers who a few years ago owned their farms are now in the class of the possessionless tenants or renters, as they are more commonly called. Nearly every newspaper in the southwest is crowded with notices of "Sheriff sales under mortgage foreclosures." This means that the one-time owner will now become a renter of the first class; a few years more and a "public auction" notice in the local paper will denote his entrance into the class of possessionless tenants. This is the identical process used in the manufacture of the "shiftless renter" of the southwest.

The house in which the average renter lives is built after a style current some years ago, which consists of two rooms or one room and a "lean-to" or side room, which is generally used for a kitchen. The houses are usually unfinished and unpainted, the walls and ceilings sometimes being covered with old newspaper or cheap muslin. Into this habitation crowds the farmer and his family, which ranges all the way from the "lord of the manor" and his wife to a "force," using the parlance

of the landlord, of from six to a dozen children. The renter with the largest "force" can usually secure the best farms and as a result the family of the average tenant farmer is larger than that of the average industrial worker.

In the renter's home modern furniture is conspicuous by its absence. A few rickety cane bottom chairs, bedsteads, according to the size of the family, and perhaps a bureau or "dresser" constitute the furnishings of the "front" room, while a common board table, cook stove and cupboard situated in the kitchen bring up the sum total of the renter's household belongings. Books and magazines, with the possible exception of a farm paper or two and a few old school books, are rarely ever found in a renter's abode.

The food of the renter consists of only what a very meager income is capable of purchasing and is invariably of the brand contained in tin cans and paper sacks, with the possible exception of "garden truck" in the spring and early summer. The rest of the time the renter subsists on such food as can be bought in quantities and is alike preservable in hot and cold weather, wheat bread, dry salt pork and navy beans constituting the average year round diet of the renter.

This low standard of living, which has caused the tenant farmer to be considered "shiftless," is chiefly owing to the prevailing methods of renting land and the conditions produced thereby, which virtually prohibit the acquiring by the farmer of an adequate standard of living and permanent and sanitary housing facilities.

The prevailing method of renting land is to rent for "share rent." Under this method the renter agrees to deliver to the landlord a certain per cent of the crop after it is harvested. The farmer that owns his own farming implements, work animals, etc., is usually obliged to give "one-third," while the possessionless renter must relinquish one-half of the product of his toil for access to the land. House rent, pasture for live stock, etc., is generally supposed to be included in the rental charge, but of late landlords have been known to charge extra for these accommodations.

A recent trip through one of the greatest tenant sections of the country has shown the writer that such practices are not uncommon. Some landlords also require a

cash bonus as a guarantee that the land will be cultivated and as an insurance for the upkeep of the fences, buildings and other improvements.

In the contracts entered into between the landlord and the tenant farmer the disposition of the premises is always stated in specific terms, stipulating in every minor detail the varied operations of farming the land that the renter must comply with or abrogate his contract. The contracts also specify the amount of land that can be planted to a certain crop. For instance, a contract which we have just examined stipulates that 60 per cent of the land must be planted in cotton, 20 per cent in corn and 20 per cent in other feed crops, with the exception of a quarter of an acre, which the renter may reserve as a garden plot. It might be said, in passing, that this is an unusually liberal contract.

Besides having his liberty abridged by pernicious clauses in the contract, which he is obliged to subscribe to or be denied the opportunity to wrest a livelihood from Mother Earth, the renter is humiliated by being compelled to get the permission of the landlord in order to sell any of the crops raised on the farm and must submit to the dictates of the landlord as to the manner and time of selling. In some states "landlords' lien bills" have been passed, which prohibit the farmer selling anything off the land without the permission of the landlord until all charges against it have been paid.

While the landlord is the greatest exploiter of the tenant farmer, he has a close competitor in the local store at which the renter buys his supply of food and clothing. This store, which is also often owned by the landlord, is the regular "pluck me" store of the rural districts. When the farmer has anything to sell he takes it to the local store and is given, in payment, a little book containing coupons equal in value to the amount of his sale. These coupons are "legal tender" nowhere except at the store issuing them, virtually compelling the farmer to buy his supplies where he sells his produce. As a result of this arrangement the average tenant farmer is in debt at the end of the year.

The connection of the rural store with the landlord from whom he rents land, with the banker from whom he borrows money—in fact, the close co-operation of all agen-

cies that work to enslave him and his "heirs and assigns forever," forms one of the longest chapters in the biography of the tenant farmer and is fraught with too much importance to be lightly treated in this article.

In Texas and Oklahoma, where land tenantry has increased with amazing rapidity during the last few years, the tenant farmer has developed into a migratory worker, who seldom works on the same farm two successive years. March the first is generally the time when the renter's contract terminates, although they may be made to terminate at any time, and at this time thousands of tenant farmers change their landlords for the coming year. This unsettled condition of the tenant farmer—so different from the conditions obtaining in the same localities a few years ago—is solely owing to the concentration of the land into a few hands and its corollary, the increasing impoverishment of the workers.

The tenant farmer or renter being of comparatively recent origin in the southwest, the facts of land tenantry have not been widely disseminated, and as a result practically no organization of national importance, with the single exception of the Socialist Party, has seriously considered its problems. In all tenant farming states the Socialist Party has formulated extensive "farm programs," which if put into practice, would do much to better the conditions of the tenant farmer, even under capitalism. However, it is understood that nothing of lasting benefit can be secured for the tenant farmer as long as the system of capitalism exists, and in all sections of the country the revolutionary message of Socialism is proclaimed with special emphasis laid on the society that is to be, wherein all useful workers will receive the full social product of their toil.



IN FAVOR OF UNION

By Mrs. Bernie Babcock

I 'M fur dese heah unions
De white folks tells erbout;
"In union dere am strength," dey say,
An' I'se done foun' dat out.

So now, my feddered brudders,
Lem'me impress on you
Dat you as loyal citizens
Should be fur union, too.

Jes don't you squawk nor cackle,
Nor kick up no loud fuss,
An' we'll git organized right soon
Widout no strikes nor muss.

I'll furnish all de capital
Lak hatchets and de pot,
An' keep de fire a-burnin'
An' de water boilin' hot.

Now, doan stan' back an' argue,
Caze your bones will make de pickin's,
God planned hit jes dis sort er way
Or he wouldn't made you chickens.



THE FLOOD



STORIES OF THE CAVE PEOPLE BY MARY E. MARCY

EARLY in the spring, the snows began to melt on the mountain tops, many miles above the Hollow, and to run down into little streams that lost themselves in the great river. Day by day the waters of the river arose along its banks. The Cave People gave little heed, for they had much to do at this time, to satisfy their hunger. Only the Old Woman bent her eyes on the whirling waters with fear and dread in her heart.

Long before the memory of the other members of the tribe, she recalled a time when the waters had clambered over the river banks and spread many a day's journey into the deep forests. Many of her brothers and her sisters had been swallowed up by the angry waters. The members of her tribe had been scattered and joined new tribes. Since those days, she had always feared the river, when it rose in the spring.

When she warned the Cave People, one and all, they listened to her words, but they knew not what to do. And always the river rose higher and higher and its current grew more swift, tearing away the young saplings that grew low down, and bearing them swiftly away.

But the Cave People had need of great skill these days to satisfy the hunger of the tribe. A new activity seemed born unto them. Eyes grew keen for the tracks of the wild boar and their ears were open

for a sound of the foot of the forest enemies.

Sharp eyes everywhere pierced the woods and glanced from the branches of trees, for man and beast had need to be ever alert and watchful to survive the dreary period of the hard seasons. The black bear appeared, thin and dangerous. But the Cave People eluded and outwitted her. Across yawning cracks in the ground or over great hollows, they threw branches of trees. And upon these branches they threw dead fish and smeared the blood of the wild duck.

Through the woods the smell of fresh blood reached the keen nose of the bear and she made her way thither to satisfy the hunger that gnawed her continually. But the branches gave way under her great bulk and she fell crashing into the pit below, where the Cave People killed her with their long bone weapons.

It was after one of these great bear feasts, when the Cave People had fed the Fire into a roaring blaze to protect them from the animals that grew over-bold at this season of the year, that the Old Woman renewed her warnings. The waters of the great river continued to climb upward and there remained but a little way before they should overflow the banks.

Then the Old Woman gathered the members of the tribe together and told them the story of her childhood days. The new words of the tribe came stumblingly to her

lips, therefore she made known her thoughts chiefly in the gesture language.

First she pointed to the land across the river, waving her wrinkled hands northward. That way lay the home of her birth. Many, many years before—she held up both hands to indicate the time was beyond the power of counting—she had lived with her fathers and mothers, on a river bank. Very small she was in those days. Her head came only to the thigh of a man.

Came a time when the waters of the river crept up over the lands, just as they had begun to steal over the wood north of the Hollow. The people of her tribe had climbed into the great trees, but with the coming of every new sun, the waters rose higher and higher. Long the waters continued to climb till they became a great surging flood, creeping through the forest and at last joining the waters of the river that flowed beside the homes of the Cave People. Over all the world there remained no dry land.

And the Old Woman, who was then a child, dwelt for many suns with her fathers and mothers, in the tall trees.

But there came one day a storm, when the waters foamed and whirled and tore up the trunks of the great trees and hurled them into the flood. And the limbs of the tree, on which the Old Woman clung, were beaten and bent in the mighty struggle till at last, she was whipped from the branches and thrown into the waters, as nuts are shaken from the trees.

And the Old Woman was borne away in the swift current. She heard many cries, as the waters threw her about, and some of her people leaped into the flood to save her. But she was beaten about like a leaf in the wind and unable to call to them.

Soon she found herself dashed against the trunk of a tree, and she climbed upon it and clung to it for a long time. Often she grew very weary and slipped back into the waters, but always she clung to the branches of the tree, till, at last, she had been washed ashore. And she made her way into the new land till she came, by and by, to the homes of the Cave Dwellers.

Tubers they fed her and the eggs of the wild fowl. And she remained with them and became a member of the tribe.

Never again had the Old Woman beheld the people of her own tribe, save at night

when she dreamed on her bed of dry leaves in the deep cave. Sometimes they returned to her then and told her strange things.

Thus the Old Woman told her story and when she was finished a trembling seized her brown body and she gazed long at the swift waters of the river. Of the color of the leaves, touched by the frosts of winter, were her wrinkled hands, with which she pointed toward the river. And the Cave People were seized with fear also, for even as they watched, small rivulets crept over the banks and trickled down into the hollow.

Heavy rains fell all through the day that followed and the small streams of water that overflowed the banks found their way into all the little hollows, filling them. At night when the Cave Dwellers sought their caves, their hearts were filled with dread.

Quack Quack crouched close to Strong Arm, with her arms about little Laughing Boy. The rumbling and roar of the waters sounded in their ears, as the swollen river tore downward in her course. But, after a time, they fell asleep and forgot their terrors, till the cries of their brothers and sisters aroused them towards the morning.

Now the cave in which Strong Arm slept was upon a point above the caves of the other members of the tribe, but when he arose and rolled the great stone from the entrance of the cave, the snarling waters curled about his feet and wet them. And, when he looked into the Hollow, a strange sight met his eyes. For the river had risen in the darkness, covering the face of the world. Every moment the waters surged savagely onward over the land, into the deep woods, as though they meant to devour the whole earth.

At those points where the ground rose higher than the surrounding land, clustered the Cave People, chattering in terror and clinging desperately upon whatsoever their hands found. Very quickly Strong Arm called Quack Quack and Laughing Boy. And he assisted them to mount to the top of the cave, where Laughing Boy whimpered with fear. They heard the voice of the Old Woman, calling shrilly to them, as she pointed towards the branches of the tall trees in the forest, where they might find safety.

And many members of the tribe cast themselves into the waters that rose steadily every moment, and swam toward the woods.



But the waters tossed them and the current pushed them ever backward. Often they were struck by great floating logs, that rolled over and over when they sought to climb up on them.

Then, amid the great tumult, was heard the voice of Light Foot and the sounds of Big Nose, her husband, also. And when the Cave People looked about, they discovered a flood of huge logs and dead trees that had been jammed before the entrance of the cave wherein dwelt these two, barring the way out.

And every man in the whole tribe forgot his desire for safety to answer the cry for help that Light Foot sent up. For, among the Cave Dwellers, there was a great tenderness among the men and women of the tribe. The word of a woman bore great weight, for it was the joy of every man to please and aid her.

So Strong Arm threw himself into the water, with a cry to his brothers, while Quack Quack remained upon the top of the cave holding Laughing Boy in her arms, lest he be harmed.

Long the members of the tribe struggled with the current, till at last they reached the cave of Light Foot where she struggled with the logs that shut her in. With all their strength these strong men tugged and plucked at the trees. But with every effort

the waters bore back on them, jamming the logs into a wedge again, between the cave and the rocks, till the Old Woman thought they should all be drowned.

At last, however, Strong Arm thrust a great stick between the cave and the jam of trees and Big Nose and Light Foot were able to add their strength in diverting the danger. Soon they were free and making their way, with those who had saved them, toward the woods. It is well to note here, too, that the cave men thought always of the women, lending them every aid and that there was not one forgotten amid grave peril.

Not till it was too late to effect his rescue, however, did the Cave People remember Old Grey Beard, who had also become imprisoned in his cave. At that time the waters tore about the tops of the rocks and they knew it was too late to help him.

Although many swam for the woods, few arrived there. Strong Arm, Quack Quack and Laughing Boy, who had followed their friends, soon found themselves regretting the rocks above their cave. For all the drift borne down the river by the swift waters, seemed hemmed and wedged about the woods. Over these logs it was impossible to pass. For they rolled and dipped under the feet, dumping the Cave People back into the boiling water, sometimes crushing them between the great logs.

Strong Arm progressed beneath the debris, but he was unable to find an opening to come up, and was compelled to return to Quack Quack and Laughing Boy, who swam about the edge of the great mass of logs, awaiting him. Very dizzy he was and his lungs collapsed with his breath as he appeared, for the struggle against the current was almost beyond his strength.

Again and again they sought to reach the woods where they might find shelter in the trees, but each time they failed. It was impossible to advance and the strong current rendered it still more difficult to go back.

And every moment the waters rose. Logs whirled swiftly past with many of the forest animals clinging to them. Now and then they saw one of the Hairy Folk tossed and straining to reach the trees. The Silent One, who clung to one of the cane rafts, was flung into the whirling jab, by the current, and crushed like a dry leaf in the hand. As far as the eye could reach the

foaming waters tore their way through the woods. But between the Cave Dwellers who clung to the skirts of the jam, and the safety of the forest trees, it seemed there floated and rocked and churned all the trees of a great world of woods, plucked out and cast there by the great river, in order to mock them.

But the Cave People clung tenaciously, while the great mass of logs strained and tore each other, or were flung away in the current. At last the great hollow tree, in which Strong Arm had kept the Fire alive, was borne down, for its trunk was old with fire and with rot. As it was tossed onward in the mighty current, Strong Arm, with Laughing Boy and Quack Quack close at his side, made their way toward it with a great effort. As it whirled past them, they flung their arms over the rough bark and clung to it.

Soon they were able to climb into the burned out hollow of the tree, where they lay shivering with fear. The trunk of the tree made a kind of boat the Cave People had never seen, for only the burned out portion at the end lay open and dipped into the waters. In the hollow they lay for a long time, till their strength returned and their fears fell. Then they sat up and looked about.

The rains had ceased and the sun made his way high in the heavens, and they were borne swiftly along in the great log. Often they crashed into the branches of trees that rose just above the water. But always Strong Arm, Quack Quack and Laughing Boy clung tightly. They did not mean to be hurled into the waters again.

But they were checked in their fearful journey, at last, when the hollow log was driven amid the interwoven trunks and branches of a tall banyan. There it lay, tossing in the boughs, as safe as though it had been anchored securely. For the cur-

rent of the river sucked and drove it always more strongly into the arms of the tree.

Soon a great chattering arose among the branches that dipped now and then into the angry waters, and in a moment they beheld the Foolish One and a man from the tribe of the Hairy Folk, who called to them.

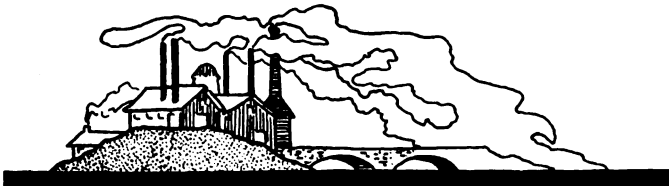
And Laughing Boy forgot his terrors as he seized a bough and made his way into the tree, for safety, while Quack Quack and Strong Arm followed him.

Then arose such a jabbering as was never before heard in the old banyan, while Strong Arm and the Foolish One made known their adventures. Also they talked to the man from the tribe of the Hairy Folk in the gesture language.

Where the limbs of the tree ran far out over the whirling waters, Laughing Boy found the long deep nests of the oo-ee-a. Often the branches bent beneath his feet and threatened to give way under him, but his lightness enabled him to secure these treasures. And together, the Foolish One, Strong Arm, Quack Quack, Laughing Boy and the man from the tribe of the Hairy Folk made a supper upon the eggs of the oo-ee-a. Then they sought out forked branches, where they curled themselves up and fell asleep.

The waters roared and thundered beneath. Dead trees and old logs beat against their new refuge in the great banyan, but they wound their arms and legs about the limbs of the tree and found rest.

Thus they dwelt in the old banyan, with a wild fowl now and then, a fish, or a few gulls' eggs to satisfy their hunger, while the river sank lower and lower into its old channel. Every day the waters receded and slipped back into the river bed, till Strong Arm declared the time was come when they might venture forth toward the land of their fathers.



Socialism and Preparedness

By HENRY L. SLOBODIN

FROM the way the Socialists are now dealing with the question of military preparedness one would conclude that they never before dealt with that problem and that it is confronting them now for the first time.

Comrade Russell sounds a call to arms and, evidently conscious that he has thereby sinned against some Socialist doctrine, he defies the Socialists to make the most of it. And many Socialists, also believing that Russell furnished the statutory ground, demand that the Socialist party get a divorce from him.

It does not seem to have occurred to any one of the many who made themselves heard on Russell, militarism and preparedness that the Socialist parties of the world have made repeatedly concerted and authoritative declarations of these questions.

I had occasion to say it before and I say it again, that there is no Socialist principle or doctrine, no Socialist authoritative resolution or statement upon which a demand may be predicated that one country should remain defenseless in the presence of a probable attack by another militaristic state.

The Socialists had many occasions, during the last fifty years, to deliberate upon this problem and declare the Socialist attitude on military preparedness. And not once did the Socialist declare against preparedness. On every occasion they declared that the Socialists were, in their own way, in favor of military preparedness. The Socialists always were against standing armies and huge military establishments. But they always were and now stand committed in favor of UNIVERSAL MILITARY TRAINING AND A CITIZENS' ARMY.

Now, I do not intend to hold a brief for comrade Russell. I am not sure that I know exactly what he wants. But I do want to object against anyone inventing Socialism for me *de novo*. Socialism in all its aspects is to me a definite and

familiar thing. I object against the attempt to foist on the Socialists of this country the non-resistance philosophy as a Socialist doctrine to which one must swear allegiance or be expelled from the Socialist party.

The German comrades in this country seem to have been especially and completely converted to the non-resistance to force philosophy, so far as the government of the United States is concerned. They are bitter opponents of all military preparedness in this country. They are not in favor of any program of military preparedness, Socialist or bourgeois. No Socialist, no workingman, should be allowed to touch arms. All use of arms is anathema.

I have not all the Socialist declarations on the subject at hand, but I have some. And most of them are by the German Socialists.

Mehring's History of German Social Democracy enables me to go back as far as 1869. During that year the Progressive party of Germany demanded of the Prussian government to initiate action in a diplomatic way for a general disarmament by the great European powers. The Progressive party called a mass meeting in Berlin to ratify the plan. As the meeting was declared open to all, regardless of party, the Socialists packed and captured it. And at this meeting the German Socialists passed a resolution declaring "the Progressive plan an unpardonable half-measure; what the European powers needed is the abolition of standing armies and the introduction of a citizens' army (Volkwehr), based on the military training of the youth." (3 Mehring's History, 282.)

The Gotha program, adopted May 22, 1875, had the demand, "III. Common right to bear arms. Militia instead of the standing army."

The Erfurt program, adopted by the German Social Democracy on October 21, 1891, contains the following demand: "III. Universal military education.

Substitution of militia for a standing army."

I take this from a pamphlet entitled, "Socialism," by Wilhelm Liebknecht, translated by May Wood Simons, and published by Charles H. Kerr & Company. Commenting on this demand, Liebknecht says:

"This is an old demand of the Social Democracy, which was brought forward by Fichte in his "Speech on the German Nation." Every one should be a soldier, as in Switzerland, and in order to bring about such a system it is necessary that every one, from his youth, be exercised in the use of arms, in marching, gymnastics, firing, etc.

"In Switzerland, every school teacher in every village knows the military exercise. He is at least an under-officer in the confederate army, perhaps a higher officer. He teaches his pupils from the earliest age exercising, military gymnastics, to shoot with the cross-bow, and at a certain age the child receives a gun. In short, the youth are educated in all the exercises necessary for military service."

So you see that the German comrades never deluded themselves into the idea that the German Socialists could leave their country in a lurch no matter by what peril it might have been threatened. Were they in favor of military preparedness? Well, it is an open question whether their plan, if carried out, would not make Germany, in a military way, even more powerful than it is now. It is often said that Switzerland has, for its size, the most efficient military organization in the world.

Socialists the world over adopted the same plan of military preparedness. They believed in both Democratic and Socialist. Every Socialist International congress adopted, over and over again, the same demand for universal military training and a citizen army.

I have not at hand all the proceedings of all congresses, but here is from the proceedings of the International Labor Congress, held in Paris in 1889. The resolution on militarism adopted by this congress is long and verbose. But as it was substantially readopted in the succeeding congresses, I will give it in full.

It is entitled, "Abolition of the Standing Army and the Universal Arming of the People."

The report in my possession is in German, edited by Wilhelm Liebknecht. And I must say right here that the terms used in German which are given into English by me as "citizen army" are "Volksbewaffung" and "Volkswehr."

Now the resolution:

The International Labor Congress of Paris:

Whereas, The standing army or a strong army in the service of the ruling or property class is antagonistic to every democratic or republican form of government; and is the expression of military, monarchical or oligarchic and capitalist domination and a tool of reactionary lawlessness and social oppression;

The standing armies are the pretext and the cause of aggressive wars, a constant danger causing international conflicts; and therefore the standing armies and the provoking policies whose organs they are, must make room for the defensive policies of the peaceful democracy, an organization of the entire people, which must be trained in arms and armed, not for robbery and conquest, but for the protection of its independence and its freedom;

The standing army is, as history shows, a ceaseless cause for wars, and is not able to defend the country against an overwhelming coalition, but, on the contrary, leads to its defeat and thus delivers the country unarmed to the mercy of the victors; when a well-equipped, organized and armed nation would be irresistible against an invading enemy;

The standing army causes a disorganization of social life by withdrawing the flower of the nation during the period of study and instruction, greatest labor time and activity, in order to incarcerate and demoralize it in the barracks;

Through the standing army labor, science and art are made fruitless and hindered in their upward course, and the citizen, the individual and the family are threatened in their development;

That, on the other hand, in a truly national army, where the nation is armed—"the people in arms"—the citizen may continue developing in national life his natural inclinations and abilities and perform his military functions as a necessary attribute of his citizenship;

That the standing army is, through the ever-growing burden of war debts, through the ever higher rising taxes and loans, which it necessitates, a cause of misery and ruin;

The congress repudiates indignantly the war plans of the governments desperately struggling for their existences; and views peace as the first and inevitable condition of emancipation of labor;

And demands the abolition of the standing army, universal arming of the people after the following plan:

The national army, the armed nation, consists of all able-bodied citizens; they are organized in districts, each district has its com-

pany or more—according to population—made up of citizens who know one another, and who, if it must be, are assembled, armed and in marching order in 24 hours; every one has his arms and his equipment at home, as in Switzerland, in order to defend public liberty and national security. The congress declares again that war, the sad product of the present economic conditions, will disappear only when the capitalist method of production will give place to the emancipation of labor and the international triumph of Socialism.

The foregoing resolution was adopted unanimously. The international congress, held in London in 1896, reiterated the declaration of 1889. After pointing out the economic causes of war, the resolution continues:

Therefore, the cry—Down the Arms!—is sounded in vain, as is every other appeal to the humanity of the capitalist class. Only the working class can have the earnest will and conquer the power to establish the world peace.

Therefore, it demands:

1. Simultaneous abolition of the standing armies in all states and the introduction of a citizen army.
2. Establishment of arbitration courts.
3. Final decision over peace and war directly through the people.

The resolution was offered by delegate Wurm of Germany. It is interesting to note from the discussion that followed how well ancient arguments keep for modern use.

Boicervois, Paris: Declares, in the name of the French majority, against a citizen army, which means militia, and, as is shown in Switzerland and United States, is a weapon in the hands of the capitalists. He also spoke against political action.

Pankhurst, England: Is also against a citizen army. The cry must be, "Down with Arms! Long Live Liberty and Fraternity!"

Landsbury, England: Is against the above views. To defeat the citizens' army would leave democracy defenseless against the bourgeois.

The resolution was adopted.

Having no report of the proceedings of the intervening congresses, we wing our way directly into the year 1907, to the city of Stuttgart. The resolution of the Stuttgart congress on militarism and international conflicts was adopted unanimously, both in commission and congress. The American delegates, including Hillquit, therefore voted for it. It is a very long affair, covering two pages. After reiterating the declaration of prior congresses, it goes on:

The congress sees in the democratic organization of the armed force, the citizen army in place of the standing army, an essential guarantee that aggressive wars will be made impossible and the removal of national antagonisms will be made easier.

That is all I have just now. But it is enough.

Never have the Socialists entertained even remotely the idea of leaving a country exposed defenseless against foreign aggression. Never have the Socialists suffered the idea of meek submission, of Christian surrender of non-resistance to force. The Socialists always recognized that in the end all social conflicts are decided by FORCE. And they were ever eager to secure arms for the working class against the day of final decision.

Why then do the Socialists of this country raise their voices against the traditional and established policies of the Socialist movement? Why such sudden and indignant abhorrence of arms and force?



AN INTERNATIONAL BOYCOTT?

By ELIZA FRANCES ANDREWS

Author of. *The War Time Journal of a Georgia Girl*

DEAR COMRADE:

May I ask for space in the REVIEW to suggest a better way of working for international peace than the futile policy of non-resistance advocated by Mr. Bryan and endorsed by a considerable portion of the Socialist press?

It seems to me inconsistent, to say the least, for us Socialists to favor "direct action" with brickbats and shotguns, if need be, in cases where our own selfish interests are involved, and then counsel an attitude of passive aloofness when the welfare of all humanity and the very existence of free government on this planet of ours are hanging in the balance.

I am not writing this in a "jingo" spirit, and I am not going to advocate the absurdity of making war on anybody as a means of stopping war, though when the "other fellow" insists upon coming at you with a club, I don't think the proper way to insure peace is to fall down on your knees and give him a free walk-over. It would be just about as sensible to cry hands off, and try to keep the peace with a nest of rattlesnakes as to hope to stem the tide of military aggressiveness by persuasion or argument. The only way to have peace with a rattlesnake is to exterminate him, and the same is true of Militarism. It is the handmaid of Despotism, as all history shows, from Hannibal and Caesar, down to Napoleon and William II., with his gang of royal and titled past masters in the art of butchery.

A nation that has permitted itself to be dominated by this brutal system, until its ethical and social ideals retrograde to the standards of the cave man, becomes a menace to civilization, and the rest of the world must either go down on its knees in a state of abject submission, or is forced, in self-defense, to carry the intolerable burden of military armaments. I say nothing here about the sins of Imperialism and Capitalism, because it is the part of wisdom to deal with the most pressing danger first, and by far the greatest danger that threatens the civilized world today is Militarism. With it

once overthrown, the whole menagerie of kings and kaisers, with their old junk of "divine rights" will be sent to the dust heap, and the governments of the different nations, under the system of State Capitalism, which will probably be the next stage in social evolution, will become democratic in form at least. This may seem a small gain, but we must remember that every approach to democracy is a step in the direction of Socialism, and the direction in which we are moving is of much greater importance than the length of the leaps we take.

Instead, then, of advising everybody to keep the peace and save their own precious carcasses by standing aside while triumphant Militarism enjoys a free walk over on the backs of weaker nations; instead of looking on with passive indifference while Republican France and Constitutional England are upholding the cause of such approach to popular government as can exist under Capitalist conditions; instead of complacently washing our hands of the innocent blood that is watering the earth all around us, as none of our affair, would it not be more in accord with the dictates of humanity, and with Socialist ethics, to bestir ourselves and call upon all neutral nations of the earth, with such of the belligerents as are willing to join with us, to agree upon a manifesto prescribing certain limitations to military aggressiveness, which shall be enforced, if necessary, by an international boycott against the offender? If this should prove ineffective, international action of a severer nature might be resorted to, though from what history tells us as to the consequences of a papal "edict of excommunication" in the Middle Ages, there is little reason to doubt that our unspiritual modern weapon would bring about the desired result. At present, the one crying, incontestable duty of the civilized world is to stop the carnage that is now darkening the face of our planet, and to stop it in a way that would put the strong upon notice forever, that they must respect the rights of the weak.



BOOK REVIEWS



The Pillar of Fire: A Profane Baccalaureate. By Seymour Deming, Author of "A Message to the Middle Class." Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Price, \$1.00 net.

Here is a college man who has opened his eyes to the real facts of this changing world, and has addressed to other college men a book that will wake them up if they are worth waking, and young enough in capacity to receive new ideas. The style of the appeal is masterly; few writers combine like this one a tremendous earnestness with an alert sense of humor. A notable feature of the book is an imaginary dialogue in the true Platonic form between Socrates and a rich young man who tells of a speech made by a soapboxer who interrupted Pedagogus, the Sophist, at the Academe. In the course of the dialogue Socrates shows how philosophers and students are supported in leisure by the "lower" class who do useful work, and that in shutting their eyes to this obvious fact they put themselves in a ridiculous and shameful position.

A Man Without the Price: By Clarence T. Atkinson, Author of the "Skyline Girls." Published by the author. Price, 10 cents.

The Currency Problem: By Dr. Karl F. M. Sandberg; published by the author, 2850 Logan boulevard, Chicago, Ill. Price 5 cents.

Dr. Sandberg says: "It is no use trying to beat the currencyists at their own game. . . we must fight them with our own weapon. We must have undertakings run for use, socialist undertakings, and money based upon work—socialist money.

The Riddle of the Beast: By Josiah Nicholas Kidd, author of "The Guiding Hand." Published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston, Mass. Price, \$1.00 net.

The author sets forth in compelling verse the all-absorbing problem of war, and endeavors to explain "God's relationship to this evil and how it is always made to serve His plan for the ultimate good of man."

The Nearing Case: A brief of facts and opinions prepared by Lightner Witmer. Published by B. W. Huebsch, 225 Fifth avenue, New York.

The whole world is discussing the dismissal of Dr. Scott Nearing from his position as Assistant Professor of Economics at the University of Pennsylvania. This book will give you the facts. A discussion of the Limitation of Academic Freedom.

Dante and Other Waning Classics: By Albert Mordell, author of "The Shifting Liter-

ary Values." Published by The Acropolis Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

Mr. Mordell says: "I have chosen for critical examination six of the most famous classics of Christendom. These include two highly lauded epic poems of modern times, the "Divine Comedy," and "Paradise Lost"; two works, the circulation of each of which has been surpassed only by the bible, "The Imitation of Christ"; "Pilgrim's Progress," a noted religious autobiography; "St. Augustine's Confessions," and an important product in Christian apologetics, "Pascal's Thoughts." These works are saturated in whole or part with theological dogmas that have been discarded by many people today. It is my intention to show how medieval fallacies have ruined what might otherwise have been perfect literary masterpieces. I have tried to point out that the literary value of these classics has waned in proportion to the extent and falsity of the theology pervading them."

Satellite Cities: By Graham R. Taylor; a study of industrial suburbs. Published by D. Appleton & Company, New York & London. Price, \$1.50 net.

"Congestion with all that it means in choked streets, dark work rooms and high taxes, has been forcing factories to our city limits and beyond. To direct attention to this process and particularly to its civic consequences is the purpose of this book. It endeavors to set forth the opportunity in these outskirts for applying the technique which is being developed and the idealism which is finding expression in the science of town planning—or "Made to Order Towns." For while industrial managers have shown extraordinary foresight, skill and ingenuity in the arrangement of their plants in the outlying areas, no such expert planning has gone into the accompanying community development." From the foreword of the book, Mr. Taylor discusses Chicago, Birmingham, Cincinnati, St. Louis, satellite cities, and many others. An illuminating volume.

Socialism: By E. C. Robbins; a compilation published by H. W. Wilson Company, White Plains, New York. \$1.00 net.

Mr. Robbins calls this a "Handbook" and explains that he has sought to give the reader a general knowledge of socialism. "Discussions bearing on technical phases have been purposely omitted." A hodge-podge of wholly conflicting ideas as expressed by socialists and progressives (inside the Socialist Party). The parts of value in the book are the quotations from Marx and Engels and other scientific socialists. Anybody studying this "handbook" would be more confused in regard to socialism at the last, than at the first page of this book.



EDITORIAL

THE FIGHTING "INSTINCT"

SOME people believe that Organization is the greatest thing in the world. They point to the German military organization to prove their contention. They refer to the German Social Democracy. But we do not agree with them.

Organization, unless it *does* something—unless it *acts*, means nothing. Perhaps man's natural tendency to *fight* is the greatest of all his heritages. Some of us see this. We know that it is man's natural tendency to satisfy his hunger, to seek shelter, and to perpetuate the species. But he has to fight for an opportunity to do these things.

From savagery to civilization it has been the tribes, and later, the nations, which have known how to *fight* that have survived. The weak and peaceful tribes met the strong and warlike hordes and were annihilated.

And the old law holds good today even as it did a hundred thousand years ago; the weak man, the peaceful man, goes down in the struggle and the strong survive.

The strong continue to take from the weak and grow stronger with every theft, for men learn to fight, *by fighting*, and men grow strong *to fight*, by fighting.

Civilized man today is governed almost as much by the things he has *learned* and the *habits* he has formed, as by his natural instincts and tendencies. Our natural instinct, when we are hungry, is to satisfy that hunger—and yet hundreds of thousands of starving men and women pass and re-pass every day, wagon loads, and train loads, of food which they do not touch.

The *habit* of respecting Private Property in them has grown stronger than the old instinct to eat and to live. Historically, it has

been only recently that man learned to work, to apply himself for hours at a time to any given task. He did not take naturally to work. His instincts were all against application. And yet we see some people so far losing this instinct for idleness and for play that they actually beg to be allowed to perform work in their old age that they had rebelled against and loathed in their youth.

Most of man's original tendencies, or instincts, serve to preserve the human race. But these instincts may become so suppressed in childhood and in youth by the long and painful efforts of their parents, teachers and employers, as well as their governments, that some of them cease to function.

Habit may become so fixed that it will prove even stronger than the instinct to eat when we are hungry; this is why hundreds of thousands of people go about in a semi-starved condition from one year's end to another.

The working class of the world is increasingly exploited by the owning classes. And man's *original* tendency today is to fight over the *food*, the *clothing*, etc., etc., just as primitive men fought for the results of the chase centuries ago.

And the owning class, or capitalist class, is today fighting for more and ever more of the things produced by the workers. The Class Struggle is the every-day struggle of the workers and the idlers *for the products* of the workers.

The capitalist, or owning class, is appropriating these things today. Who is going to have them tomorrow?

We believe the class that fights most steadily. For as soon as the workers pause to rest, cease to fight and to demand more and

ever more of their products, or the value of their products, the stronger grows the capitalist class.

And every time the capitalist class grows lazy or careless, the workers will, if they continue to fight, gain more of the things they make.

Peaceful habits, in their association with the capitalist or employing class, will mean lower wages, longer hours, more abject slavery for the workers. Fighting habits, habits of rebellion, among the working class will mean *more strength* to fight, more *wisdom* on *how to fight*, more *desire* to fight—the capitalist system which robs them.

Some of us love the rare, nice little boys who refuse to fight when they are playing. We reward these boys with candy and words of praise; and we punish the children who *fight*. This is the general attitude of parents today. This is the attitude of teachers today. We punish those who possess the fighting spirit when we should reward or encourage them.

Boys are young fighting animals and we may either start the long period of suppression of this natural and vital instinct in their early years or encourage it.

The thing we should do is to teach our children and the youths about us, and the working class in general everywhere, to fight in their *own interest*; we should show them that to fight in their own interest means to fight the present *profit system*.

The instinct to *fight* for what we need is what the working class must encourage to-

day and tomorrow, and the next day. We shall never get anything from the exploiting class unless we fight for it. When we have the intelligence to fight unitedly, and only then, can we ever hope to win a victory over the capitalist class.

As long as we only go about whining, and *talking* and regretting the condition of the working class, we shall never gain one foot of ground against our exploiters. Every time we *rebel* and *fight* for more of the things we produce, we learn new ways for more effective fighting, we grow more in the habit of fighting, we become better prepared to meet the next attack of the enemy.

Every time we meekly permit a further encroachment by the employing class we are building up habits of submission that will be all the more difficult to overcome when we do engage the enemy.

It is not today the capitalist class that holds the working class of the world in subjection, but the habits of inaction, of turning the other cheek, of submission on the part of the workers themselves.

The capitalist class exploits you because you have not fought often enough, hard enough nor regularly enough to learn *how* to fight. And they are going to keep right on exploiting you until you become a great worldwide fighting organization of the working class. And remember—

An ounce of fighting rebellion today will mean a pound of revolt tomorrow.

M. E. M.

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INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

A GOOD deal of publicity has been given to a Russian manifesto drawn up at Berne in the early days of September. It was signed by twelve men, and purported to give the views of a section of Social Democratic and Social Revolutionary parties. To be sure, Plechanoff, Axelrod and other famous persons were among the signers, but they had not authority to represent their organizations. They met only as a small, voluntary committee far from the masses of the Russian working class.

These men, so sitting and considering and resolving, told Russian workers: "You will make a great mistake if you imagine that it is not necessary for the workers to defend their country." And the reason is that if the Germans conquer Russia they may demand a great indemnity, as they did of France in 1871.

Fortunately, there comes to us at the same time with these resolutions a pamphlet under the imprint of the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party. It is called *Socialism and War*, and is written by G. Zinowjew and N. Lenin. Instead of giving us resolutions it gives us the facts of Socialist history in Russia since the beginning of the war. Only a few paragraphs can be set down here, but these will be sufficient to show how near the gentlemen of Berne came to representing the Russian working class.

"In 1913 there took place a division of the Social Democratic group in the Duma. On the one side were the seven opportunists under the leadership of Tschchesidze. They represented seven

non-proletarian governments, including altogether 214,000 workers. On the other side were six members, all chosen by working-class groups in the industrial centers of Russia. They represented, together, 1,008,000 workers. The first group represented reformism, the second Marxian revolution. * * *

"At the outbreak of hostilities, the differences between the two groups became clearer than ever. The Tschscheidze group limited itself to parliamentary activity. It did not vote for the war credits; it did not dare to face the storm of disapproval which would have resulted. (In Russia, it must be remembered, some of the middle class members voted against the credits.) But the members of this group made no public fight against the Socialist patriots.

"Quite differently behaved the Social Democratic group, which represented our party. The members of this group carried their fight against the war among the masses of the workers everywhere.

"And this propaganda aroused such enthusiasm that the government was openly alarmed. Contrary to law, our members were arrested and sentenced to life banishment in Siberia. And official government report affirmed: 'A completely isolated position was taken up by the Social Democrats, who attempted to undermine the power of Russia by means of secret agitation against the war.'

"In answer to the demand of Vanderfelde that we give up the struggle against the Czar, * * * our party was the only one which answered in the

negative. The reformists agreed to Vandervelde's request and explained in their press that they were not opposed to the war. * * *

"The imperial prosecutor recommended to the consideration of our comrades the examples set by the German and French Socialists. 'The German Socialists,' he said, 'voted the war credits and showed themselves the friends of the government, but quite differently acted the miserable Russian Socialists.'

"The evidence brought to light showed what a splendid campaign had been made. And the emissaries of the Czar had uncovered only a fraction of our activity among the people. * * *

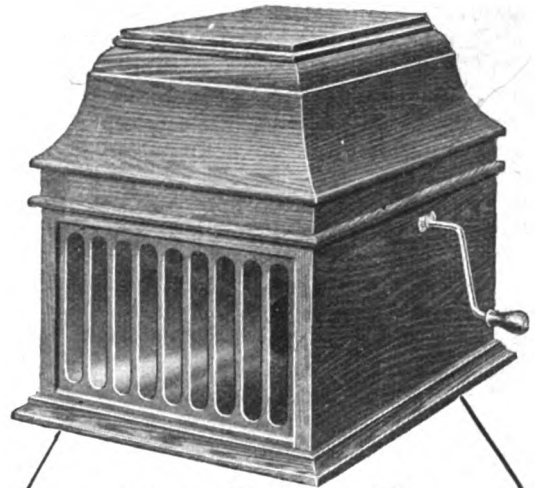
"Comrade Muranoff said in Court: 'I understood that I had not been elected by the working people to warm a seat in parliament, and therefore I journeyed up and down in order to discover what the people thought.' * * *

Reformists and revolutionists—all believe in parliamentary action. But there is parliamentary action and parliamentary action. Some use the mandates to get on the right side of the government, or at most they stay in parliament and keep their hands reasonably clean. Others use the power given them in order to fight it out to the end, to do their duty as Socialists and internationalists. The first get into the cabinet; the second get into jail. The first become Socialist patriots; the second remain revolutionists.

Russian Socialists and the Third International.—The Russian Social Democratic Labor Party long ago got rid of its opportunists. These opportunists have now turned Chauvinists. This fact strengthens our conviction that the International must cut loose from these elements. * * *

The Third International must be founded upon a revolutionary basis. There is no longer any question as to the advisability of this step. The only question is whether we can hope for a clean division throughout the international movement.

If it is possible to have a straight revolutionary organization throughout the world, our party will enter it with enthusiasm. If there evolves no such or-



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ganization after the war, we shall know that its existence has merely been postponed. In that case we shall take up our position at the extreme left of the reconstituted Second International. Of one thing we are sure: in our own land among our own people, we shall work without ceasing to build up a Russian section on the basis of Marxian Socialism."

Militarism in Germany, England or America.—In this country we are face to face with militarism. Even some "Socialists" are willing to vote for a great army and a greater navy.

In England the fight is on against conscription. Conscriptionists sometimes remember to say that they are working for merely temporary compulsory service. Let's turn Prussians till we have beaten Prussia, they say in effect. That is for public consumption. When they are by themselves, or when they get excited, they talk in a different strain.

Last month the REVIEW gave its readers a selection of choice bits from Bruce Glazier's splendid pamphlet, *Militarism*. This month it will draw from another one of his, *The Peril of Conscription*. Both are published by the Independent Labor Party and are to be had at a penny apiece of the National Labor Press, St. Bride's House, Salisbury Square, London.

The first sections of the second pamphlet prove that compulsory service turns officers into brutes and men into slaves. But the heart of the matter is in the section devoted to Conscription and trade unionism. Comrade Glazier gives a long series of quotations from military folk. He quotes word for word and gives exact references every time. And, one and all, the militarists help to show that what they want is a system that will beat the labor unions.

Colonel Sir Augustus Fitzgeorge said in August, 1915: "Compulsory service is necessary at this time when people are getting out of hand."

In the Outlook, September, 1915, Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Maxwell wrote: "The abuse of personal freedom has reached its climax in this country. Trade Unionism—that shelter for shrinking shirkers—is imperiling our existence, and by its action a rot of our national

soul has set in. One remedy and one alone can eradicate this state of rot—martial law will cure it. With the knowledge that refusal to assist in the nation's defense means death to the individual so refusing, the shirkers will soon be brought to their senses and fall in wherever required. All who incite to rebellion to be shot at once by drumhead Court Martial would have a steadying effect. The individual does not count today. If Parliament will not act, then let a Cromwell come in and settle the question. He would be welcomed."

Colonel Arthur Lee, M. P., said in August, 1915: "Under a system of national service, such as exists in France, all soldiers would be paid alike and each soldier would be put to the duty for which he was best suited. That is only democratic and just, and would, moreover, save an immense amount of money." As Glazier remarks, this means, not defense, but cheap and servile labor.

Major General Sir Alfred E. Turner said in the Saturday Review for August 7, 1915: "The strikers (in the Welsh mines) gained their ends, and with them an everlasting stain on their reputation, which not all the rain of heaven can wash out, the stain of showing themselves perfectly ready to betray their country for filthy lucre. Compulsory service might not produce loyalty, but it would produce a sense of duty and discipline that would prevent such disgraceful and damaging incidents."

John Bull, a weekly journal, says: "The miners who refuse to work must be conscripted—put under military control and made to work at soldiers' pay. That is the way they do things in Germany, and that is the way we must do them here." One cannot help remembering that it is in a fight against German militarism that British workers are giving up their lives—according to the oratory of the conscriptionists.

Professor R. W. Macan, Master of University College, Oxford, wrote in August, 1915: "In view of the threat of revolution from the railwaymen addressed to the Sovran Legislature of the nation, in view of the imperium in imperio conceded to the Trade Union parliament, in view of the manifold weak-

nesses of the Executive of our Constitution, is it conceivable that we can not avoid much longer the enactment of universal compulsory service if the State, if the community, is to be master in its own house."

And, finally, Benjamin Kidd, author of *Social Evolution*, writes: "I have not much hope that once compulsion is introduced we shall get free of it after the war. The whole principle of force rests on conscription, and the introduction of conscription would mean the introduction of that principle of force of which Germany is so perfect an exponent."

Mr. Kidd is not a Socialist or a labor unionist. But he sees what is before his eyes. English "statesmen" and soldiers, the whole writing and talking force of the upper classes, is trying to arouse English workers against Germany. They are not really fighting "Germany," of course, only the wickedness of Germany, German "militarism." And at the same time these same folk are trying to saddle this militarism on England. While English boys are dying in the trenches to keep militarism out at the front door, these gallant patriots are hustling it in at the back door under an extremely thin disguise.

Militarism is the same thing everywhere, Germany, England, America—in these three countries we have militarism at its three stages. The more highly developed, the harder it is to crush.

Talk of Peace—Between the Classes.—Yes, there is peace talk in Germany. But it is not the international slaughter that is to be ended; it is the class-struggle. To be sure, Vorwaerts was suspended early in December for suggesting to the government that it is time to say what all the death and destruction are for. And this suggestion made such a stir in the public mind that drastic measures were resorted to. There is no doubt of the fact that Vorwaerts said what millions of timid souls lacked the courage to say. There is no doubt of the deep yearning for international peace. But international peace is a long way off.

But peace between capitalists and workers begins to seem very near. At least, it seems near the minds of leading German "Socialists." The fight in the trenches may go on. But the greater



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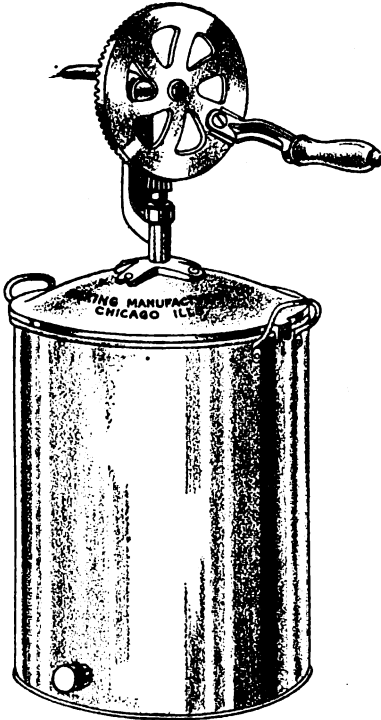
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struggle which began with the birth of capitalism is to be brought to a close. The diplomatic pourparlers looking toward a treaty are already under way. An agreement among the leaders about certain common interests—and the whole matter will be settled. It is all very simple in the minds of the "Socialists."

August Müller, writing in *Socialistische Monatshefte* for November 4, said: "If in the hour of danger the German working class felt itself to be a part of the body politic, it recognized at the same time that the danger to the national life constituted a danger to itself and to its achievements. In defending his country the German worker is defending the social position which he has gained by means of a long and bitter struggle. So he has come to recognize, as the Reformists have long done, that the class struggle does not divide the nation into two parts which have nothing in common. The fear that the workers will refuse to do their duty toward the nation is now finally laid to rest. The workers have at last taken the right view of their position in the state and will not again allow themselves to be turned from it. The acceptance of national unity by the workers means the assumption of duties and the demand for rights without which these duties cannot be fulfilled."

The rest of the article is a long-drawn song of triumph over the final defeat of the revolutionists in the Socialist Party. Before the war these revolutionists had some weight in party councils. They had Marx and the Socialist tradition behind them. But now the workers have seen in a flash that their interests and those of German capitalism are one. From now on the reformists have won the day. The revolutionary minority may do as it pleases; it no longer carries weight. This is the sense of what August Müller has to say.

But there is another more official statement of the case. The real herald of the new piece is *The Book of the Twenty*. This document will go down in Socialist history. Its title in the book-lists is the *Working Class in the New Germany*. It is edited by Fr. Thimme and Carl Legien and contains the views of twenty important persons on the position

of the working class in Germany from now on. Needless to say, the twenty are pretty well agreed.

Here is a sentence from the introduction: "Again and again the hope has been expressed that it may be possible to carry over from the war into the time of peace the unity of the whole German people which has so splendidly revealed itself during the storm and stress of the great world-struggle. But there exists a doubt as to whether this will be possible among the manifold economic and social oppositions, the differences between classes and parties, and especially in the face of the chasm between the bourgeois classes and the Social Democracy. As between hope and doubt only the future can decide."

The authors of this book grow vastly excited because Rudolf Hilferding concludes that this sentence shows that they are filled with "hope" rather than with "doubt." I have not read the book itself, but the articles in which the authors defend it leave no doubt as to its content. They say over and over again in various ways that there may be little differences between employers and workers, but these are of minor importance. The workers, meaning the Socialists, will take their place among the parties, participate in gentle discussions, take pains not to destroy the lovely harmony, and talk themselves into Kingdom Come. This is evidently the vision of the valiant twenty.

Mr. Upton Sinclair thinks that within a month after the ending of the war "Germany will be a free country," and the Kaiser will have the romantic fate of Charles I. thrust upon him. Empress Catherine of Russia, whom he quotes, knew better than he. She knew that war will "substitute national passions for social aspirations." The action of the majority of German labor leaders proves that she was right. The overwhelming probability is that after the war is over Germany will have a large Social reform party and a small Socialist party. The atmosphere will be cleared. We shall know who are Socialists and who are not. Socialist propaganda will be carried on better than it has been. But the revolution is a long way off.



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NEWS AND VIEWS

Schenectady Celebrates—A REVIEW rebel writes: "The Lunn victory was celebrated by a very large crowd taking possession of the principal streets, and much enthusiasm was displayed, as our mayor has a large personal following. Lunn in his automobile led the procession, waving a beautiful American flag. The most inspiring placard in the procession carried these words, 'Lunn, Lunn Forever.'"

From a Prisoner of War—The following interesting letter was received by Comrade Haywood:

Prisoner of War Charles Lahr, 3789.
Head Postoffice, Alexander Place,
London, N., England.

Dear Fellow Worker:

I suppose you still remember me. I am a member of London I. W. W. and used to come with Swasey and other comrades to see you and Jim Larken at Shaftesbury Hotel last time you were over here. Who would have thought then that this terrible war would come so soon? I have lost one brother in Germany and have another one at the front. Since May 14th I have been interned.

I am doing a little work in the Prisoners' Postoffice, which helps to pass the time. There are about 3,000 men here, most of whom have their families in London. Once a month we are allowed to have one visit of two persons. We get the daily papers, but our papers are not allowed. Swasey sent me Solidarity several times, but they were not handed out to me. From a friend who arrived here lately I heard that Joe Hill is doomed. Let me know if it is really true. We are often singing his songs here. Comrade R. Rocker gives a lecture here every week. I am, yours fraternally,
Chas. Lahr.

Butte to the Front—Every year along about Christmas time the bunch in the office of the REVIEW gets the best kind of a message from the Boys at Butte. Comrade George H. Curry of the Butte Workingmen's Union rings the bell this year with a check for 100 copies of the Fighting Magazine for one year. The Butte miners have always been to the front in every educational and fighting campaign in this country. They are on the firing line because they have used their heads and recognize the Class Struggle. If you are in a group of workingmen, with "Nobody at Home," get them to reading the REVIEW and good Socialist literature, and you will soon find that they are no longer the kind of men to make Contented Wage Slaves. Write for our special terms to union and Socialist locals and see if you can't start something in your locality.

Joe Hill and Jean Jaures: Comrade Jacobson of Thief River Falls, Minn., fires in \$4.00 for four yearly subscriptions to the REVIEW and selects charcoal sketches of Joe Hill and Jean Jaures. He adds, "In a few days I will send in more subscribers, because I want the

whole gallery of revolutionists which you advertise in the December number."

The Seventh Ward Branch, Chicago, has organized a study club and is now taking up Morgan's "Ancient Society." They started out with the "Communist Manifesto" and "The Scientific Study Course in Socialism," by Local Puyallup, Washington.

These comrades realize that they must educate themselves in order to do effective work on the outside.

From Winnipeg: "I might say that I enjoy the REVIEW very much and will help the great cause it is working for by sending in a few more subscribers in the near future."—J. K.

From a United Mine Worker—"Dear REVIEW comrades: I was very sorry when my subscription to the REVIEW expired, as I had no money for renewal, but I cannot stay without it any longer, and it happens that I have this little amount of ten dimes to send you.

"Kindly note that I have not worked for 21 months (14 months on strike and 7 months out of work—*blacklisted*.) I am still idle and added to this I have a wife and six little children.

"During strike I was charged with treason and jailed for 43 days.

"Those miners who have the honor of working under this present noble "Run of Mine" contract are real slaves. They have no rights at all, all gone. This is the kind of Victory that the miners won, after 14 long hunger months strike in this section of the Eastern Ohio Coal Fields.

"The tactics of our union are very, very bad. It is high time for a change. Yours for the General Strike,"

From Canada—"Enclosed find \$1.20 for renewal. No finer reading for the workingman than the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW—if he would only take notice."—R. K.

Cave People Stories—A REVIEW rebel over in Michigan writes: "My little son, age 5½, is greatly interested in 'The Cave People' Stories, and I should like to get them in book form. He is always asking me to read them when the REVIEW comes and never gets tired of listening."—L. C. Clifford. (Editor's Note—"The Cave People Stories" will be published in book form along about August, next year.)

From a Working Woman—A wife of one of the most loyal comrades in the working class movement writes us that since the death of her husband a few years ago she has been taking in washing to support herself and her two children, but she incloses 25 cents for a three months' subscription to the REVIEW.

Our throats tighten and our hearts grow warm at this evidence of faith in what the REVIEW is trying to do. We hope the comrades on the firing line will not forget that it

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is their duty and opportunity to help make the REVIEW all that such comrades want it to be, a real help in the struggle of the workers to emancipate themselves.

The Walsh Report Condensed—At no time in the history of the labor movement in America has there been such widespread interest in a government investigation as is now being evinced in the report and conclusions of the United States Commission on Industrial Relations, of which Frank P. Walsh, of Kansas City, Mo., was chairman. Washington is being besieged with countless thousands of requests for copies of this report and efforts are being made to have Congress appropriate a sum sufficient to print enough copies to meet the extraordinary demand.

To meet the demand for a digest of the report, a vest-pocket edition, compiled by Fred D. Warren, with a foreword by Frank P. Walsh, is being published by the People's College, Fort Scott, Kansas. An index arrangement makes it possible to quickly find any fact of particular interest to the reader. It is in convenient form and is in the exact language of the report as made by the Commission to Congress. The book sells for 25 cents a copy.

The Value of Class Work—The only immediate demand of the Socialist Party today is the education of the members of the Socialist Party in fundamentals so that our organiza-

tion will grow together and solidify and eliminate the present deplorable state of anarchy that dominates the average local meeting.

As the members of the S. P. are gathered into the locals from a Capitalist environment, that naturally is reflected in the actions of the members of the S. P. coming from that Capitalist school of training. Is it any wonder that we find members of the National Committee of the S. P. at war over tactics and matters of no consequence, except to disgust and drive away those who see that the road to Socialism has an exact program that presents itself as clear as day to all those who have mastered the science of economic interpretation, and are proving that they know and understand by actual demonstration and good works, not words and criticisms?

The Marcy School is a splendid way of getting these wild and woolly brigands of our Party lassoed and tamed down to practical work.

Place them in a class and ask them to stand principles in the interpretation of Marx, and it will at once dawn upon them that they are at sea when placed on the carpet to prove that they know what they are talking about.

This class work has been the means of taking more conceit out of half-baked Socialists than anything invented since the days of the Inquisition. It is the modern inquisition to drill and discipline our individualists and mould them into real co-operative workers.

With three classes weekly in Louisville, the

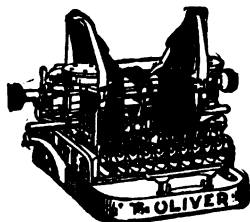
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young members of the Party and many not yet affiliated are studying diligently and a crop of real clear-cut Socialists is being drilled to go forward with the movement.

All that is necessary is to purchase as many copies of "Shop Talks" from Charles Kerr & Co. as you have members who will take part in the class. Select one member as class examiner, usually the one who has read most and is taking the most interest, and when you first meet, proceed just as you would at a local meeting by electing this class chairman; make it permanent and then elect a secretary, who is to keep a record and roll of members.

Charge each member 25 cents and with that purchase books for a circulating library for the class.

At the meetings begin by having each member in turn read a paragraph, and after the lesson has been read, then have the class examiner ask the questions at the bottom of the lesson.

The class examiner should read his part just like all others, as it will be of great value in helping him and increase his knowledge.

After Shop Talks I would recommend "Scientific Socialism," adopted by Local Puyallup, and wind up with Marx Communist Manifesto. The Rand School course can then be taken up. Fraternally—J. L. Stark, State Secretary, Kentucky.

The Ninth Wonder of the World—There is a strike of copper miners on in Arizona—and if you try to go there to do a little strike-breaking, the *State of Arizona will keep you out!*

After the tragedies and bloodshed of Colorado you will want to know what manner of things are doing in Arizona, which is so close to Colorado that you can step from one state right into the other.

John H. Walker told the story to the New York Call on his way to attend the A. F. of L. Convention.

He was just returning from Arizona, where 5,000 copper miners went on strike two months ago. The struck companies are the Copper Queen, the Phelps-Dodge of Detroit and the Shannon. The strikers belong to the W. F. of Miners. The Western Federation policy

has always been and rightly, we think, strongly opposed to the signing of agreements.

As we have stated before in the REVIEW, *agreements tie the hands of the workers* when there is need for class fighting, for an exhibition of class solidarity, for a strike against war, or a strike against anything else.

Now we have the spectacle of 5,000 rather new union men striking to *secure* an agreement and the check-off system.

The mine owners of Arizona are not used to fighting against organized men; and they are suspicious of agreements—why this is so is beyond us, as every intelligent capitalist *ought* to pray for agreements. We believe, in this instance, the capitalists are more fearful of having the miners learn that they may gain a voice in the management of the copper mines if they fight for it, than they are of agreements.

In order to cow the men and crush unionism for years to come in Arizona, they decided, as mine owners have long had a habit of deciding—to put strikebreakers on the jobs. They did not look for any different attitude on the part of the authorities in Arizona than they had met in Colorado, Montana, Michigan and in other states—West Virginia, for instance.

"On with the strikebreakers! Let the dogs of war be turned loose to eat up the miners of Arizona! The companies started that little trick. And they bumped into something sizzling hot. It came as a cross between a stone wall and an electric shock. *The State of Arizona stepped in and said, 'Keep Out!'*" (N. Y. Call.)

George Washington Peter Hunt is Governor of Arizona. They call him "Cherry Tree Pete." Cherry Tree is an old-time Democrat and he is not playing to the vote-gallery because most of the miners he is trying and succeeding in protecting are—*Mexicans*.

Walker declares the Mexicans say they will stay out all winter and longer, if necessary, if they can just get flour and beans to live on. The strikers themselves said they asked just that.

Many newspapers have been reporting violence on the part of these Mexicans. If there is any violence, here, at least in one state blessed with a *man* for governor, the miners have some show. When the mine owners went among their former wage-slaves, it is said that these Mexicans actually told them to get out and made them move on.

Governor Cherry Tree Pete, Democrat, unlike Governor Ammons, of Colorado, also a Democrat, has lined the state troops of Arizona up across the canyons, and they have said to the mine owners:

"*There will be no strikebreakers and no gunmen here.*" And with the hired disturbers barred out there has been absolute equality in camp and—peace.

Just remember this, comrades, victories for the working class are gained, not by moral suasion but by *force*. Force rules the world today—just as it has always ruled. The workers today possess the force necessary to accomplish all things, but they do not know how to use it. So that it is the owning class which

rules the world through the use of the state, national and municipal police forces.

Put your comrades into the offices that will give you power to use these police forces on the side of the working class. It will make your great struggles just that much easier.

It looks to us as though the strikers lose either way. Under the "check-off" the operators collect union dues—and in order to keep them willing to do this the union officials find it necessary to compromise with the mine owners. The check-off means a big treasury in the hands of the union officials, collected by the bosses. How can such a combination help the miners? Isn't it more likely to teach the officials and the boss's to act in harmony?

One Big Union in England—An application for affiliation to the Federation has been received from the North of England Trimmers' and Teemers' Association. This was the only Society of Coal Trimmers remaining outside the Federation, and we feel sure that we are voicing the opinions of all members in welcoming this application, which now awaits only the mere formality of executive endorsement and acceptance.

An agreement has been concluded between the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, the National Union of Railway Men and the National Transport Workers' Federation, whereby united and simultaneous action may be taken by them in matters affecting their several interests. Any concerted action by this Triple Alliance would therefore embrace the whole of the Trimmers and Teemers in Great Britain, with the exception of our members; the trimmers and teemers on the northeast coast who are in the National Union of Railwaymen being represented by that section of the Triple Alliance.

As any movement inaugurated by this Triple Alliance would of necessity very materially affect our interests and well-being, it is most essential and expedient that we should actively co-operate in such movement and not be left outside in the lurch. Seeing that the National Union of Railway Men have definitely rejected all offers on our part of amalgamation with them, the only way open to us to participate in this great movement is by affiliation with the National Transport Workers' Federation.

During the war the Transport Workers Federation has assisted the several unions affiliated thereto in obtaining for their members increases ranging from 4s to £1 per week.

The day of small things is past. This is the day of great things. Great empires, great armies and navies, alliances and ententes of nations. Great federations and syndicates of employers. Great national trade unions and federations of workmen; and in the conflict between great contending forces, small trade unions; like small nations, are in danger of being crushed like grain between the upper and lower millstones.

Our work and interests are closely allied with the several unions forming the Transport Workers' Federation, and by stepping into line with them, we will not only strengthen our own position, but just as a machine is

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strengthened and perfected by the addition of a missing part, however small, will we add to the strength and perfection of this great organization.

In deciding this important question, let us remember and apply the old and true maxim: "Unity Is Strength."

We therefore earnestly recommend our members to vote in favor of affiliation with the National Transport Workers' Federation. Yours fraternally, for the executive, John W. Meggison, Secretary.

A Spanish Weekly—Regarding the Spanish Socialist weekly paper, Comrades Vincent Thomas and Enrique Sosa, both of Taos, New Mexico, are the persons with whom I have been in correspondence. They at first thought of incorporating a company to handle the proposition, but have later concluded to start on their own account in a small way and make good by simply making good. They expect to get out the first issue by November 15th, and I am sending them a list of local secretaries and members at large. The paper will speak for itself when it comes out. Suffice it for me to say at this time that Comrade Thomas is an exceptionally well-grounded Socialist and a writer of excellent English and Spanish, and that Comrade Sosa and several members of his immediate family are first-class practical printers and newspaper people, and in position to keep expenses down to rock bottom. I believe the reaching of the native Spanish-speaking people is the most important single item of work that we can lay out for ourselves, and I bespeak for our Spanish paper your heartiest support. More later.—A. Jas. McDonald, State Secretary, Clayton, N. M.

Comrade Frank Biltonen of Houghton, Mich., is another comrade to successfully answer all ten of the questions on economics which we printed in the November number of the REVIEW, but his came too late to receive notice in the December issue.

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