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the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

FEBRUARY, 1917

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February

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No. 8

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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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SURE WE BELONG TO ONE BIG UNION!

The INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

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No. 8



ANSWERING THE BREAKFAST CALL—GRUB PILE!

Hitting the Trail in the Lumber Camps

By HARRISON GEORGE

WHILE the Lumber Workers' Union, the bull-pup of the Industrial Workers of the World, was in convention at Portland, Ore., during the last week of December, the rumblings of revolt began half way across the continent among workers of that industry in Minnesota.

North and westward of the Mesaba Iron Range lies millions of acres of swamp lands. In the primeval state, these swamps were covered with magnificent forests where roamed the Indian and the fur-bearing fox, bear and beaver. In this section John Jacob Astor's fur business in the early times laid the base of the present Astor-crat fortune. A very simple process—the Indians skinned the animals and Astor skinned the Indians.

Later huge land grants the railroads secured by bribery and worse practices, opened the forests to the pillage of the

Lumber Trust. Where the government yet retained title to timber lands, the lumber trust in open defiance simply entered and stole the finest of timber and used the political axe on all annoying officials.

It has remained for the I. W. W. with a battle line extended from the Pacific Ocean to the Great Lakes to shake Weyerhaeuser's control to its foundation. With the success of the A. W. O. No. 400 the past summer a strenuous campaign began among the lumber workers. Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wisconsin and Minnesota are the states where the lumber camps began to be thoroly decorated with "wobbly" stickerettes and dotted with job delegates.

Result was that when a flying squad from Virginia, Minn., brought news to the north woods camps that the sawmill men were on strike under the banner of the ONE BIG UNION, nearly four thousand lumber-jacks came pell-mell out of the woods as



NOON HOUR FEED AND 40° BELOW—\$30 PER MONTH

though driven out by a forest fire. "Strike! Strike!" was the word that flew from camp to camp, and STRIKE they did—industrially—the winning program.

When the warm weather thaws the swamps no logging can be done and the lumber barons driven to the wall are threatened with a loss of millions. With the camps deserted, the sawmills and paper mills are losing fortunes every week. The largest paper mill in the world at International Falls is now on the edge of a shut-down and the great metropolitan dailies may be compelled to boil down their lies into less space.

The strike broke on Dec. 28th, when the mill men of the Virginia Rainey Lake Company demanded a 25 cent raise and abolition of Sunday work. The jacks on coming out, demanded a minimum wage of \$40 per month, a nine-hour day, with an hour for dinner to be eaten at camp and not in a snowdrift; sanitary camps, two weeks pay-day and no hospital fee. They are fighting together for these demands and neither millmen nor lumber-jacks will go

back until the demands of both are granted. "SHOOT TO KILL."

With gunmen borrowed from the steel trust the bosses are using the extremes of violence to drive the jacks back to the slave-pens. Wild with rage, E. W. Backus, of the Backus Brooks Co., said that if militia was not given him, "There might be more hunters and trappers in the woods with guns." "Shoot to kill" was the order issued to the deputies sent to the strike zone by the sheriffs of three counties. Twenty-two workers are jailed at Saugus charged with commandeering a train in order to escape from the camps. Fifty-three at Virginia were arrested for intimidating scabs. Charles Jacobson, secretary of Mesaba Range Miners' Union, I. W. W. No. 490, was ordered by the police to leave Virginia, the town where he was born. Governor Burnquist, remembering the storm that broke around his ears when he played the steel trust game last summer, has so far refused to call out the militia.

Company F, of Virginia, was asked on Dec. 30 to volunteer to go to the woods.



GOD BLESS OUR HOME!—DINING AFTER DARK

Only one man responded. Doing sentry duty for Weyerhaeuser at 40 below was too much for the patriotism of the boys just returned from the sun-baked deserts of the Mexican line.

It is a habit with the companies to hire jacks for \$40 and pay them off at \$30. Conditions in the camps are described by a jack, who said he was not an I. W. W., as being beyond the limit of endurance. "More than 200 of us slept in one big room, with a roaring stove in the middle, around which all our wet and stinking clothes were hung. We slept two in a bunk and there were three tiers. The steam from the clothes was so heavy that our blankets were wet and you could hardly see across the room. The bunk-house was never cleaned out. In most of the camps the bedding is alive with lice and vermin."

A be-whiskered, lousy wretch to be fed on garbage and victimized by all the re-

spectables who inhabit the towns of the timber empire, is the way the exploiters regard the lumber-jacks.

When the prices rose, the proletarian bean became taboo and its place taken by the humble spud; usually frozen, boiled and fried in succession. Beef of the class known commercially as "number 3 stock," from which the nutriment has been taken to make beef extract, is the usual "*piece de resistance*" served a la cockroach.

As the REVIEW goes to press the strike is at its zenith. Gunmen and pickets are facing each other in the towns that lay at the fringe of the timber district. Streets are thronged with the striking jacks and the ONE BIG UNION has gained over two thousand members. The camps are deserted, the strikers firm, the bosses wild and the cat sits on every log that straggles thru to the mills of Minnesota.



Compulsory Arbitration in Australasia

By SCOTT BENNETT

MR. HALL, Labor Attorney-General of New South Wales, recently gave utterance to a statement significant in its bearing upon compulsory arbitration. He said, "Those of us who have watched the trend of arbitration for the last fifteen years have noticed that it has taken us round in a circle. It moves onward but not upward." Even labor party politicians are beginning to recognize what the socialist long since pointed out, viz., that an Arbitration Court is unable to abolish the effects produced by the economic laws peculiar to capitalism. Every year that passes in Australia and New Zealand finds working class opposition to compulsory arbitration growing and becoming increasingly vociferous. Labor in Australasia, as a whole, has gained nothing by means of the Arbitration Court. They have, however, frequently been more firmly shackled to master class interests as the outcome of the court's machinations.

It is true that a section of the capitalist class is not wholly in love with the workings of the act in certain respects. But they are in a minority. The great majority of the capitalists would certainly reecho the sentiments expressed by an Australian capitalist paper, when it said: "THE ARBITRATION COURT HAS BECOME AN ESSENTIAL PART OF OUR SOCIAL MACHINERY AND MUST BE RETAINED AND ASSISTED."

It is interesting to note how futile the Arbitration Act has proven in suppressing strikes. Here are some figures giving a list of strikes reported officially:

Year	Establishments	Workers
1913	921	59,283
1914	1,203	71,049
1915	942	81,292

As a writer has recently pointed out, proportionately the United States does not have so many strikes as Australia, in spite of the compulsory Arbitration Law. New Zealand is in a very similar state. It is almost pathetic to glance over the late Mr. Henry Demarest Lloyd's volume, "A Country Without Strikes," published some years ago, in which that fine soul saw no end of possibilities for good in the Arbitration Act. A country without strikes! "A COUNTRY FULL OF STRIKES" would be a more apt description of New Zealand during the last few years. For the figures quoted above, relating to Australia, are certainly not at all more striking than those that can be furnished by New Zealand.

The absence of strikes in New Zealand at the time Mr. H. D. Lloyd wrote was not so much due to the recently introduced Arbitration Act, but rather to the fact that the capitalist economy had not developed to the extent it has in recent years. With the development of capitalism in New Zealand, the line of demarcation between the capitalists and the workers became much clearer, with the natural result that

the class struggle began to wage in that country as elsewhere. Face to face with the class war, the Arbitration Court displayed its impotency.

"Disloyal" Workers

The coal strike in Australia that caused such an outcry in patriotic circles was won by the miners, thanks to the solidarity displayed. Needless to say, the Australian capitalists are not at all pleased at the outcome of the strike. To make matters worse, a member of the New South Wales Assembly, "speaking with authority," warns his capitalist friends that the strike was but a prelude to something far more dreadful—a determined move on the part of the workers "TO FORCE CO-OPERATIVE CONTROL OF THE COLLIERIES BY THE MINERS THEMSELVES." A truly shocking state of affairs, indeed. That the workers should recognize that whilst there may be a war in Europe part of the time, there is a class war in Australia ALL THE TIME, is really deplorable!

More "Disloyalty"

Miss Adela Pankhurst, writing in the "Woman Voter" recently, gives expression to what is undoubtedly an ever growing sentiment in Australia, especially among the workers.

"We are now at the parting of the ways. Are we to go down to the ruin prepared for us or fight our way out into safety? It is only required for Australia to declare herself neutral in European politics and to invite the co-operation of the world in building up here a new nation."

* * *

"The answer to Mr. Hughes' conscriptionist demand is the complete self-government and neutrality of Australia in regard to war. To remain a docile and unquestioning part of a military empire is to become its militaristic appendage, dragged at the tail of its economic Imperialism."

The I. W. W. and the War

Judging from the amount of attention bestowed by the capitalist press to the I. W.

W. in Australia, the "Wobblies" have not let up in the splendid fight they have waged in common with other working class organizations in the fight against militarism and the chicanery of "the powers that be." Amongst others recently arrested on a charge of "treason" was Peter Larkin, a brother of "Jim" of that ilk. The outcome of the trial has not yet reached us. On every hand the spirit of revolt seems to be gaining in Australia. Despite arbitration, patriotic articles, spell-binding speeches, disobedient workers are still found to be in a very rebellious state of mind. Capitalist politicians take a serious view of this untoward state of affairs. The Hon. Joseph Cook, speaking a few weeks ago in Sydney, said: "Our reinforcements are nearly exhausted, but, on the other hand, the pressure on all fronts is now at its greatest. The present turmoil, strikes and unrest, seem to indicate low visibility somewhere. Unity was the one essential thing in war, but it was nowhere to be found here (Australia)."

Anti-Conscriptionist Coup

A copy of the following letter sent to the daily papers recently fell into the hands of the comrades in Australia. Needless to say good use was made of it.

Australian Military Forces.—3rd Military District.
Censors' Office,
G. P. O. Melbourne,
13th Oct., 1916.

From Censor, Melbourne,
To the Editor.

Confidential and not for publication.

I am directed to inform you that no reference whatever is to be made in the press to the arrival or expected arrival in Australia of a batch of Maltese Immigrants.

Robt. J. De Courcy Talbot,
Lieut. Colonel.—For Censor.

A batch of Maltese Immigrants!! Cheap labor for the masters to take the place of the men fighting for the "Hempire!" A White Australian Act to the contrary notwithstanding, too!! The patriotism of the master class is a weird and wonderful thing in all countries.

The Third International

By ANTON PANNEKOEK

Note.—The following article by Comrade Anton Pannekoek is from his magazine, "Vorbote." It gives the views held by Left Wing Socialists in Europe and of the Zimmerwald conference. Comrade Pannekoek has long been regarded as one of the clearest thinkers in the movement.

WE ARE standing in the midst of a catastrophe of the working class movement, such as it has never experienced in all its history. The collapse of the Internationale due to the world war is not simply a surrender of international sentiment before the power of intensified nationalism. It is at the same time a collapse of tactics, of methods of fighting, of the entire system which has been incorporated into the social-democracy and the working class movement during the last few decades.

The knowledge and the tactics which, during the early rise of capitalism, were of great service to the proletariat, failed in the face of the new imperialistic development. Outwardly this was apparent in the increasing impotency of the parliament and the labor union movement intellectually in the substitution of tradition and declamation for clear insight and militant tactics, in stultification of tactics and the forms of organization, in the transformation of the revolutionary theory of Marxism into a doctrine of passive expectation.

Imperialist Development

During the period when capitalism was developing into imperialism, was establishing new aims for itself and was energetically arming for the struggle for world supremacy, this development of the majority of the Social Democracy remained unobserved. It allowed itself to be fooled by the dream of immediate social reforms and did nothing to increase the power of the proletariat to fight against imperialism.

Hence the present catastrophe does not mean only that the proletariat was too weak to prevent the outbreak of war. It means that the methods of the era of the second Internationale were not capable of increasing the intellectual and material power of the proletariat to the necessary extent of breaking the power of the ruling classes. Therefore the world war must be a turning

point in the history of the working class movement.

With the world war we have entered into a new period of capitalism, the period of its intensive extension by force over the entire earth, accompanied by embittered struggles between nationalities and huge destruction of capital and men; a period, therefore, of the heaviest oppression and suffering for the working classes. But the masses are thereby driven to aspiration; they must raise themselves if they are not to be completely submerged.

Proletarian Victory

In great mass struggles, alongside of which former struggles and methods are merely child's play, they must grapple with imperialism. This struggle for indispensable rights and liberties, for the most urgent reforms, often for mere life itself, against reaction and the oppression of the employing class, against war and poverty, can only end with the overthrow of imperialism and the victory of the proletariat over the bourgeoisie. It will at the same time be the struggle for Socialism, for the emancipation of the proletariat. Therefore, with the present world war there also dawns a new period for Socialism.

For the new struggle our bearings must be taken anew. Lack of clear socialistic insight was one of the chief causes of the weakness of the proletariat when the war began—it knew neither imperialism nor its own tactics. The fight against imperialism, this most recent and most powerful form of capitalism, made demands upon the highest material, moral and organizational, qualities of the proletariat. It could not succumb to stupid, impotent desperation; but it was not enough that it break out into spontaneous actions against the unbearable pressure. If these are to lead anywhere and to gain new stages on the climb to power it is necessary that they be inspired with clarity in regard to the aims, the possibili-

ties and the meaning of such actions. Theory must go hand in hand with practice, theory which transforms blind acts to conscious ones and spreads light over the path.

The New Solution

"Material force can only be broken by material force. But even theory becomes material force when it takes hold on the masses." (Marx.) The germs of this theory, this new weapon, were already at hand in the defeat of the former practice of imperialism and mass action. Now the world war has brought much new insight and has shaken minds out of the sleep of tradition. Now is the time to gather together everything in the way of new ideas, new solutions, new propositions, to inspect them, to prove them, to clarify them by means of discussion and thus to make them of service in the new struggle.

An immense number of new questions lie before us. First of all the question of imperialism, its economic roots, its connection with the export of capital, procuring of raw material, its effect upon politics, government and bureaucracy, its power upon the bourgeoisie. Then those questions which relate to the proletariat, the causes of their weakness, their psychology and the phenomena of social-imperialism and social-patriotism. Added to these are the questions of proletarian tactics, the significance and possibilities of parliamentarianism, of mass actions, of labor union tactics, reforms and immediate demands, the significance and the future rôle of organization; also the questions of nationalism, of militarism and colonial policies.

Upon many of these questions the old Socialism had settled answers, which had already crystallized into formulae—but with the collapse of the second Internationale even its formulae have gone by the board. In the old rules and ideas of the pre-imperialistic era the proletariat can find no guides for its actions under new conditions. Nor can the social-democratic parties furnish it with a firm foothold. They have in the great majority surrendered to imperialism; the conscious, active or passive, support of war policies by the party and labor union representatives has dug too deep to make possible a simple return to the old pre-bellum point of view.

This support of imperialism in its most important and vital phases characterizes these working class organizations, no matter

how strongly they subscribe to the old socialist solutions and combat the most intimate effects of imperialism. For in this way they come into conflict with the necessarily revolutionary aims of the proletariat and are themselves forced into a difficult crisis of their own. Between those who would make of the social-democracy a tool of imperialism and those who want to see it a weapon of revolution no unity is possible any longer.

The task of elucidating those problems of offering solutions, of formulating the proper direction for the new struggle, falls to those who have not allowed themselves to be misled by war conditions and who have held fast to internationalism and the class struggle. In this their weapon will be Marxism. Marxism, regarded by the theoreticians of Socialism as the method to explain the past and the present and in their hands degraded more and more into a dry doctrine of mechanical fatalism, again is to come into its birthright as a theory of revolutionary acts. "The philosophers have interpreted the world in a number of different ways: the real necessity is to alter it." As a live revolutionary method this sort of Marxism again becomes the most solid principle, the sharpest intellectual weapon of Socialism.

There is no more pressing task than this elucidation of the new problems. For it is a life and death question for the proletariat—and hence for the entire development of humanity—that it should see its way, clear and bright, before leading to new heights. And there are no questions of the future whose solution can be postponed until we can once more discuss them in peace and quietness. They are not capable of postponement. Even during the war and after its conclusion they form the most important and immediate vital questions for the working class of all nations.

Workers' Chief Enemy

Not merely the important question, which everywhere is the kernel of the object of struggle, whether and how the proletariat can emerge, hasten the end of the war and influence the terms of peace. At the conclusion of the war the immense economic shattering of the world will first be felt in its entirety, when, with the condition of general exhaustion, lack of capital and unemployment industry must be organized anew, when the fearful debts of all nations

necessitate colossal taxes and state socialism, the militarization of agricultural pursuits, as the only way out of the financial difficulties. Then the problem must be met with or without theory; but then the lack of theoretical insight will entail the most disastrous errors.

There lies the greatest task of our journal: by discussion and elucidation of these questions it will support the material struggle of the proletariat against imperialism. As an organ of discussion and elucidation it is at the same time an organ of battle—the publisher and the contributors to the journal have the common will to give battle, the same point of view in regard to these chief questions of the practice to be adopted at this time.

First of all the struggle against imperialism, the chief enemy of the proletariat. But this struggle is only made possible by a simultaneous relentless struggle against all the elements of the former social-democracy, which would bind the proletariat to the chariot of imperialism; also the open imperial-

ism which has become the mere agent of the bourgeoisie, and that social patriotism of all shades which would gloss over undisputable antagonisms and would rob the proletariat of the sharpest weapons in its struggle against imperialism. The reconstruction of the Third Internationale will only be made possible by an absolute break with social-patriotism.

With this knowledge we stand upon the same ground as the left wing of the Zimmerwald Conference. The principles put forth by this group of international socialists as their aim, our journal will support by theoretical work; by the most intense struggle against social patriotism, by merciless analysis of the errors of the old revisionism and the radical socialism to pave the way for the new Internationale. If the proletariat recognizes the weaknesses and mistakes of the old points of view, the practical collapse of which it is now suffering from, it will gain the foresight for the new struggle and the new Socialism.—*From The Internationalist.*

Letter From an American Comrade Abroad

YOU will doubtless think me too pessimistic regarding the moral and intellectual capacity of the Socialistic movement, both as to past and future action. You would not think so, if you had been in the midst of things in the way I have. It is relatively very easy to take a ship to Holland or Stockholm, and talk with some of the official Socialists about resuming international relations. But you can learn just about as much as to the status of the Socialist movement among the nations by taking a trip to Coney Island. The trouble with the official Socialist leaders is, that they have not the slightest understanding of the low esteem in which they have fallen in the eyes of mankind. Our case is exactly the reverse of the case of the early Christians. They were hated by all men because they stood for something, and suffered every kind of martyrdom in bearing witness for the thing for which they stood. They were looked upon with respect and wonder by their most vindictive enemies. But we Socialists are now being far from hated; we are not

considered worthy of that; we are simply despised. We are the poltroons of the ages. And the worst of it is, that our official leaders are so blandly ignorant of what a despicable thing they have made the Socialist movement in the common thought of the nations. The very thought of German Social Democracy creates nausea in the stomach of the world. It is a moral disgrace to be a Socialist. When the great day of our opportunity came, we who ought to have witnessed for our faith by united and supreme heroism, we prove ourselves to be the cowards of history. We had talked so big about revolution. We had been so mouthy about the class-struggle. We had boasted so much about our intentions, and of the fear we had created in the hearts of capitalists and kings. And we have acted so small that our worst enemies feel for us the shame we are too ignoble to feel for ourselves. And all the miserable driveling of the Kautskys, and the Jesuitical jugglery of official leaders, cannot erase or pale the infamy of our cowardice and treason. When the whole race of man was about to

be crucified, the pretended liberators of the race crawled at the feet of its destroyers.

I say the leaders, and especially you in America, have not the slightest notion of the loathing and disdain with which we are looked upon by the world. And this all comes from the fact that we were trusted. The world actually believed we meant what we said. Millions who had made no profession of Socialism believed that Socialists would act when the moment arrived, and never permit the catastrophe to come upon the world. More than we dream, the heart of the western world was fixed upon the Socialist movement. We had in our hands the power to keep faith with the world's heart. We could have made good. And the result of this stupendous opportunity—an opportunity such as had never come to men—is the worm-like servility of our leaders and our curish acquiescence. We have answered a simply cosmic summons and responsibility with a collective poltroonry of action, a shamelessness of apology, the like of which historic annals does not afford. The movement on which the hopes of all the world hung has rendered those hopes baseless, and made itself a thing of disgust forever. There is no use in our blinking the fact of where we stand. As one of the most eminent professors of a great European university said to me the other day: "We never expected the world to come to this. We who are no Socialists always believed that Socialists would save us when the time came. And Socialism might have saved us. Only it turned out that there were no Socialists." There are the immortal exceptions of Liebknecht and those who stand with him. And yet who is heaping scorn upon Liebknecht in these days? Not the Prussian military class, not Bethmann-Holweg, but German Social Democrats. You should hear what I have heard said against him by Germans. Do you remember Dietzgen, the friend of Kautsky? He used to be in Chicago. He does me the honor of writing me a letter to tell me that men like Liebknecht and myself are simply raving maniacs, who ought to be locked up. He also warns me that my own life should be forfeited because of the stand I have taken.

If only the German leaders had shown a minimum of manhood; if, when the Kaiser and Bethmann-Holweg sent for them, they had only said, "Ask what we

will do *when Germany is actually attacked*; wait till Russia really *does* make war on Germany; then we will decide." Instead of that they obediently voted for the budget that enabled Germany to declare war on Russia and France. The apologists are always writing as though Germany were fighting a defensive war. But it was *Germany* who declared war on Russia and France and Belgium and Serbia, not Russia and France that declared war on Germany. And it was for the budget that was to be used to carry on this offensive war the Social Democrats voted, and without a shadow of shame or hesitation. Even a German Imperial Commissioner confessed to me, a few days ago, that the Social Democrats could have prevented the war if they would have acted in the critical moment. To try to bunch all Socialists together, to put the conduct of the German leaders in the same class with Vandervelde and Jean Longuet, who are heroically defending their peoples from assassination—to class these together is a sign of either moral idiocy or mental imbecility; or else it is a juggling sophistry and an utter dishonesty.

I say I write from the thick of things. I know how the world feels about the Socialist movement. I know that the old movement can never rehabilitate itself. It has disappointed mankind too bitterly. It has lost the respect of mankind forever. I myself have taken all sorts of silly risks, doing things that I know were absolutely Quixotic and futile, merely to preserve some sort of decent self-respect. But I am unable to escape the shame of being a Socialist, and of having been a member of the International Bureau. Of course, just because of this shame, I stand by my disgraced and derided colors, and shall continue to do so. But I assure you, dear —, that the old International Socialist movement is degraded and dead beyond any redemption and resurrection.

And as I have said, the most curious thing of all is, how blandly ignorant of this fact the official leaders of Socialism still are. And the next most serious thing is, how little you in America seem to know about it: The leaders of American Socialism seem to have no higher conception of the tragedy that has come upon the world, and of the International Socialist debacle, than to try to keep the American movement still subservient to the interest of Ber-

lin—as if the difference between courage and cowardice, between mental and moral darkness and mental and moral light were indifferent trifles.

Then what are we to do? First of all, we are to stand in our places in the Socialist movement and unflinchingly declare the whole truth about what has happened; and, as the old Socialist movement dissolves, as dissolve it will, hold up a torch, each of us, that can be handed on to the new forms which the struggle for economic and social and spiritual freedom will take. To simply stand fast as the resolute and beclomored witnesses for the truth—this is no small matter.

And what of the future of Socialism? I think that out of the general confusion which is yet to come will spring up a national Social Democracy in each country, probably not even taking the name of Social Democracy, but taking and enlarging its facts and principles; and this national Social Democracy will be greatly varied in its developments and applications, according to the experience and conditions of each nation or social group. It will not be at all doctrinal. Nor will it be clearly a struggle between classes. The materialist

theology of Marx, the nursery academics of Kautsky, the swagger and bluster of the class-struggle will become obsolete. All classes will repudiate the mortgage which the few financiers will hold upon the world when the war is ended, and will seek extrication from the mental and physical disorder in which society will be plunged. Political government will be transmuted into economic administration. Many voluntary economic groups will spring up, such as Kropotkin foreshadowed. Out of self-defense many employers will share both the profits and administration of industry with the workers. There will also be many social and industrial experiments. The result of all will be a much realer Socialism and a rapid progress toward clear communism, instead of the mere State Capitalism which the old Socialism was moving toward, and which the German Empire had already largely incarnated.

I had no idea of writing you such a long letter, but your question unloosed the flood. I have not spoken of these matters at any length in my correspondence with my American friends, because the present attitude of American Socialism seemed to render such speaking useless.

SOLD OUT

The entire January edition of the Review sold out 10 days after publication. Everyone wanted to read Jack London's "The Dream of Debs," but hundreds were disappointed, as their orders came in too late.

The March Number

will contain his great child labor story, entitled "The Apostate," which alone is worth many times the price of a single copy of the Review. If you are a live one in the revolutionary cause you will want to give this story as wide a circulation as possible. We will co-operate by mailing you postpaid 10 or more March Reviews at half price, 5 cents per copy. Write us at once.

What Can the Kaiser Win by this War?

GERMANY has had an unprecedented prosperity during the last fifty years. Germans were liked and respected by all other nations.

But they were not liked and respected because of Germany's military power.

German militarism was feared and hated both at home and abroad.

Germany was respected because of its great universities. It was respected because of its scientists, savants and inventors. The products of its factories are known everywhere because of Germany's highly skilled and highly organized working class.

The war cannot possibly add to any of these achievements.

This war closes the universities. Students go to war. It closes the factories. The workmen have gone to war.

War does not in any way add to the progress of science. This war destroys and kills the highly trained workmen by the thousands.

It will take Germany generations to regain the commerce which is being destroyed by the war.

And what can the kaiser gain?

He cannot gain any territory from the French because France contains no more Germans. And the Alsations, although

German, have not been digested in forty-four years. Today they prefer French government to Yunker government.

The Kaiser cannot get any German territory unless he gets it from his ally, Austria, a country which he is now trying to defend, or from Holland or Switzerland, which are neutral nations.

And it is a fallacy to believe that Germany, or, for that matter, England, or Russia, can win any trade by winning the war.

In small states like Sweden, Holland, Belgium or Switzerland, that have no militarism and no great navies, economic and trade conditions are just as good as in Russia, Germany, England or Austria, that have great armies and navies.

Nor do colonies add anything worth while to the trade of a nation.

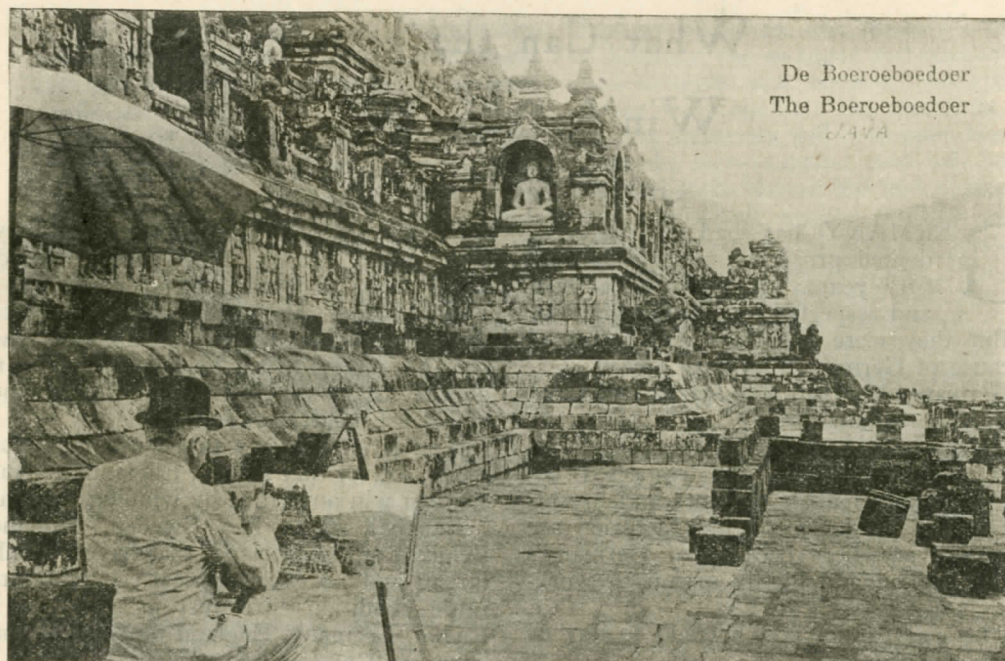
Great Britain, that has the most colonies on earth, does twice as much trade with foreign countries as with its colonies.

The foreign trade of most great countries is mainly with nations over which they exercise no political control.

The enormous extension of German trade in countries like Russia, the United States and South America owes nothing to Germany's military power.

Now why should not Germany be willing to make peace?

The above paragraphs constitute NOT an editorial reflecting the opinions or viewpoints of the International Socialist Review. It is NOT original, as of this year 1917. It is a complete editorial reprinted in full without the changing of a word from the Milwaukee Leader of Oct. 1, 1914. It is evidence that when the Great War began the Socialists' daily newspaper of Milwaukee was free to challenge the German Kaiser as an enemy of the German people, a violent and cruel enemy of the German working class. The new policy of the Milwaukee Leader is silent on the Kaiser when it is not frankly a defender of the Kaiser.



De Boeroeboedoer
The Boeroeboedoer
JAVA

AN EXQUISITE SECTION OF BORO BOEDOER. MANY PASSAGES ENCIRCLE THE TEMPLE, BUT THERE ARE NO SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBERS. BORO BOEDOER HAS MORE THAN 500 LIFE-SIZE STATUES OF BUDDHA, BUT MANY OF THE HEADS HAVE BEEN STOLEN.

THE ISLE OF JAVA

By R. R. HORNBECK

OUTSIDE the usual tourist track and unknown as yet to most travelers, is Java, forty hours from Singapore and 300 miles south of the equator.

It was my privilege to spend a delightful vacation in this wonderland recently. During most of the entire journey from Singapore to Java, tiny coral islands may be seen, many of them uninhabited by man or beast. Then there are the larger inhabited "dots" of richest green, densely covered with luxuriant tropical vegetation and yielding a large quantity of fruits, which are sold by the natives to small trading boats which stop there occasionally.

Java is in the Netherlands East Indies, and is the richest and most important island under Dutch ownership. It is 668 miles long, 33 to 125 miles wide, and on an area of 49,197 square miles (about the same as New York state) supports a population of

over 30,000,000, of whom 65,000 are Europeans.

Java is perhaps known to most Americans merely as the place from which coffee comes, but there are also enormous crops of rice, tea, cinnamon, sugar cane, pepper, tobacco, vanilla, etc., and this little island produces one-half the world's supply of quinine. One-fifth of the world's consumption of coffee is grown in the Netherlands East Indies, and the United States buys one-third of this crop.

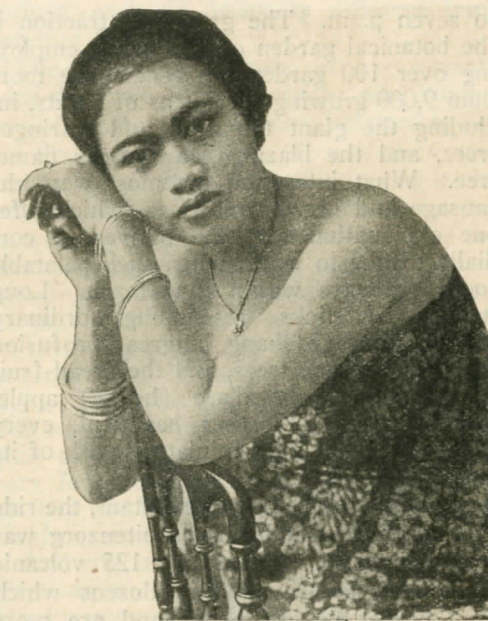
During the period of the Spanish Inquisition it is said the Dutch threatened to desert Holland and emigrate here in a body, and they could surely have made a worse move. Miss Scidmore, in "Java, the Garden of the East," says, "Java is the ideal tropical island, the greenest, the most beautiful and the most exquisitely cultivated spot in the East; the most picturesque and satisfactory bit of the tropics anywhere

near the world's great routes of travel." And Alfred Russell Wallace, who visited Java many times between 1854 and 1862, said it was "the very garden of the east, and perhaps, upon the whole, the richest, best cultivated, and best governed island in the world."

Most of the ships plying to and from Java are owned by the Dutch, and I met only two English-speaking persons on the outward voyage. In every cabin of the Dutch ships is a notice reading: "In ports outside the Dutch East Indies nobody is allowed on deck in negligee before 9 p. m." Of course the assumption (and the practice) is that within the Dutch East Indies one may appear on deck at any hour with no more clothing than a Parisian debutante. The Dutch women in the tropics go barefooted and decidedly negligee, but I think it quite unnecessary for the notice to be printed in English.

Landing at Batavia, the capital of the Dutch East Indies, I boarded what seemed to me rather a peculiar train. There are coaches for first, second, third and fourth classes, the first two being for Europeans, and the last two for natives. In the third class coaches are wooden benches extending along each side of the car, and passengers ride facing each other. In the fourth class cars the windows have iron bars instead of glass and there are no seats whatever. It costs practically nothing to ride fourth class, and it is worth less. The first railroads in Java were opened to the public in 1872, and now two lines traverse the entire island. Trains do not run during the night, the Dutch being afraid to trust the native trainmen.

In Batavia the red-brick gabled houses, with long, sloping, tile roofs, were built in the 17th century and look like a deserted corner of Holland. The native houses in Batavia, as in all Java, are made of interlaced bamboo, closely woven and practically rain proof. There are no chimneys in these houses, the smoke escaping through doors and windows. The streets in all the larger cities of Java are sprinkled with large "garden" sprinklers. One of these is hung on each end of a bamboo pole, which is carried across the shoulders of a Javanese, who tips a sprinkler with each hand. The water is supplied by hydrants on every block. Rickshaws are not permitted in Java. Instead, there are abominable two-wheeled



JAPANESE WOMAN OF THE BETTER CLASS. THE DUTCH FREELY INTERMARRY WITH THESE, AND THEIR CHILDREN HAVE THE SAME PRIVILEGES AS PURE-BLOODED DUTCH CHILDREN

carts, drawn by one or two ponies, and the driver is a Javanese. The passenger rides facing the rear, and if he is tall, had better hold his hat in his lap, for the tops of these "sadoes" are quite low. Taken all in all, these carts are fully as comfortable as going down a flight of stairs on a tricycle.

There are many shallow canals in Batavia, and the natives row their crude freight boats through these, bathe in them, the women wash clothes in them, and the children play in them. At all times of the day the banks are lined with hundreds of natives in the most gaily-colored and picturesque apparel imaginable, which adds charm to the scene. A place of interest is the Old Church, the first stone of which was laid in October, 1693, and the same pews first built are now in use during regular services.

After Batavia the Mecca for tourists is Buitenzorg, where the governor-general of the Dutch East Indies resides in a beautiful palace. This functionary gets a salary of \$100,000 per year, with an allowance of \$60,000 for entertaining. Buitenzorg is a sanatorium and place of refuge from the heat, being high in the mountains, and it rains there practically every day from two

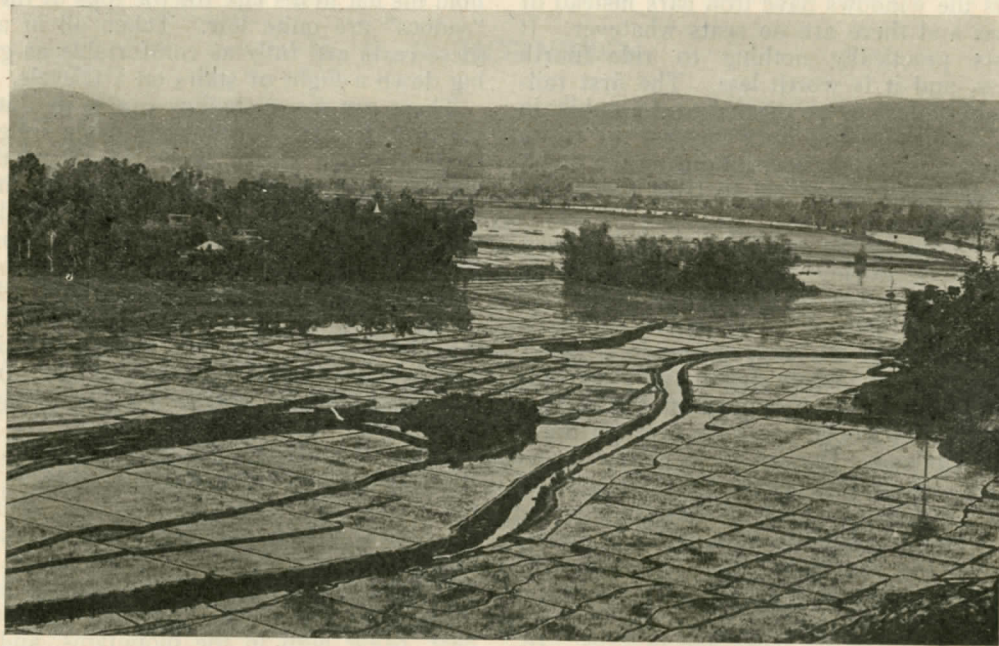
to seven p. m. The greatest attraction is the botanical garden of 145 acres, employing over 100 gardeners. There are more than 9,000 growing specimens of plants, including the giant tamarind and waringen trees, and the blazing Madagascar flame-tree. What interested me most were the sausage and bread-fruit trees, which offer one explanation why the natives so cordially dislike to work, when such palatable food is always within easy reach. Long strings of links resembling ordinary bologna sausages hang in great profusion from the sausage trees, and the bread-fruit is like a large boisd'arc (hedge) apple. Buitenzorg is altogether beautiful, every white house having a miniature park of its own.

My next stop being quite distant, the ride on the train after leaving Buitenzorg was very delightful. There are 125 volcanic centers in Java, including dozens which have nearer perfect cones and are more beautiful in every way than is Vesuvius, which gains its notoriety mainly from an historical standpoint. There are not many big rivers, but the Solo, in East Java, is navigable for large boats for its entire length of 310 miles.

Beautiful panoramas, rivalling anything

in Colorado or California, may be seen as the train crosses the deep gorges. High mountains are entirely covered by tea plants, and have the appearance of roof gardens, while the lower elevations are covered by rice fields, rising tier upon tier like a gigantic amphitheater. I saw the crops in all stages of production—from the sowing or planting by hand to the gathering by hand, and it was certainly the most intensive farming I ever saw. There are no seasons in Java except, as someone has said, the "rainy and the wet." The rice is plowed with the aid of awkward looking, mouse-colored water buffaloes and forked sticks, and the natives cut the rice ear by ear with small curved knives, the women working with babies strapped onto their backs. They will not use a sickle or mower, and I did not see a piece of farm machinery while in Java. The annual rice crop amounts to about 40,000 tons, which is not sufficient for local consumption, and large quantities are imported from Siam and China.

When talking to or approaching "superiors," the Javanese always squat. It is indescribably ludicrous to see one entering his master's room, hopping along like a kangaroo and peering upward like a sick kitten, awaiting his master's command or



NO GROUND LIES FALLOW IN JAVA. THERE ARE NO SEASONS, AND RICE IS BOTH PLANTED AND GATHERED EVERY WEEK IN THE YEAR

kick. Some of the early explorers in the east wrote that the Javanese had a caudal appendage, but I must admit I did not see any of these "missing links." Most of the Javanese speak Malay, which is the official language in those parts. However, the tourist must occasionally learn the meaning and pronunciation of such a Dutch word as "Paketvaartmaatschappij," which is rather distracting for a pleasure seeker.

At the railway stations I saw many grass hats which are as flexible as the Panama hat and cost about ten U. S. cents, so that even the poorest natives can afford these occasionally. Millions of them are exported to the United States and sold for—let the reader guess.

Garoet is 2,306 feet above sea level and a much frequented health resort. Formerly a holy city and forbidden to Europeans until quite recently, it is intensely interesting to those who venture there. Before I had time to wash the dust of travel from my face at a pretty hotel there, a score or more Javanese boys came to the veranda and played weird music on queer looking bamboo instruments, all made by themselves, and a small coin sent them away quite happy. Then a bevy of pretty girls brought countless varieties of beautiful cloths, all of them woven and colored in Java, by hand. Eastern style, they always ask about five times the price they are willing to accept, in the hope that the customer is a tenderfoot.

Early next morning I hired a two-wheeler with three horses in rope harness, and started to visit some of the mountain lakes. The natives would take off their hats as I passed, and I would have felt quite vain had I not known that the Dutch demand this obeisance. The little scraggy ponies were surprisingly strong and nimble, trotting up the steepest hills during the entire drive of over forty miles. We met old women stooped under huge baskets of tapioca, which when first gathered, looks like large sweet potatoes. These women would greet me by placing the palms of their hands together and making a backward and forward motion before their faces. We visited Lakes Bagendit and Leles, not very large, but exceedingly beautiful and as clear as crystal, mirroring the giant cocoa palms which fringe the banks. Finally we came to Tjipanas, a little mountain village where there are many warm

springs, each of decidedly different temperature.

The following morning at five o'clock, with the same Javanese driver who accompanied me the previous day, I started to see my first active volcano. It was quite cold and I enjoyed the luxury of shivering in the tropics. Even at this early hour we met many natives driving flocks of geese by the flickering light of torches, and old women carrying baskets of fruit to market. Later we passed hundreds of women and children on their way to the rice fields to begin work at six o'clock. It was a strange tho glorious sight. For miles and miles the narrow road was swarming with humanity, in the most gaily colored garbs imaginable. There were very few men, for they check the bundles as they are brought in by the women and children, and take loads to market.

Arriving at the hotel at the foot of Papandayan, the object of my journey, I hired a pony, a stable boy and a guide, and commenced the ascent. The road is very steep, and for about one-third of the way steps have been hewn out of the solid rock. Daily rains make the way very slippery, but the pony was sure-footed and had made the journey hundreds of times before. It is six miles up to the crater, and the ride took about two hours.

The crater is enclosed on three sides by precipitous walls, while a foot-path and a stream of cool, sparkling water, which gushes from a spring in the side of the old crater, issues from the fourth side. There is a stifling smell of sulphur, and hissing, sputtering, rumbling, roaring miniature eruptions on all sides, casting up small rocks and muddy water. The sound is somewhat like a mogul engine getting up steam, or like a blacksmith's mighty forge. Before the guide warned me I dipped my fingers in a stream of water and got a painful burn, and later was foolish enough to pick up a chunk of hot sulphur. There are hundreds of tiny fissures in the rocks, emitting sulphurous smoke, and the steam jets and fumaroles are quite awe-inspiring. During the descent the stable boy was indispensable in holding the reins of the pony and leading him carefully down the steepest places, probably saving me a bad fall or so.

In an eruption of Papandayan in 1872 whole villages were swallowed up, but since then there has been no serious dis-



SMOROE, 12,000 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL, IS THE HIGHEST VOLCANO IN JAVA AND HAS AN ENTIRELY BARE LAVA CONE

turbance. Another active volcano near Garoet is Goenoeng Goentoer, and it is recorded that in 1843, during an eruption, the sun was hidden for half a day, while 10,000,000 tons of dust were thrown 10,000 feet into the air. Still another is Galunggung, which in 1824 covered with a tide of boiling mud more than 114 villages and thousands of natives. The highest volcano in Java is Smeroe, reaching 12,021 feet.

After Garoet I visited a missionary friend in Soekaradja, a town of 10,000 population, and he the only white person in it. No one there speaks English except a few he has taught, and there is no post office. A Chinese millionaire kindly invited us to his fine house one evening, and entertained us royally.

The city of Djokjakarta was formerly and is now the center of Javanese civilization. It has a population of 80,000, 1,477 of whom are Europeans. The entire city was destroyed by an earthquake in 1867, and there are many active volcanoes nearby. In the shops are specimens of all the native arts and crafts, and everywhere may be seen the fantastically deformed marionettes, which the Javanese use in their puppet shows. The native policemen carry long

rifles with fixed bayonets, and strut about grandiloquently.

The susuhanan (native prince) of Soerakarta (near Djocjakarta) is worshipped by his subjects, has a harem of over 3,000 wives, and is paid nearly \$1,000,000 annually by the Dutch government, presumably to insure peace.

From Djocjakarta the tourist goes to Boro Boedoer, the most wonderful thing to be seen in all Java. It is a monster temple, covering about the same area as the Great Pyramid. The approach to the structure is through a grove of tall kanari trees, and a government rest house is near the ruins. I noticed in the register that five Americans had been there the same week as I.

Boro Boedoer was erected at the beginning of the seventh century, but was in a jungle, covered by trees and rank vegetation and utterly lost for over six centuries. Uncovered in 1814, at first all comers carried away statues and smaller decorations of the temple, and now most of the older towns in Java have a collection of images from Boro Boedoer. The temple was constructed of volcanic lava of a grayish tint, and there was no cement used. Neither are there any columns, pillars or arches. The

base is 500 feet square, the dome 100 feet high, and each side 531 feet. There are over 500 statues of Buddha, hundreds of other life-size statues, and miles of bas-reliefs. There are depicted lions, cows, horses, elephants, whales, and turtles, chariots, ships, mansions, musical instruments, bows and arrows. But unlike Roman sculpture, there is nothing shown which is in the least offensive.

Some traveler has written that Boro Boedoer "surpasses in extent and magnificence anything to be seen in India or Egypt." Only the ruins of Angkor Wat, in French Indo-China, can rival it, both being the work of Hindoos. Alfred Russell Wallace wrote of Boro Boedoer: "The amount of human labor and skill expended on the Great Pyramid of Egypt sinks into insignificance when compared with that required to complete this sculptured hill temple." When I saw it I felt like the rustle who, after gazing intently at his first giraffe, exclaimed, "Thar ain't no sich thing!"

There are two smaller temples, Pawon

and Mendoet, two miles from Boro Boedoer. These were erected 750 A. D. and contain gigantic statues of Buddha.

Nearer Djocjakarta are the Hindoo ruins of Prambanam, discovered in 1797, but not excavated until 1885. These ruins consist of several groups of temples, a mile or more apart, and the number of temples is estimated at more than 600. There are sacred bulls and other Hindoo images, and the work is more delicate than at Boro Boedoer, tho less stupendous. "All the monuments prove that here there formerly existed a great and flourishing empire, extremely populous, to judge by the swarms of artisans and laborers who must have been employed in the construction of these gigantic buildings." A. Caboton, in "Java and Sumatra." But the days of Hindoo dominance in Java have passed forever, for the island was conquered by the Mohammedans in the 16th century, and the Koran is now the moral law and the unwritten Javanese code.

The High Cost of Labor Power

By JACK MORTON

DID you ever notice how wages rise when the cost of living goes up? Of course, the capitalist class always pulls back like a balky horse and tries hard to force its employes to scrimp along on the old wage scale as long as possible, and then is usually forced to yield to economic necessity—in order to keep men in shape to go to work in the shops, factories and mills.

Just now the workers in America are so greatly in demand to produce commodities which their employers hope to sell at war prices, that the workers could, by displaying a little militant spirit and a little class solidarity, gain a much larger share in the value they produce if it were not for the fact that all Americans are more and more being forced to pay war prices for the necessities themselves.

The wheat crop has partially failed all over the world; the potato crop is only a shadow of its former self, and prunes, and apricots and beans and cereals have been sold in advance to foreign countries, so that we are finding our home supply in greatly reduced circumstances.

Food products and woolen products and leather products this year are falling so far behind the need that the brokers or speculators and manufacturers who have a stock salted away somewhere, are able to ask monopoly prices and get away with them.

Meanwhile our own capitalist class are finding themselves able to reap unheard of profits upon their investments by sending war supplies to the Allies. But in order to make profits upon war supplies the employing class has to have strong healthy workers toiling in the factory, shop, mine and mill. And healthy workers mean well fed, well clothed and well housed men and women.

Investors are feeling inclined to grumble at the unkindness of the Fates. It is unfortunate that profits should be dependent in the first place, upon "that low, shiftless, ignorant" class known as workers, so that just at a time when a thrifty manufacturer, who has managed to save up half a dozen million dollars or so, by hard and honest toil (?)—as we were saying—just when such an overworked manufacturer sees an opportunity of making an "honest 600 per

cent upon an investment," it is unfortunate that the workers should be in such great demand by other employers of labor that a man has to pay "exorbitant wages" if he wants to keep the factory wheels revolving, and the stream of dividends pouring into his own pockets.

And then, to cap the climax, the American food and clothing speculators go out and sell American crops in advance to the Allies, and the inconsiderate South American capitalist sells "his" products to Europe, so that it looks now as though the food supply in America were going to run short before the next harvest.

With the cost of living soaring upward and food actually growing more scarce every day, the poor capitalists in this country are being driven to their wits' end to devise ways and means for meeting this rising cost, holding their employes and avoiding the bad precedent of paying higher wages.

Just about Christmas time the wise heads of the big industries were called into the private offices of the Big Bosses all over the country to discuss what was to be done about it. The Steel Trust developed a wonderful change of heart after talking over the pernicious activities of the I. W. W. the past year and the expensive strikes that had been pulled off. It developed that other and more serious labor troubles might follow and the Steel Trust, all at once, as it were, became human and decided to "do something voluntarily," before it was forced, for the steel workers. So a universal 10 per cent to 15 per cent rise in wages was announced.

The Steel Trust stood true to its old creed that it is better to make a workingman believe his employer has *given* him something than to learn that he has been able to *force* anything from his "boss."

A hundred weaker manufacturers and industrial giants in Chicago announced their sudden conversion to the "profit sharing plan." It developed that their ideas upon the subject in regard to the *future* were more than hazy. "Of course the movement is only in its infancy;" "we shall have to await business developments," etc., etc., but these capitalists, one and all, knew that they were going to offer their employes something right down substantial for Christmas. At first it had been the plan to sift out the late comers from the old-timers, those who

had slaved for the companies ten, twenty and thirty years, but caution and the experience of less regenerate employers, showed then that wisdom here would surely be the better part of valor and even the girls who had only worked six months in some of the mail order houses got "presents" of twenty and thirty dollars.

The Chicago express companies found the best solution of all for this odious problem of the higher cost of labor power, caused by the increased cost of living. By it they do not establish higher wages against a future reduction of which their employes might go on strike, and yet they have posed as benefactors, have increased the money received by the express workers, and next year they will be able to claim that, owing to decreased business they are unable to afford the munificence of the Christmas of 1916.

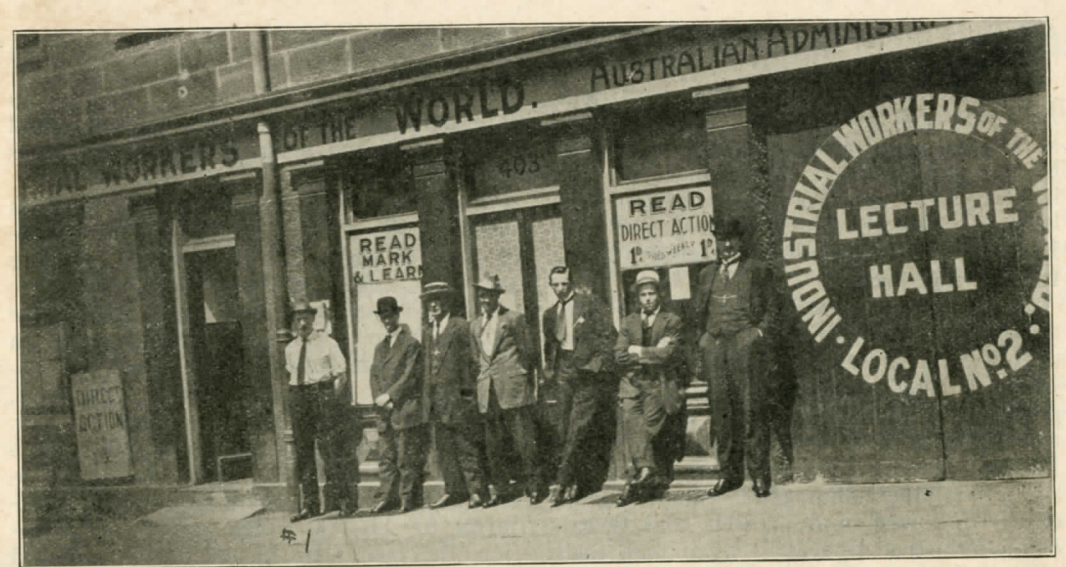
The newspapers screamed the glad tidings late in December that employes of the express companies were to receive gifts from the employers ranging from the amount of two to three months' wages. And the threatened expressmen's strike was averted. The public learned a little later that these wonderful money Christmas gifts were to be divided into four parts. The workers were to receive one-fourth of the gift on December 25th, another fourth in three months, a third in six, and the balance in nine months.

The expectation of receiving half a month's wages every three months was calculated to calm the spirit of unrest and rebellion among the workers, to stave off strikes, keep men docile and on the job, and most important of all to *meet the high cost of living*.

We are afraid the game will work, but if the working class of America only realized it, nobody need be out of work here today. The capitalists are competing with each other for workers. All the workers have to do is to organize, strike and get almost anything they want, because Capital cannot gather in those war billions without the labor power of the working class!

If the workers in the industries decided to all go home an hour earlier *every day*, *now* is the time they could make good with these demands. And they could quit another hour earlier two months from now.

The workers were never in a better position to wage class warfare in America than they are now!



The Iron Heel in Australia

(This article gives the latest authentic news from Australia and was written by one of our direct-action comrades who has been in the thick of the fight for many months.)

The Censors were asleep and a Pacific marine fellow-worker brought it across to San Francisco.)

IN the year 1911 the Industrial Workers of the World made its appearance on the Island Continent. Since that year this organization has made wonderful progress. The working class after decades of political shadow-sparring and craft union duck-shoving, have made no tangible advance towards the expropriation of the owning class. In Federal and State politics, Labor Parties have fought themselves into power, and then deserted the trusting trade union battalions or betrayed them.

The philosophy of Industrial Unionism and Direct Action, is thru persistent propaganda, killing the opportunities of politicians, and rousing the workers from apathy and ignorance. Such an organization as the I. W. W., needless to say, has not been welcomed with joy by the Australian master-class. On the contrary it has been subjected to vile abuse, lying misrepresentation and merciless persecution.

Much of this opposition has emanated from those solid pillars of capitalist society, the conservative craft unionists and the political somersaulters who can reconcile "Labor politics," with industrial and military conscription. The effects of I. W. W. anti-

military and anti-war propaganda was so far-reaching, that the Labor Prime Minister, William Morris Hughes,—the secretary of the Waterside Workers' Federation—prior to his lickspittle and zig zag joy trip to Mansion House and Buckingham Palace, declaimed against the I. W. W., and with tremendous invective declared his intention of rooting out that organization "with the ferocity of a Bengal tiger."

Prior to this, a War Precautions Act was put into operation, with the permission of the Federal Labor Party, which aimed at the subjugation of the freedom of the press, and public discussion. Dozens of men have been gaoled on charges that are positively ridiculous. In September, 1915, Tom Barker, then editor of *Direct Action*, the I. W. W. paper, was sentenced to twelve months imprisonment; at the instigation of Legislative Councillor, Sir Joseph Carruthers (a successful land thief), and Labor Ministers Black and Fitzgerald, for publishing a poster inviting "Capitalists, parsons, politicians, landlords, newspaper editors and other stay-at-home patriots, your country needs *YOU* in the trenches. Workers follow your masters!!!"

There was a great uproar thru both Australia and New Zealand which resulted in the case being dropped, after Barker had been in solitary confinement for seven days in Long Bay Gaol. Percy Mandeno of Brisbane, J. Skurrie of Melbourne, and Ken Leslie and I. Klausen were also sent along for varying terms.

Early in March, 1916, Tom Barker was again arrested, discharged and re-arrested over a cartoon published in *Direct Action*, which depicted the shocking contrast of the profiteering industrial masters and the sacrifice of the workers who died at the war. Barker was convicted and sentenced once again to twelve months gaol. Another great outcry followed, and protests and threatening industrial upheavals again had their effect, which resulted in Barker being released by the Governor General on August 3rd, after serving three months out of the twelve. During Barker's incarceration, many fires took place, which resulted in considerably over a million pounds of damage. During this period the I. W. W. premises in Sussex Street, Sydney, were searched frequently by police and the military.

On the 23rd of September, a large army of police raided the premises and seized all documents, pictures, literature and correspondence belonging to the organization of the I. W. W. Fellow worker, Tom Glynn, editor of *Direct Action*, Peter Larkin, brother of the more famous Jim, Jack Hamilton, Donald McPherson and Bob Besant were arrested and charged with high treason. Within a few days, Fellow workers Joe Fargin, Bill Teen, Bill Beatty, Tom Moore, John Benjamin King, Charles Thomas Reeves were arrested on similar charges and refused bail. Later Donald Grant, one of the most powerful I. W. W. propagandists, was arrested in Broken Hill, and brought over country by motor car for 1,300 miles in leg irons and hand-cuffs. He was similarly charged.

While these men are in custody, the campaign for and against conscription was taking shape. The Referendum was to be held on October 28th. A great collection of sensational and manufactured evidence was produced in the lower court, alleging incendiarism, sedition, conspiracy, murder, rebellion and what not. The conscriptionist press referred to anti-conscriptionists as I. W. W.'s; politicians attacked these devoted and maligned champions of labor, while the Prime Minister who is also Attorney Gen-

eral violated the laws he is supposed to safeguard, by blackening the characters and opinions of the accused before the cases were heard.

Two more fellow workers, who were on holiday in a country township, were grabbed by the police on a charge of firing haystacks, although there was no evidence to connect them with the offense. They were held in custody, and remanded to the High Court. In the meantime, the Prime Minister, assisted by other arrant scoundrels, called the I. W. W. "wheat burners," etc. This was done to prejudice the country vote against conscription. After the Referendum, which in this State resulted in a majority of 116,000 votes against conscription, the men were kicked adrift and told that the Crown declined to file a charge.

Since then the same wheat stacks and many others have caught fire mysteriously, due to chemical action, which always results to a greater or lesser degree among green or decayed wheat under certain climatic conditions. A strange, but not unexpected feature has been found among the business side of Sydney firms who have had fires during the past six months. One gigantic fire, attributed to the I. W. W., showed that the building was of the shoddiest nature and the shares of the Public Supply Company had slumped in a few days from twenty shillings to twelve shillings. Another company having a fire, bought the business recently for £7,500 and insured it for over £13,000. Of course, no one is allowed to suggest that it is good business for the boss to have conflagrations, even tho the blame can be attached by the means of lying and disreputable pimps to the Industrial Workers of the World.

In West Australia eleven fellow workers have been charged with conspiracy, and altho the Crown made great threats of "sensational evidence," they produced nothing but a mass of correspondence and a pile of books, which included a copy of "Lucifer," a work written in A. D., 16. One of the sleuth hounds seized it because it seemed "rather warm." Eight of these fellow workers have been committed for trial and granted bail, while the other three, Jack O'Neill, Francesco Sidotti and Alex Sarr, have been discharged. Among the eight who have to stand their trial is probably the finest and most venerable rebel the world has ever seen. When a fighter stands in 1854 at the Eureka Stockade with a rifle

in his hand, facing, with hundreds of oppressed and rebellious miners, the red-coated ruffians of a martinet Victorian government, and then stands in the dock in Perth in 1916, over 64 years later, we may safely say that Montague Miller, 85 years of age, stands alone. In spite of the heavy handicap of years, he is still the flowery orator of the West, while his virile and facile pen will be familiar to all readers of *Direct Action*.

Mick Sawtell is also a forcible speaker and a lucid labor journalist. Alex Horrocks of Kalgoorlie, F. H. Lunn, W. Hanscombe, A. Auwart, John Goller and W. Johnstone are vigorous propagandists for One Big Union. What the future will bring to these class brothers we can only conjecture.

The Referendum is now over; New South Wales and South Australia smashed the issue by a 3 to 2 majority. Queensland had a slight majority against conscription, Victoria was slightly in favor, while West Australia and Tasmania voted strongly in favor of compulsory service abroad. The result was that the en bloc vote negated conscription by a 62,000 majority.

The Labor Prime Minister, Billy Hughes, "the darling of the duchesses," has been expelled from all Labor political and economic organizations. The little gentleman is very cantankerous about it. Most of Billy's political pals are also handed the icy mitt. So William is intriguing with the Liberal Party to share the jobs and build themselves into Parliament for their natural lives. No wonder our successful political opportunists are dismayed. To add to other troubles for the Australian boss, the miners have decided to take *Direct Action* to get the Eight Hour Day (they have celebrated it for fifty-six years), 20,000 of them have been out on strike for three weeks and industry is tied up. Thousands of tons of shipping idle, no lifts to carry the Fat man to his flat, no power, curtailed time-tables on the Labor government's trams and trains. Not a mine working. No coal from N. Z. or Japan. Those miners also threaten stoppage. The Press is howling, the bosses are squealing, and arbitration court horse-haired fossils are in a hell of a state.

But the miners are adamant, and they just make the I. W. W. smile. Politics and arbitration, trade unions and wage boards are back numbers, outgrown, useless and worse. A new spirit is abroad and

growing. The philosophy of the One Big Union grows everywhere.

The workers of Australia are also slowing down. Very much so. The Australian boss is worrying about bankruptcy and he has ample reasons for his worry. Shortening of the hours, and reduction of the output are weapons that speak more loudly of increasing working class power than all the elections and ballots have done in twenty years. The reduction of working class efficiency by one per cent will cause the capitalists more alarm than the polling of a million ballots.

Industry in Australia is controlled by the boss. He has to be dislodged, bankrupted, sacked. Then the workers will be the controllers of industry, the masters of the inexhaustible resources of the Island Continent, and it is the historical mission of the I. W. W. to put the Australian boss into hobnails and overalls.

The Iron Heel is with us. But it will produce its own destruction. Repression begets retaliation, persecution creates unity and militancy, gaol breeds solidarity and ultimate triumph. We glory in Australia, not in the ballots cast in an American city, but in the miners of Messabe, the fighters of Everett, the imprisoned labor men in Frisco, and the red-blooded clan of toil who sing the songs of Joe Hill, carry the red card and break the way for the New Society.

"There is only *one* working class, there can only be *one* union."

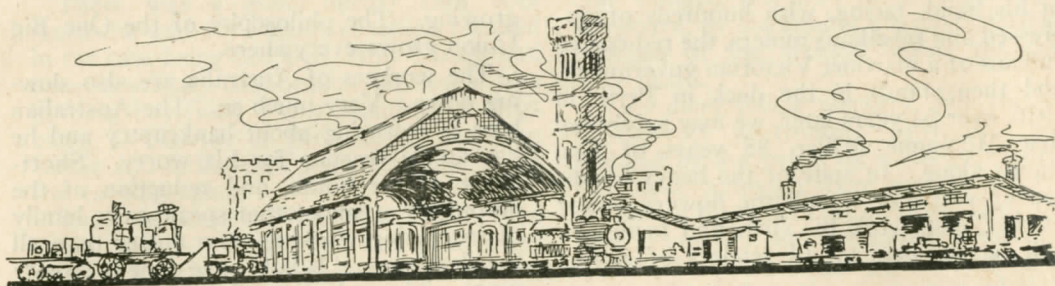
All the boys in Sydney have been convicted. Seven of them, Thomas Glynn, Donald Grant, Donald McPherson, John Hamilton, William Teen, William Beattie and Joseph Fagin, have been sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. Thomas Moore, Peter Larkin, Charles Reeves and Bernard Besant have been sentenced to ten years in gaol, and John B. King to five years.

This is the most vindictive and fiendish sentence perpetrated upon the working class movement in the history of this country.

We want the American workers to use the boycott on all Australian goods until these men are freed.

Twelve of the noblest, truest, cleanest men in the movement are facing long years of incarceration. Let the Solidarity of Labor be more than a figure of speech; let the world resound with the cry for justice.

Later—Word arrives that the striking miners have won all their demands and gone back to work.



Looking 'Em Over

By MILITANT

THREE days of the second week in January the joint committee of the four railroad brotherhoods were in session in Chicago. All the brotherhood organizations of all the railroads of the United States were represented. Their sessions were held behind closed doors on the seventeenth floor of the Masonic Temple.

They did nothing which they wanted told to the world. Whatever action was taken was kept a secret so far as the newspapers and the public and the outside working class was concerned. Only the members of the joint committee who were present—and the spies of the railroad managers, presidents and financiers—actually know what was done at this Masonic Temple meeting.

A cold, formal announcement was issued by the four brotherhood heads that there was no strike talk in the meetings and whoever at this present time talks strike is doing the work of an enemy of the brotherhoods.

Until the supreme court of the United States has spoken its say-so on the Adamson law there should be no action, according to the brotherhood officials.

"Everybody sit still and listen for the supreme court decision on the Adamson law: after that we'll talk strike or no strike," would summarize the polite, icy, we-must-say-something statement of the spokesmen for the brotherhoods.

Though the members of the committee were instructed to indulge in no threats, there crept out from the meeting definite predictions that sporadic strikes on some of the rail systems would undoubtedly be seen the present year.

No denials came that unrest and dissatisfaction seethes on some of the rail systems. It is precisely the kind of a situation that recalls the declarations of Warren S. Stone before the arbitration board of 1915, when he presented the argument that the officers of the brotherhoods are a conserving force holding back the memberships from radical actions frequently threatened.

Mutterings of protest came from committeemen who believe that even if the supreme court does declare the Adamson law constitutional, it's going to be a long and a hard job to force the railroads to so comply with the law that real and tangible benefits in wages and working conditions are granted.

The railroads are so organized that relays of lawyers and flying squadrons of accountants, experts and engineers can be summoned for the work of defeating the intended working out of a law. What they have been successful at in the past—the crippling of legislation aimed at a specific effect so that the purposed effects are not effective—they are sure to attempt in the case of the Adamson law. It is this condition that forms the background for the following statements from a railroad man close to the discussions and decisions of the Masonic Temple meeting:

"Haven't we seen the railroad companies over and over again take a perfectly good law and kick it in the slats? What do we care whether the United States supreme court says the Adamson law is good law? What we want to know is whether President Ripley of the Santa Fe and President Hale Holden of the Burlington and the rest

of the big fellows have made their Wall Street bankers see that the Adamson law is a good law.

"Until Wall Street sees and says it's a good law, it don't make much difference what the supreme court says and thinks about it.

"I have studied some history in my time and sometimes I think a decision by the supreme court on the Adamson law won't amount to any more than the Dred Scott decision or any other of the decisions by which the supreme court of this nation tried to stave off the conflict between wage and chattel slave governments.

"What is the fundamental issue under everything involved in the Adamson law? That law calls for the railroads to put into force an eight-hour workday all over the country. Its successful operation would mean all trainmen and enginemen in the United States would be paid for eight hours' work what they are now paid for ten hours' work. I can't see where there is anything else than an issue between political and industrial government involved. It's a question of whether the political government shall take commands from an industrial government and the further question of whether the railroad capitalists, bankers and managers constitute the industrial government or whether the brotherhoods of engineers, firemen, conductors and brakemen constitute such industrial government.

"Federal government seizure, ownership and operation of the railroads would not solve the fundamental issue involved. It would only put it off. If the political government of the nation assumes domination, brings about ownership and operation of the railroads, it must face the question of what extent it shall take commands from the workmen whose physical and mental acts operate the railroads.

"Passage of the Adamson law, its interpretation, its possible consequences, may see a finish in one of the most tremendous politico-industrial chapters to be written in American history in the near future.

"A nation-wide rail strike would tear up this country, would agitate politics and business, so that the best recourse by unanimous consent would be federal governmental purchase and operation of the roads. Fear of governmental seizure and operation is the dominating motive that holds back the railroads, managers and financiers

from going to immediate and uncompromising battle with the workers. They would have precipitated a strike long ago if they were not afraid that the ensuing disorder would bring governmental ownership. If the Adamson law ever goes into force it will be because the railroad heads decide it costs them less to obey the law than to fight it."

HEARST is a Mexican rancher, whose 1,060,000 acres of land has been taken away from him by the Carranza government.

Hearst's newspapers want America to go to war with Mexico and "pacify" and "develop" that country.

Hearst's calling on God and Jesus to bring the dove of peace into Europe—his daily editorial psalms to peace—read interestingly when properly interspersed with the truth in italics. The following paragraph is a petition printed in the Hearst papers; it is addressed "To Woodrow Wilson" and has blank spaces for names and addresses at the bottom of it. So here is Hearst's prayer for peace, with our additions and amendments in italics:

"We love peace and are content to dwell in fellowship with all nations *across the Atlantic but not south of the Rio Grande*. So we are peculiarly chosen, as it were by Providence, to speak, in our great seat of righteousness, power and dominion, the counsel of peace and good will to our distressed brothers in Europe *while our distressed brothers between Jawrez and Panama require for their peculiar needs the kind of slaughter, rape, robbery and exploitation that an American army of pacification would bring*. Mr. President, let us speak that counsel of peace *in Europe and war in Mexico*. And may God speed the message of compassion and friendliness and mercy and peace straight to the hearts of the rulers in whose hands lie trembling the lives of millions, the destinies of nations and the fate of the white man, and all the achievements and monuments of his splendid and wonderful civilization, and, O God, we ask Thee at the same time to go to bat down in Mexico and let us cut their throats down there because the Hearst properties and the Otis properties and the Rockefeller properties are in the hands first of one gang and then another gang of revolutionists and the properties are not paying as big as they might."

Man-power—before the Great War there was never much talk about man-power. Not in the eloquent sense that this phrase is now so often used was it employed before the war.

Man-power! Isn't it the keyword of working class power?

In property—in money, lawyers, newspapers,—the working class has little or no power. But in man-power it is the potential world ruler, able to take whatever it wills or wishes the wide world over.

When the working class—the proletariat—becomes conscious of its man-power, then new history will be made.

It is only where masters are able to fool the working class into ignorance of its man-power that the masters are able to rule in silence and monotony called industrial peace and business prosperity.

Where the working class is awake and aware of its man-power there are the rising wage scales and the shortening workday and the deepening values and valuations of man as man.

J. W. T. MASON is the eagle-eyed man of few words who writes war reviews for the United Press. These are recent pointers applicable more or less to all the nations at war, but curiously illustrative of the cold calculations of blood expenditure necessary to the contract of war:

"The total number of Germans who have reached the trench age since the war began is approximately the number who have been killed or permanently injured. Germany's reserve of manhood, therefore, is not falling behind the requirements of her generals. The killing and maiming can go on for a long time before the cannon fodder runs out. . . . All belligerents have enough men for another year's fighting; and for still another year."

Re-reading this cool, sinister reckoning of the human cost of war, is it at all strange that some of the human mothers over here in America should find attraction in that silly song "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier?"

LAURA J. GRADDICK is the name of a girl who belongs to the woman's bindery union in the government printing office in Washington. She testified before a congressional committee that the bindery girls ought to be paid more money as wages.

A bill "to fix the compensation of certain employes" was up for talk and the Graddick girl showed up the government as a bum employer.

"Labor is in the market," said the girl, "She has a product to sell just the same as the mine operators or the real estate man. It seems to me labor should come in for a better share of what it produces and I do not know who should set a better example than the government. It seems to me that is where it should start.

"I am not a Presbyterian, but I think I can quote a definition from the Presbyterian catechism that 'man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy him forever.' That certainly does take up labor conditions.

"How are you going to glorify God and enjoy Him if you have not a living wage? I have thought very much of that definition in connection with wage conditions. I ask the question, What is man's chief end? How can man glorify God or enjoy him who cannot take home a sufficient wage to feed his family?"

Then came Henry J. Hardy of the Maryland Federation of Labor. He showed that the girls running presses in the mint are paid \$1.75 a day and don't make much money for themselves while making money for the United States.

"These girls are charged with the most important work in the bureau," said Hardy, "When the printed sheet with the four bills on it comes from the press, it is up to the girls to detect any imperfection in it and to see that it does not get by. If one of those sheets of paper is missed at night and cannot be found, that girl who is working for \$1.75 a day has got to do her share by paying for the face value of that sheet, and by the 'face value of the sheet' is meant the amount of money that would have been printed on it. If they are printing \$1 bills, that sheet of paper cost \$4; if it is \$100 bills it represents (4) \$400, and will have to be paid by the government employes who lost that sheet. That may perhaps strike you as a strange kind of business, but it is an absolute fact.

If, at the close of the day's work there is one sheet of paper missing in the bureau or a mistake in the count, that entire division cannot leave until that sheet is accounted for. Uncle Sam does not pay these girls, nor the men for that matter, for the time they are waiting around there for

somebody's mistake to be corrected. It may have been the fault of one of the girls; it may have been the fault of someone else, but, nevertheless, the entire section is required to remain in the building; in fact, they are detained there, but not under pay.

So you see there is no provision made for paying anything other than just the actual day's work.

There are some girls who are promoted in the different positions to semiclerical work, I should call it, who get as high as \$2.24 a day. We have some there getting \$780. We have some getting \$2 and some getting \$1.92, and a great many at \$1.75. At \$1.75, if a girl gets the greatest amount of money she earns in a month—and that

will be a month that has the fewest number of days—she may get 26 working days, but it will not average 26; but even taking 26 working days every month she would earn in the year \$546.

I think that our committees in Congress have established, beyond all doubt, that it cost more than that for one person to live and live right. While it is true many of these girls are single, yet many of them are widows, and some of them, I should say, are women who have tubercular husbands, as has been called to my attention, and these women are the bread-winners of the families. Can you imagine anybody winning bread on \$546 a year, if she has more than one mouth to feed?

Everett, November Fifth

By Charles Ashleigh

(" . . . and then the Fellow Worker died, singing 'Hold the Fort'"—
From the report of a witness.)

*Song on his lips, he came;
Song on his lips, he went;—
This be the token we bear of him,—
Soldier of Discontent!*

Out of the dark they came; out of the night
Of poverty and injury and woe,—
With flaming hope, their vision thrilled to light,—
Song on their lips, and every heart aglow;

They came, that none should trample Labor's right
To speak, and voice her centuries of pain.
Bare hands against the master's armored might!—
A dream to match the tolls of sordid gain!

And then the decks went red; and the grey sea
Was written crimsonly with ebbing life.
The barricade spewed shots and mockery
And curses, and the drunken lust of strife.

Yet, the mad chorus from that devil's host,—
Yea, all the tumult of that butcher throng,—
Compotind of bullets, booze and coward boast,—
Could not out-shriek one dying worker's song!

*Song on his lips, he came;
Song on his lips, he went;—
This be the token we bear of him,—
Soldier of Discontent!*

The Future of Socialism in America

By FRANK BOHN

WE Socialists, above all others in the world, are supposed to rely upon facts. We despise superstition. We decry pure logic. The facts, we say: THE FACTS! Very well, let us try to cleave to the simple, common, every-day facts of this relentless world. In this article I shall set forth a few very simple facts which belong together. Put them in a row, look them over and size them up for what they seem to me to be worth.

The socialist party received 900,000 votes in 1912 and 570,000 in 1916.

During these four years the nation made more progress toward the abolition of the competitive system and the growth of state capitalism than it made in ten years previous to 1912.

Let us see just what has been done by the Federal Government alone. A law has been enacted forcing all the railroads of America to accept the eight-hour-day principle in the operation of trains. The President of the United States, in demanding the enactment of the eight-hour bill, declared that the nation now sanctions an eight-hour day for all workers.

A parcels post has been established which has driven several express companies to the wall and turned over the business of thousands of country stores to the great mail order trusts.

A Federal Industrial Relations Commission has been created which takes out of the hands of Congress practically all legislation as regards the conduct of corporations doing an interstate business. That is, a commission of experts, and not the politicians in Congress, is to give legal control to American business.

A rural credits law has been passed which practically makes the national government the banker for small farmers.

But the greatest and most far-reaching event in this tremendous revolution from the old privately owned business to modern state capitalism, has been the establishment of the United States Shipping Board. This board, composed of five members, takes out of the hands of Congress all rules and regu-

lations as regards shipping on both the inland navigable waters of the nation and the high seas. Furthermore, and this is one of the most important events in the history of the United States in a hundred years, this shipping board, with a capital of \$50,000,000, furnished by the Federal Government, is to build, lease or buy ships and operate them upon any routes it may select.

So much for the facts accomplished as regards the growth of state capitalism in America.

The Movement for Government Ownership

All the Hearst papers and all the Scripps-McRae papers advocate the immediate government ownership of every mile of railroad and every car wheel in the country. All the big radical magazines like the Metropolitan and Everybody's and nine-tenths of the country and small-town newspapers, are educating their readers toward government ownership. One of the biggest daily newspapers in New York City, the "Globe," during the strike of the New York Dairy-men's League, advocated a municipal dairy on Long Island—with sixty thousand cows, to be kept in perfect sanitary condition, and by use of the most scientific methods, to furnish dairy products for the people of Greater New York.

The great middle class, above all the professional class—the school teachers, the college professors, the editors, the lawyers, the physicians—these have been deeply injured by the high prices. They want relief. They are going to get relief—through municipal, state and national ownership. The great army of skilled workers, organized in the various craft unions and the American Federation of Labor, are working and voting hand-in-glove with the professional and middle classes. By 1920 a national referendum for the public ownership of railroads, coal mines, and the greater industrial trusts would undoubtedly pass by a decisive majority.

But all this is not a movement to free the working class. It is not industrial democracy. It is merely Prussianizing America. State capitalism plus universal military

service will make a new Germany out of the U. S. A. in twenty years.

Shall we fight this state capitalism? Not at all. Organize in the industries and control the machine from the bottom, instead of being controlled from the top.

The middle class in America has set out to bedevil the plutocracy. It is doing it "in proper shape." When it gets done with the job there won't be any plutocracy. Scores of billions of wealth—pretty soon half the wealth of the nation—will be owned by the cities and the nation, and by the great educational and charity dispensing corporations. These great public institutions will be managed by boards of experts—sons of the middle and professional classes, trained in our technical schools and paid high salaries, secure in the permanency of their jobs and honored by public acclaim even as Rockefeller and Carnegie were honored yesterday. General Goethals is such a man. Imagine Goethals trading his job and his career for those of J. P. Morgan! Morgan is the big man of yesterday; Goethals is the big man of today and tomorrow. The nation is changing. The world is changing.

Are we changing, too? I fear not. Most of our socialist leaders are living in the past.

The Two Kinds of Socialism

The state capitalism which we are describing, and which is now being thrown at us in enormous chunks by the middle class and the intellectuals, has been called "socialism" by a great many socialist leaders. Most of our official socialist newspapers, books, pamphlets, leaflets and our socialist speeches have advocated nothing more than state capitalism. That is what the word "socialism" means to the American public. To this man or woman in the street "socialism" means the government-owned railroads in Alaska, the municipally-owned street railway in San Francisco, and the new nation-owned shipping trust.

Then there is another kind of socialism which has always been advocated by a minority of the socialists. We industrial socialists have argued that our ideal should not be simply economic security for the worker but industrial freedom through industrial democracy. We want to be fed but we wish to feed ourselves as free men and not by the government as slaves. Some of us have maintained pretty vociferously that we would rather be dead than be organized and driven in a servile state-owned

industrial system like that of Germany. We have looked beyond state capitalism to a condition of industrial freedom. We have declared that in so far as the workers are *industrially organized today* they are empowered to take democratic action in the industries. Indeed, the United Mine Workers of America, for instance, is now actually taking a very important part in the management of the coal mines. The elected representatives of four hundred thousand railroad workers passed an eight-hour law and then went to the President and to Congress and demanded that they ratify that law. Congress did not wish to pass the Adamson bill. The plutocratic "Old Guard" of the United States Senate said it was time to adjourn and go to the summer resorts. Anyway, they said, it was Saturday afternoon and they wanted to go to the golf links. "No," replied the presidents of the railroad brotherhoods, "you stay right here in this Senate chamber this afternoon and pass this bill. If you don't we will tie up the country so tight next Monday morning that the American people will rend you limb from limb on next election day." So the Senate endorsed the bill which had originally been passed by referendum vote of the industrially enfranchised citizenship on the railroads.

Organize the 2,000,000 railroad workers into one union! They will make servants out of all the members of Congress.

Get This in Your Mind's Eye

The American nation is rushing out of political government into industrial government. Congress is losing function after function. Its job is pretty nearly done. Its place is being taken by the industrial experts of the various commissions. We now have national commissions for railroads, for interstate corporations control, for shipping and for the tariff. Add a half dozen national commissions for six more big industries and the Congressmen at Washington will sit around and draw their salaries for sucking their thumbs. The old state lines and district lines are fading. The industries are the new states of our new nation. Democratize the industries by building up industrial unions—by developing toward One Big Union.

The capture and use of the city governments is the biggest political job which we have to tackle. Right now it is possible, in every city in America, to successfully advo-

cate the public distribution of food. The cities, ruled by the workers, can connect with the farmers' unions and so organize and control the whole food producing and distributing industry. WE CAN DO IT NOW. In every city let us work with every labor organization and with every other force which will help to abolish the army of middle-class food gamblers, and keep the policemen's clubs off the strikers' heads. Right here, in the control of the cities, is where political action is direct action—practical, immediate action. But to capture and make social use of city governments we must also capture the state governments. Otherwise, the state governments will put the city administration out of business. To capture the states we must secure the co-operation of the farmers.

Let us not be afraid of "losing our principles." We "lose our principles" most rapidly when we get into endless arguments and quarrels about philosophy and about "How and when the revolution is going to be pulled off."

Socialism in the Unions and in Politics

On the political field there is no reason why socialists should not work with any and all who sanction the public ownership of the industries and agree to help the labor unions. We have long since discovered that a labor union composed entirely of socialists always fails. We now discover that a

political party composed entirely of socialists must also fail. If we can and must work in the unions with non-socialists, we can and must also work in a labor union and farmers' party with non-socialists. If no good reason can be alleged for staying out of these unions, what argument can be alleged for refusing to act with a radical party which will work with and for the unions?

Of course we should have a separate organization for educational and propaganda purposes only. The best organization of this sort I know of is the British Independent Labor Party. Twelve months in the year and every year it teaches socialism. During campaigns it joins with the British labor unions. I used to despise this party. I thought that the Social-Democratic Federation of England was much more "revolutionary." Then came the big war and the British Independent Labor Party proved itself to be the *soundest socialist organization in Europe*. That opened my eyes. Because they used their brains in political campaigns they did not also lose their backbones. They have set an example to all the world as regards how a socialist movement should take political action.

The socialist party, as a small religious sect, will always fail. Our socialist movement, if it is to be a real movement, must keep moving.

Manifesto of the Socialist Propaganda League of America

(Adopted at a meeting held in the City of Boston, November 26, 1916.)

IT IS manifest to every thinking class conscious worker that the present terrific struggle for world power is waged by the capitalist classes to secure a greater share in the exploitation of labor. It is a matter of paramount importance that we, as Socialists, apprehend the basic conditions underlying the strife, and that we prepare to meet the consequences to the world's workers that will issue from it. This address to American Socialists and the working class generally is directed to such an understanding.

The war opens a new era of great conflicts, impelled by the new form of absolutism—the rule of the monarchs of money and the subjugation of a more or less independent class of small capitalists. It means also a more aggressive policy towards labor. The proof of this appears in the United States, where the action of government in appropriating a larger portion of the public revenue to militaristic purposes than any other country, in a so-called time of peace, is accompanied by the massing of material capitals amounting to Eight Billions of dollars in a single Board, to "fight labor." War, with the American republic co-operating, thus becomes the highest form of exploitation by the capitalist class.

In the confusion arising from false issues of the capitalist class, put forward to mislead the workers, we must ever be on our guard against the crafty apologists of wrong posing as friends of labor. When we are told that we must produce more if we would get more, we know the advice is a bit of special pleading in the interest of those who live without producing. When we are told that we need compulsory arbitration or anti-strike laws, we know that such laws not only fail but are a denial of the working class right to develop all its powers to gain emancipation. When we are told that we must be patriots, which, when interpreted by the capitalist class, means readiness to serve in wars to kill our fellow men and defend the property interests of the owning class, as the President of the United States has said, we know that the proletariat is a propertyless class with no country to defend and no fath-

erland to fight for. This advice from the President—servant of big capital—is not less erroneous and is certainly more dangerous, when given under the name of Socialism, advocating a bourgeois citizens' army or military defense of capitalist interests. We strongly denounce all brands of social patriots and social imperialists as opposed to the interests of the working class. Instead of nationalism we must do all in our power to promote the true internationalism of labor.

To the thoughtful observer it must be apparent that the elements of wealth production in our present society have outgrown the bourgeois forms of existing nations in which they are restricted. The centralization of production, as well as of capital and the monied interests, the close relation of big business and trusts with financial capital—all these developments put great capital not only at the head of industry and production, as the dominating power, but also in controlling influence over the political life and activities of the people. All groups and classes of the people in every so-called civilized nation are dependent upon the all-powerful financial interests of each nation. There is no difference in this respect between "darkest" Russia, with its autocratic form of government, and "enlightened" United States, with its "democratic" institutions that are distinguished by the denial of free speech and organization and shooting by militia and "company thugs," for examples of which we do not forget Calumet and Ludlow.

In the demoniac chase for markets where national capital may be invested, for the acquisition or retention of colonies and the expansion of spheres of influence, capitalist power divides the universe for exploitation among a few groups of nations, and these are bent on world-control, even at the cost of exterminating each other, as well as their smaller and dependent associates in crime.

It is this higher phase of capitalist development—making futile the policies of free trade, free competition, and the hopes of social reformers—that compels the governments of the larger nations to provide mili-



tary resources of increasing magnitude to fight for a leading position in the world scramble for supremacy. In this race for world leadership we see Germany and England, France and Italy, Austro-Hungary and Russia, the United States and Japan. The triumph of neither of them can be achieved without the destruction, immediate or impending, of them all.

The Dawn of a New Era

Section Comrades and Fellow Workers:
Two

The time is passed when our national Socialist parties, bound by old forms and moved by old ideals, can proceed with its old propaganda within the confines of capitalist legality and morals, and expect within these limits to advance the cause of industrial democracy. We are at the dawn of a new era; the day is big with the content of social eruptions, economic and political strikes, revolutions. It is an era in which the class conflict approaches its climax. The struggle, in all its variations, develops and intensifies from the new policies of imperialism; that is, from the encroachments of the capitalist class using the mailed fist of political governments.

In the class war, all constitutional rights and prerogatives of the people are ignored or abolished, and the capitalist class, abominating Liberty and supported by guns, meets the working class with the armed power of the capitalist state. When the workers seek shelter in constitutional guarantees and essay to use these rights for the betterment of their conditions, they too often find that rights and guarantees are mere "scraps of paper." The capitalist class, with political governments and judicial courts conniving, will tolerate no interference with their class schemes for world domination. Meanwhile the condition of the working class becomes steadily worse and the future less secure. With the cost of essential necessities of life rising to higher and prohibitive levels, the average workman is in constant fear of hunger, and with sickness and disease ever haunting him, has now reached the stage of habitual privation.

Reaction and Revolutionary Ideals

Section The years immediately behind us
Three are marked by inaction and reaction in the Socialist party. A true revolutionary spirit and action has never been less in evidence among party leaders than during the period of the war. But before that calamity befell us we were sub-

jected to a flood of reformistic phrase-mongering, muddling municipalism, boring trade unions from within, captivating the American Federation of Labor, cramming the capitalist moral code down the necks of revolutionists to get middle-class votes, instead of staying on our own job with a consistent propaganda for revolutionary ideals. The four years of reformistic preaching and preparation for chronicling the rise of "socialist" votes to millions in 1916 have proven abortive, while almost none of the rosy predictions of political leaders have materialized. Still, with a strange fatuity, they cling to old forms and discredited methods, blind to the fact: First, That the organization we have is not adapted to develop political power and the principal function of the Socialist movement is to participate in the class struggle in such a way, that the workers are educated to realize that their industrial power must back up a political or general class fight, in which the masses are to gain such a degree of organization and understanding, that they can disorganize the political supremacy of capitalism and substitute the organization of the working class, by the exercise of their own influence on uncompromising Socialist principles. Is it not high time for a thoro reorganization of the party?

Our Socialist parties still fix their hopes on winning seats in congresses and parliaments, altho the real and fixed location of government has been transferred to money exchanges and banking institutions of the money kings. Sacrificing principles of international brotherhood, they are fighting in wars, not for the solidarity and independence of the workers of all nations, but for the aggrandizement of their respective national capitals.

Failing to give support to the mass action of the workers on the industrial field, as evinced at Lawrence, McKees Rocks, the Mesaba Range, and elsewhere in the United States, and similarly in Germany, England and Belgium, the reformers have also failed by constant appeals to legality to crystallize the revolutionary sentiment on the political field.

Must Change With the Times—or Perish

Section What, then, can be the duty of
Four present-day Socialists, except to recognize the collapse of the old and resolutely set to work building the new alongside the industrial evolution and com-

plying with the requirements of the modern and intensified class struggle? It is high time for Socialists to abolish obsolete tactics, abandon middle-class ideals, put away the will-o'-the-wisps of reform, and proclaim a working class program conforming with and equal to the demands of industrial and commercial development. The times change; we must change with them—or perish.

The new aggressive policy of the capitalist class, which we call imperialism, has for its primary object the appropriation of a bigger share of the general surplus values. Under the operation of this feature of capitalist industry the possessing class appropriates increasing wealth while the producing mass cannot, with the wages received, provide for themselves and their dependents the necessities of life. Therefore, we urge the workers, in America and all other countries, to organize in their respective industries in such a manner as to ensure for themselves a material reduction in their working time, a corresponding increase in their share of the social wealth, the expansion of their class power, in order that they become efficient workers for the final overthrow of capitalism and the organization of a co-operative commonwealth. Finally, we adopt and recommend:

1. Instead of a form of labor organization on the economic field that conserves the interests of capitalist exploiters and of industrial autocracy, INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM, i. e., MASS ORGANIZATIONS AND ACTION ON THE INDUSTRIAL FIELD.

2. Instead of pure and simple electioneering for getting votes and bourgeois parliamentary reform, RECOGNITION OF PARLIAMENTARY ACTION AS A PART OF THE GENERAL MASS ACTION, IN WHICH ELECTED REPRESENTATIVES SUPPORT THIS ACTION BY ADVOCATING FREE SPEECH AND THE RIGHT TO ORGANIZE AND BY ACTING AS SPOKESMEN OF THE WORKING

CLASS, UNDER THE CONTROL OF THE WORKING CLASS ORGANIZATION, AGAINST THE PLUTOCRATIC GOVERNMENT AND CAPITALIST REPRESENTATIVES.

3. Instead of a divided struggle of the workers on the industrial and political fields, co-operation leading to UNDIVIDED MASS ACTION ON BOTH, TO ADVANCE REVOLUTIONARY PRINCIPLES BY EDUCATION, AND MANIFESTING AS AN ORGANIZED EXPRESSION OF WORKING CLASS SOLIDARITY FOR THE ULTIMATE TRIUMPH OF SUCH PRINCIPLES.

4. Instead of surrendering to imperialism, THE DEVELOPMENT OF ALL OUR POWERS TO OPPOSE MILITARISM, OFFENSIVE OR DEFENSIVE, AND PROMOTE THE INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD OF LABOR.

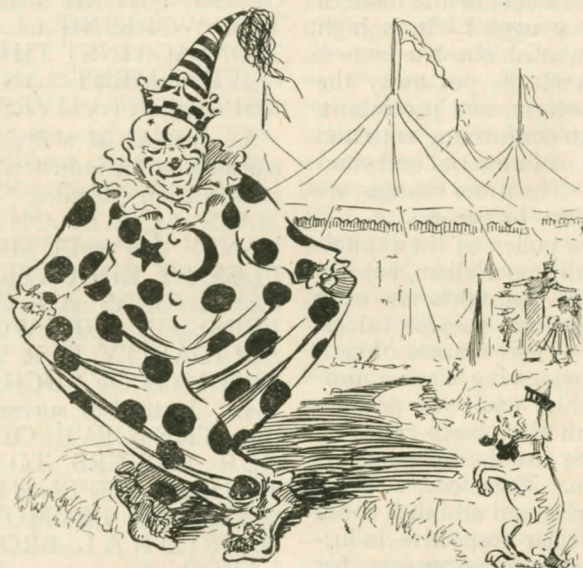
5. By mass action we mean: Action by the workers in collective organization for protest and demand on both the economic and political fields, for exercising the power of the strike, opposing anti-strike legislation, refusing military service to maintain capitalism, holding public meetings and demonstrations, and opposing all capitalist class means of repressing the rise of industrial democracy. In mass action we see the only means for the development of a new form of organized democracy in which the rank and file will control.

6. The Socialist Propaganda League of America endorses the position of the Left Wing Socialists of Europe and pledges itself to work in harmony with them for the upbuilding of the Third International, and in the United States for reorganization of the Socialist Party of this country.

Faternally submitted,

SOCIALIST PROPAGANDA LEAGUE OF AMERICA,

C. W. Fitzgerald, Secretary,
Roxbury, Mass., Box 23.



Under the Big Tops

By A BALLAHOO WOBBLY

I was in a southwestern town where one of the biggest circuses in America winters that I first felt the call of the Big Top and got a job with the show just starting out to make the first towns in the spring. "Happy" Holmes, treasurer of the company, hired me, and I remember that his wife prophesied that ever after would I feel the call of the saw dust whenever I heard a band go up the street.

And there was some truth in what she said. It is funny how a man will return to the kind of work he has pursued, year after year. Doing the same thing, traveling with the same people, acquiring the wanderlust and being in debt to the Big Boss, all have a tendency to tie you to circus life, just as other job-ties drag you back to the shop, the mine or the mill until you get the habit.

I suppose every boy sometime feels that life could hold no greater joy than to call him to earn his living under a circus tent. There is a sort of a romantic glamour about the clown, the elephants and the animal cages, the calliope that some of us never quite outgrow. This glamour is what gathers in the boys who have left home and gone out "on their own." Working in a

circus seems to them to be an ideal way to earn a living. But the wise youngsters soon find some more attractive job on one of our stops and drift away.

Most workingmen are on the tramp when they join a show. A tramp makes the most desirable worker for the circus boss. He will usually suffer more hardships, complain less and stick till his wanderlust takes him to another show. And when he quits, it is possible for the boss to keep his two weeks' pay, which is always held back in the show business.

The boys looking for adventure, travel, etc., who get work with a circus, wake up soon. They find they have to work a long time before breakfast in order to unload the cars, start putting up the canvas and think about the street parade, and that supper is served (?) at 4:00 p. m. while the work of pulling up stakes and loading on the cars may go on nearly all night.

The laboring men with the circus are nearly always the most hopeless, dejected lot under the sun. I never met but three I. W. W. men on a circus—and they didn't stay long.

The men who unload the train are called

razorbacks, roughnecks and roustabouts. Men who hold the pole of the wagon when wagons are being taken up the runs are called pollers. They have the most dangerous job on the whole show. Leaps, aerial acts and race, or fancy riding, are dangerous, but nothing compared to the unrecognized work of these men, and those who put up and tear down the big tops.

Of course these men are loaded into bunks like cattle to get a little rest before the next town and unless they wear whatever extra clothes they possess, or sleep with their heads on any suit case they may be fortunate enough to own, they will be robbed in their sleep. The bunks are creeping with vermin and it is almost necessary for a new man to drink himself into insensibility to be able to get any real rest.

We performers, etc., etc., have better sleeping conditions, but our cars are a long way from being sanitary.

The men who put up and take down the tops usually get about \$5.00 a week. But, of course, this includes meals and bunk. Almost every circus carries a "privilege car" owned by the company, and to enter it is usually a privilege for which you have to pay dearly. There is a lunch counter, a bar, and two or three gambling games going all the time. Here is where the company has a chance to clean up on any left-over a man may have from his wages. Here everybody with money in his pocket is welcome as the flowers in May.

The company holds back two weeks' pay and it is a company law that anybody quitting must give two weeks' notice. This is stipulated in all circus contracts. In this way every circus gets a lot of work done for nothing. When a workingman runs up against a good job in some new town he cannot afford to work on two weeks longer with the circus and pay his fare back, even if the job is still open.

Food that goes to the performers, ticket sellers, ballahoo boys, musicians, side show people, bosses and candy-butchers is a little better than that served to the hardest workers. The grafters, fixers, proprietors, managers, etc., eat at tables removed from the common herd, who merely put up the tents and give the performances and these folks get about as good as is going.

You might think you would like to see dinner or supper in process of preparation in the big cook tent, but you would not care

to witness a sacred rite profaned more than once—for the sake of your appetite and your stomach.

During long runs the roustabouts (who do the heaviest work) often have to go twenty-four hours without eating, unless they have the wherewithal that gives them access to the Privilege Car and the lunch table. It is common to have breakfast at 11:00 a. m. after a supper at 4:00 p. m. the previous day.

Of course there are always a few sluggers or stool pigeons for the show. Often when a workingman gives his two weeks' notice, these sluggers will run him away. Sometimes when there are extra men looking for a job, these sluggers will tell the regular men not "to ride the train," and prevent them from riding to the next show town, thus saving their back pay for the company.

I have seen the train stopped and a bunch of workingmen forced off or thrown off only half dressed when the show was more than "full-handed." But not many circuses still practice this thieving trick against the workers. The performers put up a big kick when they see a worker "redlighted" nowadays.

A show now often offers a bonus of \$5.00 a month to the men who will stick out the season, and sometimes they pay the bonus and sometimes they don't. They often put up a claim of losing money and refuse to pay anybody anything. And then what are you going to do about it?

Some men go to a Justice of the Peace, but you can't help thinking that these men have usually been "fixed" and fixed right



—for the company. You will find that the old fellow has gone to bed—at seven o'clock! and refuses to be disturbed. There are always reasons why nothing can be done while the circus is in town, and what can a workingman do when the circus leaves town?

A circus keeps a lot of workingmen and performers around winter quarters, the workers to build new scenery, new trick trapeze or other things and to repair the show, and the performers to learn new high dives, aerial acts, dare-devil stunts, to train new animals, etc., etc. The workers get 50 cents a *week* on Saturday nights for tobacco, and board and bed—such as they are. Talk about pauper labor! Surely the Big Top in America has the world skinned!

And speaking of winter quarters, I recall a young lad who was ambitious to do dare-devil stuff. There are always youth like this who are drawn to a circus like flies around honey pots. One company boarded this youth half a winter and taught him to become, according to the bill posters:

"Jack Dare-All, The Human Arrow,
Beyond the Limit!"

by having him ride down a steep incline on a bicycle, leap from his wheel fifty feet in the air and take a somersault dive into a tank of water—all for a four-year contract at \$15.00 a week, while the circus was on the road!

The "property boys," or men whom you have seen around the ring arranging rigging for performers, etc., etc., get \$3.50 a week. It is customary for the performers to "tip" these boys or men and the company

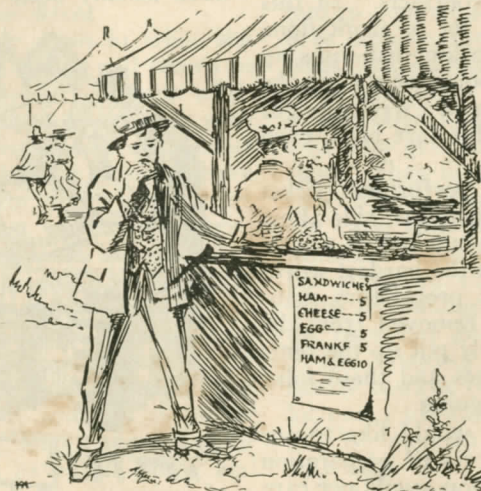
takes this into account when paying them. They get less than the "roustabouts."

Circuses have a number of ways of "grafting" on the performers, but I will not take up these. I have only tried to give you an idea of what life for the workingman means in the circus.

This life fairly screams for an I. W. W. organizer. If we had a bunch of industrial unionists on the job for one season we would have a revolution in the circus business. Everything here depends upon the roustabouts—almost, just as it does in every branch of industry. The workers could control their jobs here if they were only organized—right.

An interesting thing happened when we showed at Hibbing, Minn., last summer, when the miners were out on strike. The graft on the "sucker" public had been going good in a lot of towns, we heard. The side-shows had been full of games of "chance" (?) wherever it was "safe" for the circus graft crews, where there was no such thing as a percentage in favor of "The House." The men in charge of the games determined just when a player was to win or lose. And the fellows who sold tickets returned small bills for large ones in making change—to their own profit.

But in Hibbing, I am assured, the sheriff told our graft crews to go as far as they liked; that anything was O. K. so long as they helped clean the pockets of the strikers. So the lid flew off on the gambling games and short-changing was worked as it never had been worked before.



Marxian Economics

The Division of Surplus Value

By MARY E. MARCY

PART II.

IN the first lessons on economics we learned that profits come from the surplus value produced by the working class, that is, from value created by the productive workers for which they receive no equivalent. We saw that these workers receive a *portion* of the value of their products, but only a small portion of that value. We saw how the workers receive the value of the one commodity they have to sell—their labor power, but the value of their labor power is only a small part of the value of their products.

We did not discover what becomes of this surplus value. We saw that it was appropriated by the employer of the productive workers, but we did not learn what ultimately became of it.

Let us consider the capitalist who uses his capital in putting up a furniture plant and who employs men and women to make furniture. We see that these employees may receive only two dollars for making commodities that may retail to the final purchaser at something over twelve dollars. What we want to know is what has been done with the difference between what the furniture makers receive and what the furniture sells for on the retail market.

Suppose the employer pays \$2 for the lumber, or raw material, including transportation to his factory, or the *value* of the raw material and that transportation. Transportation to the ultimate buyer is also represented in the price he, the consumer, pays; but there probably remains something like \$8 which has been appropriated by the factory owner or owners. What becomes of this? The Massachusetts factory owners proved satisfactorily to the United States Government experts that the salaries and wages they paid for one year amounted to just about the same as the profits of these corporations. Of course their wage lists included presidents and vice-presidents and other high officers whose duties were merely nominal. As a matter of fact, however, they proved and

almost every other manufacturer could likewise show that they do not keep the \$8 appropriated out of the value created by their employees.

If you will look closely into the matter you will see that almost the *entire superstructure of society*, at least that portion which does not in itself produce any value, does not add any necessary labor or service—is supported out of this value taken from the *original producers*; out of surplus value, as Marx calls it.

We have taken for granted all along that all commodities exchange at their values. And this is largely true when we consider the final purchaser—the actual consumer. On the average, he buys things at their value. The manufacturer buys raw material, on the average, at its value. The working class sells its labor power at its value, generally; sometimes a little above, sometimes a little below, but on the average, at its value (that is, at the social labor power necessary to produce it).

Part of this surplus value goes to the banker, who permits the industrial capitalist the use of the bank deposits. And out of this interest the banker, in turn, pays his clerks the value of their labor power—or two or three hours of labor value—and receives from them eight hours of labor or of service. The banker draws his actual profits, or interest, and the bank clerks are all paid out of the surplus value originally appropriated from the productive worker.

The industrial capitalist also divides the surplus value extracted from the factory producers with the advertisers. Millions and millions of dollars are annually paid to the different advertising agencies, the newspapers, the illustrators, the printers, the magazines, the clerks, the \$50,000-a-year advertising specialists, etc. The magazines and newspapers are supported by such advertising.

Again, the industrial capitalist, the furniture manufacturer, divides with the governments. He pays property taxes, income taxes and duties. He pays something to

the land owner—rent for necessary land. And then he sells the commodities produced by the furniture makers to the wholesalers *below their value*. In other words, he divides what he has taken from the productive workers with the wholesale merchants.

The wholesale companies produce no value. They are almost wholly unnecessary, perform no useful service. And again the wholesale company divides with the banks which lend them capital, and with the big advertisers, and contributes also to the governments by paying taxes, etc.

The wholesale merchant is much in the same position as the broker who sits in his office and writes to prospective buyers. This broker creates no value. He is nearly always wholly unnecessary, useless, to society. He finds customers and buys from the factory owner or from the farmer, who sell him their commodities *below their value*. He may even never see the wheat or furniture or corn that he buys. He rarely does see them. The broker merely writes the factory or the farmers to ship the grain or the furniture to his customer. He sells commodities to his customers at their value. He buys commodities *below* their value.

The wholesale merchant invests his own capital, and capital borrowed from the banks, in large stocks of goods; he employs thousands of clerks, shipping clerks, office employes, advertising men. And all this, all these men and women, and the profits of the wholesalers, the bankers, the advertisers, are paid out of the surplus value appropriated from the industrial workers.

In "Value, Price and Profit" (Kerr edition, pages 89-91), Marx says:

"The *surplus value*, or that part of the total value of the commodity in which the *surplus value* or *unpaid labor* of the working man is realized, I call *Profit*. The whole of that profit is not pocketed by the employing capitalist. The monopoly of land enables the landlord to take one part of that *surplus value*, under the name of *rent*, whether the land is used for agriculture, buildings or railways, or for any other productive purpose. On the other hand, the very fact that the possession of the *instruments of labor* enables the employing capitalist to produce a *surplus value*, or what comes to the same, to *appropriate to himself a certain amount of unpaid labor*, enables

the owner of the means of labor, which he lends wholly or partly to the employing capitalist—enables, in one word, the money-lending capitalist to claim for himself under the name of *interest* another part of that surplus value, so that there remains to the employing capitalist *as such* only what is called *industrial or commercial profit*.

"By what laws this division of the total amount of surplus value amongst the three categories of people is regulated is a question quite foreign to our subject. This much, however, results from what has been stated.

"*Rent, Interest and Industrial Profit* are only *different names* for different parts of the *surplus value* of the commodity, or the *unpaid labor enclosed in it*, and they are *equally derived from this source, and from this source alone*. They are not derived from *land* as such or from *capital* as such, but land and capital enable their owners to get their respective shares out of the surplus value extracted by the employing capitalist from the laborer. For the laborer himself it is a matter of subordinate importance whether that surplus value, the result of his surplus labor, or unpaid labor, is altogether pocketed by the employing capitalist, or whether the latter is obliged to pay portions of it, under the name of rent and interest, away to third parties. Suppose the employing capitalist to use only his own capital, to be his own landlord, then the whole surplus value would go into his pocket.

"It is the employing capitalist who immediately extracts from the laborer this surplus value, whatever part of it he may ultimately be able to keep for himself. Upon this relation, therefore, between the employing capitalist and the wage laborer the whole wages system and the whole present system of production hinge."

All this is as true of the retail merchant as it is of the wholesale companies. Neither produces any value, nor do their employes produce any value. In almost every small town we see, for example, half a dozen struggling dry goods stores, two or three shoe stores, five or six groceries.

On the foot of page 329 of Kerr edition of "Capital," Vol. III, Marx says:

"Merchant's capital does not create any value, or surplus value."

And again at the foot of page 331:

"Seeing that merchant's capital itself does

not produce any surplus value, it is evident that surplus value appropriated by it in the shape of average profit, must be a portion of the surplus value produced by the total productive capital. But the question is now: How does the merchant's capital manage to appropriate its share of the surplus value or profit produced by the productive capital?"

On page 345 he explains:

"The merchant's capital appropriates a portion of the surplus value by having this portion transferred from the industrial capital to itself."

And again on page 346 Marx says:

"Just as the unpaid labor of the laborer of the productive capital (in this case of the furniture manufacturer) creates surplus value for it in a direct way, so the unpaid labor of the commercial wage workers (clerks, salesmen, etc., etc.), secures a share

of this surplus value for the merchant's capital."

(Read the chapter on Commercial Profit, beginning on page 330, Vol. III, "Capital.")

Now, going back to the furniture manufacturer again, or taking the example of a shoe or hat or clothing manufacturer: it is often necessary to *show* the wares, to *fit* the shoes or *match* the cloth. This is what the employes of some retail merchants actually do. They are merely selling agents for the shoe, or cloth, or furniture manufacturer. They produce no value, or surplus value. Some of these perform a *necessary function*. Marx calls this a part of the *necessary expenses of circulation*, paid for out of the surplus value produced by the workers in the industry.

(Read the chapter on The Expenses of Circulation, Vol II, Marx's "Capital," Kerr edition, which starts on page 147.)

Questions

1. What is surplus value?
2. Who produces surplus value? What class of workers?
3. Suppose one manufacturer sells his commodities right at his factory, and another manufacturer sells his from retail stores at Oshkosh and Indianapolis and many other retail stores, would the clerks in the Oshkosh or Indianapolis stores perform the same function as the sales clerks who sold goods at the factory?
4. Outside of necessary transportation, would these commodities be any more valuable in Indianapolis than at the factory?
5. Would these clerks perform a necessary function?
6. Would they add any actual value to the commodities?
7. What happens when a manufacturer makes double the average rate of profits?
8. Are other capitalists attracted to the same industry?
9. What causes an average rate of profits?
10. From where does the money come which is made by a broker in hoops and staves and barrels, who buys from the manufacturers and has these commodities shipped direct to his customers? Does he add any value to them? If he sells them at their value to the consumer, where does he get his profit?

Sleepyhead

By ANTON TCHECKOFF

NIGHT. Nursemaid Varka, aged thirteen, rocks the cradle where baby lies, and murmurs almost inaudibly:

"Bayu, bayushki, bayu!
Nurse will sing a song to you! . . ."

In front of the ikon burns a green lamp; across the room, from wall to wall, stretches a cord on which hang baby clothes and a great pair of black trousers. On the ceiling above the lamp shines a great green spot, and the baby clothes and trousers cast long shadows on the stove, on the cradle, on Varka . . . When the lamp flickers, the spot and shadows move as if from a draught. It is stifling. There is a smell of soup and boots.

The child cries. It has long been hoarse and weak from crying, but still it cries, and who can say when it will be comforted? And Varka wants to sleep. Her eyelids droop, her head hangs, her neck pains her. . . . She can hardly move her eyelids or her lips, and it seems to her that her face is sapless and petrified, and that her head has been shrivelled up to the size of a pinhead.

"Bayu, bayushki, bayu!" she murmurs, "Nurse is making pap for you. . . ."

In the stove chirrup a cricket. In the next room behind that door snore Varka's master and the journeyman Athanasius. The cradle creaks plaintively, Varka murmurs—and the two sounds mingle soothingly in a lullaby sweet to the ears of those who lie in bed. But now the music is only irritating and oppressive, for it inclines to sleep, and sleep is impossible. If Varka, which God forbid, were to go to sleep, her master and mistress would beat her.

The lamp flickers. The green spot and the shadows move about, they pass into the half-open, motionless eyes of Varka, and in her half-awakened brain blend in misty images. She sees dark clouds chasing one another across the sky and crying like the child. And then a wind blows; the clouds vanish; and Varka sees a wide road covered with liquid mud; along the road stretch wagons, men with satchels on their backs

crawl along, and shadows move backwards and forwards; on either side through the chilly, thick mist are visible hills. And suddenly the men with the satchels, and the shadows collapse in the liquid mud. "Why is this?" asks Varka. "To sleep, to sleep!" comes the answer. And they sleep soundly, sleep sweetly; and on the telegraph wires perch crows, and cry like the child, and try to awaken them.

"Bayu, bayushki, bayu." Nurse will sing a song to you," murmurs Varka; and now she sees herself in a dark and stifling cabin.

On the floor lies her dead father, Yéfim Stépanoff. She cannot see him, but she hears him rolling from side to side, and groaning. In his own words he "has had a rupture." The pain is so intense that he cannot utter a single word, and only inhales air and emits through his lips a drumming sound.

"Bu, bu, bu, bu, bu. . . ."

Mother Pelageya has run to the manor-house to tell the squire that Yéfim is dying. She has been gone a long time . . . will she ever return? Varka lies on the stove, listens to her father's "Bu, bu, bu, bu." And then someone drives up to the cabin door. It is the doctor, sent from the manor-house where he is staying as a guest. The doctor comes into the hut; in the darkness he is invisible, but Varka can hear him coughing and hear the creaking of the door.

"Bring a light!" he says.

"Bu, bu, bu," answers Yéfim.

Pelageya runs to the stove and searches for a jar of matches. A minute passes in silence. The doctor dives into his pockets and lights a match himself.

"Immediately, *batiushka*, immediately!" cries Pelageya, running out of the cabin. In a minute she returns with a candle end.

Yéfim's cheeks are flushed, his eyes sparkle, and his look is piercing, as if he could see through the doctor and the cabin wall.

"Well, what's the matter with you?" asks the doctor, bending over him. "Ah! You have been like this long?"

"What's the matter? The time has come,

your honor, to die. . . . I shall not live any longer. . . ."

"Nonsense. . . . We'll soon cure you!"

"As you will, your honor. Thank you!" humbly . . . only we understand . . . If we must die, we must die. . . ."

Half an hour the doctor spends with Yéfim; then he rises and says:

"I can do nothing. . . . You must go to the hospital; there they will operate on you. You must go at once. . . . without fail! It is late, and they will all be asleep at the hospital . . . but never mind, I will give you a note. . . . Do you hear?"

"*Batiushka*, how can he go to the hospital?" asks Pelageya. "We have no horse."

"Never mind, I will speak to the squire, he will lend you one."

The doctor leaves, the light goes out, and again Varka hears: "Bu, bu, bu." In half an hour someone drives up to the cabin.

This is the cart for Yéfim to go to hospital in. . . . Yéfim gets ready and goes. . . .

And now comes a clear and fine morning. Pelageya is not at home; she has gone to the hospital to find out how Yéfim is. . . . There is a child crying, and Varka hears someone singing with her own voice:

"Bayu, bayushki, bayu," Nurse will sing a song to you. . . ."

Pelageya returns, she crosses herself and whispers:

"Last night he was better, towards morning he gave his soul to God. . . . Heavenly kingdom, eternal rest! . . . They say we brought him too late. . . . We should have done it sooner. . . ."

Varka goes into the wood, and cries, and suddenly someone slaps her on the nape of the neck with such force that her forehead bangs against a birch tree. She lifts her head, and sees before her her master, the shoemaker.

"What are you doing, scabby?" he asks. "The child is crying and you are asleep."

He gives her a slap on the ear; and she shakes her head, rocks the cradle, and murmurs her lullaby. The green spot, the shadows from the trousers and the baby-clothes tremble, wink at her, and soon again possess her brain. Again she sees a road covered with liquid mud. Men with satchels on their backs, and shadows lie down and sleep soundly. When she looks

at them Varka passionately desires to sleep; she would lie down with joy; but mother Pelageya comes along and hurries her. They are going into town to seek situations.

"Give me a kopeck for the love of Christ," says her mother to everyone she meets. "Show the pity of God, merciful gentleman!"

"Give me here the child," cries a well-known voice. "Give me the child," repeats the same voice, but this time angrily and sharply. "You are asleep, beast!"

Varka jumps up, and looking around her remembers where she is; there is neither road, nor Pelageya, nor people, but only, standing in the middle of the room, her mistress who has come to feed the child. While the stout, broad-shouldered woman feeds and soothes the baby, Varka stands still, looks at her, and waits till she has finished.

And outside the window the air grows blue, the shadows fade and the green spot on the ceiling pales. It will soon be morning.

"Take it," says her mistress, buttoning her nightdress. "It is crying. The evil eye is upon it!"

Varka takes the child, lays it in the cradle, and again begins rocking. The shadows and the green spot fade away, and there is nothing now to set her brain going. But, as before, she wants to sleep, wants passionately to sleep. Varka lays her head on the edge of the cradle and rocks it with her whole body so as to drive away sleep; but her eyelids droop again, and her head is heavy.

"Varka, light the stove!" rings the voice of her master from behind the door.

That is to say: it is at last time to get up and begin the day's work. Varka leaves the cradle, and runs to the shed for wood. She is delighted. When she runs or walks she does not feel the want of sleep as badly as when she is sitting down. She brings in wood, lights the stove, and feels how her petrified face is waking up, and how her thoughts are clearing.

"Varka, get ready the samovar!" cries her mistress.

Varka cuts splinters of wood, and has hardly lighted them and laid them in the samovar when another order comes:

"Varka, clean your master's goloshes!"

Varka sits on the floor, cleans the goloshes, and thinks how delightful it would

be to thrust her head into the big, deep golosh, and slumber in it awhile. . . . And suddenly the golosh grows, swells, and fills the whole room. Varka drops the brush, but immediately shakes her head, distends her eyes, and tries to look at things as if they had not grown and did not move in her eyes.

"Varka, wash the steps outside . . . the customers will be scandalized!"

Varka cleans the steps, tidies the room, and then lights another stove and runs into the shop. There is much work to be done, and not a moment free.

But nothing is so tiresome as to stand at the kitchen-table and peel potatoes. Varka's head falls on the table, the potatoes glimmer in her eyes, the knife drops from her hand, and around her bustles her stout, angry mistress with sleeves tucked up, and talks so loudly that her voice rings in Varka's ears. It is torture, too, to wait at table, to wash up, and to sew. There are moments when she wishes, notwithstanding everything around her, to throw herself on the floor and sleep.

The day passes. And watching how the windows darken, Varka presses her petrified temples, and smiles, herself not knowing why. The darkness caresses her drooping eyelids, and promises a sound sleep soon. But towards evening the boot-maker's rooms are full of visitors.

"Varka, prepare the samovar!" cries her mistress.

It is a small samovar, and before the guests are tired of drinking tea, it has to be filled and heated five times. After tea Varka stands a whole hour on one spot, looks at the guests, and waits for orders.

"Varka, run and buy three bottles of beer!"

Varka jumps from her place, and tries to run as quickly as possible so as to drive away sleep.

"Varka, go for vodka! Varka, where is the cork-screw? Varka, clean the herrings!"

At last the guests are gone; the fires are extinguished; master and mistress go to bed.

"Varka, rock the cradle!" echoes the last order.

In the stove chirrup a cricket; the green spot on the ceiling, and the shadows from the trousers and baby-clothes again twinkle before Varka's half-opened eyes, they wink at her, and obscure her brain.

"Bayu, bayushki, bayu," she murmurs, "Nurse will sing a song to you. . . ."

But the child cries and wearies itself with crying. Varka sees again the muddy road, the men with satchels, Pelageya, and father Yefim. She remembers, she recognizes them all, but in her semi-slumber she cannot understand the force which binds her, hand and foot, and crushes her, and ruins her life. She looks around her, and seeks that force that she may rid herself of it. But she cannot find it. And at last, tortured, she strains all her strength and sight; she looks upward at the winking green spot, and as she hears the cry of the baby, she finds the enemy who is crushing her heart.

The enemy is the child.

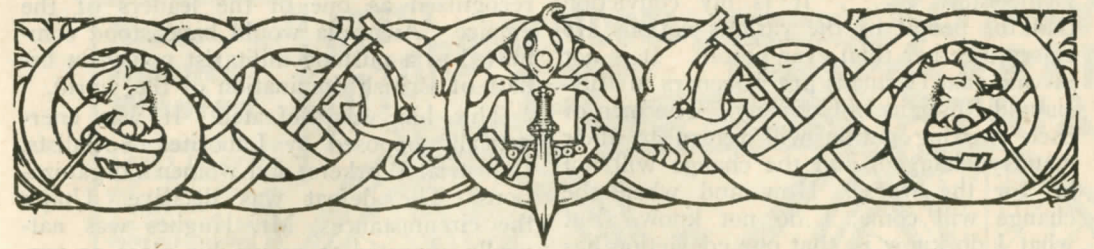
Varka laughs. She is astonished. How was it that never before could she understand such a simple thing? The green spot, the shadows, and the cricket, it seems, all smile and are surprised at it.

An idea takes possession of Varka. She rises from the stool, and, smiling broadly with unwinking eyes, walks up and down the room. She is delighted and touched by the thought that she will soon be delivered from the child who has bound her, hand and foot. To kill the child, and then to sleep, sleep, sleep. . . .

And smiling and blinking and threatening the green spot with her fingers, Varka steals to the cradle and bends over the child.

. . . . And having smothered the child she drops on the floor, and, laughing with joy at the thought that she can sleep, in a moment sleeps as soundly as the dead child.

From "The Black Monk," by Anton Tchekoff, the Guy De Maupassant of Russian literature. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York, N. Y. Price, \$1.25 net.



INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

Argentine Socialists Against Militarism

The government of Argentina, South America, has devised the best known system of universal military training. It is said to be to the Swiss system what the steam locomotive is to the ox-cart. In fact, our own militarists are turning to it as the finest possible scheme for this country.

They have Socialists down in Argentina. In 1914 they cast 40,000 votes. They elected nine representatives to a chamber made up of a hundred and twenty. So they have some influence. On January 10 came the news that the Argentine Socialists had joined in a great demonstration against the new military training law. They held meetings at Buenos Aires and sent a delegation to make representations to the government. What was the result of these demonstrations is left to our imagination. Our chief interest in them, however, is in the proof they give that the Socialists of Argentina are real Socialists.

* * *

Italian Socialists in Peace Move

Socialist deputies in the Italian Parliament took the lead in a peace movement early in December. They introduced a resolution in favor of calling on the American government to arbitrate the differences which are dividing Europe. This resolution was defeated by a vote of 293 to 47. Thirty-seven of the affirmative votes were those of the Socialist deputies. They voted unanimously in favor.

This event is merely the high point in a vigorous campaign being carried by our Italian comrades. They are holding meet-

ings, distributing leaflets and organizing groups of workers in favor of an immediate peace. The initiative recently taken by our own National Executive Committee will find strong support in Italy.

* * *

Austrian Socialists for Peace

The Austrian Social-Democratic party held a conference early in November. Victor Adler made a notable address and a resolution was adopted calling on the Central powers to make a definite statement of their peace terms. The exact words of the resolution have not come to us, but Adler summed it up in one of his paragraphs. He suggested that the Central Powers say to the Entente Allies: "Yes, gentlemen, as you affirm that you desire nothing but a new constitution for Europe under which the nations may live as equals upon the basis of universal rights of the peoples, you could not have taken a better position, and we are ready to join with you to secure the change."

The adoption by the Austrian Socialists of a resolution to this purpose is less significant now than it would have been a year ago. If the Austrian government had not approved of what was to be done, the conference would never have been held. And it is to be remembered that the German peace proposal was made only a few weeks after this Socialist action. Socialists who cannot act excepting in accord with their government, cannot expect to win great respect either at home or abroad.

One passage in Adler's speech strikes an interesting note. "I have no fears," he said, "either for the International or the Social

Democracy. . . . It is my conviction that the people of the various nations are closer together than ever before. It is not in vain that Germans are prisoners in Russia and Russians in Germany. The men of each warring nation will return to their country changed, and the change will not be for the worse. How and when the change will come, I do not know. But what I do know is, that our conviction has been neither changed by the war nor disproved."

* * *

Australian Labor Party Discards Hughes

The editor of this department has never been enthusiastic about the Australian Labor Party. Tho it is made up of chiefly members of the working class and dominated by union men, it is, nevertheless, a liberal party dominated by mildly reformatory ideals. It backed the original Australian military service law and must be held responsible for placing it upon the statute books. This law, as everybody knows, provides for compulsory military training and service within the country and for purposes of defense. It has been opposed by considerable sections of the working class, and support of it has stamped the Labor Party as none too liberal in its views of human affairs.

But now this same Labor Party has done a thing which calls for emphatic approval among lovers of liberty everywhere. It will be remembered that Premier William Hughes' Conscription bill was defeated some two months ago. This bill provided for compulsory training and, in case of war, compulsory service in any war carried on by Britain anywhere. This bill was Mr. Hughes' great attempt to swing Australia for British imperialism. He had been hailed in England as the British super-man. If he had won at home he would have been

recognized as one of the leaders of the empire. Australia would have stood committed to a pushing militarist policy on behalf of British domination of the world.

This bill was defeated. It was energetically opposed by Laborites, Socialists, Industrial Workers, and women's organizations. The defeat was decisive. Under the circumstances, Mr. Hughes was naturally expected to resign his place as premier. But he did not resign. When his desire to remain in office became clear, he was called before a meeting of the 67 labor members of the lower house of the federal parliament. Five charges were made against him. He had refused to obey the mandate of his party, he had branded his fellow-members as traitors in the pay of Germany; he had publicly branded the party as degenerate, he had attempted to deter opponents of his measure from voting, and, in general, he had acted like a dictator rather than like an official leader. The super-man was in a sad plight. He blustered and pleaded, but it did no good. Finally he left the meeting with a few of his personal followers. Immediately his successor as party leader was elected and the party went on with its business.

Mr. Hughes has retained his place as premier, but he is in a peculiar position as head of a government without a majority behind it. His followers call themselves the Center Party. But there are only twenty-four of them in the lower house. The Conservatives have thirty-seven and the Labor Party forty-three. In the Senate the Laborites have nineteen, while the Conservatives and Centrists together have but sixteen. So even in combination with the Conservatives Premier Hughes cannot put through any measures in opposition to the Laborites. It is expected that his resignation will be forced in the near future.

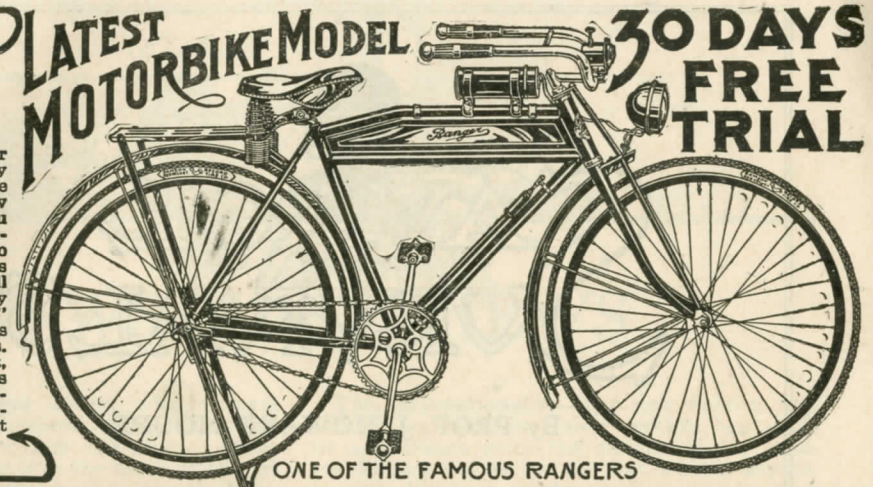
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SAVAGE SURVIVALS

By PROF. J. HOWARD MOORE

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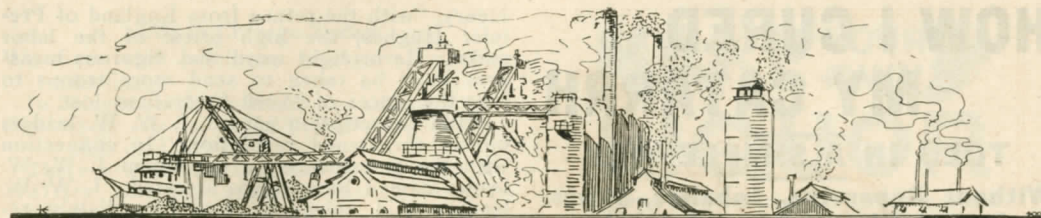
It is the story of Man's instincts, developing from the lower animals through savagery and barbarism to the present time. The author shows how many instincts that we still possess have survived from the old pre-historic times when they were essential to the preservation of man, but that they have today become vestigial, that is, no longer useful and even positively injurious.

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NEWS AND VIEWS

The British Socialist Party, with Central offices in London, England, sends in \$94.00 for our standard Socialist literature. Wars may come and go, but it is the work of the intelligent Socialists everywhere to circulate the kind of literature which will wise up the workers to the nature of the capitalist beast, so that we can put it out of business.

From Far-Away Africa—Comrade S. G. Rich of the Adams Mission Station, Natal, So. Africa, renews his subscription to the REVIEW and orders a bundle of standard Socialist books. We are wondering how many centuries will pass before the black slaves of South Africa will reach the dizzy heights of civilization we have already attained. Let us hope that some day these benighted black brothers will learn how to cast their ballots as effectively as they now wield the bolo, as only pure and simple political action can free them from their slavery. What a land of promise South Africa presents to the far-sighted politician!

Butte Workingmen's Union—"Just a few lines to tell you that 100 copies of January REVIEW arrived O. K. and it is sure a cracker-jack of a number. A copy should be in the hands of every workingman in the United States. Then we would hear less talk of so-called benefits derived from the last (Wilson) administration. Last Friday night we had a smoker at the union meeting and in twenty minutes all the REVIEWS were taken and you could hear the brothers commenting on the different articles and "The Dream of Debs," by Jack London, sure did make a hit. The members of this union swear by the REVIEW. No matter which political party they belong to, they all agree that it is sure a Fighting Magazine, and we hope the New Year will bring it all the success possible."—From G. H. C.

Truly International—Comrade Hugh Craney of San Bernardino, Cal., sends in a dollar for his REVIEW subscription and says: "I have just returned from a trip around the world and found men in Australia, Africa and Japan who were reading the REVIEW. It is truly a great International magazine."

The Internationalist—The new \$1.00 a year Left Wing Socialist Party weekly has made its appearance since the advent of the January REVIEW and we can say that, without any exception, the first number is the greatest copy of any American paper we have seen in a long, long time. Read the article in this number of the REVIEW, which appeared in the Internationalist, and which is so good we are copying it in the REVIEW. It is a sample of what you may expect in the Internationalist. Send \$1.00 for a yearly sub. to Box 23, Roxbury, Mass., or add 50 cents to a REVIEW subscription (sending \$1.50) for U. S. sub. to us and get both the REVIEW and this brilliant and militant new paper at the same time.

Information Wanted at Once—One of our best revolutionary comrades is up against a very serious situation which cannot be told in the REVIEW in black and white. With a little cooperation we can solve his bread and butter problem. He is at present managing a nursery and fruit-growing business. He must find employment along this line at once. You, REVIEW readers, who live in fruit-growing districts, get busy and let us hear of any opening at the earliest possible date. Address your letter to the REVIEW and kindly put at the top of same: "Attention of L. H. M."

Workers!—Help defend the men who are in jail for their activities on behalf of free speech for labor in Everett, Wash. Seventy-four are charged with murder; the working class must free them. We have a number of postal cards illustrating various phases of the Everett fight. They cost 10 cents each. There are eight different sorts. Pictures of the five victims, of the funeral, etc. Send them to your friends. Advertise the shame of Everett Prisoners' Defense Committee, Box 1878, et! Profits go to defense. Order from: Everett, Wash.

I. W. W. in Australia—The Rev. J. Q. A. Henry, formerly of Chicago, who arrived from Australia yesterday, today gave out a sensational interview, alleging the I. W. W. dominated and terrorized Australia.

"The trouble in Australia began," said Dr.

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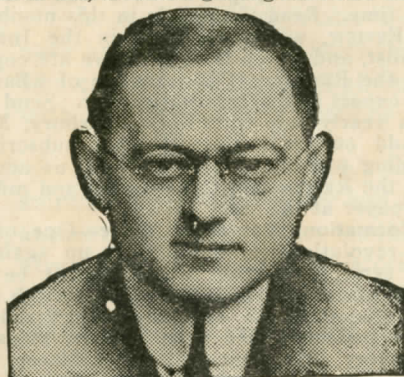
HOW I CURED MY CATARRH

TOLD IN A SIMPLE WAY

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Lotions, Harmful Drugs, Smoke
or Electricity

HEALS DAY AND NIGHT

It is a new way. It is something absolutely different. No lotions, sprays or sickly smelling salves or creams. No atomizer, or any apparatus of any kind. Nothing to smoke or inhale. No steaming or rubbing or injections. No electricity or vibration or massage. No powder; no plasters; no keeping in the house. Nothing of that kind at all. Something new and different, something delightful and health-



ful, something instantly successful. You do not have to wait, and linger and pay out a lot of money. You can stop it over night—and I will gladly tell you how—FREE. I am not a doctor and this is not a so-called doctor's prescription—but I am cured and my friends are cured, and you can be cured. Your suffering will stop at once like magic.

I AM FREE—YOU CAN BE FREE

My catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my will. The hawking, coughing, spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my loved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring me to an untimely grave, because every moment of the day and night it was slowly yet surely sapping my vitality. But I found a cure, and I am ready to tell you about it FREE. Write me promptly.

RISK JUST ONE CENT

Send no money. Just your name and address on a postal card. Say: "Dear Sam Katz: Please tell me how you cured your catarrh and how I can cure mine." That's all you need to say; I will understand, and I will write to you with complete information, FREE, at once. Do not delay. Send postal card or write me a letter today. Don't think of turning this page until you have asked for this wonderful treatment that can do for you what it has done for me.

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Henry, "with the return from England of Premier Hughes, the high priest of the labor party. He brought word that vigorous measures must be taken to send more troops to take the places of 75,000 Australians lost.

"Had conscription passed, I. W. W. leaders openly threatened revolution. In connection with the disturbances, a prominent I. W. W. leader named Barker was arrested. I. W. W. leaders said unless he was immediately released they would burn Sydney. Upon the refusal of the government, the I. W. W.'s set out to make good their threat. Fires broke out in Sydney every night. When property to the value of \$3,000,000 had been destroyed the government backed down and let Barker go."—Chicago Herald.

Strikers Hold Mass Meeting—Several hundred lumber workers held a successful protest meeting at Kaplan's Hall, in Bemidji, Minn., on January 5. Comrade Mrs. James F. Hayes, who took active part in aiding the textile workers during their strike at Lawrence, Mass., in 1912, acted as chairman. Speeches were made by Fellow Worker Nils Madison, and Comrades Hannah and Kaplan, after which the meeting was thrown open and several lumber jacks described working conditions in the camps and gave reasons why they went on strike. Addresses were made also in Russian and Polish. A splendid spirit of solidarity permeated the meeting and Fellow Worker Fred Melrose, chairman of the strike committee, made his report covering demands submitted to the lumber barons. Fellow Worker George Ginton closes his letter to the REVIEW by saying: "Everything is quiet and no violence or disorder of any nature has taken place. We are standing firm and expect to score a great victory for the lumber workers of this state. We are marching to victory, adding many recruits daily to our ranks in the great battle for Industrial Freedom."

On the Firing Line at Portland—Over fifty of our fellow workers are in jail here charged with state vagrancy. It is over the question of the right to picket. We have had quite a strike on some of the coffee houses here for some time. The houses we called the strikes on were absolutely unorganized. We closed one joint up in twenty-four hours, then the Great A. F. of L. signed up with the bosses without having an understanding with us and went scabbing. When this house opened up again we put pickets in front of the joint and then, with the cooperation of the police, they started arresting I. W. W.'s by the score, until we have over fifty of our fellow workers in jail. They all asked for a jury trial and their cases are set for the 19th of the month. They have stopped arresting any more pickets. Don't know what their next move will be. Will keep you in touch with full developments if anything of importance takes place.—H. L.

Comrade Christiansen of Wildunn, Can., writes: "THE REVIEW appeals to all strata of the working class, the educated and the uneducated. And the REVIEW stands for Socialism, not the reforms that have simply been tagged with the name of Socialism."

Life in Chicago Today

We have slot machines in Austin, mother, darling;

In Ravenswood the stores are selling gin;
And where Gladys walks with Percy, on Division or Diversey,

There are movies that are propagating sin.
We are dancing modern dances, mother, darling;

And the loop is getting worse than Trolley Park;

And discretion will desert you with your pocketbook and virtue

If you walk about on Wabash after dark.

But the cops are very busy, mother darling;

Every bluecoat is a candidate for fame,
And he peeks with anxious eyes through every keyhole he describes

To get a case against a naughty poker game.
O, the cops are at the movies, mother, darling,
To make sure that Mary Pickford's doing right.

So the thugs have lots of time for—almost any kind of crime,

And we've a murder in the paper every night.

We've policemen in the parlor, mother, darling;
They are asking me if father ever bets.

We've detectives on the stairs who want to know if grandma swears,

And they are certain there's a smell of cigarettes.

But Katie's in a casket, mother, darling;

She was murdered by a moron yesterday,
While the bluecoat on the beat was working farther down the street

To get a line upon a sinful cabaret.

—B. W. W., in Chicago Evening Post.

"Great American Fortunes" in Germany—Our readers will be interested to know that this important work by Comrade Gustavus Myers has been published in the finest possible style by S. Fischer, the largest book publisher in Germany, and has already run thru four editions, the first of which appeared in May, 1916. This in spite of the fact that the book was issued at a high price. The moral seems to be that German capitalists enjoy reading the truth about the thefts of American capitalists, even though the latter do not encourage American publishers to circulate information on their own misdeeds. Our edition of Comrade Myers' book, in three volumes, at \$1.50 each, has run through several editions. We have a good supply of volumes I and II on hand, but Vol. III is temporarily out of print on account of the high price of book paper. The book is one that no student of social conditions in the United States can afford to pass by.

Must Have the Review—Comrade Hensley, of Elm Springs, Ark., writes us: "We are in bad this year on account of the drought and I will have to drop some of my periodicals, but I will have to have the REVIEW another year anyway." Letters like this one almost make us feel that the REVIEW is going to reach the height of our ambition for a working class magazine some time.

MAKE YOUR OWN LIQUOR

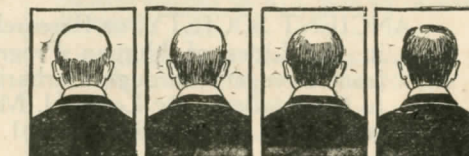
Just your name and address. Send no money. We will show you how to make your own Liquors at home for as low as 25c a quart. Saving the Liquor Dealer's enormous profits with our new discovery. Very simple and easy. A few minutes does the work. Anyone can now have a pure, healthful glass of any Liquor whenever and wherever he wants it. Thousands using it. Money back guarantee.

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Complies with Government Regulations.
A concentration of same ingredients used by Liquor Dealers. Guaranteed by us under Pure Food Laws. "Makes the finest Whiskey"—E.S. Duke, Okla. "Best I ever tried"—T.S. Turner, Ala. "Finest and cheapest I ever drank"—T. W. Robinson, Ala. Send postal today for valuable Booklet "Secrets of making Liquors at home" mailed to anyone sending name and address. **FREE** UNIVERSAL IMPORT CO. 1091 3rd St. Cincinnati, O.

TOBACCO HABIT

A very interesting book has been published on tobacco habit—how to conquer it quickly and easily. It tells the dangers of excessive smoking, chewing, snuff using, etc., and explains how nervousness, irritability, sleeplessness, weak eyes, stomach troubles and numerous other disorders may be eliminated thru stopping self-poisoning by tobacco. The man who has written this book wants to genuinely help all who have become addicted to tobacco habit and says there's no need to suffer that awful craving or restlessness which comes when one tries to quit voluntarily. This is no mind-cure or temperance sermon tract, but plain common sense, clearly set forth. The author will send it free, postpaid, in plain wrapper. Write, giving name and full address—a postcard will do. Address: Edward J. Woods, 242 P, Station E, New York City. Keep this advertisement; it is likely to prove the best news you ever read in this magazine.

QUICK HAIR GROWTH Box Free To You!



Would You Like Such a Result as This?
Do you want, free, a trial box of Koskott, that has proved successful in so many cases? If so, you need only to answer this adv. by postcard or letter, asking for **FREE BOX**. This famous preparation is for dandruff, thinning hair and several forms of **BALDNESS**. In many cases, a new hair growth has been reported when all else had failed. So why not see for yourself? Koskott is used by men and women; it is perfectly harmless and often starts hair growth in a few days. Address: Koskott Laboratory, 1269 Broadway, 242 D, New York

Love's Coming-of-Age

By EDWARD CARPENTER



A volume of essays on the relations of the sexes. The author brings to his difficult subject the logic of a scientist, the sympathetic insight of a poet and the courage of a revolutionist. That is why the book is a classic that finds an increasing number of readers yearly. The chapters are:

The Sex-Passion
Man, the Ungrown
Woman: the Serf
Woman in Freedom
Marriage: a Retrospect
Marriage: a Forecast
The Free Society
Some Remarks on the
Early Star and Sex
Worships
The Primitive Group-Marriage
Jealousy
The Family
Preventive Checks to Population

Extra Cloth, \$1.00 postp'd

LOOKING FORWARD: A Treatise on the Status of Woman and the Origin and Growth of the Family and the State, by Philip Rappaport. Cloth, \$1.00.

ANCIENT SOCIETY, or Researches in the Lines of Human Progress from Savagery through Barbarism to Civilization. By Lewis H. Morgan, LL. D., Cloth, 586 pages, \$1.50.

THE ROSE DOOR. The Story of a House of Prostitution. By Estelle Baker. Cloth, \$1.00.

THE SOCIAL EVIL, by J. H. Greer, M. D., paper, 10 cents.

VICTIMS OF THE SYSTEM, by Dorothy Johns. Paper, 10 cents.

Prices include postage; catalog free on request.

CHARLES H. KERR & COMPANY, Publishers
341-349 East Ohio Street, Chicago

One "Live One" Is Worth a Thousand Dues—Paying Do-Nothings—A Michigan comrade writes: "I have canvassed one factory here and to date have a list of 45 workers who have agreed to buy the REVIEW from me every month.

"Whenever it is possible to get a person to subscribe for the REVIEW I will send in his subscription rather than sell it to him by the copy. But I find it much easier to get them to part with a dime every month than it is to get a dollar from them at one time.

"The proceeds from REVIEW sales will be used to buy Socialist books from you for my library and to distribute literature to non-Socialists. Express 50 January REVIEWS at once."—Yours for the Revolution, S. C. B.

From Australia—Comrade George G. Mac writes that the coal miners are out on strike in Australia and will stay till they win their demands; that some thousands of able-bodied men have been snatched away from their various occupations and put into military camps while the harvest will, in many cases, rot in the fields. He says there is now a "pet" movement for supplying farm labor to take the places of men taken into camps, but believes that "good old Frank Lundie has probably 'put the screw on the cat.'" The masters of high schools had offered to put the scholars into the harvest fields so as to keep the men in camp. Australia is now building a new 1,000-mile railroad, four feet 8½-inch gauge, laid with 80-pound rail—all made in Australia. D. Mac says: "Don't forget; we hold good cards and have got good men to play them. Some day you will hear that the leading workingmen's organization here is the I. W. W."

Subscribed for Eleven Years—Comrade Bernat, of San Diego, writes that he is subscribing for the REVIEW for the eleventh time; making eleven years that he has been a REVIEW reader. He says he hopes the REVIEW will keep in the path of no compromise, as it is refreshing to see a Socialist periodical that don't go out for "low taxes," municipal ownership of the town pump, etc., etc. Sometimes we don't think we do as well by the REVIEW as we would wish, but it does our hearts good to hear from an old-timer who has been on the firing line for over eleven years.

From Our Hustlers—Comrade Sweet, of Denver, boosts up the circulation ten notches with ten yearlies at that point and a young Russian comrade in Lenoir City, Tenn., aged only nineteen years, sent in an order and asked how he could go to work to help the movement along. He has received three copies of "How the Farmer Can Get His" by this time, and we hope the books will wake everybody up. Good for Comrade Shiffress. We wish all our young friends who were born in America would be as interested in education as he is.

A Ford Winner—Comrade Fields, state secretary of Idaho, sends in \$40.00 in one day for subscriptions to the REVIEW to apply on a Ford touring car. It looks as though Idaho was going to be within striking distance before long!

Rupture Simple Home Treatment



Do Away With Steel and Rubber Bands that chafe and pinch. Stuart's PLAPAO-PADS are different from truss, being medicine applicators, made self-adhesive to prevent slipping. No "digging in" or grinding pressure. No straps, buckles or springs attached. Soft as Velvet—Easy to Apply—Inexpensive. Hundreds of sworn testimonials from those cured. Awarded Gold Medal and Grand Prix. Write today for Trial Plapao and illustrated book, absolutely FREE. Nothing to pay, nothing to return. PLAPAO CO., Block 245 St. Louis, Mo.

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Until You Try This Wonderful Treatment
The internal method of treatment is the correct one, and is sanctioned by the best informed physicians and surgeons. Ointments, suppositories and other local applications give only temporary relief.
If you have piles in any form write for a FREE sample of Page's Pile Tablets and you will bless the day that you read this. Write today. E. R. PAGE, 316 Main St., Marshall, Mich.

RALPH BRANDT 28 Broad St. Trenton, N.J.
Has 2 books made for truthseekers. "Iconoclast's Message," \$1, and "Radical Views," \$1. Very strong, nicely printed. Don't send for them if you like "regular" books. Be a rebel.

Socialism and War

By LOUIS B. BOUDIN

Author of "The Theoretical System of Karl Marx."

A brilliant and adequate Socialist interpretation of the Great War by the foremost Marxian scholar in America.

This book develops a theory of the economic basis of Imperialism that is at once original and satisfactory.

The general problems involved in the Socialist attitude to ALL wars are brilliantly discussed.

The Analysis is Strictly Scientific, the Style and Presentation Simple and Direct.

This important book has lately been published in New York at \$1.10 postpaid. We have bought part of the edition, and while our copies last, we will mail the book to any REVIEW reader on receipt of \$1.00. Address

Chas. H. Kerr & Company
341-349 East Ohio Street, Chicago

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT

Annual Stockholders' Meeting 1917

THE annual stockholders' meeting of Charles H. Kerr & Co. was held at 341 E. Ohio street, Chicago, January 15, 1917, at 3:30 p. m.

Present:	Shares
Chas. K. Kerr, holding personally.....	1,182
Chas. H. Kerr, holding individual proxies.....	1,130
Chas. H. Kerr, holding proxies for Geo. D. Herron	16
Chas. H. Kerr, holding proxies for Alfred Schoch	35
Chas. H. Kerr, holding proxies for Rose Pastor Stokes	5
L. H. Marcy, holding 1 share individually	1
L. H. Marcy, holding proxies.....	6
Dr. F. W. Miller, holding personally (Chicago)	1
R. L. Mallory, holding proxy of Local Elkhart	1
Harry L. Dale, proxy of Local Aurora..	1
Mrs. M. Johnson, holding proxy for English Scandinavian Socialist Club.....	1
Mrs. M. Johnson, holding proxy for Eric Olson	1
Jacob Bruning, holding personally.....	1
Daniel F. Sager, Chicago, holding personally	1
J. P. Rowe, Chicago, holding personally..	1
Mary E. Marcy, Chicago, holding proxies	39

Total shares represented.....2,423
Charles H. Kerr presided and Mary E. Marcy acted as secretary. President Kerr read the following:

Annual Report

The year 1916 has been a year of capitalist prosperity, and this has been reflected by an increase in the sales of our cloth bound books, while on the other hand the Socialist movement of the United States has been in an unsettled and chaotic condition, so that little has been done in the way of the circulation of Socialist pamphlets. Under these circumstances we are especially glad to announce that the subscriptions and sales of the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW have increased as compared with 1915.

An unexpected hindrance to our work during 1916 has been the sharp advance in the cost of all grades of book paper. That on which the *Review* is printed has doubled in price, and that used for propaganda booklets costs more than three times as much as a year ago. In view of this fact, and also of the inactivity of the Socialist organizations which formerly circulated our literature, we have this year added only one new book to our list, Mary Marcy's "How the Farmer Can Get His," a propaganda

work based on Marxian economics, but written in the simplest language. It has proved effective wherever it has been circulated.

We were fortunate in closing the year 1915 with a large stock of books on hand, printed on paper which had been bought at the low prices formerly prevailing. Up to the present time, we have been enabled to supply our stockholders as before with nearly all of our standard books at the former discount of forty per cent, postage or expressage paid by us. We have, however, been obliged to cut off all offers of extra discounts for books in larger quantities. If the high price of paper continues for another year, we shall probably have to reduce our discounts to stockholders, but this will not be done unless it proves necessary to avoid a loss.

The balance sheet for the year 1916 shows a slight deficit; the figures are as follows:

December 30, 1916

ASSETS

Cash on hand	\$ 218.25
Books, bound and unbound.....	11,801.03
Electrotype plates	13,823.80
Copyrights	12,248.88
INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW.....	5,000.00
Office furniture and fixtures.....	485.00
Real estate	400.00
Accounts receivable	652.54
Bills receivable	1,979.58
Total	\$46,609.08

LIABILITIES

Paid-up capital stock.....	\$41,830.00
Co-operative publishing bonds	320.00
Accounts payable	497.83
Loans from stockholders	3,961.25
Total	\$46,609.08

1916

RECEIPTS

Book sales	\$17,354.43
Review subscriptions and sales.....	8,895.08
Review advertising	1,011.76
Donations	12.70
Total	\$27,273.97

Deficit	82.94
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EXPENDITURES

Manufacture of books	\$ 5,155.77
Manufacture of REVIEW.....	5,485.73
Wages	7,949.25
Postage and expressage.....	3,684.95
Advertising	665.12
REVIEW circulation expense.....	374.68
Total	\$27,356.91

REVIEW articles and photographs....	332.09
Authors of books	348.03
Books purchased	916.07
Rent	1,099.92
Taxes	49.51
Miscellaneous expense	638.66
Interest	44.09
Decrease in books on hand.....	613.04
Total	\$27,356.91

The donations included in the report are \$1.70 from O. E. Samuelson, \$1.00 from G. C. Smith, and a \$10.00 share of stock in the publishing house contributed by M. W. Cook.

During the year we sold treasury stock to the amount of \$670.00, increasing our paid up capital to \$41,830. This is nominally a liability, but as all stock was subscribed with the understanding that no dividends were promised, it need occasion no anxiety. Our other liabilities were reduced by \$380.87 during the year, and now amount to only \$4,779.08. They consist mainly of loans from stockholders, about half of which are without interest, the other half at four per cent. Our assets now include bills receivable to the amount of \$1,979.58, constituting a reserve fund available quickly in the event of any emergency. During 1917 I hope that we may be able to sell two or three hundred more shares of stock at \$10.00 each, and thus increase this reserve.

The close of the European war will almost certainly be followed by an intensified class struggle between capital and labor, especially in the United States. Compulsory arbitration with ruling-class arbitrators will be the weapon on the one side; mass action must be the weapon on the other. The propaganda and educational literature for this new struggle cannot be prepared in advance; it will take shape from the experience of the hour, and when it does take shape it must be circulated swiftly and energetically. My hope is that our publishing house will be able to serve the revolutionary movement by providing this literature as the occasion comes. To this end we need more co-operators.

L. H. Marcy moved that the report be accepted and the motion was seconded by Comrade Sager and accepted unanimously.

Comrade Walter Huggins and Ralph Chaplin, who have served the company very loyally as directors during the past years, asked to have new comrades elected in their places, as they do not expect to be in Chicago much during the coming year. Comrades Robert Howe and Leo Baer, old and well-known members of the Socialist Party of Cook

county, both consented to serve. Comrade Miller made a motion nominating these two new directors and the other five directors who served last year. The motion was seconded by Comrade Mallory and carried unanimously.

The seven directors are Charles H. Kerr, L. H. Marcy, Jacob Bruning, Daniel F. Sager, Robert Howe, Leo Baer and Mary E. Marcy.

The meeting was thrown open to discussion and Mrs. Marcy asked for suggestions to increase the REVIEW circulation to 100,000. Comrade Sager advised the REVIEW editors to keep up the same tack and push subscriptions. Comrade Mallory, of Elkhart, said he had no complaint to make against industrial unionism, as advocated in the REVIEW. He said that the workers were growing more radical every day and that the railroad men were waking up fast. After telling of some interesting views of these men, Comrade Mallory said he believed they would soon be in a position where they would want to advocate revolution.

Rev. Miller declared that he knew of many organizations, Socialist and otherwise, which were mere begging institutions, were always in debt, mismanaged. He said that every year we saw Socialist papers and magazines that were a mere flash in the pan. Other Socialist periodicals come and go, he said, but the REVIEW goes on forever. He said great credit was due President Kerr and Vice-President L. H. Marcy for the way they have built up the publishing house and the REVIEW.

Comrade Jacob Bruning said that he "could better give advice to the kings of Europe on how to conduct the war than he could advise the officers of the company how to run a Socialist publishing house under Capitalism."

Upon motion the meeting adjourned.

Mary E. Marcy,
Secretary.

Directors' Meeting

The first directors' meeting of Charles H. Kerr & Co., for 1917, was held at 4:30 at 341 E. Ohio street, with Jacob Bruning, Charles H. Kerr, Daniel F. Sager, L. H. Marcy and Mary E. Marcy present, on Jan. 15, 1917.

Comrade Sager moved that the present officers of the company be re-elected for the coming year at the salaries they had received in 1916. Motion was seconded by Jacob Bruning and carried.

For 1917, therefore, Charles H. Kerr is elected president; L. H. Marcy, vice-president, and Mary E. Marcy, secretary.

There being no further business, the meeting adjourned.

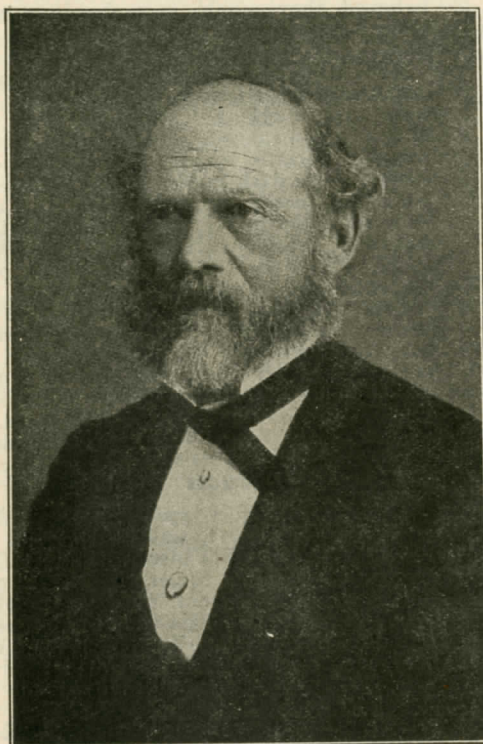
Mary E. Marcy,
Secretary.



ANCIENT SOCIETY

OR

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



LEWIS H. MORGAN

One American and only one is recognized by the universities of Europe as one of the world's great scientists. That American is LEWIS H. MORGAN, the author of this book. He was the pioneer writer on the subject. His conclusions have been fully sustained by later investigators.

This work contains a full and clear explanation of many vitally important facts, without which no intelligent discussion of the "Woman Question" is possible. It shows that the successive marriage customs that have arisen have corresponded to certain definite industrial conditions. The author shows that it is industrial changes that alter the relations of the sexes, and that these changes are still going on. He shows the historical reason for the "double standard of morals" for men and women, over which reformers have wailed in vain. And he points the way to a cleaner, freer, happier life for women in the future, through the triumph of the working class. All this is shown indirectly through historical facts; the reader is left to draw his own conclusions.

Cloth, 586 large pages, gold stamping. Until lately this book could not be bought for less than \$4.00. Use coupon below, and we will mail the book to YOU for 50c, provided you send \$1.00 *at the same time* for a year's subscription to the **International Socialist Review**.

Address

Charles H. Kerr & Company

118 West Kinzie Street, Chicago

Charles H. Kerr & Company,
118 West Kinzie Street, Chicago:

I enclose \$1.50 for which please mail a copy of "Ancient Society" and enter my name for the **International Socialist Review** for one year.

Name..... Address.....

Postoffice..... State.....

Note—If desired, the REVIEW will be sent to another address or we will send a subscription card to be filled out later.

The Socialist Vote 1900-1916

	1900	1904	1908	1912	1916
Alabama	928	1,853	1,399	3,029	1,925
Arizona	1,304	1,912	3,163	3,174
Arkansas	27	1,816	5,842	8,153	6,999
California	7,572	29,533	28,659	79,201	43,263
Colorado	684	4,304	7,974	16,418	9,963
Connecticut	1,029	4,543	5,113	10,056	5,179
Delaware	57	146	240	566	480
Florida	603	2,337	3,747	4,806	5,353
Georgia	197	584	1,028	966
Idaho	4,954	6,400	11,960	8,066
Illinois	9,687	69,225	34,711	81,249	61,394
Indiana	2,374	12,013	13,476	36,931	21,855
Iowa	2,742	14,847	8,287	16,967	10,976
Kansas	1,605	15,494	12,420	26,779	24,685
Kentucky	770	3,602	4,185	11,647	4,734
Louisiana	995	2,538	5,249	284
Maine	878	2,106	1,758	2,541	2,186
Maryland	908	2,247	2,323	3,996	2,674
Massachusetts	9,716	13,604	10,781	12,622	11,058
Michigan	2,826	8,941	11,586	23,211	16,012
Minnesota	3,065	11,692	14,527	27,505	20,117
Mississippi	393	978	2,061	1,484
Missouri	6,128	13,009	15,431	28,466	14,612
Montana	708	5,676	5,855	10,885	9,564
Nebraska	823	7,412	3,524	10,185	7,141
Nevada	925	2,103	3,313	3,065
New Hampshire	790	1,090	1,299	1,980	1,318
New Jersey	4,609	9,587	10,249	15,928	10,405
New Mexico	162	1,056	2,859	1,999
New York	12,869	36,883	38,451	63,381	45,985
North Carolina	124	345	1,025	490
North Dakota	518	2,017	2,421	6,966	5,716
Ohio	4,847	36,260	33,795	89,930	38,092
Oklahoma	815	4,443	21,779	42,262	45,190
Oregon	1,495	7,651	7,339	13,343	9,711
Pennsylvania	4,831	21,863	33,913	83,614	42,637
Rhode Island	956	1,365	2,049	1,758
South Carolina	22	100	164	135
South Dakota	169	3,138	2,846	4,662	3,809
Tennessee	410	1,354	1,870	3,504	2,445
Texas	1,846	2,791	7,870	24,896	18,952
Utah	717	5,767	4,895	9,023	4,460
Vermont	371	844	547	928	798
Virginia	145	218	255	820	1,062
Washington	2,006	10,023	14,177	40,134	22,546
West Virginia	268	1,572	3,679	15,336	6,150
Wisconsin	7,095	28,220	28,164	33,481	27,846
Wyoming	1,077	1,715	2,760	1,453
Totals	96,931	409,230	424,483	901,032	590,166

Congressional Vote—1906, 331,043; 1910, 607,674.

The Most Interesting Library Club in America

THE Communistic Library in Trenton, N. J., is located at 512½ Hudson street, in a dingy, unattractive building, but it is the home of the most interesting library in America.

The Communistic Library Club is composed of twenty members and holds meetings twice a week. At these little gatherings you will meet men from all countries, Swiss, Hungarians, Russians, Spaniards, Belgians, Italians, Austrians, Germans, French and English. The object of the club is education. Those who are interested can have books at any time without cost and more than one hundred workers take out books weekly. If they wish to cooperate with the club their names are placed on the book as monthly subscribers, and the revenue from this source covers the rent of the hall and the cost of buying books any member may suggest.

There are no officers and no votes are taken. All the discussions are the result of mutual understanding, mutual concession, free agreement. And it works. Books are never stolen, although they are taken free of cost, and for any length of time—the honor system at the highest point of development. The members do their own selecting, purchasing, arranging and borrowing. It is a case of “use your head, if you have one; if not, let me help you.”

About the walls hang pictures representing the art of a dozen schools and periods, along with excellent drawings and sketches of Francesco Ferrer and Karl Marx. A comrade who visited the library glanced at the list of books.

Here came the most staggering surprise of the visit. The range and variety, the depth and breadth of this little collection is amazing. The catalogue is written out in long hand, but in two languages. German is necessary, because the greatest works are in that tongue; 300 volumes appear in the list, divided into the following: A romance, stories, poems and dramas; b, history and biography; c, natural history, evolution and anthropology; d, philosophy and religion; e, socialism and anarchism; f, hygiene, physiology and anatomy; g, diverse, for children; h, pamphlets and maps.

And the names that appear in the index:

Tolstoi, the greatest Russian sage; Ibsen, the Norse poet-dramatist; Goethe and Schiller, twin lights of German literature; Dickens, observer and human naturalist; Darwin, the father of evolution theories; Haeckel, greatest of modern European psychologists; Emile Zola, the French novelist; Victor Hugo, Alphonso Daudet, Dostiefski, Maxim Gorky, Heine Kipling, Pierre, Loti and Alexander de Maupassant. All in 900 books.

Under the classification of religion appears Thomas Henry Huxley, Herbert Spencer, Tom Paine and Max Nordau stand forth from the index as favorite authors with this band of mechanics and day laborers. On the single tax there is Henry George, while Emma Goldman is on duty, with her theoretical anarchy. Nietzsche, spiritual guardian of hyphenates, follows Lambroso, the criminologist, with Schoepenhauer on deck and Karl Marx at bat. Steiner, Bebel and Renan; Ferri, of the positivist school—these are a few of the writers whose products are devoured with avidity by the Communistic Library.

In the list of less than 1,000 volumes, four languages are represented. The American authors are Jack London and Mark Twain, both favorites with the foreign element because of the thrills in the former and the smiles in the latter. Among the other authors, Tolstoi, Ibsen and Goethe appear to lead. One little patron calls Peter Rosegger the Jack London of Germany, thereby displaying greater familiarity with comparative literature than many college professors.

Especially good is the collection on hygiene and anatomy. There are four volumes on the stomach, four dealing with the heart and lungs, four discussing nerves, a like number treating of the digestive tract, and, in fact, the entire human body, with medical treatment and sanitation on the one side, may be studied in this one room.

On the table a variety of newspapers and periodicals attracted the attention of the scribe. “Mother Earth” and “The Masses” were there and “Regeneration,” in Spanish. The Cleveland “Solidarity” and the London “Freedom” were side by side. “The International Socialist Review” and the “Mod-

ern School” covered up the “Critic and Guide.”

There is no propaganda to spread. A man may be an Anarchist, a Socialist, an I. W. W., stand-pat G. O. P., Democrat—he may believe in the single tax or a double standard, advocate suffrage or celibacy, follow Haywood or Gompers and no effort will ever be made to change him. He will find willing arguments but there is no effort made to disseminate doctrines of any nature. The institution is merely to provide books and a home for them, so that those who have no libraries in their homes can borrow a volume here.

A leading factor and an influential force in the education policy is Jules Scarcerieux, potter by day and teacher of French by night.

Smile at the humble institution, if you

will, but do not condemn. Turn up your nose, if you must, at the cramped quarters, but admire the spirit that attracts dozens of men into the crowded rooms while the spacious marble lobbies of public libraries are deserted. Sneer at the selections in the catalogue, if it suits your fancy, but try to discuss many of the authors and see where you land. It may be a hard pill to swallow, but many of that band of seekers after truth know more about science, literature, philosophy and the world of letters in general than you do, and you can't deny it.

The Communist Club has handled hundreds of copies of the REVIEW during the past few years.

If Socialist and union locals accomplished half the educational work of this club there would be more reason for paying dues and hall rent.

International Dance at East End Hall, Clark and Erie streets, Chicago, on Saturday night, February 3rd, 8 p. m. For the benefit of the 74 union men facing death at Everett, Wash.

Chicago's best union orchestra will furnish the music. Tickets 25 and 35 cents.

Defense Meeting Sunday night, February 4th, at East End Hall. Jim Larkin, Sam Scarlett and William D. Haywood will speak. Admission 25 cents. Proceeds for benefit of Everett defense.

Important—All revolutionary socialists are requested to take part in a meeting called for the purpose of organizing a Chicago branch of the Socialist Propaganda League. Place, Kedzie Hall, Kedzie and Colorado avenues. Time, Sunday, February 4th, 2 p. m.—Organization Committee.

FIFTH EDITION NOW READY

Essays on the Materialistic Conception of History

By ANTONIO LABRIOLA, Translated by CHARLES H. KERR

HISTORY may be interpreted in several ways. We may say, for example, that it was God who freed the black slaves of the South. That is the Theological conception.

Or we may say that Abraham Lincoln freed them; that but for him they would still be chattels. That is the Great Man theory.

Or we may say that the American Nation was founded on the Idea of Liberty, and that in the fullness of time this Idea freed the slaves. That is the Metaphysical theory.

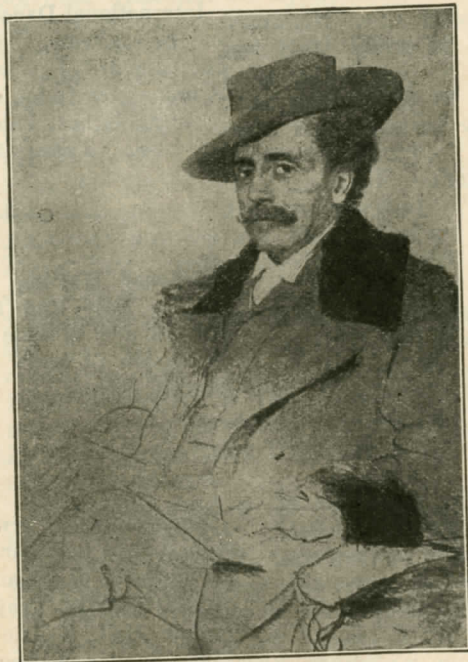
But Karl Marx and Frederick Engels discovered over sixty years ago a theory which explains the facts of history far better than any of these—a theory so logical and convincing that it has forced acceptance from many enemies of Socialism, while it is one of the foundation principles of Socialism. Marx and Engels stated this theory briefly and constantly applied it in their writings from 1848 to the end of their lives.

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