

THE INTERNATIONAL
SOCIALIST
REVIEW

AUGUST, 1909

TEN CENTS



REVOLUTION,

BY JACK LONDON

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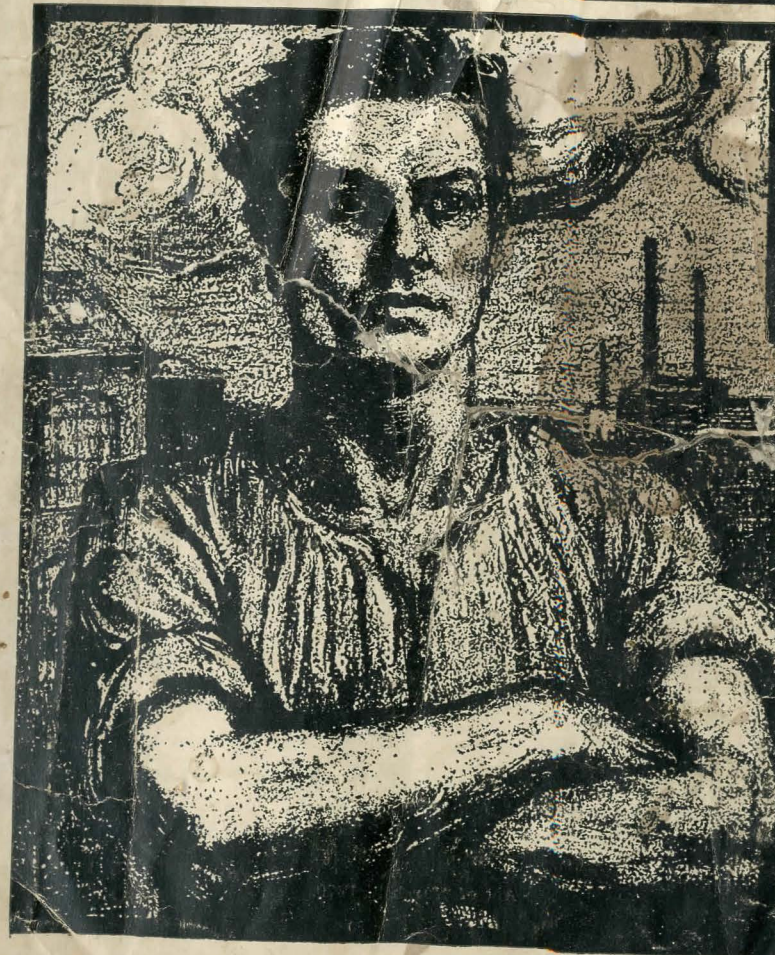
CHARLES H. KERR & COMPANY

153 EAST KINZIE STREET, CHICAGO

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The International Socialist Review

A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST THOUGHT

EDITED BY CHARLES H. KERR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS: John Spargo, Robert Rives La Monte, Max S. Hayes,
William E. Bohn, Mary E. Marcy.

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Subscription price, \$1.00 a year, including postage, to any address in the United States, Mexico and Cuba. On account of the increased weight of the Review, we shall be obliged in future to make the subscription price to Canada \$1.20 and to all other countries \$1.36.

Advertising Rates: Full page, \$25.00; half page, \$12.50; quarter page, \$6.25; smaller advertisements, 15 cents per agate line. No discount for repeated insertions. An extra discount of 5% is, however, allowed for cash in advance for one insertion, or 10% when cash is paid in advance for three or more insertions. Thus a 20-line advertisement, paid for in advance, will cost \$2.85 for one insertion or \$8.10 for three insertions.

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CHARLES H. KERR & COMPANY, Publishers (Co-Operative)
153 Kinzie Street, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

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Entered at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., as Second Class Matter July 27, 1900, under Act of March 3, 1879.



THE INTERNATIONAL Socialist Review

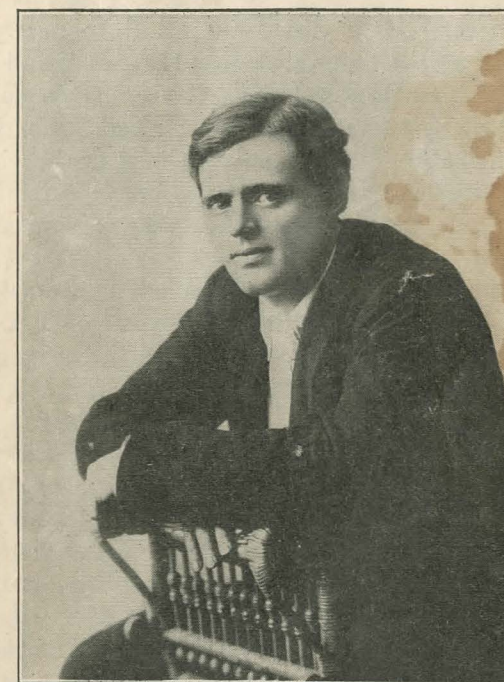
Vol. X.

AUGUST 1909

No. 2

REVOLUTION

BY JACK LONDON.



RECEIVED a letter the other day. It was from a man in Arizona. It began "Dear Comrade." It ended "Yours for the Revolution." I replied to the letter, and my letter began "Dear Comrade." It ended "Yours for the Revolution." In the United States there are 400,000 men, of men and women nearly 1,000,000, who be-

gin their letters "Dear Comrade," and end them "Yours for the Revolution." In Germany there are 3,000,000 men who begin their letters "Dear Comrade" and end them "Yours for the Revolution;" in France, 1,000,000 men; in Austria, 800,000 men; in Belgium, 300,000 men; in Italy, 250,000 men; in England, 100,000 men; in Switzerland, 100,000 men; in Denmark, 55,000 men; in Sweden, 50,000 men; in Holland, 40,000 men; in Spain, 30,000 men—comrades all, and revolutionists.

These are numbers which dwarf the grand armies of Napoleon and Xerxes. But they are numbers, not of conquest and maintenance of the established order, but of conquest and revolution. They compose, when the roll is called, an army of 7,000,000 men, who, in accordance with the conditions of today, are fighting with all their might for the conquest of the wealth of the world and for the complete overthrow of existing society.

There has never been anything like this revolution in the history of the world. There is nothing analogous between it and the American Revolution or the French Revolution. It is unique, colossal. Other revolutions compare with it as asteroids compare with the sun. It is alone of its kind, the first world-revolution in a world whose history is replete with revolutions. And not only this, for it is the first organized movement of men to become a world-movement, limited only by the limits of the planet.

This revolution is unlike all other revolutions in many respects. It is not sporadic. It is not a flame of popular discontent, arising in a day and dying down in a day. It is older than the present generation. It has a history and traditions, and a martyr-roll only less extensive possibly than the martyr-roll of Christianity. It has also a literature a myriad times more imposing, scientific and scholarly than the literature of any previous revolution.

They call themselves "comrades," these men, comrades in the socialist revolution. Nor is the word empty and meaningless, coined of mere lip service. It knits men together as brothers, as men should be knit together who stand shoulder to shoulder under the red banner of revolt. This red banner, by the way, symbolizes the brotherhood of man, and does not symbolize the incendiarism that instantly connects itself with the red banner in the affrighted bourgeois mind. The comradeship of the revolutionists is alive and warm. It passes over geographical lines, transcends race prejudice, and has even proved itself mightier than the Fourth of July, spread-eagle Americanism of our forefathers. The French socialist workingmen and the German socialist workingmen forget Alsace and Lorraine, and, when war threatens, pass resolutions declaring that as workingmen and comrades they have

no quarrel with each other. Only the other day, when Japan and Russia sprang at each other's throats, the revolutionists of Japan addressed the following message to the revolutionists of Russia: "Dear Comrades—Your government and ours have recently plunged into war to carry out their imperialistic tendencies, but for us socialists there are no boundaries, race, country, or nationality. We are comrades, brothers and sisters, and have no reason to fight. Your enemies are not the Japanese people, but our militarism and so-called patriotism. Patriotism and militarism are our mutual enemies."

In January, 1905, throughout the United States the socialists held mass meetings to express their sympathy for their struggling comrades, the revolutionists of Russia, and, more to the point, to furnish the sinews of war by collecting money and cabling it to the Russian leaders.

The fact of this call for money, and the ready response, and the very wording of the call, make a striking and practical demonstration of the international solidarity of this world revolution: "Whatever may be the immediate results of the present revolt in Russia, the socialist propaganda in that country has received from it an impetus unparalleled in the history of modern class wars. The heroic battle for freedom is being fought almost exclusively by the Russian working class under the intellectual leadership of Russian socialists, thus once more demonstrating the fact that the class-conscious workingmen have become the vanguard of all liberating movements of modern times."

Here are 7,000,000 comrades in an organized, international, world-wide revolutionary movement. Here is a tremendous human force. It must be reckoned with. Here is power. And here is romance—romance so colossal as to be quite beyond the ken of ordinary mortals. These revolutionists are swayed by great passion. They have a keen sense of personal right, much of reverence for humanity, but little reverence, if any at all, for the rule of the dead. They refuse to be ruled by the dead. To the bourgeois mind, their unbelief in the dominant conventions of the established order is startling. They laugh to scorn the sweet ideals and dear moralities of bourgeois society. They intend to destroy bourgeois society with most of its sweet ideals and dear moralities, and chiefest among these are those that group themselves under such heads as private ownership of capital, survival of the fittest, and patriotism—even patriotism.

Such an army of revolution, 7,000,000 strong, is a thing to make rulers and ruling classes pause and consider. The cry of this army is. "No quarter! We want all that you possess. We will be content with nothing less than all that you possess. We want in our hands the reins of power and the destiny of mankind. Here are our hands. They are

strong hands. We are going to take your governments, your palaces, and all your purpled ease away from you, and in that day you shall work for your bread even as the peasant in the field or the starved and runty clerk in your metropolises. Here are our hands. They are strong hands."

Well may rulers and ruling classes pause and consider. This is revolution. And further, these 7,000,000 men are not an army on paper. Their fighting strength in the field is 7,000,000. Today they cast 7,000,000 votes in the civilized countries of the world.

Yesterday they were not so strong. Tomorrow they will be still stronger. And they are fighters. They love peace. They are unafraid of war. They intend nothing less than to destroy existing society and to take possession of the whole world. If the law of the land permits, they fight for this end peaceably, at the ballot-box. If the law of the land does not permit their peaceable destruction of society, and if they have force meted out to them, they resort to force themselves. They meet violence with violence. Their hands are strong and they are unafraid. In Russia, for instance, there is no suffrage. The government executes the revolutionists. The revolutionists kill the officers of the government. The revolutionists meet legal murder with assassination.

Now here arises a particularly significant phase which would be well for the rulers to consider. Let me make it concrete. I am a revolutionist. Yet I am a fairly sane and normal individual. I speak, and I *think*, of these assassins in Russia as "my comrades." So do all the comrades in America, and all the 7,000,000 comrades in the world. Of what worth an organized international revolutionary movement if our comrades are not backed up the world over? The worth is shown by the fact that we do back up the assassinations by our comrades in Russia. They are not disciples of Tolstoy, nor are we. We are revolutionists.

Our comrades in Russia have formed what they call "The Fighting Organization." This Fighting Organization accused, tried, found guilty, and condemned to death, one Sipiaguin, Minister of Interior. On April 2 he was shot and killed in the Maryinsky Palace. Two years later the Fighting Organization condemned to death and executed another Minister of Interior, Von Plehve. Having done so, it issued a document, dated July 29, 1904, setting forth the counts of its indictment of Von Plehve and its responsibility for the assassination. Now, and to the point, this document was sent out to the socialists of the world, and by them was published everywhere in the magazines and newspapers. The point is, not that the socialists of the world were unafraid to do it, not that they dared to do it, but that they did it as a matter of routine, giving

publication to what may be called an official document of the international revolutionary movement.

These are high-lights upon the revolution—granted, but they are also facts. And they are given to the rulers and the ruling classes, not in bravado, not to frighten them, but for them to consider more deeply the spirit and nature of this world revolution. The time has come for the revolution to demand consideration. It has fastened upon every civilized country in the world. As fast as a country becomes civilized, the revolution fastens upon it. With the introduction of the machine into Japan, socialism was introduced. Socialism marched into the Philippines shoulder to shoulder with the American soldiers. The echoes of the last gun had scarcely died away when socialist locals were forming in Cuba and Porto Rico. Vastly more significant is the fact that of all the countries the revolution has fastened upon, on not one has it relaxed its grip. On the contrary, on every country its grip closes tighter year by year. As an active movement it began obscurely over a generation ago. In 1867, its voting strength in the world was 30,000. By 1871, its vote had increased to 100,000. Not till 1884 did it pass the half-million point. By 1889, it had passed the million point. It had then gained momentum. In 1892 the socialist vote of the world was 1,798,391; in 1893, 2,585,898; in 1895, 3,033,718; in 1898, 4,515,591; in 1902, 5,253,054; in 1903, 6,285,374; and in the year of Our Lord, 1905, it passed the seven million mark.

Nor has this flame of revolution left the United States untouched. In 1888, there were only 2,068 socialist votes. In 1902, there were 127,713 socialist votes. And in 1904, 435,040 socialist votes were cast. What fanned this flame? Not hard times. The first four years of the twentieth century were considered prosperous years, yet in that time more than 300,000 men added themselves to the ranks of the revolutionists, flinging their defiance in the teeth of bourgeois society and taking their stand under the blood-red banner. In the State of the writer, California, one man in ten is an avowed and registered revolutionist.

One thing must be clearly understood. This is no spontaneous and vague uprising of a large mass of discontented and miserable people—a blind and instinctive recoil from hurt. On the contrary, the propaganda is intellectual; the movement is based upon economic necessity and is in line with social evolution; while the miserable people have not yet revolted. The revolutionist is no starved and diseased slave in the shambles at the bottom of the social pit, but is, in the main, a hearty, well-fed workingman, who sees the shambles waiting for him and his children and declines to descend. The very miserable people are too helpless to help themselves. But they are being helped, and the day is

not far distant when their numbers will go to swell the ranks of the revolutionists.

Another thing must be clearly understood. In spite of the fact that middle-class men and professional men are interested in the movement, it is nevertheless a distinctly working-class revolt. The world over, it is a working-class revolt. The workers of the world, as a class, are fighting the capitalists of the world, as a class. The so-called great middle class is a growing anomaly in the social struggle. It is a perishing class (wily statisticians to the contrary), and its historic mission of buffer between the capitalist and working classes has just about been fulfilled. Little remains for it but to wail as it passes into oblivion, as it has already begun to wail in accents Populistic and Jeffersonian-Democratic. The fight is on. The revolution is here now, and it is the world's workers that are in revolt.

Naturally the question arises: Why is this so? No mere whim of the spirit can give rise to a world-revolution. Whim does not conduce to unanimity. There must be a deep-seated cause to make 7,000,000 men of the one mind, to make them cast off allegiance to the bourgeois gods and lose faith in so fine a thing as patriotism. There are many counts of the indictment which the revolutionists bring against the capitalist class, but for present need only one may be stated, and it is a count to which capital has never replied and can never reply.

The capitalist class has managed society, and its management has failed. And not only has it failed in its management, but it has failed deplorably, ignobly, horribly. The capitalist class had an opportunity such as was vouchsafed no previous ruling class in the history of the world. It broke away from the rule of the old feudal aristocracy and made modern society. It mastered matter, organized the machinery of life, and made possible a wonderful era for mankind, wherein no creature should cry aloud because it had not enough to eat, and wherein for every child there would be opportunity for education, for intellectual and spiritual uplift. Matter being mastered, and the machinery of life organized, all this was possible. Here was the chance, God-given, and the capitalist class failed. It was blind and greedy. It prattled sweet ideals and dear moralities, rubbed its eyes not once, nor ceased one whit in its greediness, and smashed down in a failure as tremendous only as was the opportunity it had ignored.

But all this is like so much cobwebs to the bourgeois mind. As it was blind in the past, it is blind now and can not see nor understand. Well, then, let the indictment be stated more definitely, in terms sharp and unmistakable. In the first place, consider the cave-man. He was a very simple creature. His head slanted back like an orang-outang's

and he had but little more intelligence. He lived in a hostile environment, the prey of all manner of fierce life. He had no inventions nor artifices. His natural efficiency for food-getting was, say 1. He did not even till the soil. With his natural efficiency of 1, he fought off his carnivorous enemies and got himself food and shelter. He must have done all this, else he would not have multiplied and spread over the earth and sent his progeny down, generation by generation, to become even you and me.

The cave-man, with his natural efficiency of 1, got enough to eat most of the time, and no cave-man ever went hungry all the time. Also, he lived a healthy, open-air life, loafed and rested himself, and found plenty of time in which to exercise his imagination and invent gods. That is to say, he did not have to work all his waking moments in order to get enough to eat. The child of the cave-man (and this is true of the children of all savage peoples) had a childhood and by that is meant a happy childhood of play and development.

And now, how fares modern man? Consider the United States, the most prosperous and most enlightened country of the world. In the United States there are 10,000,000 people living in poverty. By poverty is meant that condition in life in which, through lack of food and adequate shelter, the mere standard of working efficiency can not be maintained. In the United States there are 10,000,000 people who have not enough to eat. In the United States, because they have not enough to eat, there are 10,000,000 people who can not keep the ordinary measure of strength in their bodies. This means that these 10,000,000 people are perishing, are dying, body and soul, slowly, because they have not enough to eat. All over this broad, prosperous, enlightened land, are men, women and children who are living miserably. In all the great cities, where they are segregated in slum-ghettos by hundreds of thousands and by millions, their misery becomes beastliness. No cave-man ever starved as chronically as they starve, ever slept as vilely as they sleep, ever festered with rottenness and disease as they fester, nor ever toiled as hard and for as long hours as they toil.

In Chicago there is a woman who toiled sixty hours per week. She was a garment worker. She sewed buttons on clothes. Among the Italian garment workers of Chicago, the average weekly wage of the dressmakers is 90 cents, but they work every week in the year. The average weekly wage of the pants finishers is \$1.31, and the average number of weeks employed in the year is 27.85. The average yearly earnings of the dressmakers is \$37.00; of the pants finishers, \$42.41. Such wages means no childhood for the children, beastliness of living, and starvation for all.

Unlike the cave-man, modern man can not get food and shelter by working for it. Modern man has first to find the work, and in this he is often unsuccessful. Then misery becomes acute. This acute misery is chronicled daily in the newspapers. Let several of the countless instances be cited.

In New York city lived a woman, Mary Mead. She had three children: Mary, one year old; Johanna, two years old; Alice, four years old. Her husband could find no work. They starved. They were evicted from their shelter at 160 Steuben street. Mary Mead strangled her baby, Mary, one year old; strangled Alice, four years old; failed to strangle Johanna, two years old, and then herself took poison. Said the father to the police: "Constant poverty had driven my wife insane. We lived at No. 160 Steuben street until a week ago, when we were dispossessed. I could get no work. I could not even make enough to put food into our mouths. The babies grew ill and weak. My wife cried nearly all the time."

"So overwhelmed is the Department of Charities with tens of thousands of applications from men out of work that it finds itself unable to cope with the situation."—*New York Commercial*, January 11, 1905.

In a daily paper, because he can not get work in order to get something to eat, modern man advertises as follows:

"Young man, good education, unable to obtain employment, will sell to physician and bacteriologist for experimental purposes all right and title to his body. Address for price, box 3466, Examiner."

"Frank A. Mallin went to the central police station Wednesday night and asked to be locked up on a charge of vagrancy. He said he had been conducting an unsuccessful search for work for so long that he was sure he must be a vagrant. In any event, he was so hungry he must be fed. Police Judge Graham sentenced him to ninety days' imprisonment."—*San Francisco Examiner*.

In a room at the Soto House, 32 Fourth street, San Francisco, was found the body of W. G. Robbins. He had turned on the gas. Also was found his diary, from which the following extracts are made:

"March 3.—No chance of getting anything here. What will I do?"

"March 7.—Can not find anything yet.

"March 8.—Am living on doughnuts at five cents a day.

"March 9.—My last quarter gone for room rent.

"March 10.—God help me. Have only five cents left. Can get nothing to do. What next? Starvation or —? I have spent my last nickel tonight. What shall I do? Shall it be steal, beg, or die? I have never stolen, begged or starved in all my fifty years of life, but now I am on the brink—death seems the only refuge.

"March 11.—Sick all day—burning fever this afternoon. Had nothing to eat today or since yesterday noon. My head, my head. Good-by, all."

How fares the child of modern man in this most prosperous of lands? In the city of New York 50,000 children go hungry to school every morning. From the same city on January 12, a press dispatch was sent out over the country of a case reported by Dr. A. E. Daniel, of the New York Infirmity for Women and Children. The case was that of a babe, eighteen months old, who earned by its labor, fifty cents per week in a tenement sweat-shop.

"On a pile of rags in a room bare of furniture and freezing cold, Mrs. Mary Gallin, dead from starvation, with an emaciated baby four months old crying at her breast, was found this morning at 513 Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn, by Policeman McConnon of the Flushing Avenue Station. Huddled together for warmth in another part of the room were the father, James Gallin, and three children ranging from two to eight years of age. The children gazed at the policeman much as ravenous animals might have done. They were famished, and there was not a vestige of food in their comfortless home."—*New York Journal*, January 2, 1902.

In the United States 80,000 children are toiling out their lives in the textile mills alone. In the South they work twelve-hour shifts. They never see the day. Those on the night-shift are asleep when the sun pours its life and warmth over the world, while those on the day-shift are at the machines before dawn and return to their miserable dens, called "homes," after dark. Many receive no more than ten cents a day. There are babies who work for five and six cents a day. Those who work on the night-shift are often kept awake by having cold water dashed in their faces. There are children six years of age who have already to their credit eleven months' work on the night-shift. When they become sick, and are unable to rise from their beds to go to work, there are men employed to go on horseback, from house to house, and cajole and bully them into arising and going to work. Ten per cent of them contract active consumption. All are puny wrecks, distorted, stunted mind and body. Elbert Hubbard says of the child-laborers of the Southern cotton-mills:

"I thought to lift one of the little toilers to ascertain his weight. Straight away through his thirty-five pounds of skin and bones there ran a tremor of fear, and he struggled forward to tie a broken thread. I attracted his attention by a touch, and offered him a silver dime. He looked at me dumbly from a face that might have belonged to a man of sixty, so furrowed, tightly drawn, and full of pain it was. He did not

of the wealth taken by the capitalist class, but for want of the wealth that was never created. This wealth was never created because the capitalist class managed too wastefully and irrationally. The capitalist class, blind and greedy, grasping madly, has not only not made the best of its management, but made the worst of it. It is a management prodigiously wasteful. This point can not be emphasized too strongly.

In face of the facts that modern man lives more wretchedly than the cave-man, and that modern man's food-and-shelter-getting efficiency is a thousand-fold greater than the cave-man's, no other solution is possible than that the management is prodigiously wasteful.

With the natural resources of the world, the machinery already invented, a rational organization of production and distribution, and an equally rational elimination of waste, the able-bodied workers would not have to labor more than two or three hours per day to feed everybody, clothe everybody, house everybody, educate everybody and give a fair measure of little luxuries to everybody. There would be no more material want and wretchedness, no more children toiling out their lives, no more men and women and babes living like beasts and dying like beasts. Not only would matter be mastered, but the machine would be mastered. In such a day incentive would be finer and nobler than the incentive of today, which is the incentive of the stomach. No man, woman, or child would be impelled to action by an empty stomach. On the contrary, they would be impelled to action as a child in a spelling match is impelled to action, as boys and girls at games, as scientists formulating law, as inventors applying law, as artists and sculptors painting canvases and shaping clay, as poets and statesmen serving humanity by singing and by state-craft. The spiritual, intellectual, and artistic uplift consequent upon such a condition of society would be tremendous. All the human world would surge upward in a mighty wave.

This was the opportunity vouchsafed the capitalist class. Less blindness on its part, less greediness and a rational management were all that was necessary. A wonderful era was possible for the human race. But the capitalist class failed. It made a shambles of civilization. Nor can the capitalist class plead not guilty. It knew of the opportunity. Its wise men told it of the opportunity, its scholars and its scientists told it of the opportunity. All that they said is there today in the books, just so much damning evidence against it. It would not listen. It was too greedy. It rose up (as it rises up today), shamelessly, in our legislative halls, and declared that profits were impossible without the toil of children and babes. It lulled its conscience to sleep with prattle of sweet ideals and dear moralities, and allowed the suffering and misery

of mankind to continue and to increase. In short, the capitalist class failed to take advantage of the opportunity.

But the opportunity is still here. The capitalist class has been tried and found wanting. Remains the working class to see what it can do with the opportunity. "But the working class is incapable," says the capitalist class. "What do you know about it?" the working class replies. "Because you have failed is no reason that we shall fail. Furthermore, we are going to have a try at it anyway. Seven millions of us say so. And what have you to say to that?"

And what can the capitalist class say? Grant the incapacity of the working class. Grant that the indictment and the argument of the revolutionists are all wrong. The 7,000,000 revolutionists remain. Their existence is a fact. Their belief in their capacity, and in their indictment and their argument, is a fact. Their constant growth is a fact. Their intention to destroy present-day society is a fact, as is also their intention to take possession of the world with all its wealth and machinery and governments. Moreover, it is a fact that the working class is vastly larger than the capitalist class.

The revolution is a revolution of the working class. How can the capitalist class, in the minority, stem this tide of revolution? What has it to offer? What does it offer? Employers' associations, injunctions, civil suits for plundering of the treasuries of the labor unions, clamor and combination for the open shop, bitter and shameless opposition to the eight-hour day, strong efforts to defeat all reform child-labor bills, graft in every municipal council, strong lobbies and bribery in every legislature for the purchase of capitalist legislation, bayonets, machine-guns, policemen's clubs, professional strike-breakers, and armed Pinkertons—these are the things the capitalist class is dumping in front of the tide of revolution, as though, forsooth, to hold it back.

The capitalist class is as blind today to the menace of the revolution as it was blind in the past to its God-given opportunity. It cannot see how precarious is its position, can not comprehend the power and the portent of the revolution. It goes on its placid way, prattling sweet ideals and dear moralities, and scrambling sordidly for material benefits.

No overthrown ruler or class in the past ever considered the revolution that overthrew it, and so with the capitalist class of today. Instead of compromising, instead of lengthening its lease of life by conciliation and by removal of some of the harsher oppressions of the working class, it antagonizes the working class, drives the working class into revolution. Every broken strike in recent years, every legally plundered trade-union treasury, every closed shop made into an open shop, has driven the members of the working class directly hurt over to socialism by hundreds

and thousands. Show a workingman that his union fails, and he becomes a revolutionist. Break a strike with an injunction or bankrupt a union with a civil suit, and the workingmen hurt thereby listen to the siren song of the socialist and are lost forever to the *political capitalist* parties.

Antagonism never lulled revolution, and antagonism is about all the capitalist class offers. It is true, it offers some few antiquated notions which were very efficacious in the past, but which are no longer efficacious. Fourth-of-July liberty in terms of the Declaration of Independence and of the French Encyclopedists is scarcely apposite today. It does not appeal to the workingman who has had his head broken by a policeman's club, his union treasury bankrupted by a court decision, or his job taken away from him by a labor-saving invention. Nor does the Constitution of the United States appear so glorious and constitutional to the workingman who has experienced a bull-pen or been unconstitutionally deported from Colorado. Nor are this particular workingman's hurt feelings soothed by reading in the newspapers that both the bull-pen and the deportation were pre-eminently just, legal and constitutional. "To hell, then, with the constitution!" says he, and another revolutionist has been made—by the capitalist class.

In short, so blind is the capitalist class that it does nothing to lengthen its lease of life, while it does everything to shorten it. The capitalist class offers nothing that is clean, noble and alive. The revolutionists offer everything that is clean, noble and alive. They offer service, unselfishness, sacrifice, martyrdom—the things that sting awake the imagination of the people, touching their hearts with the fervor that arises out of the impulse toward good and which is essentially religious in its nature.

But the revolutionists blow hot and blow cold. They offer facts and statistics, economics and scientific arguments. If the workingman be merely selfish, the revolutionists show him, mathematically demonstrate to him that his welfare will be bettered by the revolution. If the workingman be the higher type, moved by impulses toward right conduct, if he have soul and spirit, the revolutionists offer him the things of the soul and the spirit, the tremendous things that can not be measured by dollars and cents, nor be held down by dollars and cents. The revolutionist cries out upon wrong and injustice, and preaches righteousness. And, most potent of all, he sings the eternal song of human freedom—a song of all lands and all tongues and all time.

Few members of the capitalist class see the revolution. Most of them are too ignorant, and many are too afraid to see it. It is the same old story of every punishing ruling class in the world's history. Fat with power and possession, drunken with success, and made soft and

marshy by surfeit and by cessation of struggle, they are like the drones clustered about the honey-vats when the worker-bees spring upon them to end their rotund existence.

President Roosevelt vaguely sees the revolution, is frightened by it, and recoils from seeing it. As he says: "Above all, we need to remember that any kind of class animosity in the political world is, if possible, even more wicked, even more destructive to national welfare, than sectional, race, or religious animosity."

Class animosity in the political world, President Roosevelt maintains, is wicked. But class animosity in the political world is the preachment of the revolutionists. "Let the class wars in the industrial world continue," they say, "but extend the class war to the political world." As their leader, Eugene V. Debs, says: "So far as this struggle is concerned, there is no good capitalist and no bad workingman. Every capitalist is your enemy and every workingman is your friend."

Here is class animosity in the political world with a vengeance. And here is revolution. In 1888 there were only 2,000 revolutionists of this type in the United States; in 1900 there were 127,000 revolutionists; in 1904, 435,000 revolutionists. Wickedness of the President Roosevelt definition evidently flourishes and increases in the United States. Quite so, for it is the revolution that flourishes and increases.

Here and there a member of the capitalist class catches a clear glimpse of the revolution, and raises a warning cry. But his class does not heed. President Eliot of Harvard raised such a cry: "I am forced to believe there is a present danger of socialism never before so imminent in America in so dangerous a form, because never before imminent in so well organized a form. The danger lies in the obtaining control of the trades unions by the socialists." And the capitalist employers, instead of giving heed to the warnings, are perfecting their strike-breaking organization and combining more strongly than ever for a general assault upon that dearest of all things to the trades unions, the closed shop. Insofar as this assault succeeds, by just that much will the capitalist class shorten its lease of life. It is the old, old story, over again, and over again. *The drunken drones still cluster greedily about the honey-vats.*

Possibly one of the most amusing spectacles of today is the attitude of the American press toward the revolution. It is also a pathetic spectacle. It compels the onlooker to be aware of a distinct loss of pride in his species. Dogmatic utterance from the mouth of ignorance may make gods laugh, but it should make men weep. And the American editors (in the general instance) are so impressive about it! The old "divide-up," "men-are-not-born-free-and-equal" propositions are enunciated gravely

and sagely, as things white-hot and new from the forge of human wisdom. Their feeble vaporings show no more than a schoolboy's comprehension of the nature of the revolution. Parasites themselves on the capitalist class, serving the capitalist class by molding public opinion, they, too, cluster drunkenly about the honey-vats.

Of course, this is true only of the large majority of American editors. To say that it is true of all of them would be to cast too great obloquy upon the human race. Also, it would be untrue, for here and there an occasional editor does see clearly—and in his case, ruled by stomach-incentive, is usually afraid to say what he thinks about it. So far as the science and the sociology of the revolution are concerned, the average editor is a generation or so behind the facts. He is intellectually slothful, accepts no facts until they are accepted by the majority, and prides himself upon his conservatism. He is an instinctive optimist, prone to believe that what ought to be, is. The revolutionist gave this up long ago, and believes not that what ought to be, is, but what is, is, and that it may not be what it ought to be at all.

Now and then, rubbing his eyes vigorously, an editor catches a sudden glimpse of the revolution and breaks out in naive volubility, as, for instance, the one who wrote the following in the "Chicago Chronicle", "American socialists are revolutionists. They know that they are revolutionists. It is high time that other people should appreciate the fact."—A white-hot, brand-new discovery, and he proceeded to shout it out from the house-tops that we, forsooth, were revolutionists. Why, it was just what we have been doing all these years—shouting it out from the house-tops that we are revolutionists, and stop us who can.

The time should be past for the mental attitude: "Revolution is atrocious. Sir, there is no revolution." Likewise should the time be past for that other familiar attitude: "Socialism is slavery. Sir, it will never be." It is no longer a question of dialectics, theories, and dreams. There is no question about it. The revolution is a fact. It is here now. Seven million revolutionists, organized, working day and night, are preaching the revolution—that passionate gospel, the Brotherhood of Man. Not only is it a cold-blooded economic propaganda, but it is in essence a religious propanganda with a fervor in it of Paul and Christ. The capitalist class has been indicted. It has failed in its management and its management is to be taken away from it. Seven million men of the working class say that they are going to get the rest of the working class to join with them and take the management away. The revolution is here now. Stop it who can.

THE BARITONE'S TALE

A TRUE STORY.

BY MAY AND E. J. BEALS-HOFFPAUIR.

"Love cometh through the proletaire,
Or through the downmost man you meet,
Or through the hunted and the bound,
Or through the woman of the street."



Francois D'Almaine stood at the door of a cheap little eating house and lighted his cigar. It was an excellent cigar and he noticed with deep regret that but one of its kind remained in the case. Just then a chance acquaintance paused with a friendly word and D'Almaine held out the case and was genuinely sorry to learn that the other was a non-smoker.

"Yes, eet ees hard lines," he said, but his voice was that of a conqueror. "Eet ees hard lines, but you understand, M'sieu Hendreck, eet ees not for myself zat I grieve. Ah, no! Eet ees vaire often zat I am what you call broke. I am to eet well accustom. We boys have no grief for ourself. But, mon dieu! ze young demoiselles."

"Too bad about the girls."

"Non, non," cried D'Almaine, mistaking the other's meaning. "I tell you, M'sieu Hendreck, zare ees not'ing bad about zose girls. Look you, eet ees zat zey go in a show. For zat are zey misjudge."

"Oh, yes, of course. You misunderstood me. I mean it's too bad they're up against it like this. They're so young."

"Mam'zelle Florabelle ees fourteen," said D'Almaine with a break in his soft southern voice. "Mam'zelle Fifi ees sixteen and so also ees Mam'zelle Inez. So young are zey and so far from zey home. Ze heart zat would have for zem no peety, eet ees of stone."

"I guess you've found a good many stony hearts in this burg."

"Oui, mon Dieu! And I have learn mooch, M'sieu Hendreck. I have learn mooch."

They were strolling up the sunny street together—D'Almaine talking excitedly and gesticulating with hands, shoulders and eye brows.

"Eet ees last night I say to you, 'Tell me who ees ze best man in

zees town.' Eet ees last night, M'sieu Hendreck."

His vehement voice and manner seemed accusing.

"Yes," admitted Hendricks, "it was last night."

"And you say to me, 'Reverend Meestair Allison, ze pastor of ze Church of ze Immaculate Mother; he ees ze best man for good works of charity and for ze saintly life.'"

"Yes," said Hendricks, "he has that reputation."

"He ees zen a fake, a hypocrite, M'sieu Hendreck. He ees a tombstone whitewashed. Sacre! I would not have ze heart of zat man. Eet ees of a stoniness! Diable!"

"You called on him this morning?"

"Oui, M'sieu Hendreck. I tell him all. He has already heard zat our manager have abducted all our fund, and zat we are stranded in zees town. He know eet ees not ze fault of any one of us. I relate to heem ze so tender age of ze young girls. Mon Dieu! You could not conceive hees answer what eet was, M'sieu Hendreck?"

"No. I banked on his digging up."

"He said to me, 'I am a meeneestair of ze gospel. I cannot soil my hands of such creatures.' Sacre blieu! Zose young girls innocent. He ees not fit for to wipe zaire feet upon. I tell heem so. 'Damn your gospel!' I say, for hees scorn go like wine to my head. 'Eef your gospel make zat eets meeneestair must not help ze perishing innocents zen was your gospel spawned een ze blackest hell.'"

"I say more, teel ze Reverend Meestair Allison grow white and shake of a rage. He say, 'I am a meeneestair of ze gospel. How dare you address me thus?'"

"'Eef you pose as a meeneestair of ze Christ who make hees last command on earth, 'Feed my lambs,' zen I dare tell you zat you are a liar and a fake, and you are too a thief, for you have stolen ze place of ze true shepherd who would feed ze lambs.'"

"I turn my back on ze so unnatural pastor. I slam ze door between us. I shake ze dust from my feet. I ask ze first tough I meet to tell me ze name of ze worst woman een ze town."

"'Glenda Jackson,' he say. 'She ees ze proprietor of ze Jackson House. She have shot two men. I guess her rep could not be of a more shadiness.'"

"I go zen to ze Jackson House and ask for ze madame. Eet ees a high-class house. All ze women I saw were vaire well-gowned and to appearance outwardly well-bred and modest. Glenda Jackson came to see me een ze parlor and I told her my beezness. She ask ze age of ze girls and I tell her. Look you, M'sieu Hendreck, eet ees to her interest economic zat such girls come upon ze street. So young are zey, so beau-

tiful, and zey dance, zey sing. But Madame Jackson have ze heart motherly.

"'I weel myself pay ze fare of ze youngest girl to her home,' she said. 'Eef you have deefeculty to raise ze rest, come to me and I weel geeve more.'"

"But I had no deefeculty to raise ze rest, for I go no more to preachers. I go to scarlet women and to bartenders."

D'Almaine smiled and his rich, baritone voice grew caressingly tender.

"Ah," he said, "eet ees een ze underworld zat we find ze loving heart. Eet ees strange, yes, zat what you call, ze respectables always ze tombstone whitewashed."

"You haf a poem een ze Anglais," he went on after a moment, "which tell zat an angel came down to a son of Adam een in a golden light like a lily een bloom. 'I am writing een a book of gold,' ze angel say, 'ze name of all zose who love ze Lord.' You and zat poem are fameeliar, perhaps, M'sieu Hendreck?"

"No," said Hendricks, wishing to hear the Frenchman's version, "it doesn't occur to me."

"He say to ze angel, zat son of Adam, 'Ees my name at all written among ze name of zose who love ze Lord?'"

"'Nay, so eet ees not,' ze angel tell heem."

"So he say to ze angel, 'Write me zen at ze last as one who love hees fellowmen.'"

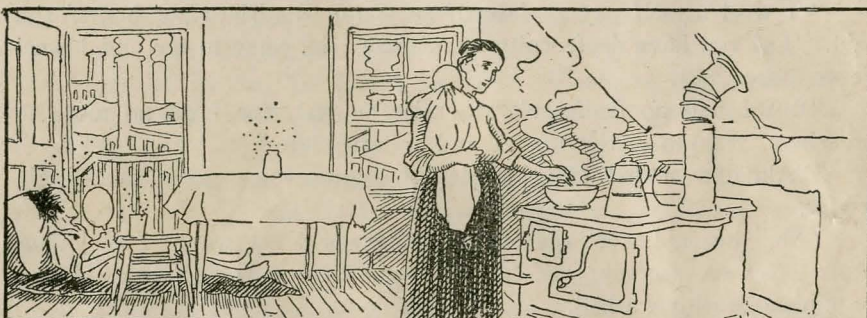
"And ze angel write something and vanish. But nex' night he again appear and show to ze son of Adam zat book of gold. And lo! ze name of ze man who loves hees fellowman ees written highest of all."

D'Almaine paused to relight his cigar.

"Eef ze Reverend Meestair Allison find hees name at all written een ze book of gold," he said, whimsically, "eet weel be een ze rear of ze name of ze bartenders and ze scarlet women."



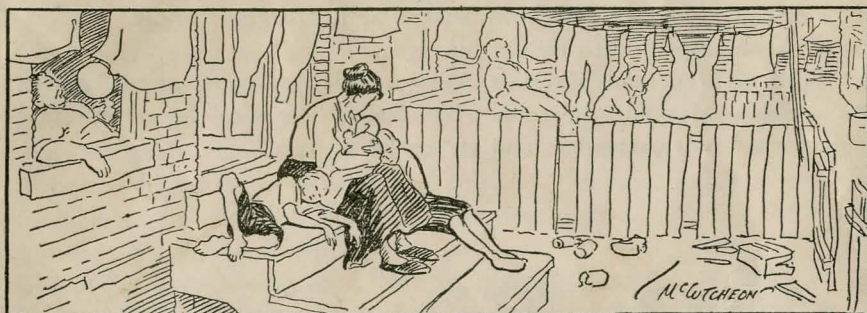
THEY WILL REMAIN IN THE CITY DURING THE VACATION SEASON.



Mrs. Lezinski, of 392 1-2 Jefferson street, expects to spend the summer in the city, and will not go to the country for the hot season. The illness of one of her children, together with certain reasons of a business nature, make it impossible for her to leave town for a period of much needed recuperation and rest.



Mr. James Quinn, connected with the gas company, will not take a vacation this summer. Imperative business necessitates his presence in the city during the torrid season, and, for this reason, he will not go to the country or the seashore. His family will also remain in the city.



Mrs. Joseph Bergman, of West Canal street, will remain in her town house through the summer. She had hoped to take her children to the country during the intense heat of July and August, but business reasons make it inconvenient to do so.

There are few keener observers of men and things than McCutcheon, the Chicago Tribune's cartoonist, but we naturally expect his work to be colored by the material interests of the capitalists who pay him a salary proportioned to the scarcity of first-class artists. The cartoons reproduced above, which appeared in a recent issue of the Tribune, are a pleasant surprise, and we are glad to pass them on.



THE HIGHER CRIMINAL COURTS



SEVERAL years ago a certain prominent judge is reported to have made the statement that the poor man had no show in the courts. This may sound like the words of an obscure agitator, but the man who said them is no less a personage than President Taft. This remark is quoted from an address he gave before the Virginia Bar Association.

It is becoming more and more patent every day that money talks louder in the courts of America than any other commodity. "Equal rights for all, special privileges for none" was a famous American slogan. Yet among the rich men who have been tried in the United States during the past ten years, very few have ever been convicted. Even the capitalist papers confess that Charles L. Morse, recently sentenced to serve several years, has been allowed to leave the jail to attend to his business affairs.

Rich men come from the exploiting class. When their piratical methods smell to the heavens and they are unable to conceal their deeds—when the hue and cry against them can not be smothered, these men receive the support of their class. The best lawyers are retained

come to light. But the judge is often influenced just the same. A more potent, a more dangerous and subtle factor—a desire to serve those who are powerful and can return the service, accomplishes the result. And even where a judge has nothing to gain, his associates, his own experiences and the experiences of his class, all tend to incline him toward leniency in his dealing with the rich. The same may be said of all prosecuting attorneys. Even juries hesitate to convict a rich and powerful man. Besides, should a case be decided against him, the Supreme Court can always reverse the decision.

Nothing can shatter the beautiful faith (of the exploiting class) in the "integrity of the courts." The courts have never yet failed to protect the property holder. And this is as it has always been. The law has ever been the bulwark of those who possess economic power. Always as new economic forces have arisen, the laws have changed also to foster and maintain them.

Gradually the courts are becoming stronger. The attention of the people has been diverted toward other matters, until the powers of our judiciary are becoming a huge menace to the working class.

Backed by the press, this great force is slowly but surely enmeshing us, threatening the few liberties the proletariat still possesses. It will only be a question of time before the poor man who once falls into the hands of the police may well abandon hope.

Already is the man who has served one sentence regarded as the legitimate prey of official powers. For him at least a government even nominally "of, for and by the people" has ceased to exist.

HORRORS OF PRISON LIFE.

American officials have drawn considerably upon the fiendish devices of European countries in promoting respect for the law. They have borrowed from France the identification system of Bertillon, which aids in the capture of escaped prisoners, or to locate convicts who have served their terms, but who may be suspected of further offenses. They have searched the criminal codes of Russia, Germany, England and, in fact, all countries for new forms of punishment. They have even drawn on the Dark Ages for other ways to chastise their fellow-men.

Writing of the Rhode Island state prison, Charles Budlong says, "Men are sometimes kept in dungeons, damp, foul and rat-inhabited, chained to doors with only a crust of bread and a cup of water to sustain their miserable existence. I have seen poor fellows beaten with clubs or 'black-jacks' until rendered unconscious and bleeding, then

thrown into these dungeons and kept there for days. One fellow in particular was kept 38 days in this condition, and when at last released, resembled more nearly a skeleton than a human being."

The rules of these places are very rigid and inmates are punished for the merest trifle. I have known mere boys to be placed in a strait jacket and laced so tightly that they could only breathe with the greatest difficulty and kept in this condition from one to twelve hours for the awful offense of talking in their cells. When they were released from this sorry plight, they could not stand upon their feet and their limbs would be covered with welts and ridges made by the ropes with which they had been tied. One of the unfortunates told the head warden that he could not work right away and the reply was, in a voice of thunder, "YOU'LL WORK!" Yet this warden delighted to preach and to exhort! A young man afflicted with epilepsy often fell to the floor. On one occasion when reviving from this condition, he found the head warden plunging needles into him to find out if he was alive. Another man on coming in from work, fell suddenly ill. He asked for medicine and he was told to go to his cell. He started to obey, but fell dead on entering his cell. Another man was reported for punishment every day, as he had incurred the enmity of one of the guards. He was put into the dungeon. After twenty days he was released and died in less than two hours. He was nailed up in a box and interred in the Potter's Field. Another man, tied up in the strait jacket, frequently fainted away. At other times his screams and pleading cries would be heart-rending in the extreme. In case visitors chanced to hear the cries and inquired into the cause, they were informed that a man had just been brought in suffering from the "horrors" and a physician was trying to quiet him! God knows the horror part of it was true enough, but it was a lie just the same.

Another man had committed a small offense, but in such a way that he was held technically guilty of a greater one. He was sentenced for ten years, and the rigorous treatment to which he was subjected so worked upon his sensitive nature that in a short time he became insane. I have seen this man beaten and knocked down a hundred times, until after suffering this way for several years he was transferred to the insane asylum. One burly guard told another that "Andrew has had several ribs broken, also his collarbone, but he gets punished regularly every week whether he needs it or not, just to keep him in trim!" Generally, if a prisoner finds a chance he will commit suicide.

The writer then goes on to mention the great number confined in prisons who are *entirely innocent*. The author continues: "But suppose an innocent man is restored to liberty, what is given him for his loss of time and the indignity to which he has been subjected? NOTHING—

absolutely NOTHING. He is simply 'pardoned,' that is all. Think of the awful irony in the word 'pardoned' in a connection like this! How is it possible to pardon a man for an offense he did not commit?"

Another case that I remember is that of a young man, recently married, who shortly after, was driven by poverty to steal a few dollars. He was sentenced for five years. The poor fellow so brooded over his disgrace that he tried to end his trouble by jumping out of a high story shop window to the stone pavement fifty feet below. Several bones were broken but the man lived. The next day the papers were full of the bold attempt this man had made to escape. These "escapes" are called



"cheating the law." Yes, the man had made a bold attempt to escape, but not in the sense that the guards had the papers give to the affair. It would never do to let the public know that prisoners were treated so inhumanly that they preferred death rather than living. So it was made to appear that the well-fed and lazy guards were hard pressed to keep such unruly men in check.

It is generally thought by the people that a man must have com-

mitted some awful crime to land in the "pen." This is by no means the case. A very small thing will often conspire to put a man there.

Many years ago, Hon. I. T. Reynolds of Kansas wrote his "Twin Hells," a fearful disclosure of the horrors of the state prisons of Kansas and Missouri. Although the book was widely read, no actual changes ever came of it. In fact, reform of any kind is precisely what the public officials do not want.

The sad spectacle was presented, but a few months ago, of an ex-convict pleading with the state legislature at Sacramento, California, for certain reforms to be placed on the statute books of the state. One of his measures was passed by a narrow majority of the members. The Governor of the State (Gillette) did not, however, sign the proposed bill. The author of the bill was Col. Griffith J. Griffith, to whom I am indebted for some of the following material.

Says he: "Last summer I traveled 10,000 miles in the United States, and visited every prison in the republic. It is my conviction that the average prison hardens and degrades and is a perpetual exhibition of cruel arbitrary power. In the short course of my life in San Quentin, the Pacific chamber of horrors, I can only say that it was one grim, grisly, ghastly record of life in one of the world's greatest penitentiaries, a glimpse of hell on earth, and I could relate of it one continuous stream of fearful disclosures, tales that appall the mind, causing the brain itself to stand still as the story slowly unfolds.

"You ask, why do not the prisoners revolt? They have tried and failed many times. A huge arsenal is one of the possessions of the officials and they do not hesitate to shoot, and shoot to kill, on the slightest pretext. California is disgraced before all civilization for, if related, the deeds done in the dreadful dungeons twenty feet below the surface of the earth would fairly stagger humanity. The doctors there are heartless and cruel and many a time have I seen sights, shielded by shrouds, that were enough to sicken the soul. Most of the men there are not bad men, yet the story of San Quentin would be one red record of suffering endured by prisoners whose agonizing shrieks for mercy rend the heart of man. I slept in Room 48, right over the dungeon where most of the torture was carried on. The demons in the Dark Ages have been outdone. You ask why are not these things exposed? The papers will not print them, the legislature can hardly be made to take any notice of them. The humiliation that these men are subjected to is revolting and blood-sickening."

It is hard to get the facts of the situation as they exist in the penitentiaries. A censor reads the correspondence of all prisoners who are only permitted to write what the wardens desire told. And who

would accept the word of a penniless ex-convict? The dark frown of an official, the menace of a bludgeon is sufficient to silence him. Col Griffith, however is of too great wealth (being a millionaire) to be silenced by official bulldozing and intends to keep on with his crusade for prison reform.

Sometimes, however, there are courageous men and women, who have never been in prison who do not hesitate to speak out upon these subjects that the officials would like so much to see suppressed. Miss Kate Barnard, Commissioner of Charities and Corrections of the new State of Oklahoma, is one of these. Oklahoma prisoners were at that time sent to Kansas, but the former state has requested the Kansas officials to return them. According to this lady the Kansas penitentiary is a den of horrors. After the disclosures had been made to the Oklahoma legislature, some lying Kansas official was heard to remark, "The prisoners demanded roast turkey with apple sauce, brown gravy, mashed potatoes and truffles and we refused to give it to them." This statement flooded the country during the Oklahoma investigations and was given wide publicity in the press and was commented on in the capitalistic press editorials. It is safe to say the prisoners would gladly have welcomed one good meal per day!

"Almost all prisons," says Col. Griffiths, "are a nightmare of realities. A favorite torture is the 'strait jacket.' Another is the 'Oregon boot.' All the prisons are a living tomb, a sepulchre of living souls. Caloused officials abound and the deeds they do to deform and degrade the prisoner exceeds the bounds of belief. If all the damnable facts could be given wide publicity in the press they would shake the sentiment of the people from 'turret to foundation stone.' All is horrible and awful. The devilish ingenuity of the officials creates in every prison a reign of terror where diabolism is rampant. I shall denounce these things in spite of all attempts at intimidation."

There should be no jails. They do not accomplish what they pretend to accomplish. If you would wipe them out, there would be no more criminals than now. They terrorize nobody. They are a blot upon any civilization, and a jail is an evidence of the lack of charity of the people on the outside who make the jails and fill them with the victims of their greed.—Clarence Darrow, in "Crime and Criminals."

Woman and the Socialist Philosophy

A REPLY TO JOSEPH E. COHEN.

BY LIDA PARCE.



IN installment VIII of "Socialism for Students," under the title of "Socialist Philosophy," Mr. Cohen makes some misleading statements which, it seems to me, ought to be corrected. These are his statements concerning woman. They ought to be corrected; first, because they are not a part of the Socialist Philosophy, and are untrue to it. Second, they ought to be corrected because they would have the effect of antagonizing intelligent women. There are numbers of women who are socialists at heart, but they are women's women first and they do not feel that the interests of women would be safe in the hands of the Socialist Party. Such women would hardly be reassured by Mr. Cohen's exposition of the Socialist philosophy on the woman question. The party is now making a special bid for the support of women and it must have that support before it can succeed.

According to Mr. Cohen, the Socialist philosophy disposes of woman in the following off-hand way: "The impulse below intellect is intuition, which is developed further in many animals than in man. Thus animals scent danger more quickly than man and are better weather prophets. And because woman is nearer to the lower forms than man, intuition is more deeply seated in the female of the race, enabling her to peremptorily pass judgments that the male arrives at only after laborious thought. Intuition is often spoken of as a female attribute."

This statement contains several errors:

(1) Intuition is not an impulse, it is a process. Feeling is the force below intellect and imparts the impulse to it.

(2) Animals do not "scent" danger by intuition, but by highly developed senses of sight, smell or hearing. If they are able to cognize impending dangers or states of the weather more swiftly and accurately than man, through intuition, they are to that extent higher and not lower forms.

But Mr. Cohen has not defined intuition for us. Lester F. Ward defines it as being "a perception of relations." And he says: "The

data for an intuition are combined already in the brain into a psychological unit which is used as an integer and not decomposed by the intuitive act. The appropriate cortical nuclei have been previously built up by the registration of experiences." (*Psychic Factors of Civilization*, pp. 171-172.) Prof. Ward goes on to say: "Men do not depend upon their reason in the ordinary affairs of life. They do not employ the syllogism in seeking to decide what will be the best course to adopt to insure success in any enterprise. They use what is called 'common sense.'"

What is there, then about this "intuition" that identifies woman with the "lower orders?" Is it the fact that woman has developed these "psychological units" by the registration of experiences? And how does man come to be a "higher form?" By not having developed them? So one would judge, by Mr. Cohen's "Philosophy."

The experience of woman, throughout the ages, has been an industrial, a constructive experience, and it is by the registrations of the constantly repeated acts of this experience, in addition to her protection of the young that woman has built up these "cortical nuclei" through which intuition functions.

Man has applied his less-developed "perception of relations" to specialized subjects more widely than woman. But will any one say that because woman's perception of relations is more highly developed than man's, therefore she can not apply it to special problems as well as he? She has not applied it to special problems to the extent that he has, because she has been handicapped by having the entire social burden of the care of the young upon her shoulders. She has not done heroic things in the past, because she had all the work to do, and was enslaved to the family. That burden is now being shifted. Man is doing his share of the work for the first time in history, whereby he is developing the higher integration of brain tissue, and acquiring intuition. Woman is beginning to have that leisure and surplus of energy which is necessary for the application of intuition to special problems, and already, though the bonds of legal enslavement, and of prejudice and tradition are not removed from her, the achievements of Madame Curie, the discoverer of radium, and of Clemence Royer, and many others have refuted this "lower form" theory.

(3) Mr. Cohen's assertion that woman is nearer to "the lower forms" is also a bit hasty. Some conclusions of Havelock Ellis (*Man and Woman*, pp. 447, 449) come in very neatly on this point:

"The progress of our race has been a progress in youthfulness.

"Women, it is true, remain nearer than men to the infantile state:

but, on the other hand, men approach more nearly than women to the ape-like and senile state.

"When we have realized the position of the child in relation to evolution we can take a clearer view as to the natural position of woman. She bears the special characteristics of humanity in a higher degree than man and led evolution. Her conservatism is thus compensated and justified by the fact that she represents more nearly than man the human type to which man is approximating. It would not be difficult . . . to multiply examples of the ways in which women are leading evolution.

It seems as if Mr. Cohen's statement of the Socialist Philosophy ought to be supplemented as well as corrected on these points. It is right to claim that the Socialist Philosophy appropriates the best and latest scientific thought on the subject both of woman's biological place, as the main trunk of the species, and on that of her necessary social freedom, as a condition of social progress.

The National Platform of the Socialist Party demands "Unrestricted and equal suffrage for men and women," and it will hardly be claimed that this plank is inserted through "chivalry." Yet if the Socialist Philosophy had nothing more to say on the subject of woman than Mr. Cohen represents there could be no other reason than that for this plank in the platform.

What we are pleased, somewhat whimsically, to call civilization has been a distinctly masculine affair. It has been singularly deficient in the "perception of relations." Means have been considered of more importance than the end; the symbol more significant than the fact. The external has been more important than the internal, the artificial than the real. Man has thought that ways of doing things were of more importance than the people who do them. He has thought that property is more valuable than life, that capital is of more importance than labor. The capitalist system is the masculine system of production.

The prehistoric system, the feminine system of production was co-operative. It was an expression of woman's "perception of relations." It was necessary to subjugate woman—to put her perception of relations literally out of business, before the competitive system, the profit system, the system of exclusive ownership of the necessities of life could be established. No wonder the capitalists have cold fits about "feminism." It is organically opposed to their wild Utopian scheme of the private and exclusive ownership of the necessities of life.

The age of masculinism has been an age of religious martyrdoms, of tribal and national wars for personal ends and of sex enslavement. A little of woman's intuition would not have come amiss at any time during the last four or five thousand years. The perception and estab-

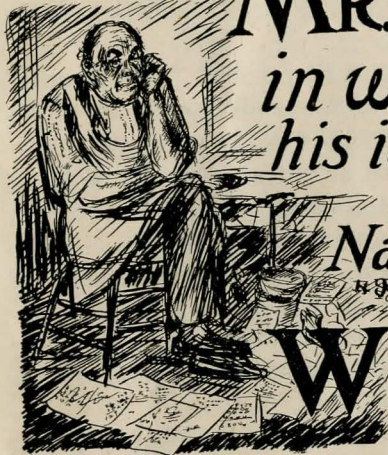
lishment of proper social and economic relations is the whole keynote of the Socialist Philosophy. Men are beginning now to bring into action those higher integrations of brain tissue that they have been forming in their industrial life of the last few centuries, and the result is the Socialist Party. Socialism proposes to re-establish the co-operative, the feminine system of production, with those improvements in process which men have been enabled to make by reason of their greater freedom and leisure.

The Socialist Philosophy advocates the complete emancipation of woman from every social limitation that tends to limit the development of her human powers or to prevent their application in any direction in which she may see fit to apply them. Havelock Ellis expresses the Socialist Philosophy very aptly when he says:

"The hope of our future civilization lies in the development in equal freedom of both the masculine and feminine elements in life. The broader and more varied character of modern civilization seems to render this more possible than did the narrow basis of classic civilization, and there is much evidence around us that a twin movement of this kind is in progress. . . . We are not at liberty to introduce any artificial sexual barrier into social concerns. . . . An exaggerated anxiety lest natural law be overthrown is misplaced. The world is not so insecurely poised. We may preserve an attitude of entire equanimity in the face of social readjustment." (Man and Woman, pp. 451, 452.)

"When the darkness of ignorance has been lifted from the human mind, when want or the fear of want is no longer the nightmare of the masses, when all men are brothers and all women are sisters, the race will move higher. I do not prophesy perfection; but it is not unreasonable to hope that human beings may at least be as happy as the birds of the air, and as virtuous as the beasts of the field. I am not speaking cynically, but seriously, when I say that that will be a great improvement over their present condition. Already I hear the rumble of the coming revolution—a revolution not of blood and bullets, but of ideas and ballots. The revolution that shall break every yoke and let the oppressed go free."—May Beals, in "The Rebel at Large."

AN INTERVIEW with MR. DOOLEY *in which he gives his ideas on how to acquire the National industries.*



WHEN we heard that Mr. Dooley had joined the Socialist Party, my friend and I got out our pads and sharpened our pencils and hunted him up at his bench in the basement of 224 South Liberty street, where he now resides. We knew that what he had to say on the subject of socialism would make a story no editor would refuse. And we were right.

We chose Friday evening for the night of our interview, as we had been given to understand that the regular meeting of the Socialist Local which Mr. Dooley had joined, met on Monday evening. Tuesday was devoted to the annihilation of debaters inveigled from the old political parties and Wednesday evening was reserved for the Young People's League. On Thursday the Class in Economics occupied the Local headquarters; while Saturday and Sunday evenings were given over to rising speakers and orators. Of these latter, Mr. Dooley was reported to be one of the most promising members. Friday seemed likely to be about the only date open on his engagement calendar. This proved to be the case.

Instead of the optimistic and enthusiastic man we had expected to meet, we found Mr. Dooley sitting before a work bench with his face buried in his hands, apparently wrapped in gloom. Reams upon reams of paper covered with miles of rows of figures lay about the room in the utmost confusion. The old pipe, so often mentioned in the delightful stories of Mr. Peter Dunne, lay forgotten upon the work bench and the can, wont to foam with the beverage that cheers, was empty.

With a careless glance, Mr. Dooley told us to "be sated." When we made known the occasion of our call, he shook his head sadly and said, "Yis," he had joined the only true workingman's party. Then he relapsed into his attitude of despair and seemed to forget all about us. I looked at my friend and he looked at me. This was not what we had hoped to find.

"Are you ill this evening?" asked my friend, in an effort to break the ice.

"Naw," Mr. Dooley replied, heaving a deep sigh. "Only worrit—turbble worrit." Here he drew a large red handkerchief out of his pocket and wiped his brow, shaking his head hopelessly.

"Ever since I j'ined the par-ty," he began, "I've bin thry-in' to figure out the bist way fer us to take over-r the nation's industries. It's a grate pr-blem. Some of the comrades air fer buyin' 'em an' some says they'll hev to be took. Hennessey's thinkin' we'll be able to penshun off Jaw'n D. an' th' rist. While others sez it 'ud be bitter to lave the Plutochrats kape their property an' star-rt out compatin' with 'em. It's a big quistion, and I've made up me moind I'll niver take th' can over to Moike's ag'in till I've sittled ut."

At this juncture somebody knocked at the door and asked to see Mr. Dooley. The visitor proved to be the landlord come to get a pair of shoes he had left to be mended. Mr. Dooley informed him they were not ready. The landlord seemed very angry. He said he wished Mr. Dooley would pay him the back rent if he didn't intend to do the work he brought him. While the air was still heavy, the grocer appeared and demanded the payment of a grocery bill, which, it appeared, Mr. Dooley seemed inclined to neglect since the new party problem had begun to occupy his mental horizon. It took some time for Mr. Dooley to reassure him. As Wilson, the grocer, disappeared down the alley, Mr. Dooley looked at us vacantly, shaking his head again.

"It's a gr-rate quistion," he repeated, "an' I'm that worrit I can't slape nights. Ivery toime I doze off, I drheam Jaw'n D. Rockfeller's a-standin' before me demandin' tin million dollars for the Standard Oil Company. I'd loike to decoide this matter and git ut off me moind. After we hundred millions iv wage-wur-rkers git complate conthrol—how'll we satisfy the half duzzen plutochrats that'll be ownin' the kunthry be thut toime?"

"Well, you said you might start out to compete with them," said my friend. "You could lay new railroads beside all the lines owned by Hill and Harriman, the Goulds and the Vanderbilts. You might gather up the oil wells old John D. had left (if there were any) and you could raise

a few million head of cattle and put the beef trust out of business in a few years."

"Sure," said Mr. Dooley. "We cud do all thut an' a gr-rate deal more—only we'd be gittin' purty thin livin' on nothin' be th' toime we done ut. We'd hev to buy from the plutochrats in the mane toime. We wudn't hev anny money to pay 'em with, an' they'd be chargin' us intrust on ivery loan we made, an' be th' toime we got a railroad fer ourselves we'd be owin' it to thim. There don't seem to be anny solution in the compatin' loine." He sighed wearily and cast a longing glance at the empty can. Then he kicked it further under the bench.

"Besoides," he continued, "if the wurrakin' min who has got conthrol be thut toime, go to boycottin' the thrusts, we moight as well confiscate their property and be done with ut. Phat good will ut be to thim? We'd be takin' away their chanct to made dividinds."

"Why don't you decide to buy them out?" asked my friend. Mr. Dooley looked up at us sadly. He seemed surprised at the question.

Didn't ye hear phat me landlord sed here awhile ago? An' Wilson, th' grocer, he was after his money, too. Most of me comrades is worse off. We haven't got the money. Besoides there ain't enough gold in the wurld to satisfy Jaw'n D. and the others. We'd hev to give bonds an' ther'd be about twenty-foive hundhred millions we'd be owin', an' the intrust wud be somethin' turbble. Whin I died Mrs. Dooley an' me little Willie wud hev the dit tr-ranferred to their account. An' Willie's childhren wud still be a payin' ut."

"I think I'd rather pension them and be done with it," said my friend.

"That wud niver satisfy 'em," began Mr. Dooley sorrowfully. "Count Boni de Castelaine an' Anna Gould (thut wuz) wud be sayin' at wance, 'After all the hard wurruk I hev done providin' fer th' childer, wud it be ye chatin' thim out of their golden spoons? Ye'll hev to penshun thim too!' An' the pa-apers say it takes about a million a year supplyin' those pape with the nicessaries of loife."

"We wurrakin' min wud hev to be handin' out half iv our pay chicks ivery wake as long as we lived and the little ones, too. But that wudn't be enough to satisfy thim plutochrats. They'd want enough to buy up the counthry over again. They'd only ask a pinshun and a chanct to invist it—at 100 per cint." Mr. Dooley dropped his head again and sank back into his former despondent attitude.

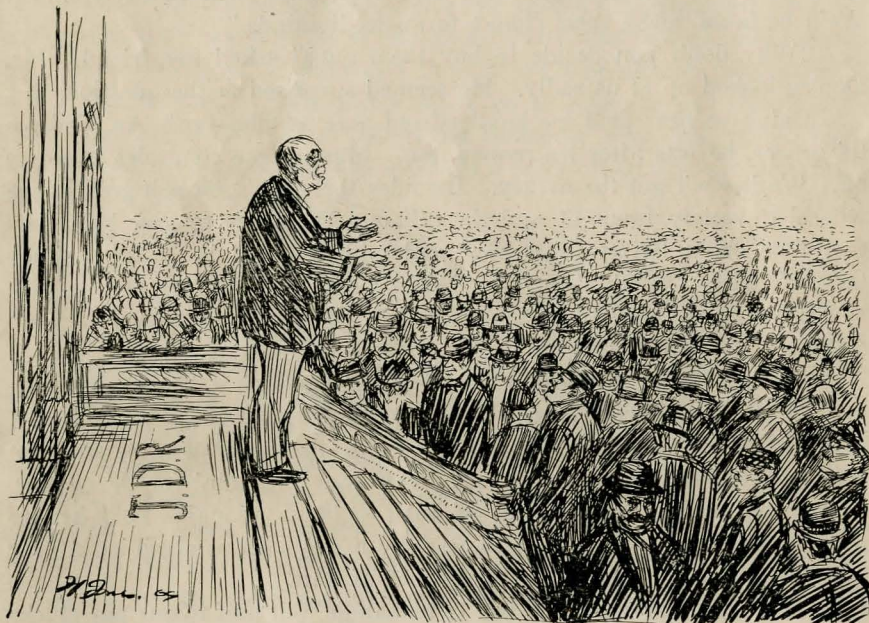
"I'm afraid I should feel like treating the capitalists exactly as they have treated the workingmen—as they ARE treating them," said my friend.

"They niver gave us anny chanct," resumed Mr. Dooley. "They say, 'There's the job; toike it or lave it at sivin-twinty a wake.'"

"I'd give them a dose of their own medicine," continued my friend.

Mr. Dooley shook his head sadly. "That'd suit me," he said. "They got their money payin' wurrukin' min less than their products wuz worth. We built the railroads an' operated thim; we dug the oil wells an' raised and kilt the cattle."

"But some of the comrades wants to show thim plutochrats we wurrukin' min is honeste thin they are. Begorra, I think Hinnessey was right whin he set ut was foolishness to pay th' burglar fer givin' back th' things he stole—if ye'd got a strong holt on his coat collar. But some of me friend say we'll hev to give old Jawn D. a fair exchange for his property. Spakin' iv thut, I had a dhream on Chuesday, after I cum home from the debate. An' this is phat I drimt:



"It wuz the day afther th' revolution. Tin hundhred millions iv us wurrukin' min wuz standin' on Jawn D.'s dure-stip discussin' state meas-ures. We had all the political offices an' were boss'n' the job. The militia had j'ined us whin they seen how many iv us there wuz and the navy followed suit. Ivery cop on ivery bate wuz with us fer kapes. There wuzzen't annybody thut wuzzen't with us excipt th' tin grady plutochrats thut owned the airth.

"I wuz dhreamin' along, aisy, whin me knowin' fillow-citizens an' comrades app'inted me th' diligate to confer with Jawn D. on ways an' manes fer acquirin' his property.

"'Mr. Rokyfeller,' I sez, when at last I found him in wan iv thim bomb proof rooms he'd bin livin' in since the revolution had started, 'what'll ye take for thim oil an' railroad properties iv yourn? We got all th' pable with us out here on your dure-stip waitin', an' our object is to git hold iv all th' industrial property to operate thim fer our own binifit. We mane to do th' wurruk and own th' product.

"Me frinds has app'inted me to cum in here paccable-like, to talk ut over with ye. We don't want to hurt yer feelin's none, so phat-de-you-say?"

"Thin old Jawn D. tur-rned pale an' I saw he had some queer kind iv a big swingin' gun p'intin' right at me hade. His finger was feelin' the thrigger thut careless I felt sick.

"I'm glad to see ye,' sez old Jawn, 'fer me frinds has app'inted me to spake fer thim—all tin iv 'em. We've got the stocks an' bonds iv all our holdings right here in this room,' he sez, 'an' we mane to kape 'em, onless thut ignernt mob gives us what they're worth.'

"'Kape yer dirty old pa-apers, I had on me tongue to say, 'they ain't wur-rth a cint. We've got the rale wurruks OUTSIDE.' But me orders wuz to remimber me manners, so I said:

"'Phat do ye own—all th' tin of ye?"

"'Well,' old Jawn said, thinkin' fer a minute, 'altogither, we hev a monopoly on about iverything.'

"'Phat air ye drivin' at? Phat'll th' tin iv ye make the price iv ivery-thing fer?' I says.

"'We don't care to sill,' sez old Jawn, 'onless we git our price. Go till thim frinds of yourn we will sill at th' full value fer cash GOLD.'

Here Mr. Dooley sighed deeply and his head fell forward on his hands once more. An atmosphere of deepest gloom settled over the room.

"As I sid to Hinnissey," said Mr. Dooley, wiping his eyes on the big red handkerchief, "it's a big quistion. That's the divvil iv ut; an' there ye are."

"Value, Price and Profit" Under Universal Monopolies

BY JAMES W. HUGHES.



It is by no means an easy task to write an article on this subject for a magazine, intended primarily for a propaganda purpose, for while it should be and is, the intention of the writer to present the subject to the general reading public in as clear and as concise a manner as possible, it will be necessary, however, to deal more or less with some of the technical polemics between Marxian students upon the minor details of the theory of value. The theory of value here referred to, and most of the laws governing same, are clearly set forth in Marx's masterpiece entitled "VALUE, PRICE AND PROFIT."

The question which here arises is: Do these laws of value hold rigidly true and are they applicable to all conditions of production under the present capitalist system?

To discuss this question intelligently, it here becomes necessary to place before the reader some of the most important laws of value as set forth by Marx in his "VALUE, PRICE AND PROFIT," and these laws and theories are as follows:

First. "The relative values of commodities are determined by the respective quantities or amounts of social labor, worked up, realized and fixed in them." "Or, the value of one commodity is to the value of another commodity as the quantity of labor fixed in the one is to the quantity of labor fixed in the other."

Second. "Price taken by itself is nothing but the monetary expression of value. The values of all commodities of this country (England) for example are expressed in gold prices."

Third. "The value of gold, like all other commodities, is regulated by the quantity of social labor necessary for its production under a given state of society."

Fourth. "Supply and demand regulate nothing but the temporary fluctuation of market prices. They will explain to you why the market price of a commodity rises above or sinks below its real value, but they never account for that value itself."

Fifth. "It suffices to say that if supply and demand equilibrates each other, the market price of commodities will correspond with their

natural prices, that is to say, with their values, as determined by the respective quantities of labor required for their production,—and apart from the effect of monopolies and some other modifications I must now pass by, all descriptions of commodities are on the average sold at their respective *values* or natural prices."

Sixth. "To explain, therefore, the general nature of profits, you must start from the theorem that, on an average commodities are sold at their real value; and that *profits are derived from selling* them at their values, that is, in proportion to the quantity of labor realized in them. If you cannot explain profit upon this supposition, you cannot explain it at all."

Seventh. "There exists no such thing as the 'Value of Labor' in the common acceptance of the term. What the workingman sells is not directly his labor, but his 'labor power,' the temporary disposal of which he makes over to the capitalist."

Eighth. "Like that of every other commodity the value of *labor power* is determined by the quantity of labor necessary to produce it. The laboring power of a man exists only in his living individuality. A certain mass of necessities must be consumed by a man to grow up and maintain his life. But the man like the machine will wear out and must be replaced by another man. Besides the mass of necessities required for his *own* maintenance, he wants another amount of necessities to bring up a certain quota of children that are to replace him on the labor market and to perpetuate the race of laborers."

"Moreover, to develop his laboring power and acquire a given skill another amount of values must be spent. For our purpose it suffices to consider only *average* labor the cost of whose education and development are vanishing magnitudes. Still I must seize upon this occasion to state that, as the cost of producing laboring power of different quality differs so must differ the value of laboring powers employed in different trades. The cry of an equality of wages rests, therefore, upon a mistake, is an insane wish never to be fulfilled. It is an offspring of that false and superficial radicalism, that accepts premises and tries to evade conclusions."

Ninth. "In buying the laboring power of the workman and paying its value, the capitalist like every other purchaser has a right to consume or use the commodity bought. You consume or use the laboring power of a man by making him work as you consume or use a machine by making it run." "Now suppose that the average amount of daily necessities of a laboring man requires six hours of average labor for their reproduction. Suppose, moreover, six hours of average labor to be also realized in a quality of gold equal to 3s '...'. To daily reproduce his laboring power he must daily reproduce a value of three shillings, which

he will do by working six hours daily. But this does not disable him from working ten or twelve or more hours a day. But by paying the daily or weekly value of the workman's laboring power, the capitalist has acquired the right of using that laboring power during the whole day or week. He will, therefore, make him work, say, daily *twelve* hours. Over and above the six hours required to replace his wages, or the value of his laboring power, he will therefore have to work *six other* hours which I shall call hours of *surplus* labor, which *surplus* labor will realize itself in a *surplus value* and a surplus produce."

"The value of a commodity is determined by the total quantity of labor contained in it. But part of that quantity of labor is realized in a value for which an equivalent has been paid in the form of wages; part of it is realized in a value for which no equivalent has been paid. Part of the labor contained in the commodity is paid labor; part is unpaid labor. By selling, therefore, the commodity at its value, that is, as the crystallization of the total quantity of labor bestowed upon it, the capitalist must necessarily sell it at a profit. He sells not only what has cost him an equivalent, but he sells also what has cost him nothing, although it has cost his workman labor. The cost of the commodity to the capitalist and its real cost are different things. I repeat, therefore, that normal and average profits are made by selling commodities not above, but at their real values."

Tenth. "The surplus value or that part of the total value of the commodity in which the surplus labor or unpaid labor of the workman is realized I call profit. The whole of that profit is not pocketed by the employing capitalist. *Rents, Interest and Industrial Profit* are only different names for different parts of the *surplus value* of this commodity, or the unpaid labor enclosed in it and they are *equally derived from this source, and 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*."

Having laid before the reader the above extracts from "VALUE, PRICE AND PROFIT" we are now ready to discuss each proposition in its regular turn, relative to the application of each to the present day conditions. As to the first, second, third and fourth theorems, it is safe to say all Socialists worthy of the name thoroughly agree and acquiesce with the author as well as with each other as to the truth and clearness of these statements. Any further discussion here, of these first four theorems would be as foolish as useless, for they have been proven and reproven in the most logical way by the author in his "VALUE, PRICE AND PROFIT" and all those who are not familiar with this splendid

little book have a treat before them, in reading it, which they cannot afford to miss.

In regard to the fifth proposition, we have here a more difficult proposition to deal with, especially in regard to "the effect of monopolies and some other modifications."

The question which arises here is: can the price of a monopolized commodity be forced perceptibly above its real value at the will of the person holding the monopoly of such a commodity? In other words: can a trust put up the price of a commodity "way above its real value" simply because the trust holds a monopoly on that commodity? Many of our best Marxian students take the affirmative on this question, and I, in turn, am forced to say that I must take issue with them regarding their views.

In the first place let us not forget that "Price," as Marx says, "is nothing but the monetary expression of value." And furthermore let me add what I have already said in the July number of this magazine that the "dollar is the unit of value in the United States and is equal to the value of 25.8 grains of gold 9-10 fine, or, in other words, the dollar as a unit of value is equivalent to the amount of social labor that is necessary to produce 25.8 grains of gold 9-10 fine and will purchase just as much of any other commodity as can be produced with the same amount of social labor that it takes to produce 25.8 grains of gold 9-10 fine." (For a further discussion of this subject kindly see the article referred to).

To those who hold that a monopolist can put up the price of his monopolized commodity under present conditions, at will, let me say to you that the logic of your premises in the very outset destroys your conclusion through the lack of consistency. In the first place you tell us that a monopoly on a product enables the monopolists to sell their product at a price, expressed in gold, above the product's real value, and in the same breath you assert that gold, which is also a monopolized commodity, cannot be sold at a price, expressed in other commodities, equal to the real value of the gold.

I am willing to admit that, so long as gold remained in the anarchy of production, that is to say, so long as it was produced in competition, it was in the power of the monopolists of other commodities to raise the price of their commodities as expressed in the value of the commodity gold, but no sooner than gold was monopolized, as it is at present by the great American Smelting and Refining Company (Standard Oil domination), then the Marxian Law of Value again steps out as truly applicable to the present day conditions, as it ever was in the former days of universal competition.

Gold when monopolized, like all other monopolized commodities, gives its owner the incentive to try to sell the gold at a price (expressed in other commodities) above its real value. Other commodities when monopolized, like the commodity gold, give their owners incentives to sell their commodities at prices (expressed in gold) above their real value. The result is obvious: one force counteracts the other and compels all monopolized commodities to sell, or exchange on a whole at prices equal to their real value.

"But, ah!" you say, "gold is not completely monopolized." Neither is any other commodity completely monopolized, but most of the commodities are nearly so, and gold is as nearly monopolized as any other commodity throughout the world. There is one important commodity, however, that is *not* monopolized and that commodity is human labor power, which is bought and sold in the markets of the world, like all other commodities but under the severest and fiercest competition the world has ever seen. While all other commodities have advanced in price as expressed in gold, in order to retain their normal value, as gold grows ever cheaper and cheaper in production, so fierce has been the competition between labor, that labor power has scarcely retained its old price expressed in a new gold, produced almost twice as cheaply as gold was formerly produced. The general rise of commodities at present is not due, as some think, to the manipulation of prices by the trust magnates, but merely signifies a cheapening in the production of gold, and if the prices of our labor powers, that is, our wages or salaries do not rise in proportion, then we are being "skinned" even out of what is coming to us under this infernal system of capitalism and wage slavery.

So much for commodities being sold above their real value, by the artificial restraint of monopolies. We will now turn our attention to the other theorems of Marx.

As to some commodities always selling above their real value while others fluctuate about a point below their real value due to the compensating influence of the "average rate of profit," as set forth by Marx in Vol. III of "Capital," I will not attempt to expound here, as I intend to discuss this subject in a future article, after I have studied this work more thoroughly. It suffices here to say that so far as I have gone into Vol. III of "Capital" it is the most interesting work of Marx, especially the masterly discussions of "The Relation of the Rate of Profit to the Rate of Surplus Value" and "Formation of the Average Rate of Profit."

We now come to the question of no little importance, namely: can the productive workers be robbed in any way at the point of consumption? In other words, do the productive workers, as consumers, ever pay over to an idle set of parasites part of the value of their products, for the

CONSUMPTION OF PROLETARIAT		FIELD OF PRODUCTION	CONSUMPTION OF CAPITALIST		
NECESS. OF LIFE	NECESS. LUXURIES		NECESS. OF LIFE	NECESS. LUXURIES	UN-NECESS. LUXURIES
		○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○			
HOME RENT	INTERNAL REVENUES & TAXES	○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○	HOME & FACTORY TAXES	INTERNAL REVENUES & TAXES	INTEREST & COMM. PROFITS

FIG. 1

CONSUMPTION OF PROLETARIAT		FIELD OF PRODUCTION	CONSUMPTION OF CAPITALIST		
NECESS. OF LIFE	NECESS. LUXURIES		NECESS. OF LIFE	NECESS. LUXURIES	UN-NECESS. LUXURIES
● ●	●	○	●	● ●	● ●
HOME RENT	INTERNAL REVENUES & TAXES	○	HOME & FACTORY TAXES	INTERNAL REVENUES & TAXES	INTEREST & COMM. PROFITS

FIG. 2

CONSUMPTION OF PROLETARIAT		FIELD OF PRODUCTION	CONSUMPTION OF CAPITALIST		
NECESS. OF LIFE	NECESS. LUXURIES		NECESS. OF LIFE	NECESS. LUXURIES	UN-NECESS. LUXURIES
●	●	○	●	●	●
HOME RENT	INTERNAL REVENUES & TAXES	○	HOME & FACTORY TAXES	INTERNAL REVENUES & TAXES	INTEREST & COMM. PROFITS

FIG. 3

privilege of staying on the face of the earth and enjoying certain commodities? Some seem to think that this proposition is impossible, that the worker as a consumer cannot be robbed in any sense of the word, but what they really mean to say is that, the robbery of the productive worker cannot in the least be diminished by eliminating the robbery that is inflicted on him as a consumer. While the productive worker is primarily exploited almost to the limit in the field of production, yet in several cases he is robbed as a consumer, such as in the payment of his home rent, internal revenue, and other superfluous taxes. This proposition, however, can best be illustrated by the accompanying diagrams: Figure 1 represents the state of things in the field of production after the workers have worked, say, ten hours and produced the ten units of value in the form of commodities, as represented by the ten plain circles, all other fields are at this stage inactive.

Figure 2 represents the next step taken after the products are made. Three units are here converted into money for the maintenance of the proletariat and say two of those units pass into the field of the "Necessities of Life" while one unit say passes into the field of "Necessary Luxuries." Two units of value here remain on the field of production, while five are converted into surplus value money and pass to the consumption of the "Capitalist" distributed as shown under the heads of the "Necessities of Life," "Necessary Luxuries," and "Unnecessary Luxuries." As soon as this arrangement of things is consummated the third and last arrangement takes place as shown in Figure 3. Here in the act of consumption the proletariat must pay out of the "Necessities of Life" one unit of value into "Home Rent" which passes over to and is consumed by that sycophant of society known as the Land Lord. While he consumes such things as his tobacco, beer and booze, he must pay out of his "Necessary Luxuries," one-half of a unit of value levied as "internal revenue," most of which goes to support our intelligent Representatives and Senators at Washington who are actually bright enough to try to create value by legislation in the form of an Aldrich Bill.

Now since the productive worker has paid the "internal revenue," "taxes" and "home rent," both from the standpoint of having produced the value with which it was paid as well as having performed the transaction of the actual payment for the privilege of consumption of certain commodities, it is clear to be seen that he has paid these robberies in every sense of the term and that too at the point of consumption.

Now it will be noted that a similar action has taken place on the side of the "consumption of the capitalist," but as they say in the South, "Nobody cares a damn for who robs a robber," we will not trouble ur-

selves in the least about this end of the game. It is well to note at this point the role taken by the two units of value first left in the field of production; there one of the units of value has passed into the general "Increase of the Means of Production," while the other unit of value has passed into the "Store House of Over Production," which when finally filled to overflowing it precipitates a "panic plethorique," when the worker is thrown out of a job, and left to starve and seek employment.

I must say here for the benefit of those who might think that the internal revenue is extracted from the surplus value contained in the alcohol that all they need to do is to remember that the selling price of good denaturalized alcohol on which there is no revenue is always approximately, if not exactly, equal to the selling price of grain alcohol, less the amount of duty levied on same, which proves conclusively that the grain alcohol sells at a price above its value, equal to the amount of duty levied thereon.

Now let us analyze what would take place if we should go out on a "wild goose chase" so to speak to stop the robberies inflicted on the productive workers in the field of consumption.

Let us suppose, for instance, that we join hands with the "Single Taxers" and other reformers, in which we would be assisted by the exploiting class as well as by many other loafers and parasites.

And after spending our time and energies (which should be exerted all the time to the ultimate overthrow of wage slavery), suppose that we should win and succeed in abolishing Home Rents, Taxes, Internal and External Revenues, and other forms of petite graft, what would be the effect on the condition of the productive workers as diagrammed in Figures 1, 2 and 3.

At first thought it would seem as if he would wind up in the field of consumption with the benefit of three units of value at his disposal, as shown in diagram of Fig. 2, instead of the one and a half unit of value, as shown in diagram of Fig. 3. In other words, it would seem as if he could retain, for his own use and behalf, the one and one-half unit of value, formerly handed over to the landlord and tax gatherer. But let us not be too quick to jump at conclusions. Let us not forget that vast industrial reserve army of unemployed, which in the words of Marx, "rivets the laborer to capital more firmly than the wedges of Vulcan did Prometheus to the rock."

Let us now see what happens to John Jones, who so fervently supported the reform movement that eliminated rents and abolished the superfluous duties and taxes. As soon as the consummation of the reformation is made, and John has just begun to enjoy the relief from

rent and unnecessary taxes, he steps into the factory one morning to be greeted as follows: "Good morning, John," says his boss. "Morning, sir," replies John. "We won a great victory, John, when we eliminated the superfluous taxes and rent, didn't we, John?" "Yes, sir-e-e," replies John, "and now I can live something like a man." "What do you do with that money, John, with which you formerly paid your rent and duties?" "Well," says John, "sometimes we go to the theatre, sometimes I take my wife and children for a little outing, and sometimes I save a little for a rainy day." "Well," brutally replies his master, "what the hell right have *you* to go to the theatre and take outings, etc., while there is an ever increasing army of unemployed men outside the factory gates begging for a job? Leave *me* that one and one-half unit of value with which you formerly paid your taxes and rent, you don't need it now any way." "But," says John, bristling up, "I helped to fight for the elimination of rent and superfluous taxes, and what I have saved thereby

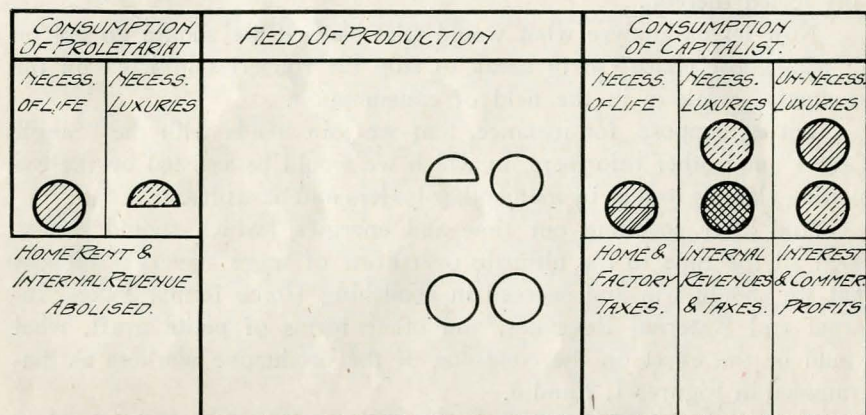


FIG. 4

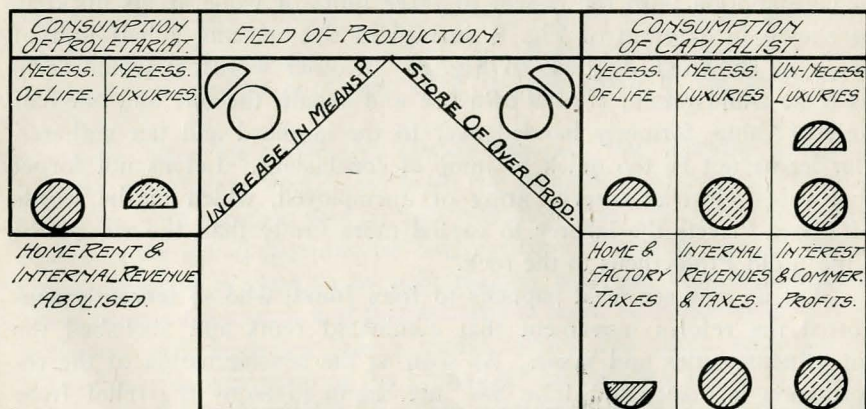


FIG. 5

belongs to me and not to you, and I won't work for any less than I formerly did, so there now." "All right," replies the capitalist, "you don't have to, this is a free country, and if you don't want the job at that price I will offer it to someone else," and thereupon John starts out to hunt another "job." And thereupon this offer and "free contract" is put to the man just outside the door, whose ears are full of the cries of his hungry children, with his eyes full of tears, his heart full of hope, and belly full of nothing, it is not hard to guess what this man will do under such circumstances. He accepts the "job" laid down by John for the one and one-half units of value, and thus matters rearrange themselves as shown in Figure 4, where the workers only receive one and one-half units of value instead of three and where the original surplus value left in the field of production increases to three and one-half instead of two.

In the final adjustment of things as shown in Figure 5, the "Home Rent" and "Internal Revenue" being abolished, the productive worker finds himself in exactly the same fix that he was in before, so far as his enjoyment of commodities is concerned, that is to say he gets just enough to subsist on and nothing more.

In the field of production we find that the "Increase in Means of Production" or the productivity of machinery has been accelerated by an extra half unit of value, which means an extra increase in the industrial reserve army of the unemployed. For just as much as machinery increases, labor must be thrown out of employment.

We also note another extra half unit of value has been thrown into the "Storehouse of Overproduction," which means the hastening of crises and panics, while the third half unit of value formerly used by the proletariat for the payment of rent and revenue, has passed into the hands of the plutocrats to be consumed, in the field of the "Unnecessary Luxuries," or rather to be wasted there as it would be next to impossible for them to actually consume any more luxuries than they formerly did.

By a careful study of the diagrams it is clear to be seen that, as the robberies in the field of consumption are eliminated the worker's lot in life must grow ever harder and harder while many like our friend John join the army of the unemployed and become wandering vagrants out of employment seeking for work. And thus they are justly repaid in stinging rebuke, as they reap the rich reward of rotten reformation.



Of the Cave people, dreams were chief among the great mysteries. None of the strange occurrences of the world about them, so filled them with wonder and awe, as the deeds they performed and the adventures they encountered while their bodies lay wrapped in sleep. Often it was difficult for them to separate the dream from the world of reality. This may account for the reports of those anthropologists who charge savage tribes with being the most amazing liars in the world. It may be that some of these primitive men and women have merely related the remarkable exploits of their dreams which they were not always able to distinguish clearly from their actual experiences.

Often a Cave Man might go forth alone in the night, and after traveling a journey of many suns, slay fearlessly all the members of a hostile tribe, while he slept securely in his cave. But when he reported his dream adventures to his wife, she refused often to believe them. Whenever she stirred during the night, she had found him at her side. Or perhaps she had groaned through the long darkness, with the colic that comes from too much eating of the early fruit. This she made known to the dreamer. Indeed he had slumbered peacefully through all her trouble!

Again, when a Cave Dweller fell asleep beside his brothers and dreamed of dispatching the sabre-toothed tiger with a single blow, the whole tribe was ready to assure him, in the language of the Cave People,

that he had not moved from his resting place, but had slept continually. This was all very strange.

When the fire dashed through the sky, during a storm, or the waters of the river climbed up over the banks and flooded the woods, they were not so wonderful as these dream things.

Many men and women of the tribe had closed their eyes in the long sleep, but when the Cave People slumbered, the dead came back again, to journey and hunt the forests with their brothers and sisters. And so, in time, the Cave People came to believe that their friends, who had deserted the body, still lived. That they had, themselves, fought and hunted while their bodies slept, the Cave People well knew, and that the dead come back again, they knew also, for they had seen and spoken with them in their dream journeyings.

This was the origin of the idea of spirit, at first only dim and confused but gathering strength as the years rolled away. The seed of the idea of immortality sprang also from the dreams of primitive man. Though the sabre-toothed tiger devoured a brother he would surely return again. They had seen these things with their own eyes, in dreams.

The Cave People saw also their shadows that followed where they went, moving slowly when they walked, and swiftly when they ran, keeping ever at their sides.

When a Cave Man gazed into the river, always a face looked back at him, and the other members of the tribe told him he saw his own image. This also was very strange. If he journeyed as far as the great canyon, and sent his voice echoing among the big rocks, a call came bounding back to him, although there was no other man there. Gradually he came to believe the cry was the voice of a spirit and that the face he had seen in the waters of the river was the face of a spirit also.

To all things the Cave People attributed animation. To them everything was alive. Young trees were the children of big trees and great stones were the fathers of small stones. Little they spoke of these things, for their words were few and it is impossible to tell many things in a gesture language. Danger and confusion they saw everywhere, for the whole world was filled with happenings they could not understand.

Many seasons had passed since they had found the Fire beast eating up the trees in the woods. The small blaze they had kept alive in the Hollow had died long before, when Quack Quack forgot to feed it. In these days the Fire flashed only through the heavens during a storm. Strong Arm had been able to call it by striking a sharp stone against the rock before his cave. When the darkness came on and he struck the rock swiftly, a small spark fell. Again and again the Cave People saw these

sparks. But so quickly were they gone that no man or woman was able to catch them, or to feed them the dead leaves they had brought.

At this time Big Nose made a great discovery. He had chased a fat lizard over the rocks and had seen it disappear into the hollow of a tree that lay prone on the river bank. Immediately he poked violently with a long rod of bamboo, in order to drive the lizard out. To him the fresh flesh of the lizard was sweeter than any other meat.

On removing the rod, Big Nose found the end of it warm. From one side to the other, Big Nose tipped his brown head, like a great monkey, in an effort to understand this new experience. Then he trotted off to make known these things to the tribe.

Soon all the Cave People gathered around the dead tree, chattering curiously. Big Nose thrust the bamboo rod into the hollow trunk and pulled it out again. But this time it was not warm. The friction of the bamboo rubbed violently against the dry wood of the tree had caused the heat before, but Big Nose did not know this.

For a long time the Cave People chattered and gesticulated about the tree while Big Nose continually made the fire sign, waving his fingers upward, like smoke arising. One by one all the Cave People threw themselves upon their bellies and gazed into the hollow trunk. But they saw nothing.

At last Big Nose again thrust the bamboo into the tree, this time angrily, jamming it in and out with all the strength of his great arms. And the end of the rod came forth warm again. Then every member of the tribe must have his turn in thrusting. Each one sought to outdo his fellows in the frenzy of his movements.

Meanwhile the end of the rod had worn away, leaving a soft inflammable saw-dust in the old tree. And when Light Foot sent the rod in and out sharply with her strong, brown arms, the end of the bamboo came forth smoking.

A flood of excited chatterings greeted her success and the Cave People cried "Food! Food!" which was the word they used for "eat" also. For they thought the Fire (within the tree) had begun to eat the bamboo rod. Many of them ran about gathering dry leaves to feed the Fire.

When the rod came forth at last, with its end a dull glow, Light Foot laid it on the rocks in the dead leaves. A soft breeze came from the river and coaxed the embers into a blaze. And the Cave People jabbered frantically as they gathered brush and wood.

Often they threw themselves on the rocks to gaze in wonder into the hollow tree. But many of them believed Light Foot had driven the

Fire from the tree trunk, just as they had often forced out the lizard.

Thus for the first time in the memory of the tribe, a fire was kindled. And the hand of the maiden, Light Foot, had worked the miracle. The Cave People laughed and danced and sat in the Hollow long into the darkness; for security came with the Fire and their forest enemies were afraid.

But a time came when great rains fell and the Fire died away with every drop. And Strong Arm gathered a brand and carried it into his cave. But the smoke from the burning choked him and forced him out. Then he carried the Fire to the hollow of a tree that towered very high, and he fed the Fire in this hollow. There it lived for many suns, eating slowly into the tree trunk on one side.

* * * * *

The Sun saw many strange mysteries on the day when the Cave People first came upon the great canyon. It was during the period of the year that comes before the season of plenty.

Keen hunger assailed every living thing and sent them forth, sharp-eyed into the forest. The wild hog grew strong and wary from the struggles of the hard and meagre days. The green snakes hidden away, waited continually for the small forest folk to run into their coils. The lank black bear grew bold and desperate with the hunger passion and the Cave People acquired a new skill in hunting.

Beside the strength of their forest enemies, they were weak indeed. But armed with their long, sharp bone weapons, and a wonderful cunning, they fought in all their numbers and were able to triumph over the animals of the forest.

With eyes keen and tense hands gripping their weapons, they followed the trail of the black bear which led them through strange ways. At the breaking of a twig, they paused. And no falling leaf escaped them. Sounds they made none, as they slipped through the deep woods, one before the other.

At last they came to an open space, where the trees ceased to grow and where the tracks of the bear were lost in a rocky way. Beyond them lay the great canyon, which had been once the bed of a river. Only the waters of the spring rains lay in the hollows of the rocks that lined its bottom.

Here the Cave People halted, for they knew not which way the black bear had taken, nor how to follow her. As they separated to seek further for her tracks, no word was spoken. Only Strong Arm gave a low grunt of approval, as his comrades departed.

Then, in the silence of the old world, it came, the strange voice

echoing down the great canyon, grunting in the tones of Strong Arm! The whole tribe heard it and they paused, motionless, while their eyes swept the canyon for him who had spoken. But they saw no one.

Silently they gathered together, with weapons raised. But the stillness remained unbroken. Then Strong Arm raised his voice in a soft "Wough!" And, in his own tone, the Echo answered him, "Wough!"

It was very strange. The Cave People could not understand. But they forgot the black bear and sent their voices ringing down the great canyon. Came again the echo, in many tones, back to them.

Then a great chattering arose among them, and even as they spoke, the chatterings of many voices arose from the canyon.

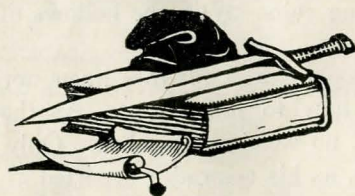
"Wough-ee!" said the Cave People. And they gave a sign in the gesture language, for they thought the sounds were the voices of their enemies, the Hairy Folk.

With great caution they departed to the point whence the sounds had come. Not boldly, but by varied paths they made their way, slowly, concealing themselves behind the rocks and the trees as they progressed. Long they hunted, one and all, but no man they found, nor any signs of man, and they returned at length to the mouth of the great canyon.

Again their voices rang down the bed of the old river, this time defiantly. And the Echoes replied once more, challenging them. The Cave People grew angry and the search was continued, but they found no one. And they were compelled to return to their caves in the Hollow with hearts heavy with wrath against the Hairy Folk.

Often they returned to the great canyon, bearing their bone weapons. There they remained long in hiding, awaiting the advent of the enemy, till at last they learned no one was there. Then the mystery grew more strange, for no man could tell whence came the voices that replied to them.

But there came a time when the Cave people believed that these cries were the voices of the spirits that came to hunt with them, in their dream journeyings. No longer were they afraid. Only a great awe filled them and much wonder concerning these things.



A Conflict Among Leaders

BY ROBIN ERNEST DUNBAR.



AFTER studying the symposium of the Socialist Party leaders in a recent number of *The Saturday Evening Post*, I did not wonder at the editor's asking, "Is there any such thing as 'Practical Socialism'?" The proposals on the method of bringing about the Co-operative Commonwealth, ranged all the way from sapient opportunism to senseless anarchism. The expressions of men who have made a hobby of Socialism and who have achieved national and even international reputation by reason of their positions in the party proved miserably inadequate and even contradictory. This to the ordinary reader of bourgeois literature is a matter of little moment. Such a one has already discounted the predictions of the "misguided dreamers," and "the free lovers," as he terms all Socialists of whatever brand they may be. We should by no means entirely ignore the popular verdict. It is generally founded on some shrewd instinct or warning intuition. But we rely rather on a rigid, scientific analysis, the conclusions of logic and the facts of natural history.

To those who are living at all in the intellectual world the self-contradictions of the leaders of the party come as a matter of course. While they expected better things, yet they knew confusion still surrounds the question. Intellectuals have nothing but contempt for the charlatan, the pretender and the quack. They realize that the age is becoming scientific; that sentimental and emotional considerations are no longer valid. The study of mankind has been reduced to the science of sociology. Ernst Haeckel has put Sociology at the top of philosophy in the place that ethics formerly occupied. The way he points to investigate society is first to find out the underlying principles that sway it before setting about to revolutionize it.

Now, if we take up the questions that befuddled the leaders and discuss them along purely materialistic lines we shall arrive at better conclusions than if we set out on our way to establish what we want rather than what is already here. "How will the co-operative commonwealth be brought about?" and "Suppose that you should elect a Socialist President and Congress, how would you go about transferring private property to public ownership?" As queries to politicians they serve a

purpose and were, for that matter, treated well enough. Suppose we ask those who favor an income tax, to predict its exact effect, is it not likely the replies would show considerable variance? Or, take another case, that of the tariff. Are the authorities all agreed on the effect of free trade? Or on the question, "How is universal peace to be brought about?" No doubt some will answer, "Peace will come via the cannon," just as a few of the leaders claimed that the co-operative commonwealth will be ushered in by force.

Outside of the natural and excusable contradictions of the Socialist leaders, there is one strange omission in all the replies, that is truly blameworthy. Socialism is founded on the doctrine of the class struggle. Yet no reference is made to this important aid toward attaining the co-operative commonwealth. The class struggle leads to "The expropriation of a few usurpers by the mass of the people."—Marx. Just how this will occur is debatable. Perhaps some analogy can be drawn from history. Grant's second administration witnessed the rise of the Railway Magnates. They seized one of the common necessities of the people, the means of quick transportation. Thus, they got the power of life and death over their fellow countrymen. Coal, iron, wheat and corn are unevenly distributed but everywhere needed. So, sometimes, soldiers must be sent quickly from one place to another. The magnates were prepared to do this work adequately, so they began to dictate terms to the state. When they found that the state obeyed them, they realized that they were its masters. The revolution from democracy to oligarchy was *un fait accompli*. The reins of government fell from the feeble hands of the middle class into the strong ones of the upper class. This revolution was marked in 1872 by the defeat of Greeley by Grant. The issue between the classes was fought out and the upper class won. To be sure the revolution was not immediately recognized then, but for that matter what revolution has been so recognized? Historians have to wait generations before they catch the inner significance of the times. The materialistic interpretation of history is comparatively a new science.

This particular election was a critical one in American history. Grant was wax in the hands of the Capitalists. Colfax was friendly to Oakes Ames and the *Credit-Mobilier* crowd. They fell victims to the schemers of the transcontinental railways. Greeley stood for the little mercantile and petty trading classes of the east and the *petite Bourgeoisie* of the middle west. He was beaten badly and it broke his heart. Had he won, the result in the end would probably have been the same. For Capitalism was the new power. It was destined to bend or crush stronger persons than Greeley on its onward march. He only kicked against the inevitable course of Capitalism. An apt comparison lies between him and a recent

president. The former at first represented the middle class and surrendered reluctantly to the oligarchs. The latter stood for the people ostensibly; in reality, he long ago secretly made terms with the upper classes.

Revolutions do not come through politics or politicians; they come through the operation of economic law to which politicians are the first to yield. The office seeker is a weather vane who points the way the wind blows. To think that by electing a Socialist President, we can hasten the dawn of the Co-operative Commonwealth is to imagine that we can veer the wind around by sheering the weather vane.

The object of the Socialist organization is to send the voter to school; to teach him the class struggle and to instill in him, the talent for organization; to unite the proletariat into a self-conscious and class conscious party and to perfect labor solidarity. When this has been done, the revolution will have been accomplished.

The control of the state is in the hands always of the most highly organized class. The capitalist class is the best organized, and the most class conscious—hence it rules. When 51 per cent of the workers unite in a close industrial union, and will work or strike as a unit, then they will become the dominant class, and the revolution will have been accomplished. Whatever party is in office—even the Republican party—will not matter, for the orders of the union will be final.

As Capitalism has not snatched woman from the domestic hearth and launched her into social production to emancipate her, but to exploit her more ferociously than man, so it has been careful not to overthrow the economic, legal, political and moral barriers which had been raised to seclude her in the marital dwelling. Woman, exploited by capital, endures the miseries of the free laborer and bears in addition her chains of the past. Her economic misery is aggravated; instead of being supported by her father or husband, to whose rule she still submits, she is obliged to earn her living; and under the pretext that she has fewer necessities than man, her labor is paid less; and when her daily toil in the shop, the office or school is ended, her labor in the household begins. Motherhood, the sacred, the highest of social functions, becomes in capitalistic society a cause of horrible misery, economic and physiologic. The social and economic condition of woman is a danger for the reproduction of the species.—PAUL LAFARGUE, in "The Right to Be Lazy and Other Studies."

A Workingman's College

BY G. SIMS, RUSKIN COLLEGE, OXFORD, ENGLAND.



STUDENTS ON THE WASH-UP.



WHAT an interesting subject to study is the "captain of industry!" Having, by reason of his acquisitive faculty, accumulated a vast fortune, a result achieved by methods which in "lower" walks of life would have secured him some years of governmental supervision, fawned upon and feted by the motley crowd of less successful adventurers known as "business" people, and the not less lurid circle known as "society," small wonder is it that he imagines that he is a genius of the first magnitude. Having as a result of hard work (other people's) become "possessed" of wealth, invariably persuading himself that he has been "the instrument in the hand of God" for finding the wherewithal to live for the working people he employed (at times) he frequently takes upon himself to become the fairy godfather to the working class in other

spheres than the industrial. Not understanding the real nature of the system upon which he and his like thrive, he takes upon himself to eliminate the *effects* without knowing the *cause*. The usual result follows—failure—and with it disgust for the ineradicable vices of human nature among the "lower orders."

Sometimes his hobby takes the form of charitable societies for the free distribution of soup and blankets; labor yards, where the unemployed can retain their "self-respect and self-reliance" by working at sweating prices so as to further crowd the already over-burdened labor market and manufacture more candidates for "labor yard relief measures"; the establishment and endowment of technical schools, to add to the supply of skilled workmen in trades where there are already thousands of people in a state of chronic unemployment, and where the introduction of a machine may make the handicraftsman an object of interest to the antiquarian, rather than to the manufacturer; farm colonies; building societies; temperance movements; purity crusades, etc., all these receive attention more or less from our "captain" on the search for new worlds to conquer—or redeem. All of them demonstrating that the intellectual acumen of our "self-made" men, outside of mere money making, is on a level with their business morality.

The particular institution we are dealing with, Ruskin College, is a case in point. It owes its inception to the desire on the part of an American "captain"—Mr. Walter Vrooman—to "do something" for the working class. Starting out with this laudable object his inability to grasp the situation showed itself in his letting the control be placed in the hands of irresponsible persons, rather than securing the control to the representatives of organized labor. This question of control may have seemed to him of small importance compared with the giving of opportunities to working men to study. Therein lay his mistake, for we socialists know that the question of control is more important than any other thing, particularly in education, for on this question of control rests the sort of education which is to be given, *the* most important matter to the working class student, and his class.

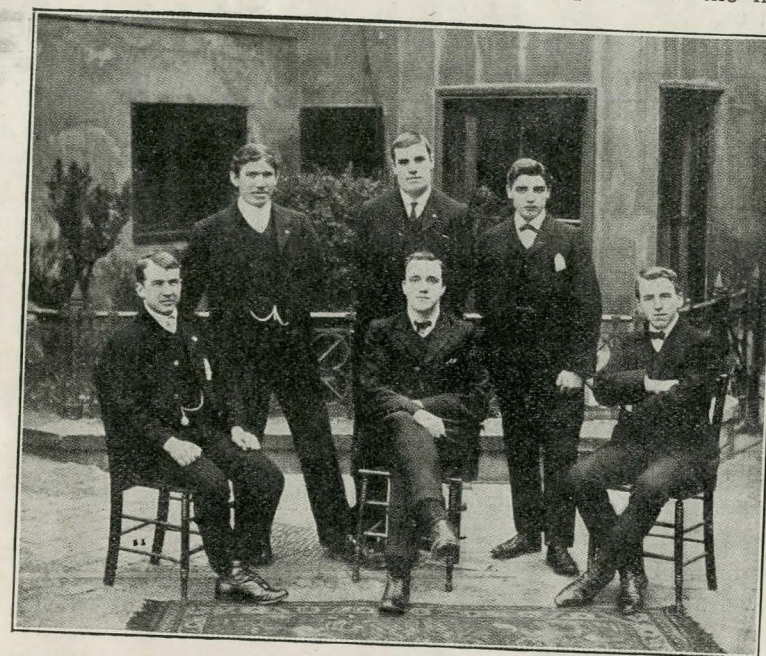
Ruskin College was founded in February, 1899, its object being to instruct the workingman in the duties of citizenship on non-partisan lines. In practice this has meant that the teaching (apart from the principal, Mr. Dennis Hird) the student receives is, that the capitalist system is an eternal nature-ordained necessity, the idea and hope being that he will teach this in turn to his fellows and become an able lieutenant in the administrative work of capitalist society. It aims at teaching him "to raise, not to rise out of, his class"; a piece of phrase-making that has been the stock-in-trade of the people who are managing the college.

gives the explanation of the evils you see around you, even if the sufferer be a teetotaler he is suffering because of the drinking habits of his fellows; so easy, you know, to explain the otherwise unexplainable; so different from those other subjects we are removing, *they* lead to class hatred by attempting to prove that these evils are inherent in the form of society, and that only by abolishing the cause can you get rid of the effects, so crude! so impossible an explanation that we should refuse to discuss it with these silly people! Besides it would lead to Socialism! And then rhetoric! You know how easy it is to govern the people by wordy, polished sentences! So easy to get a position among your fellows by flowing phrases and impassioned formulas, and really you need never make any definite promises, or give pledges which you may be called to fulfill! You may know no solution of the difficulties which confront your class, but if you only have a ready command of language it will never be noticed, you will get on, you will become a labor leader! So different with logic when allied to the other subjects, you will constantly be confronted with the supposed mistakes of your class, you will frequently have to antagonize your people by pointing out that the position they propose to take up on a given subject will not be to their best interests, you will be shut out from office because you are a revolutionary, you will lose your job at the works because you teach your fellow-workers that the interests of Capital and Labor are diametrically opposed, you will be like the carpenter of Nazareth "despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." All this you will be saved from by our reasonable and sound educational policy, office, trust and influence, all these things will be added unto you our way. Choose!

Strange to say, the students refused to accept the proposed alterations. They signed a statement objecting to the removal of sociology, evolution and logic. They also held a meeting at which they decided to leave in a body if the proposed alterations were carried out. It was withdrawn. The time was not yet ripe for the change to be successfully carried out.

In the meantime, outside, an organization grew up known as the Workers' Educational Association, financed in the main by the capitalist class, for the purpose of spreading "higher" education among the workers. It is somewhat curious that this body met with so much added support from the capitalists and the government *after* the aforementioned general election and the triumph of so many labor men. Last year a joint committee was formed on the subject of "Oxford and Working Class Education." The W. E. A. appointed seven members and Oxford University a similar number (five of whom were members of the Council of Ruskin College), to consider what could be "done" for the education of workingmen.

Among other things they suggested that Ruskin College should become a sort of half-way house to the university. Now Ruskin College had, up to this time, boasted that it held no tests or examinations of any sort. This made two difficulties to be overcome: (1) to get rid of Mr. Hird and his subjects; (2) to have some sort of an examination in the college. This was soon done. A form of examination, known as revision papers, was instituted, and, after some opposition from the students, carried out. Difficulty one was settled. How to overcome the other? A sub-committee was appointed in November, 1908, to inquire into the internal



MEMBERS OF THE NORTHUMBERLAND MINERS' MUTUAL CONFIDENT ASSOCIATION IN RESIDENCE, 1908.

Top row—J. Parks (Eltringham), W. Dent (North Seaton), H. Floyd (Ashington).
Second row—E. Edwards (Ashington), C. Pattinson (Woodhorn), A. Bacon (Hartley).

the removal of Mr. Hird. With him, of course, would go his subjects. The carrying out of this recommendation led to the famous "strike" of the students. It failed to achieve one of its objects, the prevention of the proposed removal of Mr. Hird, but it succeeded beyond expectation in its primary object, the raising of the question of independent working-class education. The result of the "strike" is that an influential and well-supported movement is now on foot for the establishment of a new Central Labor College in Oxford as a definite part of the working-

class movement in England. We already have our own industrial and political structures. Now we are out to secure our own educational structure. Slowly, but surely, we are convincing our fellow workers that, in the words of the "Plebs" magazine (the organ of the students), "*there is no alchemy that can change an industrial enemy into an educational friend.*"

The new college will teach sociology, economics and history from the working-class viewpoint, it will have no false ideas about non-partisan education, its pioneers know that "those who are not for us are against us."

We are sending this short account of the working-class struggle in England for independence in education as likely to interest our American comrades, and because for good or ill America has had a great deal to do with the work of Ruskin College. Founded by an American, it has added to our debt by giving us our text books on sociology, particularly the works of Prof. Lester Ward. Although rather hazy in places, the works of Dr. Ward have had a great effect upon the students and have added considerably to their knowledge of social science. Last, but not least, the books of Messrs. Kerr & Company, Chicago, have become the most treasured possessions of scores of working-class students during the last two years. They have discovered that there are dozens of scientific works to be had, written from the proletarian point of view, armed with which they can confidently face and overcome the difficulties which confront the independent inquirer. Many opponents of the working class have had reason to curse the day that introduced Ruskin College students to the well-stocked book shelves of Messrs. Kerr & Company. These works find an ever-increasing sale here in England, a result which is to the advantage of the working-class movement the world over.



Where Do We Stand on the Woman Question ?

BY THERESA MALKIEL.



THEORETICALLY we Socialists assert the equality of sex and race. We say, "All people are born equal," and accordingly strain all our efforts towards the abolition of the existing social regime. But around the one uppermost problem, like numerous planets around the sun, revolve many smaller problems which, though they will be solved with the solution of the whole, are important enough to be taken up and fought for separately.

The Woman Question is attracting today world-wide attention. The evolution of society has brought woman to the point where she realizes at last her degrading position and vehemently claims redress.

As Socialists we recognize, of course, that the real freedom of woman cannot be achieved before the entire social problem is solved. But we realize at the same time that under a regime of political tyranny the first and most urgent ideal is necessarily the conquest of political liberty. And therefore, our women here, like our disfranchised male comrades abroad, are taking up the fight for universal suffrage.

But there are many Socialists who cry out in fear whenever that subject is viewed from a practical and not only a theoretical point of view. This element, in keeping with its views, demands that we drop the woman question altogether, that it is no concern of ours and that every active participation in the enfranchisement of woman is a crime against scientific socialism.

Another portion of our scientific socialists go a step further and in their great wisdom assert that it is all a mistake, that man and woman are not equal.

Says Enrico Ferri: "Utopian Socialism has bequeathed to us a mental habit, a habit surviving even in the most intelligent disciples of Marxian Socialism, of asserting the existence of certain equalities—the equality of the two sexes, for example—assertions which cannot possibly be maintained." He even censures Bebel for claiming that from the psycho-physical point of view woman is the equal of man.

Then, only as late as last month, comes another of our scientific men

and says: "The impulse below intellect is intuition, which is developed further in many animals than in man. And because woman is nearer to the lower forms than man, intuition is more deeply seated in the female race."

Is there greater wisdom in the assertion of a man who says: Woman is nearer to the animal than man, because she is endowed with an extraordinary amount of intuition; then in that of Mr. Roosevelt who says: "Every Socialist must be a free lover, because one or two of the Socialists had rather exciting marital experiences."

Was woman ever given the chance to display fully the strength of her intellectual ability? How could anybody, in view of woman's long subjection, judge her ability or the standard of her intellect? If our scientists would follow closely the history of woman and then note how today, though unprepared, she enters the different spheres of science, literature, music and art, where she holds fully her own with man, they might come to the conclusion that woman belongs rather to the higher plane of animal life.

True enough that there were but few great artists, musicians or scientists among the female of the race, but does not the writer himself state that a prolonged exercise of the brain cells goes to increase their quantity? If woman was able to achieve that much in the limited time of her brain development it goes to show that the quality of her brain cells is as good or even better than that belonging to the members of the opposite sex. In the face of the beastly acts so often characteristic of man, it is simply beyond human understanding how anybody could claim that woman is nearer to the animal, while man remains the supreme being.

With all due respect to our wise men, I think that even they would come to recognize our equality—if we only had the power to enforce it. It may be true that I am expressing myself with too much fervor, but if our male comrades were women they could understand easily how a statement like that goes to exasperate one. I have been always in the habit of speaking my mind freely and cannot see why this subject could not be discussed openly and thoroughly.

It is almost incomprehensible to me how our scientists came to such conclusion. And I, a plain ordinary mortal, challenge them in the name of my sex to set forth frankly and exhaustively the grounds on which they make these assertions.

My main object, however, in writing this article is to discuss our attitude on the Woman Question. For the workingwoman of today finds herself between two fires—on the one hand she faces the capitalist class, her bitterest enemy; it foresees a far-reaching danger in her

emancipation and with all the ability of its money power tries to resist her gradual advent into the civilized world. In her anguish the working-woman turns towards her brothers in the hope to find a strong support in their midst, but she is doomed to be disillusioned, for they discourage her activity and are utterly listless towards the outcome of her struggle.

In the heat of the battle for human freedom the proletarians seem to forget that the woman question is nothing more or less than a question of human rights. That the emancipation of woman means in reality the emancipation of the human being within her. They seem to overlook the fact that it is as much their duty to fight for the workingwoman's political freedom, as it is to her advantage to make common cause with the men of her class in order to bring about the regeneration of society.

What revolution will yet have to take place in the conceptions of men! What change of education, before they will be able to attain the knowledge of a pure human relationship to woman! For every day experience teaches us that even the most progressive of our men are still considering woman as the being who, chained by a thousand fetters of dependency to man-made conditions, broken in spirit and in health by her long degradation and continual maternity, became a weak, thoughtless being that was neither man nor beast. They do not take into consideration that the woman of today has marched forward on the road of evolution.

What grandeur and beauty are contained in the meaning of this sentence in our platform: "There can be no emancipation of humanity without the social independence and equality of sex."

But how bitter is our disappointment whenever we come to look upon matters as they really are—men who take enthusiastically the pledge to abide and follow the party principles and ideals follow their promise to the letter, as far as generalities are concerned, but stop short where the question comes to the practical point of sex equality, an act to which they had earnestly pledged themselves in accepting the Socialist platform.

The bulk of womanhood, that is linked some way or other to the Socialist movement, is kept ignorant of the necessity of its participation in same (as well as of the justice of its political rights), for man is a man for all that and fears that he might suffer by woman's immediate freedom.

To those of us who had the courage and initiative to strike out for ourselves, the path is being covered with more thorns than roses. We are told very often to keep quiet about our rights and await the social millennium. Safe advice, rather, for the men.

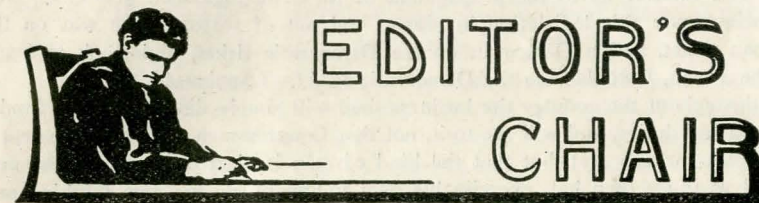
The question before us is whether it is really possible that a host of men whose whole life is spent in the fight for human freedom should at

the same time turn deliberately a deaf ear to the cry for liberty of one-half of the human race.

It is very humiliating for us Socialist women to be forced to admit this, but the question must be disposed of once for all, for we women cannot possibly build our expectations on the future freedom and at the same time submit calmly to the present oppression.

Among the fifty thousand dues-paying members of our party there are only two thousand women. Or, in other words, one woman member to every twenty-five men. Considering the fact that a number of our women members had entered the Socialist Party on their own accord, we may safely say that out of every thirty men within the party but one was ideal enough to bring in some female member of his family or a friend's into the ranks of the party, while the other twenty-nine preach the ideals of Socialism and the necessity of party alliance everywhere except within the walls of their own homes.

We may bring amendments reducing the dues of the women in our party, we may elect National and Local committees for the purpose of increasing the membership, but we will not achieve any considerable progress until our men will change their views as to woman's scope of activity in the movement. I know my sex and will admit freely that woman still looks to man as the guiding spirit of her life path and it is therefore for him to direct her steps into the party membership where she belongs—side by side with him.



The Class-Consciousness of Capitalists. Once more we are indebted to our valued exchange, the Exponent, of St. Louis, for a clear and logical discussion of a live question. In its July issue it publishes a speech recently delivered by former Congressman Charles E. Littlefield at a banquet of the National Association of Manufacturers at the Waldorf-Astoria. He testified to the value of the work done by that association at Washington "in connection with legislation whose purpose was to undermine industrial development and shake the very foundations of the government under which we live." He expressed the opinion that the congressmen and senators, in their desire to win the "labor vote," might have passed the legislation asked for by the American Federation of Labor, if it had ever come to a vote. But all such measures were referred to the Judiciary Committee.

"One of the members of that committee heretofore, who I have no doubt will be a member again, is my friend Mr. Malby, of New York, whom I had the greatest pleasure of receiving on the Judiciary Committee in his first term, as a member of my subcommittee to which, by the way, all this interesting legislation, which I shall not take the time now to discuss, was referred. By some curious combination of parliamentary circumstances it came into the hands of that subcommittee of which I was Chairman, and my friend here was the other Republican member. And allow me to suggest to you that it came to a mighty good place, where it was properly taken care of." (Applause and laughter.)

Mr. Littlefield pointed out that in the next Congress the Judiciary Committee will be appointed by Mr. Cannon, who "has rendered greater service to this country, to the men and women in it, to the business interests in it, than any other one man who has been a member of the House of Representatives for a long time." So that Mr. Littlefield can assure the National Association of Manufacturers that the country is safe for two years more. As for the future he continued:

"Now let me say that there is not a Congressional district in the United States, outside of perhaps four or five, where a single Member of Congress can even be renominated unless he has behind him the business men of the community where he lives, nor is there a district where one of them can be re-elected, unless he has behind him the business men of the district. I do not say Republican, I do

not say Democratic, because so far as I am concerned if a Member of Congress in advance tied himself up to the propaganda of these distinguished gentlemen who are insisting upon this legislation in season and out of season, if he was on the Republican ticket, and a Democrat, on the Democratic ticket, undertook to stand up and be a man, I would vote the Democratic ticket. (Applause.)

"If throughout the country the business men will simply discharge their fundamental political duties, and will see to it, not that Congressmen are elected to represent any class or any sect, but that the kind of man is elected, who when he gets there will wear his own hat, exercise his own judgment, do his own thinking and act as his convictions require him to act, without pledging himself in advance to any man or any set of men. If the business men of this country will see to it that such men receive their support for nomination and election, there will be no difficulty about this matter. In order to produce this result, I want to say to you right now that you do not necessarily need any primary law, because there is not a place in this country where under existing laws, if the business men of this country will take this matter in hand, they cannot produce this very desirable result. It is not a primary law that is needed, but what is needed is that the business men of this country have patriotism and public spirit and they must exercise it. If they do that, then whether it is a caucus, a convention or a primary, they can absolutely control and dominate the situation, and that is the word I leave with you."

Workingmen and those "friends of the workingman" among whom Darrow wittily classes himself can get many valuable suggestions from Mr. Littlefield's remarks, and we hope they will be given a wide circulation. Sentimental reformers may believe and try to make others believe that the government of the United States is or "ought" to be administered in a spirit of justice to all. Mr. Littlefield and his friends know better. They know that the government is a business proposition. They have certain interests of their own to serve. Knowing clearly what they want, and not being hampered by any considerations of sentiment, they get what they want.

Not until the working class become as clear-headed and as ruthless as the capitalists will the revolution be possible. But the very successes of the capitalists are developing the needed qualities in the working class. By defeating the reforms, which in any case would be of trifling benefit to those who ask for them, they are strengthening the world-wide surge of Revolution.

Fred Warren's Speech. Judge Pollock of the United States District Court at Fort Scott, Kansas, has sentenced Fred D. Warren, Editor of the Appeal to Reason, to serve six months in jail. The facts in the case were explained on page 998 of the June Review, and the sentence of the court was no surprise. But there was a surprise in the great speech which Warren delivered when asked to show cause why sentence should not be passed against him. He responded with a masterly argument which establishes without any reasonable doubt what the Appeal set out to prove

in the first place, namely, that the United States courts are used to protect the interests of the capitalist class, and to keep the working class in subjection. We quote a few paragraphs:

For years the Appeal to Reason has been waging, almost single handed, a fight against the oppressive and intolerable industrial and political conditions which confront this country. We frankly admit having been unsparing in our criticism of the acts of public officials and the courts of this land. We have dared to tell the truth and it is because of this that I face this court today a convicted felon in the eyes of thousands of men and women whose respect I covet.

Whence came this prosecution? The Kansas City Journal in November, 1907, editorially stated that the Department of Justice at the instance of the President of the United States, had been instructed to commence proceedings against a Socialist sheet at Girard, Kansas. I do not know the Journal's source of information, but I am inclined to believe from facts now in my possession that this prosecution of the Appeal to Reason has been directed from the Attorney General's office in Washington.

* * * *

This case has dragged its weary way through this court for over two years, continued from time to time at the instance of the government. I submit from these facts that I am not prosecuted for having violated any federal law but purely because of my political opinions and my work in behalf of the working class of this nation.

This prosecution is not unexpected to us. As plainly stated by the government official to whom our attorney talked while in Washington secret service agents of the government have been camping on the trail of the Appeal for 10, these many years.

Is it not pretty conclusive evidence that we have observed religiously the laws and regulations governing the conduct of a newspaper when after ten years of effort the government is able to find only this lone and paltry alleged violation?

Personally I feel proud of this record. I feel no sense of guilt nor will the world approve this conviction when the truth prevails and the facts are known.

* * * *

In conclusion permit me to say that I am not asking the mercy or leniency of this court. I have committed no crime and there is festering in my conscience no accusation of guilt, but if my conviction and punishment will serve to rivet public attention upon the abuses which I have tried to point out then I shall feel that I have not suffered this humiliation in vain.

After all, this is the price of human progress. Why should I expect immunity? The courts have ever been and are today the bulwarks of the ruling class. Why should they not punish offenders against that class? In feudal slavery the courts sustained the feudal lords, in chattel slavery they protected the slave owners and in wage slavery they defend the industrial masters.

Whoever protested for the sake of justice or in the name of the future was an enemy of society and persecuted or put to death.

In one of the most eloquent characterizations of history Charles Sumner, tracing the march of the centuries, pointed out that the most infamous crimes against the liberty and progress of the human race had been sanctioned by the so-called courts of justice.

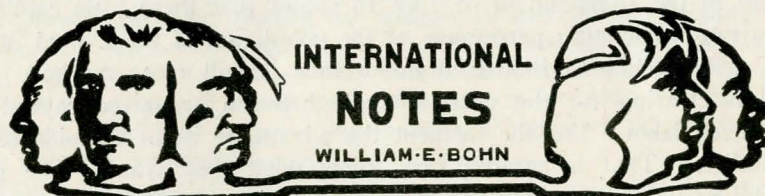
This case is a mere incident in the mighty struggle of the masses for emancipation. Slowly, painfully, proceeds the struggle of man against the power of mammon. The past is written in tears and blood. The future is dim and unknown but the final outcome of this world-wide struggle is not in doubt. Freedom will conquer slavery, truth will prevail over error, justice will triumph over injustice, the light will vanquish the darkness, and humanity, disenthralled, will rise resplendent in the glory of universal brotherhood.

Lack of space forbids our publishing the speech in full, but every revolutionist should read and circulate it. The complete speech is in number 710 of the Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kansas. The subscription price of the paper is 50 cents a year, and extra copies of the issue containing the speech can doubtless be had from the Appeal office at one cent each or fifty cents a hundred. Fred Warren will be out on bail until the higher courts have passed on his appeal. Money has been pledged for his defense, but the fight of the United States government against the Appeal is not yet over, and the most effective way to help the paper is to increase its circulation. Most of the readers of the Review are already readers of the Appeal also. To those who have not seen it lately we wish to say that the Appeal is now fighting in a very effective way for revolutionary socialism, and that it deserves the heartiest co-operation of all who are through with reform and ready for revolution.

Revolution. Jack London's article with which this month's Review opens was written several years ago. One of the big New York weeklies agreed to publish it, and even put it in type, but finally decided that to print it would hurt business. A great British review published it last year, but ours is the first complete and authorized publication in the United States. We are printing it as Comrade London wrote it, without changing a word or a line, since while capitalism has gone on developing meanwhile, the author was keen in his forecast, and his words are even more pertinent and significant now than when first written. As we go to press, workingmen are being shot down at McKees Rocks, Pennsylvania, to break a strike for living wages by a mass of half-organized laborers. Slowly and systematically the courts are piling up precedents which will outlaw the most effective tactics thus far used by striking labor organizations against their employers. The strategy of the great capitalists is for the moment irresistible. None the less it is fatally short-sighted. "After us the deluge!" Each victory of capital over labor makes revolutionists; it is more powerful than logic or oratory in driving out of the workingman's head the idea of "a fair day's wages for a fair day's work." Meanwhile the expansion of the trusts into field after field of industry is crushing out the little capitalists whose conservatism has ever been one of the chief bulwarks of the profit system. Comrade

Ghent in the Independent of July 15 shows that these little capitalists constitute a declining percentage of the population of the United States, and their decline in industrial importance is still more marked. The field is clearing for the death-struggle between organized capital and organized labor. For the moment the advantage is on the side of the capitalists. That is because they know what they want. The great capitalists want to employ the great body of wage-workers at bare subsistence wages, and to use the surplus value in organizing the remaining spheres of production as efficiently as they have already organized the production of oil, steel, sugar, tobacco and beef. They will do it. But meanwhile, the laborers will in ever-swelling numbers learn in their turn to want a definite thing, that is to say, the full value of what they produce. When they want that, as they will, they will find a way to get it. We shall have more to say later of what that way must be. But meanwhile the task of us who make up the Socialist movement is clear and simple,—it is to show the rest of the working class that we are the producers of all the good things of life and that we can become the owners when we resolve to take them.

Who Pays the Taxes? Our International Notes this month tell of the struggle between capitalist parties in Germany over the new taxes required for army and navy. In England this problem is equally acute, and even in America it is discussed at great length in the daily press. Without a doubt the burden of taxation is growing heavier in all the great capitalist countries. How to adjust this burden is a serious problem, *for the politicians and the capitalists*. Revenue laws are powerful to enrich favored capitalists at the expense of those not favored. But the man with nothing to lose but his chains may as well stop worrying about tariffs. If his cost of living goes up, his wages will go up, provided his union is strong enough to force a raise. And if the cost of living goes down, his wages will fall farther still, unless he is strong enough to keep them up. Without organization, our standard of living will inevitably be pressed down and ever down. With organization, the world is ours.



RUSSIA. The International Socialist Bureau and the Czar. As the Review goes to press the Czar of Russia is on the point of making a round of official visits. It is announced that his tour is to include Sweden, England, France and Italy. Of course he will be received everywhere, will be toasted and toadied to as though he were a hero. The working class naturally objects to this proceeding. In the English House of Commons Will Thorne, Labor member, recently raised vigorous protest. To a question as to whether the Czar was to be officially entertained he received no satisfactory answer from the Foreign Secretary, was told, on the other hand, to keep quiet. Nevertheless, he had a chance to cry out to the Minister, "The Czar is an inhuman brute." In the Swedish parliament a similar protest has been made.

And now the International Socialist Bureau has raised its voice officially against the Russian tyrant. In a letter addressed to the central committees of the affiliated parties it issues a general warning to the working-class of Europe. It rehearses in brief the crimes of the Czar, oppression, founding of the Union of the Russian People, pardoning of members of the black bands, etc., etc. Prison conditions in Russia are particularly dwelt upon; a hundred and eighty-one thousand prisoners occupying space designed for half that number, the prevalence of disease, the practice of all sorts of torture—these and other crimes are rehearsed in some detail. Then the working-class is called upon to protest against

the author of these crimes, to show him and the world that his welcome is far from universal.

It is to be hoped that this letter will have a powerful effect. From one point of view it is abundantly justified. Czar Nicholas certainly represents absolutism at its worst, so it is good tactics to concentrate attack upon him. On the other hand the letter of the International Bureau seems to me an unsatisfactory document. In fact it misses the chief point in the whole matter, and that is the fact that the rulers of western Europe are as much like the Russian autocrat as they dare to be. Visits such as the one in prospect merely serve to emphasize the unity of the governing class in different countries, and this is the fact that should be thrown into relief at the present moment. The government of England is just as criminal in spirit as that of Russia. When we pick out one man for attack we imitate the terrorist, and run the same danger.

GERMANY. Social Democracy and the Crisis. The financial crisis faced by the Emperor's government is a matter of tremendous historical importance. For years now the German government, like the English, has been facing bankruptcy. It is true that the annual income of the empire has increased enormously. From 1872 to 1875 it averaged 225,000,000 marks; from 1901 to 1905, 948,000,000. That is to say, it has more than quadrupled. During the same period, however, the expenses of the empire have multiplied by five. The following figures

will give some idea of the distribution of the increase. The sums are given in marks: For the army (1872-5) 324,800,000, annually, (1908) 855,800,000; navy, (1872-5) 36-200,000, (1908) 339,200,000; interest on debt (1872-5) 3,000,000, (1908) 156,000,000. For years, it is evident, the imperial debt has been increasing. Succeeding governments have been conscious of the fact that a crisis would have to be faced sometime, yet the insane policy of increasing army and navy has continued. A scaling down of expenditures seems never to have occurred to anyone in power.

The present government is thus forced to face a situation which has resulted from a generation of reckless expenditure. It is now to be seen whether a nation will deliberately decide to foot the bills resulting from unexampled military expansion.

The manner in which the various classes of the empire have met the crisis is characteristic. It goes without saying that hitherto the working-class has borne the brunt of taxation. Revenue has been drawn almost exclusively from import duties and taxes on internal manufactures. But in this direction the limit has been nearly reached. Rising prices and decreased consumption of the necessities of life have become the rule. Of wheat, for example, there were consumed per capita, in 1904, ninety-five kilograms; in 1909, ninety kilograms. The difference, of course, indicates actual want. The figures for other food products exhibit a similar decrease. The working-class has been taxed to the limit.

Therefore, when the government prepared a taxation scheme to meet the constantly increasing expenditures it brought itself of a plan for extracting something from the wealthier classes. Its chief proposal was that of an inheritance tax. It was necessary to raise an additional 500,000,000 marks. Accord-

ing to the governmental project 100,000,000 of this was to be raised from the wealthy by the inheritance levy, and the remaining 400,000,000 from the proletariat by the old, familiar methods. Now it is precisely the wealthy class, represented by the Conservatives, that has always made much of its patriotism and cried down the anti-military socialists as traitors. But at the new tax proposal this class suffered a sudden diminution of patriotism. With the Centrists, the church party, the Conservatives have formed the heart of the government's bloc. Both these factions turned against the inheritance tax. So when that part of the new scheme came up for vote on June 26th, it was defeated by a substantial majority. The Social Democrats and Liberals voted with the government.

The outcome of the whole matter is already becoming clear. Of course, the German ministry is not responsible to the Reichstag. Herr von Bülow will remain in office and proceed to devise some new tax which will bring in the required 100,000,000. Since the rich refused to stand and deliver the poor will have to endure still greater burdens.

Meantime the Social Democrats are making the most of their opportunity. Vorwaerts is showing up the greed and short-sightedness of the owning classes in ringing editorials. On July 1st, twenty-five public meetings were held in Berlin to denounce the turn of events. No one knows when the Reichstag will be dissolved and a new election be ordered. But until that time comes no stone will be left unturned to open the eyes of the working-class to the game that is being played.

FRANCE. Labor Tactics. The division in the ranks of the Confederation General de Travail promises to lead to nothing worse than violent altercations. In last month's Review I gave a brief account of the origin of this trouble. The failure

of the recent general strike led to charges and countercharges. The "Reformers," or Moderates, who favor peaceful methods of campaign, blamed the Revolutionists for having led the organization to defeat. This accusation was voiced especially by M. Niel, elected secretary at the last convention of the Confederation, since the executive committee is controlled by the Revolutionists. M. Niel was practically forced to resign. The Revolutionists maintained, for their part, that N. Niel had been elected by a minority and that this minority was trying to obtain control of the organization. There were even occasional hints that the moderate wing had received secret assistance and advice from the government.

For a time matters looked dark. There was open talk of secession. In fact a convention of railway employees decided to withdraw. Cooler counsels seem to have prevailed, however. Comrades Jaurés and Bracke threw all their influence on the side of unity, and for the present seem to have triumphed. At least the conflict appears just now to be dying out for lack of fuel. Very likely it will be allowed to lie dormant till the annual convention next autumn.

Comrade Jaurés, in a recent editorial, pointed out the real source of the difficulty. The confederation is top-heavy, it has not struck deep enough root in the working-class. Here we have, in round numbers, 8,000,000 workers, about 800,000 of these organized, and of these some 300,000 in the confederation. For the present, says M. Jaurés, the main business of the organization should be to educate and swing into line the great majority of the proletariat. When it really represents the main body of workers its time will not be taken up with dissensions.

ENGLAND. Visit of the Laborites to Germany. English and German Socialist circles have been much wrought up over

the recent tour of a delegation representing the Labor Party. This tour was first suggested a year ago, and at that time it was proposed to make it the occasion for an official exchange of greetings with the German Social Democracy. But the German leaders feared the English Social Democratic party might take offense. So the event was postponed, and when it did finally take place it was unofficial. This was where the trouble came in. The Laborites were received by various German municipalities, Cologne, Frankfurt, Verline, etc., and entertained by city officials regardless of party. This hobnobbing of Socialists with Liberals and Conservatives aroused a good deal of unfavorable sentiment among German Socialists, sentiment which ultimately found expression in an official statement published in Vorwaerts. Of course English Social Democratic Party leaders were quick to make the most of this. On June 19th Justice published an editorial condemnatory of the Laborites. These latter, however, returned from their jaunt well satisfied. In a recent number of the Clarion Comrade Fred Jowett writes appreciatively of the treatment accorded them and tells in detail of the lessons learned from the Germans.

IRELAND. Prospects of Organization.

For some time there has been on foot in Ireland a movement looking toward a general organization of Socialists. Hitherto there has been the Irish Socialist Society, but it has included only a fraction of those calling themselves Socialists. Many are adherents of local labor groups, while hundreds have carried on their propaganda individually. On Sunday, June 13, a mass-meeting was held at Trades Hall, Dublin. All the elements of the Irish movement were represented, and the deliberations were harmonious and fruitful. Comrade William O'Brien presided. He stated in his opening address that the number of unattached So-

cialists on the island exceeded the membership of all societies combined. The following motion was agreed to almost unanimously: "That this meeting affirms the necessity of a Socialist party for Ireland which would comprise Irish Socialists of varying shades of opinion, applicants for membership to affirm belief in Socialism as the only remedy for the evils of society." A committee of fifteen was appointed to draft a constitution and arrange for another mass-meeting.

AUSTRALIA. Defeat and Persecution.

The early stages of the mining strikes at Broken Hill and Port Pirie have already been recorded in the Review. It will be remembered that toward the end of March a group of strikers led by Tom Mann were attacked by the police. They were arrested on the charge of riot and transported to Albany, a distance of 1,000 miles, to await trial. Judge and jury were bitter against them. Tom Mann, apparently, they were afraid to convict, but a number of others received jail sentences. To this number was added Harry Holland, a Socialist leader. The charge against him was sedition. In an address at Broken Hill he had advised the workers to rise "with a force like that of dynamite." This was taken as counsel to use force, and Comrade Holland was sentenced to two years at hard labor. The working-class of Australia is thoroughly aroused and determined to use all its power to secure his release.

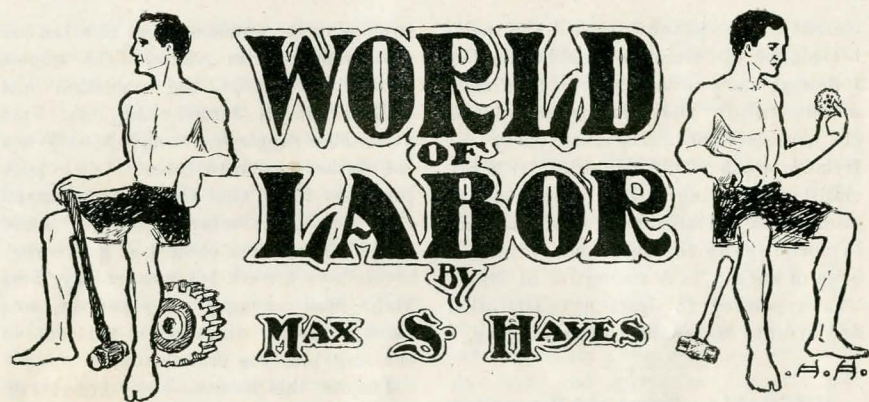
The last Australian papers which have come to hand report the close of the strike. The men have been defeated at nearly every point. It will be remembered that the trouble originated in the refusal of the miners' union to submit to the provisions of the now famous Industrial Disputes Act, an arbitration law passed by the federal parliament. This action of the men was met by the com-

pany with the announcement of a ten per cent. reduction in wages. The miners refused to accept the reduction and walked out on January 1st. At Port Pirie the struggle was complicated. When the strikers came to consider their position they found that they were worse off than any other miners in the civilized world. They were obliged, e. g., to work seven days a week for meager pay. Tom Mann was engaged as organizer, and managed to get ninety-eight per cent. of the men into the organization.

Despite this success, however, starvation gradually did its work. The strikers insisted almost to the end that their leaders should not be victimized, but finally yielded even this point. The most regrettable circumstance is that Tom Mann and the other leaders have been subjected to violent criticism for finally yielding.

From one point of view the strike has been a great success. The workers of Australia are aroused as never before and becoming more and more revolutionary in their temper. Evidence of this is to be found in the ovation given Tom Mann on the occasion of his acquittal. Wherever he went he was greeted by immense throngs, and the speeches on these occasions had no uncertain sound. All of them came out straight for Socialism and industrial unionism.

HOLLAND. Another Anti-Socialist "Victory." The election to the Dutch Chamber of Deputies occurred toward the end of June, and was generally reported in the American dailies as a defeat for Socialism. Now foreign papers bring the news that though the Socialists did not gain any new seats, merely retaining the seven already in their possession, their popular vote increased from 65,743 (1895) to 82,494. The new Socialist party, the Tribunistists or "Marxists" received but few votes.



The United States Steel Corporation hardly expected to meet with such stubborn resistance as it is encountering in endeavoring to non-unionize its tinplate mills. Before the trust forced the strike its spokesman declared that a number of the mills would disobey the call of the Amalgamated Association, but later events demonstrated the fact that there was but one mill in which there was any lukewarmness displayed and subsequently a large percentage of the men in that plant walked out.

On the other hand, the third week of the strike the unionists captured two non-union mills and are making steady inroads in secretly organizing the trust employes. At the present writing the situation is chaotic, with both sides claiming to have gained important advantages. Like all recent contests between labor and capital, this battle will be a long and hard one. The men have got tremendous odds confronting them. The 8,000 sheet and tinplate workers are really the last remnant of the 60,000 unionists formerly employed in the trust mills; they are the old guard who have stood loyally by the once powerful Amalgamated Association through every stress and storm. The insidious attacks of the capitalists, the corruptions and blunders of alleged leaders, the secession and desertion of fellow-workers in other branches of the iron and steel industry

could not shake the faith of these stalwarts who are now subjected to the most raking fire that has yet been aimed at the men of the mills by pitiless plutocracy.

While the names of Corey and Gary and a lot of obscure lieutenants are mentioned in the newspapers as being the prime movers in the campaign to destroy the unions in the trust mills, the real power opposing the working class in this contest is J. P. Morgan. It was about seven years ago that Morgan inaugurated his campaign to crush organized labor. As is well known when he formed the United States Steel Corporation (a trust of trusts), he added more than a dollar of fictitious value for every dollar of real value to the capital stock. By introducing the most scientific labor-saving machinery, by crushing small competitors and developing almost a complete monopoly in certain branches of the iron and steel business, and by pounding up prices and hammering down wages, this modern industrial pirate hoped to pay dividends on watered stock mounting into hundreds of millions of "made" dollars. It was the greatest adventure ever undertaken by any financial brigand since the world began, for not only would these dividends represent millions of dollars of graft without the investment of a single penny of capital, but the stocks sold upon the markets

would bring in still further millions for not greater outlay than to have the certificates printed.

There was little opposition to Morgan's colossal steal. The hiring press eulogized him to the skies for his "unparalleled business genius," the officeholders winked at his bold and brazen violation of national and state laws, the party managers passed the hat to the world's greatest robber for campaign contributions, many good churchmen blessed him for his donations to convert the heathen, the professional Wall street wolves licked their chops in pleasant anticipation of coming feasts, and the little cheap-skate capitalists with more money than brains, including the intolerable snobs with plutocratic minds in the working-class, who have an uncontrollable mania to become Morgans and Rockefellers, purchased watered stock and began to plan what they would do when they became fabulously rich.

The only opposition that developed came from the iron and steel workers when Morgan began to put on the thumb-screws in carrying out his program at the production end of the line. They went on strike and fought hard. Their spirited resistance threatened to puncture the balloon of inflated values and let out the wind. The late Senator Hanna, as chairman of the National Civic Federation, arranged a "compromise" and thus made himself still more popular with the alarmed Wall street thieves and also with the iron and steel workers, who were assured by their President Shaffer, who has since fallen into the hole of obscurity, that they had gained something.

Morgan boiled with rage at the thought that the workingmen dared to strike against his imperial will and at the further thought that he was humiliating his royal personage in making a settlement to save the water in his stock and assure the continuance of the

political bunco game of the day. He swore to be revenged. It turned out a sorry compromise. The Amalgamated lost 14,000 men during the year by the gradual victimizing, blacklisting and coercive policies that the capitalists knew so well how to operate. In 1904 the hoop mills were "open shopped" and the union lost another 10,000 members. The following year the bridge trust wing of the trust forced a fight and 12,000 more men were cut out of the Amalgamated. In 1906 the loss was 3,000 members, in 1907 about 6,000, and last year 7,000 were driven out of the Amalgamated. Now the retreating army is making a last stand and unquestionably its most desperate fight.

Throughout the class war upon the industrial field the watered stocks of the steel trust have been juggled up and down. The hungry lambs have been shorn of millions of their fleece; the nasty little capitalistic parasites have been stripped of hide and tallow by the big plutes, and they deserve small sympathy—they are the most detestable of labor exploiters and apologists of plutocracy. I am little concerned in their fate, anyhow. The most deplorable phase of this industrial tragedy—for tragedy it is—is that, compared to a generation ago, the wages of the iron and steel workers have been pounded down 300 to 500 per cent. Yet prices of iron and steel products appear to remain stable. Now the trust demands not merely the open shop, but still further tribute in the shape of a wage reduction from the tinplate workers ranging from 2 to 25 per cent., which fact is carefully kept hidden by the capitalist press.

Strange as it may seem, it has never occurred to the iron and steel workers, who, more than any other trade, have been forced to struggle against the encroachments of brutal capitalism, to join the Socialists and engage in independent political action all the while

they were fighting on the defensive upon the industrial field. I don't know whether they are affected by the heat in which they are compelled to work (or more properly, slave) or they lack the intelligence to understand that they are engaged in a class war in which Morgan and his gang have the powers of government on their side, but the fact remains that the iron and steel workers display no more political progress than a crab. They have prided themselves on being high protectionists and good Republicans, like Morgan, Corey, Gary, Frick, Carnegie and the rest of their kind masters—the men did the voting and shouting and their masters got the plunder.

It is likewise true that the iron and steel workers have been badly advised. Nearly all of their so-called leaders have turned out to be nothing but political fakirs or sold out to the master class to assist in the game of despoliation. There was John Jarrett, Welke, Garland, Shaffer and numerous others who seem to have used their prominence in the Amalgamated Association merely as a sort of stepping-stone to climb into political jobs and then use their influence to keep the rank and file chained to the Republican party. The Lord only knows how many more object lessons, how much more oppression, must be heaped upon these unfortunate workers before they acquire the moral strength to cut loose from the capitalistic parties and stand up for their class interests on the political field. Surely they are making plenty of sacrifices on the industrial field, and as Socialists they wouldn't have to suffer any more than they do at present.

Collisions, explosions and breakdowns are of almost daily occurrence on the Great Lakes. In their determination to smash every vestige of labor organization the handful of bosses who control the Lake Carriers' Association are spar-

ing neither money nor men to make a showing. Although it is now three months since the publicity agents of the association announced that the strike was broken and that they had about all the marine workers they could use, if one picks up a capitalistic daily the same stereotyped announcement will be found almost any day, "the strike is broken and we have only a few more vacancies for good men."

The truth of the matter is that the shipowners have got a good nucleus of competent seamen who are being worked to death in trying to break in a small army of college boys, professional bums and strike-breakers and ignorant foreigners who have no understanding of the trouble. The result is that accidents by the score, attended by much loss of life and property, are happening constantly and many of these occurrences are carefully suppressed and the public hears nothing about them.

After a trip or two the strike-breakers usually have their fill and desert the ships in considerable numbers, and their places are taken by other landmen, either for the novelty of the thing, as in the case of the unprincipled college boys, or because hunger incites some of the workers to accept the hazardous employment, while the professional strike-breakers serve their masters for the reason that they are natural-born traitors and hate their fellowmen and themselves.

While the marine workers have been forced into a struggle such as has confronted no other organization—being opposed by the huge steel trust and allied corporations and having no opportunity to picket the ships except when they arrive in port—the union men are grimly determined to wage the contest indefinitely, according to their present plans and subject the trust and its consorts to as heavy financial losses as possible. The unionists declare that those of their men who have remained true up-

to the present will stand like a stone wall and that gradually those who deserted will return to the ranks.

The next two or three months are the most dangerous period in the navigation season, and the experienced seamen look for wholesale desertions among the strikebreakers, who have no desire to assume the risks of finding watery graves during the autumn storms. Meantime many of the small vessel owners, who permitted themselves to be coaxed or bullied into the Lake Carriers' Association, have received little or no support from the United States Steel Corporation and its allies. They have been used as tools with which to fight the labor organizations and are being bankrupted as their reward.

No progressive workingman or woman in the country will regret to learn that retributive justice or an avenging Nemesis is overtaking one by one the gang of conspirators who sought to destroy the Western Federation of Miners and hang or imprison the spokesmen of that famous organization. It has already been mentioned in the Review that the notorious Peabody, dumped overboard by the mine operators after they used him, has become a bankrupt and virtually an outcast in his native village and was even refused the scant comfort of a political spittoon-cleaning job that would net him a hundred dollars per month.

Western papers announce that "General" Sherman Bell, who brought pain and suffering upon many a miner and his family, went bankrupt as a mining promoter, is wandering about from place to place making a precarious living, and was recently arrested at Raton, N. M., upon the charge of creating a disturbance.

Supreme Judge Goddard, who was driven from the bench at the last election after having earned the contempt of every decent citizen of Colorado for

his outrageous decisions against labor and who perjured himself in the Haywood case, is trying to eke out an existence promoting real estate schemes, but is virtually ostracized.

John Holmberg, who was state auditor and treasurer and Peabody's chief lieutenant, and who has never accounted for a discrepancy of \$10,000 when he was retired from office, tried to commit suicide when he heard that his peculations were being investigated.

Ex-Governor McDonald, who stole his position to carry on the disreputable work of Peabody, is carrying a heavy load because of a sensational murder and suicide in his family, and is said to have become broken in spirit and poor in purse.

Harry Orchard, the "hero" who was lionized by the whole gang of conspirators, tyrants and thieves after he confessed to being a wholesale murderer and guilty of every crime on the calendar, and who was treated like a prince in the Idaho penitentiary by Governor Gooding, has been placed at hard labor by the new warden who took control of that institution.

The Citizens' Alliance, which was once all-powerful in Cripple Creek, Victor, Pueblo, Colorado Springs and other places, is now down and out and it is said that no business man will admit today that he ever had any connection with that infamous organization of brutes and cowards. Nevertheless, many of the working people in those places have long memories, and not a few of the arrogant business men who (in Colorado like everywhere else) imagined they had a right to boss everybody, were disillusioned and are now out of business.

It appears that the spirit of class-consciousness and the determination to resist oppression is becoming stronger in Colorado. When that spirit finds expression at the ballot-box the workers will be doubly strong.

LITERATURE ART

BY JOHN SPARGO

Prompted by the accession of certain wealthy persons to our ranks, I wrote, some years ago, an article pointing out that it was almost impossible for such persons to do other than harm to the movement by contributing money to it freely out of their large fortunes. That view is, of course, the very opposite of that enunciated by the versatile and scintillating George Bernard Shaw, but it is, I believe, a thoroughly sound one. It would be easy enough to point to practical examples of the evils inherent in that policy on the part of the wealthy few in our ranks.

Nevertheless, it would be idle to deny that there are great services to the movement which can be rendered by those endowed with the rare union of great wisdom and riches. We have a conspicuous example in the valuable service which Eugene Dietzgen has performed for the Socialists of the English-speaking world in making it possible for Comrade Untermann to devote years to the gigantic task of translating the second and third volumes of Marx's *Capital*, now fortunately completed. The whole movement is deeply indebted to Comrade Dietzgen, as well as to Comrade Untermann, for the consummation of this vast undertaking. The publication of the third volume of Marx's great work is an event of cardinal importance to the American Socialist movement.

One of the foremost members of the Socialist Party wrote me recently saying: "The Socialist movement all over the world is getting further and further away from Marx"—an echo of a very prevalent criticism. So far as the So-

cialist movement in America is concerned, it would, I am convinced, be much nearer the truth to say that it is getting nearer and nearer to Marx—the real Marx—and it is because the publication of the long-awaited third volume will hasten that movement "back to Marx" that it becomes an event of the highest importance to Socialists and students of Socialism. With no adequate biography of Marx, and only one of the three volumes of his great work accessible to the reader of English, both the expositions and the criticisms of Marxism long current in this country have been based upon a very partial summary of the great thinkers economic teachings. With the completion of the publication of the English translation of *Capital* we enter upon a new phase of Socialist scholarship in America. The crude "more-Marxist-than-Marx" type of Marxists, who, in spite of rent, strikes and hunger riots, in all our great cities, would deny secondary exploitation of the workers, and heap torrents of ridicule and abuse upon those who have the temerity to say that the proletariat can be exploited in the circulation of commodities as well as in their production, can now read for themselves how completely they differ from Marx.

Not less interesting and important in its bearings upon our theoretical discussions is the manner in which this third volume reveals Marx's profound appreciation of the fact that the law of value is set aside when monopoly conditions prevail. Some of the so-called "revisionists" have obtained a good deal of credit for their alleged discovery of this fact and been hailed as the intellectual

superiors of Marx, whereas that great thinker made it perfectly clear.

It is generally known by now that, although Marx did not live to actually finish the second and third volumes, they were roughly drafted and worked out before the first volume was completed and published. Thus, he was busily occupied with the writing of volume three in 1865, while volume one did not appear until two years later. His working method was to first prepare a rough sketch of the whole work. This done, he went back over it and filled in the details, chapter by chapter, book by book. Then, having the three volumes roughly assembled, he went back to the beginning and calmly took up the work of revising his labors for the printers' hands. This method of working is important since it provides us with a key to the understanding of a very common criticism of Marx and his work. It is commonly alleged by certain academic critics of Marx that between the publication of the first volume and the preparation of the third his thought had so much matured that he was led to conclusions which practically overthrew and refused those of the first. So I was gravely assured by a certain well known political economist at a dinner of a New England economic society only last winter, and when I suggested that if such was the case the publication of the third volume, as a complete refutation of the first, would be a strategic move on the part of Mr. Belmont's Civic Federation, the joke was rather lost upon him. How ridiculous this criticism is may be gathered from the volume before us.

In a way, the second and third volumes of *Capital* are quite as much the work of Engels as of Marx himself. His share in them is much larger than that indicated by the term "editor." Shortly before his death Marx spoke to his daughter, Eleanor, about the unfinished manuscripts, directing that they be

turned over to his friend. "Perhaps Engels will be able to make something of them," he said. What Engels made of them we know. With marvelous scholarship and an almost romantic fidelity to his dead friend, he took the mass of rough materials and put them together as no other man could have done. No other mind, it is certain, could have followed the course of the author's thought through the jumble of fragmentary manuscripts and notes left behind. The greater part of the material was hastily scribbled, without literary form, in German, French and English, according to Marx's mood at the time of writing. Often a whole chain of reasoning was indicated merely by a few catchwords, which to any other than the author's twin-spirit must have been unintelligible hieroglyphics. In a sense, therefore, the second and third volumes of *Capital* are a monument to a most remarkable literary partnership and friendship.

There is now available for the English reader the complete Marxian system of political economy. The first volume deals with the process of capitalist production. The charge brought against Marx that he indulged in abstract reasoning instead of dealing with realities rests upon a very superficial examination of this part of his great work. Absurd as it is in some particulars, it contains a certain modicum of truth, as Marx himself realized. As an introductory study he certainly considered the process of production by itself, without regard to the process of circulation, though in the actual world the one is interwoven with the other. But in the second volume this process of circulation of capital is treated and subjected to the keenest and profoundest analysis. In the third part of the second volume especially, Marx demonstrates with splendid lucidity that the capitalist process of production, considered as a whole, is a combination of the processes

of production and circulation. And because this is so, secondary exploitation, in the circulation of commodities, must be recognized. The third volume completes the synthesis. Here we have the actual movements of the whole combined productive and circulative processes analyzed. The course of surplus value, and its division are set forth.

Here, too, we have elaborated the Marxian theory of rent with which heretofore few of our English-speaking Socialists have had opportunity to acquaint themselves. And since there is no country in the world where the subject has greater practical importance, this section of the book will doubtless greatly influence the theoretical and practical development of the movement itself. Marx nowhere appears to greater advantage as an economist than in his treatment of rent. Applying the historical method with which all students of his works are familiar, he traces the evolution of rent from Labor Rent to Rent in Kind and thence to Money Rent. And this last form of rent, peculiar to capitalist production, he divides into two divisions—Differential Rent and Absolute Rent. The former may arise either from the investment of capitals, equal or unequal, upon lands of varying degrees of natural fertility, or from the investment of equal or unequal capitals successively upon the same land, but with different results. Absolute Rent, on the other hand, is due to conditions which partake of the nature of monopoly, as when the agricultural products are sold at monopoly-prices.

Finally, this third volume contains the solution to the "great Marxian contradiction" which has troubled economists like Bohm-Bawerk and others. Engels, in the preface, has a good deal of fun at the expense of the "vulgar" economists who tried vainly to solve the apparent contradiction between the Marxian law of value and an equal average rate of profit. In the preface to the

second volume Engels challenged the economists of Europe to demonstrate the way in which an average rate of profit is made inevitable by reason of the law of value. For the solution one must refer the reader to the work itself. Suffice it to indicate here that the critics of Marx have made the mistake of seeking to apply to individual capitals and capitalists what Marx applied to the entire social capital and the partition of the total surplus value produced by all the workers.

In this connection I have read with interest the preface which my good friend, H. M. Hyndman, contributes to the fourth edition of his *Economics of Socialism*, just published by the Twentieth Century Press, London. This little volume, with which most of my readers are, I hope, familiar, remains to this day the best short compendium and exposition of Marxian economics in the English language. To review it at length would therefore be a superfluous task. Suffice it to say that the value of the present edition is greatly enhanced by the suggestive preface. The volume is creditably produced and should find a place in the library of every Socialist. To read it first, before attempting to read the voluminous work of Marx, is perhaps the most useful piece of advice one can give to the young Socialist student who desires to equip himself with a thorough knowledge of Marxian theory.

Another volume from England is an English translation, by Edith C. Harvey, of Edward Bernstein's famous work *Die Voraussetzungen des Sozialismus und die Aufgaben der Sozialdemokratie*, which has for its title the much more descriptive *Evolutionary Socialism*. In its way, the publication of this volume is quite as important as the completion of Marx's great work in its English rendering. Most comrades have heard of it

and become familiar with the word "Bernsteinism," but comparatively few have yet had an opportunity to read it. The I. L. P. Publication Department, London, has therefore done the English-speaking Socialist movement a distinct service by publishing the book in such an admirable translation at a low price.

I do not hesitate to say that every Socialist in America ought to read this book of Bernstein's, and that no comrade who assumes to be a propagandist or teacher in the party can afford not to do so. Whether we agree with Bernstein or not is relatively unimportant: what matters is that we should become perfectly acquainted with his views. I trust that I may not be misunderstood when I say that the Socialist movement, in common with every other popular movement, is prone to become narrow and intolerant of the independent thinker who is not willing to continue the repetition of old formulas and creeds. Heresy hunting has been the bane of the whole working class movement, for it has fettered a living movement to dead dogmas, thus making the movement a mere sect. It is for this reason that I personally hope that an American edition of Bernstein's book will soon be forthcoming. We need from time to time to be called to such a re-examination of our position as that to which this book challenges us.

For many years Edward Bernstein was the trusted friend and confidante of Friederich Engels, and as editor of the *Sozialdemokrat* during the era of Bismarck's repression laws he stood high in the estimation of the German movement. Therefore, when he published a book expressing his dissent from some of the conclusions of Marx and Engels, and more especially from the so-called "Marxism" of some of their expositors, quite a sensation was caused. The capitalist press, of course, hailed the revisionist movement as a sure and certain sign of dissolution of the Socialist move-

ment, and the triumph of their enemies did not tend to make the German comrades tolerant or kindly toward Bernstein. Most comrades who take pains to keep reasonably well informed concerning the international movement are familiar with the main facts concerning the development of the Bernsteinian controversy: how, in October, 1898, Bernstein wrote from his London exile a letter to the German Social Democratic Congress, assembled at Stuttgart, setting forth his view that certain revisions should be made in the theoretical statement of the party's position, and how, at Hanover a year later three and a half days were devoted to a discussion of the volume before us and ended with a resolution which expressed a rejection of the views set forth. A majority vote is not always decisive, however, and there were soon manifest abundant signs that Bernstein had a large following in the party. With such a division of honest opinion in our ranks it is worse than useless to discourage the freest possible publication and discussion of such views—it is suicidal.

Bernstein's cry is always "Back to the facts!" You cannot answer him by saying that Marx said thus and so. He is like Liebknecht in that he will not acknowledge Marx as a pope, but persists in asking "Is it true? Does it agree with the facts?" Believing as thoroughly as Marx himself that the objective of capitalist production is the surplus value extracted from the labor of the workers, and admitting the class struggle which results therefrom, he disagrees with Marx as to the exact manner in which the surplus value is derived. This is only important in an academic sense: it has no practical importance at all. But when he claims that Marx was mistaken in his prediction that the small property holder tends to become extinct, and asserts that this class is actually increasing, practical consequences of the highest importance

are involved. If he is right then much of our propaganda is wrong and a revision of tactics becomes imperative. So, too, with the concentration of capital. Was Marx mistaken? If so, it is important that we do not perversely repeat his mistakes on account of a mistaken sense of loyalty to Marx. Bernstein makes appeal to figures—I had almost written "the figures," but that would be a concession I do not want to make. Unquestionably Bernstein is right in his method, but it remains an open question whether all the figures are taken into account, or whether preconceived notions have influenced his choice of statistical material.

Whatever our opinions may be as to the questions raised by Bernstein, his book is of the highest importance and this English translation should be cordially welcomed by every Socialist who desires to see the movement freed from the dangers of a narrow dogmatism, which Marx detested and feared.

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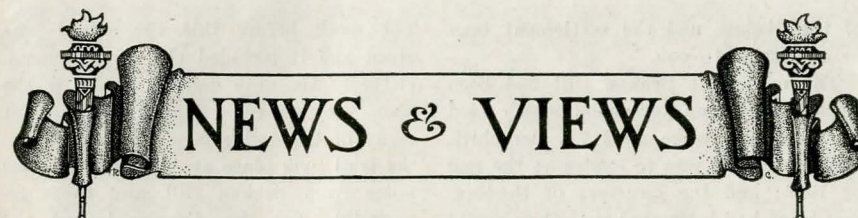
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FROM HONOLULU. I am a shoemaker and earn my living repairing old shoes and I am nobody's wage-slave either, and I also have a little wad in the savings bank and am the janitor of our local. So I suppose just because I have some economic determinism in the bank and because I am an officeholder in the party, some of those fellows are going to denounce me as an intellectual, but I just want to let them know that I am nothing of the kind, and if any of those men thinks he is going to dump me on the rubbish pile, just let him try. I'll bet any of them a new pair of rubber heels that they can't do it. And this reminds me of something that happened to me not long ago. It was this way: I was invited to a regular old-fashioned Dutch wedding dinner, where they pass around the big platters with grub for everybody to help themselves. Now I was sitting next to a big fat perspiring Dutch uncle when along comes a beautiful platter of asparagus that made my mouth water, just looking at it. My Dutch uncle began unloading the stuff and piling it on his plate and I was a watching him, nervous like, and pretty soon there was no more than about half a dozen measly little things left and I kind of pats him on the shoulder and says: "Say, old friend, I likes asparagus too."

He just gave me a look without saying anything, scoops in the rest and hands me the empty platter. Then he kind of deliberate like picks one up on his fork and says: "Yes, do you? But I likes em better yet than you."

Now if those fellows think they are going to hog all the Socialism there is just because they think they like it better than somebody else, just let them try. I like Socialism too and I am going to have my share of it.

I think every local ought to expel all of them proletarians and intellectuals too, so there will be nothing left but just comrades. JOE RIDDLES.

TOM MANN writes from Australia. In the April number of the Review some notes appeared on the miners' dispute at Broken Hill. Nearly all the items were correct; one was not and as it relates to the Labor Party with whom we are not in working alliance or agreement politically, I am sure you will allow me to correct it.

When it was decided to supplement the local police it was not the federal authorities, but the state authorities, that sent about 380 additional police, many of them mounted and carrying swords, rifles and revolvers, a number of whom behaved in dastardly fashion. The State Premier, who is also Attorney General, is a typical bourgeois, a lawyer, Mr. Wade by name.

It was easy to conclude that the Federal authorities had sent the military, owing to the number of press paragraphs as to what would be done if the Labor government was called upon by the State to supply military. However, it did not reach that stage, and the Federal Labor government is now a thing of the past, having been defeated by a coalition of reactionaries and Democrats. (What's the dif?) A brief resume

of the dispute and the settlement may be acceptable to you.

The miners at Broken Hill had been working under an agreement which fixed the minimum wage at 8 7½ per shift, this agreement was to expire at the end of 1908; and the directors of the biggest mine had intimated that they would insist upon a 12½ reduction.

This caused the various unions to unite and conduct an organizing campaign so as to resist this proposed reduction. I was requested to help and did so. The miners here work six shifts a week of eight hours. I earnestly advocated a 44-hour week so as to secure the Saturday half holiday. This was acceptable to the men and endorsed by them, and each section also formulated claims for extra wages.

Before the end of the year the mine managers met the representatives of the men in conference and it was agreed by the men to drop all claims for reduction of hours and for increased wages and to sign an agreement renewing the old conditions with a little improvement in the matter of overtime.

Further by vote they agreed to submit the case of the Broken Hill Proprietary Company which refused to enter the agreement to the Federal Arbitration Court, and they further authorized their lawyer in court to give the judge assurance that they would abide by the result, i e., would be content with the award.

The dispute also affected 1,700 men at Port Pirie in the adjoining State of South Australia, these men are the smelters and they work seven shifts a week. Myself and others endeavored to get included in the minimum demands for Pirie, six shifts, instead of seven. This was ultimately ruled out.

A number of us had to undergo trial. Myself for conspiracy, unlawful assembly and riot. I was in the dock eight days and the result was acquittal. This was in the 19th week of the dispute.

The week before this the award was given and it included the chief demand, virtually the only demand made by the men, viz., no reduction of wages; but many of the active men had been where the trial took place at Albany over 1,000 miles from Broken Hill, and those responsible for the dispute lacked the firmness necessary to close the dispute when the matter was really over.

I was called upon to visit Pirie again and I saw that prolongation of the dispute meant the break up of the organization and an increasing number of scabs getting into the works, so the dispute was declared closed, and a few days after it was also closed at the Hill and matters will soon assume normal conditions. Some victims will be the result, but these will be looked after by the unions.

The men fought a good fight for twenty weeks and their organizations remain intact and they are in a better position than ever for carrying on an energetic campaign and preparing to take their rightful share in the great class war fully conscious of the part they have to play in it.

TWENTY MINUTES' WORK. I am in receipt of yours of June the 17th, and am very thankful for having the opportunity of spreading "the International Socialist Review" among the working class and hope it will do them as much good as it did me. As soon as I got your letter with the two subscription cards I went out and in 20 minutes I got the two subscribers, for which you'll find enclosed a check for \$2. I expect also to get of you the \$2 worth of books which you have promised in your letter. Yours in the cause,

LOUIS GOLDBERG.

New York.

THE LAND OF DIAZ. John Murray's articles in recent numbers of the Review on Mexico were fine. His pictures were

true to life, but the worst story remains untold. It is that of the horrible intellectual condition of the Mexican people. There ignorance is so dense it is almost incomprehensible to Americans. They do not know their right hand from their left, nor on which side of the body the heart lies. When a Mexican stabs one of his fellows, he thrusts the knife into his bowels as being the most vulnerable spot. These people do not know that Castilian and Spanish are the same language, nor that Mexico and the U. S. are on the same continent. One man told me he understood the city of Canada, in the State of Sonora, was on an island lying between the two countries. Their superstitions are beyond belief and they believe in devils, witches, living saints that dwell in the woods, and in everything except the simple truth. The church carefully cultivates these superstitions and their efforts to foster them are tolerated by the government. Mexicans believe that marriage contracts in the U. S. are for a given period of time only. They are also taught by the Jesuits that the government of the U. S. prohibits religion. I think the Jesuits are more powerful here than in any other country. They run the official schools almost everywhere and have succeeded in undoing the heroic work of Juarez and the liberals forty years ago. But a great awakening is taking place in Mexico and I expect lively times in a year or two. Literature is being published as never before and political parties are springing up on all sides. Yours for better times. A SOCIALIST.

THE INVENTOR'S SHARE, an attractive brochure by Arthur G. Baker, with an introduction by J. J. Spouse, is one of the most interesting booklets we have received for a long time. Comrade Baker has invented a practical typesetting machine. The Inventor's Share is the story of his long efforts to get his machine upon the market without

losing all rights in it, as is generally the misfortune of inventors. After reading this book one is tempted to say "Brains are their own punishment." For the printer who turns out a successful invention—a practical machine fares no better than the average wage-worker. In fact, he generally fares worse. Often he is compelled to spend years of sacrifice in order to perfect his invention only to have it stolen from him, or to be cheated out of his patent rights by the men of business. We are glad Arthur Baker possessed the courage and tenacity to hold on till the comrades of Michigan came to his rescue. This little book will interest all socialists. Price, 10 cents, 19 Grand Circus Building, Detroit, Mich.

LEEDS, ENGLAND. Comrade Bonell writes us sending a big order for books. He says "Our opponents cannot meet our scientific position. Armed as we are, with your literature, we feel confident of victory."

COMRADE LANG, of Muscatine, sends us a splendid report of his book and magazine sales for the past six months. We would like to print his report in full but lack of space forbids. We want to congratulate him, however, and the Muscatine comrades for the way they are handling literature, including the Review. Every local that spreads good socialist literature and periodicals is bound to grow, for those who read are always with us.

THE DES MOINES AMENDMENTS. I would not consume further space on this subject were it not for the fact that the editor has totally misunderstood the provision criticised. I was amazed at his criticising a provision which is a simple method of securing almost absolute fairness, but I now comprehend: it is because he does not understand it. He says that if there were a hundred

candidates, the ballot handed to each member would contain ten thousand names.

The truth is that if there were one hundred candidates, the ballot handed to each member would contain one hundred names.

I shall use fifty names as my number to illustrate with, because I think our amendment will cut down the number of candidates to fifty or less. The reason I think so is because out of the two hundred and four candidates on the ballot last winter only thirty-six were nominated by as many as five locals.

If there were fifty candidates to be voted upon and fifty thousand members to do the voting, there would be fifty thousand ballots printed with the fifty names on each. On one thousand of these ballots, the editor's name would stand at the top, if he were a candidate. On another thousand, my name would stand at the top, if I were a candidate. On still another thousand, Simons' name would stand at the top, if he were a candidate. And so on with each and every candidate.

Each member would receive one ballot with fifty names on it. It would not matter whose name stood at the top of his particular ballot. If Comrade Kerr's name stood at the top of that particular ballot, some other member, at that or some other place, would be voting a ballot with my name at the top, and another member would be voting a ballot with Simons' name at the top, and so on with all the candidates. This would destroy the special privilege now enjoyed by those whose names begin with letters at the front of the alphabet. It would insure entire fairness.

I hope I have made myself understood. If I have, the editor will now support the amendment. The vital weakness of the South Dakota amendment is the fact that it omits this provision.

JOHN M. WORK.

Reply by the Editor. Evidently the trouble is with the poverty of the English language, which led the word "portion" to convey to us in the Review office a totally different meaning from what the writer intended. As the matter now stands, we have no fault to find with the Des Moines amendment, except that the failure to number all the names on a ballot in consecutive order invalidates the whole ballot. This is obviated by the Aberdeen amendment, which requires the voter to write numbers opposite merely the seven names of his choice. One advantage of the Des Moines plan, however, is that it will make it easy to defeat for re-election any member who misrepresents the party. If therefore, as now seems likely, the Aberdeen amendment fails to receive the necessary number of seconds, the Review will support the Des Moines amendment.

IF ALL WORKERS WERE RAISED TO THE HIGHEST EFFICIENCY, WHAT WOULD BE THE RESULT?

If higher skill results in greater production, as some have thought, it will only bring about a quicker glut of the market and a larger army of the unemployed. The more that improved machinery and higher efficiency of labor increase production the less is the subsistence portion allowed to the workers. A constantly lessening number of competing workers who, nevertheless, are creating more and more by the aid of improved machinery and also by the use of less and less skill naturally has a tendency to reduce wages.

With the efficiency of all the workers raised to the highest point we still have with us the starving but now highly skilled unemployed army.

As each worker can now take the place of every other the competition waxes more furious. The matter of obtaining the better positions has now ap-

parently become merely that of first-come-first-served.

But it is not even that. A large body of workers arriving at the same time and competing for the same job beat the wage down to the bare subsistence point.

To raise the efficiency of all the workers is a capitalist method of getting relief from the demands of skilled labor. As men produce more they are exploited still further—to a greater extent. This is one of the inevitable results of capitalist productions as Marx has so clearly taught us. The faster the pace and the higher the efficiency the more the production is accelerated and, consequently, the growth and downfall of capitalism is hastened.

Workingmen would not be benefited by a mere raising of efficiency under capitalism. Wages would fall to the dead level of those who are poorest paid.

Skilled workers are at present able to get a little higher wage than unskilled men because they are skilled and because many workers are not so efficient.

Machines are growing more efficient and complicated. This points to a time when most of human labor will be done by unskilled workers. I believe, however, that before this point has been reached capitalism will have passed away.

ANSEL McMURTRY.

SLADDENISMS.—Wherever a number of capitalists have a commercial club, there it is the duty of the wage-workers to have a wage-workers' club.

The real hero carries a bucket and not a rifle.

I have seen babies toddling along the streets selling papers in the rain; I see blind and maimed men selling shoe-strings and lead pencils to keep them out of the inferno you call a poor-house. . . I see womanhood at the auction block

of lust and manhood peddled for an empty honor.

You talk about laws in the interest of humanity! I can look through the thin veil of your writing and discern the dim outlines of your Real Estate.

SOUTH CAROLINA CONVENTION.

It would indeed be hard to find a more enthusiastic gathering than the convention of the Socialists of South Carolina held in Charleston on July 4. What it lacked in numbers it fully made up in the desire to "do something." The principal delegations were from Columbia and Charleston, though other places in the state were also represented, and there was also a visiting delegation from Augusta, Georgia. The prime object of this notable gathering was to devise ways and means to spread the socialist propaganda in the state. And let it be understood that it by no means stopped at "devising." The desire to accomplish results was clearly shown, when the chairman of the convention, Comrade A. J. Royal, of Columbia, one of the best and most enthusiastic workers in the state, in a forceful and very appropriate manner urged the necessity of placing a permanent organizer in the field. Letters were read from the different socialist publishing houses as well as the various socialist papers offering to do all in their power to assist in the dissemination of socialist thought, by special discounts, etc. In less than ten minutes over \$100.00 were pledged by the comrades present, with more in sight. Besides each comrade in their respective locals, agreed to assess himself a stated amount each month to keep up the permanent work in the state. There was a feeling among all, that since no help could be expected from outside sources, it devolved upon them to put their shoulders to the wheel and do their own organizing. A provisional state committee was elected

with a local quorum of three at Columbia. The executive committee consisting of Comrades R. B. Britton, J. C. Gibbs, A. J. Royal, T. J. Weston, Isaac Goldman and others to be elected by their respective locals. Comrade Wm. Eberhart, of Charleston, a venerable socialist of the "old school" was elected temporary state secretary, until Comrade H. L. Drake, at present in Florida, would arrive to take charge of the work. The local quorum consisted of Comrades A. J. Royal, J. C. Gibbs and T. J. Weston (all of Columbia). MAX WILK.



Comrade John Spargo writes us from the Vermont mountains that his health is steadily improving and that he hopes to do some more active fighting by next fall. The above photograph was taken of Comrade Spargo while he sat upon a cannon taking the sunshine, and dreaming of Universal Peace.

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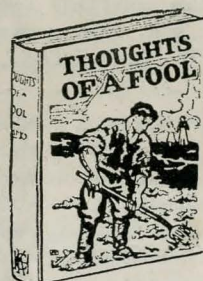
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PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT

History of the Great American Fortunes



BY GUSTAVUS MYERS.

This remarkable work, which has attracted widespread attention in the course of its serial publication in the Worker and Evening Call, will shortly be brought out in three handsome volumes. From the beginning of the serial publication of this work, an incessant stream of inquiries has poured in as to when it would appear in book form.

The first volume will be issued in September, 1909, and two other volumes will appear as rapidly as they can be published.

The **History of the Great American Fortunes** is a truly monumental work, covering an original field, and dealing with the subject in a way never before attempted. When Mr. Myers' History of Tammany Hall appeared some years ago, it was extensively noticed and reviewed the world over. It is safe to say that his **History of the Great American Fortunes** will call forth a far greater and wider amount of attention. It is the pioneer work in its field, and its value is already so thoroughly recognized that it is being translated into many languages.

The facts as to the origin of America's great fortunes have hitherto been shrouded in the densest obscurity. Yet the subject is one of the greatest interest and importance. Such articles as have been written on the careers of our rich men have nearly all been highly eulogistic and partial, hence historically worthless. There have also been denunciatory articles, violently attacking certain of the American multi-millionaires. These articles have been equally valueless, inasmuch as they deal prejudicially with individuals, and give no understanding of the conditions under which the great fortunes have been acquired. Moreover, practically all of them have been tirades, lacking facts and the knowledge of how to interpret facts.

So unexplored has the subject of the great fortunes been hitherto, that Mr. Myers has had to spend many years in gathering the facts. His research has been stupendous. He has gone through thousands of official documents dealing with three centuries of American life, and the results are seen in his work. It is not merely the first work of its kind, but is the most comprehensive and authentic history of American economic progress that has ever appeared. It gives the most lucid view of conditions from the very settlement of America down to the present time. It is, therefore, far more than a work dealing with the personal careers of the founders of the great fortunes; every phase of the conditions and social contrasts prevailing at different periods is fully illumined. You get the clearest kind of an idea of the forces at work in successive epochs, and of the tremendous movements and struggles, the culmination of which is seen in the American plutocracy of today, on the one hand, and the tens of millions of dispossessed, propertiless people, on the other.

Above all, the **History of Great American Fortunes** gives the facts, and facts as surprising as they are unassailable. Unlike many writers of the day, Mr. Myers does not waste himself on vague rhetoric, or tax the reader's patience by a difficult, academic style. He writes directly, simply, forcibly, always sticking to the facts, and going

straight to the point. He has taken the enormous mass of facts unearthed by his years of study and research, and has produced a virile work, every line of which is interesting if not fascinating, in the graphic picture it gives of the causes leading up to the colossal fortunes in the hands of a few, and the impoverishment of the many.

It is bound to rank as the greatest work of its kind, and as the standard authority. It is history written in a new way, with the correct knowledge and interpretation of the facts, a scientific work at every step, and at the same time so simply presented that a child can read and fully understand it. Numerous prevalent errors and sophistries will be absolutely overthrown by this work, and it can be predicted that many future works will be written in the light of the facts Mr. Myers brings out.

The author has given the publication of this book to our co-operative association of working people, because he has good reason to believe that almost any capitalist house would soon be induced to suppress the book when its revolutionary importance once came to the attention of the great captains of industry. We have little working capital, but our publishing house is owned by over two thousand socialists who can not be bought off.

We shall publish the book, so far as the author has completed it, in three handsome volumes, printed on fine book paper, with eight engravings in each volume. The first, dealing with **Conditions in Settlement and Colonial Times** and with the **Great Land Fortunes**, will be ready in September. Volumes II and III will deal with the **Great Railroad Fortunes**, and we hope to publish both of these by the end of 1909. The price of the work will be \$1.50 a volume, but to those who remit **\$3.50** in advance, we will mail each of the three volumes promptly upon publication. You can save a dollar on the price of this book, and also help us to hasten the publication of all three volumes, by filling out the attached blank and sending it in with \$3.50.

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What We Did in June. We accomplished the one thing we set out to do; we paid for the typesetting and electrotyping on the third volume of Marx's Capital, in time to save the cash discount. How we raised the money will appear from the following table:

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Cash balance, June 1.....\$ 250.51	Manufacture of books\$1,375.52
Book sales 1,700.05	Books purchased 55.59
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Sales of stock 212.51	Wages of office clerks..... 323.25
Loans from stockholders 695.00	Charles H. Kerr, on salary..... 70.00
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Total\$3,767.01	Postage and expressage 433.26
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We shall make no new appeal for contributions at this time. What we ask now is that every reader of the Review who is not yet on our regular mailing list send in a yearly subscription and an order for books. We shall keep open for a little while longer the combination offer of the Review a year and Morgan's *Ancient Society* for \$1.50; this applies either to renewals or to new subscriptions.

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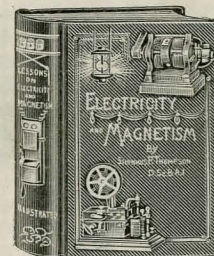
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