

# THE MASSES

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE WORKING PEOPLE

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Socialism  
The Issue  
In 1912.

Mark Hanna

See page 7.

NEWSSTAND EDITION

Drawn by Chas. A. Winter.  
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## THE SOCIALIST PLATFORM OF 1912

One of the most inspiring moments of the National Convention was directly after the reading of the preamble to the platform, quoted below. The unanimous and immediate verdict was that "it ranked with the Declaration of Independence." "Who wrote it?" was the next thought. Some claimed that W. J. Ghent was the author, but upon investigation it proved that although the lion's share of the responsibility for this document was due him, it was really the collective product of the members of the committee.

The representatives of the Socialist party in National Convention at Indianapolis declare that the capitalist system has outgrown its historical function, and has become utterly incapable of meeting the problems now confronting society. We denounce this outgrown system as incompetent and corrupt and the source of unspeakable misery and suffering to the whole working class.

Under this system the industrial equipment of the nation has passed into the absolute control of a plutocracy which exacts an annual tribute of millions of dollars from the producers. Unafraid of any organized resistance, it stretches out its greedy hands over the still undeveloped resources of the nation—the land, the mines, the forests and the water-powers of every state in the union.

In spite of the multiplication of labor-saving machines and improved methods in industry which cheapen the cost of production, the share of the producers grows ever less, and the prices of all the necessities of life steadily increase. The boasted prosperity of this nation is for the owning class alone. To the rest it means only greater hardship and misery. The high cost of living is felt in every home. Millions of wage-workers have seen the purchasing power of their wages decrease until life has become a desperate battle for mere existence.

Multitudes of unemployed walk the streets of our cities or trudge from state to state awaiting the will of the masters to move the wheels of industry.

The farmers in every state are plundered by the increasing prices exacted for tools and machinery and by extortionate freight rates and storage charges.

Capitalist concentration is mercilessly crushing the class of small business men and driving its members into the ranks of propertiless wage-workers. The overwhelming majority of the people of America are being forced under a yoke of bondage by this soulless industrial despotism.

It is this capitalist system that is responsible for the increasing burden of armaments, the poverty, slums, child labor, most of the insanity, crime and prostitution, and much of the disease that afflicts mankind.

Under this system the working class is exposed to poisonous conditions, to frightful and needless perils to life and limb, is walled around with court decisions, injunctions and unjust laws, and is preyed upon incessantly for the benefit of the controlling oligarchy of wealth. Under it also, the children of the working class are doomed to ignorance, drudging toil and darkened lives.

In the face of these evils, so manifest that all thoughtful observers are appalled at them, the legislative representatives of the Republican and Democratic parties remain the faithful servants of the oppressors. Measures designed to secure to the wage earners of this nation as humane and just treatment as is already enjoyed by the wage earners of all other civilized nations have been smothered in committee without debate, and laws ostensibly designed to bring relief to the farmers and general consumers are juggled and transformed into instruments for the exaction of further tribute. The growing unrest under oppression has driven these two old parties to the enactment of a variety of regulative measures, none of which has limited to any appreciable degree the power of the plutocracy, and some of which have been perverted into means for increasing that power. Anti-trust laws, railroad restrictions and regulations, with the prosecutions, indictments and investigations based upon such legislation, have proved to be utterly futile and ridiculous.

Nor has this plutocracy been seriously restrained or even threatened by any Republican or Democratic executive. It has continued to grow in power and

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insolence alike under the administrations of Cleveland, McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft.

In addition to this legislative juggling and this executive connivance, the courts of America have sanctioned and strengthened the hold of this plutocracy as the Dred Scott and other decisions strengthened the slave-power before the Civil War.

We declare, therefore, that the longer sufferance of these conditions is impossible, and we purpose to end them all. We declare them to be the product of the present system, in which industry is carried on for private greed, instead of for the welfare of society. We declare, furthermore, that for these evils there will be and can be no remedy and no substantial relief except through Socialism, under which industry will be carried on for the common good and every worker receive the full social value of the wealth he creates.

Society is divided into warring groups and classes, based upon material interests. Fundamentally, this struggle is a conflict between the two main classes, one of which, the capitalist class, owns the means of production, and the other, the working class, must use these means of production on terms dictated by the owners.

The capitalist class, though few in numbers, absolutely controls the government—legislative, executive and judicial. This class owns the machinery of gathering and disseminating news through its organized press. It subsidizes seats of learning—the colleges and schools—and even religious and moral agencies. It has also the added prestige which established customs give to any order of society, right or wrong.

The working class, which includes all those who are forced to work for a living, whether by hand or brain, in shop, mine or on the soil, vastly outnumbers the capitalist class. Lacking effective organization

and class solidarity, this class is unable to enforce its will. Given such class solidarity and effective organization, the workers will have the power to make all laws and control all industry in their own interest.

All political parties are the expression of economic class interests. All other parties than the Socialist party represent one or another group of the ruling capitalist class. Their political conflicts reflect merely superficial rivalries between competing capitalist groups. However they result, these conflicts have no issue of real value to the workers. Whether the Democrats or Republicans win politically, it is the capitalist class that is victorious economically.

The Socialist party is the political expression of the economic interests of the workers. Its defeats have been their defeats and its victories their victories. It is a party founded on the science and laws of social development. It proposes that, since all social necessities to-day are socially produced, the means of their production and distribution shall be socially owned and democratically controlled.

In the face of the economic and political aggressions of the capitalist class the only reliance left the workers is that of their economic organizations and their political power. By the intelligent and class-conscious use of these, they may resist successfully the capitalist class, break the fetters of wage-slavery, and fit themselves for the future society, which is to displace the capitalist system. The Socialist party appreciates the full significance of class organization and urges the wage earners, the working farmers and all other useful workers everywhere to organize for economic and political action, and we pledge ourselves to support the toilers of the fields as well as those in the shops, factories and mines of the nation in their struggles for economic justice.

In the defeat or victory of the working class party in this new struggle for freedom lies the defeat or triumph of the common people of all economic groups, as well as the failure or the triumph of popular government. Thus the Socialist party is the party of the present day revolution, which marks the transition from economic individualism to socialism, from wage slavery to free co-operation, from capitalist oligarchy to industrial democracy.

## THE GREAT FORCE

**E**DUCATION is the greatest force on earth. Especially such education as impels us to do things. Working class education is therefore of much more importance than a college education.

Working class education is based upon experience—based upon doing things. Therefore, a man who has graduated from the working class college of experience is without exception an active man. They make mistakes, but whatever they do, they make things hum.

College education is useful inasmuch as it enables the individual to do things better—more efficiently!

Often, however, a college education serves in giving the individual a mistaken idea of broadness. Their little bits of theoretical knowledge picked up here and there leaves them bewildered and unable to take a positive stand on anything. They seek to hide this fallacy under the cloak of broadness.

Such are the dangers of a mere college education. The working class education on the other hand is based principally upon experience.

Knowledge begotten through experience is usually more serviceable than theoretical knowledge, but it is also much more expensive. Second-hand knowledge is to be obtained at a much more reasonable rate.

Now, if we are going to establish the Co-operative Commonwealth in the near future, we need a whole lot of knowledge. A good deal more than we can pay for with experience. Yet we must have the knowledge. That's where we need the individual with a college training.

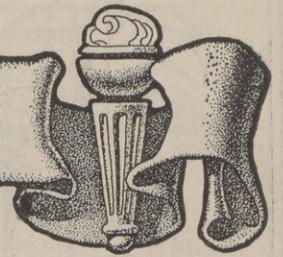
So we must interest the collegians in the working-class movement. Through their association with the working class the knowledge they absorb will assume more and more a practical and serviceable nature.

The working class, on the other hand, will benefit by the very association with those friends who have received a college education.

Such education we welcome. Education based upon fellowship—based upon securing the greatest good for the greatest number.



# EDITORIALS



## THE WAITERS



“THE waiters have been imbued with the spirit of Socialism. They are trying to get out of the servant class. They want the public to assume the same attitude toward them that they do toward the hotel clerks and cashiers.”

Thus spoke Mr. Boldt, the proprietor of the Waldorf-Astoria, apropos to the revolt of the New York waiters.

A remarkably clear analysis indeed. Especially so from Mr. Boldt.

It is also an extraordinary motive for a strike. The writer was a waiter in the New York hotels until four years ago. That's how he knows that Mr. Boldt's analysis is correct. That's why he feels so deeply about the waiters' struggle. The stigma which rests upon the labor of the servant class will have to be lifted sooner or later. The waiters' strike was a surprise to me, because it proved that it was going to be lifted sooner, much sooner, than I had expected. A few days ago I saw waiters walk out of some of the hotels with tears in their eyes. Tears of pent-up emotion. An emotion caused by lifelong indignation. I wondered when I mingled with them after a walk-out one evening, how many observers would understand the nearly sobbing voice with which these boys swore they would never return to the business except as free men, as union men, as equals to everybody. As they put it, they would sooner be street sweepers than return under the same conditions.

Much may happen from the time of this writing until your reading it. If the strike is not won by the time you read this, I implore you to help these boys with your moral and financial support. Never was a battle fought for a bigger stake. They are not fighting for bread and butter only. The bosses were ready to grant them this the second day of the strike. They are fighting the battle of democracy. They are begging you to recognize them as working men and women. They want your help to lift from them the stigma of the flunky. P. V.



## THE RED FLAG



IT is evident from the proposed flag ordinances in San Diego, Seattle and Schenectady that our enemies are trying to embroil us in a quarrel about the red flag. Wouldn't it be fine if they could thus divert us from the main issue: Who shall own the United States, the people or the capitalists? Wouldn't they be tickled if we were to be sufficiently provoked by their bullying methods to give them a chance to trot out their deputies and soldiers and beat us up?

No, no—dear friends of the Militia of Christ and others! We are on! Kautsky put us wise long ago to these methods on the part of capital. You will have to try some other bait to catch us.



## WOMAN SUFFRAGE



THE New York Woman Suffrage parade was without exception the most inspiring demonstration I ever witnessed. Never have I seen a group of paraders which showed such determination, intelligence and intensity in their every move and act.

No one blessed with average intelligence could look at that parade and doubt that the New York women were going to be enfranchised.

But if the parade was inspiring, the crowd of on-lookers furnished a spectacle equally disgusting. Three members of THE MASSES' staff marched in the men's section of the parade. After marching about ten blocks they almost simultaneously arrived at the conclusion that capitalism may rest in peace for awhile so far

as New York's male population is concerned. Never have I seen such a huge crowd of half-witted, gaping, sneering, provincial imbeciles.

We can thank our stars, or rather our mothers, that the social revolution in New York does not depend entirely upon the male population. The women, who in sincerity, intensity and intelligence far outstrip them, will play an important part.



## T. R. WANTS THE U. S.



JUDGING from all indications, Roosevelt is going to be the next President of the United States.

That's another piece of Socialist luck. Nothing more favorable to the development of Socialism can be asked for than T. R. as President.

In spite of the verdict of some mystery hunting Socialist editors, Teddy has not yet sold the United States to the trusts.

The fact of the matter is, Teddy does not intend to sell it. Teddy wants it himself, and he wants it badly. The funny part of it is that we know he will not be able to digest it when he gets it. That much we know. The rest is guesswork, and our guess is that Teddy with his imperialism will make such a mess of it that we shall have every reason to be satisfied.

Because, you know, the fishing is good in troubled waters.



## THE A. F. OF L.



“THE policy of Samuel Gompers is a continual trade of trades union men with politicians. It means selling out to the highest bidder. He is trying to make the labor movement the tail end of the Democratic party.”

So said Berger a few days ago in Washington.

And so say we. There is something radically rotten in the A. F. of L. It is high time that the Socialists within and without that body got busy and exposed it. The A. F. of L. is getting more and more into the hands of the Militia of Christ. With the Catholic Church, they are backing the *Common Cause*, the anti-Socialist monthly. Their form of organization is antiquated, petty, mean and ineffective so far as the masses of the people are concerned. It is calculated to protect the interests of the favored few of each trade. It bars the masses from membership through impossible initiation fees, etc.

We believe the time is ripe for the Socialists to make a concerted attack upon the reactionary elements within the American Federation of Labor. As that organization stands to-day, it is a monumental disgrace to the working class of America.



## SABOTAGE



THE complaints of the employers of labor that the working class is growing daily less dependable and less efficient are undoubtedly true. Only they have no right to complain. They have no kick coming. To buy a man's labor with just sufficient to subsist, does not necessarily secure his good will.

This subtle little matter of the good will of the workers is going to play havoc with society before long. Nine-tenths of the workers of the United States are to-day practising sabotage in some form, even if they never heard the word. The greatest problem of an employer of labor to-day is to make his job fool-proof before he puts it into the hands of the workers.

And why not? The workers have no interest in their job. They don't care if the boss fails or succeeds. All they care for is not to be caught when they make a *mistake*.

However, this condition is none of our making and does not interest us. What we object to is the degradation of the working class into a lot of incapables, into a group of hopeless desperadoes, into a group of destructionists. We need an intelligent, hopeful, constructive working class to establish the co-operative commonwealth.

That's why we are fighting sabotage, and not to curry favor with the capitalist class, as some of the wildly impatient, temperamentally anarchistic radicals want you to believe.

Our friends, the capitalists, we want to warn. They have permitted anarchy and chaos to thrive in order to play out their little game to the limit, and it seems now as if the workers in many countries have lost hope of producing something orderly out of the chaotic and anarchistic conditions which have developed out of capitalism. It seems as if in their desperation they are going to give the capitalists a hand in establishing anarchy. And though we may deplore it, who shall blame them?



## SAN DIEGO



THE treatment accorded to Dr. Ben Reitmann by the San Diego vigilantes is unspeakable. The facts are so ugly that they are unfit to print. The Socialist party and every fair-minded citizen should exert themselves to the utmost degree in denouncing and preventing these outrages.

But how about the anarchists? They believe in direct action. They don't believe it worth while to evoke the machinery of the law. They believe in being a law unto themselves.

If any of them have a sense of humor, will they kindly tell us what was wrong with the directness of the action of these vigilantes, who evidently represented a majority of the people of San Diego?

Or does this thing work only one way?



## REVOLUTION VS. VIOLENCE



TO prove Comrade Berger's remarks on sabotage at Indianapolis as contradictory, the *Live Issue*, an anti-Socialist weekly, quotes him as follows:

“In view of the plutocratic law-making of the present day, it is easy to predict that the safety and hope of the country will finally lie in one direction only—that of a violent and bloody revolution.

“Therefore, I say, each of the 500,000 Socialist voters, and of the 2,000,000 workingmen who instinctively, incline our way, should, besides doing much reading and still more thinking, also have a good rifle and the necessary rounds of ammunition in his home, and be prepared to back up his ballot with his bullets if necessary.”

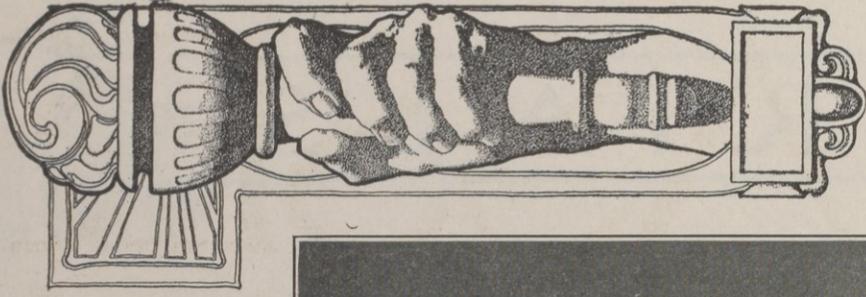
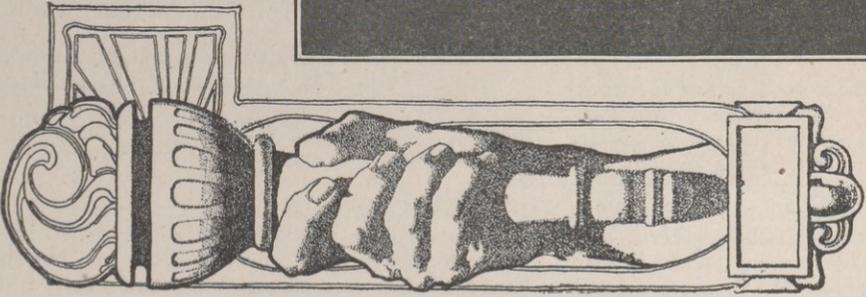
This is supposed to come from an editorial written by Berger in 1910.

It seems our friends cannot distinguish between an organized revolution to uphold the will of the majority, and individual violence and appropriation even if it is committed ostensibly as an attack upon an unjust prevailing system.

We fully indorse, and no doubt Berger with us, what he wrote in 1910. If a majority of the people of the United States want Socialism, and capitalism prevents them by violence from getting it, we consider it justifiable to counteract such tyranny by an organized revolution.

But as Berger pointed out, the majority of the people do not as yet want Socialism. Therefore violence at present is not only unjustifiable, but unwise. Because if by some miracle we should succeed in capturing the government by violence, they could get it back by the same token the day or the week after.

# SOCIALIST PAPER TY



**EUGENE V. DEBS**

PRESIDENT

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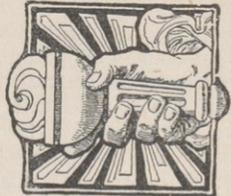
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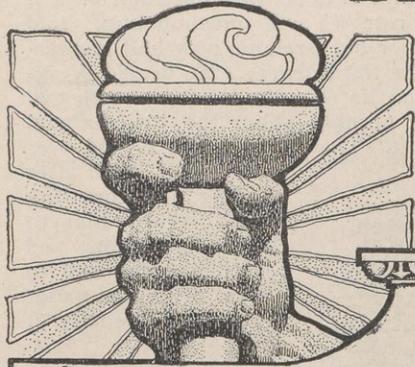


**EMILE SEIDEL**

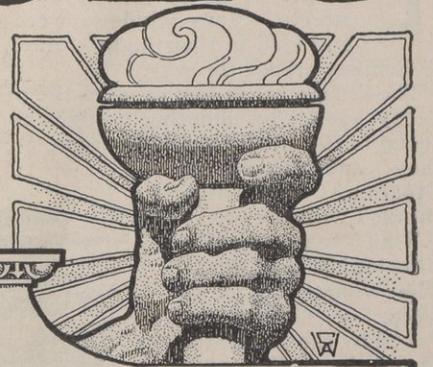
VICE-PRESIDENT



# THE MASSES



A MONTHLY MAGAZINE  
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS  
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CHAS. A. WINTER, Art Editor  
EUGENE WOOD, President

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HAYDEN CARRUTH, Vice-President

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JULY, 1912

No. I.

## ELIMINATING THE ANARCHIST

Written for THE MASSES.

By CHAS. DOBBS

**A** RESORT to violence by individuals or a minority group as a means of settling a social problem is a confession of moral and intellectual incompetence.

It is a confession that those who advocate or practice violence are afraid to submit the justice of their cause to the arbitration of reason.

These propositions are, or ought to be, axiomatic. We may be impatient at the slow progress of our campaign to convert the majority to our point of view, but when this impatience finds expression in "short cuts" to the New Jerusalem, it ceases to be scientific and becomes raw Utopianism. If this "short cut" takes the form of brutal conflict or contemptible sabotage, it is a confession that education is a farce and that the only argument which men will recognize is a knife at the midriff or a blow between the eyes.

If the knife or the blow is the only convincing argument, the Socialist regime, if ushered in by such means to-morrow, might easily, by the same means, be transformed the next day to something even more cruel than the condition under which we suffer now.

Upon the rock of these facts the Socialist Movement in America took its stand at the National Convention of the party held in Indianapolis, Ind., in May. The definitive expression in the new constitution, requiring expulsion from the party membership of all who advocate violence or sabotage, was the most important action of the convention. Without any semblance of intolerance or heresy-hunting it clears the atmosphere and establishes a basis upon which the future practical and theoretical work of the movement may be predicated.

The requirement for membership is eminently fair to all. After full discussion, an overwhelming majority of the delegates, indubitably representing an overwhelming majority of the party membership, decided that the time for argument is past. The Socialist Movement is a political movement. There are other movements which pin their faith to the "propaganda of the deed." The two schools of thought and the two theories of action have nothing in common.

The only really important debate in the con-

vention was on this precise point. It is true that those who opposed the anti-violence clause of the constitution did not in terms advocate the "propaganda of the deed," but the issue was sufficiently clear for all practical purposes. The argument of the minority that a declaration against violence was no more necessary than a declaration against "free love" or "dividing up," was disingenuous. The failure, too, of a single member of the minority to meet the issue fairly and squarely was a significant commentary on their arrogant classification of the delegates into "Reds" and "Yellows"—the minority being the valiant Reds, and the majority the pusillanimous Yellows. In this, as in so many other cases, the one boastful of his courage before battle only too frequently shows the yellow streak when we get down to brass tacks.

As far as I recall, the only member of the minority to stand firm in the debate was a woman from Ohio, who taunted the Massachusetts delegates with their failure to uphold the "Boston Tea Party" as a classical example alike of the courage of their forefathers and the effectiveness of "direct action." It was my privilege in the debate to show just how unfortunate the delegate from Ohio happened to be in her reference to the "Boston Tea Party," which was an enterprise by and for the benefit of a small band of American smugglers who only added to the list of crimes committed in the name of liberty and made no substantial contribution to the cause of human freedom.

With no purpose to be unkind, it may be pointed out right here that the "direct actionist" is only too frequently one unfamiliar not only with the true significance of historical incidents like the "Boston Tea Party," but with those various other facts of human experience which must be taken into consideration in formulating any present policy of social action. It is still true that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," no matter how cocksure and glib those may be who lack the capacity or are too indolent to "drink deep of the Pierian spring."

All the incidents of the Indianapolis meeting have had time to melt into their proper propor-

tion, but time for reflection only confirms the wisdom of the convention in protecting the membership against the inroads of the Anarchist. Even those who honestly opposed the constitutional clause on the ground that it was unnecessary, are now probably willing to admit that it was a good thing for the party unequivocally to go on record. It is plain that if one disdains the use of violence, it can do no harm, and may do much good to say so. If any object, there is reason to suspect more than a leaning away from Socialism and towards Anarchism. One may respect the opinions of an Anarchist if the Anarchist is sufficiently intelligent not to call himself a Socialist. But we cannot respect one who will continue to be a member of an organization to whose theories and practices he is irreconcilably opposed. Continuance of membership under these circumstances can only be interpreted to mean an intention to do the party hurt by committing in its name and in its garb some dastard deed to prejudice Socialism before the bar of civilization.

The war between Socialism and Anarchism is old, and the 1912 convention at Indianapolis would have no particular significance if it merely marked a victory or defeat in another skirmish between ancient antagonists. The thing that counts is the fact that in its every aspect the Socialist Convention revealed that the American movement has entered upon a new phase. It is, as it has been, a protest. But it is more, in that while it is prepared with unfaltering courage to cut away that which is rotten in the body of civilization, it brings also a healing balm.

Capitalism has run its course, but it would be idle to deny that it has made its contributions to civilization. Progress is a relay race, and Socialism comes now to take up the work and carry liberty, learning, peace and plenty to loftier heights than men have ever reached before. That we are able to do this the National Convention of 1912 proves by its program of constructive legislation. The various reports submitted to the convention were characterized by a clarity of thought, and were debated on the whole with an intelligence and vigor that demonstrated our fitness to discharge the historical function which has devolved upon us.

# THE CROSS BREAKER

By NICHOLAS KLEIN

Written for THE MASSES.

Drawn by BOARDMAN ROBINSON

**T**HERE was great excitement in Massara. The people stood in groups about the narrow streets. Many windows were open. Some, still clad in their night clothes, were talking to families across the way.

The village priest had aroused the populace of the sleepy hamlet by shouting to them to awake. The group in the square quickly became a crowd. When they understood the situation, they too shouted with the priest.

The men made threatening gestures. The women began to weep.

Led by the priest, the crowd hurriedly made its way to the cross-roads at the entrance to the village. There they beheld the Crucifix, the beloved Crucifix that had been standing there for nearly a century, broken to pieces. The stone pedestal was in ruins. The figure of Jesus was found in a near-by field, the arms in fragments, the face smashed beyond recognition.

At this sight the crowd became an infuriated mob. They ceased to wring their hands. Above the sobs of the multitude could be heard the clear voice of the priest crying aloud for vengeance.

Cool-headed ones tried to figure it out, but even they were at a loss. There had been no storm that evening, which might have caused the disaster.

Finally the priest proclaimed: "It is Bretano, the Radical! We must get him before he escapes!"

The crowd seized on this explanation at once. Who could it have been but old Bretano? Was not old Bretano always agitating in the square? Was it not old Bretano who declared that churches were unnecessary and that a man's church was in his own heart? It must be old Bretano, for it could be no other!

The mob, armed with clubs, hatchets and clods of earth, forced the door of old Bretano's little home. Despite his denials and protests, the old fellow was soon stored in the village jail, more dead than alive, with blood streaming from his nostrils.

Within two weeks a firm from Genoa had erected a larger and finer Crucifix. The unveiling was an event never to be forgotten. It was a beautiful day. Massara was in her glory. The village was decorated with the national colors. The farmers came from all about to have a good time and see the sights. There was a big procession, with brand new banners of the Savior. The red one of the Virgin was regilded.

The chorus consisted of twenty-five voices and the

services were very impressive. The village folk as well as the farmers appeared in their holiday clothes. The children were dressed in white. The girls wore white hoods, hand embroidered.

And Bretano was in jail.

The morning after the feast Massara was startled again. A farmer coming in with his vegetables reported to the people in the square that the new

sided with Bretano. But the doctor was away.

"Perhaps the crank does know something of this outrage. At any rate we will question him," said the priest. And poor old Bretano, now half starved, was put through the third degree. He denied everything. He said that he was not in league with evil spirits. He knew nothing about the Crucifix and had not even seen it. The old man was turned over

to the mob, who, after flogging and torturing him, marched him to the village limits and told him to go and to return no more under the pain and penalty of death.

Now that Bretano was gone, all would be well. A committee was formed to collect funds for a new and a grander Crucifix—one which would eclipse anything in the country. The committee visited the neighboring villages and found that the excitement produced money more than enough.

Many insisted that this time a Milano firm should get the contract. And so it was given to a firm from that city. The work was the very best they could produce. The workmen were all known to be safe against witchcraft. And of course Bretano was no more, so far as they were concerned.

But to make certain, a guard was organized. Men armed with heavy clubs were placed on watch. Many of the leading citizens of the village offered their services. Rango left his tea shop to become a guard. Fugazzi, the fruit shipper, was a member. Munzio, the Mayor, was made chief of the guards. They had a day and a night relief.

The day guard returned to the village after the first day's watch without special news. The Mayor was in the night watch. He supplied lanterns and a good supply of "Vermouth." It was a picnic for the poorer members of the guard. The time passed most interestingly, with singing and dancing, and the liquor flowed freely.

About 11 o'clock the priest went home, leaving the guard as merry as ever. Just as the church bells were striking the midnight hour some one yelled. The singing and dancing stopped. The guards ran out of the tent. They saw a man in the moonlight breaking the brand new Crucifix. "Down with him!" shouted the Mayor. The guards advanced with raised clubs, ready to kill the cross-breaker. But suddenly they stopped short. They dropped their clubs. They stood still as death.

There in the distance stood a man with a hammer. Only his face and his strong arms could be seen.

(Concluded on page 7.)



Crucifix had been destroyed. The report spread quickly.

"I suppose it is a joke," said the priest. "The farmer doesn't know that we have Bretano in jail and will keep him there, too!"

But the farmer was not joking. He had told the truth. The new Crucifix was completely destroyed. Bits of it were found all along the road. The arms of the Savior lay in a ditch. The gold letters "I. N. R. I." were erased and the nose was missing.

Who could have committed this outrage? Bretano was in jail. To be sure, he was not the only crank in town. There was Dr. Cipriani, who often

# SOCIALISM THE ISSUE IN 1912

Written for THE MASSES.

By GEORGE CRAM COOK

ONLY a part of Mark Hanna's famous prediction—that by 1912 the issue in America would be Socialism and the political contest between the Republican and Socialist parties—appears now to be possible of fulfilment. Only some unexpected accident, some sudden turn of fortune like the McNamara confession—a turn as favorable to Socialism as that was unfavorable, and national in scope—could make the Socialist vote of 1912 equal the Democratic vote in size, however superior it may be in quality, in conviction and in power of rapid growth. Victory does not, therefore, as Hanna prophesied it would, lie between Republican and Socialist. Nevertheless, the issue is Socialism, the only real issue. The progress of events has made it so. Mark Hanna estimated correctly the rate of speed of industrial development. His error lay in overestimating the speed with which the minds of the masses of men would understand and conform to the logic of events. Things have changed, but the mind of the nation has not. It is still on the verge of change. The change in minds has not kept pace with the swift change in things.

But the mental change has begun. Well-informed and clear-seeing leaders of the old parties, knowing the strength of the Socialist position at the present time, realize that the psychological shift for Socialism is not far off. One hears nowadays of semi-private expressions of opinion on Socialism by old party leaders which four years ago would have astonished even the Socialists.

Before the Economic Club of New York on May 23d, in an address which greatly impressed the business men who listened to him, Woodrow Wilson stated fairly and squarely that among American political parties in the year 1912, the Socialists offer the only constructive policy. Of the Democrats he said: "We must either have a constructive policy or make way for the Socialists."

But he did not offer the so much desired constructive policy. Why not? It was not lack of intelligence which prevented Mr. Wilson from offering a constructive policy acceptable to his party, but the fact that the Democratic party can accept no such policy which will work. The hard thinking of Socialist thinkers for the last sixty years has penetrated, as it happens, to the only solution which solves. It is not possible for the workers to eat the cake and for the capitalists to have it. If Mr. Wilson could devise some plan whereby they could, he would have found the ideal capitalist constructive policy.

As the vital, central problem of our time grows more acute in the minds of the people, they are going to have less and less patience with so-called issues which do not touch the central problem.

Mr. Wilson sees this. He knows that the Democratic party must deal with that problem or die. What he does not perhaps yet see clearly is that the economic interest of the men who support financially the Democratic party will not permit them to support a constructive policy which will fundamentally improve the relative condition of the non-owning workers who cast a majority of the votes.

The "issues" of the Republican-Democratic campaign have not yet been promulgated in "keynote speeches" and platforms, and consequently no one outside the inner circles knows what they are going

to be. There is no general principle in the mind of either party from which in advance any one can foretell even the broad outlines of the forthcoming enunciations. They may be one thing and they may be another, the only certain thing being that they will not be fundamental and will not greatly matter. Contrasting with this is the fact that any well-informed, intelligent person could tell the main outlines of the Socialist position as well before the Indianapolis convention as after it. Mr. Wilson may or may not have read the Indianapolis platform. He did not have to read it to know what the "constructive policy" of the Socialists is. This because, unlike the principal but "unprincipled" parties, the successive Socialist platforms embody the same general principle, the same constructive policy. In its most concrete, ungeneralized form that policy can be put into two phrases: **Let the government own the trusts, and the people own the government.**

When the Socialists say that, it means more than Bryan's or Roosevelt's "Let the people rule." Owner is ruler. No capitalist politician dare say, "Let the people own." Moreover, the Socialists are patiently creating means adequate to achieve the ends they propose.

Mr. Wilson's use of the Socialist party as a warning to the Democrats is as good an example as one could ask of the leverage exerted upon all capitalist parties by the Socialist parties of the world. The Democrats may not have the intelligence to respond to the pressure exerted by the Socialist programme upon other parties, but the pressure is there, clearly felt by intelligent men like Wilson. Whether they can be brought to face the facts squarely or not, it is a matter of self-preservation with the Democratic party to

mould its policy in response to the pressure toward Socialism. If the imperceiving leaders of Democracy prevent such moulding the party will break. Whether the mossbacks see it or not, Socialism is the issue.

Because the Socialist party does not veer and shift every four years, the effect of succeeding Socialist campaigns is cumulative. Each Republican and Democratic campaign invents a few new and not particularly vital definite issues which may or may not have any relation to the issues of the campaign before. The Socialist campaign of 1912 will benefit directly and constantly from work done in 1910, in 1908, in 1904, in 1900. The path is still clear of misconceptions of Socialism which were destroyed by arguments made twenty years ago. The words of dead Socialists influence votes in this campaign. The Socialist party is the only American political party which now has grip enough to carry its past effectively into its present.

Mr. Wilson is impressed by the strength of the Socialist constructive policy even in its present stage of only partial unfoldment in America. What will he say when the full constructiveness of the modern working-class movement is disclosed in its three forms working in harmony—the political party—the closely knit, firmly federated unions—the wealth producing co-operatives. All he has yet seen so far is half a million workers voting together. He shall yet see millions of workers vote, strike and buy together, building thereby a power superior to the tremendous power of American capitalism.

It is well that the conscious working class should not underestimate that power of capitalism. At

present it has the whole vast history of the earth behind it making it be. The first life-specks in the primeval ooze began to establish it, the tribe of fishes who came ashore blindly intending to be mankind was working for it.

Hanna did not say there would be a Socialist President in 1912. He said the issue would be Socialism. And it is. It is, whether twenty-five Socialists sit in the next Congress, or only ten. It is the issue whether or not it can be kept a little longer in the background of the majority mind and on the back pages of capitalist newspapers. The issue now is and will continue to be Socialism, until either the possibility of Socialism is miraculously destroyed by the failure of the workers to unite or until Socialism is step by step established. Which of these alternatives is the likelier it is not necessary in these days to state. There are excellent people who deeply and sincerely regret the coming of Socialism, but none of them capable of seeing and interpreting who thinks it can be stopped.

Socialism or chaos? The drive of economic and psychological forces goes straight and hard toward the point where those roads fork. Which road? It is the great decision which confronts mankind.

Socialism or chaos? That is the issue. It is not Socialism, it is not syndicalism which creates sabotage, but capitalism. Capitalism creates sabotage. Sabotage is born of the hatred of hateful work done slavishly for private individuals. The souls of men crave work done creatively for themselves and for society. And that is the Socialist demand. Society is worth the service of any man, and no man is worth the unwilling service of another. Shall the world's work be forever done unwillingly, as it must be done in privately owned, wage paying industry? No one can sidetrack that issue in our day.

In spite of its apparent concern with material well being only, the Socialist demand springs out of one of the deepest spiritual needs of man—the need to work creatively in freedom.

## THE CROSS BREAKER

(Continued from page 6.)

It was a beautiful face—firm yet gentle, strong yet kind. A brilliant light encircled the head. It was not the moon. They knew that. It dazzled them.

The figure said: "I am come to save you. I am here to deliver you from idolatry and slavery. Behold, you have been building false works unto my name. You have been mocking me by making stone images. Even as your fathers before you, ye know not my message. Even as your fathers drove me out, so you have driven out my good disciple, Bretnano. Behold! I had no place to lay my head. I delivered my message to the multitudes under the bare heavens.

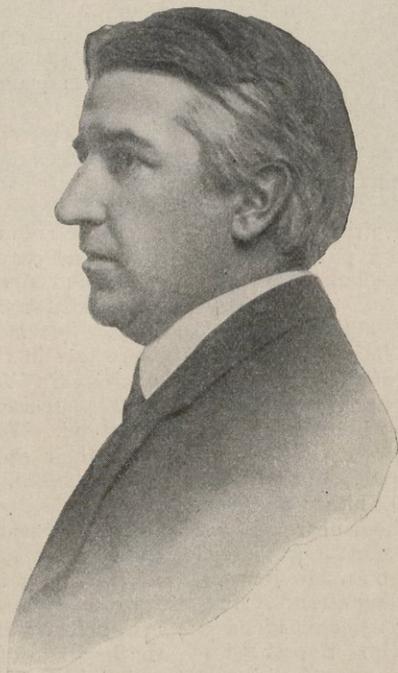
"I found fault with your fathers for having the poor amongst them, even so do I find fault with you.

"I say unto you, be happy and you will be religious. Make others happy and you will be doing my work. Bring ye joy and sunshine into the lives of the poor instead of building images to me. Seek ye heaven for all mankind. Throw away your mantle of hate. Rule by love, even as I taught your fathers before you.

"You are dreaming of a heaven in the clouds, but keeping hell in the streets. Make all your days holy by good deeds and kindly words. Reflect upon the words you utter daily: 'May it be on earth as it is in heaven.' As I drove the money changers out because they sought not God's own heart, even so do I now destroy the stone and mortar you have erected unto me!"

Then there was a flash as of lightning and the figure vanished. When the guards recovered their senses they rushed back to the village and awoke the populace. But nobody dared approach the spot during the hours of darkness.

When the sun came up they saw that their beloved Crucifix was smashed to powder. The stone foundation supporting the figure of Jesus has not been found to this day.



GEORGE CRAM COOK.

# THE WORD OF THE LORD BY BOUCK WHITE

Put Into Written Form for THE MASSES.

## LITTLE MAN IN A HURRY

I HAVE heard—word of The Eternal to this people—I have heard the cry of a sea tragedy.

I saw a ship set out to cross the deep. The proudest craft ever was known. They who built her and they who embarked within her accounted themselves to be gods.

They said, We have enthroned our dominion upon the seas. The winds and the waves obey us. The stars pilot us, and the tides bow down to us. Our sway is unboundaried. What shall dispute our dominion?

At danger they laughed: We are lord of the elements. Our ship plates are rivetted. Her knees are braced, that no blow can tremble her. In coal bunkers we put our trust. And bulkheads are a strong salvation. \* \* \* \*

OVER all else they were masters. But over themselves they were not masters. Restlessness stung them as a gadfly, disquiet harried them like as slaves are harried by a whiplash.

Speed was all their song as they steamed into the deep. The engines were built for speed. For it the imprisoned stokers sweated a river of sweat. The siren thundered it. All the flags flaunted it. From keel to crow's-nest, speed was the design and the designer.

To what purpose, this racing into the midnight? To no purpose. Souls restless on one side of the Atlantic, restless in the middle of the Atlantic, restless when they shall have crossed the Atlantic. For that the swift prow, and the bloodsweat of half a thousand toilers.

They conquered the sea, but their own souls they could not conquer. They knew to restrain the tides—themselves they did not restrain. To the storm winds they said, No. But to the gusts of storm passions within them they could not say No.

Masters of the world without. But within, all masterless—before the whims of caprice, helpless as a suckling child.

Man constructs a ship with a great rudder—and leaves himself rudderless. Captain over nature, he has forgotten to be captain of his soul. \* \* \* \*

NOT alone on those gilded passengers in the death ship, visit I my reproof. They were whipped on by the insanities of haste. But the insane ones were not all in that vessel.

This age is bitten by the speed madness. A hellish devil is abroad upon the earth, driving the people before him as flies are driven by the housewife's broom. And his name is Hurry.

From my habitation in the Unseen, I have looked down upon a demented generation. They scurry to and fro as people from whom peace and purpose are departing.

Over large areas the mania is encroaching. There is no aim set before their eyeballs, no end and object in these their hurrying. To the wish of the moment they scamper. The more indifferent is the errand, the madlier they go about it. \* \* \* \*

WHERE is the calmness of other days, the serenity of the bygone?

Time was, when I beheld a folk of composure on the earth—men of deepness, silent men, men who knew not to make haste, men to whom shoutings and heat were alien.

But what scene now do I behold?—I who have watched the centuries come and go, and who consider the goings-on of earth with an eye disposed to tenderness.

I behold an age of triflers. A generation gone mad for the prizes of a day—trumpery prizes. A frenzy for the delights that pass with the using.

As a pestilence, disquiet is stalking upon them, unheeding the mind and wresting the soul from its moorings.

A very fever in its virulence has the contagion grown to be. It has overtaken an ex-president, your third-term candidate, transforming him into a maniac. It has put unsoundness into his tissues, and a lust is withering his fibres. An ambition-racked man,

he rages and ramps over the land. He is an exile from quietness—a publicity pervert, belly-crawling before popularity, and whose heart is the heart of a flunkey.

But his power of harm I will nullify. I will break his teeth, and will expose him to his admirers. Those magnates who think by means of him to foist themselves upon the people, shall be brought to nothingness. For the tool they have chosen is an offcast tool.

This raging one shall come bending to my Socialists, and they shall not receive him. He shall bow himself even to the soles of their feet, and they shall trample him as mire of the roadway.

I have decreed a decree against him. And this is my decree: The self-seeker shall no more be called progressive, neither shall the vile man be called liberal. The silent man shall rule, to the quiet man shall be given the lordship. \* \* \* \*

MY controversy is with this people in the large. For all have strayed from the path of poise. A madness of getting and going is upon them. Dementedness is in the air, communal as a malaria. Each contributes his quota of impatience.

Was ever a great work done in haste? Out of unburnt bricks and with untempered mortar was ever a high thing built?

This material furor—from out the Unseen I say it unto you—this material furor is leading unto the bog. It will not lead you unto the altitudes.

When fever is in the veins, the pulsations are quick, the lungs heave, the face is aflame, the body tosses with an energetic tossing.

But take counsel of knowledge. That quickened pulse is not the leap of health. The heave of the lung lobes is not the respiration of soundness. Other than a rose bloom is that flame upon the cheeks. And the tossings to and fro are no betokenment of strength.

So is this people. They make haste. But it is the hastings of a madman. They whew hither and yon. But do these their whewings get them nearer to my heaven? Feverish minds, in a fret to arrive at the end of a journey, and in a fret to set off on a new journey.

Against them I speak this condemnation: A frittered and trivial life shall carve for itself no niche in fame's abbey. They make great ado. But oblivion shall put them to sleep. \* \* \* \*

WHAT is the causer of this breathlessness, these red-faced runnings to and fro? Why this malady of the mind, infecting as a plague and there is no serum against it?

I will make answer, I, the Depositary whereunto the centuries have accumulated their wisdom:

Your lives have gone off into fuss and fury, because of your competings one with another. I made men to the end that they should hold together, and with one will should strive against the forces of nature, untamed forces for whose conquest a concerted control is requisite. But lo, they have set to, against each other.

Men have devised an ordering of things whereby one gets forward by pushing another backward. Life is become a scrambling, and commercialism is a mutual murder.

I summoned man to an ascent where there is room at the top for all. But they have turned to mount another incline, where is room at the top for but one.

It is because of this that your age has gone off into breathlessness—a spent and winded people, fuming and frantic. Fellowship is no more. Man is man's premier foe. To rise on the body of the fallen, is got to be life's coronation and ultimate. Feverish with rivalries, man is become an insect buzzing in the sunbeam. \* \* \* \*

FROM that hell of turbidness issues the hurrying tide which sweeps and desolates you. What man, amid tumultuous competings, shall have aptitude for the things of deepness and calm? I have seen many a breathless one longing to enjoy the wayside. But behind him the sound of nearing

footfalls nagged him on. And, a little space further, he dropped.

'Tis that is making this hectic age. 'Tis that is speeding the tempo beyond the speed for which man and his spirit were framed.

Quietness will not revisit this people, my peace shall not descend upon this generation, until they have cast away the works of their ungodly competings and have re-ordered the world's affairs into fellowship. Team play is from me, but tug-and-tear is of the evil one. \* \* \* \*

FOR that sea sorrow this age totally is blame-worthy. And totally must it amend.

In high seriousness wrought your forbears, silent as men girt by awful destinies. Was it to the end that their children might live insensate—gadabouts on the face of the earth, at search o'er land and water for pleasure and something new?

Not long at the longest is man's life span under the sun. Out of the darkness he came—into darkness shall he likewise return? Aye, into darkness shall they return, who give their earth-passage to works of furious vanity.

Would that this people might drink at the water springs and be advised! How many years off is eternity for any one of them? And to some, is it not nigh at the door? More pleasing to me is an earth girded with quietude, than the lusts of speed and spoil—raging lusts which foam like rabies in a dog. \* \* \* \*

AMID the cries that pierced me from out the midnight on that northern sea, I saw a thing, and the pity of it will not pass away—nor my wrath because of it.

I saw lives of my workpeople swallowed up—left like rats in the ship—because there were for them no boats. I looked, to understand why there were no boats for them. And I perceived.

'Twas because deck space had been pre-empted as pleasure room for the first cabin, the cabin of soft-lings and extortioners.

Lamentations have been lifted over the lives that were lost from among the leisurists on board that ship. But more prized by me were the lives that were lost in the steerage. And why were my work ones lost? Why, on all that ship, no space for boats for the steerage?

Attend. 'Twas that the fatling passengers might have their gymnasium, their private shower baths, their swimming tank, electric elevators, grill room, a palm garden of the Orient, a café, a sun parlor.

To make space for racquet courts for the rich, my poor were quartered in cattle pens below deck where is no breathing. Room, and room enough, for the endowed idlers which cumber the face of my earth. But barely stable room for those born to the heritage of toil.

A thing shall come to pass, and eyes shall start from their sockets to behold it: I will place my toilers in the "cabins de luxe," and the idlers in that day will rejoice to get a bunk in the steerage. \* \* \* \*

OF them all which went down in the darkness, I made a numbering. And the count was not pleasant unto me. How comes it that two out of three in the cabin were saved? And in the steerage, one out of four?

Forsooth, justice is not dead. And those gilded folk who demanded a skating rink and "apartments en suite" which make lifeboats impossible, will, in the moment when fear comes out from the dark and the pangs get hold, yield what boats there are to my toilers in the steerage. Will they not? Fair play demands it.

But professional idlers are far removed from fair play. At variance with fair play utterly are their lives. And what scene did mine eyes register?

Midnight. Revelry. Winings and dinings,—extortioners gluttonizing over the heads of my toilers penned in the darkness of the hold.

The crash. Steerage gates quickly are padlocked. Armed officers keep back my poor whilst the inheritors of wealth slip away in the lifeboats.

I have heard the dirge which you have chanted over this tragedy of the deeps: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." Even so. And unblessed are the dead who die in their criminal luxuries.

"Nearer, My God, To Thee," came the hymn, when human help was past. But I am weary of death-hour devotions. Let this people get nearer to me in their living, and they will be nearer to me in their dying.

Dearer to me were those stewardesses who were left to destruction, than the gilded women and the married harlots of wealth-inheritors who demanded

sun parlors whilst the vessel was sailing, and the lifeboats when the vessel was sinking.

\* \* \* \* \*  
**W**ILL the gilded ones make plea that another than they designed the ship and put palm gardens in place of life rafts?

At my judgment bar, quibblers are of short shrift. The ship's constructor made provision for the flesh, to fulfil the desires thereof, because the fatted patrons of the cabin demanded the same. 'Tis this peoples' insatiate lust for luxuries, has changed sailormen into hotelkeepers. And my judgment books have it so recorded.

I hear another: 'Twas not we, O Most High One, but the directors, who speeded the ship through the

ice floe with danger palpably at hand.

Quibble your quibbles upon earth. But bring not those emptiest of pratings to me.

The ship was speeded to her death because this generation has become lunatic for speed. What the buyer demands, that the seller will provide. And my judgment books have it so recorded.

\* \* \* \* \*

**S**UNKEN is the queen of the seas.

To the salutation of the lookers-on she launched—with the flaunting of flags and with salvos. In lordly guise she set forth. She trod the waves haughtily, with high steppings because of her mightiness.

But the ice crag dealt her a mortal wound. She bowed her head and sank.

Great was her glory, and of brief continuance. At eveningtide—the magnificence excelling all else of man's maritime devisings. At morning gray, nothing but the lift and settle of the sea.

Her prow is buried in the ooze, and her hold is the treasury of diamonds and gold and costly stuffs which could not save her. Beneath twice one thousand fathoms, upright in the silent chambers of the deep, a monument is erected to the great gods Grab and Hurry.

Is it to be a monument likewise to this generation?

I, The Eternal, do ask it—I, Lord of the ages that are and that have been and that are to be.



## IN THE PRIDE OF HIS YOUTH

BY

FLORENCE KIPER

DRAWING BY MAURICE BECKER

**J**AMES ALOYSIUS O'DONNELL, aged sixteen, was walking down State Street. James Aloysius walked contemplatively, with a large freedom of movement and a dreamy smile. For James Aloysius was in love, and the city streets were to him groves of Eros, the skyscrapers temples of Aphrodite.

She worked near him in the pants factory. She had dark hair and eyes and an olive skin, and the allurements of all the ladies ever dreamed on by the poets. For between a little Polish Jewess from the West Side of Chicago, and Helen of Troy, stretches a distance not so great as one may imagine; and beauty is still in the eye of the beholder.

James Aloysius was full of heroic and of exquisite thoughts as he swaggered with his hands in his pockets. His gaze was outward upon the hurrying streets, but his vision was inward. And only himself did he behold—himself and one other. Yet by the mystery of love, she was himself and he was she, inexplicably woven and at one. "Gee!" exclaimed James Aloysius O'Donnell.

He stopped before a department store, and surveyed the window of cheap jewelry. Rhinestones glittered, emeralds shed a soft, green light, pearls lay matched in milky rows. But above all, rhinestones glittered. With one hand James Aloysius shielded his eyes from the electric-lit incandescence. But his mind he could not shield, and across it flashed the thought, electric-lit and disconcerting, "Gee! Wouldn't some of those rhinestones look great in her hair!"

He selected a band, very narrow and elegant-looking. "She wouldn't like nothing flashy!" he decided. He contemplated himself as he went to her home with his treasure. She, all unsuspecting, would open for him the door. "Good-evening," he would remark nonchalantly. "Fine night, isn't it?" And then, invited, he would step inside and draw from his pocket a deceptively plain package. He would present it to her with a non-committal expression. His hand would not even tremble. "For me?" she would exclaim incredulously. And when he nodded, she would tear with eager fingers at the green cord, the paper would fall to the floor, the box would spring open, and inside would gleam and glitter the chaste band. Her little coos and shrieks of delight and rapture, the soft voice in a gurgling stream of pretty thanks, his insistence that she wear it immediately, the white shine of it in her dusky hair—all this James Aloysius heard and saw more clearly than he saw the fall of evening and the tired, hurrying pedestrians. Yes, that band must be hers, and at once.

James Aloysius would have liked to purchase it for her. He would have liked to walk grandly into the

store, pull from his pocket a dollar or even a two-dollar bill, and fling it haughtily down upon the counter, while the gasping salesgirl, awe and admiration in her eyes, would hastily pull from the case that indicated by his pointing forefinger. But, alas! James Aloysius had neither two-dollar bill nor one. A good boy, he dutifully turned over every week to a fat and perspiring mother all of the week's hard-earned money. Almost all! A few nickels he kept weekly for the moving-picture shows. One must have something on which to feed a restless and daring imagination.

At present, James Aloysius was distinctly hard up. He had in his pockets a much-soiled handkerchief, a stub of a lead-pencil, and a piece of binding from her purple cloth skirt, cut off and flung recklessly aside one day when she had ripped it on a nail. None of these three articles, necessary and dear though they were to him, could be used as a medium of exchange in the market of the world's goods. None could purchase a rhinestone hair-band.

Well, then he must take the band. Not steal it. One could scarcely call it stealing. He remembered a moving-picture series, the title of which, thrown large on the screen, read, "All's Fair in Love or War!" The phrase had stuck in his memory. He resuscitated it now. This was love, and all was fair.

He walked directly into the store. He felt no timorousness. He was elated as by a strange, heady wine. The aisles were a vortex of scurrying, determined women and a few uncertain men, desperately intent on accomplishing their buying before the closing of the store. The salesgirls were hurried, nervous. James Aloysius walked negligently to the counter of jewelry where the bands, rhinestoned, bepearled, betopazed, lay in what was meant to be artistic confusion. The salesgirl of that particular location was ransacking boxes to satisfy an exacting customer; her back was directly toward James Aloysius. The two shoppers nearest him were chatting together absorbedly. James Aloysius reached his hand toward the counter, turned over a narrow rhinestone band as if curious as to its manufacture, lifted it and deftly dropped it in his pocket. He then walked forth into the open streets, without haste, without undue lingering. His act was entirely unnoticed.

The doing of the deed had been more pleasurable than he had anticipated. He saw in a flash that his life up to now had been monotonous, straitened. True, as a kid, he had once swiped some bananas from a peddler's cart, and once he had run away from home with the intention of never returning, and had stayed away a whole day. But never before had he accomplished any great or glorious exploit. Never had the

seething and limitless possibilities for daring in him found scope. He looked back with contempt upon the narrow days of his labor. Three years of fruitless and monotonous plodding! Three years of doing the same little unimportant task in the same little unimportant way! But now he was a man, he was in love, and in his pocket lay a rhinestone hair-band for his beloved.

He must take it to her without delay, at once. Unpleasant complications might come upon him, should he dally. He wended his way westward, haste in his feet and elation in his heart. Then suddenly he stood still, in dismay. How could he present his gift without the appurtenances thereto—a green box, a tan paper covering, a green cord! Surreptitiously he pulled the band from his pocket and gazed at it, shielding it with his hand. A tiny fluttering tag attached by a tiny red string, wonderfully cheered him. On it was written in perfectly readable numbers: \$.95. Perhaps the bands in boxes were not tagged. He consoled himself with the thought.

She did not open for him the door of her home, as he had fondly dreamed. Instead, a suspicious mother blocked his entrance, distrust of the stranger and of his intentions apparent in her heavy frown.

"Vot you want?" she demanded gutturally.

His insouciant tone hid a wildly-pounding heart. "Is Flossie home yet?" he offhandedly inquired.

"Ya-a, she iss!"—with the inflection further denoting, "And little will it avail you!"

But there was she herself upon them, gently and not at all disrespectfully pushing aside the old mother, greeting him with both hands outstretched, radiant, inviting, sparkling. And after that all went to the tune of his heart's desire. What if he did have to forego the opening of the box, the tearing of the string, the falling apart of the lid—the little coos and shrieks were not lacking, nor the white shine and glitter of the precious gift in her dusky hair.

And the old mother proved to be a blessing after all—contrary to his first impression. For did she not draw Flossie aside and hold with her a whispered consultation, her hoarse words perfectly audible to the excited listener—and did she not then come forward and beg him, with lavish hospitality, to stay for dinner?

In that meal he ate pabulum of the gods, food of the blessed. During the course of it, he and Flossie sat utterly speechless and beamed upon one another; utterly speechless sat the lavish mother and the bewildered father, timid as to their English and fearful of the new generation. But Sol and Hatty and Rae and the tiny Dave clattered with knives and forks and

tongues, with gossip of the store and of the street, of the theater and of the daily paper. They "guyed" Flossie and her "friend," vulgarly and with eminent good-nature. They joshed the smiling parents, they joshed each other; they ate and ate and ate.

To James Aloysius, it was all wonderful and exhilarating. He thought of his own sullen dinner table at the same hour—the scanty fare—his father noisily ingurgitating soup, very likely in one of his frequent grouches, given to alternate silences and growlings—his slovenly mother worn out and querulous. None of the other sons lived at home now; four boys had already left, with the curse of the father upon them, to make their own way in the world. James Aloysius had not found his dimly-lighted dwelling place a rest and recreation after the toils of the day.

But here at Flossie's, it was different. True, this also was no palace of beauty and spaciousness, of softly-shaded lights and rich hangings—but here was jollity and banter, good-cheer and comradeship, food that "tasted" and that compelled the mouth to water in anticipation. And here was Flossie, silent but beaming, with the white band in her dusky hair. "Gee!" thought James Aloysius O'Donnell.

No, he couldn't stay with them after dinner. He was awful sorry, but he couldn't. No, he didn't have another date—but he couldn't stay. Yes, he'd had a swell time and he was awful glad she liked the hair-band. Sure, he'd come again. Good-by!

Truth to tell, James Aloysius was not able to stay in the house a minute longer because he was bursting with his emotions. He required the large freedom of the streets in which to wander. Love is an ample passion and at times has need of the stars.

He swaggered drunkenly down one dim avenue of the tenements and then another. Finally Halstead Street claimed him, with its blare and glitter. A photograph in a moving-picture show whirred seductively the strains of "O, You Beautiful Doll." "O, you beautiful doll!" repeated James Aloysius rapturously, and the doll of his vision had eyes like stars and a rhinestone hair-band in her dusky hair.

Came reality and awakening with the rude jostle of an elbow in his side.

"What's matter, Jimmy O'Donnell? Are you bats?"

It was the strident voice of Patrick Kenny. James Aloysius hated Patrick with a sincere hate because he feared him with a sincere fear. He felt Pat to be

evil, of an ignoble mind, but he had never dared tell him so because Pat's fist was mighty and had no compunctions about hitting in the dark. Pat was in the habit of joshing Jimmy about Jimmy's "goodness," a taunt that is galling to any right-spirited lad. And also Pat was used to boast of his own exploits with the ladies. When Pat spoke thus, Jimmy felt wretchedly uncomfortable because of the look in Pat's eye. It made Jimmy feel somehow unclean and guilty. And still the scorn in that eye for Jimmy's unsullied past was also distasteful. But to-day he had done a thing or two that even Patrick Kenny might boast of. He had acquired a girl—had called on her at her home and been formally invited to the family board—and he had stolen for her a rhinestone hair-band from a store crowded with people, and had utterly escaped detection. His heart swelled within him at the thought of Patrick's admiration. He would confide to this braggart and bully that he, James Aloysius O'Donnell, was also capable of deeds of prowess and daring.

And so he linked his arm in that of Patrick and the two went down the street together, past moving picture shows with their little glass cages where sat the rouged and befrizzed ticket-sellers, past meat-markets where the soggy flesh of animals lay exposed and crimson, past old-clothes and new-clothes shops, past all the din and garishness and cheapness. And as they walked, Jimmy sang his deeds and his love as befits a hero. But somehow the story grew tame in the telling and pitiable—the exploits of a would-be blade and swaggerer. For Jimmy knew that every kid with whom Patrick associated had participated in adventure to whose wickedness his was as is pale milk to strong whiskey. Patrick himself had once held up a fellow with a revolver and had got away with five dollars. Harry Keegan had set fire to a shanty. Tony Dominici had run away from home and for a month had roamed the country, sleeping in hay mounds and stealing cold meat from farmhouses. And all of them had been sweet on girls—two or three or four times.

James Aloysius' heart was chilled and his high spirits crumpled as the sneer on Patrick's face grew less covert. He suddenly remembered a nickel that had slipped down into the lining through a hole in his coat-pocket. He fished it out and retreated into a moving-picture show, remarking to the indifferent Patrick, "S'long! I'm goin' in here!"

His waning self-respect was restored to life and animation by the scenes within. Thanks to the efforts of some ladies who were conducting a crusade of

"educational" pictures, a Robin Hood series was being thrown on the screen. Under the trees of the greenwood rollicked the gay adventurer and his men. It was a scene of feasting and brave out-door mirth such as makes the blood of a boy of sixteen sing in his veins. They toasted one another in beakers; two pulled out swords and essayed a mimic combat; sunshine splashed the sward, leaves danced in the wind. Then suddenly all sprang to attention. For through the forest came riding a fat robber baron with two attendants. Him Robin Hood and his company speedily surrounded, dragged the roly-poly from his horse and set his two men scampering with flying heels. From the prostrate baron was then confiscated his brown bag heavy with gold pieces, his embroidered mantle and—yes!—a diamond band from about his neck. The unfortunate man was then set backwards upon his horse, and hastened upon his way.

Scarcely was he out of sight than through the forest came riding another procession, quite different in appearance. For on a milk-white steed sat a maiden, poorly-attired but very beautiful, and with her rode her impecunious father and mother. Robin Hood did not attempt to rob them—O no, indeed! He halted them with gallantry, to the astonished father he presented the baron's bag of gold, to the delighted mother the embroidered mantle, and on the dark head of the maiden he placed the glittering circlet of diamonds. James Aloysius' heart swelled within him with joy and understanding. He stumbled out into the street.

As he passed through the door a heavy hand fell upon his shoulder. Astonished, and then paralyzed with fear, he gazed up into the face of a frowning policeman. Immediately he knew with horror. Pat had told on him. The sneak!

"I guess you're wanted at the station, young man. There was some joolry taken out of a store on State Street this afternoon. Know anything about it, eh?"

Yes, he knew. He knew that Robin Hood had adorned the head of the maiden, and that a little Polish Jewess of the West Side in her dusky hair was wearing a band of gleaming rhinestones, and love and gratitude for him in her heart. And he knew that he wanted joy and gaiety and daring, and that some way he had not been treated squarely. He thought of the factory and of his dimly-lighted dinner table. And again he thought of Flossie and of the brightness of his brief visit. "I don't care!" he muttered to himself as he walked off with the policeman. "I don't care! It was worth it!"

## DOES YOUR TOWN NEED SOCIALISM

Written for THE MASSES.

By JOHN R. McMAHON

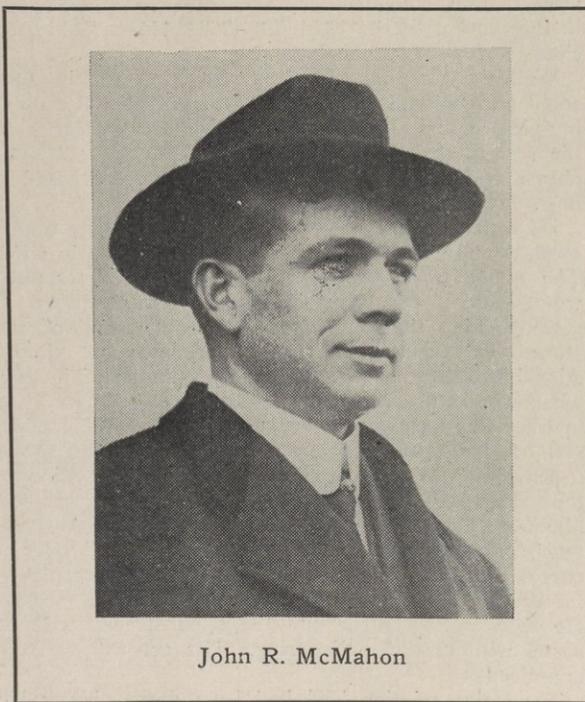


THIS is a fair question: Does your town need Socialism?

We know that hundreds of towns in this country and abroad have decided that they need Socialism, but maybe it does not follow that your town needs it. Those other towns may have peculiar conditions of one kind or another that require the Socialist remedy. Perhaps they have been rotten with graft and misrule, filled with poverty and misery; they could not get help from the old parties or by old methods, so they turned in desperation to Socialism.

Never mind those other burghs that have turned to Socialism. Show us, if you can, that your particular town has a need of Socialism. Can you show us that? Well, we'll try to "show you."

Your town is divided into two parts. There is one part where there are fine homes on quiet, clean streets, with lawns and trees. Another part where there are mostly mean little shacks or unclean, narrow, treeless alleys. The good homes are generally bunched together and so are the bad ones. The good ones are on high ground, the bad ones are on flats or in hollows. You don't see any stray billy-goats eating out of garbage cans on the good side. You don't see any high-powered automobiles lingering at the front doors on the poor side. If this general division of the town has exceptions, the exceptions are not enough to prove that there is not a general division in two parts—good and bad, rich and poor.



John R. McMahon

The people who live in these homes correspond to the homes they live in. The poor homes turn out poor, ragged, hungry-looking people, but the people who come out of the other homes are well dressed, fat and prosperous looking. The poor folks hustle out to work at 7 o'clock in the morning and don't get back

to the shacks they call home until 6 o'clock at night. The others who work, or pretend to work, leave home late and get back early.

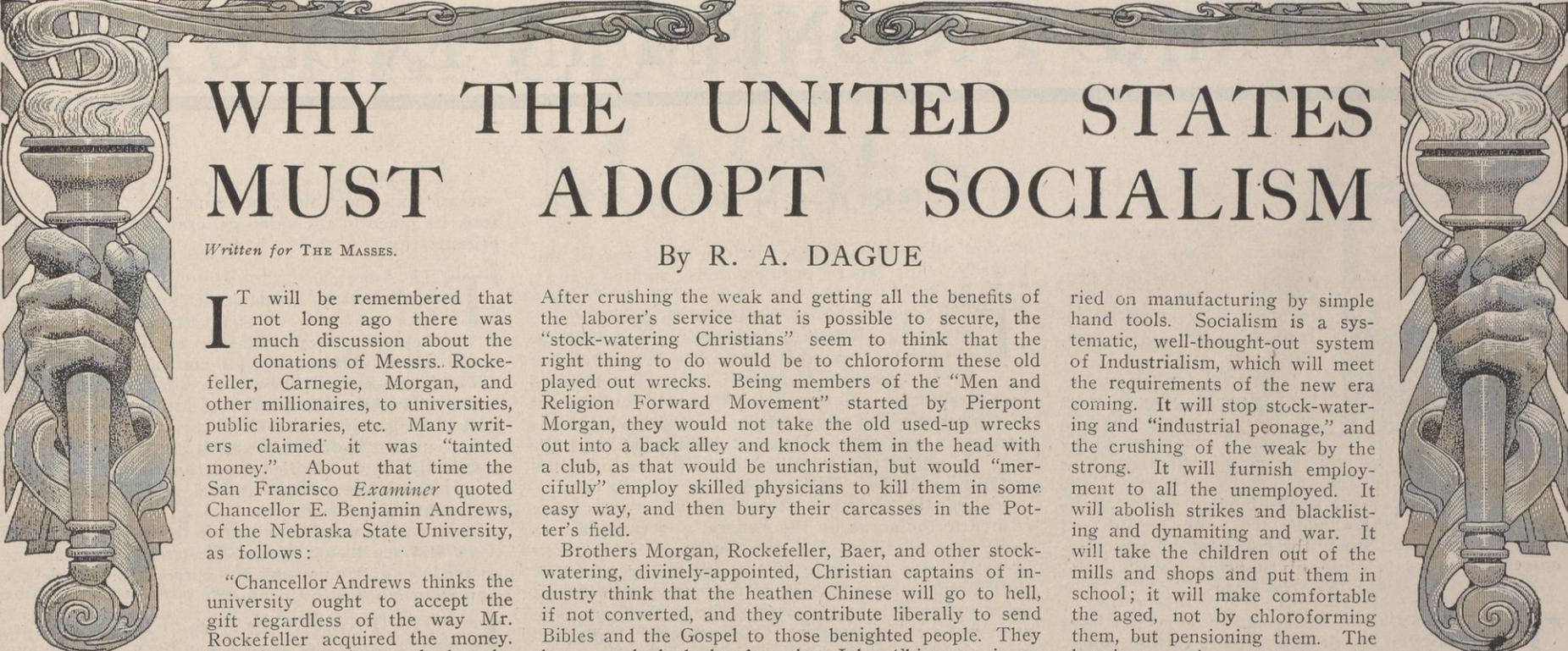
The poor folks eat chuck steak, the others tenderloin. The first bunch smoke cheap tobacco, the second use Havana cigars. There are many children in the poor homes and a lot of them die. There are few children in the other homes and most of them live. The children of one class quit school early because they must go to work in shop or factory. The children of the other class have a chance to obtain a first-class education in school and college.

There is poverty, misery, ignorance, hardship, sickness, stunted youth and saddened old age in your town. If Socialism can, as it claims, immediately lessen and finally root out all these evils, your town needs Socialism and needs it badly. If the old parties say that these evils are unavoidable, they confess thereby their own incompetency. "It can't be done"—because they won't do it. They won't do it because they do not represent the people, but the profit-making class. In hundreds of other towns in this country and abroad, these evils are being attacked and lessened by Socialist administrations. Why not in your town?

Socialism would not take away what "the others" have and give it to the poor. Socialism would have the poor live just as well as "the others" by taking what they themselves produce and are justly entitled to. The thousands of factory employees who work for \$10 or \$15 a week are being legally robbed. They earn enough to live in comfort. They don't get what they earn.

But how can a Socialist administration in your town

(Concluded on page 17.)



# WHY THE UNITED STATES MUST ADOPT SOCIALISM

Written for THE MASSES.

By R. A. DAGUE

IT will be remembered that not long ago there was much discussion about the donations of Messrs. Rockefeller, Carnegie, Morgan, and other millionaires, to universities, public libraries, etc. Many writers claimed it was "tainted money." About that time the San Francisco *Examiner* quoted Chancellor E. Benjamin Andrews, of the Nebraska State University, as follows:

"Chancellor Andrews thinks the university ought to accept the gift regardless of the way Mr. Rockefeller acquired the money. Crushing of the weak by the strong, he says, is an eternal principle. Time will come, says the chancellor, when wrecks of humanity will be put out of the world mercifully by skilled physicians just as Mr. Rockefeller terminated the existence of the weaker oil companies."

Whether Chancellor Andrews was or was not correctly reported, every well informed person knows that the "Captains of Industry" are working night and day to continue an industrial system founded on greed, under which the working people are cheated out of four-fifths of the value of their earnings, that a few Rockefellers, Carnegies, Morgans, and Baers may amass billions of wealth, not by honestly earning a single dollar of it, but by stock-watering and beating working-people down to starvation wages.

The annual report of the Steel Trust for December 31, 1911, shows that last year it made net profits of \$142,000,000, or a profit of \$700 on each employee. Henry M. Hyde, in the *Technical World Magazine*, says: "The firm of J. Pierpont Morgan (in 1901) was paid \$70,000,000 for its services in organizing the United States Steel Corporation. According to government estimates, the total "water" in the capital stock of this billion dollar trust amounted to \$600,000,000, or more than half its total issues of securities. Andy Carnegie sold to the trust his interest for \$420,000,000, or double what he had asked for it a year before, and he has often said "he was a fool for selling so cheaply, as he might have got a hundred millions more." Clyde H. Tavenner, a reliable newspaper writer, says: "Twenty-three men, officers and directors of the United States Steel Corporation, are in absolute control of several corporations representing a capitalization of \$35,521,145,009, and that these twenty-three men own or control more than one-third of the steel wealth of ninety millions of people." Senator La Follette asserts that seventy per cent. of this enormous capitalization is "water."

The U. S. Senate Labor and Education Committee recently in its official report denounced the United States Steel Corporation as a "brutal system of industrial slavery." The report further says:

"This government is bound in its own defense, for its citizenship, its life, to interpose between the strong and the weak. No man can meet obligations and discharge the duties of citizenship in a free government who is broken in spirit and wrecked in body through such industrial peonage. It is just as much the government's duty to protect citizens from such outrageous treatment as from the burglar and highwayman."

According to the purported quotation from Prof. Andrews, it would seem that the Senate Committee overlooked the methods proposed for disposing of the worn-out old workers "broken in spirit and wrecked in body."

After crushing the weak and getting all the benefits of the laborer's service that is possible to secure, the "stock-watering Christians" seem to think that the right thing to do would be to chloroform these old played out wrecks. Being members of the "Men and Religion Forward Movement" started by Pierpont Morgan, they would not take the old used-up wrecks out into a back alley and knock them in the head with a club, as that would be unchristian, but would "mercifully" employ skilled physicians to kill them in some easy way, and then bury their carcasses in the Potter's field.

Brothers Morgan, Rockefeller, Baer, and other stock-watering, divinely-appointed, Christian captains of industry think that the heathen Chinese will go to hell, if not converted, and they contribute liberally to send Bibles and the Gospel to those benighted people. They have overlooked the fact that John Chinaman is no fool. He has heard something about the steel trust, the shooting to death of twenty-five honest, peaceable workingmen at Homestead, and the proposition to chloroform old, useless working people, and he tells the missionary sent over to convert him that Confucius made it obligatory on all his followers to tenderly provide for the aged and worn-out parents and all old people, and even to maintain hospitals for worn-out and crippled animals. To some people the ancient heathen, Confucius, comes nearer being a real, true Christian than certain stock-watering, shrewd, scheming Christians of America. It has been said that "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." I have known dogs that manifested kindness and sympathy for old, worn-out brother dogs by licking their wounds.

This latest proposition, that "it is an eternal principle that the strong shall crush the weak and helpless, and that old wrecks of humanity should be mercifully put to death," is something of a surprise, and yet, I must admit it is not so savage and brutal as is the working of 2,000,000 tender children now enslaved in the factories and shops of the capitalists—tender boys and girls whose health is thoroughly shattered by an average service of four years, and the "industrial peonage" in the steel mills mentioned in the Senate Report. As "Big Business" is now organizing all over the country to stamp out Labor Unionism and Socialism, they might also incorporate in their plan of operation the chloroforming of the crippled and worn-out factory children of the poor, as well as the old wrecks.

But now, in conclusion, let me say frankly and in more of a serious spirit, that the Captains of Industry above mentioned are personally no more cruel or unsympathetic than the average citizen. They often do acts of genuine kindness. Like all the rest of their fellow men, they are the product of the system of competition, of individualism, which came to us from our ancestors, which holds to the idea that it is right and proper for the individual to pile up mountains of wealth, by any cunning device or sharp trick not forbidden by statute law. It is a system without sympathy for the weak and helpless, being founded on selfishness. Its chief doctrine is that no curb or restraint should be put upon the individual's "incentive," even though he monopolizes public utilities, tricks his neighbor out of the most of the fruits of his labors, and dooms millions to a life of poverty and misery.

Fortunately, the law of progress, of evolution, is pushing humanity up to a higher level. A new order of industrialism is struggling to be born. This is because of the new era ushered in by steam, electricity, and machinery, which enormously increased the production of wealth. Co-operation, the public ownership of public utilities—Socialism—is necessary to take the place of the old order of things when our fathers car-

ried on manufacturing by simple hand tools. Socialism is a systematic, well-thought-out system of Industrialism, which will meet the requirements of the new era coming. It will stop stock-watering and "industrial peonage," and the crushing of the weak by the strong. It will furnish employment to all the unemployed. It will abolish strikes and blacklisting and dynamiting and war. It will take the children out of the mills and shops and put them in school; it will make comfortable the aged, not by chloroforming them, but pensioning them. The burning question of the hour is,

shall a few individuals be permitted to monopolize public utilities, and all the means of production and distribution, and crush the small dealer, the farmer, the worker—the weaker classes, or shall the people own and control their public necessities collectively, under which system every worker with hand or head shall be guaranteed the full benefit of his industry?

No patching up of the system of Individualism will solve the problem. As a nation, we must either go forward or go backward. No beating of tom-toms about tariff and free trade will meet the emergency. No "pointing with pride and viewing with alarm" by the old political parties will suffice. As a nation, we have come to a new mile post. We shall either go on to greater liberty, prosperity, and happiness for the masses, or go backward toward plutocracy and slavery. It remains to be seen if the people are intelligent enough to go forward to Socialism, or go back to learn over again the hard lessons of the past. Soon it may be too late for the people to carry out their wishes through the ballot box. When that time comes, if it has not already arrived, this will then no longer be a government by the people. Then we may know what our fate will be by reading the history of the republics of the past which went down because the wealth of the country had drifted into the hands of the few, who also preached that the rich and mighty had a divine right to crush the weak and poor.

## FICKLE REFLECTIONS

LOUIS WEITZ

The well of debt is not as deep, when we look into it, as when we are in it.

Everyone is trying to benefit humanity. Great misunderstanding prevails, however, as to who is humanity.

The worker has freedom of contract. That is to say, freedom to do as stated in the contract. But who draws up the contract?

Competition is the life of trade, if we mean by competition, the struggle amongst the workers for a job.

Many people are afraid of themselves. Indeed! Of so small a thing!

Coining blood into profits is a butcher's trade.

Fear of unpleasantness is worse than the actual contact with it.

Imaginary wrongs cannot be righted. The imagination can, however.

A merciful king must of necessity be a failure.

To be made a fool of is not nearly so bad as doing the job yourself.



# INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM IN EVOLUTION

By

IDA CROUCH HAZLETT



HE words "Industrial Unionism" have permeated the atmosphere of labor organizations. They embody a principle so vital and progressive that it is destined to powerfully affect all future working-class activities.

Industrial Unionism has been forced to play the part of an unwelcome child in seeking to enter the family of the organized toilers. In certain quarters it is spurned, contemned and repudiated. In others the sons of the toilers have unconsciously walked aside with the outcast child, while the more serious and philosophical have openly recognized in the newcomer a legitimate child of the labor family, who will some day assume her true status. \* \* \* \* \*

THE industrial organization tendency has been a slow but continuous growth in the American labor movement. The old Marx International undoubtedly had a great effect on the industrial idea in America. It never was organized here in the true sense of the word. After the Paris Commune its headquarters were established in New York, but owing to internal dissensions it failed to make headway.

The first credit must be given to the Knights of Labor, whose organization assumed such nationwide proportions after the great panic of 1873. Uriah Stevens, the founder, was an active worker with Marx in Europe and came to America and organized the Knights on the plan of the International. Their plan of organization was industrial, and their platform declared for the collective ownership of the means of production and distribution. They were putting men in the Legislatures at various points in the country. Four Knights of Labor men were in the Legislature of Illinois and the organization was conducting a vigorous campaign for an eight-hour law throughout the country.

At that time there were seventy anarchist groups in the United States, which joined forces with the Knights in demanding an eight-hour day. The combined propaganda of these two forces drew the attack of capitalism which culminated in the Hay-

market affair in Chicago. Before the force of this tragedy the labor organizations melted away. \* \* \* \* \*

THE next attempt to establish co-operation among all crafts surrounding a particular industry was the organization by Debs of the American Railway Union. The railroad men were organized solidly on all roads running out of Chicago. The great strike of 1894, which was premature and which Debs voted against, was the rock on which this heroic attempt at combined organization broke. When both the Mayor of Chicago and the Governor refused to act, troops were rushed to the scene by the Federal government, cars were fired by thugs with the deputy's star on their breasts, the courts were summoned to the rescue of the capitalists, the curtain of democracy was drawn aside and revealed the power of the injunction as the reserve force in American government. Debs and his lieutenants were cast into jail and the American Railway Union passed into history. \* \* \* \* \*

FOLLOWING this, Daniel De Leon in 1895 launched his Socialist Trades and Labor Alliance—an attempt to form a labor union in this country with a revolutionary political policy and an industrial programme, similar to the unions of Europe. But the departure was denounced as a scab organization invading the field already occupied by the craft unions, and soon fell into innocuous desuetude. \* \* \* \* \*

IN the meantime the metalliferous miners of the West were engaged in a stubborn fight for effective organization. Irritated at the American Federation of Labor because of its refusal of aid in the Leadville strike of 1896, it withdrew from this body and sought to form a central organization under which all the western trades might unite. In this way, it might be said, the Western Federation took pioneer ground in America in attempting to build up a true industrial organization. This first industrial body was called the Western Labor Union and was organized in 1897. The plan of mobilization of trade interests appealed to the various craft unions throughout the country, and in the Denver convention of 1901 the Western Labor Union went

out of existence and the American Labor Union took its place in the same general plan of industrial organization. \* \* \* \* \*

THE American Labor Union published a paper in Butte, Montana, called the *American Labor Union Journal*, which carried a Socialist policy and whose subscription was made compulsory with the membership.

The organization received no satisfactory support, and the Western Federation of Miners for the third time attempted to establish a form of industrial unionism that should include all crafts and all workers, skilled and unskilled, and the Industrial Workers of the World was launched in Chicago in 1905 on an international basis.

This was soon rent in twain by dissentient factions, was repudiated by the Western Federation, and its trials and tribulations are current history in the American labor movement. \* \* \* \* \*

EXTENDING over the space of time represented in the preceding review has been a continuous tendency to combination among various trades and crafts. Even in the ranks of the American Federation of Labor has this trend been conspicuous. A few years ago the railroad metal trades in the shops forced a charter from Gompers recognizing their amalgamation.

The Allied Printing Trades is another instance of industrial solidarity for mutual protection within the jurisdiction of the American Federation of Labor. And any one desiring further information on the subject, if he will examine the reports of this body since 1899, will note a continuous growth of combinations, along with the maintenance of the principle of trade autonomy. \* \* \* \* \*

RECENTLY the United Mine Workers have made remarkable progress in the application of industrial unionism in their departments of production. All crafts about the coal mine are compounded and together protect the interests of the worker; while the mine workers stand out boldly through their conventions and the attitude of their leaders as committed to a Socialist political policy.

Progressive co-operation among all workers economically is a necessity imposed upon the workers for self-protection against increasingly oppressive attacks of the capitalists for exploitation.

## INDIANAPOLIS By RALPH KORNGOLD

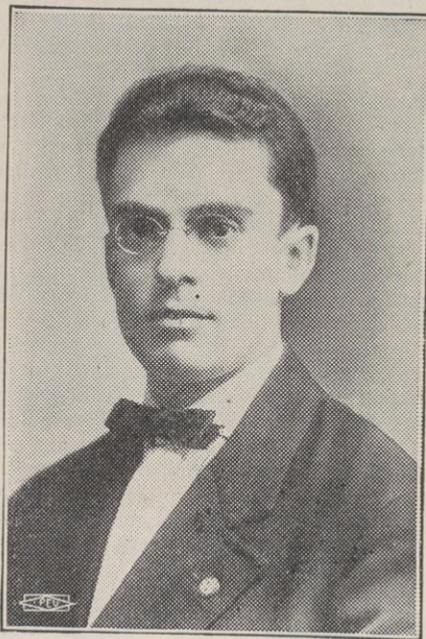
"TOM LEWIS and I are bad bridge builders." These were the words of Tom Hickey after the very acrimonious debate on barring those from party membership who believe in the practice and advocacy of "sabotage."

The Committee on Labor Unions, for the first time in the history of the Socialist party, brought in a unanimous report, and for awhile the convention resolved itself into a great love feast between the two factions of the organization which have existed ever since the formation of the first International and which led to the disruption of that body.

As Berger said: "There can be no bridge between Socialism and anarchism."

The convention went on record by an overwhelming majority as being opposed to syndicalism. By doing this, the Socialist party of America put itself in line with the International Socialist movement. As Comrade Legien of Germany stated in his address before the convention, people advocating such tactics are already barred from the Socialist movement of that country, and, I may add, are barred from nearly every European Socialist party. Thus the line of demarcation between Socialist and anarchist tactics was plainly drawn by the convention.

From the beginning of the convention it was evident that the majority of the delegates were in favor of nominating for President the "Grand Old Man" of the



RALPH KORNGOLD.

Socialist movement, Eugene V. Debs. Debs was nominated on the first ballot, and Seidel, who ran second in the Presidential race, was nominated for Vice-president, also on the first ballot. That same evening, after Seidel had addressed the convention and the crowd of visitors which filled the floor and jammed the galleries, Russell was given an ovation, for although the majority of the party disagrees with him on party tactics, the personal liking for this modest and unassuming scholar extends to all factions of the party.

Without doubt the convention just past was the greatest gathering in the history of the movement. It has made clear to the enemy that no difference in party tactics can in any way affect the solidarity of the movement. It has furthermore clearly outlined what these tactics in the future are going to be, and has created a better understanding between the factions.

With two men like Debs and Seidel in the fray, both of them able to make a vigorous campaign, the contest this year will be by far the hottest ever waged by the Socialist party. With our forces united and the enemy divided; with the cost of living growing higher and employment getting scarcer, and the tremendous unrest among the working people; with the clear-cut and splendid platform adopted by the convention, and the splendid machinery we have built up for spreading the gospel of Socialism, the Socialist party ought to poll at least two million votes in 1912.

# BERGER, LEGIEN AND THE

# MASSSES

Illustrated by

DOROTHY O'REILLY ANIOL

Written for THE MASSES.



**I**t is, and always has been, the conviction of THE MASSES that every act of violence on the part of the working class is welcomed by the capitalists as an excellent opportunity to beat us into submission.

We fully realize that they control organized violence—the army and navy. We know that individual violence as a resistance

against organized violence is worse than futile. We therefore question the wisdom of those who advocate individual violence. The more so, as we have definite knowledge that sometimes the motives of these inciters to sabotage are not above those of the self-seeking politicians whom they attack.

It was particularly gratifying to THE MASSES to find that Congressman Berger fully indorsed our views. The following was dictated by him to a MASSES representative:

"The time has come when the two opposite factions that we have in the Socialist party must take sides; the parting of the ways has come.

"There is no bridge between Socialism and anarchism. There was no bridge in the time of Karl Marx and Bakunin. There is no such bridge to-day.

"Those who stand for Socialist political action stand against the bomb, the dagger and every other form of violence. The trouble is that many who have allied themselves with the party claim to be in favor of political action when they are not. There are a number of men who use our political organization as a cloak for what they call 'direct action,' 'I. W. W.-ism' and for 'sabotage.'

"Anarchy may be a beautiful philosophy. I do not blame anybody for proclaiming himself an anarchist. That is his privilege. But he ought not to foist himself upon the Socialist party.

"I knew John Most personally. I knew him well. When nobody dared to preside at one of his meetings in Milwaukee in 1888 after the hanging of the anarchists in Chicago he asked me to preside, and I did so. I said to the audience that though nobody else dared to introduce him, I would do so, because I believed in free speech. But I give John Most credit for this—that he did not try to fasten himself upon the Socialist party. He started a group of his own. And I maintain that those who believe as John Most did should forfeit their right to the word Socialism and join the anarchists.

"I believe that the articles in the *Industrial Worker* of Spokane (the official organ of the I. W. W.) are on a par with the things that John Most wrote. I say to

you that I for one do not believe in murder as a

means of propaganda; I do not believe in theft as an act of individual expropriation; I do not believe in a continuous riot as 'free speech agitation.' No Socialist believes in any of that. We have always fought it. Those who believe that we should substitute 'Hallelujah, I'm a bum!' for the 'Marseillaise' and for the 'International' should start a 'bum' organization of their own.

"I have gone through a number of fights in this party. It was, however, not a fight against anarchism in the past. But it is now. I can see anarchism eating away at the vitals of our party. We of Milwaukee appeal to the Socialists all over the country to cut this cancer out of our organization. Syndicalist agitation leads to anarchism, and anarchism leads to disaster for the workers. In 1886 in Chicago it led to the Haymarket riots. In 1894 in Paris it led to Ravachol heading a band of robbers in the name of the proletariat. And where did it lead to this year in London and in Paris? It led to individual brigandage in the name of anarchism. I am not willing to have our party stand godfather for any business of that kind. Whatever sabotage or anarchism maintains or does—whether it is justified or not—in no way concerns us. It is not and never can be allied with the propaganda of the Socialist party!

"Some people have said that sabotage is a matter for the industrial organizations to decide, and that they may have to practice it because their union urges them to do so. I say, then, if any member of this party is willing to do those acts for his industrial organization, let him quit our party. I would rather have him belong to the Knights of Columbus or to the Militia of Christ, to which the MacNamaras belonged. I would rather have him show membership in those orders than to show the red card."

When we asked Comrade Legien to give us his views on the labor union question, we did expect a decision against syndicalism, but we did not know that the German Socialist movement had dealt so thoroughly with this question as he shows in the following statement:

"We German Socialists are closely and with much interest watching the Socialist movement in the United States. We believe that as a result of the rapid concentration and growth of capitalism and the privileges and possibilities that are open to the workers of this country, the United States may possibly be or become the first nation of practical Socialism. We also believe that the labor movement of the new world, to some extent at least, depends on the development of the European movement. Not merely on account of modern means of communication, but chiefly because the Socialist movement is international and its final aims can only be realized on an international basis.

"Judging from reports in the American labor press and from discussions I had with prominent members of the Socialist party, the Socialists in the United States will have to decide in the near future upon some most delicate and important questions—problems which for years have taken up all our time in the German movement.

"You will be called upon, for instance, to find a solution with respect to the relations which should exist between the party and the trades union movement. These relations of course must be in accordance with the actual economic conditions.

"In Germany we have solved this all-important question not only to the benefit of our own movement, but also to the benefit of the entire labor movement. I care not to give you my opinion as to what should be done in the United States. All I can do is to give you an idea of what we did in Germany under similar circumstances.

"Some trade unions had been in existence in Germany before we had any Socialist movement at all, while others were established at the same time as the political parties. Many of these unions started

through the direct influence of members of the Socialist party, while many others again were established by the neutral or non-political element.

"But none of these organizations was under the direct influence of the party. As trade unions they kept aloof from party politics, believing that they should unite the working class of all shades and faiths in opposition to modern capitalism, which has no regard for political parties or religious beliefs.

"This principle was indorsed at the Trade Union Congress in 1872, and also at the joint conference of both wings of the trade unions which was held in 1875 immediately after both Social-Democratic parties had been merged.

"After that the movement made rapid progress, in spite of the fact that they were brutally suppressed in 1878 by means of the infamous anti-Socialist law.

"During the twelve years of the regime of this anti-Socialist law the unions were the only public representatives of the German working class. The Socialist party itself was upheld by an absolutely secret organization only. The growth of the Social-Democratic movement was very satisfactory. It was unexpectedly so after the first year of the recall of the anti-Socialist law.

"At the general election of that year we elected a number of members of Parliament. This rapid development accounts for the false hope of many of our comrades of that time that the downfall of the present state of society and the establishment of Socialism was near at hand.

"As a result of all this we find that early in the nineties the trade union movement was considered to be of very little importance. Finally, however, it was generally recognized that the working class must be trained in industrial warfare for better conditions.

"From then on, all possible attention was given to the trade union movement, and the party itself has done everything within its power to assist the trades unions in the struggle. We find that special resolutions were adopted at the various conventions of the German Social-Democratic party soliciting the active support of the party in the trade union movement. I should not omit to mention the fact that the party has never claimed that the unions should assume a political character, or that they should become part and parcel of the party itself.

"Our Comrade Bebel has repeatedly emphasized the necessity of a politically neutral trade union movement in order to be able to organize the workers of all shades and faiths. This same view has at various times been expressed by the Executive Council of the party. It has been left to the unions to manage their own affairs and to choose whatever tactics they consider best for the work. For a certain time after the recall of the anti-Socialist law



Dorothy O'Reilly Aniol

(Concluded on page 17.)

# SOCIETY, A GIRL, AND HER FATHER

By

EDWARD A. MOREE



HIS is the true story of a little girl whose only bed was a packing case. She didn't have to sleep on the bare boards of her packing case. No, she was better off than that. She had a bundle of burlap bags for mattress, cover and sheets.

It is also the story of her father, stricken by a curable and preventable disease, who would have died

alone had not the little girl been content to sleep in her packing case, that she might minister to his needs.

It happens, incidentally, to be the story of public neglect of a vital social and economic problem.

I must tip you off in advance, trusting reader, that this story is not going to end happily. Greatly as we regret it, there are no rescuers to arrive just in time to save the hero from death and put the little heroine in a beautiful mansion for the rest of her long and happy life. Just because this story happens to be true, the hero has got to die and the heroine must be shut up in a very unromantic and un-beautiful orphan asylum.

The little girl and her father lived in a rural county in New York State. He ran a wax thread machine in a glove factory.

The ventilation in the factory was bad—or, rather, there was none at all—for ventilating systems cost money. Ten hours a day of hard work in bad air, with frequent overtime, made out of the father what the doctors call "fertile" soil for tuberculosis germs. A careless brother worker, together with deadly dry sweeping, supplied the germs.

A man in the advanced stage of consumption operated a machine a few feet away from the father of our little girl. This sick man had a wife and four children to support and he had to work. Even if there had been a hospital for him to go to he couldn't have gone, for his wife and family would have starved. The society which tolerates the disease that was killing him did not make it possible for him to go to a hospital in order that his fellow-workers might be protected from the disease.

He was ignorant of the principles of hygiene. Society's duty was to tell him. But the city did not employ enough visiting nurses to carry these lessons to the people, because the owner of this factory, together with several other "big taxpayers," objected to the increase in taxes.

So he spit into a bundle of leather scraps on the floor. These dried during the night and early every morning the night watchman swept out, using a broom on a dry floor. This stirred up the germs deposited the day before by the careless consumptive, and distributed them about through the air for the other workers to breathe.

It is little to be wondered at, then, with the bad air, the long hours and the careless consumptive poisoning the air for him to breathe, that our hero began to feel sick, to tire easily and to cough a good deal. He got "badly run down" and the doctor he went to told him he probably had consumption. He was ordered to leave the factory and get out into the country.

He had just \$300 and started out to buy a farm.

The owner of the factory that had done so much to give him the deadly disease, added greatly to his reputation for charity by lending the sick man enough additional money to buy the farm. He was president of the local bank and the transaction was put through it. But the money that went into the farm came out of the profits of the factory that had made our hero sick. It was secured by a first mortgage on the farm and drew 6 per cent. interest, but all these facts did not detract a bit from the philanthropist's reputation.

So our friend took possession of his farm and figured, despite his disease, that he had a pretty good chance. He didn't try to size up the past. He probably couldn't have done it if he had been so disposed. The proposition for him might have stood something like this: Profits, + carelessness, + ignorance, = disease + disaster.

And he didn't know that he owned more than the \$300 equity in his farm. Economic processes are so complex that he couldn't be expected to realize that the philanthropic capitalist had been able to capitalize, at six per cent., the very misfortune that he, the capitalist, and the system under which he operated, had contributed to so largely. He even didn't realize that the very money he borrowed to help pay for his farm was part of the profits secured by not putting in a ventilating system. Part of the taxes saved by cutting down public expenditures for public health.

And only for a little time did the change from the factory to the farm benefit the sick man. After a year on the farm the old disease came back worse than it had been in the first place. As the second winter approached he practically had to quit work and when spring plowing came he was unable to leave his bed. Because he had to hire a man to take his place in the field the interest on the mortgage was unpaid. Then the philanthropic capitalist-manufacturer came around and took the sick man's farm. He did it through the bank, so his reputation did not suffer.

About this time our man felt that he had not had the best of medical advice. His farm venture had



The Father's Bed

not worked out as his physician told him it would. He got hold of a pamphlet on home treatment of consumption and it said, "Plenty of rest, good food and freedom from worry" were necessary to cure consumption. Plenty of rest, good food and freedom from worry! And his doctor had told him to buy a farm!

There happened to be, in a neighboring city, a noted specialist on lung diseases, of whom our friend had heard. The figure in the corner of his weekly pay envelope was just about one-fifth of the usual examination fee of this specialist. He was a specialist for the wealthy. True, he was on the staff of a charity hospital. His services were therefore made available to the poor, who entered the hospital as public charges. But our friend was a self-supporting and self-respecting worker. He was neither a millionaire nor a pauper, so the best of medical advice was not for him.

One wonders how long society will continue to allow people to get sick and then make them pay doctors to treat them.

But the sick man did not reason it out this way. He knew where he had to get off. He watched, with dulled apprehension, the philanthropic bank that had lent him the money for his farm come around and take the farm away from him when disease rendered him no longer profitable.

The wife about this time realized that her husband's ability to support her had gone forever. She had been a good woman—in prosperous days. Human nature is the same in all of us—in a woman it is more so. This wife, without figuring much on

the ethics of the situation, and seeing the day not far away when bread and butter would be scarce, went away with another man.

She took their boy with her. How long the man she eloped with lived with her is not on record, but the last heard of her she was a prostitute in an up-state city. Where the boy is no one seems to know, but it is safe to say that it is simply a question of what kind of a public burden he is, whether as a youthful criminal or an inmate of an orphan asylum.

But the one brilliant spot in this rather sombre story is the conduct of the little girl, who had reached the age of eight when life crashed down about her ears. She stuck to her sick father, and together they began the horribly unequal struggle for existence.

The father got work as a farm laborer. The wages were small, but the farmer he worked for let the little girl live in the house. Even this didn't last long, however. Hard farm work soon pulled him down. He coughed so hard and got so very sick that the farmer feared for his own safety and the safety of his family. So he turned the dying man out of doors.

Why didn't he go to a hospital, you ask. One of the many that have been established since the crusade against tuberculosis began? Ever try it? Do you happen to know that despite a 125 per cent. increase in the number of hospital beds for tubercular patients in New York state in the last five years there are now only about 1,200 beds available for the more than 15,000 cases of the disease in the state outside of New York City? Well, that's the fact. There are hundreds on waiting lists. And, furthermore, most of the beds now available are for incipient cases only, and dying men are barred. So, you see, the poor devil in this story didn't have a chance.

Public charity could give a little food, a little coal and a little medicine—not enough of any of these to do any real good. But it could not give him a roof—not even in the almshouse, for there was no way to keep the sick man away from the well paupers.

And this man would have died without a roof over his head had not his former employer let him use an old tenant house in a far corner of his farm. In this ramshackle old hovel the sick man lay down to die and only his little girl was there to feed him, keep him warm, and to drive away the rats.

The house in which the dying man found himself was in the last stages of dissolution. The partitions had been torn out by tramps to make their roadside fires. The plaster had fallen from the walls, and the rats ran in and out of the bare laths.

The floor in the attic had been torn up and the lumber used to repair a cow stable. The roof leaked, but there were spots that were fairly dry. The owner fixed it up a bit for the sick man. He tacked up building paper where the partitions were entirely gone and put boards over the windows. But the winter's wind of this northern country blew freely through the cracks, and the weary, rust-bitten sheet-iron stove fell a long way short of warming the "rooms."

And here, on a make-shift bed of discarded paper-mill felts, without enough food, without enough heat to keep even a snug house warm, a mile from the nearest neighbor, and with no one to minister to his many needs but his faithful child, this victim of society's criminal carelessness lay down to die.

The farmer who owned the house, supposing that everything possible was being done for his former laborer by the town authorities, did not call to see for himself. What did he pay taxes for, if not to hire people to do such work?

So the sick man froze and starved until a man from the near-by village, driving along the road one winter day, stopped to take in the little girl and give her a "lift" on her way home from school. How pitifully thin she was! Her bare leg showed between her stocking and her thin muslin drawers. No woollen underclothing in that bitter zero weather! He stopped in front of the house at the child's direction and followed her into the hovel to see how she lived.

And he saw. And then he drew from the child a part of her story.

She said she liked to go to school whenever she could leave her father. It was warm there and sometimes the other children would give her an apple or a doughnut out of their lunch baskets. So, despite her thin clothes and mean lunch, every day that she could she walked the two miles through the snow. How pleasant were those hours out of reach of the sick man's complaining voice—and among children of her own age!

The pupils she played with and sat with were the children of some of the very people who later opposed the county hospital. Taxes were increasing and would increase a bit more if it were built. They did not know that their children had been exposed to the infection which the faithful child probably carried, and would continue to be endangered by other children just so long as there was uncared-for tuberculosis in that county.

The little girl was proud and didn't tell her playmates of her trials at home. She didn't tell them that breakfast was often a piece of butterless bread and a cup of cold water, nor did she tell them that her bed was made up of burlap bags in a dry goods box. The only floor to her attic bedroom was a board here and there on the open rafters. Night after night she would hear the weak calls of her father, crawl out of her dry goods box, fearfully feel her way over the loose boards and climb down the shaky ladder to the sick bed. Down through the darkness she crept and over the litter on the floor to that bed of pain. The winter's blasts seeped through the old shell of the house and chilled her bare legs to the bone. How cold it was, and how her teeth chattered as she asked, "What is it, papa?"

Sometimes it was a drink of water. Sometimes it was more covering, and she had to sacrifice some of her own poor bags. Sometimes his feet were cold and she had to build a fire to warm a brick. Her half-wet shoes were like ice as she pulled them on over her bare feet. But she had to wear them. The rats were big in the corner where the wood was



The Shanty

kept and they would bite off such a little girl's toes!

Then, after the brick was warmed and the bed smoothed out and the bundle of rags that served as a pillow was poked up to make it soft, the faithful nurse would crawl up the ladder to the spooky old attic, and nestle down among her potato bags and fall asleep.

But she didn't tell of these things. She had seen the man who brought the town groceries shun the open door of their hovel and she feared that if the teacher knew about her father they wouldn't let her come to school, which was so warm and bright.

Once the neighbors saw the tottering father trying to walk part of the way with his child to school. They thought that the sick man might possibly be getting better and they felt good about it. But they didn't know—nobody knew. They didn't know of

the hemorrhages he had when he got back to his bed. And they didn't know how much weaker he was after each of his feeble attempts at returning to active life again.

All hope of recovery had long since fled when the doomed man's condition was discovered. But the man who discovered it built such a hot fire under the "authorities" that they scurried about in a great rush to find a place for the unfortunate to die in.

But for all the furor which was kicked up, to get the dying man a little better place in which to die, he was taken to the insane ward of a private hospital! It was the only place in the great New York state that they could find for him. And he was there a month when he died.

A moment before the life of him fluttered out, his new nurse—not the ragged, faithful, little tot, but a blue and white uniformed person—saw that he was trying to say something. She put her ear close to his lips and heard him breathe the name of his little girl. That was all she heard, but from the look in his dying eyes she knew he felt alone, that he wanted the child before he died. They tried hard to bring her there, but they couldn't. She was already in an orphan asylum many miles away.

And so he died.

The next day the authorities went to the hovel where he had lived to see if he had left anything to help pay his funeral expenses. They found nothing but the ragged bed, the sheet-iron stove, and the packing case and the bags in the attic.

Oh, yes; they did find something else. One of the men stumbled over something in the darkness at the foot of the father's bed. He picked it up and went to the light.

It was a doll's cradle with one rocker and in it was a tired looking china doll. The painted hair was worn off, one kid leg had been chewed off by a rat, a huge crack marred the face, and it was dressed in a gown of dirty burlap. But the cradle had a fine little feather pillow, springs and a mattress. Santa Claus had brought them before disaster came.

## COMPETITION vs. SOCIALITY By LIDA PARCE



It is customary to set individualism and Socialism over against each other, as if they were opposed in such a way as to be mutually exclusive and destructive. Competition is confounded with the development of the individual, and sociality is confounded with the sacrifice of him. It is represented that the individual can only be developed at the expense of society, and that the latter, if it thrives, must do so by sacrificing the individual. The defenders of the old order contend that the individual is developed by the competitive system and that he would be "leveled down" by the co-operative commonwealth.

It is a master stroke of the defenders of competition to defend it in the name of the right to individuality, and to identify Socialism with the submergence of the individual; for nature has made us individuals, and it is the law of Life that we must defend our individual identity, freedom and power, wherever we believe them to be attacked. But Nature does not require the sacrifice of the individual in order that the race may prosper. On the contrary, she can only look after the race if the individual takes care of himself. He must do that; but he is not doing it now. The time has come when the individual man cannot take care of himself, under the competitive system. That system has become so complex and powerful that the man has no chance under it; and all the power of it is lodged, along with the ownership of the machinery of production, in the hands of a few men, who use it for their own profit against the masses. It has become a competition of classes, and that class which represents the vast majority of society has no prospect of survival in the struggle, unless it gives up competition within itself and turns all its strength against the other class. By substituting sociality for competition among themselves by means of co-operative selling of labor and co-operative buying of commodities, the workers will be

able to withstand the crushing power of the system. And after they shall have learned to co-operate still further, they will be able to take over the system itself and to operate it in favor of all the people. It is not a question of submerging the individual; but one of making a change of methods, by which to protect the individual from corporations having special privileges and power, and to give him the opportunity for self-expression.

The confusion of individuality with competition and the confusion of sociality with the sacrifice of the individual are not abreast of scientific thought, but belong to the old topsy-turvy, theological way of thinking—that we think. The progressive social psychologist of to-day tells you that there is no such thing as individual development outside the social process. The social process is one of mutual give-and-take, action and reaction, stimulation and response. The mental machinery of the individual is put in motion by the stimulations which he receives through his contact with society. The social attitude consists in a state of readiness to respond to stimulations, whether of need, of love, of friendship or of any of the innumerable interchanges which constitute social life. If society is highly organized and complex, the individual receives a great number of stimulations and he is developed, rounded out, on many sides. If the individual is in close contact with society, so much the better, for then society presses a great number of buttons which start more machinery into motion. Man comes into the world with an infinite variety of mental machinery set up and ready for action; but he cannot start it off himself; he knows nothing about it. Society must do that. And this social give-and-take is the thing which is opposed to competition in its nature. It is an even exchange, but competition is an uneven exchange. In the competitive attitude one sets his face against his fellow; he tries to receive without giving an equal return, to gain at the other's expense. And where this attitude steps in, the social attitude, with its unlimited possibilities for individual development, is cut off. Of course, in our present society both exist side by side in most of the transactions of life; but wherever the other fellow is sacrificed to the self, to even the slightest

extent, an injury is done to the individual. Thus there is no basis for the contention that competition is the system which promotes individuality. Competition is the system which kills it, and sociality is the system which promotes it.

We wonder why, with all our mechanical facilities and vast wealth, our level of culture is so low; why even the rich, the few who have gained possessions by competition, are not happy. And this is the reason why: The more competitive the individual, the more the social stimulations by which the faculties are awakened are shut off, and the less his powers of understanding, feeling and enjoying are brought into action. If, as Ward says, the greatest happiness consists in the most vigorous exercise of the largest number of faculties, happiness cannot be promoted by any system which shuts off the social give-and-take.

Competition may develop the individual pocket-book, but if the capacity of the rich for happiness is limited to the region of the pocketbook, the man has not been developed in culture to any noticeable extent.

Culture consists in the capacity for appreciation and of enjoyment, not through the elementary emotions, but through the finer derivative emotions. But there is nothing in the competitive attitude or process to cultivate those finer powers of enjoyment and understanding. The social process is the one by which culture must be acquired.

Socialism is organized sociality in industry. It will require everyone to produce as much as he or she consumes. But close and complex organization on the industrial side does not imply control of the individual in his personal actions and relations. It does not imply social control in private matters; but it will liberate the individual from control in private affairs, because he will no longer depend upon any person for a chance to earn his living. While compelling every man to earn his living, it will protect him as a producer and insure to him the enjoyment of the full value of the fruits of his labor. Thus he will have money enough to develop his individuality, and he will have leisure enough for culture, for he will not have to work to the

point of exhaustion all the time in order to feed himself. Under the competitive system the worker has neither money nor leisure sufficient for culture or happiness.

The American Indian lived under a social organization of industry, and he was the most perfect and uncompromising individualist that ever lived. His opportunities for culture and happiness were low, because the arts of life were still imperfectly developed; but he combined individuality with sociality in a high degree. His organized sociality was the means of setting his individuality free.

We live now in an age in which the arts of life are highly developed, and in which the potentialities of culture and happiness are therefore immensely heightened. But they are only potentialities, not actualities as yet, because through the enormous growth of class commercialism we have lost the balance between individuality and sociality. Socialism comes to restore on the plane of civilization that balance which mankind enjoyed on the plane of the higher barbarism.

## A NOTABLE ACHIEVEMENT

Written for THE MASSES By JOHN SPARGO

**B**Y the publication of their Documentary History of American Society the editors and publishers have placed American sociologists in particular and scholars and students in general under a great debt of gratitude. It is a monumental work well and faithfully executed. Prepared under the auspices of the American Bureau of Industrial Research, by an editorial board at the head of which stands the honored name of that indefatigable student, Prof. John R. Commons, the work is a welcome contrast to the general average of such collections. It has been planned with rare skill, and great judgment has been shown in the selection of the material which it contains, so much so, indeed, that it would be difficult to say of a single "document" that its inclusion is not above criticism. This is, of course, very high praise for such a collection of material.

The whole work, consisting of ten large volumes, has now been published, and of these the first six now lie before me. Volume one contains an interesting mass of documents relating to early plantation and frontier life, and throws a great deal of light upon the obscurer side of that period, namely, its industrial life, if, indeed, we may use that term. Volume two, devoted to the same general subject, is the more interesting, and possibly the more valuable, in that it relates to the management of slaves and throws a good deal of light upon some phases of the slavery question, notably upon slave conspiracies and crimes. For these volumes Professor Ulrich B. Phillips is responsible.

Volumes three and four are devoted to documents relating to labor conspiracy cases, for which Professors Commons and Gilmore are responsible. These documents cover the period from 1806 to 1842, and cover a subject which has never been adequately treated in any of the labor histories. Had the volumes contained only the account of the Philadelphia cordwainers, they would have amply justified their publication.

Volumes five and six, prepared by Dr. Helen Sumner and Prof. Commons, cover the history of the labor union movement from 1820 to 1840. A most valuable mass of documents, such as accounts of early strikes, constitutions and by-laws of labor organizations, reports of labor conventions, and the like, provide in excellent form a mass of materials for the students of American industrial history, and for all who would in any manner write or speak upon any phase of that subject. The four remaining volumes will bring the history down to 1880.

It is, naturally, impossible to review in detail a work of this character. Enough has been said of the nature of the contents to serve the purpose of any who are specially interested in the subjects with which they deal. It is a work which must long take rank as an authoritative source for material to all that relates to American labor unions, and other phases of our industrial life. The publishers, be it said, have done their part well. The volumes are excellently printed upon what seems to be durable paper.

*A Documentary History of American Industrial Society, Vols I-VI. Edited by John R. Commons, Ulrich B. Phillips, Eugene A. Gilmore, Helen Sumner and John B. Andrews.*



## WHAT MAKES A SOCIALIST



By MARGARET BATCHELDER

**I**N December, 1910, the Intercollegiate Socialist Society met at dinner in a down-town restaurant in New York. The three hundred and fifty persons crowded the basement dining-room, which had a low ceiling and was very warm. By the time the dinner was over and we had pushed back our chairs to listen to the speakers of the evening the ceiling seemed very low indeed and the air was hot and far from fresh. I was just wishing within myself that those speeches might be listened to under more favorable circumstances, when to my consternation the men about me began to light their cigars and cigarettes. But straightway there came a request from the chairman of the evening that the men refrain from smoking on this occasion. Whereupon they did refrain, all but one young man, who, with a jeer at the request as "nonsense," puffed away merrily at his cigarette until it was no more.

Later in the winter there was a dinner in honor of the birthday of Karl Marx. At the table next mine there sat a man who, as soon as the dishes were removed, whipped out a pencil and proceeded to make very heavy black polka-dots on as much of the tablecloth as was within reach of his arm, and when he had exhausted the possibilities of the table-cloth he began on his napkin.

At another table two women chatted joyously throughout the after-dinner speeches. They appeared not to listen to a single remark of one speech, and they were entirely impervious to the exasperated glances of all those within range of their whispers.

I mention these four individuals as examples of the type of person we do not want to see in our co-operative commonwealth. They could have no place in a co-operative commonwealth—they do not know how to co-operate; in other words, they have not the stuff in them of which Socialists are made.

For Socialism is something more than an economic theory or a political programme: it is an attitude towards life. It is the attitude which says, "I pledge myself not only to give up my own peculiar whims when they interfere with the comfort and pleasure of other people, but, also, with a smile and a God-speed, to sacrifice my own individual good when it clashes with the good of the many."

Men and women may be party members, they may attend regularly the meetings of their locals, they may uphold all the planks of the Socialist party platform, but if they have not within them the spirit of that pledge they have not the Socialist attitude towards life and they cannot hope successfully to conduct a co-operative commonwealth. It is quite as important for the cause of Socialism that a person should refrain from throwing his peanut shells on the subway floor or torn bits of paper on the public street as that he should be conversant with the Marxian theory of surplus value. Holders of the red card may be able to talk glibly of the unearned increment, over-production and under-consumption, the initiative and referendum, the economic interpretation of history; they may be able to quote at length from the sayings of Liebknecht, Engels, Kropotkin, Bebel and Guesde, but if these same holders of the red card waste the city's water in time of drought they are no more fit to conduct the state than the capitalists who now are conducting it so badly.

The standard of the individual Socialist must be higher than the standard of the individual Republican or Democrat. What William Morris said of the duty of the middle classes in England is true to-day for the Socialists throughout the world: "What we have to do if we can is to show by our lives what is the proper kind of a useful citizen, the type into which all classes should blend at last." Thus it was with Chaucer's "poor parson of a town":

"First he wroghte and afterward he taughte.

To drawn folk to heaven by fairnesse,

By good.ensample, this was his bisynesse."

The true Socialist must be class-conscious, but he must also be community-conscious. Let him ask himself every hour of the day, "Does this that I am doing interfere with the rights or the legitimate comfort of anybody else? Am I working for Socialism for my own sake or for the sake also of the other wage-slaves in my factory, all the wage slaves in America, all the oppressed of every race in every land, and, too, for the sake of the degenerate and unhappy rich?"

The voice of John Ball cries out to Socialism the world over: "Forsooth, brothers, fellowship is heaven and lack of fellowship is hell; fellowship is life and lack of fellowship is death; and the deeds that ye do upon the earth, it is for fellowship's sake that ye do them—he who doeth well in fellowship, and because of fellowship, shall not fail, though he seem to fail to-day, but in days hereafter shall he and his work yet be alive, and men may be helpen by them to strive again and yet again."



## THE FARMER

By NAT L. HARDY

Written for THE MASSES.



**I**S the farmer an exploiter?

This question has been discussed in THE MASSES, and as a farmer and a student of the relation of the farmer and Socialist economics I am not satisfied to leave the discussion as it now stands. First we must take agriculture as an industry and find its relation to other industries. Agriculture is a subordinate industry. It is practically unorganized. It contains much of the feudal system as yet, and as a whole is subject to the other industries.

The farmers, no matter how wealthy, have absolutely no voice in managing the affairs of the industrial world. What the farmer produces he sells at the prices fixed by the Industrial Capitalists and he buys their products at their prices. So agriculture is subject to industry, and the farmers as a class are exploited by the owners of the machinery of manufacture and transportation. Without following the products through all the processes of manufacture and distribution or considering minutely the theories of value and surplus-value, it will be safe to say that the farmer is exploited of from two-thirds to four-fifths of his products by the organized industry of the nation. This exploitation takes place regardless, whether the farmer is an exploiter himself or not.

The farmer who owns the land he cultivates, and no more, hires no help, exploits no one. The farmer who hires help, of course, exploits that help; but unless he is farming on a very large scale this exploitation is much less than what he suffers himself. The farmer who owns land that is cultivated by tenants exploits his tenants, but it is the same in this case as with hired labor.

The tenant farmer is doubly exploited. He must give a large portion of his product to the landlord for the use of the soil, and when he sells his product he is robbed by the Industrial Capitalist. When the wage-worker sells his labor power to the capitalist he is exploited by having to produce his own wages and a large amount of surplus-value for the owner of the machine, but the farmer's labor power is crystallized into the year's output of the farm and must be sold to the owner of the means of converting this output into the finished product, and by selling his labor power in this form he is robbed just as effectively as the wage-laborer.

Private ownership does not mean exploitation, but exploitation is only possible by private ownership. The development of the capitalist system has been such that the capitalist could exploit the farmer better through the ownership of the means of manufacture and transportation than by the ownership of the land itself, but now that farming is being put on a factory basis the capitalist is acquiring the land and combining land and machinery for the exploitation of the tillers of the soil, and to-day we see the birth of real capitalistic farming.

The Socialist who imagines that the farmer is a capitalist and does not belong in the Socialist movement does not understand the farm situation. Of course there are many points of difference between the farm worker and the wage worker, mostly psychological, which I have not space to discuss, but the farm worker and the city worker are both exploited by the same class and to practically the same extent, and their only hope is in the same remedy—Socialism, which will introduce the highest efficiency and equitable distribution into both agriculture and manufacturing.

## DOES YOUR TOWN NEED SOCIALISM

(Continued from page 10.)

help to give the workers what they produce? It can help them in a lot of ways directly and indirectly. The full object of Socialism, to free the workers everywhere from the chains of capitalism, cannot be realized by winning one city alone, but wherever Socialism is in power, there the workers have the best chance in the battle with the capitalist class and there are the best conditions for the workers.

Give your town a Socialist administration and it will be the same as putting into your pocket \$300 a year.

This is a guess, but it is a conservative guess.

Suppose you factory men organized, struck for higher wages and shorter hours, won the strike because the Socialist Mayor and Council of your town would not stand for strike-breakers, wouldn't you be gaining a good many dollars a year through Socialism? Suppose the city did a lot of things for you and your family that it ought to do and that Socialist cities do for working folks, so that you saved doctor and undertaker bills, lived better, felt better, had more health and happiness, wouldn't that be a cash advantage in favor of Socialism in your town? In fact, you could not measure in dollars the value of the things you might gain from a Socialist administration. For example, the bloom of health on your child's cheek instead of the pale color of illness; a look of gladness instead of sorrow in your wife's eyes. You know what good food, pure milk, clean surroundings, fresh air, sunshine and no worry will do for a man and his family.

Socialism in a city means running that city for the benefit of its people, the mass of the people, which is to say, the working people. The rich don't need Socialism very much, except to develop their dried up moral sense.

Socialism in your town would mean hundreds of dollars a year added to the incomes of its working people. It would mean a subtraction of thousands of dollars a year from the incomes of its grafters, politicians, corporation lawyers, and other birds and beasts of prey. The "first families" might have to go to work. The others would get for their work something more than a bare, hard living.

Your town, by the way, is a rare town for noise, smoke, dust, dirt and bad smells. The noise comes from the railroads and can't well be abated at present. The smoke comes from the railroads and factories and can be stopped. The smells come from factories and can be prevented. The dust and dirt, as far as they are due to ill-paved and uncared-for streets, can be got rid of.

Did you say the rich in your town suffer from these things along with the poor? That is partly true. The rich are human and stupid. They are liable to be attacked by dirt, insects and microbes the same as the poor. But they have plenty of screens, bath tubs and vacuum cleaners. They are better able to resist disease. And they do not stay in your town when insects and dust are in season. They spend the summer in Europe, at the seashore, or in the mountains. The working class of your town don't generally go away for the summer.

For her poverty and misery, sickness and ignorance, stunted youth, saddened old age, your town has a burning need of Socialism. For her dust and dirt, her winged pests and two-legged parasites in politics, finance and industry, your town needs that broom which has already done marvelous work in sweeping and purifying hundreds of towns in the United States and all over the world.

## BERGER, LEGIEN AND THE MASSES

(Continued from page 13.)

we had a number of unions that called themselves Socialist unions, adopting the Socialist programme. However, they have never been thoroughly recognized by the Socialist party. Their syndicalist tendencies became clear about ten years ago, and the Mannheim convention of 1906 decided that these unions should have nothing to do with the party, and their followers should even be expelled from the party if they would refuse to join the neutral and centralized trade unions. In fact, they were expelled afterwards. That was the last of the so-called Socialist trade unions.

"It would be doing them too much credit to say that there are perhaps four or five thousand throughout entire Germany. This does not amount to much in comparison with the two and a half million paying members affiliated with our centralized unions. In our German movement we have no room for

sabotage and similar syndicalist tendencies. That is water for the capitalist mill.

"The German Socialist party has never tried and never permitted the creation of new or rival trade unions. In spite of the many and somewhat serious conflicts that have at times existed between the party and the unions, the German party has always recognized the trade union movement and it has developed owing to its industrial and other conditions prevailing in our country.

"The Executive Council of the Social-Democratic party works hand in hand with the Federation of the Trade Unions in order to prevent new organizations, no matter on what pretext, being established. For this would mean the disorganization of the entire labor movement. This co-operation between the party and the trade unions in establishing one solid unified movement has largely benefited the working class of Germany, and they know it.

"It is also one of the main causes of our success at the last general election. We polled out of a total vote of eleven million cast for fifteen different political parties, four and a half million votes cast for the Social-Democratic party. Out of the 397 members of the Reichstag we elected 110 Socialists. But in spite of all these many successes we are far from overestimating our real power. We realize that we still have many obstacles in our way. But we will overcome them. It is our conviction that Socialism is possible. That the future of mankind absolutely depends upon Socialism, and therefore we must and will overcome all difficulties and obstacles, no matter what they are."

## CO-OPERATION AT INDIANAPOLIS

THE extreme impossibilist faction of the national convention voted as a man against the adoption of the majority report of the committee on the co-operative movement. The old classical argument, the iron law of wages, was their basis of opposition. However, it was not their opposition that surprised us. It did astonish us to find that the co-operative movement had so many enthusiastic supporters all over the country. The co-operative principle was ably defended by Ameringer of Oklahoma, Senator Gaylord of Wisconsin, Gaziou of Pennsylvania, and numerous other comrades from all parts of the United States. On the whole, the Socialist supporters of the co-operative movement have every reason to be satisfied with the report, provided the committee of five does its work. It is up to us to see that they do it.

Just as the labor unions fight for industrial self-control for the working class, the Socialist party for political self-control, and the labor and Socialist press for intellectual self-control for the workers, so the co-operative movement fights for an increasing degree of economic self-control for the workers through the ownership and use of industrial and commercial capital by organized groups of the workers.

The development and successful operation of the co-operative movement in connection with the international labor movement is an historical fact which cannot be disputed. While in some countries it may seem for the time being to have checked other lines of working class activity, it seems to be true also that "the economic power of a class at a given stage of development turns into political power."

The value of the co-operative power to the working class has been recognized by the Socialist party, though reluctantly at first. It was recently so recognized at the Copenhagen congress in 1910, the American delegates voting for the resolution.

Following the path of other national organizations of the Socialist party, the Socialist party of America must recognize the fact of the existence on the American continent of a successful co-operative movement, though it has not as yet been brought into any unified form.

Your committee has not been able to gather any adequate data, but is informed, from the personal knowledge of those who came before the committee, of distributive co-operatives doing a total business of not less than twenty million dollars a year, in only a few of the states of the Union. Nearly one thousand local organizations are within the knowledge of those reporting these facts to your committee, which are operating successfully.

That there is still room within the developing processes of the capitalist system in this country for the inauguration and building up of a strong and successful co-operative movement, is evident from the facts already adduced, especially in view of other and as yet unverified statements which are nevertheless largely of common knowledge.

The benefits claimed by those most closely connected with the international co-operative movement are three-fold, and relate to:

1. The furnishing of an improved quality of food and other supplies to the co-operators.

2. The actual increase of the economic resources of the co-operators, through the control of their own purchasing power, and the building up of reserve funds which have been of great service to the industrial and political arms of the labor movement.

3. The training of members of the working class in the processes of industrial and commercial administrative work, and developing this new capacity among them, thus proving that it is possible not only to do without the capitalist's capital, but also to do without his alleged superior intelligence.

The most successful co-operatives in America seem to be among the groups of foreign-speaking workers of the same nationality, who furnish a community highly homogeneous, having similar habits and customs of life; and among the farmers, who find it possible to combine at once their buying and selling powers in the same organization.

In view of the failures which have occurred in this and other countries in connection with the efforts to establish co-operatives, we recommend that a committee of five persons be elected by this convention, not confined to delegates in the convention, who shall be given the assistance of the national office in making an investigation into the facts concerning the co-operative movement; this committee to make tentative reports from time to time through the national office and the party press; and to make a final report at the next national convention.

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# THE LYRICS

## THE PARADE

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

Gay flags flying down the street;  
Comes the drum's insistent beat  
Like a fierce, gigantic pulse—  
And the screaming life exults.

Soldier, soldier, spic and span,  
Aren't you the lucky man?  
Splendid, in your gold and blue—  
How the small boy envies you!

Oh, there's a glory for you here—  
Girls to smile and men to cheer;  
Bands behind and bands before,  
Thrilling with the lust of War.

Soldier, soldier—now you go  
Forth to meet a sanguine foe,  
Bravely do you face the brink,  
Fired with music and with drink.

Stalwart warrior pass, and be  
Glad you are not such as we—  
We, who, without flags or drums,  
March to battle in the slums.

Doctors, teachers, workers—we  
Are a stubborn soldiery;  
Combating, till we convert,  
Ignorance, disease and dirt.

Soldier, soldier, look and then  
Laugh at us poor fighting-men,  
Struggling on, though every street  
Is the scene of our defeat.

Laugh at us, who, day by day,  
Come back beaten from the fray—  
We, who find our work undone—  
We, whose wars are never won!

*Gay flags flying down the street;  
Come, the drum's insistent beat  
Like a fierce, gigantic pulse—  
And the screaming life exults!*

## THE SONGS OF T-O-D-A-Y

By PAUL ELDRIDGE

Sing me the song of To-day,  
The living throb and the pulses,

The tides of the ocean of Truth.  
Sing me the song of the Hour,  
Burdened with breathing humanity,  
With the rage and the hope and the  
sorrow.

The vast mysterious impulse—  
The tumult of Life!

You have sung of the Past and its  
heroes,  
Of the prowess of Kings and Princes,  
Bearing triumphant their falchions;  
Victors, cheered by the world!  
You have chanted of deeds in the battle,  
Of giants that knew no defeat!  
But long has Death been their victor,  
And their strength has been lulled to  
Sleep,  
Of them but their names enduring,  
Writ in the dream of man!

I yearn for the song of my brothers,  
That struggle with me to-day!  
The song of the man and woman,  
That die in the battle for bread!  
Sing me the song of the heroes,  
That conquer the Earth with their toil;  
The song of the hearts that are bleed-  
ing

To lighten the burden of Man;  
The song of the prophets proclaiming  
A Kingdom of Truth and of Love!  
Sing me of them that are weary,  
Of them that have battled and failed,  
And languish alone and unnoticed;  
Sing me the by-street and alley,  
The spawn of Greed and of Shame!

I long to hear of my brothers—  
The men, and women, and children,  
That hope and win and fall!  
I long to hear the music  
Of the hour as it lives,  
Of the pulses of the myriad bosoms,  
Proclaiming the Truth of the Day!

Sing me the Song of To-day;  
The song of the Hour that lives,  
Mingling with vibrant music  
The song of the Future and Hope,  
The song of mankind ennobled  
In the glory of Truth and of Love!

## THE MILLS OF THE RICH

By EDITH SMITH

We ask that they work for a while as  
we work,  
On a wage that is hunger and pain;  
We ask that they give us the bread that  
is ours,  
The rich, who grow strong on our  
gain;  
We are women who toil with burden  
of men,  
But with courage that makes for the  
strength.  
Our children are born to the curse of  
the poor;  
No power to rise, but the lot to en-  
dure,  
And the depth of our life is its  
length!

*We ask for the half-loaf of labor,  
As our hands and our souls are  
scarred;  
For the mills of the gods grind slowly,  
But the mills of the rich grind hard.*

We seek but the chance to live humbly  
with toil,  
On a wage that will pay for our  
needs;  
We ask not the ease that is unearned  
and left  
From the brains of our forefathers'  
needs.  
The balance of life, that is, justice and  
right,

Throws our fate to the world, at its  
best.  
Oh, God! we are sick, with no heart  
for the cure;  
Teach man, in Thy mercy, we cannot  
endure—  
We are poor, we are poor and op-  
pressed.

*We fight for the half-loaf of labor,  
As the dregs and the crumbs are  
charred  
With fire of souls, and are bitter;  
And the mills of the rich grind hard.*

# BE A BANNER BEARER

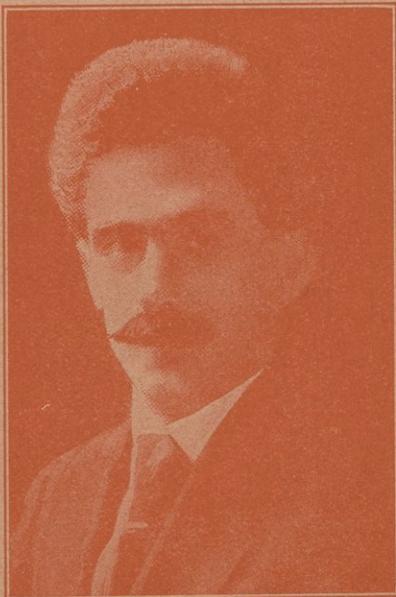
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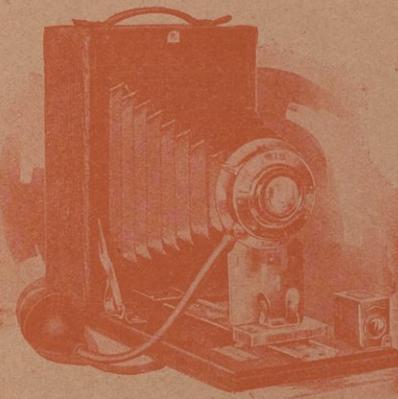
Will you grant me an interview? I am at present reading your book for the third time. To my mind the book is an epoch-making book. As far as my literary experience goes, its treatment is unique. Nothing to my knowledge has ever appeared, so broad, so audaciously catholic, and, withal, so lovely and tender in dealing with the character of Jesus.—*A. H. Sotheran, New York.*

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Good God, if it were only as easy to handle as dynamite!

If one need only touch off a fuse, and half an hour later could see the mind of man leavened with the knowledge of what he is!

If one might only climb a barricade, chant a defiant song, and fall down, shot, but happy, in the consciousness that he had educated the world!

Education is no child's play.

It is carried on, day after day, with wearisome, obstinate persistence; in spite of all discouragement, of wet or dry weather, of heat or cold.

To educate, you need weapons. Not guns, bombs or swords. Battles won by these means are not worth while. They are not lasting. They may be attractive, but are not effective. These weapons may be good enough to enforce occasionally the will of the majority, but even as such they are questionable. And as yet the majority is not convinced of the inevitability, justice and beauty of Socialism.

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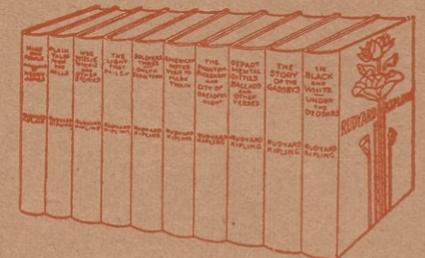
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