Socialist Dialogues and Recitations

Including

JACK LONDON'S
The Machine Breakers
Socialist Dialogues and Recitations

Compiled by
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and
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THE MACHINE BREAKERS.


Scene: Library of Asmunsen's house.

Asmunsen: The railroad knows my business just a little bit better than I do. It knows my operating expenses to a cent, and it knows the terms of my contracts. How it knows these things I can only guess. But what is the result? Large or small, the railroad always gets my profits.

Everhard: What remains to you over and above expenses would roughly be equivalent to your salary as manager, did the railroad own the quarry.

Asmunsen: The very thing. My books show that the railroad might just as well have owned the quarry and hired me to run it during the last ten years.

Everhard: Only, in that case the railroad would have had to assume the risk which you so obligingly assumed for it.

Asmunsen (sadly): Very true.

Everhard (to Owen): You started a branch store in Berkeley about six months ago?

Owen: Yes.

Everhard: And since then I've noticed that three little corner groceries have gone out of business. Was your branch store the cause of it?
Owen (with satisfied smile): They had no chance against us.

Everhard: Why not?

Owen (with pride): We had greater capital. With a large business there is always less waste and greater efficiency.

Everhard: And your branch store absorbed the profits of the three smaller ones. I see. But tell me, what became of the owners of the three small stores?

Owen: One is driving a delivery wagon for us. I don't know what happened to the other two.

(All laugh.)

Everhard (abruptly, to Kowalt): You sell a great deal at cut rates. What have become of the owners of the small drug stores you forced to the wall?

Kowalt: One of them, Mr. Haasburger, has charge of our prescription department.

(They smile quietly.)

Everhard: And you absorbed the profits they had been making?

Kowalt: Surely, that is what we are in business for.

Everhard (to Asmunsen): And you, you are disgusted because the railroad has absorbed your profits?

(Nod from Asmunsen.)

What you want is to make profits for yourself?

(Asmunsen nods assent.)

Out of others.

(Asmunsen is silent.)

Out of others.

Asmunsen (sourly): That is the way profits are made.

Everhard: Then the business game consists in making profits out of others and in preventing them from making profits out of you?

(All are silent.)

Everhard (repeats): I say, the business game consists in making profits out of others and in preventing them from making profits out of you?

Asmunsen: Yes, that's it, except that we do not
object to the others making profits so long as they are not extortionate.

*Everhard*: By extortionate you mean large. Yet you do not object to making large profits yourself? Surely not?

*Asmunsen* (slowly, embarrassed): I guess that's about it.

*Everhard* (to Calvin): Sometime ago you were fighting the milk trust, and now you are in grange politics. How did it happen?

*Calvin* (with volubility): Oh, I haven't quit the fight. I'm fighting the trust on the only field it is possible to fight—the political field. Let me show you. A few years ago we dairymen had everything all our own way.

*Everhard*: But you competed among yourselves.

*Calvin*: Yes, that was what kept the profits down. We did try to organize, but independent dairymen always broke through us. Then came the milk trust.

*Everhard*: Financed by surplus capital from Standard Oil.

*Calvin*: Yes, but we did not know it at the time. Gradually we were forced out. There were no dairymen—only a milk trust.

*Everhard*: But with milk two cents higher I should think you could have competed.

*Calvin*: So we thought. We tried it (pause). It broke us. The trust could put milk on the market cheaper than we could. The dairymen were wiped out of existence.

*Everhard*: So the trust took your profits away and you went into politics to legislate the trust out of existence and get back your profits?

*Calvin* (cheerfully): That's our idea in a nutshell. It's precisely what I say in my speeches to the farmers.

*Everhard*: And yet you say that the trust produces milk more cheaply than could the independent dairymen?

*Calvin*: Why shouldn't it, with its splendid or-
organization and the new machinery its large capital makes possible?

Everhard: There is no discussion. It certainly should; and, furthermore, it does. You people all see clearly as far as you see—but the trouble is that you only see as far as the end of your noses.

(Rises, stands leaning over back of chair.)

I have listened carefully to all of you and I see plainly that you play the business game in the orthodox fashion. Life sums itself up to you in the one word, profits. You have a firm and abiding belief that you were created for the sole purpose of making profits. But there is a hitch in the proceeding. In the midst of your profit making, along comes the trust and takes your profits away from you. This is a thing that seriously interferes with your plan of creation, and the only way out, as it seems to you, is to destroy that which takes from you your profits.

Asmunsen: The law of self-defense, you know.

Everhard: But are you defending yourselves?

I have listened carefully, and I can think of but one name that will epitomize you. I shall call you that name. You are machine breakers. You do not know what a machine breaker is? Let me tell you. In the 18th century, in England, men and women wove cloth on hand looms in their own cottages. It was a slow, clumsy, and costly way of weaving cloth. Along came the steam engine and labor-saving machine. A thousand looms assembled in one factory, and being driven by a central engine wove cloth vastly cheaper than could the cottage weavers or their hand looms. The cottage competition was forced to give way to the factory combination. The men and women who had worked the hand looms for themselves now went into the factories and worked the machine looms, not for themselves but for the capitalist owners. Then little children went to work at the machine looms at lower wages, and displaced the men. This made hard times for the men. Their standard of living fell. Some starved. They said it was all
the fault of the big machines, therefore they tried to break up those machines. They did not succeed, and they were very stupid.

Calvin: They learned their mistake later.

Everhard: Yes, but you have not yet learned their lesson. Here you are, a century and a half later, trying to break machines. By your own confessions the trust machines do the work more cheaply and efficiently than you can. And yet you would break the machines. You are even more stupid than the stupid workmen of England.

Owen: We are playing the game to the best of our ability.

Everhard: You, Mr. Owen, are a very poor gamester. When you squeezed out the three small stores in Berkeley by virtue of your "superior combination," you swelled out your chest, talked about efficiency and enterprise, and sent your wife to Europe on the profits you had gained by eating up the three small groceries. It is dog eat dog, and you ate up the little dogs. And now you squeal. You are being eaten by the bigger dogs; you are playing a losing game; and you are squealing about it.

Calvin: And yet, Mr. Everhard, it really appears that if we could go back to the good old days of competition, with opportunity for all, it would be better for everyone.

Everhard (again sits at table): When you say "everyone," you mean your own class of petty profit seekers. And when you say "opportunity for all," you mean free opportunity to squeeze profits, which freedom is now denied you by the great trusts. And the absurd thing about it is that you have repeated these phrases so often that you believe them. You want opportunity to plunder your fellowmen in your own small way, but you hypnotize yourselves into believing that you want freedom. You are piggish and acquisitive, but the magic of your phrases leads you to believe that you are patriotic.
Calvin: Why not go back to competition? I say, why not?

Everhard: Well, I'll tell you why, but I doubt even then if you will understand it. You see, you fellows have studied business in a small way, but you never studied evolution at all. You are now in the midst of a transition stage in economic evolution, but you do not understand it, and that's the cause of this confusion. Why cannot you return? Because you cannot. You can no more make water run up hill than you can turn back the tide of economic evolution. But in spite of this fact, you fellows propose to beat Joshua at his own game. He commanded the sun to stand still. You fellows propose to make it go way back and sit down.

Calvin: Visionary as usual—able to pick flaws in any program but unable to suggest a better one.

Owen (aside): Always harping on "evolution."

Everhard: This, then, is the fiat of evolution. It is the word of God. Combination is stronger than competition. It is combination against competition—a thousand centuries' struggle, in which competition has always been worsted. Whoso enlists on the side of competition perishes.

Calvin: But the trusts themselves arose out of competition.

Everhard: Very true. And the trusts themselves destroyed competition. That, by your own word, is why you are no longer in the dairy business.

(General laughter.)

And now, gentlemen, let me show you the only way out. You admit the superiority of the big machines. You admit that the trusts can produce more cheaply than the small concerns. Then let us unite our forces and own the machines. (They assent.) Let us own the big combinations and run them for ourselves. (They all agree.) Let us oust the present owners of those machines and let us run them ourselves. (They are delighted.) That, gentlemen, is Socialism (they are horrified), a greater combination than the trusts, a greater economic and
social combination than any that has yet appeared on this planet. (They show their dissent plainly.) It is in line with evolution. We must meet combination with a combination that is greater. It is the winning side. Come on over with us and play on the winning side! (General dissent. No! No!)

Asmussen (aside): Foolishness! Anarchy!

Everhard: You won't come? Very well. Let me tell you where you will go when the final struggle comes: You will be compelled to take sides: This struggle is on, it will become more acute. The government has provided a place for you. Under the provisions of the Dick Militia Bill you will be drafted into the army and compelled to fight side by side with the capitalists, against the working class, for the maintenance of your so-called "free competition."

Calvin (solemnly): I don't believe it.

Everhard (in despair at their dullness): No, you don't believe it. Neither do you believe in evolution. Neither do you believe in Socialism. (Pointed polite.) Let me ask you, gentlemen, what in hell do you believe?

(Curtain.)

SYMPATHY.

The sweetest thing in all the world is love—
To know that men will bear each other's pain;
Since man will sometimes suffer thus, does prove
That he the loftiest heights will somehow gain.

For men will see that loving sympathy,
Resistlessly, can move the world along—
No load so heavy that it cannot be
Borne by a world united against the wrong.
"THE LION SLEEPS."

BY T. DUNCAN FERGUSON.

CHARACTERS.

ROBERT DUNSMORE ............ Rector of Trinity Church
JOHN ELLSWORTH .......... Senior Warden
MARY STANTON .......... A Firebrand
CHOIR BOYS.

Scene.

Plain heavy setting representing the Vestry Room of Cathedral. Large center door arch at back. Door about left second entrance. Door about right first entrance. Robe closet just above left entrance. Table in center pretty well down. Several books on table. Chair right and left of table, also one at right of center door. Curtain rises to empty stage. Boys Vested Choir, six either side of center door, unseen, singing first verse of "Oh Mother Dear Jerusalem." Small boy Crucifer stands with cross just inside of center door to separate boys as they enter singing second verse of hymn; parting six to either side, they file down and turn facing each other. Crucifer comes down center and turns facing center door as Dunsmore enters, also in full vestments. At the end of second verse of hymn Dunsmore turns facing center door, lifts hand to Church off and pronounces blessing.

Dunsmore: "And now may the blessing of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost remain with you always."

Choir: "Amen."

Dunsmore: "Boys, I feel as though I should say something to you this morning. I feel that I neglect you owing to the important part we both take in the service for others. It is needless for me to say I am proud of you, and your devotion to the service is largely responsible for the success of this parish. Perhaps I am a little
sad this morning. Perhaps it is natural I should seek to bring myself to your level if haply I might find the rest known only to the carefree realm of boyhood. One thought I want you to take with you and remember always. The poorest specimen of manhood can fight a good fight when he is sure of victory, but it takes a man indeed to fight for a cause, lost before he begins. I say lost because it is so often our portion to fight a fight when the laurels of victory go to posterity. But herein lies our victory and blessed indeed is that man whose sight is keen enough to see it. The sweetest flowers we have in our gardens in the God Land are those perfect full blown roses grown in that wondrously rich bed of self-sacrifice.

And so I say to you whether you fight to win or to lose, fight the fight of men. God bless you. You may go now.

(Exit boys L. D.)

Dunsmore goes to closet, takes off and hangs up surplice.
Knock at R. D.
Dunsmore: Come in.

(Enter Mary.)

Mary (haltingly): Oh! do I disturb you, Mr. Dunsmore?

Dunsmore (goes to Mary and shakes hand): Certainly not, Miss Stanton. No intrusion whatever, rather I am glad to see you. Won't you be seated? (Mary sits in chair at right. Dunsmore in chair at left.)

Mary: You are always gracious, Mr. Dunsmore, and that is why I come to you. I am in deep trouble.

Dunsmore: Indeed; I am grieved to hear that. However, things often look darker than they really are. But how can I serve you?

Mary: Last night some time after midnight I was startled by the doorbell. Dad went to the door to find a detective and two policemen. They made no explanation, but simply commanded him to dress and come with them. He tried to assure me that everything was all
right, but my woman's intuition knew better. I would have followed them, but one of the officers was detailed to watch the home, detain me, and see that nothing was taken from the house until morning, when he would be relieved. When the relief came they searched the house throughout. From what I could gather they were disappointed and took the officer with them, giving me no information as to what Dad had done or what they had done with him. They were scarcely out of sight before Secretary Durham of the Amalgamated Association of Steel Workers called me on the phone to tell me that Dad was accused of complicity in the dynamiting of the Vulcan steel plant. He also said they had gone to Dad's office and carried off everything in the shape of books and papers. Feeling has been high on both sides for a long time and I am almost afraid to think of the result.

Dunsmore: Yes, the whole affair was very unfortunate. Several men were killed at the time I believe. Let me see: Your father is president of the association is he not?

Mary: Yes and I have begged him to resign and do something else and avoid just this calamity.

Dunsmore: Well, what do you think I can do for you? I confess the thought never entered my head that the affair would reach my parish personally and it rather confuses me for the moment.

Mary: You were an attorney before you entered the ministry were you not?

Dunsmore: Yes, that is true though I never startled the world in the role.

Mary: I have heard that you were one of the shrewdest at the bar and I want to ask you to take Dad's case.

Dunsmore (rises and paces back and forth): It is superfluous for me to say that I have absolute faith in your father and believe him innocent of any complicity in the matter; in fact I even have suspicions as to how the thing was done but it would be impossible for me to serve you in this manner at least.
**Mary** (almost hysterical runs to him, falls on her knees and takes his hand): Oh, don't say that Mr. Dunsmore. I can't get any one else who I can trust to take the case and you know that no money or talent will be spared on the other side.

**Dunsmore** (lifts her up still holding her hand). There; there; compose yourself as much as you can; I know it is hard but understand me, it is not that I am unwilling to do anything in my power to serve you. It is that in my position I cannot often take the stand my manhood dictates. But go home and rest and calm yourself. You are cruelly wrought up over this affair (takes her to door). Nothing will be done before tomorrow, I will give the matter my whole thought this afternoon, and tomorrow I will see what can be done. Good-bye.

(Exit Mary sobbing. Dunsmore following and closing door after which he returns to seat at desk.)

**Dunsmore**: Oh, the mockery of it. To preach peace when there is no peace. To chant a creed when the call is for man. Men not to kill but to learn the art of living. (Ellsworth knocks at vestry door.)

**Dunsmore**: Come in.

(Enter Ellsworth.)

**Dunsmore**: Oh, it is you, Mr. Ellsworth; have a chair.

**Ellsworth** (looks at watch): Oh, it is later than I thought. I have a matter to discuss with you that may take some time and as neither of us have had lunch perhaps we had best set a time and take it up later.

**Dunsmore**: No inconvenience to me whatever, Mr. Ellsworth. In fact I just finished an interview that rather took my appetite. Miss Stanton is in trouble and somehow I take my parishioners' cases as seriously as I would my own. It wears on me to be sure, but I cannot overcome it.

**Ellsworth** (sits at left of table): Well, I wouldn't take Stanton's trouble very seriously. In truth I have very little sympathy with him or any of his breed.
Dunsmore: Then you knew of the case? It only happened since midnight.

Ellsworth (rising and pacing back and forth nervously): Well—er—some one was telling me of his arrest. Their trouble is all of their own making and the sooner they are completely undone the better it will be for business and society in general.

Dunsmore: I am afraid I cannot look at it in just that light and while I do not excuse the blowing up of your plant I am not so sure that just this attitude does not arouse that fierce spirit in men that carries them to these extremes. Men are pretty much the same the world over. In fact the only real line one can draw is not of value but of social position. In other words, lose your millions and you resolve into a Jim Stanton. This is a painful fact to you perhaps, but until you can change the law of cause and effect I am afraid you will have to reckon with Jim Stanton and his breed.

Ellsworth: I might be tempted to take that seriously were I not apt to appreciate the influences that make a man in your position look at things in a more or less superficial light. As it is I rather admire your zeal and though it be in a measure misapplied I have no doubt that years and a realization of the fact that you can’t make the world over will work for good rather than harm. You dream, Mr. Dunsmore, that is all; even as I dreamed, but you will awake even as I did.

(During the preceding speech Dunsmore rises and stands behind the table.)

Dunsmore: If I dream then thank God I have not altogether failed to grasp the meaning of my ministry. In that at least I have attained somewhat to the measure of the man of Galilee who also dreamed. He said: “Man doth not live by bread alone but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.” I believe this, Mr. Ellsworth, and I do not expect too much of men until this is part of their diet. Your system has kept men so busy struggling to get the bread that they have missed the word of God.
Ellsworth (rises, starts to put on gloves): Very well, Mr. Dunsmore, if I can’t reason with you I must take the only course open to me. You must not forget that I am your Senior Warden and President of the Vestry.

For some time past your sermons have been distasteful to the vestry owing to the revolutionary sentiment you incorporate in them. To be plain with you: You have strayed too much from the policy we want preached from this pulpit. This is the sense of the vestry and I am here in the interest of that body. I assure you I came in the kindliest spirit and thought to turn you from your way but if you remain impervious to reason I am afraid you will have to entertain a request to resign.

Dunsmore: I think I understand you, Mr. Ellsworth. You would have me prophesy smooth things when in my heart I know I lie to God and to myself. You would have me build a temple on the wrecks of a childhood faith as sweet as the love of God itself. You would have me proclaim peace when from the land of the undeceived comes back the cry, “Peace: What peace? There is no peace.”

(Enter Mary through door to right.)

Mary: Oh, Mr. Dunsmore some of the union men tell me that dad is to be charged with murder and you MUST take his case, for they say we will have to fight to keep him from hanging. (Mary turns and sees Ellsworth for the time.)

You will help us (entreatingly), won’t you, Mr. Ellsworth?

Ellsworth (awkwardly): Er—well you see Miss Stanton it was my mill that was blown up and I must answer in some manner for the lives of the men who were lost there.

Mary: And you will consider the matter settled if you can take the life of an innocent man?

Ellsworth (working to the left): You mistake me,
Miss Stanton. I have no personal feeling in the matter. The majesty of the law must be preserved.

Mary: Is the law greater than the right?

Ellsworth (making as if to go): I believe our business is settled, Mr. Dunsmore. I did not come here to be cross-questioned by a girl with an imaginary grievance.

Mary (with passion): Imaginary grievance, Mr. Ellsworth? Would you call it an imaginary grievance if you were in jail and your daughter were here to appeal for aid?

Ellsworth: An impossible comparison, Miss Stanton. I would never be in a position of this kind. If you will lay down with dogs you must get up with fleas.

Mary (passionately): Dogs, you say, Mr. Ellsworth? Yes, we are dogs; watch dogs of a nation pillaged and robbed by social highwaymen such as you. But your reign is drawing to a close. You see this flag (taking red silk flag from her bosom)? You hate it now but the day is drawing near when it will be the sign on the lintel of the door that marks the abode of men of the new regime. You won’t have money enough to buy that symbol. No judicial power can get it for you. Only men who love—labor—and lose in the cause of right may own it. I came here to ask the aid of men. I find no men. I am only a woman, but I declare war on you and your system and this flag and the men who follow it will win.

(Mary makes for the door at right.)

Ellsworth: This is an outrage in the house of God. (Ellsworth starts for the door left.)

Dunsmore (catching Mary at the door): Wait Miss Stanton. (To Ellsworth): Mr. Ellsworth, you have taken this mission upon you and you may hear my decision. For years I have lived a lie but as God lives I will not teach it. The lion sleeps, but take heed lest you and your system arouse him, for if you do he will arise, stretch, and shake himself until the storehouses you have built will crumble about your heads, crushing you to
powder and your place will remember you no more. Go
to your vestry and deliver this message. "He who puts
his hand to the plow is more than a preacher; he is also
a shepherd and I were a poor shepherd indeed if I did not
protect my sheep." Tell them to dispense with formalities
and to consider this pulpit vacant. Henceforth the world
is my church, its roof the sky and I know no voice but
that of God and the people (takes the flag from Mary).
(To Mary): Your cause shall be my cause. (To Elsworth): If you wish to see me again you will find me
among my own people. See, Mr. Elsworth, I kiss their
flag.

Curtain.

THE FATHER OF LIES.

With his black, black heart, and his swarthy skin,
   And his evil eyes, he stands.
Toil has not hardened his slender frame,
   Nor stiffened his supple hands;
But ever he watches the deeds of men
   With a satisfaction grim,
And aids in the schemes, and fosters the dreams
   Of those who appeal to him.

He sees the maid in her lover's arms;
   He notes the fond caress;
And he hates with the bitter hate of hell,
   The love that can cheer and bless.
And still with a free and ready hand
   He feeds the lips with lies;
Till the joy to sorrow and bitterness turns,
   And the winner spurns the prize.
But 'tis with a covert, cynical silhouette
   He turns from the sight again;
For he knows that the man who has bartered his truth,
   The slayer himself is slain.
The priests and the preachers and teachers of men,
   All pay him obeisance sweet.
And wonderful tales from their lips flow forth,
   In words that are fine and meet;
But the stumbling feet and the blinded eyes
   For guidance ask in vain.
They seek the truth, and ye give them lies,
   Ye misled leaders of men.

Honored and great in the Halls of State
   Sit the mighty of the land.
The people toil and sweat and moil.
   They feed them from their hand.
And "Order" and "Justice," and "Law" they speak,
   But the prisons ring with cries,
And the law is sold and bought with gold.
   Lies, lies, and only lies!

With an air sedate, and a sober mien
   The good man comes and goes.
He pays his tax, he fears the laws;
   'Tis said he has no foes.
But the Father of Lies and he are friends,
   Old friends, I do aver.
His heart is a dwelling of the dead,
   A whited sepulchre.

And over it all he aye looks on,
   With his dark and evil eyes,
And joys in the ruin, the pain and wrong,
   The infamous Father of Lies.

J. R. Cole.
WOODSHE D WOOLSON'S WAY OUT.

(A ten-minute monologue.)

(A meeting in which Woodshed Woolson is the speaker. Woolson should appear as antiquated as possible. Chairman introduces him.)

Chairman: Ladies and Gentlemen: I will ask you to save your applause for the speaker of the evening as he is used to it; I am not, I work for a living. We have with us tonight the most famous mossback of the age, the only living representative of the stone age, and therefore, his views on present-day affairs are of the most stupendous importance. Being a scholar and an orator as well as an antiquarian he can hold his audience spellbound while he does tricks with words and peddles platitudes to the people of Punktown. If any of you do not agree with him I would advise you to keep it to yourself for the speaker we have tonight has a reputation for oratorical tricks that would make the average man forget his own name. Ladies and gentlemen, I now take pleasure in introducing to you the Honorable Woodshed Woolson.

Woolson (arises with dignity and looks about for applause): Ladies and Gentlemen, Patriots and Suckers (removes glasses and wipes them): I have been asked to come here and give you some advice as to how to lower the high cost of living. Allow me to compliment you upon your good judgment. You sent for the right man. I therefore comply with pleasure because giving advice is one of my specialties. I am not so egotistic as to claim all the honor of the program I shall present here tonight for it has the sanction of the great American Donkeyocracy of which I am only a part. And now, without further preliminaries, let me proceed to unpack a bundle of valuable hints as to how to fight this most stubborn and obstreperous gentleman, Mr. High
Cost. (One drink of water will be about the proper thing here.)

First, as to the question of rent. This is a most important item. Everybody pays rent,—ahem, that is, all the working classes—at least they should do so. One-third of the average man's income goes to pay rent. That is too much, that is to say, it should be less. How can it be made less? By subtraction, aha! There we have it. But how much shall we subtract? Dear friends, I propose to subtract all of it, every bit of it, the whole thing in its entirety. Impossible you say. Entirely practicable say I, and I ought to know. I have a plan one I have tried and found to work very well—ahem—ahem—that is on other people. I received my idea from reading articles on outdoor life. These articles inform me that it is healthy to live in the open. I believe it is. All the physicians I ever knew recommended fresh air, in fact fresh everything except whisky and all Democrats agree with them. So, it is plain that you working people should live in the open and let the other fellows have the houses. (Gulps water.)

Nearly all cemeteries are left unguarded at night, and that is where most people do their sleeping. Select one as convenient as possible, five-cent carfare preferred, be sure to get one that is well-ventilated and you can lie down to peaceful dreams among the best people on earth. Here you will find a clean, quiet place far removed from the noise and politics of the city and absolutely rent free. Be regular in your habits, retire early each evening and on the resurrection morn you will be on the job early as usual. Such, dear friends, is my unanswerable solution of the rent question.

Next comes the question of clothing. Being a man myself—er—that is, not being a woman, I can only deal with the question of male apparel. I have read magazine articles by numerous university professors, and they all agree that the less clothing one wears the better—that is, if one avoids the police. I have just read a statement from Professor Poleycarp P. Pillycamp of Swansdown
University proving that shoes are a positive detriment to the human race. He tells us that the wearing of shoes has made humanity knock-kneed, hollow chested, wabbly in the head and an all around sight to look upon. I have my private suspicions that they were the cause of some people voting the Republican ticket at the last election. (Looks wise as a tree full of owls and takes gulp of water.)

Everyone of us should skip barefooted along the street as chipper as an alderman under indictment, shoeless, not only in summer but also in spring, fall and winter, through snow, sleet, hail, rain or mud and thus restore the race to its pristine glory. Shoes are rapidly advancing in price. We must meet this advance with drastic measures, in other words, go barefooted. And now, dear friends I have subtracted houses from your heads and shoes from your feet in less than ten minutes and I think I have given evidence of a high cost fighter par excellence, or as the unsophisticated would say I am a lallapalooza.

Winter underclothing has been considered an indispensable accomplice to the man hunting a job from one end of the country to the other. The United Donkeyocracy, after mature deliberation, has arrived at a correct solution of the undershirt problem. All past masters in the art of living next to nature on next to nothing are agreed that paper is very warming for the human body. In other words, not to become technical, it keeps out the cold. Houses have been constructed almost entirely of paper and they are still standing. I have never yet heard of one of those houses complaining of the cold. Every shoe manufacturer can swear to the virtue of paper in his business. Newspapers are as warm as some of the underclothing sold in our department stores. Sunday editions are the warmest copies. Ergo, which is Greek and means let’s get down to cases, we should wear paper underclothing. Paper is comfortable, light and requires no laundering. Newspapers are just as good as any other, and they can also be read, preferably before
wearing. After being read and worn they can be used for fuel. I am told that thousands of working men have tried this plan and have made Mr. High Cost almost gasp for breath. And the beauty of it is that thousands of these men are still alive and voting for prosperity and a tariff revision.

So much for the rent and clothes problem. What shall we—er—er—I should say, what shall they eat that is cheap. Science comes to our aid in solving this question as well as mathematics. Peanut shells ground up, make a splendid breakfast food as our good friend, Mr. Post of Battle Creek, Mich., can testify. Pulverized rock is put into flour to make it weigh up satisfactory. Now, my dear friends, I think you can readily see that it takes no great genius to suggest that we pulverize our own rocks and save middlemen’s profits. Dried alfalfa also makes fine flour, as does the thornless cactus. Forget butter altogether. Oleomargarine is not nearly as bad as axle grease—at least as some axle grease and it is nearly as cheap. But to go through the entire list of good things that I have to tell you about would consume too much time and I have to make connections with another audience that is still sitting in the darkness of ignorance upon this most important matter. For that reason I shall close my lecture after which I will pass among you my campaign cards and I hope that you will remember the name of Woodshed Woolson on election day, the man that brought prosperity to Punktown in this glorious land of liberty and equality of opportunity, e pluribus unum. Now all together boys, three cheers for Woodshed Woolson, the man that gave old High Cost a knock-out drop. Hip, hip—what’s the matter? Didn’t I deliver the goods? GRACE V. SILVER.
"THE FIREBRAND."

Sketch, by Thomas Duncan Ferguson.

Time, the Present.

Cast of Characters.

John Stafford ................. A Social Revolutionist
Sarah Stafford ............... His Wife
Margaret Stafford ............ Their Daughter

Setting.

Scantily furnished sitting room. Table with plain cover, about center stage, pretty well down. Several books and papers on table, among them the Bible. Small center table upper left corner of room with chair to right. Chair right and left of large table. Lounge right pretty well up. A minute book is lying on small center table. John and Sarah discovered at rise of curtain. Sarah sits right of table reading the bible. John sits by center table smoking his pipe with chin resting on his chest as if in meditation.

Sarah: John! (No answer.)
Sarah: John dear! (No answer.)
Sarah (turns): John! John dear, are you asleep?
John (starts): No, Sarah, wife, not asleep—just thinking—that's all.
Sarah: Ah, John, you think too much. Your rest is broken at night. You try to keep it from me, but my dear, I know that many, many hours you never close your eyes. It might have been different, the Master knows, but since our lot is cast in a shadow we must try to forget.
John: Forget—Sarah? If I forget I should die. It is by remembering I live—live to crush—to spoil—to trample under foot the system that put our little girl where she is. Home! Home! Sarah, is the place for a girl fifteen years old—and she couldn't stay. You were
sick and I was out of work to be sure, but if the mills had run steady we might have had a few dollars laid by—and she needn’t have gone to the city. Soon forget—forget! Sometimes in the night, when all is dark, I see a red light—I hear the clink of glasses and I go mad. Mad, with the thought of it. It is well perhaps I only seem to see these things at night. If it were in the day time, I might clutch some throat with my nails until I drew the blood as the heart has been drawn out of me. (During last of speech rises and clutches his throat.)

Sarah (rises and seats him, softly weeping): There, there John—don’t take it too hard. We have lived in the hope of better things together—and if she never comes back—we know that up yonder (points up), it will all come out right—for He says: “Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.”

John: Yes, Sarah. If I could believe it, the wound might heal, but I can’t. My whole being tells me we were made to live—to live to the full—and not to die half lived. No one minds the rose that has faded. Once it budded and spread its soft petals, that sweet perfume might rise like incense in a selfish world. And no one grieves if unspoiled it fades. But the rose that only buds—to be plucked and spoiled before it even blooms—ah, no—there is something wrong with our philosophy.

Sarah: Yes, John, yes—but it has always been this way, and if men were all like you we might change it, but you can’t change it alone.

John (rises and paces the floor): No, but I can be a Firebrand, lighting here and there and sometimes I may light so many they will not be able to quench them, until they reduce the old frame to ashes.

Sarah: I don’t like to hear you talk like that, John. I am always afraid, that sometime you will do something in your zeal that will give them the opportunity to take you from me and God knows I can’t spare you, John, even for the cause.

John: Don’t say it, Sarah, even if you think it. I
am the cheapest thing you have to give. Would to God it were more. We have fed the monster with countless thousands, and I thank the spirit of the revolution, that there is not a comrade who holds his life above the price of a fagot, to burn the throne away.

Sarah (excitedly): No, John, No! Don't—

John: And I say yes! The beast must die. What are the poor going to do, was the question? God knows, was the answer. And so the gauntlet was thrown. But the proletaire will not take this as final. He has taken the gauntlet up, and will keep it until the hand is severed that holds it.

Sarah (weeping hysterically).

John: There, there, wife. I did not mean to hurt you, but it is better for it to come first hand from me than from the cannon's roar.

Sarah: Yes, John, I am such a coward but I will try to be brave for your sake. But see, dear, it is eight o'clock and you must go to the meeting.

John (looks at watch): So it is (takes hat and kisses Sarah). Goodbye, dear. I won't be long (starts to door).

Sarah: Goodbye, John. You will be careful—won't you?

John (turns at door): Yes—(dreamily), I'll be care-
ful.

Sarah: Dear John. He is right; but it is so hard for me to learn the lesson.

(Margaret knocks at door.)

Sarah: Come in!

(Enter Margaret looking doubtful as to her recep-
tion.)

Margaret: May I come home, mother?

(Sarah looks at her as though stupefied.)

Sarah (hushed): Margaret, my baby (kisses her).

No matter what you have been— No matter what you may become— God and your old mother will always love you and this door will always be open.
(Enter John, hurriedly going to center table without seeing Margaret.)

*John:* I forgot my minute book, Sarah.

*Sarah* (with arm around Margaret): John!

(Turns and sees Margaret, goes to her and kisses her.)

*John:* My baby (takes her and sits left of table holding her on knee).

*Margaret:* Yes, your baby, Dad—and such a bad, bad girl.

*John:* No—not had—not had (looking off), just my baby.

*Margaret:* But you don't seem happy to see me, Dad.

*John* (takes her face in both hands and looks into her eyes): God knows I am glad to have you home, Margaret, and you must never leave it again—yet, I am sad—sad—because some other man's little girl—will—never—come—back.

(Curtain.)

**WHAT IS SOCIALISM?**

A voice that cries from out the wilderness:

"Prepare we for the coming of the light
That will the crooked paths of wrong make right."

'Tis Mammon facing its own sordidness—
The world's awakening unto righteousness,
The passing of Humanity's long night.

'Tis Freedom's dawn now breaking on the sight,
Dispelling clouds of wrong and wretchedness.

It is that faith that finds a heaven here;
That hope that looks for better things to be;
The charity that covers error's bier,
And love that fills the world with harmony.

It is the drying up of sorrow's tear,
The resurrection morn that sets us free.

**EMMA E. HUNT.**
THE MARCH OF THE HUNGRY MEN.

In the dreams of your downy couches,
    Through the shades of your pampered sleep,
Give ear, you can hear it coming,
    The tide that is steady and deep—
Give ear, for the sound is growing,
    From desert and dungeon and den;
The tramp of the marching millions,
    The march of the Hungry Men.

As once the lean limbed Spartans
    At Locris’ last ascent,
As William’s Norman legions
    Through Sussex meadows went,
As Wolfe assailed the mountain,
    As Sherman led the way,
From Fulton to Savannah—
    As they and more than they,—

So comes another army,
    Your wit cannot compute,
The man-at-arms self-fashioned,
    The man you made the brute,
From the farm and sweatshop gathered.
    From factory, mine and mill,
With lyre and shears and augur,
    Dibble and drift and drill.

They bear no sword nor rifle,
    Yet their ladders are on your walls.
Though the hauberk is turned to a jumper,
    The jambeaux to overalls;
They come from locomotive,
    From cab and cobbler’s bench;
They are armed with the pick and the jackplane,
    The sledge and the ax and the wrench.
And some come empty handed,
    With fingers gnarled and strong,
And some come dumb with sorrow,
    And some come drunk with song;
But all that you thought were buried,
    Are stirring and lithe and quick,
And they carry a brass bound scepter:
    The brass composing stick.

Through the depths of the Devil's darkness,
    With the distant stars for light,
They are coming, the while you slumber,
    And they come with the might of Right.
On a morrow—perhaps tomorrow—
    You will waken and see and then
You will hand the keys of the cities
    To the ranks of the Hungry Men.
—R. W. K., in Life.

A SHOE FACTORY DIALOGUE.

By Hebe Halen Clark.
(A noon-hour conversation between three employes of a shoe factory.)

Tom: I don’t know how you fellows feel, but I’m about all in.
Dick: So’m I. Wish we didn’t have to work so hard.
Harry: Hush. You ought to be glad you’ve got a job.
Dick: I am glad, but wouldn’t it keep if we left some of it until tomorrow?
Harry: Oh, yes, it would keep all right, but then you know we can’t have everything we want.
Dick: Can’t have everything we want? You talk like a sausage! We never get nothin’ but work, and that
comes in bunches. The rest of the time we go around and beg for that.

*Tom* (to himself): Guess I’ll read some. (Takes paper out of pocket and begins to read.)

*Harry*: Ah, you give me a pain. You are always wantin’ somethin’ you can’t have.

*Dick*: Yes, and gettin’ somethin’ I don’t want.

*Tom*: Be calm now, boys, be calm.

*Harry*: You’d better cut that out, Dick! Suppose the boss ’ud come around suddenly and hear that?

*Dick*: Fire me, of course.

*Harry*: Sh—. What d’ I tell you? Here he comes now.

(Boss walks leisurely across the stage.)

*Dick*: But, honest, now, don’t it seem like a durn shame that a few can strut around like that feller and have so much that they don’t know what to do with it, while the rest of us have to work like convicts and then never have nuthin’?

*Harry*: Say, you’re one of them chronic grumblers—aint never satisfied with nuthin’.

*Dick*: You’ve about struck it. Aint got nuthin’ to be satisfied with. Besides, it’s pretty tough to live in speakin’ distance of starvation all the time and never have nuthin’ to look forward to but hard work, cheap food, ragged clothes and a cut in wages.

*Tom*: Say, what ticket did you geezers vote at last election?

*Harry*: What ticket did we vote? I don’t see as that’s got anything to do with it, but I voted the Republican ticket, of course.

*Tom*: I thought so.

*Dick*: Well, you don’t catch me votin’ that ticket. I voted the good, old Democratic ticket—against imperialism and government by injunction.

*Tom*: Oh, I see! (addressing Harry). You voted the Republican ticket because you are satisfied; and you (addressing Dick) voted the Democratic ticket because you are against everything.
Harry (speaking angrily): You're mighty cute aint you. I suppose you're too nice to vote!

Tom: I voted all right. My vote was cast for the principles that will make it possible for me to be my own boss. You voted for some one else to do your thinking for you.

Dick: Well, what if we did? They know more nor we do. Workingmen can't expect to be nuthin' but workingmen, and we can't know as much as the bosses.

Tom: Well, if you are satisfied to be wage-slaves all your days, be consistent and don't find fault with the way the bosses treat you. Do as you are told and you'll do all the hard work and they'll get the benefit of it. As for me, I recognize their authority over my labor while at work for them, but my mind is my own and I vote as I strike—for better conditions.

(Whistle blows and Dick and Harry hurry to its call, while Tom folds his paper and walks leisurely, as though he were not afraid of his life.)

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RAT-TA-TAT!

Said Sam, "Will you go to the war?"

Said I, "Not a bit!"

What is the nonsense all for?

Are we cocks in a pit?

"For the maudlin princes to gawp at——
These lordlings of boodle and blood——
To gamble upon, and yawp at,
As though we were mud?"

Said Sam, "Will you join the militia?

You can march and have fun,

Just around at the drill room——

And carry a gun!
"You needn't go off to Manila,
But march out on sprees—
You can sleep at your home on a pillow
And never need freeze?"

"Go to!" said I, "foolish parader!
Will you kill fellow toilers on strike?
If your country needs yeomen to aid her
'Tis such honest workmen they're like!"

Said Sam, "You'll get glory and pension!"
Said I, "Very fine!
But the bullet wounds gory don't mention!
I decline!"

SAMUEL AVUNCULUS MANN.

THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.

There's a haunting horror near us
That nothing drives away—
Fierce lamping eyes at nightfall,
A crouching shade by day;
There's a whining at the threshold,
There's a scratching at the floor—
To work! To work! In Heaven's name!
The wolf is at the door!

The day was long, the night was short,
The bed was hard and cold.
Still weary are the little ones,
Still weary are the old.
We are weary in our cradles,
From our mother's toil untold,
We are born to hoarded weariness,
As some to hoarded gold.
We will not rise! We will not work;
Nothing the day can give
Is half so sweet as an hour of sleep;
Better to sleep than live!
What power can stir these heavy limbs?
What hope these dull hearts swell?
What fear more cold, what pain more sharp,
Than the life we know so well?

To die like a man by lead or by steel
Is nothing that we should fear;
No human death would be worse to feel
Than the life that holds us here.
But this is a fear that no heart can face—
A fate no man can dare—
To be run to the earth and die by the teeth
Of the gnawing monster there.

The slow, relentless, padding step
That never goes astray—
The rustle in the underbush—
The shadow in the way—
The straining flight—the long pursuit—
The steady gain behind—
Death-wearied man and tireless brute,
And the struggle wild and blind!

There's a hot breath at the keyhole
And a tearing as of teeth!
Well do I know the bloodshot eyes
And the dripping jaws beneath!
There's a whining at the threshold—
There's a scratching at the floor—
To work! To work! in Heaven's name!
The wolf is at the door.

Charlotte Perkins Gilman.
AND RECITATIONS

A SOCIAL PROBLEM.

DIALOGUE FOR TWO BOYS.

Boy: Say, pa! (Pa pretends not to hear.)
Boy: Say, pa! (Willie's eyes are round and questioning.)
Pa: Don't bother, I'm busy.
Boy: Well, but pa. I want to know—
Pa: Oh, don't bother me. (A pause.)
Boy: Say, pa!
Pa: Well, what is it?
Boy: Say, pa, were you ever hungry?
Pa: Hungry! Why, of course.
Boy: I mean very hungry—have nothing to eat for a long, long time?
Pa: Of course, not; it's only lazy people who are.
Boy: Oh! Is Tom Smith lazy?
Pa: Who?
Boy: Tom Smith, the man you sent away from the mills, 'cos you said times was bad, an' you couldn't afford to keep him.
Pa: Why—er—Smith always seemed steady and industrious.
Boy: 'Dustrious means, not lazy?
Pa: Yes, my son.
Boy: Well, Tom Smith is starving. He's all thin an'— Say, is times bad now?
Pa: Yes, my son, work is slack.
Boy: There's whole lots of stuff in the mills, aint there?
Pa: Yes. Now, I'm glad to see you taking an interest, Will, and I'll explain. You see, that's just it, all that stuff can't be sold; there's too much of it; we've made more than is wanted, so we must wait until it's sold; then we can make some more.
Boy: Why aint it sold, pa? There's lot of people haven't got clothes. I saw a little boy all in rags today, an' I see lots other times. Why can't they get them when there's such lots of cloth an' stuff?
Pa: Why, my dear boy, because they haven't the money.
Boy: Why haven't they the money?
Pa: Well—er—I don't know; probably because they are careless, or perhaps they drink, or their fathers do.
Boy: Pa, why don't you give that cloth to some of the people that haven't any clothes, an' then—
Pa: My son, you don't understand; I could not do such a thing, or perhaps you would have no clothes.
Boy: An' you wouldn't like that, pa?
Pa: Of course, not.
Boy: Do you s'pose that little boy's pa likes it?
Pa: No, I expect not, but these things must be; it's our duty to help the deserving poor.
Boy: Let's help Tom Smith, then pa. Seems like you ought; it's your fault he's out of work, aint it?
Pa: My fault! Certainly not. I have already explained, William, that I have no work for the man.
Boy: Well, his little girl is awfully sick. Can't you send her to the beach?
Pa: William! I have not money to spare to send every child that is sick to the beach; and, besides, it would only put notions in her head that are not good for her. She'll get along all right.
Boy: When I was sick I went to the beach.
Pa: Well, be thankful you have a father who can afford to send you.
Boy: Do you think Tom Smith's little girl is thankful?
Pa: Why—er—she ought to be.
Boy: What for? 'Cos she's sick, an' can't go to the beach, an' her pa's out of work?
Pa: Well, it's duty to be grateful and contented, and bear the chastenings of God.
Boy: Did God make it so you had to send Tom Smith away?
Pa: Eh? Oh, don't ask such ridiculous questions.
Boy: Well, pa! but did He.
Pa: Er—oh, I don't know; I guess so.
Boy: Well, is the Lord’s prayer true.
Pa: Certainly it is.

Boy: Well, it says: “Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.” Do they do so in heaven?
Pa: Do what?

Boy: Why, have some people as has a good time, an’ others that has a bad time?

Pa: No; they all have a good time in heaven.

Boy: Well, I don’t see— Say, pa! does God like you having a saloon?

Pa: What!

Boy: Why, I heard you talking about it the other day; you said what lots of money it brought you. Tom Smith went there today.

Pa: William! These are things you are too young to understand.

Boy: Tom Smith looked at the door a long time, an’ then he went in, an’ he says, “I must forget, I must forget.” I ’spect he wanted to forget how bad things was at home, didn’t he?

Pa: William, if the man is such a fool as to spend his money on drink, he must expect to be poor.

Boy: Would you keep a saloon if it didn’t pay?

Pa: Of course not.

Boy: Tom Smith’s money helps me to have things, doesn’t it?

Pa: Er—yes, yes. There, that’s enough; go to bed now, like a good boy.

Boy: Didn’t Tom Smith help make cloth in the mills, too?

Pa: He made cloth, and I paid him for doing it.

Boy: Well, you had to have some one, didn’t you?

Pa: Oh, yes.

Boy: Well—then Tom Smith pays you for a drink, and Tom Smith helped you get your cloth made. Don’t you think you ought to help Tom Smith?

Pa: William, if you ask another question I’ll whip you. Go to bed at once—and, William, Tom Smith shall have work tomorrow.
(Boy goes out.)

Pa (left alone, mutters angrily): Plague take that child and his unanswerable question. My hiring Tom Smith will not help the rest of the starving people, and—good heavens; it's horrible to think of—but what can I do. Oh, pshaw! it's no use getting worked up over it. I'll give Tom Smith work to please the boy, but I can't be doing much of that kind of thing, or I'll be ruined myself, and what good would that do? That crazy fool of a Socialist that I heard ranting on the street had one thing right when he said the employers could not settle the question. I should say not; it's too much for me. Let Tom Smith and the rest of his kind work it out for themselves, I and the other employers have enough to do to take care of ourselves.

Pasadena, Cal.                Ethel Whitehead.

A CRY FROM THE GHETTO.

(From the Yiddish of Morris Rosenfeld.)

The roaring of the wheels has filled my ears,
The clashing and the clamor shut me in;
Myself, my soul, in chaos disappears, I cannot think or feel amid the din.
Toiling and toiling and toiling—endless toil.
   For whom? For what? Why should the work be done?
I do not ask, or know. I only toil.
   I work until the day and night are one.

The clock above me ticks away the day,
   Its hands are spinning, spinning, like the wheels.
It cannot sleep or for a moment stay.
   It is a thing like me, and does not feel
It throbs as tho' my heart were beating there—
The clock ticks, and below I strive and stare.
   And so we lose the hour. We are machines.
Noon calls a truce, an ending to the sound,
As if a battle had one moment stayed—
A bloody field! The dead lie all around;
Their wounds cry out until I grow afraid.
It comes—the signal! See, the dead men rise,
They fight again, amid the roar they fight.
Blindly, and knowing not for whom, or why,
They fight, they fall, they sink into the night.

THE SOCIALIST SPIRIT.

“I DO NOT OBEY, I THINK.”

“Captain, what do you think,” I asked,
“Of the part your soldiers play?”
The captain answered, “I do not think—
I do not think, I obey.”

“Do you think your conscience was meant to die,
And your brains to rot away?”
The captain answered, “I do not think—
I do not think, I obey.”

“Do you think you should shoot a patriot down
And help a tyrant slay?”
The captain answered, “I do not think—
I do not think, I obey.”

“Then if this is your soldier’s code,” I cried,
“You’re a mean, unmanly crew;
And with all your feathers and gilt and braid,
I am more of a man than you.

“For whatever my lot on earth may be
And whether I swim or sink,
I can say with pride, ‘I do not obey—
I do not obey, I think.’”

ERNEST CROSBY.
WHEN THE LEAVES COME OUT.

By a Paint Creek Miner.

The hills are very bare and cold and lonely;
I wonder what the future months will bring?
The strike is on—our strength would win, if only—
O, Buddy, how I'm longing for the spring!

They've got us down—their martial lines enfold us;
They've thrown us out to feel the winter's sting,
And yet, by God, those curs can never hold us,
Nor could the dogs of hell do such a thing!

It isn't just to see the hills beside me,
Grow fresh and green with every growing thing.
I only want the leaves to come and hide me,
To cover up my vengeful wandering.

I will not watch the floating clouds that hover
Above the birds that warble on the wing;
I want to use this GUN from under cover—
O, Buddy, how I'm longing for the spring!

You see them there, below, the damned seab-herders!
Those puppets on the greedy Owners' String;
We'll make them pay for all their dirty murders—
We'll show them how a starving hate can sting!

They riddled us with volley after volley;
We heard their speeding bullets zip and ring,
But soon we'll make them suffer for their folly—
O, Buddy, how I'm longing for the spring!
"The child's sob in the darkness curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath."

Look! there's a child in the fields at play—
Fetter it quickly, drag it away—
God! don't you know we must make it pay?
Hasten! lest onward the young feet stray
Into the open doors of the school,
For we must keep it a fool, a tool,
Lest it shall see through our manly game—
Coining a girl's toil, minting her shame,
Crushing the manhood out of a boy,
Turning to sadness the children's joy.

Seize it while young, ere it learns the truth;
Crush out its beauty, its strength, its youth;
Set it to work at spindle and loom;
Fade the red rose of its baby bloom;
Hide it in soul-killing sweat-shop room;
Sink it down deep in the mine's dark tomb;
Fit it for crime of the brothel's doom;
'Twas marked for toil from its mother's womb.

Drag it away from the mother breast;
Snatch it away from its poor home nest;
Starve it and maim it and break its heart,
But make it labor in mine and mart,
Till each spoiled drop of its childish blood
Shall swell the tide of our golden flood,
And Christian men take their lawful toll,
In cash, from sale of a baby's soul.
Herod—the fool!—put babes to the sword!
Had he no mills that he could afford
To lose the profit on infant lives?
Had he no factories, shops, or dives
Where he could work them until—until
He killed them slowly, as Christians kill?

We are a Nation, great, free, and strong,
Loving the right and hating the wrong;
Dimming the light in sweet childhood’s eyes;
Deaf to the heart-break in children’s sighs;
Stealing the food of the weak and small;
Pushing the helpless to greed’s cold wall:
Paying a wage of disease and death
In bastard coin of the white plague’s breath.

What of a baby sob in the gloom!
What of a nation’s impending doom!
Mammon, we love thee and serve thee well!
Hark to the time of the passing-bell—
A babe is dead! Profit rings its knell!
But, fool, its produce we sell, sell, sell!
Dreading no vengeance from lives defiled
Nor dying curse of a murdered child.
“Come,” said the little Ether-Atoms,
“Let us cling together and march together.
Millions and millions and millions are we;
Let us form and march like the waves of the sea,
With shoulder to shoulder, hand linked in hand,
Line behind line of us. Here we stand!
Steady, there! Wait for the word of command.
Steady, my comrades! Is everything right?
Now, all as one of us, into the night!!”
So they clung together and marched together,
And the world was filled with light.

“Come,” said the little Vibrations-in-Air,
“Let us cling together and work together,
Starting not off on our separate tracks,
But all within touch, that whatever each lacks
The rest may supply, and that each, great or small,
May something contribute—to soar, run or crawl—
Toward the one common end; there is work for us all;
And mingling our efforts, the weak with the strong,
Break we a path through the silence along!”
So they clung together and helped one another,
And the world was filled with song.

“And now,” said the children of men on earth
“Let us cling together, and work together
And help one another, and turn our words
Into golden action, and sheathe our swords!
Let us tunnel the mountain, span the plain,
Stretch hands to each other across the main,
And each man’s wealth be for all men’s gain;
Then unto his neighbor let everyone
Say, ‘Be of good courage,’ and let the word run.”
So they clung together, and, lo, as in heaven,
CO-OPERATION.

DIALOGUE.

Father: Well, Charlie, what have you been doing today while papa has been away at work?

Charlie: I've been having a fine time. I went 'way down to the wharf where the big vessels come in, and we saw a ship that was going to China.

Father: You don't say! Tell me all about it.

Charlie: I can't tell you all about it, because there is so much to tell; but the nicest thing was some sailors singing. What did you call that song they sang, mamma?

Mother: A chantey (pronounced shanti).

Charlie: Oh, yes, a chantey. There was a long line of sailors pulling on a big rope, and they were singing something, but I can't tell you what they said, because it sounded like some foreign language. Then in between the singing they all said, "Ye-ho-o, Ye-ho-o," just like that. Did you ever see sailors pull on a rope that way, papa?

Father: Yes, Charlie, lots of times; but it does look pretty. What do you think they said Ye-ho-o for, when they were pulling?

Charlie: I don't know. What did they say it for?

Father: They did that so that they would all pull together. Didn't you notice that when they said "o-o-o" they all pulled?

Charlie: Yes. Whenever they said "Ye-o-o" they all pulled.

Father: Well, that is the way they keep time, and know when to pull on the rope.
Charlie: Why do they want to pull all together, papa?

Father: Because they can pull harder when they all pull together. Do you think you could pull a broomstick out of my hand if I held it tight?

Charlie: I don’t believe I could.

Father: But suppose you should get Tommy and Maggie and Jim, and all get hold of the broomstick, and all pull together, I calculate that you would get it away from me, wouldn’t you?

Charlie: Yes, sir; I’m sure we could. You couldn’t hold out against the whole of us, not even a minute.

Father: But suppose first you pulled, and then Maggie pulled, and then Jim pulled, would you get the broomstick or would I keep it?

Charlie: You would keep it.

Father: That’s just the secret of the sailors’ singing. They wanted to pull all together, so that they would be stronger.

Charlie: Oh, now I understand! They said “Ye-o-o” so that they would all pull at exactly the same time.

Father: Yes, that is it. And now I want to teach you a new word. See if you can say it after me: Co-operation.

Charlie: Co-op-er-a-tion.

Father: Now I will tell you the meaning of the word. It means pulling together. Can you remember that? Co-operation means pulling together.

Charlie: Oh, papa, you should have seen the big ship swing around when the men pulled. It came sliding over the water just as pretty. It was such a big, big ship. You wouldn’t think the men could move it.

Father: Yes, Charlie, that’s the beauty of pulling together. And when we all pull together, toward Socialism, we’ll swing this big Ship of State right where we want her.

J. R. Cole.
THE SNOW HOUSE.

Dialogue.

Three Boys. Enter two Boys.

First Boy: See here! You just leave the snow alone over this side of the yard. I am building a snow house. Don't you see it? And I want all this snow, so you leave it alone.

Second Boy: Who says I must leave it alone? I am going to build a house, too, and I have as good a right to the snow as you have.

First Boy: If you touch this snow I'll fight you.

Second Boy: Come on, then! I'm not afraid of you. I'll show you that I have as good a right here as you have.

(Both prepare to fight. Enter third boy.)

Third Boy: I say! What's the matter? (Comes between the other two boys.) What are you fighting about?

First Boy: I started to build a snow house and he's taking away my snow.

Second Boy: It isn't your snow. You don't own this school yard.

First Boy: I had this corner first. You keep your own side of the yard.

Third Boy: Oh, I say, fellows! Don't make fools of yourselves. Let's look into this. I see how it is. You have been practicing competition in getting snow and that's how you've come to fighting. Don't you remember what teacher told us the other day, that competition leads to fighting?

I'll tell you what let's do. Let's try co-operation. (Turns to first boy.) You couldn't build a very big house all by yourself. (Turns to second boy.) And neither could you.

Now let's all pitch in together and build a rousing
big snow house, and tonight we'll pour some water over it so that it will freeze good and solid, and then tomorrow we'll all go inside and play we are Indians. What do you say? That will be better than fighting.

First Boy: All right! Come on. Let's get the other fellows.

Second Boy: Hooray for the co-operative wigwam.

(All three go off together.)

(The boys should wear caps, mittens and mufflers, and carry shovels.)

J. R. Cole.

Isn't It Strange?

Strange! Strange!
That a man feels good when he's beaten another,
And fastened himself on the back of a brother?
Isn't it passing strange?

But isn't it so?
We willingly gain at our neighbor's cost,
And glory in profits that others have lost;
We're proud of our power to live at ease
And travel at will o'er lands and seas;
Supplanting God, we are gathering rents;
We're proud of our income of cent per cents;
We're proud of our schemes to escape from toil
And live by the sweat of the meek who moil;
Gloating, exclusive, fellowship shirkers,
We're proud of our power to ride the workers.
Strange! But isn't it so?

With workers 'tis so.
For among all classes is eager desire
To rank and grade and to climb up higher
Away from the grime and smell of the soil,
Away from the harder and commoner toil;
SOCIALIST DIALOGUES

The whiter one's hands and the less one labors
The more he is bowed to by all his neighbors.
   Even with workers, 'tis so.

Hence, hard is the task
Of those who insist that all are brothers,
And live by their faith, to emancipate others.
The rich raise the cry of "Dangerous preachers!"
The middle class fly from radical teachers;
The proletaire, mostly, are pitiful creatures.
   Strange! But isn't it so?
   GEORGE HOWARD GIBSON.

THE RED RIBBON.

Dialogue.

Boy and Girl. Girl wears a red ribbon. Boy does not.
Boy: Good morning, Nellie. That is a pretty red ribbon you have on.
Girl: That is my Socialist ribbon.
Boy: Why, Nellie, are you a Socialist?
Girl: Of course, I am.
Boy: What is a Socialist?
Girl: Why, a Socialist is a—is a—Socialist of course. My papa is a Socialist and my mamma is a Socialist and I am a Socialist.
Boy: What does the red ribbon mean?
Girl: The red ribbon means that all the men in the world have the same kind of blood, the same color, red, the color of this ribbon.
Boy: Why, that seems funny. Do you mean that the negro, with black skin and woolly hair, has blood the same color as mine?
Girl: Yes, just the same color as yours and mine, red.
Boy: Why does not it make his skin the same color, then?

Girl: I do not know about that, but I know it is true, for once I saw a negro boy cut his finger and when the blood dropped out it was bright red, just like this. (Points to the ribbon.)

Boy: Then, do you suppose the Indians and the Chinamen and the Esquimaux and all the other queer people have red blood, too?

Girl: Yes, everybody in the world, every man and woman, and that is what this stands for, to show that all men and women in the world are one race—the human race we call it.

Boy: Who told you all that, Nellie?

Girl: My papa. Doesn’t your papa tell you so?

Boy: I guess he forgot to tell me. (Comes a little nearer the girl.) I think that ribbon is a pretty color.

Girl: If you would like a piece, I have one in my pocket you can have. (Pins it on his jacket.) Now you are a Socialist, too. When we grow up we will both vote for Socialism.

Boy: Why! You can’t vote, you’re a girl. Only the men vote.

Girl: Well, when I am grown up the women will vote, too.

Boy: How do you know that?

Girl: Because my mamma says so.

(They go out together.)

J. R. Cole.
OUT OF PLACE.

Thy little face is sad to see,
A sorry story seems to be
   Writ there by cruel hand.
Ah, little urchin with big eyes,
Is there no place beneath the skies
   For thee, no happy land?

He seemed to be a timid thing,
With hardly breath enough to sing
   Or joy enough to play.
He raised his eyes and looked around,
His gaze then falling to the ground,
   He slowly walked away.

I saw him look at other boys;
He really seemed to fear the noise
   That at their play they made,
Although he longed that he might be
As glad and brave, as rich and free;
   I thought it was too bad.

Why should so innocent a thing
E'er stand in awe of boy—or king,
   Or lack the hope of youth?
Why should the stamp of cruelty
Thus mar the face of such as he—
   Of anyone, forsooth?

Ah, saddest sight there is to see,
When such a little thing as he
   Is stamped with sorrow's care.
For woe is sadly out of place
When found on childhood's tender face;
   No shadow should be there.

   Allan Brant.
EXERCISE FOR TWELVE CHILDREN.

First Child: Labor creates all capital, but has none.
Second Child: Labor builds palaces, but lives in huts.
Third Child: Labor weaves the most beautiful garments of silk, wool and linen, but wears shoddy, rags and patches.
Fourth Child: Labor prepares the most delicious, nutritious foods, but lives upon unwholesome adulterations.
Fifth Child: Labor builds street cars, carriages and automobiles, but walks.
Sixth Child: Labor builds streets and public highways, but is not allowed free assemblage upon them.
Seventh Child: Labor builds schools and universities, but remains in ignorance.
Eighth Child: Labor builds labor-saving machines, but works on, harder than ever.
Ninth Child: Labor manufactures rifles and gatling guns with which to be shot when it strikes for its rights.
Tenth Child: Labor has the ballot, but does not know how to use it.
Eleventh Child: Labor has brains and ability to change all this, but is too cowardly to stand up for its rights.
Twelfth Child: The hard work of the laboring class has so deadened their sensibilities that they can’t feel it when they are being skinned.
All ask, “What?”
Child repeats, “The hard work,” etc.
All reply, “Yes, that’s so, “the hard work of,” etc.
LOVE'S PATRIOT.

I saw a lad, a beautiful lad,
   With a far-off look in his eye,
Who smiled not at the battle-flag
   When the cavalry troop marched by.

And sorely vexed, I asked the lad
   Where might his country be
Who cared not for our country's flag
   And the brave from over-sea?

"Oh, my country is the Land of Love,"
   Thus did the lad reply;
"My country is the Land of Love
   And a patriot there am I."

"And who is your king, my patriot boy,
   Whom loyally you obey?"
"My king is Freedom," quoth the lad,
   "And he never says me nay."

"Then you do as you like in your Land of Love,
   Where every man is free?"
"Nay, we do as we love," replied the lad.
   And his smile fell full on me.

   ERNEST CROSBY.
WORK, WORK, WORK.

Work, work, work, and hasten in the day
When tasks will all be pleasant ones and work will be
but play.
Put the shoulder to the wheel and push the load away,
That makes the workingman a slave and Mammon's easy
prey.

Then strike, strike, strike, nor heed the worldly jeer;
Strike while the iron's hot—have courage, never fear;
The world is all your own, with plenty standing near;
Then strike for right and liberty, and all that you hold
dear.

Then talk, talk, talk; let everybody talk;
For Capital is on your track and would your purpose
balk;
At home or abroad in all your daily walk,
Stand firm by your convictions, boys, and let your actions
talk.

Then fight, fight, fight, for fighting's not a sin,
When ballots are the cannon balls, and love's the javelin;
Fight Capital and War and all their kith and kin,
'Twill be a bitter fight, my boys, but you are going to
win.

EMMA E. HUNT.
THE WORKINGMAN’S ANSWER TO THE CAPITALIST CLASS.

We have fed you all for a thousand years and you hail us yet unfed.
There is not a dollar of all your wealth but marks the workers’ dead.
We have yielded our best to give you rest; you lie on crimson wool.
If blood be the price of all your wealth, good God, we have paid it in full.

There is not a mine blown skyward now but we are buried for you,
There is not a wreck that drifts shore-ward now but we are its ghastly crew.
Go reckon our dead by the forges red, and factories where we spin;
If blood be the price of all your wealth, good God, we have paid it in.

We have fed you all for a thousand years, but that was our doom, you know;
From the time you chained us in the fields, to the strike of a week ago.
You have eaten our lives, our babies and wives, but that was your legal share;
But if blood be the price of your legal wealth, good God, we have bought it fair.

RUDYARD KIPLING.
"IF SOCIALISM CAME."

There was a man in Blanktown,
   Of kind and foolish bent,
Who loved to tell his neighbors
   What Socialism meant.
On every summer evening
   He'd haunt the market square,
And loud, in fiery tirade,
   His voice would rend the air.

He whaled the corporations,
   He flayed the "soulless Trust";
His jaw worked fast and faster
   As he pawed the air and cussed;
He said old Rockefeller
   Was a "human fiend," and then
He spat upon the sidewalk,
   And called him names again.

He "stood for lower taxes,"
   And thundered with a wail,
That the "new administration
   Ought to build a stronger jail!"
He sought dramatic climax,
   Acquired rural fame,
In telling how they'd run things
   "When Socialism came!"

This foolish man in Blanktown,
   His words would scorch and burn,
Was so busy teaching Blanktown,
   He hadn't time to LEARN!—
This crazy man in Blanktown,
   (And so he went to seed)
With his everlasting talking,
   He had no time to READ!
It was talking in the evening,
    And talking through the day,
He slew the Rich Man with his tongue,
    And talked his life away.
And if you go to Blanktown,
    You'll find him in the square,
Still railing at the Council,
    And the "Deals that are not square"!

"Free text-books" are his hobby,
    And he'll keep you on the jump,
Over "Prohibition" futures,
    And a new town pump!
This foolish man in Blanktown,
    He chatters just the same,
On "how they'd clean the streets, sir,
If Socialism came"!

All his talk about "low taxes;"
    What's that to do with ME?
I do not care a rap about
    How clean "the streets would be;"
Such pictures of "the Future,"
    Seem to me a trifle THIN,
And the Deal that interests ME,
    Is where I COME IN!

And I think this man at Blanktown's
    A simple-minded fool,
Whose head is filled with sawdust
    From the Populistic School.
And if his dope to Blanktown,
    In Socialism's name,
Is right, I'd go to Boston,
    When Socialism came.

MARY E. MARCY.
THE FATE OF THE COLLEGE GRADUATE.

There was a College Graduate; he had a Noble Brow;
We thought that he knew everything, was IT, IT, IT.
We thought that if he hadn't come to teach the work-
ers HOW,
We should never have progressed a little bit, bit, bit.

He volunteered to lead us, and we handed him the job,
He wanted so to help the world along, long, long,
And he wrote a little Booklet, and sold it to the Mob;
And showed us that the Plutocrats were wrong, wrong, wrong.

One day he went a-walking in an absent-minded way,
A-thinking of a Book he had in view, view, view.
At a lonely railroad crossing 'twas a passing freight, they say,
Cut his massive Cerebellum right in two, two, two.

I thought the sun would darken, and daylight turn to
ight,
And I didn't look for Pay Day any more, more, more;
But we found we didn't need him to sit and boss the
ight,
And my wages are nine-fifty as before, fore, fore.

The wheels kept on revolving, and the factory whistle
blew,
And our stomachs forced us ever to the game, game, game.
The sun is really shining, and it's quite a comfort, too,
With the Struggle going forward just the same, same, same.

MARY E. MARCY.
IT'S UP TO YOU!

I do not heed the Preacher when he tells us to forbear,
And I don't like wild effusions over "deals that
SHOULD BE square,"
But when I hear a Socialist bewail his sordid lot,
Berating all the Upper Dogs, I say it makes me hot!

For it's up to me and you, Boys!
   It's up to US today.
You'll never see the man on top
   Abbreviate his stay.
So do a little work, Boys,
   Annex our brothers, too;
And bear the thought in mind, that
   It's up to me and you!

There is no use in fuming o'er the capitalist's lot;
He simply has the things today we WANT and
   HAVEN'T got;
He's keen about his interests, and he takes the way
to WIN,
And it's folly yelling, "Robber! Renegade!" or "Crime"
   and "Sin!"

'Cause it's simply up to you, Boys!
   Old Rockefeller's wise,
We'll get his abdication
   When we're angels in the skies;
So pull yourselves together,
   And what'er you think or do,
Remember this is OUR fight;
   It's up to me and YOU!

You can't persuade the cat, Boys, to let the bird go free;
He doesn't care a rap about what conduct "OUGHT" to be;
He doesn't care a rap while we go our SEPARATE ways;
While we are not UNITED, it's the MILLIONAIRE who STAYS!

So give yourselves a hunch, Boys,
The Upper Ten are ON;
They'll be living in their luxury
When we are dead and gone,
If we do not get together,
Do not cease to wait and stew!
And recognize the fact—that
It's up to me and you!

Just spend a little; get our fellow workmen to unite!
A word from Marx will show how proletarians can fight;
And put your shoulders to the wheel, for that's the only way,
And push the fight until the Under Dog shall have his Day!

For it's up to me and you, Boys!
The Other Fellow's wise,
He's like a sleepy cat until
We start to ORGANIZE;
And you cannot blame the cat, Boys,
For what YOU LET HIM DO;
So it's simply up to us, Boys,
It's up to me and you!

MARY E. MARCY.
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