FORCES THAT MAKE FOR SOCIALISM IN AMERICA.

SOCIALISM AN INTERNATIONAL MOVEMENT.

Let me, at the very outset, explain that in choosing the subject of this address I had no idea of an American Socialism as distinguished from the Socialism of the rest of the world. I am not going to attempt the vain task of trying to discover peculiar qualities in the forces at work in the United States making for Socialism. I do not believe in a Socialism which needs qualifying adjectives. I do not believe in "Christian Socialism," for instance, or rather let me say that I do not believe the cause of Socialism is in any way advanced by confounding it with something else. And I do not believe in a "White-man's Socialism" as distinguished from the Socialism which knows no racial distinctions, nor in an "American Socialism" differing from the Socialism of Germany and France. I believe in Socialism as it is interpreted by the Socialist Party of the world. The Socialism which calls upon the workers of all countries to unite for the overthrow of the private ownership and control of the means of the collective life and well-being. The Socialism which means the social ownership and control of the sources of human maintenance and happiness. The denial of all claims by one man to be master of another man's life, either through owning his body by purchase or controlling his labor-product through the ownership of the things with which, and the resources on which, he must work. That is the goal toward which the Socialist movement of the world is consciously aiming, and I am to deal only with those forces in our midst which seem
to me to be important contributors to the great world-progress toward it.

While I know that there are many good and earnest persons calling themselves Socialists who talk of an "American Socialism," and who regard it as their mission in life to "Americanize" the Socialist movement, I cannot but feel that they seriously fail to comprehend the Socialist ideal or the Socialist movement. Above all else, Socialism is international in its spirit and teaching. There must, necessarily, be differences in the methods employed in countries so far remote from each other in political and economic conditions as Russia and England, or Spain and the United States. But the goal aimed at is in each case the same, and the same principles guide and direct the movement. The ideal which inspires the poor peasant upon the Russian steppe, or the mechanic in a German factory, is not different in any particular from the ideal of the miner in a South African diamond mine, or the seamstress in a New York sweatshop, if they are truly Socialists. Nor can the progress toward Socialism in any country be counted as belonging to that country alone. When our comrades in Germany take a fresh electoral stride forward, as they have the happy habit of doing, we share in the triumph and joy, and when we in the United States plant our standard a day's march nearer the goal they feel the thrill and intoxication of our glory. Of the Socialist movement in greater degree than of any other is it true, as Lowell sings, that

"When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast
Runs the thrill of joy prophetia."

And the same prophet-poet's wonderful lines describe, better perhaps than any others in our language the splendid internationalism which marks the Socialist movement:
"For mankind are one in spirit,
And an instinct bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle,
The swift flash of right or wrong,
Whether conscious or unconscious,
Yet Humanity's vast frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibres
Feels the gush of joy or shame--
In the loss or gain of one race
All the rest have equal claim."

When, at our international Socialist Congress, while the terrible sounds of the Russo-Japanese war reverberated throughout the world, every day bringing its fresh burden of pain and horror to the hearts of the friends of peace, the delegates of these two nations clasped hands and declared: "We are not foes, but friends and comrades united by a common cause. We know no foe except the master-class of all the countries of the world," they voiced the spirit of the whole Socialist movement whose many-tongued representatives thundered their applause. When the Spirit of Murder stalked the South African veldt and filled the hearts of Briton and Boer with the lust of blood, the Socialists of the two lands clasped hands across the sea and declared their fraternal bonds to be indissoluble. How different from the churches with their jingo prayers to the God of Battles for vengeance and victory! How infinitely nearer in spirit and deed to the Angel-song of the Nativity, "Peace on Earth, and Good Will Among Men!"

GROWTH OF THE SOCIALIST VOTE.

The enormous increase in the Socialist vote at the last election was not merely a triumph for American Socialists, but for the entire Comradeship throughout the world. We rejoiced at that vote the more when we remembered the splendid
increase of two years before. We remembered that from 96,931 votes in 1900 we increased to 223,494 in 1902, and to 409,230 in 1904—an increase of 322 per cent. in four years! We cheered as only men conscious of victory for a great ideal can cheer, and our cheers were answered by the cheers of comrades in all the tongues of civilized speech. We saw in that vast increase of our electoral strength a fresh token of our irresistible power. And our enemies saw that as well as we. They remembered Mark Hanna's prophecy that, in a not far-off future, the political struggle must resolve itself into decisive conflict between the party of Socialism and a united party of Capitalism. And the Republican President of the United States is said to have echoed that prophetic warning even in the hour of his victory, and to have expressed the conviction that the future belongs to Social-Democracy.

Yet, I am free to confess, that if that vote, great as it undoubtedly is, were the only sign of approaching victory I should not feel the confidence and elation I now do. If the rising of the mercury of votes in the political barometer were the only assurance of fair weather, I think I should be inclined to doubt its continuance for long. Mind you, I do not minimize the importance of that vote. For years I have helped to cast the seeds of agitation and to garner the harvest in due season. I am not likely to value below its worth the fruit I have helped to produce from the uncertain soil of political agitation made arid by social infidelity and despair. But I am sure that the number of votes cast for our candidates does not form anything like an adequate measure of our growth. There are tens of thousands of citizens whose faith in the old parties has been forever irreparably shattered. They are soul-sick of the corruption and sordidness of these parties and the indifference they manifest to the vital problems of the people's welfare. The logic
Of our economic and political propaganda has convinced their intellects, and the spiritual truth and beauty of the Socialist ideal have won the assent of their souls. Still, they have not voted with us. Reason and conscience unite in urging them on, but a thousand faces conspire to hold them back. Their sympathies are ours. They are lost to the old parties. Because they lacked the faith and the strength needed to break utterly with past association, to go in new ways, they held back. But before another election comes they will have found the faith and strength necessary. They cannot go back.

There are thousands of men who say: "Yes, I am with you in spirit. I believe you are right. But you cannot win, and I cannot afford to throw my vote away." Possibly many of you said that at the last election. Fearful lest you lose your votes by voting for what you wanted but not getting it, you, and tens of thousands besides you, voted for what you didn't want—and got it. So you lost your votes after all, and, what is far more important, you lost self-respect and the approval of your own conscience. Oh, little faith! But we understand. We know the struggle you must pass through. We can wait. Before election time comes again that struggle will be decided for thousands of timorous souls, and we shall reap a harvest of new comradeship as a result of our faithful sowing and patient labors. Our strength, then, lies not only in the votes gained but also in the vast army of the "Almost Persuaded" who cannot go back nor remain where they are, but must join us.

These will come to us from every place where human souls are seeking happiness and peace. From the fields and the factories, the sunless mines and the dark, dank tenements, from the class-rooms of colleges and the pulpits and pews of the churches as well as from the throbbing profit-grinding mills. "The feeble band and few"
of yesterday has grown to a mighty army hundreds of thousands strong, and the end is not yet. Soon, sooner than most of us think, we shall number our forces by millions. We shall prevail.

It would be difficult, perhaps absolutely impossible, to apportion justly the relative values of the forces making for Socialism in such a discussion of the dynamics of its growth as this. So the fact that I place one factor before another does not imply that I have weighed them carefully in relation to each other and assigned them their respective spheres of influence. I have no such pretensions. I shall not attempt to do more than summarize the principal forces, personal and impersonal, moral and economic, making for the advance of Socialism in the United States. Some of these are working consciously and intelligently, others blindly and helplessly but with tremendous power.

THE ORGANIZED SOCIALIST MOVEMENT.

First of all I must speak of the intelligently directed force of the organized Socialist movement itself. How few there are who can appreciate the titanic energy of this great movement! As you pass along the street you are drawn by a crowd of people gathered at some corner listening to a speaker. Some of them listen with sneers upon their faces. Some of them listen with something like bewilderment, as savages might listen to strange sounds. Some listen with eagerness and new hope in their eyes. You pause awhile, then go your way carrying with you, perhaps unconsciously, a grain of Truth destined to fructification and growth in your soul. You go into a street car and pick up a little leaflet from the seat and you read "for want of something better," as you say yourself, and thus the germ of a great faith is planted in your mind. You discuss the latest strike with your neigh-
bor and he hands you a little pamphlet which you read; you wander aimlessly, or led only by curiosity, into a lecture hall where Socialism is the theme, or the mail brings you a paper regularly for a few weeks which you take to reading—perhaps only to see if you can discover who sent it. These things are all manifestations of the wonderful energy and tenacity of purpose of the Socialist movement. Thousands of earnest men and women give freely of their time and money to hire halls and make speeches, to print and distribute leaflets, pamphlets and weekly papers. Working men and women, for the most part, they are serving the cause they love with a devotion worthy of immortal praise.

When I think of the splendid spiritual fervor and passion of these brave men and women, and their heroism and self-sacrifice, I feel that I am honored by their comradeship. Of all the spiritual good my life has known, that which has come from the associations of the Socialist movement, and is inseparable from it, I count most important and most dear.

When I speak of these comrades of mine as heroes I am not led away into rhetorical flights of fancy. In sober and careful consideration I chose the word and it expresses my profound conviction. Nor am I thinking of as heroes only those who in the name of Socialism challenge the power of the tyrant Czar and go without flinching to death upon the gallows, or, what is worse, to the lingering torture of Siberian exile. There are heroes whose courage and whose deeds are equal to these in every city where the Socialist standard is raised. For there is a heroism of the common life which we are all too prone to forget. No painter's magic brush has ever symbolized it upon canvas, no poet's witchery of words has woven it into song. The genius of the painter and of the poet are drawn to the dramatic heroism of the revolutionist who chooses the
gallows or the lingering death of the exile. But when a Karl Marx toils in a London tenement in poverty, and, though his tender babe lies dead and coffinless upon the bare floor, spurns the temptation of comparative wealth offered by a Bismarck, and cries out: "I have consecrated all that I have and all that I am to the working class and none shall buy me though I perish!" the heroism is not less real or great. And what Marx did thousands of Socialists, unknown and unhonored, are doing every day. I have known hundreds of such comrades, seen them face poverty of the bitterest kind rather than forsake the cause they held dear. A word on the other side, or even silence, would have brought comfort and ease, but they chose the service of Truth and its guerdon of suffering and sacrifice. To place faith before life itself is heroism.

BLIND ECONOMIC FORCES.

But greater than the cumulative forces of the organized movement with its press, its pamphlets, its meetings in halls and on the street corners as a Socialist-making factor is the blind, unconscious force of economic might. I am not a pessimist, but I confess that if it were not for these gigantic forces inhering in our economic development I should have little hope for the future. Were there no other agencies than human courage and intelligence working for the triumph of the Socialist ideal the outlook would be such that the bravest and stoutest hearts among us might quail. We have today in the United States less than twenty thousand men and women enrolled in the organized Socialism movement. With no power but their own what could these do even if they were all gathered in this one great, greed-cursed, ugly city? When I look out upon the vast wen of sordid greed and misery, its foul tenements,
its degradation and shame, I feel that it all forms one great conspiracy against life and light. I ask myself what even twenty thousand men and women could do to bring order out of this chaos, light out of this blackness, peace out of this strife, joy out of this misery. Could they do anything but kindle devastating fires? My faith sinks and my brain reels whenever I think of the awful prospect we should have to face were we not aided by the almost infinite, but blind, powers of economic evolution. But when we think what tremendous forces are arrayed with us, when we recognize an ally in every device which makes easier the production or distribution of wealth, the future does not alarm us and we do not blanch with fear. The hope of the Socialist, his supreme confidence in the future, rests upon the consciousness that the collective impulse is everywhere active, permeating even the spirit and institutions of capitalism itself. Slumbering minds which we could not reach are awakened by economic shock; lethargy impervious to the probe of our appeals succumbs to economic pressure and gives place to discontent. When some Socialist speaker declares that a great capitalist like Mr. Rockefeller or Mr. Morgan is doing more for the advancement of Socialism than any Socialist agitator, he means that to preserve their individual interests such men are compelled by the inexorable law of industrial development to work for the concentration of industry and commerce and so, despite themselves, prepare the necessary socio-economic forms for Socialism, and, at the same time, force thousands, aye millions, of men and women to embrace it as their only hope.

THE TRUST PROBLEM.

Many years ago the Socialists foretold the coming of the trust. They pointed out that com-
petition was self-destructive and must of ne-
cessity end in monopoly. More than fifty years
have elapsed since Karl Marx, for example, pre-
dicted that the struggle of interests would lead
to monopoly, and the increasing of the magnitude
of the units of productive and distributive enter-
prise. Out of the competitive struggle monopoly
in the interests of a class would, he said, in-
evitably ensue, to be in turn transformed into
what might be called social monopoly, or, as
we say, socialized property in the interests of
all.

That prediction was made in the competitive
Golden Age, when competition was universally re-
garded as "the soul of trade and the spirit of
progress." Men laughed at the idea of monop-
olized industry and commerce and cried out: "It
is impossible"! Marx, they derided and mocked,
as their kind have mocked the pioneers of scien-
tific thought in all ages. But today we realize
that the "impossible" has become the actual.
The prophecy of Marx has been abundantly ful-
filled, as even the most orthodox of the econo-
mists admit. The trust is no longer a spectre
said to lurk in the pathway of the future, which
some are skeptical about and class with the sea
serpent, but a present reality. For good or ill
it has come to stay and it surrounds us from
the cradle to the grave. The trust attends the
bed of childbirth, the cradle, the school, the
workshop and the tomb.

The slumber of the wage-worker is broken
before the morning has fairly dawned by the
tintinnabulation of his vigilante, a trust-made
alarm clock. He rises from his trust-made bed;
dresses in his trust-made clothes; uses trust-
made bowl, soap and towel as he takes his
morning bath; breakfasts upon food made by
the trust. takes his trust-made dinner-pail filled
with trust products for luncheon; rides in a
trust-made car on a trust-owned railway; works
all day for a trust; and returns at night to his trust-owned tenement home. After his evening meal of trust products, drawn from the coffee trust, the sugar trust, the milk trust, the flour trust, the sugar trust, the milk trust, the flour trust, the beef trust, and many others, he reads his copy of the trust-owned newspaper by the light of the gas supplied by the local lighting trust, and smokes trust-made tobacco or cigars. If he goes out it is generally to drink trust-brewed beer in a trust-owned saloon, or, it may be, to a trust-owned theatre to see trust-hired actors play. If he is sick he is dosed with trust-made drugs from a trust-owned drug-store; if he dies he will probably be laid in a trust-made casket and buried in a trust-owned cemetery. The cotton trust supplied the newly born with its first swaddling clothes, and the outworn dead with its shroud.

Like a giant octopus the trust spirit reaches out and gathers to itself all the resources of life. Like the fabled monsters of antiquity its maws are insatiable. It crushes out every vestige of the worker’s individuality, dehumanizes him and makes him merely a component of a machine. It reaches out to the government and controls its functions, holding legislators and judges for puppets. The Trust Question has become the world’s most striking economic issue. Everywhere men are asking: “How shall we be freed from the grip of this monster?” And there is no scientific, satisfying answer forthcoming save that of the Socialist. The stupid cry of the demagogue and the charlatan, “Let us destroy the trusts,” does not carry conviction with it. The average man, though he has never read a work on economics, knows that there is no use turning backward to the past. He feels the force of the Socialist contention that the trust is the logical and inevitable result of industrial evolution, and he knows that no political Canute can stay the tide of progress. Moreover, he sees that
the trust with its superior organization of the productive forces, and its immense labor-saving devices, is not in itself a bad thing but that on the contrary it represents perverted good. He accepted the conclusion of the Socialist that if those advantages could be used for the common good the world would be immeasurably benefited. Henceforth he joins in the cry: "Let the nation own and control these great industrial agencies and use them for the interest of all." There can be no doubt whatever that the trusts and their tremendous abuses of power are responsible for the making of many Socialists. It is useless to talk to an intelligent workingman about the feared "tyranny of Socialism," and the crushing out of individual liberty. He knows that individual liberty is crushed out now, he knows that he has to leave all independence of intellect and conscience outside when he enters the factory door. He is a mere numbered unit amongst many other numbered units. No tyranny of the Socialist regime can possibly be greater than the tyranny of the world's bread-masters now. The worst the future holds, he feels, can be no worse than what is in the present.

THE POVERTY PROBLEM.

Another powerful factor in the movement toward Socialism is the growing recognition of the fact that, in spite of all our wealth, as a nation, we are the victims of a terrible, menacing poverty problem. It is only lately that we have begun to study the poverty problem in the United States. We have been so accustomed to look with pity upon the old world, struggling, like some Old Man of the Sea, beneath the too heavy load of pauperism and privation, that we have neglected the ominous signs that similar conditions have developed in our very midst. Robert Hunter's recent book is a powerful missionary
for Socialism, its very conservatism increasing its power. When he tells us that there are not less than ten millions persons in poverty in the United States in normal times, and probably nearer twelve millions, we would fain disbelieve if we could. But he is inexorable in his logic. He sets down the figures for us. The figures of pauperism. The figures of unemployment. The figures of sickness and accident. The figures of low wages. The figures of government reports which are not open to the charge of being colored to suit the Socialist agitator. He sets down all the figures and bids us reckon the sum. We reckon the sum and prove it. We are convinced that his picture is not overdrawn. Ten millions in poverty! Ten millions with not enough to eat, without proper clothing; with poor, miserable homes and these not their own. Who shall interpret for us these terrible figures? Who is there can tell what they mean in hunger, tears, ignorance, crime, disease and death?

In this great city of New York, the greatest and wealthiest city of the greatest and wealthiest nation in the history of the world, evictions are more common than they ever were in Ireland in the worst period of its tearful history. In this same great city one person in every ten of all who die goes to a pauper grave. If you would realize to the full the dramatic meaning of this, think first of all how keenly every self-respecting man and woman feels the shame of having to lie in "Potter's Field," and then go to some busy thoroughfare and count the hurrying passersby. One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten—a victim marked for the ignominy of ignominies, a pauper's grave! Count on. Count all day. Count until your soul is sick with the horror of it! Count every tenth person, man, woman and child. If at the close of the day you can still talk about our great "prosperity"
and say. "All's well," your soul has passed beyond the power of love and pity. You are lost! Yet, you have only counted upon one corner of the many where hurrying throngs pass and repass in the great city.

When Mr. Hunter said in his striking book that there were not less than from sixty to seventy thousand children in the public schools of the city who go to school every day underfed so that they cannot properly do the work required of them, he expressed a fear that had long lurked in my own mind. Heavens! Besides the thousands of babies who die before they reach their second year from poverty—the babies whose rachitic, marasmic forms proclaim that they die of hunger, though the death certificates say bronchitis or dyspepsia—sixty or seventy thousand more in the schools of one city being starved in mind and body! Sixty or seventy thousand in New York, two millions in the schools of the nation! I went to the schools to investigate the matter for myself. I went fearing that the picture Mr. Hunter had drawn was all too true, but hoping that it was overdrawn. Alas! alas! each day confirmed the fears and mocked the hopes. I saw hundreds of pale, anemic faces with hunger and misery impressed upon them. I saw the hunger-light in hundreds of child eyes. Teachers and principals told me of children fainting over their lessons, and of others backward, dull and unable to learn because of physical weakness due to lack of proper food. "Feed my lambs!" said the Christ, but the Christian nation stands holding out stones for bread, using its might in a vain endeavor to cram education into their little minds when they need most of all food in their stomachs. I spent weeks in the schools witnessing this civilized brutality till I could stand it no longer, then turned away with a curse in my heart and on my lips for the ghoulish greed and the brutal
ignorance of this Mammonite system; turned away with shame for the wrongs inflicted upon the helpless little ones and with their cries ringing in my ears. If anything had been necessary to confirm me in my Socialist faith I surely must have found it in the public schools of the city. I wish that I could make you feel the pain and the shame I felt at sight of the hundreds of hungry children, wish that I could make you hear their cry:

"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart—
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitations,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
And your purple shows your path,
But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath!"

BABIES AND POODLES.

In the presence of this awful, menacing poverty the Socialist alone has either courage or faith. The Churches stand silent and helpless. Their lips are muzzled with the golden muzzle. And the great political parties are silent and helpless too. Just as the Churches in the name of Christ turn away from the most terrible of human problems to find outlets for their zeal in foreign missions, the politicians turn away to find other issues. Moved by such books as Mr. Hunter's, men and women ask the reason of this poverty and whether there is no solution of the problem in sight. Neither the Churches nor the political parties give satisfying or convincing replies. They point to the instances where poverty seems to be the direct outcome of personal vices, such as in-temperance and gambling, and say: "There are the causes of this poverty problem. But the association of poverty—terrible, blighting, poverty—with temperance and industry in so many
thousands of cases give the lie to their false complacency. The politicians prate unceasingly of our "prosperity." Just as Nelson is said to have put the telescope to his blind eye and to have declared "I can see no danger," so they declare they can see no poverty problem. But the Socialist does not shrink from the question. He points out that the problem is not a simple poverty problem such as might arise in man's contest with external nature. In the long struggle of pioneers to subjugate the hostile forces of nature, to conquer the aridness of the desert, to reveal the hidden stores of wealth, poverty has often arisen and the battle with it has been long and fierce. But our poverty problem is not like that. It is poverty, not in an arid desert but in a garden of plenty. In the poverty of the primeval struggle there is always a fine spirit of democracy and equality. But it is otherwise with the problem we are discussing. Side by side with hunger, in the same city, luxury and extravagance riot. Indeed, it would be hard to say whether more are driven to the Socialist ranks by the poverty or by the luxury. The descriptions of the shameful waste of wealth on the part of our ruling class which we have recently had from writers like my friend, Mr. Cleveland Moffett, and others, excel all that we know of the orgies of the master class of Rome in the days of riotous extravagance which preceded its fall. Monkey dinners, dog dinners, dinners at fifteen hundred dollars a plate, while men and women and babies are dying for want of food!

Women spending upon a single pair of stockings more than whole families have to live upon for an entire year! More for a single handkerchief to wipe a patrician nose than it would take to provide doctors for a hundred women who go down to the brink of the grave in the great agony of childbirth and, for lack of medical care and attention, slip over that brink into the grave,
leaving their orphaned little ones to the mercies of a world that has lost the sense of mercy and justice! And the patrician nose with its thousand dollar handkerchief no whit better than that of the dead! While children die for lack of food and medical care the ailments of a pet poodle are sufficient to call a specialist, whose fee is a hundred dollars a day, from New York to Newport!

If the gentle Jesus could come to earth again and make himself heard I wonder if he would ask, "How much better is a man than a sheep"—or a poodle dog? I shall never forget the experience of one afternoon spent, not long ago, in one of the poorest tenement districts of this city. A poor woman lay in agony of physical and mental pain upon a miserable little couch gazing at the lifeless form of her two-year-old child; waiting for the authorities to come and bear it away to the nameless grave which will never be watered by her tears. The child had starved to death as thousands of other children have done. The mother herself was literally starving, and there was not a scrap of food in the house until just before my visit when someone had brought her a little. I turned away with an unspeakable sorrow weighing me down and clutching at my heart. I thought of the dead babe, of the wealth everywhere evident in the great city, of the mocking statue of Liberty out in the harbor. Going home in the train less than two hours later I read of a woman—no more a woman than she I had seen starving in the tenement—paying three thousand dollars for a pet dog! Here, then, is the problem, extreme poverty and extreme wealth side by side. The dead child and the poodle worth its weight in gold! If I could hold out the poodle dog with its bejeweled golden collar and the wasted form of the dead child so that you might see, I think that I could win your vote for the Socialist Party, which alone has dared face the
problem and declared as part of its political program the feeding of children to be one of the first things for which it would work!

Many years have come and gone since the great French dreamer of Utopia, Charles Fourier, predicted that we should come to experience a practically universal problem of “poverty through plethora”—starvation because there is plenty, people going without the necessities of life because they are too abundant. That is the problem of “overproduction” which Carlyle made the subject of his scornful satire. It is the workers who, because they have produced too much, must go hungry, ill-clad, poorly housed, and cold in the winter nights and days. It is their children who die of hunger because they have produced too much wealth. And the reason for this lies in the fact that, not being owners of the machinery with which, and the resources upon which, they work, their product belongs to the master class which owns these things. And that master class having to sell the things produced for profit, the workers must starve in times of glutted markets; and even in normal times receive only just enough in wages to keep them alive and in a condition enabling them to produce more goods at the same rate. Therefore it is that the Socialist calls upon his fellow workers to unite in a great political struggle to wrest the means of life, the agencies of wealth production, from the grasp of their masters, and to establish by the peaceful revolution of political conquest a system in which wealth shall be produced for use instead of for profit, in which human life shall be valued above gold, in which babies shall be counted of more worth than poodle dogs.

CAPITALIST DOMINATION OF THE OLD POLITICAL PARTIES.

Another cause of the growth of Socialism in this country, which I need only briefly touch upon,
is the growing conviction that the old time political parties are completely dominated by the master class, the arrogant plutocracy whose orgies, if unchecked, must lead to barricades and bloody retribution. Republican and Democratic parties alike are owned and controlled by the class that owns the means of Life upon which we all depend. Between them there is not the slightest difference. They are the "Gold Dust Twins" of the political world. No honest workingman, no decent, liberty-loving citizen, has any rightful place in either of them. An honest man is as much out of place in the parties of Roosevelt and Parker, Cortelyou and the unspeakable "Pat" McCarren as Jesus would be in Mr. Rockefeller's church!

THE WAR OF THE CLASSES.

Still another cause is the growing intensity of the class war. The struggle between employer and employed was never more fierce anywhere or at any time than it is in the United States today. Socialists have long proclaimed the existence of this great class struggle. In season and out of season we have proclaimed it, undeterred by the cowardly denunciations of pulpit and press charging us with seeking to "stir up class hatred." We do not make the class struggle any more than we make the rain when we see it and warn our friends to prepare themselves before they go out to cope with it. I know that the hirelings and defenders of capitalism declare there is no such class struggle, and that blind leaders of Labor are found joining the masters of Labor in the humbuggery of singing the "identity of interest" of the two classes. But the lie is too feeble and hollow to fool a child. If the interests of the masters and the slaves are identical, if there is no conflict, what is the meaning of the organizations on either side? If there is a common interest uniting them, and no antagonism, why should
there be labor organizations and organizations of employers? Why should there be strikes and lockouts in all our great industrial centers? Why “bull pens,” injunctions, boycotts? But I need not argue this point further—every day’s newspapers abundantly prove it true that there is a bitter, irrepressible class conflict. Hitherto in this conflict the workers have relied upon their old weapons, the strike and the boycott. That they have accomplished so much with these crude weapons is to their everlasting credit. But he must be blind who does not see that these weapons are no longer sufficient. Under the leadership of the Parrys and the Posts the strife has been carried into the political arena with a vigor never known before, with a skill and cunning undreamed of. Quick to learn the advantages of the famous Taff Vale method of crushing out the unions, or crippling them, by the sequestration of their funds, they are carrying on a campaign against the unions through the “Courts of Justice,” courts where law is used to defeat justice and to bolster up class privilege.

And the workers in the unions, tired of the repeated failures of the antiquated methods of the strike and the boycott, seeing the effectiveness of the campaign of legal persecution which their employers are conducting against them, and seeing the forces of government arrayed on the side of the capitalist in every strike and lockout, are turning in ever larger numbers to political action. The cry of “No politics in the Union!” is raised by the timid leaders within the organized labor movement and by the crafty representatives of capitalism without. The capitalist press teems with hypocritical warnings against the adoption of political action by the workers. But in vain! The workers see, in ever increasing numbers, that the forces which are used to crush them down spring from their own votes. They see that the power of President or Governor to send troops
to shoot down strikers; the lawless power that builds "bull pens" and adds to the hideousness of its crime by floating the Stars and Stripes over it where they are as much out of place as they would be upon a foreign warship bombarding one of our forts; the power of the judge to hurl the thunderbolts of legal injunction against any attempt of the unions to improve their position, depend in every case upon the ballots of the people, the vast majority of which are controlled by the working class. And there is nothing which can prevent or seriously hinder the spread of the conviction that the workers owe it to themselves to cease giving away their strongest weapons to their foes, and to use them for their own protection. There is, then, a widening and deepening sense of the need of political union and action by the working class. "We must learn to vote as we strike!" is the new slogan. More and more the aims and ideals of the unions are finding political expression. And the only party which consistently and completely represents those aims and ideals is the Socialist Party. The demand that the unions "Go into Politics" is often misinterpreted, alike by its advocates and its enemies. It does not mean that the unions, as such, should endorse the platform or policy of the Socialist Party and treat as "scabs" all who do not vote the Socialist ticket, excluding them from membership. No intelligent Socialist wants that. It does mean, however, that loyalty at the ballot box should become the guiding principle of the individual unionist, and, through the individual members of the unions, the "higher law" of the collective unionist conscience. Only at the ballot box are the workers invincible. There they can strike with the certainty of victory, nor need they hunger and wait as they now do when they strike upon the economic field.
Finally, I hope I shall not be misunderstood by my comrades and co-workers if I include among the many forces making for Socialism the growing social conscience. In a large degree it is perhaps true that this is not so much a cause as a result—a stage in the progress toward Socialism for which the causes of which I have named are responsible. Yet I would fain include it as a cause if only to call attention to the fact that many brave men and women, of whose honesty there can be no question, are only now turning toward us. They have long lingered and waited in the devious paths of Reform when their rightful place was and is with the army of the Revolution. Perhaps they were kept back by their failure to understand the psychology of that bitterness—and, shall I say bigotry?—which for so long characterized our propaganda as indeed it has the propaganda of all great movements. I am not going to make any apologies for that narrowness and bigotry; in a sense I am indeed proud of these things, for I know the profound earnestness and loyalty to principle from which they spring. Still, I would plead with my fellow Socialists to remember that it should be our constant endeavor to draw all men and women who show by their lives that they are earnestly seeking to make possible the fraternal world of liberty and love nearer to us, and that bitter words, unkind words, unjust suspicions and taunts can only serve to drive them further away. I know many such men and women who feel that they must work for the immediate present though they share our ultimate hopes. They are working for the abolition of child labor, for the better housing of the workers, for the overthrow of the Great White Plague which every year kills so many thousands of workers. And while they work they are piling up evidence, making valuable
arsenals of fact for our use in the great campaign. Very often, I think, they are serving the cause more effectively so than they could possibly do in any other way. As they grow in importance, and the futility of surface reforms becomes more and more apparent to them, they will go all the way with us and become wholly identified with the revolution, if we do not make it impossible by closing the door of comradeship against them.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF INCREASING POWER.

But what of the effect of this growth upon the Socialist movement itself? It is an old saying that our greatest dangers very often are those born of success, and it is particularly true of great movements like ours. As we increase in political power and importance time-serving, ambitious and self-seeking politicians will want to enter the party to use it for their advancement; influence in our party will then have a market value where such things are traded. We shall need more than ever to remember that "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty" and the only sure safeguard against betrayal. Further, with increased power must come increased responsibility. They are inseparable. So long as we are a mere propagandist party, until we elect our representatives to office, destructive criticisms of the capitalist system, and of capitalist political parties, will serve our purpose. But when we pass beyond that stage, as in some part of the country we seem to have done already, we shall find it necessary to formulate constructive policies. The demagogue—and I use the word in its least offensive sense as describing the mere propagandist—must give place to the statesman. Vague phrases like "We will do everything for the working class" will not be sufficient, we shall be called upon to translate the pious sentiment and the rhetorical phrase into the cold, metallic lan-
guage of statutes. And there will be little romance in that. It will not be given to some popular orator to sway the legislators of the nation so that they go to their constituents some fine day saying, "We have made your Revolution complete, next Monday morning the Co-operative Commonwealth will be set in working order—when the President pushes the electric button in Washington." This would indeed be gloriously romantic were it possible. But the Revolution will not come in that spectacular fashion. We shall find that when we elect our men to office the things we regarded before with impatience, the things we deemed not worthy of our attention, will absorb much of their time and will prove to be, in their totality, the Revolution itself. We shall have, in other words, to work for the very things we despised before. I know that some of you who are my comrades will shrink from this, but we must face it.

The fact is that the same tactics will not serve us in the different stages of our development. While we are merely a propagandist party, seeking to break down the defenses of the enemy and to obtain the votes of the workers for a great ideal, we are justified in saying that "we have no time for petty reforms," but when we pass that stage, when the workers have given us their confidence and votes and elected our representatives to office, they will have to work for many of those very things and we shall have to support them. If today a number of people, moved by humanitarian motives, were to appeal to us asking us to support them in an organized effort to get some improvement made in our tenement house laws we should be perfectly right in replying, as we probably would reply, that we have always stood for the better housing of the people by municipal effort; the city government to build proper, sanitary homes for the people and to let them at cost, without profit or interest. In so
doing we should be emphasizing our position as a revolutionary party, and the real solution of the housing problem. But suppose that we had a half a dozen representatives in the city government and such a measure was introduced there, and that at the same time there was not the slightest chance of the completer, more radical reform being adopted; would our representatives fail to support the measure which did provide for some improvement, an improvement calculated to safeguard the health of the workers and their very lives? Of course not! They would vote and work for that, and then, having got that, take up the question anew and work for further improvement. The real problem lies just there—to keep the Revolution ever in sight as the objective of every Reform. The Reformer sees in the reforms he advocates nothing else; the Socialist sees in the reforms he advocates steps, logical and necessary steps, to the Revolution. And that Revolution is the destruction of man's dominion over man; the end of the private ownership and control of socially necessary things; and the substitution therefor of social ownership. The Revolution means the liberation of the social and individual life, and the triumph of the fraternity spirit; the dethronement of the brute-god Mammon and the enthronement for once and all of Humanity.

"Dreams, dreams, only dreams!" I hear you say. Yes, it is true, we are dreamers and this is our dream. But do not mock the dreamer, for his dream may be your children's inheritance. The dream which yesterday only the lone prophets in solitary places dreamed is today the dream of millions of workers in all lands, and the number increases with the ebb and flow of the tides that lap a thousand shores. Yes, we are dreaming, but, to quote Lowell once more:

"The dreams which nations dream come true!"
And this dream must come true. The world-makers shall yet be the only world-owners, and masters of all its resources. The words of servitude shall be blotted out from human speech and memory. Our children and our children's children shall inherit the Golden Age of Peace and Comradeship, and as they throng the corridors of the Temple of Liberty with eager feet and gladsome hearts their songs shall celebrate the fulfillment of our dreams.

"Some day, without a trumpet's call,
This news will o'er the earth be blown:
'The heritage comes back to all!
The myriad monarchs take their own!'"
THE MAGAZINE FOR WORKERS

"Absolutely the finest Socialist publication I have ever come across," is what a man in England wrote in renewing his subscription to THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW, the magazine that fights for the working class.

The Review is the only publication of its kind in the world. It is the only monthly illustrated magazine which is devoted exclusively to the interests of working men and working women. It is the only magazine which actually gets right down into the ranks of the toilers and tells what they are doing and thinking and feeling. It stands for REVOLUTIONARY SOCIALISM, aggressive and uncompromising. The Review is not only a magazine for Socialists; it is with the workers everywhere in their every struggle, not only in America but in other countries as well. Wherever there is a conflict between men and masters, there the Review has its correspondents and its photographers. Every month it is filled with pictures right from the scene of action. Its articles and stories come not only from trained writers but from the workers themselves. Its circulation has tripled in the last four years. It is growing bigger and better from month to month.

10 cents a copy; $1.00 a Year; 20 copies for $1.00
Special terms to Agents. Address

CHARLES H. KERR & CO.  118 West Kinzie St., CHICAGO
Largest Publishers of Socialist Literature in the World
The Socialist Argument

One of the newest of our books for Socialist propaganda. In a quiet, easy style it analyzes the defects, the absurdities, the cruelties and oppression which are inseparable from the capitalist system and points out how the Socialists propose to cure and eliminate the evils of present day society. As the title of the book indicates, it takes up the whole Socialist argument, point by point, and presses it home by the force of irresistible logic. The decay of capitalism and the hopelessness of mere reform are discussed in detail and the inevitability of

THE COMING CHANGE

is forcefully stated. The stock objections to Socialism are given a hearing and then their foolishness and futility are exposed in such a fashion that no one can miss the point.

The author, Charles C. Hitchcock, is an old student of economics and social conditions. He knows his ground thoroughly and he knows how to make his arguments convincing.

There is no better book to hand to your stand-pat friend who declares he is satisfied with present conditions and pronounces Socialism "visionary" and "impracticable." It is just the book to hand to the acquaintance who admits there is "something in" Socialism but declares that its contentions lack cohesion and constructive logic.

It is exceptionally well written in a lucid and entertaining style. Its topics are admirably arranged and its chapters are so subdivided as to make easy reading. It will afford a pleasant and instructive hour or two to even the chronic opponent of the Socialist philosophy.

Neatly and attractively bound in cloth and of a size that will readily admit of its being carried in the over-coat pocket. Well printed on paper of excellent quality. Price, $1.00, postpaid.

CHARLES H. KERR & COMPANY

118 W. Kinzie Street, CHICAGO
50 Books with the International Socialist Review 6 Months; All Mailed for $1.00

1. Woman and the Social Problem, Simons.
2. Economic Evolution, Paul Lafargue.
3. Improper Marriages, Blatchford.
5. From Revolution to Revolution, Herron.
6. Revolutionary Unionism, Eugene V. Debs.
7. Wage Labor and Capital, Karl Marx.
8. The Man Under the Machine, Simons.
11. Socialist Songs, William Morris and Others.
15. How I Acquired My Millions, Corey.
17. You Railroad Men! Debs.
18. Parable of the Water Tank, Bellamy.
20. Why I Am a Socialist, Herron.
22. Science and Socialism, LaMonte.
23. Unity and Victory, Debs.
25. Breaking Up the Home, Mary E. Marcy.
26. Intemperance and Poverty, Twining.
27. The Tramp, Jack London.
29. Why a Workingman Should be a Socialist.
30. Socialist Party and Working Class, Debs.
32. You and Your Job, Sandburg.
33. Liberty, Eugene V. Debs.
34. Class Unionism, Eugene V. Debs.
35. The Philosophy of Socialism, Simons.
36. An Appeal to the Young, Kropotkin.
37. The Issue, Eugene V. Debs.
39. Industrial Unionism, Eugene V. Debs.
40. Industrial Union Methods, Trautmann.
41. Forces That Make for Socialism, Spargo.
42. Danger Ahead, Debs and Russell.
43. Craft Unionism, Eugene V. Debs.
44. The Scab, Jack London.
45. Confessions of a Drone, Patterson.
46. Woman and Socialism, May Walden.
47. Revolution, Jack London.
48. Useful Work vs. Useless Toil, Morris.
49. The Tramp, Jack London.
50. Marx on Cheapness, translated by LaMonte.

Sold separately at 5c each, 10 for 20c.

CHARLES H. KERR & COMPANY
118 W. Kinzie Street, Chicago.
Every day people write us asking "What books ...ust I read in order to understand Socialism?" To meet this demand we have assembled our Beginners' Combination. Don't imagine that you know all about Socialism because you have heard a Socialist speaker and have read a book or two. Socialism is no high-brow science, but it rests on certain fundamental principles which must be thoroughly grasped. These books are not only educative but of absorbing interest. We suggest that you read them in about the order named:

Revolution, Jack London.......................... $0.05
Introduction to Socialism, Richardson............... .05
Industrial Socialism, Haywood and Bohn............. .10
Science and Socialism, LaMonte..................... .05
Revolutionary Unionism, Debs........................ .05
Shop Talks on Economics, Mary E. Marcy......... .10
Value, Price and Profit, Marx....................... .10
Wage Labor and Capital, Marx....................... .05
Socialism, Utopian and Scientific, Engels.......... .10
Communist Manifesto, Marx and Engels............. .10
The Class Struggle, Kautsky......................... .25
Socialism, Growth. and Outcome, Morris and Bax... .50
International Socialist Review (one year)........... 1.00

Total ............................................. $2.50

Remit $1.50 and get this lot postpaid. Use this coupon:

CHARLES H. KERR & CO.
118 W. Kinzie St., Chicago.
Enclosed find $1.50 for which please mail at once your Beginners' Combination of Socialist literature.

Name............................................
Address........................................
P. O................................ State....