

Notes on "Socialist Style" Illuminated Letters used in International Socialist Review 1908 - 1910

This file contains examples of the illuminated letters used at the start of authored, featured articles in International Socialist Review between 1908 and 1910.

The layout for ISR that included these illuminated letters began in the last four issues of Volume 8, starting in March of 1908, and continued through the end of Volume 10, June 1910. The magazine's changes style considerably with the first issue in Volume 11 (July 1910), and it ceased to use these illuminated letters at that time.

This file contains 21 of the 26 letters of the alphabet... the only ones I was able to find. The letters K, Q, V, X, and Z are not present.

I scanned the illuminated letters from bound volumes of original issues of International Socialist Review... mostly from Volume 9, though I believe I found the "U" in Volume 10. Scanning mode: 1200 dpi single bit BW.

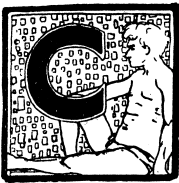
The letter "T" appears to occur by far most frequently as the illuminated letter at the start of an article. Other commonly presented illuminated letters include A, I, and W.

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May 2019 San Pablo, CA







































U





The Economic Aspects of the Negro Problem.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PERIOD OF NEGRO SUPREMACY.



ALL ARGUMENTS in favor of granting the negro any degree of participation in the political life of the nation, are met by the typical southerner, socialists often not excluded, by pointing at the period of reconstruction; that is claimed to be the dreadful example, which has for all times settled the problem of negro franchise in the negative. And it must at once be admitted, that the period of reconstruction represents quite a dark page in the history of American selfgovernment. To be frank, the instantaneous grant of that supreme power of political life, without the slightest preparatory stage, to several millions of slaves of but yesterday, was a very daring undertaking. As one northern writer remarked as early as 1865, "to say, that men just emerged from slavery are qualified for the exercise of political power, is to make the strongest pro-slavery argument I ever heard. It is to pay the highest compliment to the institution of slavery."

There were two additional factors which served to aggravate the situation. On one hand the great majority of the white southerners were for the time being deprived of their right to vote. On the other, the stream of adventurers from the north, who felt a chance for a good catch in the dirty waters of the southern political situation, introduced an entirely new element which even Schurtz did not calculate on. Of course, these new comers were all republicans: politicians, office holders, ex-army men, and disreputable characters in general, all those carpet-baggers, who have attached their name to this interesting though distressing period of American history.

The degree of negro domination varied in different states. The length of the period varied as well, though in general it began with the granting of the franchise to the negroes and ended with the recall of the northern troops from the south in 1876.

Formally, it was a period of negro domination. Not only did the negroes refrain from electing their old masters, as Carl Schurtz feared they might do, but they systematically voted for negro candidates for offices. Thus in 1873, for instance, there

The Education of the "Devil"*

By EDLINGTON MOAT



BRIMFUL and bubbling over with energy—whistling, singing, dreaming—working hard for sheer delight of swift action—ramming the sheets into the "eighth medium" with an exaggerated motion that might better befit a juggler—now "throwing in"—now jogging stock—now sweeping up—now running errands—but always whistling and singing and dreaming; such was the devil at the end of his first year with Getit & Holdit, Printers and Stationers.

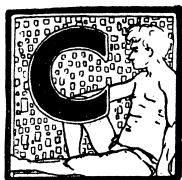
Whether the presses were time-worn, or the type face-worn, or the men care-worn, the devil paused not to consider. Did the full-jowled pressman complain of foul air? The devil slammed open the window—and sniggered. Did the consumptive "comp." damn God's fresh air as it played about his bald head? The devil jammed up the window, and incidently snorted his disgust, noting the while the contrast between these two—just like the "before and after" pictures gotten up to advertise quack nostrums!

So it seemed to him. The gin-engendered puffiness of the one passed for health; the slow, consuming fever of the other he was as yet incapable of understanding. No chiaroscuro of human joy and sorrow found place in his canvas. Enough for him was the reward of each day, with its rhythmic pulsing of machinery that seemed attuned to his own abounding vitality; with its probabilities of pie and ice-cream when he should take the proof of the bill-of-fare to the baker at the hotel around the corner; with its possibilities of swimming the mud-pond, or of batting the ball with "Sheeney" Rowley, or of reading the adventures of some impossible hero when the day's work was done.

But like the majority of devils just out of swaddling clothes, the specimen in question was doomed to learn sad realities by experience. In the midst of his working and his whistling, he heard much talk about "hard times." That they were mysteriously connected with the occasional weepings of his mother and the swearings of his father, he soon surmised, especially as his younger brother was taken from school and set to work. Then, suddenly, the pressman disappeared. The devil found himself doing the pressman's work. Needless to say, it

* "Devil"—A printer's apprentice.

Present Conditions in Cuba and the Outlook.



UBA," says the capitalist journals, "is to have another chance as an independent nation within a year. The Cuban republic will be established not later than Feb. 1st 1909. After that the Cubans themselves must decide the island's destiny. What a splendid chance now to give Socialism a trial (?). Whether the lessons of the first experiment have been well enough learned or not, it is pretty certain there will be no third. If the next fails, then Cuba will take its place as a territory of the United States.

The interests of the United States in Panama, of which Cuba is the key, require a considerable force in the Carribean within striking distance of that possession. Her treaty rights in Cuba include coaling stations, with the right to fortify and garrison same, and to maintain there sufficient force to give all necessary aid to her diplomatic representatives in Cuba in the exercise of their important functions. "This," says Capt. Parker, U. S. and a resident for many years in Cuba, "would give ample assurance of a stable government; to know that in case of necessity they could summon American arms to prevent revolution rather than to suppress it." No doubt there will be peace for a few months after the American evacuation and Cuba, under either Zayas or Gomez, the candidates for the presidency, will rub along under the present economic system or want of system. Yet that seems doubtful, for at the present time Washington is being deluged with petitions praying that the Provisional Government be kept here. Of course these originate from the capitalist class who fear for their interests, and who say that there can be no peace in Cuba without protection from the United States. They know too well the hot-headedness of the Latin race, who cannot accept defeat gracefully, and no matter which party is elected, rather than see their opponents governing peacefully would in short order stir up a revolution, which would be an easy matter—a box of matches, a few dollars to a dissatisfied negro, a few cane fields fired; and there you are.

The industrial conditions are at present good from the capitalist's view. Laborers are plentiful, wages are, in the trades, fair and there are no strikes on. The land sharks

Out of the Dump.

VII.

Thanksgiving Day.



DURING the next month Mr. Lee came down to the office of the Northwestern Charity Bureau oftener than usual, and he always made occasion to come up to the wardrobe rooms. He would sit around asking questions and offering suggestions and watching me wait on my old friends or acquaintances from The Dump or the Alley till he got on my nerves.

"He is studying the Lower Element," I said to myself. "Perhaps he means to break into print and write a book about the way we live." And it made me so vexed that I longed to give him something unique to say about us. I wasn't always polite, but a girl who works for her living does not dare to be altogether rude to a young man who is owner of the luxurious Cleveland House and next thing to a millionaire.

But I could be doubly kind to the unfortunate folks I had long known in the shadow of the Dump, saying in every way, save words, "These are the conditions to which you and your rich and idle friends have brought the poor who work." I felt that men like Mr. Lee were a large factor in producing the misery I saw every day and I wanted him to blush for every shameful thing he saw among us.

Old Granny Nome came in to patronize a rummage sale. She was looking for a bargain in boys' shoes for one of the neighbor's children. Her breath, as usual, smelled strongly of gin, but I was more than cordial.

"Always trying to help somebody; aren't you, Granny?" I said loud enough for Mr. Lee to hear. "You're not one of the people who think advice and encouragement are enough for poor folks; are you?"

Mrs. Nome chuckled gleefully and poked me playfully in the side.

"It's the folks whose fathers leave them heaps of money", I continued, "the folks who never have to stand on their own legs, who are always so free with moral talk to the hungry ones!"

Socialism and Education.



EFFICIENCY is the thing..... the world belongs to the efficient" says Broadbent in "John Bull's Other Island", and so saying he expresses the representative opinion of modern liberalism, according to which, public education has for its object the production of efficient humans. It must be noted, however, that this production of the efficient is not regarded as a social end, but is directed solely to the formation of efficient individuals as such,—the trying out of human material so as to enable the strong to acquire greater control of their fellows—a conclusion which is sustained by the system of payment by results and competitive examinations in the country to which Mr. Broadbent belonged. This pronounced passion for efficiency also shows itself on one side as the exploitation of human energy for the benefit of those who control the great masses of wealth.

To each is held out the prospect that he may at some time achieve distinction, if he follow industriously the educational lines marked out for him, and so reach success. He can only achieve success however in terms of the society in which he finds himself, and that means, nowadays, that he must make money. That is to be efficient; all else is vanity.

Public education has arisen from the necessities of modern capitalism. The introduction of the machine industry and all the complicated ramifications of modern capitalism have made necessary the development of a proletariat capable of handling the varied machinery of modern production and distribution. Moreover the rise of democracy which is itself also a by-product of the capitalist system has brought about the modern state and by its proclamation of political equality has made some form of public education necessary.

This public education has been hailed, particularly by ourselves, as a panacea for all the public ills and the public school system has been lauded as the apex of civilization, the great intellectual discovery of modern times. The public school has come to be regarded as a factory of citizenship, so that the children are put through a series of patriotic devotions by means of a flag worship, which is, in its ultimate, the blindest of fetichism. The exigencies of modern life have

Confession of a New Fabian.*



AITH HAS BEEN defined as "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." So great is my faith, so substantial the things I have hoped for, so strong the evidence of things I have not seen, that I should require a tolerably comprehensive volume to tell you all about it. My task to-night must be on a more modest scale. I am really here to offer the apology of a cautious revolutionist. Revolutionist, because Socialist; cautious, because Fabian. And standing here in the Fabian confessional, I will start with a confession. If I had to live over again my twenty years of Socialist service, I should be much more revolutionary and much less cautious.

Looking back on my own past I am conscious of an irreparable loss: I had spent many active years before I realized that Socialism meant far more than mere economic and political change. Thus in my most impressionable period I was blind to the rich colouring, the deeper meaning that can be assimilated by the Socialist who gets near to the mystery of art and of craftsmanship, who in some degree has distinguished pure and undefiled religion from sham religious growths and pretensions. I was cut off from all this in my early years, Socialism presenting itself in almost exclusively political clothing. My own futility as an agitator may largely be ascribed to the narrowing of my horizon to the political aspect. Now if this were a merely personal idiosyncrasy it would be an impertinence to obtrude it upon you, but I cannot help thinking that I was not peculiar in this respect; that I was a child of my age.

It is useless crying over spilt milk, but I often think with shame and chagrin how ineffective our propaganda was, because our eyes had not been opened to the larger vision. And if the dominant note of Socialism to-day is political to the practical exclusion of its deeper implications, does not the responsibility largely rest with that band of young provincial propagandists, of whom I was one. who always stated Socialism in political terms? My memory of that period calls up the most ludicrous attempts to pour Socialism into the

* Before reading this article it will be well to refer to the interesting note by William English Walling in our "News and Views" Department, in which Mr. Hobson's relation to the socialist movement in England is explained.—Editor.

How Would You Bet?

WHAT ARE GOMPERS' ET AL. CHANCES OF WINNING OUT BEFORE THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT, OR, HOW WOULD YOU BET ON THE DECISION?

BY W. B. RUBIN.

(Written while contemplating going to a theatrical performance, "The Hand-Writing on the Wall"—a remarkable coincidence.)



GOMPERS, Mitchell and Morrison were convicted of contempt of court. We all know that. There is no use in telling anything which is old.

You are like everybody else, and why should you not be, for you, like everybody else, do not want to know what has happened, but what is going to happen.

If you could only know what would happen in the future you could make, to use the language of the gambler, "a bunch of money."

Most men are gamblers—they like to take a chance, but few can afford it. Few take a chance and are, therefore, left to sigh after the thing is over with and to console themselves with the thought, "Why did I not take the chance?" But there are chances and chances. Some are like cutting cards in a deck, that is, if the cards are honestly cut. You may get your hand on the first cut or you may have to wait until the cards have been cut a thousand or more times. But what has that to do with a court ruling? Not much! Except that in taking a chance as to what decision will be handed down by the Supreme Court, the problem is reduced to two chances—win or lose! From a betting man's standpoint it is an even gamble—that is, not what the decision will be, but the chance is a one to two shot.

Now, which will it be? If I told you now, you would not read the rest of my story, so I am going to prolong the anxiety by telling you how to figure it out, to give you a little "dope." You get "dope" on the exchange, why not get "dope" in this? You don't necessarily have to be a "bull" or a "bear" to figure out "dope." Just a plain injunction contemnor, past or prospective, to guess on the decision.

Before I proceed, let me impress on your mind and in "capital letters" that Judge Wright (you notice the spelling, "Wright," not "Right") is an honest man, and so is every blessed Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States an honest man from the Chief Justice down, and I don't use

Capitalistic Control of Education.



HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS of pages have been written to record and explain the changes that have taken place since the revival of learning, and especially since the introduction of modern economic methods. As a result of this movement, religious foundations, with their buildings, libraries, teachers and preachers, are becoming less and less available, and support of educational institutions must be obtained from other sources. Elementary education, often facetiously called the "three R's", is now largely dependent on state aid, but higher education, whether in the "humanities" of the old university course or in the practical fields of science and technology, has depended principally upon private endowment. In older communities it has been possible now and then to divert part of an ecclesiastic foundation to secular education, but this change is usually associated with some change in religious doctrine. Hume says that in the year 1344 thousands of students attended the University of Oxford, but that they studied little else than very bad Latin and still worse logic. This is too severe a criticism, but it cannot be doubted that the educational work of that period would be almost uncomparable with the course now given, for Oxford, although still known as the "home of lost causes," has an extensive and comprehensive curriculum of modern type. Some of this change has been caused by the change of church discipline that England underwent in the 16th and 17th centuries. When the lord of the manor

".....came in his might.
With King Henry's right
To turn church lands to lay,"

many ecclesiastic endowments were made available for secular uses.

In a new country, such as the United States, which has grown up under the disintegrating theology of Protestantism, and with a government possessing no official relation to dogma or ceremonial, the establishment of schools and colleges will be chiefly secular. A few of the powerful cults will be able to maintain education under their own auspices,

Socialism and Religion.



IN THE ESSAY called "Socialism and Mysticism" in the June number of the Review some things seem to the present writer entirely just and true. The relativity and "changeability of all moral conceptions in space and time" may be accepted freely. The fact that economic situations have moulded all institutions including institutional or organized Christianity need not be disputed. And certainly it should be gladly conceded that for an intelligent socialism or indeed for any intelligent man there should be no "taboo", and that honest and fearless criticism of the churches and of organized Christianity can do no real and permanent injury to truth.

Space will not permit any elaborate apologetic for modern forms of Christianity, such as the author thinks can be made. All he hopes to do is to point out that it is a possibly disastrous diversion of the energy of Socialism to spend it on attacking religion, when so far a sit is a force, it can be harnessed to social advance, and that the real service a critic of the existing forms of religion may render is the showing up of the inconsistent character of temporary expressions with the professions these religions make.

The vast mass of mankind is at present, at least, "incurably religious". If before the world becomes socialized it must be dereligionized we may well despair. Religion, however it came into being, is evidently as old the oldest remains of buried humanity. It has functioned with tremendous power ever since. It is all pervading, and under a thousand forms has quickened every activity and impulse of man, good and bad, for the thousands upon thousands of years of man's progress. So it shows slight acquaintance with the literature of modern study of comparative religion to define it as "a theory of the universe at large, a cosmogony, and on the other hand, a system of conduct in every day life—ethics." From the works of Wundt, Höffding and even Herbert Spencer and Fiske, one may easily cull the evidence that religion cannot be confined either to a cosmogony or to an ethics. Religion has linked itself with all manner of cosmogonies, and given rise to a great many systems of ethics, but it cannot be completely defined in terms of cosmogony, and has indeed existed without any cosmogony (Confucianism), and

Out of the Dump.

IV.

A Case of Desertion.



JOHN WALTERS knew he would never forget that winter. He had been poor all of his life but neither he nor Jennie had known suffering like this. When they married and left the little village in southern Illinois, John had found plenty of work in the big city. It did not make one pinch so, when there were only two for whom to buy. If it had not been for the baby coming the first year and the furniture they were buying from an installment house, they might have begun by saving something.

From that time things had gone steadily worse with them, but this was the first winter when John had been unable to find work of any kind. In other times he often scoffed at the men who float around during the winter months without a steady job. Many times he told Jennie that any man who really wanted work could get it. But it seemed that he was mistaken or it was different this winter.

The Glue Works had closed down for four months. There was nothing doing at the foundry and the packing houses were running on one-third time. From Bubbl y Creek to the Alley and about the Dump there seemed to be no jobs.

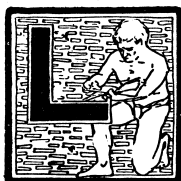
The months of his enforced idleness had been the longest and strangest and most disheartening John had ever known. He was still strong and eager and he could not understand what all at once had come over the world that he should hold out his great hands and offer his strong muscles for labor in vain. At every place they told him that they did not need men.

But John did not give up. He continued his search for work until it became almost a habit to him. Mechanically he walked from place to place asking for a job. He would almost have been shocked if he had found one.

But the new baby was expected in February and he plodded on seeking a place that would enable him to care for Jennie and the three little tow-heads during that time. He knew it must be done some way.

For a while he had gone steadily to the Yards at 4:30 in the morning, hoping to be taken on in a case of vacancy,

What Life Means to Me.



IFE? What does life mean to me, an uncultured biped with a past of darkness and well-nigh certain evidence of a like future? Why should I be everything to myself, nothing to the surging, teeming, myriad-shaped units of existence which fill the worlds of space, and to the near, who know me best, unknown—a separate, impinging entity? Is it for me, who am no muck-raker, but more surely the muck itself—who am no social worker studying conditions in the underworld but rather a type of the underworld—is it for me to raise my voice among the shouting multitudes and tell the seeming of things to the sentient thing which is myself? And why not? Though my view be limited some things I see which no one else can ever see, since I alone am I, unique of all creation.

Mine is a world of iron. Among iron I have dwelt these many years, between high and narrow walls, knowing the four seasons only through the skylight, conscious of freedom merely as a name. Among iron I have spent troublous monotonous days — hammering, shaping, welding, wrestling always with the naked metal, always grimy and unkempt, choked by the flying dust, leered at by darting tongues of flame, deafened by the clangorous riveters and the roar of many-voiced machinery. From the iron I have squeezed food, clothing, shelter—all those necessities which keep burning my spark of self. From me the iron has squeezed more, much more. It has knocked the light from one of my eyes. Its stubborn mass has maimed my hands, and crooked my once upright frame. Its deadly particles, filtering into my throat, have played havoc with my breathing apparatus and even now are laying the foundation of a disease which is no less than a plague. Nay, its continuous proximity has petrified my very soul. No longer is the rose a delight, the Gothic spire a sign. Beauty and romance are dead slowly, surely, implacably strangled within me by the unnatural sordidness of my life; so that the edge of my desire is blunt, the will of today is not the will of yesterday, and what might have been is swallowed up by what is.

Socialism for Students

BY JOSEPH E. COHEN.

VI. SOCIALISM AND SCIENCE.



MAN is not only the product of social conditions. He is a human being, and traces of the lower animals are still very decided in him. As a human being, albeit he is endowed with considerably more mentality than the other animals, he has tried to explain the physical universe about him with more or less fear, wonder and perplexity. He has, in turn, worshipped the sun, moon, other animals, his own organs and images. He has imagined his god to inhabit everything that grows, the elements, and the vast firmament that transcends his powers of perception. He celebrates by fast or feast such perennial phenomena as the coming of the seasons. He greets sunrise and sunset with prayer and is in the throes of the problem of immortality. And these things exert no little influence in shaping customs, traditions and traits of character; they exert no little influence upon social arrangements.

Progress along this line is made by finding a natural explanation of what was formerly deemed supernatural. Science replaces unfounded faith. Knowledge ousts unwarranted belief.

"Science," say the scientists, "is general knowledge systematized." Science consists of properly arranged facts and theories and laws in regard to what passes about us.

The workingman does something like this at his bench or machine. Thus, before weaving, it is necessary to sort the cotton from the wool, material of one texture from that of another, that of one color from that of different color, and that of expensive dye from that of an inferior grade. In like manner, science takes facts that are generally known, or should be generally known, and sorts them out according to the points of resemblance and distinction.

Science regards nothing as stationary. Everything is in a condition of flow; in the moment that it is one thing, it is becoming something else. "The present is the child of the past, but it is the parent of the future." As is often said, the only thing constant in nature is the law of perpetual change.



THE
INTERNATIONAL \triangle SOCIALIST
 ∇ REVIEW ∇

Vol. IX

AUGUST, 1908

No. 2

Constructive Socialism.



NOT the least amusing spectacle at our National Convention, recently held, was the rather undignified manner in which some of our "leaders" were stampeded into the opportunist camp. Time was when we were led to believe that our tactics had to be consistent with our principles, that they were merely the logical attitude we were bound to take on the line of march to the goal. But that has all changed. The only question now asked is: "*Will it make good?*"

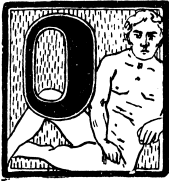
To satisfactorily answer the Yankeeism of "making good" is all that is now required. And as our Wisconsin comrades have "made good," our "leaders" hastened to second the motion to adopt every resolution offered by the delegates from the Badger state.

And they came "thundering in the index," with the opening sentiment in the Declaration of Principles in the Platform. Teetotalers must literally hold their breath after perusing this first sentence for fear there may follow, in enumerating articles of food, clothing, and shelter, reference to the particular brand of beer, no less than the particular brand of tactics, that has made Milwaukee famous.

Now, the writer of these lines does not intend to be captious. More than that, he is firmly convinced that what few impossibilists are yet extant and able to command a hearing

How to Sell Literature

BY WILLIAM RESTELLE SHIER



ONE of the good rules is never to give away a piece of literature if you can procure payment for it. Not only will a person be more sure of reading a pamphlet for which he has had to pay than one which had been handed to him gratis, but the unconverted public ought to be made bear the cost of its own enlightenment

Though the free distribution of papers and leaflets is frequently necessary to arouse interest in our movement, it is none the less wise to charge for the same whenever it is possible to do so.

As the dissemination of literature is the most effective propaganda work that can be done, I bespeak a careful reading of the following suggestions, which cover almost every known method of selling books and pamphlets.

(1) In the first place each local ought to appoint a literature agent, one who is likely to make a good salesman, a hustler of the first water, a comrade who has read widely and who is known to be a great lover of books, and along with him a committee of like calibre to help him in his work and assist him in selecting the literature to be kept on sale. In order to make as good a selection as possible the committee ought to procure the wholesale price lists of all the Socialist publishing houses in America and Great Britain, also quotations from capitalist publishing concerns on the socialist books they have turned out.

(2) At all propaganda and business meetings the literature agent ought to be present with his books. The best place to display them is near the door, so that people passing in and out cannot help but see them. Then fully a quarter of an hour before the meeting is called to order a number of comrades ought to peddle books among the audience, some selling papers, some pamphlets, some the more expensive books. In this way Local Toronto sells more literature before the lecture than after it. Again, when announcements are in order some one, either the chairman or the speaker of the afternoon or a representative of the committee, should give a good, strong five-minute talk on the literature for sale near the door, drawing attention to some particular book or pamphlet, preferably those which deal with the subject under discussion. Then while the meeting is dispersing comrades might pass

Disfranchising the Workers

A CONDITION THAT DEMANDS ACTION

By WILLIAM McDEVITT



POLITICAL action is the most important weapon in the armory of the working class organized. The ballot is an important *formal* factor in the political struggle of the class war. The worker's vote is an outcome of long struggle for political "rights" and civic standing; and the preservation of the ballot of the working man against direct or insidious attacks must necessarily be one of the greatest concerns of the socialist movement.

Undoubtedly the most serious and most practical questions springing out of the results of the recent general election, are these: Is the working class losing the ballot? Are the workers being disfranchised? What is the rate of disfranchisement? What is the cause? Is there a remedy?

The most casual study of the figures cited in this statement will demonstrate that the workers ARE being disfranchised. These figures, drawn from the best available records of the vote and the population of this country prove, beyond the power of denial, that there is an immense fall in the ratio of total votes to total persons. Since the relative size of the working class is increasing in geometrical proportion, the loss of voting power falls almost entirely upon the men who produce the country's wealth and bear the nation's burdens.

Where the population is most congested, there the proletariat prevails in numbers; where the workers are most numerous, there the vote is most restricted. Rhode Island, for example, is the most densely populated state in this country; it has only 1 vote for each 7 persons, Massachusetts ranks second in density of population; it has about the same ratio of votes to persons as Rhode Island. Both of these states have a maximum of city or proletarian population, and a minimum of agricultural or rural population. Needless to say, their socialist vote is a pitiful percentage of the mass.

Now, then, for some figures that illuminate this decline of the suf-



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OCTOBER, 1908

No. 4

Railroad Employes and Socialism.

By EUGENE V. DEBS.



RAILROAD employes in train service are perhaps more thoroughly organized than are the workers in any other department of industry. According to the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, in 1906, there were in round numbers 285,000 train service employes on the railroads of the United States, the classification including engineers, firemen, conductors, trainmen, and switchmen. In the same year the organizations of these respective classes of employes reported a combined membership of 279,000. A small percentage of this membership is no longer employed in railroad service, and another small percentage is employed in Canada and Mexico. Deducting 25,000 from the total membership to cover these items (and this may be taken as a liberal allowance) it will be seen that but 31,000 of the total number of train service employes in the United States are unorganized. It is perfectly safe to say that at least 95 per cent of this unorganized body is composed of young and inexperienced men who have not been long enough in the service to become eligible for membership in the organizations of their respective classes. Probably not more than one per cent of the train service employes on the railroads of the United States,

The Growth of Socialism in Australia.



SOCIALISTS in Australia have every reason to be pleased with the growth of the Socialist movement in Australia. Until a comparatively recent date, within the last two years, the Socialists only existed as scattered organizations without practically any cohesive power. Recognizing the necessity of uniting in order to present a solid front to the enemy, a conference was held about two years ago, the outcome of which was the present Socialist Federation of Australia, the S. L. P., a small but commendably militant organization, remaining outside. As indicative of the progress since made it may be stated that at the second conference, held in June of this year, the delegates who took part in that assembly represented a membership of several thousand. Especially gratifying was the message from the New Zealand Socialist party, affiliating with the Federation, the numerical strength of the N. Z. party being, I believe, between two and three thousand. As regards the objective of the Federation, it is frankly revolutionary, and by a unanimous vote the conference passed a strongly-worded resolution warning the working class against the side-tracking "reforms" that are dangled before their eyes by the Labor party and other middle-class political organizations.

As regards the trades unionism question, the Federation endorses and supports the principles of industrial unionism, very properly recognizing, as I hold, that this is the only possible form of industrial organization that can be advocated by Socialists who recognize the position Capitalism has reached in industrial evolution!

At the present time everything seems to be playing into the hands of the Socialists. That much-vaunted reform, compulsory arbitration, that was to bring the dear brothers, capital and labor, even closer, has completely broken and there is now none so poor to do it reverence! This is only one of a score of other "reforms" for the "dear workingman" that have completely failed, as foretold by the Socialists. Let me here say that if there is still a comrade in the American movement who believes in the "something now" bill reforms, then he, or she, would do well to study the complete failure of that policy in Australia and New Zealand, the countries that more than any other have "experimented" in these things. The failure then of the reforms advo-



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The Labor Movement and Socialism.



THE relation of labor unions to the Socialist movement is in many countries the subject of sharp differences of opinion, even of bitter strife. The situation is by no means everywhere the same. In England, for example, after the break-up of the Chartist political movement in 1848 the union movement increased greatly and became a mighty organization of the masses of the workingmen. But this great body of workers remained indifferent to Socialism, or even inimical to it, and the Socialist party remained a small sect. In America the labor movement developed according to the English pattern. In Germany and Belgium, on the contrary, the situation is exactly reversed. There the Socialist party grew mightily in the first place; then the workers, who had learned how to conduct the fight on the political field, began the struggle for better conditions against individual employers. On this account the unions remained in these countries closely connected with the Socialist party; in Belgium, in fact, they are an organic part of the Socialist movement. Here they are, however, comparatively weak, and it is to be expected that as they increase in strength they will make themselves more independent.

This division is imposed by the different objects of the political and labor union struggles. The Socialist party holds to a great and far-reaching purpose; a purpose not immediately understood by everyone; a purpose which, in fact, is often mis-

Strikes and Socialism in Eastern Canada

BY ROSCOE A. FILLMORE.



UNTIL very recently the Maritime Provinces of Canada have seemed to be the hardest possible ground in which to inculcate the principles of Socialism. The industrial activities of the population are chiefly confined to agriculture, lumbering and fishing with the exception of certain portions of Nova Scotia (notably Cape Breton and Cumberland) where mining is carried on extensively. There are portions of the country where one can imagine himself set down in Europe during the dark ages. Religious superstition is rampant. The old fables anent the "Divine right of kings" are explicitly believed in by a very large majority of the people.

In this atmosphere of superstition, bigotry and medieval conservatism a number of isolated comrades have for years worked steadily and bravely for the cause until today we are beginning to reap the fruit from their sowing. In 1899 the S. L. P. was organized in Halifax. It was disrupted a few months later but it had done some good spade work. In July, 1902, an independent local (later affiliated with the S. P. of C.) was organized at Fredericton, N. B., with about a dozen members. In November, 1904, the Glace Bay, C. B., comrades organized. And so the work of organization and education went on until at the beginning of 1909 there were five locals in the maritime. In May of that year, with the financial assistance of party members all over the Dominion, we were enabled to secure the services of a competent organizer, Comrade Wilfred Gribble of Toronto. This comrade spent about five months with us, speaking on the street, in halls, every where and anywhere that an opportunity offered, with the result that we now have sixteen locals with a membership of probably 300. A Maritime Executive Committee has been elected situated at Glace Bay, C. B., to carry on the affairs of the party. This committee is now considering the advisability of putting a permanent organizer on the road. Of course in the maritime, as elsewhere, we have the usual bunch of reform quacks with their palliative nonsense to deal with. There is also a bum Independent Labor (?) Party doing business in the country that has a few secret supporters in our ranks. But on the whole the movement is clear-cut and revolutionary, "impossibilist" as Berger would say.

Now, as regards our "local strike," I will give you a brief history of the causes leading to it and the results so far as can be seen at present.

Nietzsche : Iconoclast and Prophet.

"Oxen that rattle the yoke or halt in the shade! what is that you express in your eyes?"

"It seems to me more than all the print I have read in my life."

Walt. Whitman.



WHILE all thought is the product and reflex of economic conditions, past and present, it is likewise true that thought has a history of its own, and the fully developed theory of one thinker can often be traced back to the almost amorphous idea of a predecessor. If we retrace the broad stream of the purposeful, constructive, effective thought of to-day, we shall surely be led to the three great names of Hegel, Darwin and Marx. Just as surely, if we seek for the most potent influences that have moulded contemporary literature, especially drama and fiction, we shall be led irresistibly to Ibsen and Nietzsche. Ibsen, the dramatist, unerringly seized upon the dramatic conflict between the ideals of romantic love professed by the bourgeoisie and the hideous facts of bourgeois marriage and prostitution. The degradation of woman implied by bourgeois monogamy and its invariable corollary, prostitution, only became apparent after the requirements of growing capitalist industry and commerce had made it necessary to educate and give mercantile training to hosts of women. So that Ibsen was a true child of his age. Nietzsche, who was far more a literary artist than he was a thinker, for his chief theme seized upon the violent contradiction between the ruthless self-seeking of Capitalism in an age when the cash nexus had become the only tie between man and man and no mercy was shown, no quarter given upon the fields of industrial and commercial warfare, and the religion of love, sympathy and self-sacrifice professed in all capitalist countries. This contradiction only became glaringly apparent with the disappearance of the last relics of that kindly human relation between master and serf characteristic of feudalism. So that Nietzsche as truly as Ibsen was a child of the closing decades of the nineteenth century.

Though most of us have long been dimly aware that Nietzsche's influence was a potent force in Europe and had tremendously affected our comrade, Bernard Shaw, it must be confessed

The Terror

BY JAMES ONFAL.



OUR theories would send hell surging through the streets and erect the guillotine in the public square.”

I looked at my friend in surprise. I was not prepared for such a passionate protest, for, while our views of life and its problems were at variance, his rejoinders were usually mildly satirical. Now it was evident that he was aroused. His eyes glowed with honest antagonism and indignation. The rise of educated and disciplined proletarians evidently conjured visions of a French Terror in his mind.

“What,” he continued, “could you expect should these vandals crawl from their holes some fine morning like this and, possessed with your ideas that the twentieth century is theirs, should proceed to impress their beliefs on all the institutions of today? What would be the result? Pillage and massacre such as the world has never seen,” he concluded, with a gesture that indicated a conviction which no argument of mine could shake.

We had reached the bank of the river and the bright June sun reflected from the water almost blinded us as we gazed at the green willows and shrubbery that lined the opposite bank. The silent flow of water reflecting the foliage and the old wooden bridge were so suggestive of peace that I felt it was almost a sacrilege to discuss violence even for the purpose of defending my comrades against the charge. Surely these waters had never known the turbulence of civil strife; they had never been discolored by mixing with the blood of a human heart.

And yet I knew that my faith in the underworld of labor was well placed and that with the experience of history, the culture of modern science, philosophy, and the discipline of our ideals, there is less possibility of social disaster in our rise than in the rise of any other class in history. Still, I felt at a disadvantage on the banks of this peaceful river. The warmth of the sun, the sparkle of the stream and the sponge-like softness of the moss beneath my feet produced such a profound feeling of ease and comfort that I sank into one of those half-conscious noonday reveries which come to the indolent at times.

Presently a fisherman left the shore and pulled slowly upstream, the clumsy bark taxing all his strength as he struggled with the swift current. This seemed to be my answer. The boatman was a