

APPEAL SOCIALIST CLASSICS

EDITED BY W. J. GHENT

No. 11

The Socialist Appeal

**Prose Passages Which Voice the Call for a
New Social Order**

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THE SERIES

The pamphlets in this series are composed, in the main, of selections from the published work of Socialist writers, mostly of the present day. In some of them, particularly "Socialist Documents" and "Socialism and Government," the writings used are mainly of collective, rather than individual authorship; while the Historical Sketch is the composition of the editor.

To the selections given, the editor has added explanatory and connecting paragraphs, welding the fragments into a coherent whole. The aim is the massing together in concise and systematic form, of what has been most clearly and pertinently said, either by individual Socialist writers or by committees speaking for the party as a whole, on all of the main phases of Socialism.

In their finished form they might, with some appropriateness, be termed mosaics: each pamphlet is an arrangement of parts from many sources according to a unitary design. Most of the separate pieces are, however, in the best sense classics: they are expressions of Socialist thought which, by general approval, have won authoritative rank. A classic, according to James Russell Lowell, is of itself "something neither ancient nor modern"; even the most recent writing may be considered classic if, for the mood it depicts or the thought it frames, it unites matter and style into an expression of approved merit.

For the choice of selections the editor is alone responsible. Doubtless for some of the subjects treated another editor would have chosen differently. The difficulty indeed has been in deciding what to omit; for the mass of Socialist literature contains much that may be rightly called classic which obviously could not have been included in these brief volumes.

The pamphlets in the series are as follows:

1. THE ELEMENTS OF SOCIALISM.
2. THE SCIENCE OF SOCIALISM.
3. SOCIALISM: A HISTORICAL SKETCH.
4. SOCIALIST DOCUMENTS.
5. SOCIALISM AND GOVERNMENT.
6. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.
7. SOCIALISM AND ORGANIZED LABOR.
8. SOCIALISM AND THE FARMER.
9. SOCIALISM AND SOCIAL REFORM.
10. THE TACTICS OF SOCIALISM.
11. THE SOCIALIST APPEAL.
12. SOCIALISM IN VERSE.

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PREFACE

The selections for this number are chosen for their clarity or strength or fervency of expression. They denounce the evil conditions of the present; they call upon men and women to come forth and take part in the struggle; or they depict the regenerated society of the future. Some of them are argumentative; and yet, as a whole, they are pleas rather than arguments. Most of them deal rather with the emotional, the spiritual, side of the Socialist contention. They are efforts to illumine the reason less by its own white light than by the prismatic light of the emotions. They clothe the familiar in a more vivid light and make it more real and apparent; they appeal to the sense of justice, or the sense of beauty and order, against the wrong and suffering that everywhere prevail. They sum up what is elsewhere expressed in logic and figures; they epitomize the case against capitalism, and they picture the world as it is in contrast with the world as it might and will be.

W. J. G.

THE SOCIALIST APPEAL

I.

A CEASELESS STRIFE FOR JOBS.

BY ALLAN L. BENSON.

The workingman . . . has a right to live, but he has not a right to the means by which he can live. He cannot live without work, yet ever he must seek work as a privilege—not as a right. The coming of the age of machinery has made it impossible to work without machinery. Yet the worker owns no machinery and can get access to no machinery except upon such terms as he may be able to make with its owners.

Socialists urge the people to consider the results of this unprecedented situation. First, there is great insecurity of employment. No one knows how long his job is destined to last. It may not last another day. A great variety of causes exist, any one of which may deprive the worker of his opportunity to work. Wall Street gentlemen may put such a crimp in the financial situation that industry cannot go on. Business may slow down because more is being produced than the markets can absorb. A greedy employer may precipitate a strike by trying to reduce the wages of his employes. Any one of many causes may without notice step in between the worker and the machinery without which he cannot work.

But worse than the uncertainty of employment is the absolute certainty that millions of men must always be out of work. Times are never so good that there is work for everybody. Most persons do not know it, but in the best of times there are always a million men out of work. In the worst of times, the number of men out of work sometimes exceeds five million. The country cries for the things they might produce. There is great need for shoes, flour, cloth, houses, furniture and fuel. These millions of men, if they

could get in touch with machinery, could produce enough of such staples to satisfy the public demand. If they could but work, their earnings would vastly increase the amount of money in circulation and thus increase the buying power of everybody. But they cannot work, because they do not own the machinery without which they cannot work, and the men who own it will not let it be used, because they cannot see any profits for themselves in having it used.

Socialists say this is an appalling situation. They are amazed that the nation tolerates it. They believe the nation would not tolerate it if the nation understood it. Some things are more easily understood than others. If five million men were on a sinking ship within swimming distance of the Atlantic shore and the employing class were to prevent them from swimming to shore for no other reason than that the employing class had no use for their services—the people would understand that. Socialists believe the people will soon understand the present situation.

Here is another thing that Socialists hope the people will soon understand. The policy of permitting a few men to use the machinery with which all other men must work or starve compels all other men to become competitors for its use. If there were no more workers than the capitalists must have, there would not be such competition. But there must always be more workers than the capitalists can use. The fact that the capitalist demands a profit upon the worker's labor renders the worker incapable of buying back the very thing he has made. Under present conditions, trade must, therefore, always be smaller than the natural requirements of the people for goods. And since, with machinery, each worker can produce a vast volume of goods, it inevitably follows that only a part of the workers are required to make all of the goods that can be sold at a profit. That is why there is not always work for all.

With more workers than there are jobs, it thus comes about that the workers are compelled to compete among themselves for jobs. Only part of the workers can be em-

ployed, and the struggle of each is to become one of that part. The workers who are out of employment are always willing to work, if they can get no more, for a wage that represents only the cost of the poorest living upon which they will consent to exist. It therefore follows that wages are always based upon the cost of living. If the cost of living is high, wages are high. If the cost of living is low, wages are low. In any event, the worker has nothing left after he has paid for his living.

Socialists say this is not just. They can understand the capitalist who buys labor as he buys pig-iron, but they say labor is entitled to more consideration than pig-iron. The price of labor, they declare, should be gauged by the value of labor's product, instead of by the direness of labor's needs. They say the present situation gives to the men who own machinery most of its benefits and to the many who operate it none of its hopes. Now, as of old, the average worker dare hope for no more than enough to keep him alive. Again and again and again the census reports have shown that the bulk of the people in this country are so poor that they do not own even the roofs over their heads.*

*"The Truth About Socialism," pp. 15-18.

II.

THE PROLETARIAT AND THE NEW ORDER.

BY GEORGE D. HERRON.

There is a lesson for the Socialist as well as for the scientist in a quaint reflection of that wonderful old man, Henri Fabre—the greatest naturalist, and one of the wisest men, that has ever lived. “A gorgeous equipment,” he says, “may be all very well for laboratories wherein the cells and fibers of the dead are consulted at great expense; but such magnificence is of doubtful utility when we have to study the actions of the living. It is the humble makeshift, of no value, that stumbles on the secrets of life.”

It is customary to speak of the unpreparedness of the proletariat for Socialism. But I am sure that, even today, the working class would give a vastly better organization of industrial forces, a profoundly nobler and freer society, than ever the world has had. The ignorance of the working class and the superior intelligence of the privileged class are superstitions—are superstitions fostered by intellectual mercenaries, by universities and churches, and by all the centers of privilege. And the assumption of superior intelligence on the part of the privileged is not warranted by a single historical experience. The derangements and miseries of mankind are precisely due to the ignorant and arrogant rule of “superior” classes and persons. The mental and spiritual capacity of these classes is a myth; their so-called culture but thinly veneers their essential savagery, their social rapacity and impudence.

Even blindly must we break from the vicious circle wherein society now wanders. Not otherwise shall mankind set its feet upon the path of a conscious and accordant evolution; not otherwise shall men move toward the world that is the organization of an inclusive kindness. There is wisdom in action when there is darkness in definition. We must act first and define afterwards. For we dwell amidst

the confusions of utter disorder; we are in the mazes of social lies and contradictions; industrial war is intensifying, and we are deafened and troubled by the varied calls to arms. On every hillside and in every city, the hosts of men are marching, the battle-lines are forming, for the fields that shall decide whether society shall continue to be a fiction, the arena of conflicting classes, or whether it shall become a reality, one whole and healthy body, happy and mutually-acting in all its members.

The system that divides society into classes can bring forth no true knowledge, no living truth, no industrial competence, no fundamental social decency. It can only continue the desolation of labor and increase the blindness and depravity of the privileged. So long as some people own the tools upon which others depend for bread, so long as the few possess themselves of the fruits of the labor of the many, so long as the arts and the institutions and the sciences are built upon exploited workers, just so long will our so-called progress be through the perennial exhaustion of generations and races; just so long will successive civilizations be but voracious parasites upon the spirit and body of mankind. And it is to destroy the dominance of the privileged class, to eliminate classes from society, that the Socialist movement comes; and, if it be true to itself, it will make no compromise with the superstitions and institutions of privilege. It will affirm an effectual faith in the self-governing capacity of the workers—in the wisdom hid in the heart of the co-operative man.

Though it expresses itself in material terms, though it demands intellectual understanding, yet the force which makes for the Socialist coming is an intelligence of the heart rather than of the brain. It is well. Ever is the intellect an impostor when it is other than the heart's servant. And it is time the intellect be put in its proper place. It is time that it be humbled from its high pretensions. It is time that the infinitely better wisdom of the instinct and the will be given their place in the forefront of human evolution. Of

the Dead-Sea fruit of philosophy we have had enough; and of the conceit of latter-day science. We no longer think to penetrate or compass the universe by the mind's intriguery. We turn to action now. We see that in the self-discovery and self-development of the working class, in its dynamical sympathy for the least of its members, in its instinctual revolt against economic tyranny, in its will to be free, is the seed of social intelligence to be found. We know that the mind is untrustworthy; but, dimly, we begin to discern that the heart, once it has its social way, is the good shepherd that shall lead us into the earthly paradise.

Though quiet its approach, an immeasurable quickening is upon the days wherein we dwell. The sap of the tree of life is running richly and anew; and the flower thereof will be beautiful, and the fruit bountiful, beyond the dreams of seer or singer or scientist. It is true there is also a pall upon the earth; many cherished things are passing away—indeed, the whole cultural system of the present civilization. But amidst the dissolution, political and moral and intellectual, a profound extension of consciousness is taking place; some far and deep enfoldment is bearing man above his former range of thinking and being. Beyond our spoken social hopes, beyond the programs we propose, beyond the philosophies we propound, beyond our forming battle-lines, we vaguely yet vastly perceive another and fairer order of experience; and from afar it provokes our faith, from afar it invites our feet.

My parables are not presumptuous; we surely move amidst beginnings and issues untold and unforeseen by the Socialist fathers. Marx, it is true, perceived that it was with Socialism that history would really begin; yet history now hastens beyond his ken, beyond his powers of perception or language. We glimpse the approach, upon the forces which the Socialist movement has released, of human conditions that may well be termed beatific. There are western scientists who would say that the human mind is in the midst of a new exfoliation; men of India would call it a new

etherealization; the early Christian, were he here, would proclaim a new descent of the Holy Ghost. But whatever definitions we use, or if we use none at all, we cannot escape the sense and the passion and the peril, the knowledge and the joy and the travail, of the tremendous and transcendent change we are inwardly and outwardly undergoing. We are already appreciably transfigured by it; and soon shall the news of it be upon pentecostal tongues, and in music such as man has never heard, and in common deeds diviner than divinest dreams. And in a little while, in a few decades, in one or two or four hundred years, the change will have been precipitated, the promise will have been fulfilled, and all things will have passed into the keeping of the expanded soul. Another and different race of men, splendid alike in strength and gentleness, will walk the earth and climb its sky, bearing down the soul's constrictions and frontiers, even unto the ramparts around the throne of life. Man shall sit upon the throne; he shall hold the keys to his kingdom; he shall make his universe his home, the house of his heart's desire shaping it according to the will that love has begotten within him, and founding it upon the truth wherewith love has made him free.*

*"Socialism and Faith," *Metropolitan Magazine*, November, 1913.

III.

THE ELIMINATION OF WASTE.

BY A. M. SIMONS.

The sum which is wasted every year (through competitive strife and the inefficiency of capitalist class rule) is sufficient to insure to every man, woman and child in the United States an income equal to that which can now be purchased for a thousand dollars. For every family it would mean an income of about five times that sum.

There is only one thing that stands between the workers of America and the health and happiness that such an abundance would make possible. That one thing is their own stupidity, carefully cultivated by the few who profit by the prodigality with which lives and resources are destroyed today.

Not one of the wastes that have been discussed but that is directly caused by private ownership and private profit. Not one of them could continue if the natural resources and the instruments with which those resources are transformed into want-satisfying goods were made common property.

Every step in the direction of economy and efficiency and conservation on any large scale is even now coming from social effort. Whenever we have a great task to undertake like education or transporting the letters of a nation, or connecting two oceans, or seeking new methods of conducting agriculture, we look to the government. If that government were controlled by the workers, if it were transformed from an instrument of class rule into an organ for social service, then it could be made to satisfy every reasonable human want.

That is what Socialism proposes. That is all that it seeks to accomplish. Its whole aim is to place the workers in control of government and industry in order that the

wants of those who work may be satisfied in the most efficient manner and with the greatest possible pleasure in the process of production.

To do this it will be necessary to dislodge the class that now lives without labor, and that rides upon the back of labor. It is this class that, in defense of the system that clothes its members in luxury drawn from the misery of the toilers, cries out that Socialism would destroy the family, abolish religion, discourage incentive and lead to industrial tyranny. So the thief has always sought to blacken the character of his victim. So the swindler always seeks to defend his trickery.

But with none of these things is Socialism concerned. None of these things will be affected unless their foundation rests upon the destruction of human energy, the robbery of human beings. If there be any institutions that are founded upon exploitation of the poor and the enslavement of labor then they may well tremble, for that foundation is going to be destroyed.

There is only one political movement that does strike at that foundation. There is only one organized attack upon the cause of the fearful wanton waste of life and the things of which life is made, and that attack is by the Socialists. Nothing that is proposed by any other political party will alter the fundamental wrong that breeds all the host of wrongful wastes that have been described.

The Socialist alone dares to strike at the strongest defense of entrenched wrong, dares to indict the right of a class to live by devouring the lives of those who labor.

The Socialists draw this indictment against the ruling class of today. To these masters of the bread they say:

“You have strutted your little time upon the stage of history. During that time the workers have multiplied the powers of production and supplied society with means whereby it could satisfy every want of its members. To you they have entrusted the work of managing the processes of industry. To you has been given the power of life and

death over the working class, and in return for that your social function was so to manage industry as to produce the greatest possible wealth with the least pain to the producers. We have paid you magnificently for the task. We have built you palaces such as Solomon in all his glory never knew. We have clothed you with costly garments and heaped jewels upon your women.

"We have conferred upon you powers such as no Caesar on the banks of the Tiber or the Neva has ever wielded. All this we have done for you, all these things we have conferred upon you, as your reward for the management of industry. Now we have come to take an accounting of your stewardship by your own test of the counting room, and by that test you have failed.

"We will now take from you the ownership and the direction of the great machinery that our minds have conceived and our hands have created. We will vest that in a government that we ourselves control. We will choose our own managers and directors of industry, and we will produce for our use and not for profit."

So speaks the Socialist of today, and his voice has been heard 'round the globe. We know that when the mills and the mines, the machines and the factories shall have been made the common property of all, when they shall be directed by socially chosen and socially trained experts in industry, and when work shall be joy instead of pain; when the highest incentive shall be offered to him who reduces, or renders more pleasant, social labor, we know then that we can satisfy every want, feed every human stomach, clothe every naked back, shelter every homeless head, and that is what we are going to do.

Make no mistake about it, you wastrels, who have ruled us so long.

Your day has come. Your little part upon the stage of history has been played. But have no fear of the future. We come not to mete out vengeance, but to bring joy to the race. We might condemn you to the toil that you have

heaped upon us; we might sentence you to the darkness and the blinding, grinding, choking terror of the mine. We might break your limbs upon the wheels of industry as you have broken ours; we might crush your children and stunt and deform their bodies and blunt their minds even as you have done unto us, but we shall not do this. We are going to make industry happy, healthful and plentiful in its production, and into that new and regenerated industry we are going to welcome you as fellow workers.*

*"Wasting Human Life," pp. 94-96.

IV.

THE FRATERNITY OF THE FUTURE.

BY HENRY DEMAREST LLOYD.

We are to have, of course, great political changes. We are to apply the co-operative methods of the postoffice and the public school to many other common toils, to all toils in which private sovereignty has become through monopoly a despotism over the public, and to all in which the association of the people and the organization of processes have been so far developed that the profit-hunting Captain of Industry may be replaced by the public-serving Captain of Industry. But we are to have much more. We are to have a private life of a new beauty, of which these are to be merely the mechanical exhibitions on the side of politics. We are to move among each other, able, by the methodical and agreed adherence of all, to do what the words of Lamennais mean, instead of being able, as now, in most things, to afford only an indulgence in feeling them. We are to be commoners, travellers to Altruria.

We are to become fathers, mothers, for the spirit of the father and mother is not in us while we can say of any child it is not ours, and leave it in the grime. We are to become men, women, for to all about reinforcing us we shall insure full growth and thus insure it to ourselves. We are to become gentlemen, ladies, for we will not accept from another any service we are not willing to return in kind. We are to become honest, giving when we get, and getting with the knowledge and consent of all. We are to become rich, for we shall share in the wealth now latent in idle men and idle land, and in the fertility of work done by those who have ceased to withstand but stand with each other. As we walk our parks we already see that by saying "thine" to every neighbor we say "mine" of palaces, gardens, art, science, far beyond any possible to selfishness,

even the selfishness of kings. We shall become patriots, for the heart will know why it thrills to the flag. Those folds wave the salute of a greater love than that of the man who will lay down his life for his friend. There floats the banner of the love of millions, who, though they do not know you and have never seen you, will die for you and are living for you, doing in a thousand services unto you as you would be done by. And the little patriotism, which is the love of the humanity fenced within our frontier, will widen into the reciprocal service of all men. Generals were, merchants are, brothers will be, humanity's representative men.*

*"Wealth Against Commonwealth," pp. 534-35.

V.

THE SOCIALIST'S SPEECH.

BY UPTON SINCLAIR.

"You listen to these things," the man was saying, "and you say, 'Yes, they are true, but they have been that way always.' Or you say, 'Maybe it will come, but not in my time—it will not help me.' And so you return to your daily round of toil, you go back to be ground up for profits in the world-wide mill of economic might! To toil long hours for another's advantage; to live in mean and squalid homes; to work in dangerous and unhealthful places; to wrestle with the spectres of hunger and privation, to take your chances of accident, disease and death. And each day the struggle becomes fiercer, the pace more cruel; each day you have to toil a little harder, and feel the iron hand of circumstances close upon you a little tighter.

"Months pass, years maybe—and then you come again; and again I am here to plead with you, to know if want and misery have yet done their work with you, if injustice and oppression have yet opened your eyes! I shall still be waiting—there is nothing else that I can do. There is no wilderness where I can hide from these things, there is no haven where I can escape them; though I travel to the ends of the earth, I find the same accursed system—I find that all the fair and noble impulses of humanity, the dreams of poets and the agonies of martyrs, are shackled and bound in the service of organized and predatory Greed! And therefore I cannot rest, I cannot be silent; therefore I cast aside comforts and happiness, health and good repute—and go out into the world and cry out the pain of my spirit! Therefore I am not to be silenced by poverty and sickness, not by hatred and obloquy, by threats and ridicule—not by prison and persecution, if they should come—not by any power that is upon the earth or above the earth, that was,

or is, or ever can be created. If I fail tonight, I can only try tomorrow; knowing that the fault must be mine—that if once the vision of my soul were spoken upon earth, if once the anguish of its defeat were uttered in human speech, it would break the stoutest barriers of prejudice, it would shake the most sluggish soul to action! It would abash the most cynical, it would terrify the most selfish; and the voice of mockery would be silenced, and fraud and falsehood would slink back into their dens, and the truth would stand forth alone!

“For I speak with the voice of the millions who are voiceless! Of them that are oppressed and have no comforter! Of the disinherited of life, for whom there is no respite and no deliverance, to whom the world is a prison, a dungeon of torture, a tomb! With the voice of the little child who toils tonight in a southern cotton mill, staggering with exhaustion, numb with agony, and knowing no hope but the grave! Of the mother who sews by candle-light in her tenement garret, weary and weeping, smitten with the mortal hunger of her babes! Of the man who lies upon a bed of rags, wrestling in his last sickness and leaving his loved ones to perish! Of the young girl who, somewhere at this moment, is walking the streets of this horrible city, beaten and starving, and making her choice between the brothel and the lake! With the voice of those, whoever and wherever they may be, who are caught beneath the wheels of the juggernaut of Greed! With the voice of humanity, calling for deliverance! Of the everlasting soul of Man, arising from the dust; breaking its way out of its prison—rending the bands of oppression and ignorance—groping its way to the light!”*

*“The Jungle,” pp. 358-60.

VI.

A CALL TO THE YOUNG.

BY CARL D. THOMPSON.

Youth is the school time of life.

We of middle age and beyond have not time to prepare; we must act with such equipment and attainments as we have. But you have yet the years of untrammelled youth. The way you use these years will decide the part and the place you will take in the mighty years before us as a nation.

Facing such a future, every young person will have to decide—the sooner the better—what is to be the chief, the dominant purpose and guiding principle of his life.

And here the appeal of Socialism is particularly strong. It says:

To live to serve one's class and therein to find a lesser but a juster share of life's good things; to live to serve one's city, state and country to make them truly rich and good and therein find one's own truer blessing, because it is shared in justice with all the rest; to serve humanity, rendering to the full one's share of the common toil and service and taking one's share of the common good and no more—

That is the worthy life. Rise to it!

Having settled once for all the guiding principle for your life, the next question is: What is the greatest cause for which one should work?

The world is full of all sorts of organized efforts intended for the betterment of mankind. To which one of them will you devote your energies?

There is the church. Christianity and, for that matter, all religions, are efforts purposely organized for the service and betterment of humanity. They will appeal to you.

Then there is the organized labor movement, a splendid collective effort of the working class for the bettering of

industrial conditions. It will make its demands upon you. It will ask for your attention, your service and your loyalty.

There are the thousand and one charity organizations, the social settlements, child welfare societies, prison reform bodies, and the like. There are other organizations aiming at the reconstruction of the social order, more or less. These embrace civic societies, such as the direct legislation leagues, proportional representation leagues, and so on.

There are the peace societies, housing commissions, probation leagues, and a hundred and one other societies formed to advance some one or other idea for the betterment of human conditions.

There is the single tax movement, and the co-operative movement, each in its way attacking certain wrongs in the present social order and with splendid enthusiasm and heroic devotion advancing constructive measures for better conditions.

Now the true and thoughtful Socialist will cheerfully admit the value of all of these great movements, will give them all the credit and honor due them, and recognize to the full the service they are rendering. But when that is done he will insist that there is a cause, a movement, a work greater than all of them.

Socialism is this greatest movement in the world—not merely because of its numerical strength, which has already put in beyond every other political movement the world has seen, but chiefly because of the fact that Socialism embraces in its program practically all that is important in the others.

For example, the improvement of labor conditions, as sought by the organized trade-union movement, can best be achieved through the political program of the Socialist movement. In fact, this is the only way, ultimately, that the ideals of trade-unionism can be realized. Or, again, woman suffrage is and always has been a part of the Socialist program. The same is true of the land tax and co-operation. Direct legislation was first worked out by the

Socialists and has been in the platforms of the party for half a century.

The Socialist organization is the greatest peace organization on earth, if not the only really effective one, and Socialism is infinitely more vital than all the charities, since Socialism fights for justice which will make charity unnecessary.

And as for Christianity and the religions, the very best of their teachers and leaders frankly admit that after all the centuries of their teaching and propaganda, and all the heroic and exalted service, they have not yet redeemed humanity, and the task they set out to perform insofar as it applies to this world here and now is for the most part as yet not accomplished. But what is most important of all, no church and no religion on earth offers or ever has offered a practical, concrete and definite program for the redemption of mankind from the evils that afflict us, and for the orderly progress of human society. All religions generate at times a consuming passion for humanity's welfare, but they have never offered a constructive program. This is exactly what Socialism does.

We therefore conclude that in the whole field of organized philanthropies and social programs there is none so great, so vital and so promising as Socialism. To that, therefore, every young person should devote himself and herself, as the supreme summons of this generation and the mightiest opportunity of modern times.*

*The American Socialist, November 28, 1914.

VII.

WOMAN AND THE SOCIALIZED STATE.

BY VIDA D. SCUDDER.

Production, consumption, distribution: creating things, using things, sharing things—these are the basic energies of the race. Socialists desire to see the organs of the common will caring directly, not indirectly or apologetically, for such matters. Such absorption by these organs of responsibility for the economic interests of the race is no vision. It is a process of which we have already witnessed the inception. Now that our epic has become “Tools and the Man,” politics can no longer be concerned chiefly with the defense of frontiers or the preservation of order. It must concern itself with the maintenance of life.

In this great process men and women alike have their part to play. And the men also are getting ready. A new type of industrial leadership has become mature. Let us use it to social ends. We shudder at the revelations of the all-controlling grip exercised by big business over politics. Yet the forces that have led to this are healthy in the main, from the Socialist point of view. What must be done is to bring them out into the open—to adopt for the public good these new political functions which have grown up so secretly—and in adopting, of course, to socialize and control. So a situation which big business itself begins to recognize as untenable and undesirable will be ended, and the rising generation, profiting by its hard-won command of efficiency, will apply similar powers to more public ends. Why should we doubt that the strong men of this new generation will work for the state with as much zest as their fathers worked for profit? Why should not rewards of honor and achievement, plus generous salaries, taste as sweet to them as the knowledge of accumulated millions has tasted to the masters of the passing age? Statesmen have never worked for

money; and to govern protection, developing and regulating the resources of the world, will be part of the task of the statesmen of the future.

No less statesmanlike must be the qualities and functions of the women who will take their place beside the men. Paternalism has become an obnoxious epithet; it carries with it from patriarchal days an unpleasant hint of autocracy. Maternalism is better. The word stands for an authority more tender, a discipline more intimate, a fostering care more humble. The Socialist state must see to it that national housekeeping be as punctilious as private, in jealous watch over the purity of food products, the cleanliness of cities, the avoidance of waste and want. Above all, defying Nietzsche, defying *laissez faire*, it must insure a wisely tender care for the least and last of its children, for the aged, the helpless, the feeble. To carry out this great ideal, the mother state of which we dream will need the help of its women. Columbia is already calling them, these women; and everywhere, in small villages, in large cities, through private means, through philanthropies, through political agitation, through trade-union leagues, through the Socialist party, they are responding to the call. Gravely, buoyantly, they approach; they stretch forth hands eager to comfort the weak, to order the confused, to add to civilization the touch of loveliness. They have seen the vision of justice, and they rejoice to aid in the task that lies before us—the task, which Socialism understands more definitely than any other phase in the reform movement, of transforming society from the likeness of a battlefield to the likeness of a home.*

*Yale Review, April, 1914.

VIII.

THIS SOCIAL SYSTEM.

BY J. A. WAYLAND.

What is this social system we live under that you ask me to bow down and worship if I am to be accounted a good citizen? Is it something so wonderfully perfect? Does it bring peace, happiness and wisdom to its devotees? Does it provide plenty for its supporters? Does it reward merit and punish demerit? Are the honest and industrious crowned with the product of toil and do the dishonest and useless suffer the pangs of worthlessness? Just the reverse of this seems to me to be true. I see those whose labor has made its bread, hungry; those whose labor has made its raiment, ragged; those who have builded its houses, tenants; those who have builded its railroads, tramping, and those who have made presidents and governors, beggars for crumbs from the table they have spread.

I see the poor taxed and the rich go free. I see the workers reduced to mere wage slaves, hirelings to the vicious, avaricious and corrupt. I see want and ignorance in millions of homes. I see men reduced to mere beasts of burden, so cheap no care is taken whether they receive enough food to exist. I see women and children cooped up like so many hogs gathering fat wealth for the use of their owners. I see the earth as a piece of private property upon which all who must live pay the cunning who have possession. I see the food of the world monopolized by fiends who compel all others to work for them on pain of starvation. I see everywhere cunning, covetousness and avarice housed in palaces, clothed in finest raiment and feasting on the daintiest preparations, while the industrious are reduced to menial servants for them.

You ask me to endorse a system productive of these enormities on pain of your displeasure. I prefer your dis-

pleasure to honor for worshiping such enormities. Our ancestors worshiped at the shrine of any brutal king who could possess himself of the law-making machinery of their land; they bowed ignorant obedience to ignorant and venal customs and superstitions; they were loosed like bloodhounds on any who dared to raise their voice against the system. But that time is passed. A new light is shedding its rays into millions of minds. Too many are disgusted with the present social anarchy and crimes. Too many Socialist books and papers have been read despite the care of the millionaires to keep the people in ignorance. Too many people see the present injustice as it is and not as you believe it, for it to last.

The real revolution is of ideas and always precedes the final overthrow of a system or dynasty. Men rally around an idea, but the work is going on now the effects of which will be noticed in a few years. The people have caught the "how" to stop this criminal system. The nation and states and cities shall monopolize for the equal benefit of all and abolish monopoly that makes for the special benefit of a few. Its change is only a matter of sentiment expressed in the ballot box. And until it is so expressed there it is useless to think of any other method.*

*"Leaves of Life," pp. 100-2.

IX.

THE FUTURE.

BY ANATOLE FRANCE.

“We shall all be happy, papa.”

“No. Divine pity, which is the beauty of souls, would come to an end when suffering ended. That will never be. Moral evil and physical evil, unceasingly resisted, will unceasingly share with happiness and joy the empire of the world as the nights follow the days. Evil is necessary. Like good, it has its spring deep in nature; the one could not be dried up without the other. We are happy only because we are unhappy. Suffering is the sister of joy; the breath of these twins passes over our harp-strings and makes them sound in harmony. If happiness alone blew on them, they would give out a monotonous, tedious sound, like silence. But to the inevitable evils, to those evils at once common and august which result from the state of mankind, there shall no more be added the artificial evils, which result from the state of our society. Men will no more be deformed by an unfair labor by which they rather die than live. The slave will come out of the workshop, and the factory no longer eat up men’s bodies by millions.

“For this deliverance I look to machinery itself. Machinery, which has crushed so many men, will come gently and generously to succor soft human flesh. Machinery, first cruel and harsh, will grow kindly propitious, friendly. How will it change its spirit? Listen. The spark which sprang from the Leyden jar, the little subtle star which manifested itself last century to the wondering physicist, will work this marvel. The unknown which has let itself be conquered without letting itself be known, the mysterious captive force, the intangible of which our hands take hold, the tame thunderbolt bottled and discharged upon the innumerable wires which cover the world with their network—electricity, will

carry its strength, its succor, wherever it is needed, into the houses and rooms, to the home where father, mother, and children will be separated no more. It is no dream. The stern machinery, which shatters body and soul in the factory, will become domesticated, homely, familiar. But it is nothing—no, it is nothing that pulleys, cogs, connecting-rods cranks, grooves and fly-wheels should be humanized if men remain iron-hearted.

“We look for, we call for, a change more wonderful still. What does the employer say today? That he is the thinking spirit, and that without him his army of workers would be like a body deprived of understanding. Well, if he is the mind, let this honor and joy be enough for him. Need a man glut himself with wealth because he is the mind that thinks? When the great Donatello cast a bronze statue with his companions, he was the soul of the work. The price which he received from prince or citizen he used to put in a basket which was slung up by a pulley to a beam of the workshop. Every companion untied the rope in his turn, and took from the basket according to his needs. Is there not joy enough in producing through one’s understanding, and does this advantage dispense the master-worker from sharing the profit with his lowly fellow-workers? But in my republic there will no longer be profits or wages, and everything will belong to us.”

“Papa, that’s collectivism,” said Pauline, quietly.

“The most valuable things,” replied M. Bergeret, “are common to all mankind, and were always so. Air and light belong in common to everything that breathes and sees daylight. After selfishness and greed have toiled for centuries, in spite of the violent efforts which individuals have made to seize and keep treasures, the private wealth which even the richest among us enjoy is trifling in comparison with what belongs to all men without distinction. Even in our own society do you not see that the pleasantest or the most splendid properties—roads, rivers, forests that once were the king’s, libraries, museums—belong to every one? No rich man

possesses any more than I do this ancient oak of Fontainebleau or that picture of the Louvre. And they are more mine than the rich man's, if I know better how to enjoy them. Collective ownership, which people fear as a distant monster, surrounds us already under a thousand familiar forms. It is alarming, when you announce it; whereas the advantages which it procures are already in use.”*

*“*M. Bergeret a Paris.*” Translated by R. C. K. Ensor for “*Modern Socialism,*” pp. 388-90.

X.

THE ONLY THING WORTH WHILE.

BY CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL.

The only thing in the world that is worth bothering about is the advancement of the Socialist movement. It includes everything else than can be named or imagined as a worthy object of life.

Do you believe in philanthropy? This is the greatest philanthropic movement of all the ages.

Do you believe in education? This alone proposes to give to all the peoples of the earth a chance to be educated.

Do you believe in art? This movement means the first free field and opportunity for art.

Do you believe in liberty? It is here. Or honesty? This means the first chance for men to be honest. Do you believe in equality for men and women? That, too, is here. Do you believe in democracy, justice, kindness, decency, peace? All these things are embraced in the Socialist movement and have their only hope in its success.

I know some men and women that are giving up their lives to the preaching of peace, that there may be no more wars upon earth. Worthy object, no doubt, but here is the thing that will abolish wars. Other good people are interested in trying to rescue the Magdalenes. Worthy object, but here is the thing that will abolish prostitution. Other good people give money to schools and found colleges. Worthy object, but what is the use of these infinitesimal benefactions to the fortunate so long as the overwhelming majority of mankind must dwell in darkness, ignorance and drudgery? Here is the thing that will set them free.

I see most excellent persons, moved by the increasing menace of the slums, devoting their lives to the support of "settlements." But what is the use of a "settlement" at one

end of the slum so long as we manufacture wholesale poverty at the other?

I know many most admirable women and some men that are devoting their lives to the cause of woman suffrage, knowing how much of sanity, decency and progress it embraces. But this movement means not only the ballot for woman; it means complete political equality, and it means also that economic independence and justice without which the ballot will be a comparatively small advantage.

Young men setting out for a career in life used to think, and be encouraged to think, only of their own little personal advantage—what line of endeavor would bring them the most money, nothing else. I think it is a most encouraging fact that in these days something else is urged upon them. Service is something new; the bank account is not everything.

Men have discovered or are discovering that, after all, aggrandizement is an awfully poor object upon which to waste this life divine. Young men in these days sometimes want to be doctors because a doctor has an almost unequalled opportunity to be of use to his kind. Young men in the law schools get some agreeable lecturing about the opportunity of the legal profession to secure justice between man and man. The service side of many occupations is beginning to have attention and praise. Let us give thanks.

You can see the same tendencies at work in literature and art; slowly, I know it, slowly; but still they are at work. The stodgy universities and white rabbit professors still teach their pupils that the gauge of good literature is the approval of the elect, but the pupils do not seem to relish that kind of senile flub-dub as much as they used to. They are beginning to perceive that the measure of good literature is the measure of its contribution to the human cause and that it is better to write one good protest than a thousand essays in the manner of Walter Pater. . . .

I should think that at the present time one protest was

worth about one million times as much as any creation of art "for art's sake."

Let's have something done for man's sake.

That is where the Socialist movement comes in. It is the only thing in the world that proposes to abolish the condition under which the majority of mankind must live without light or joy and under which the real blessings of life are the exclusive possession of a minority.

Every action, every word, every attention, every sacrifice given to such a cause is worth while, and every service in its behalf is profitable to the doer because it enables him to feel that he has contributed something to the day of justice and emancipation, he has made some use of this life that has been conferred upon him. If he has suggested Socialism to but one person I should think that was a far nobler achievement than to burden the earth with any more "good literature." If he has distributed pamphlets at a Socialist meeting that seems to me a higher achievement than to paint a picture or win a law case.

Until the race is free nothing else is worth thinking about.

And it need not really make any difference to the man that gives his service whether in his time he shall see anything done. Nevertheless he is contributing his share, he is doing his part, he is right with his conscience, he is making his protest. Either in this generation or some other the race will wake up and fling off its shackles. Well, the important thing for a man's conscience is that he should not condone the servitude, but should at every opportunity protest against it. Then he has no culpability for it.

But if he acquiesces in it by keeping silent I don't see why he is not as bad as those that fatten directly on other men's toil, sweat and blood.*

*"The Passing Show of Capitalism," pp. 1-7.

XI.

UNITED FOR THE VICTORY.

BY GEORGE D. BREWER.

Socialism stands for three fundamental principles. Collective ownership of public utilities. To the producer of wealth the full social value of his labor. To each and every person equal opportunities and advantages. Would the carrying out of this program work a hardship on any of you, I wonder? If society owned all of the public industries and guaranteed every worker a job with at least \$2,000 per year, with hours of work reduced in proportion to the number of people employed, with educational advantages for your children, wholesome surroundings for your family, opportunity to travel and see the world, would it tend to make you less religious, neglectful of your family, change your future nature for the worse, kill your incentive to progress, curb your individuality or demoralize the equilibrium of your moral and spiritual nature? These are the dangers capitalist spokesmen point out with menacing warning.

Analyze the economic interests of those who are so bitterly against Socialism and its program. The power and influence and superabundance in which they now arrogantly indulge would be taken from them. The enormous wealth which they have so skillfully extracted from the efforts of others would be restored to the people, its proper and legitimate owners. Then the advantages which the unjust and plundered wealth gives to its present possessors would be removed, and they would have an equal opportunity with the rest of society to win, on their merits, the love and respect of the world.

In our present system of society it is, of course, to their interests to fence themselves into positions of security by class legislation; use every subterfuge and sophistry they are capable of mustering to keep themselves in their posi-

tions of security and power. They have the ability, given them by great wealth, to employ the wisest and brainiest lawyers, teachers and preachers, to make laws, teach and preach in their interests. That they have been and are using these, with every other force at their command, is clearly evident to every thinking person. How long the practise will continue depends entirely upon the working class and its ability to analyze the simple laws of economic determinism. . . .

Any political party that fails to demand for the producer of wealth the full equivalent is bound to be controlled by believers in the capitalist system, and is therefore a capitalist party.

The Socialist party is the only party that has ever come out openly in defense of the rights of labor; that recognizes the underlying laws of human activity and proposes to continue the fight to its final culmination along the economic lines which have molded and developed the races through the ages of the past from civilization to civilization. . . .

Let each of us go forth with a renewed determination to consecrate our lives more devotedly to the work of doing all that lies within our limited power to usher in that happy day when economic misery and uncertainty will be wiped out root and branch, never to curse this beautiful and bountiful earth again.

In that day women and men will be equal; tender girls will not be forced into prostitution for bread, and children will be given to the playground and the schools instead of industrial slave pens. Human beings will not be compelled, because of economic necessity, to lie, dupe, ensnare and rob their brothers. No man's hand will be raised against another, and for the first time in human history the people of the world will have the beautiful opportunity to practice willingly and gladly the precepts of the Man of Galilee and "do unto others as we would like to have them do unto us."*

*"The Rights of the Masses," pp. 28-30, 32.

XII.

THE PARTY OF THE PEOPLE.

BY ROBERT HUNTER.

Wilhelm Liebknecht, the father of Karl Liebknecht, is one whose words have always had weight with all Socialists.

His services to Socialism were magnificent, and his achievements worthy of a great life possessed of masterly talents.

And this Liebknecht once answered for all time those who continually attempt to divide the working class.

One hears it said again and again that the Socialist party is the party of the proletariat, and that is of course true, if one properly defines the proletariat.

Unhappily some say that proletarians are manual workers only. Not long ago in one of our chief Socialist journals it was said that unskilled workers only belong to the proletariat.

No man, it was claimed, can be a sincere Socialist who is not a common laborer. Professors, lawyers, scientists, actors, farmers, skilled workers, craft unionists, and small business men, it was held, cannot by the very nature of their occupations become true Socialists.

In this stupid manner efforts are made to reduce the possible Socialists to so small a number of the working class as to make anything like a powerful movement impossible.

If this were true, Marx, Engels, Hyndman, Bax, Jaures, Guesde, Vandervelde, Liebknecht, Kautsky, and nearly all the best-known Socialists of the last half century would have been excluded from the movement.

Had the movement been confined to unskilled workers only, not a single known leader of the international movement would be eligible.

There would be no Socialist literature. There would be no national or international movements under the name of Socialism. There might be no trade-union organization.

In Germany, Belgium and France the unskilled and unorganized workers are the main support of the Catholic parties. In England they are even today the mainstay of Liberalism and Toryism.

The most wretched of the unskilled and unorganized are often the physical, mental and moral wrecks of our infamous economic order. Up to the present they have never been aroused to revolt except for brief moments, and not even then have their revolts had any constructive aim.

The casually employed and the unemployed, who suffer most from capitalism, have nowhere been effectively organized politically or industrially. They are as shifting sand upon which no movement has ever yet been built, and it may be upon which no movement can be built.

In this and every other country they are the tools of the corruptionists and of the reactionaries. Without masses of unemployed and non-employed such organizations as Tammany Hall could not exist.

Paul Singer, the great German leader, built years ago a lodging house to feed and shelter free every night thousands of these poor wrecks. He was a rich man performing an act of mercy, but I doubt if he believed that Socialism was ever helped by that charity.

All this is a long way about to what Liebknecht said, which is: "Social Democracy is the party of the whole people, with the exception of two hundred thousand great and small capitalists."

I understand this to mean that all the larger material interests of the great masses of people in all countries are in bitter opposition to the interests of a few hundred thousand capitalists.

Whatever smaller conflicting interests may exist among these great masses of people, such conflicts are nothing when compared with the more vital conflict which exists between the producers of wealth and a few hundred thousand capitalists.

The brain worker as well as the hand worker, the

salaried man as well as the wage worker, the skilled as well as the unskilled, the small farmers and the small business men, are all being crushed, robbed and oppressed by the concentration of all wealth and capital into the hands of a few hundred thousand financial grand dukes.

This is in reality the small class which all society should combat, and it should be our duty to talk unity among all of the oppressed and to condemn every one who dares to encourage division amongst them.

He who would divide the brain from the hand worker, the skilled from the unskilled, the so-called proletariat from the mass of the disinherited is not the friend but the enemy of Socialism.

We in America have an immense duty to perform. We are the most backward people on the earth in our political helplessness in the face of the new feudalism.

A small section of the working class can never successfully battle against the new feudalism, and it is of utmost importance that our watchword in America should be toleration and the building up of the broadest conceivable unity.

The Socialist party is the party of the disinherited—of all the disinherited. It is, as Liebknecht said, the party of the whole people with the exception of a few hundred thousand great and small capitalists.*

*The American Socialist, March 27, 1915.

XIII.**LIBERTY THROUGH SOCIAL ORGANIZATION.**

BY JEAN LEON JAURES.

In the present state of humanity, where our only organization is on the basis of nationality, social property will take the form of national property. But the action of the proletariat will assume more and more an international character. The various nations that are evolving toward Socialism will regulate their dealings with each other more and more according to the principles of justice and peace. But for a long time to come the nation as such will furnish the historical setting of Socialism; it will be the mould in which the new justice will be cast.

Let no one be astonished that we bring forward the idea of a national community now, whereas at first we set ourselves to establish the liberty of the individual. The nation, and the nation alone, can enfranchise all citizens. Only the nation can furnish the means of free development to all. Private associations, temporary and limited in character, can protect limited groups of individuals only for a time. But there is only one universal association that can guarantee the rights of all individuals without exception, not only the right of the living but of those who are yet unborn, and who will take their places in the generations to come. Now this universal and imperishable association which includes all the individuals on a particular portion of the planet, and which extends its action and its thought to successive generations, is the nation.

If, then, we invoke the nation, we do so in order to insure the rights of the individual in the fullest and most universal sense. Not a single human being for a single moment of time should be excluded from the sphere of rights. Not one should be in danger of becoming the prey or the instrument of another individual. Not one

should be deprived of the sure means of laboring freely without servile dependence on any other individual.

In the nation, therefore, the rights of all individuals are guaranteed, today, tomorrow and forever. If we transfer what was once the property of the capitalist class to the national community, we do not do this to make an idol of the nation, or to sacrifice to it the liberty of the individual. No, we do it that the nation may serve as a common basis for all individual activities. Social rights, national rights, are only the geometric locus of the rights of all the individuals.

Social ownership of property is merely opportunity of action brought within the reach of all.*

*"Studies in Socialism," pp. 8-9.

XIV.

THE IMPENDING REVOLUTION.

BY JACK LONDON.

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

No overthrown ruler or class in the past ever considered the revolution that overthrew it, and so with the capitalist class of today. Instead of compromising, instead of lengthening its lease of life by conciliation and by removal of some of the harsher oppressions of the working class, it antagonizes the working class, drives the working class into revolution. Every broken strike in recent years, every legally plundered trade-union treasury, every closed shop made into an open shop, has driven the members of the working class directly hurt over to Socialism by hundreds and thousands. Show a workingman that his union fails, and he becomes a revolutionist. Break a strike with an injunction or bankrupt a union with a civil suit, and the workmen hurt thereby listen to the siren song of the Socialist and are lost forever to the political capitalist parties. . . .

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

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

*"Revolution and Other Essays," (1910 edition), pp. 31-33, 38.

XV.

THE REIGN OF MAMMON.

BY. R. A. MAYNARD.

Insofar as capitalism is in control of moral and commercial standards—and this control has become well-nigh complete—it is reducing the advance in human progress to a marching time in the lock-step of a chain gang. How, then, must it affect the men who are themselves the victims of these conditions? The men who are made by the system itself the means of making capital? What kind of men are shaped by a system, the golden rule of which is the famous one of David Harum's in a horse trade: "Do to the other fellow as he would like to do to you, but do him 'fust.'"

A man cannot long remain a part of such a system without self-stultification. Human nature, like all life, can attain its highest development only where conditions give the best qualities the greatest stimulus and freest opportunity for growth. The position in which men at the head of great modern business enterprises find themselves is not conducive to the development of the highest traits of character. Even where their operations are strictly legitimate, if the man develop the best that is in him, it is in spite of his business, rather than because of it.

The all-absorbing demand made upon time and energy; the increasing routine and nervous wear and tear; the constant repression of generous impulses made necessary if one is to achieve financial success, all tend to destroy that enthusiasm and spontaneity necessary to the development of the noblest faculties of mind and of soul. These are some of the defeats met by man in the struggle with Mammon. When the man is apparently most successful, when he is himself the capitalist and wealth-owner, he too often loses in the struggle the best that life should bring.

How, then, is it with the great mass of men who are compelled to find employment under such a system—those who constitute the great majority? Thousands of writers, scientists, artists and lawyers are in this class, and thousands of others who need the keenest wit and finest intellectual equipment. Surely the employes of this class, it may be urged, have little quarrel with the rule of Mammon. Perhaps not, if the question, "What shall I eat and what shall I drink and wherewithal shall I be clothed?" is the main issue in this world.

But there are other things of value and of especial importance to true manhood and womanhood. Freedom is one of these. Industrial dependence is the most painful feature of the modern situation. . . . The great majority are compelled to accept employment under others and not even permitted their choice of openings. Their necessities force them to accept gratefully any available chance to earn a living. . . .

We tell our children of the heroes who gave their lives and fortunes for the cause in which we glory, of those who chose death rather than dishonor, and then calmly say: "Of course, I cannot risk any decrease in my bread and butter for such a trifling matter as the truth, or my conviction, or my knowledge of what is necessary for human welfare." Has not manhood lost frightfully in the struggle with Mammon when such sacrilege is possible—nay well-nigh universal? . . . The visions of youth wherein we saw ourselves helping the world and adding to its knowledge and its beauty, its comfort and its justice, too soon vanish amid the friction and the strain of the struggle to earn a living. Mammon has no mercy on high ideals and noble motives.

There is also the great army of small wage earners and the unemployed, the poverty stricken and the helpless. Under a system which in a country like ours cannot provide work for several million members of the working class and in time of general industrial depression or panic leaves many

millions jobless, the strain of the struggle between Mammon and man becomes unbearable. Character as well as comfort is lost in the sordid, ghastly struggle. With the perfection of the machine, with every new invention, this great standing unemployed army grows greater. It is augmented, too, by the thousands constantly forced through economic pressure from the middle class into the ranks of the workers. . . .

Even the very lives of workmen are disregarded; women are mustered into dangerous factories and compelled to perform heavy labor; enrolled in the industrial army, by an infinitely cruel conscription, are the anaemic children of the poor, while the sullen tramp of the ever-increasing host of the unemployed ominously echoes through the streets of our relentless cities. Daily we read of the premature death of American babies; of the ravages of the "white plague" and other "poor men's diseases"; of the "scrapping" of aged working men and of the jostling of blindly competing races in factory towns. An irreconcilable class conflict grows ever more fierce; the spread of a hunger born of degradation voices itself in unpunished crimes of violence; social vice, due not to passion or inclination, but in large measure to the force of actual physical want, steadily increases. What chance has manhood under such a system as this?

The only hope lies in the spirit of rebellion, which is growing among the exploited classes. In spite of the power of capitalistic Mammon, manhood is asserting itself and vowing that these things shall no longer be. Only those who are banded together to bring in a new order can avoid the contamination of the system, and these are a growing, mighty army. An army going steadily forward, imbued with a common hope, a common purpose and a steadfast faith in the final triumph of its cause. Political tyranny and revolution marked the closing years of the eighteenth century in this country, industrial oppression and revolution are the great facts at present.

Ours is not armed force against armed force—not man against man in deadly combat with force of arms. It is a struggle between economic conditions that now are and economic conditions that ought to be and will be. It is certain that in this conflict man shall at last be victor. The universe is on his side. The stars in their courses fight for him. His cause is one to which the great natural laws and forces are committed. However gloomy may appear the outlook to the superficial observer, the thoughtful student even now has caught the gleam of the rainbow promise of that industrial freedom which is just ahead.

Ours is the transition period. In the western sky can still be seen the crimson rays from the descending sun of the closing day, while in the east the first gray streaks from the ascending sun of the New Day are appearing—a day of larger liberty, more complete justice and wider brotherhood than any the world has yet known—a day wherein man, not Mammon, shall rule.*

*"The Religion of a Socialist," pp. 23-29.

XVI.

A SOCIETY OF USEFUL WORKERS.

BY JAMES ONEAL.

Socialism, having for its object the industrial and political unity of workingmen, will, when triumphant, restore the magnificent resources of America to the workers from whom they were stolen in the first place. It will transfer to the people all the mills, mines, factories, railways and all the other powers of wealth-production and distribution to be publicly owned, operated and managed by all in the interest and for the common good of all. Capitalist ownership for capitalist enrichment will be replaced by common ownership in behalf of the useful wealth producers.

The machine and factory system are both the social achievements of all the workers of the past and present. Each generation has improved the wealth-productive powers of their time and passed them on to their children who performed a like service for the race. These powers incarnate the blood and tears and genius of all the workers that have gone before, and to allow a few idle capitalists and stock gamblers to possess them and juggle with the happiness of millions is a crime against the human race.

Class ownership must give way to the next revolution, the revolution that will place the workers in possession of the governing and industrial powers of today. Co-operative labor in the factories must be supplemented with co-operative ownership and control. Capitalist society itself has developed the framework of the new Socialist society. We do not have to build, but transform. Co-operative social production is displacing individual hand methods in all fields of industry. The owners are simply gamblers on the toil of the workers. Owning sugar stock today they trade it for steel tomorrow; for railway stock the next day, and for other stock the next, and so on without end. They never know the plants the stocks represent, or the process of pro-

ducing the given commodities with them. As gamblers or idle owners sailing the seas they perform no service of use to mankind. They must go the way of the baron of the crags and the Roman masters when they no longer serve society in a useful capacity.

The response the workers get for their demand is the response every ruling class in history has given to the demands of its victims. "You will overthrow morality, break up the family, destroy religion," and all the other institutions of today. Yet the capitalist class drags all these in the muck and mire and makes a wretched botch of everything it touches. The thinking worker laughs at these pretenses and adds to the number of those who prepare to topple over the vulgar parvenues and the servile parrots who sing their praises.

The modern Socialist can well stand erect knowing that the Socialist movement has gathered to itself the scholarship, learning, science and philosophy of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. In no political gatherings outside of the Socialist movement are the writings of the great philosophers and scientists discussed and appreciated. This movement represents not only the next political, social and industrial advance of mankind, but it also preserves the culture and learning of our time. What use have capitalist parties for the names or writings of Marx, Engels, Huxley, Darwin, Tolstoy, London, Buckle, Ibsen and the host of others that have enriched the literature of the world? The Socialist movement will hand this rich legacy on to the people of the future while its enemies will leave only the memory of the evil they have done and merit the contempt of mankind.

The final fruition of the workers' struggles in America is not hard to predict. Blunder as we may, go down in defeat as often as we will; betrayed by some, deserted by others, and our advance retarded by the timid and faltering, the hour will come when the working class with its new ideals—the greatest known in history—will stand on the

summit of the modern world. They will clear the swamps and cesspools of society that remind us of the past and place the governing powers in the hands of all. Possession of these by all and for all will incarnate in all our institutions the fellowship that today is found only in the ripest form among the long-suffering, organized working class. They will transform every factory into a palace of art and every workshop into a studio where "all will be joy-smiths and their task shall be to beat out laughter from the ringing anvil of life."*

*"The Workers in American History," pp. 231-34.

XVII.

SOCIALISM: ITS SPIRIT AND AIM.

BY CHARLES H. VAIL.

The spirit of Socialism is fraternal, and its aim is to realize the brotherhood of man in all the relations of life. It recognizes the solidarity of the human race, and would surround men with an economic and social environment that would minister to that ideal.

While Socialism would minister to such self-love as is necessary to the highest endeavor, it would completely destroy selfishness, the essence of all evil. Those who declare competition to be the motive force of civilization usually confound self-love with selfishness. Self-love, which consists of a due care of one's own interests and well-being and which is perfectly compatible with justice and generosity, is not only desirable but legitimate. This principle has always been a motive force in progress, but it must not be confounded with selfishness, which consists of an inordinate love of self—a regard for one's own interests regardless of, or at the expense of, the interests of others. While self-love is legitimate and may minister to man's development and the progress of the race, selfishness, the essence of competition, can only retard and degrade. When self-love becomes selfishness it defeats its own end.

Our present competitive system is one of antagonisms, in which the interests of every man are set against the interests of every other man. Under such a system true altruism is impossible. There is scarcely a field today where selfish interests, begotten by a selfish system, do not dominate. Just as long as it is for man's interest to be selfish and dishonest we need expect no improvement. It is useless to lament the perfidy, dishonor and selfishness of men so long as we retain a false organization of society. Surely we ought not to expect the law of love to be practiced in

the environment of the law of strife. How can we expect men to serve their fellows when such service is injurious to themselves? Sermons will not extirpate the evil; it is too deep seated, it inheres in the system itself. We may preach brotherly love, but we ought not to be so foolish as to expect it to be practiced under the present order. Private gain is the cause of selfishness, and so long as men can advance their own interests at the expense of others just so long the root of the evil will remain untouched. Selfishness cannot be eradicated under a system of selfishness.

Socialism would completely destroy selfishness by removing the cause. Selfishness is possible only when one man can gain at the expense of another. Under Socialism no one could thus gain, for the interests of every man would be identical with the interests of every other man. No one could serve his own interests without serving the interests of others, and conversely, no one could injure others without injuring himself. Socialism would make the interests of one identical with the interests of all. It would realize the solidarity of humanity. The unity of mankind can be realized only by this unity of human interests. When society is thus organized, that which is advantageous to one would be advantageous to all. Under such a system the evil of selfishness would be plucked up by the roots; both motive and opportunity would be eliminated. Socialism would thus realize the brotherhood of man and reduce the Golden Rule to practice.*

*"Principles of Scientific Socialism," pp. 102-4.

XVIII.

THE DELIRIUM OF THE WAR SPIRIT.

BY GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND.

Militarism, like every power that ever has existed on this earth—like liquor, like capitalism itself—has spun its own protective integument and surrounded itself with the aura of romance and interest. Rum has conjured up an integument of jollity and good cheer and hearty fellowship, as its protection against the grim facts. Capitalism has spun its sheath of success and reward, for like purpose. So too militarism. It has appropriated many “blessed words” like patriotism, glory, honor, heroism, and has enhaloed itself with all the virtues which in reality it is distinguished by not possessing at all; and thus has woven so fairy a spell about the art of butchery as to make it even “the last refuge of a scoundrel.” This, then, is its integument.

The tremendous power and influence of militarism and its parent, capitalism, are turned toward suppressing just those unpleasant rawnesses, and toward making the butchery business more attractive than any other. Governments do not distribute Verestchagin’s work. They put up fancy war posters. Uniforms, flags, music, processions, special privileges, honors and rewards and medals and gold lace are the meed of the killer. All the most extraordinary mechanical and chemical processes and instruments subserve Mars. Never does the average man direct or handle such accurate, splendid and powerful mechanisms as when at war. Power and accuracy are joys to the senses. They conceal the horrid wound, five miles away over the hill. It surely is a pleasure to fire a rifle. Gunners come to love their shining guns. These terrible playthings are put into the hands of men who are taught and bidden to use them, and who come to love to use them. After a while, man-killing becomes the only worth-while sport. To hunt *Homo Sapiens* outclasses all other hunting. That hunted *Homo* may be, and probably

is, a husband and father; but if one has acquired the instinct of the man-chase, one comes to say, with Ivan Ivanovitch: "*Nitchevo!*"

Shaw hits the nail with such singular accuracy and force, in "Man and Superman," that he drives it clean to the head. Says he, in the Devil's speech in Don Juan and Ana:

" . . . In the arts of death, Man outdoes Nature herself, and produces by chemistry and machinery all the slaughter of pestilence and famine.

"The peasant I tempt today eats and drinks what was eaten and drunk by the peasants ten thousands years ago; and the house he lives in has not altered so much in a thousand years as the fashion of a lady's bonnet in a score of weeks. But when he goes out to slay, he carries a marvel of mechanism that lets loose at the touch of his finger all the hidden molecular energies, and leaves the javelin, the arrow, the blowpipe of his fathers far behind.

"In the arts of life, Man is a bungler. I have seen his . . . clumsy typewriters and bungling locomotives and tedious bicycles. They are toys, compared to the Maxim gun or the submarine torpedo-boat. There is nothing in Man's industrial machinery but his greed and sloth; his heart is in his weapons!"

And why? Because those weapons have given mankind the thrill of power. To construct is long and tedious; to destroy, swift and spectacular. The weapons have been the means to exciting, stimulating activities—a form of national alcohol, for mass-drunks. The ruling class of every age has recognized this fact and fostered this drunkenness. Working with, instead of against, man's basic psychology, it has enlisted for its own purposes those ideals which have seemed highest to mankind, and has perverted them to its own uses. Patriotism it has always made synonymous, in all crises, with butchering the outlander. Wisely has it spread its lures. Poet and painter, cleric and king have all spread the bait; and today even the school boys are being

reached and baited; and the work is going on apace—psychologically!

So starved are the dull masses of the proletaire for music, excitement, color, life, motion, power, self-expression, that to escape the drab monotone of life they rush into the crimson. How cleverly, in that Pied Piper on-leading by the masters, on to the trenches, have those masters played the pipes, the shrilling, alluring pipes of war! That martial air has held no hint of wounds and pain, anguish and death and vultures and trenches crammed with corruption. No! All such would unfavorably react on the mob-psychology. Let the tune, therefore, sing of the flag, the rushing charge, the flashing saber, the wild ride to victory!

To arms! To arms!

Just to lure them to the trenches, all these decorations, this music, this brass, these medals, these red and blue clothes, this cheering and frippery and waving of flags. Just for this—nothing more!

XIX.

REVOLUTION.

MAY DAY GREETINGS, 1907.

BY EUGENE V. DEBS.

Slavery, even the most abject—dumb and despairing as it may seem—has yet its inspiration. . . . Chain and slave as you will, O Masters, brutalize him as you may, yet in his soul, though dead, he yearns for freedom still.

The great discovery the modern slaves have made is that they themselves their freedom must achieve. This is the secret of their solidarity; the heart of their hope; the inspiration that nerves them all with sinews of steel.

They are still in bondage, but no longer cower,
No longer grovel in the dust,
But stand erect like men.

Conscious of their growing power, the future holds out to them her outstretched hands.

As the slavery of the working class is international, so the movement for its emancipation.

The salutation of slave to slave this day is repeated in every human tongue as it goes ringing round the world.

The many millions are at last awakening. For countless ages they have suffered; drained to the dregs the bitter cup of misery and woe.

At last, at last, the historic limitation has been reached, and soon a new sun will light the world.

Red is the life-tide of our common humanity and red our symbol of universal kinship.

Tyrants deny it; fear it; tremble with rage and terror when they behold it.

We reaffirm it and on this day pledge anew our fidelity—come life or death—to the blood-red banner of the revolution.

Socialist greetings this day to all our fellow-workers! To the god-like souls in Russia marching grimly, sublimely into the jaws of hell with the song of the revolution in their death-rattle; to the Orient, the Occident and all the isles of the sea!

VIVE LA REVOLUTION!

The most heroic word in all languages is REVOLUTION.

It thrills and vibrates; cheers and inspires. Tyrants and time-servers fear it, but the oppressed hail it with joy.

The throne trembles when this throbbing word is lisped, but to the hovels it is food for the famishing and hope for the victims of despair.

Let us glorify today the revolutions of the past and hail the Greater Revolution yet to come before emancipation shall make all the days of the year May days of peace and plenty for the sons and daughters of toil.*

*"Debs: His Life, Writings and Speeches," 305-6.

XX.

THE CURSE OF POVERTY.

BY ALGERNON SIDNEY CRAPSEY.

If we would understand how entirely poverty is a disease of civilization we have but to contrast the condition of a western farmer fighting his way through a blinding blizzard of snow with that of a homeless wretch who sleeps under the arches of Waterloo bridge. The farmer may perish before he reaches his home and his flesh become carrion for coyotes, but we do not think of him and his misfortune with that pity which is akin to contempt. His life is one of peril, but not of degradation; he dies bravely fighting the forces of nature face to face. But the man who sleeps on the benches of the embankment and under the arches of the bridge and walks the streets by night to keep himself warm is an object of contempt as well as of compassion. His keenest sufferings come not from his material but from his mental and spiritual pains. He is oppressed not so much by the gnawing of hunger and the biting of the cold as he is by a sense of failure, of shame and injustice.

His condition is both his fault and his misfortune. He is starving in the midst of plenty. On every side of him are comfortable homes in which he has no place, firesides that he cannot share; in his sight is abundance of food which his hunger craves but which he dares not take. It is not nature that is cruel and niggardly, it is his brother man. This man is not a drunken sot; or if he is, his drunkenness is more often the effect than the cause of his misery. In the greater number of cases he is an English workingman out of a job, who has spent his strength creating the wealth of England, and in that wealth we are to find the sources of his poverty. Justice has failed to give him the due reward of his toil. His employer has taken an undue share of his earnings; the landlord and the merchant

have taken an undue share of his spendings; and now that he is out of employment—because there are too many of him, or because he is sick or too old—he is on the street forlorn and penniless, an object of pity and contempt.

No one can walk through the streets of East London where thousands of these men are listlessly leaning against the wall, looking with blank, hopeless gaze on the light of day, without a feeling of horror. Are these the streets of a civilized, Christian city or are they the pavements of hell? These men belong to a disinherited, degraded race of men. They are the children of the serfs and slaves of older periods of human history. They and the like of them have exhausted their life-energy in promoting the wealth of England, and now England turns them out to die in shame and sorrow. The employer, the landlord, and the merchant all live in comfort, and some of them in luxury; they pass their days in the sacred atmosphere of respectability; they die decently in their beds and are buried with pomp and piety; while these men and women, who have done the hard, rough work that renders the higher life of the privileged classes possible, are deprived of most of the comforts and many of the necessities of life, they are despised by those whom they serve and in many cases they die in pauper beds and are buried in pauper graves.*

*"The Rise of the Working Class," pp. 334-36.

XXI.

THE CLAIM OF JUSTICE.

BY WILLIAM MORRIS.

I have looked at this claim by the light of history and my own conscience, and it seems to me so looked at to be a most just claim, and that resistance to it means nothing short of a denial of the hope of civilization.

This then is the claim:—

It is right and necessary that all men should have work to do which shall be worth doing, and be of itself pleasant to do: and which should be done under such conditions as would make it neither over-wearisome nor over-anxious.

Turn that claim about as I may, think of it as long as I can, I cannot find that it is an exorbitant claim; yet again I say if society would or could admit it, the face of the world would be changed; discontent and strife and dishonesty would be ended. To feel that we were doing work useful to others and pleasant to ourselves, and that such work and its due reward could not fail us! What serious harm could happen to us then? And the price to be paid for so making the world happy is the Revolution.

XXII.

WHAT THE SOCIALIST WANTS.

BY H. G. WELLS.

The Socialist, inspired by this conception of a possible, frank and comprehensive social order to which mean and narrow things must be sacrificed, attacks and criticises the existing order of things at a great number of points and in a great variety of phraseology. At all points, however, you will find upon analysis that his criticism amounts to a declaration that there is wanting a sufficiency of constructive design. That in the last resort is what he always comes to.

He wants a complete organization for all those human affairs that are of collective importance. He says, to take instances almost haphazard, that our ways of manufacturing a great multitude of necessary things, of getting and distributing food, of conducting all sorts of business, of begetting and rearing children, of permitting diseases to engender and spread, are chaotic and undisciplined; so badly done that here is enormous hardship and there enormous waste, here excess and degeneration, and there privation and death. He declares that for these collective purposes, in the satisfaction of these universal needs, mankind presents the appearance and follows the methods of a mob when it ought to follow the method of an army. In place of disorderly individual effort, each man doing what he pleases, the Socialist wants organized effort and a plan. And while the scientific man seeks to make an orderly map of the half-explored wilderness of fact, the Socialist seeks to make an orderly plan for the half-conceived wilderness of human effort.

That, and no other, is the essential Socialist idea.

But do not let this image mislead you. When the Socialist speaks of a plan, he knows clearly that it is impossible to make a plan as an architect makes a plan, because

while the architect deals with dead stone and timber, the statesman and Socialist deal with living and striving things. But he seeks to make a plan as one designs and lays out a garden, so that sweet and seemly things may grow, wide and beautiful vistas open, and weeds and foulness disappear. Always a garden plan develops and renews itself and discovers new possibilities, but, for all that, what makes all its graciousness and beauty possible is the scheme and the persistent intention, the watching and waiting, the digging and burning, the weeder clips and the hoe. That is the sort of plan, a living plan for things that live and grow, that the Socialist seeks for social and national life.*

*"New Worlds for Old," pp. 24-26.

XXIII.

MAKE USE OF THE PRESENT.

BY GEORGE R. KIRKPATRICK.

Progress cannot wait till timid people tiptoe back across two or three generations to get the approval of their dead ancestors—to ask the dead what the living shall think and do and be. Up from the solemn tombs of ten thousand years of tyranny and timidity the unanimous voice of the greedy mighty and of the timid ignorant would come in answer: The slave should remain a slave—and breed a slave.

But the living know more—about the present—than the dead know. The present is ours—ours for the work of progress, ever scornful of approval. The future belongs to those who shall live the greater life, the ever *expanding* life.

To wait for the approval of the tyrannical is dangerous. To linger for the approval of the timid is ridiculous. Cunning tyranny and ignorant timidity never make willing contributions to the sublime chorus of human progress. Growth, the supreme right of the soul, is to be *seized and urged by those who see*—see ahead—far ahead. . . .

Reason is treason against tyranny. The expulsion from the brain of slaves of those ideas by means of which the greedy few rule the gullible many—this is growth, this is the fascinating social process of progress, humanity's upward life on this earth—the climax: Freedom and Fraternity.

The torch of Freedom and Fraternity is literature—the *literature of the revolution*. And that torch is ready, ready for use by that *rare* slave, the slave with courage. . . .

In the words of the king of orator-agitators, Wendell Phillips, who gave his long, strong life to the working class: "A humble slave I despise. A rebellious slave I respect."*

*"Think—or Surrender," pp. 4, 8.

XXIV.

THE REVOLUTION IN RETROSPECT.

A GLANCE FROM THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY AT
THE TWENTIETH.

BY EDWARD BELLAMY.

“You know the story of that last, greatest, and most bloodless of revolutions. In the time of one generation men laid aside the social traditions and practices of barbarians, and assumed a social order worthy of rational and human beings. Ceasing to be predatory in their habits, they became co-workers, and found in fraternity, at once, the science of wealth and happiness. ‘What shall I eat and drink, and wherewithal shall I be clothed?’ stated as a problem beginning and ending in self, had been an anxious and an endless one. But when once it was conceived, not from the individual, but the fraternal standpoint, ‘What shall we eat and drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?’—its difficulties vanished.

“Poverty with servitude had been the result, for the mass of humanity, of attempting to solve the problem of maintenance from the individual standpoint, but no sooner had the nation become the sole capitalist and employer than not alone did plenty replace poverty, but the last vestige of the serfdom of man to man disappeared from earth. Human slavery, so often vainly scotched, at last was killed. The means of subsistence no longer doled out by men to women, by employer to employed, by rich to poor, was distributed from a common stock as among children at the father’s table. It was impossible for a man any longer to use his fellowmen as tools for his own profit. His esteem was the only sort of gain he could henceforth make out of him. There was no more either arrogance or servility in the relations of human beings to one another. For the first time since the creation every man stood up straight before God. The fear of want and the lust of gain became extinct

motives when abundance was assured to all and immoderate possessions made impossible of attainment. There were no more beggars nor almoners. Equity left charity without an occupation. The ten commandments became well-nigh obsolete in a world where there was no temptation to theft, no occasion to lie either for fear or favor, no room for envy where all were equal, and little provocation to violence where men were disarmed of power to injure one another. Humanity's ancient dream of liberty, equality, fraternity, mocked by so many ages, at last was realized.

"As in the old society the generous, the just, the tender-hearted had been placed at a disadvantage by the possession of those qualities, so in the new society the cold-hearted, the greedy and self-seeking found themselves out of joint with the world. Now that the conditions of life for the first time ceased to operate as a forcing process to develop the brutal qualities of human nature, and the premium which had heretofore encouraged selfishness was not only removed, but placed upon unselfishness, it was for the first time possible to see what unperverted human nature really was like. . . .

"Do you ask what we look for when unnumbered generations shall have passed away? I answer, the way stretches far before us, but the end is lost in light. For twofold is the return of man to God 'who is our home,' the return of the individual by the way of death, and the return of the race by the fulfillment of the evolution, when the divine secret hidden in the germ shall be perfectly unfolded. With a tear for the dark past, turn we then to the dazzling future, and, veiling our eyes, press forward. The long and weary winter of the race is ended. Its summer has begun. Humanity has burst the chrysalis. The heavens are before it."

*"Looking Backward," pp. 285-87, 292.

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