

## The Approaching Day.

Tune—St. Patrick's Day.

'Tis coming, the glorious dawn of the morning,  
 And darkness is shrinking away from our earth;  
 And the men all the errors of age are scorning.  
 The long night of sorrow, of danger, and dearth  
 Gives place to the sunrise of Freedom, so splendid,  
 So bright, so refulgent—it's life-giving ray  
 Tells the reign and the might of Dominion has ended,  
 And all the foul wrongs that for aye it attended,  
 Like phantoms of night they are passing away:  
 In love and in knowlege all hearts will be blended  
 When we stand in the light of approaching day.

My comrades, the tears and the sorrows of ages  
 Have brought us the joy of the fast coming light.  
 The blood of our martyrs, our heroes and sages,  
 Was shed for our victory in the fight.  
 So we'll swear by our dead that the cause we inherit  
 We'll cherish unspotted and stainless always;  
 And though death be our meed, yet undaunted we'll dare it  
 Till the fulness of time brings the measure of merit,  
 And Labor stands armed in battle array;  
 We'll prove we are heirs of the heart and the spirit  
 That died for the light of approaching day.

'Tis coming at last! in the blaze of its splendour  
 We'll know what so long has been hid from our ken;  
 And the Cause we all love has been hid from our ken;  
 Earth's dumb-driven slaves into nations of men!  
 Raise the Red Flag above us; the banner of Freedom,  
 The emblem of Right; tho' the fear-stricken may  
 Shrink back from the onset; yet why should we heed 'em?  
 Our hosts they will never want brave hearts to lead 'em  
 To triumph, through storm and thunder and fray;  
 And the weakness of fear, it would only impede 'em  
 Who fight for the light of approaching day.

—JOHN LESLIE.



## "Chivalrous Economics"

Mr. G. H. Reid's Economic Idiosyncrasies.

By H.E.H.

If the "S.M. Herald's" report of Mr. G. H. Reid's address to the Methodist Young Men's Institute at Paddington, on Thursday night, is a correct representation of what was said, Mr. Reid has once more bared himself as a deplorably badly-informed individual, and also as a person with a shocking and reckless disregard for ordinary fact. His allegation that Pluto was the originator of Socialism is just too laughable for anything; and—if it were not that Mr. Reid's comical blunders and economic misconceptions render it easy to understand that he may be quite as capable of mixing up the Plato of history and the Pluto of mythology just in the same way that he mixes politics and economics—one might be inclined to think that Mr. Reid was misreported. The alleged descent of Plato from Poseidon, brother to Pluto, may have had something to do with Mr. Reid's tangle; but even if Mr. Reid meant to say Plato, and said Pluto instead, it is sufficient to mention that Plato lived over 23 centuries back, when human

society had before it a long process of economic development and when men dreamed of many Utopias, but when none understood the inevitable trend of human progress. For the one solid reason that Socialism is the next inevitable stage in the march of Human Progression, it could never have an "originator." Most economic students—even the greenest of them—understand this; but little things like economic facts don't appear to worry Mr. Reid, who piles inaccuracy on misstatement and misstatement on inaccuracy. He says:

In America the people had started with a Constitution which made them the freest of the free. To-day they were among the most oppressed. There was no more pitiful sight than to see America's multi-millionaires, with money ground out of the blood of the people, giving libraries, colleges, and churches. But divide their mysteriously-gotten gains among America's 80,000,000 people, and the conditions would be worse than before.

And again—

If everything were divided equally to-morrow, the same state of affairs would arise again.

Mr. Reid does not say so in so many words, but with all the cunning of the lawyer he inferentially conveys to his audience the idea that the Socialists propose to "divide-up" the wealth now held by the Capitalists. Of course, Mr. Reid knows that any ordinary dictionary definition would upset that idea, and he knows

also that falsehood by inference is the meanest and most cowardly form of falsehood. Yet, so poor and so weak is the case against Socialism that the champion of Capitalism can't find any better weapon than this one of inferential falsehood. His asseveration that by their written constitution the people of the United States were made the "freest of the free" is as ludicrous as it is insincere; for everybody knows that when Mr. Reid was fighting the Federal Constitution Bill, one of his reasons for opposing that measure was that the proposed Federal Constitution too closely resembled the iron framed unalterable Constitution of the United States! The American people have never yet known economic freedom—and, since political freedom can only generate and spring into life in the rich soil of correct economic conditions, they have also never known political freedom. They are in practically the same position as the people of England, Germany, and other highly-developed capitalist countries.

So far from Pluto or anybody else being its originator, Socialism is not a creation of the brain of any thinker or dreamer. It is (as Frederick Engels put it) "the necessary

outcome of the struggle between two historically-developed classes—the Working Class and the Capitalist Class. Its task is not to manufacture a system of Society as perfect as possible, but to examine the historico-economic succession of events, from which classes and their antagonisms of necessity spring, and to discover in the economic conditions created the means of ending the conflict."

Unpaid Labor forms the basis of capitalist production. The Capitalist Class own the land and the machinery of production. The workers must till the land and operate the machinery of production if they are to procure food, clothing, and shelter—essentials to human life and happiness. Before they can gain access to the land and machinery; however, the workers must sell their laboring-power (the only marketable commodity they as a class possess) to the capitalist class. By reason of this selling process the workers may not belong to any individual employer, but (as Marx has said) they do belong to the Capitalist Class, whose wage-slaves they are in perpetuity while Capitalism lasts. For the sale of their laboring-power, the workers receive a little more than one third of the total wealth they



produce. The other two-thirds constitute what is known as Surplus Value. On this Surplus Value the wealthy idle class—for whom Mr. Reid is such a vigorous even if reckless champion—exists. Out of Surplus Value they build palatial residences at Potts Points, and likewise their mercantile establishments that scrape the skies from the city centres and in which they sweat the workers and their sons and daughters. On Surplus Value all our civil and religious institutions rest, and all our capitalistic civilisation is founded.

The Socialists hold that wealth should belong to the people who create it; that the land and machinery should be owned collectively by the people who are the land-tillers and machinery-operators. The exploitation of the workers and the appropriation by an idle, useless class of two-thirds of the product of Labor, the Socialists describe as Economic Thieving which should not be permitted to continue.

Under Socialism, honest labor will constitute a man's right to live. Under the Capitalism that Mr. Reid stands for, the antithesis of honest labor gives the right to life and luxury.

Mr. Reid further says:—  
The Newcastle coal miners had recently de-

manded a Special Arbitration Court to investigate their grievances, and got it. Had they played up in the same way in a Socialist State, the answer would have been the march of troops and the sound of the military drum.

In the first place, Mr. Reid is guilty of an additional misstatement when he suggests that the Newcastle miners' trouble originated because of a desire for a special Arbitration Court. Their attitude was that of rebellion against conditions that didn't suit them. Mr. Reid's sneer is both untruthful and an insult to a great body of honest workers. But it serves to further demonstrate how utterly incapable Mr. Reid is of meeting the Socialists as an opponent who understands them well enough to combat their principles. Under Socialism there would be no economic stealings, and the miners would receive the value of the wealth won by their exertions from nature. Therefore, there would be no reason for them to "play up"—as Mr. Reid so offensively puts it. And in a Socialist State there would be no "tramping troops and military drum" so dear to the Capitalist mind; neither would there be any attempt to compel men to work if they didn't want to.

"Two things," Mr. Reid says, are fatal to Socialism—innate qualities of individualism and competition." Pro-

fessor Wilson has admirably given the answer to this in his speech reported in Saturday's "Herald."

But the most entertaining part of Mr. Reid's mass of misstatements and inaccuracies is summed up in that part of the "Herald's" report in which he declares that the solution of our troubles lies in "applying the golden rule to Capital, Industry, and Labor."

Capital! Industry! Labor!

What is capital?

Capital is that portion of wealth employed in production for the making of profits: for the stealing of Surplus Value! To "apply the golden rule" to capital, it must first be conceded that the appropriation of Surplus Value by a few idlers is a correct thing.

And in what way does Mr. Reid distinguish between "Labor" and "Industry?"

Every decent working-class man and woman will resent Mr. Reid's patronising affront to "raising labor . . . to the intellectual standard of the capitalist." According to Mr. Reid's own showing, the intellectual standard of capitalism finds its level in grinding the faces of the poor and piling up huge profits, and subsidising libraries and churches

with money ground out of the sweat and blood of the people. And this is the "intellectual standard" the workers are to be raised to.

It is worth noting that while Mr. Reid objects to American capitalists building churches with the money they sweat from the workers, he has never raised his voice—and never will raise it—against capitalists of the Ebenezer Vickery-William White type who brutally sweat the workers and build churches in Australia out of the blood money. Mr. Reid occasionally takes a seat on the platform with them and eulogises them for their Christian beneficence.

The attempts to regulate wages are simply the ineffective efforts of the people who don't know. After the Black Death, it was Mr. Reid's class that brutally formulated a scale of wages and fixed penalties for the giving or taking of a greater sum than was scheduled. But Mr. Reid didn't tell his hearers that his class did that. That was one way of meeting the growing demands of the workers under a highly-increased cost of living for a greater share of the wealth they produced. The Labor Party's efforts to "regulate" wages are also the efforts of



people who don't know. The Socialist does not aim at "regulating wages." He seeks to abolish the wage system altogether.

In the meantime, economic pressure is steadily forcing the education of the workers, and when the necessary "intellectual standard" shall have been reached, there won't be any more Capitalists; for the workers will have decreed that "He that will not work neither shall he eat."

And that's the nightmare that sits on the collective stomach of Mr. Reid and his class, and makes their shriek such a terrified shriek.

An English parliamentary report for 1906 tells of 48 persons, who, according to coroners' juries, either died from starvation or their death was accelerated by privation. Seven of these were under 40 years of age, and one was a baby only four weeks old. It would be interesting to know how many capitalists and members of the royal family were included in the year's crop.—"Western Clarion."

"Review" subscription, 4/ per year in advance.

The International Socialists are the workers' fighting party in Australia.

## To Correspondents.

B., Young.—Thanks. Interesting and amusing. Dealt with in this issue.

WORKER.—Honest Socialists who understand the Socialist movement will not descend to the treachery of slandering other Socialists. Men guilty of that sort of thing undoubtedly fasten on themselves a very ugly suspicion. Anyhow, our time is fully taken up with the fight against Capitalism, and it's only a matter of time when the Socialist movement will rid itself of persons whose individual jealousies or stronger considerations drive them to blackleg tactics.

READER.—Will probably deal with Judge Simpson in a future issue.

J.M.N., Newcastle.—The International Socialists stand on the solid rock of a clear recognition of the causes that generate the class struggle. They do not compromise in any particular.

A. ROBINSON, Darlington.—The S.F.A. Conference adopted the preamble, and ordinary courtesy as well as an honest desire for success would have prompted notification. Your letter is too long to permit of a detailed reply in the "Review." Call at this office.

On Monday evening, December 16, a concert and social will be held in the Federation Hall, Sydney, in aid of Mr. Herbert Wilkinson ("Wilkie"), who sustained a compound fracture of the arm while working as a coal lumper, and has been incapacitated for several months in consequence.

Driver Mitchell (brother of Mrs. Kenn, secretary of the Tailoresses' Union) and his fireman, by a plucky bit of work in handling a train that ran off the line at Breeza over open points, saved a good many lives. They jeopardised their own lives—and the other day the Department presented each of them with a pendant! That is the capitalist way of rewarding working-class heroism.

The Royal Commission's report bears out the correctness of the miners' objections re the danger to human life from the presence of electrical machines in the mines. It also throws a lurid light on the brutality and callousness of the mine-owners, who locked out whole mines because the men at the machines refused to further endanger their lives.

Young "Argus," referring to the visit of Mrs. Parkes to Vic. Socialist Sandy School, says: "It must have been an experience for her, and there is hope now that in her addresses she will avoid those stupid interpretations of Socialism with which she was wont to inflict her audiences."

## Is it Worth the Price?

From the "Western Clarion."

The average person is never tired of boasting about the wonderful achievements of modern civilisation. Although he may not possess the second shirt to his back he points with pride to "our" huge factories, far-reaching railway lines, gigantic steamships, towering buildings, vast and well tilled fields. As to "our" enormous wealth production he grows loquacious in the extreme and quotes statistics that run up into fabulous figures with the grace and abandon of one to whom billions are a bagatelle and millions merely small change. And yet this boastful but impecunious ass is no inventor of Munchausen tales. The huge factories dot the earth everywhere, polluting the landscape with their unsightly vomitings. The railways encircle the globe. The ocean leviathans plow every sea, and the well-tilled fields stretch far down the horizon. Buildings pour to the skies and the volume of wealth poured forth by the hand of Labor is overwhelming in its immensity and incapable of being expressed in figures less than fabulous. All of these are here as an attestation of the

mighty achievements of modern civilization. But the question arises are these mighty achievements worth the price that humanity is paying for them?

To answer the question it is but necessary to ascertain what the price is, and this may be determined by noting the conditions and circumstances under which the human family is existing and the physical and moral results issuing therefrom.

To everyone who is inclined to draw his conclusions from the facts, it is well known that the vast majority of the people in all civilized countries lead lives of arduous and ill-paid toil that cannot fail to result in physical and moral degeneration. That it does so result is attested by every investigation made into the conditions of the poor in the congested quarters of great centres of population like London or New York. Driven as they are to the limit of human endurance in factory, mill and sweatshop, and because of their meagre wages forced to crowd into narrow quarters and subsist upon a scanty supply of food of the cheapest and most inferior quality, the healthy, physical and moral development of these urchins of modern industry is out of the question. The effect of such



conditions and surroundings upon their offspring is known to every observer or investigator of the factory and sweatshop districts.

The one fact of modern civilization that stands pre-eminent above all others is the rottenness and corruption prevalent among the so-called "upper colesces." Every daily newspaper is teeming with accounts of graft, chicanery, and swindling among the "better element." At one time it is a huge insurance swindle, at another a "Beef Scandal." Then it is "Standard Oil revelations" or a Pennsylvania Capitol steal, followed by disclosures of railway graft or timber stealing. From top to bottom the entire exploiting world is stinking with its own rottenness and corruption. From the big fellow who engineers his million dollar swindles down to the little cockroach whose thefts are measured by pennies, all are "tarred with the same stick." All follow the same moral code of graft and swindle. The moral degeneracy of the slums has its counterpart in the upper crust of modern society. The low vices of the one are duplicated in the other.

With all of the grandeur of modern achievements, in spite of the huge volume of

modern capitalist industry, the fact stands glaringly forth that social health and welfare are not being conserved. Both physically and morally the race is degenerating. It is being forced into physical and moral bankruptcy because of the fearful price it has to pay for those achievements of which the average man is so boastful.

Slavery is the price humanity is paying for all this. The achievements of slavery have, in the past, been great in their way. The slavery of Babylon, Egypt, Greece and Rome expressed itself in architectural achievement that has left its mark unto this day. But these ancient civilizations perished from their own rottenness and corruption, a rottenness and corruption arising from the slavery upon which their greatness in achievement was built. Slavery is a subtle poison that once injected into the veins of human society renders social peace, health and well-being impossible. Either it must be eliminated or society will stagger to collapse in the corruption and rottenness which it inevitably breeds.

Slavery is the mother of all crimes. It is the one fundamental crime from whose foul womb issues forth the multitude of evils, plagues, ulcers

and cancerous growths that gnaw at the vitals of human society, weaken its physical and moral fibre and pollute its existence.

It may be true that these achievements could not have been attained without the enslavement of Labor. It may be true that Labor would not have brought industrial development to its present scope and power unless driven under the lash. But even granting all this, now that this development has been attained, unless its benefits can be realized by the class whose Labor makes them possible, all of this mighty achievement is not worth the price that has been paid. Far better were the machinery of modern industry to vanish and the laborer revert to the freedom and primitive tools of his ancestors for his living than to stagger along under his present crushing burden and debasing slavery.

The benefits arising from modern industrial development can be turned to the account of the workers. This can only be done by the action of the workers themselves. When they set their hands to the task of ending their slavery by wresting from the capitalists their control of the means of production, it can be

accomplished. Their exploitation can be brought to an end. The chains of slavery will then be stricken from their limbs. With the end of slavery its poison virus will be eliminated from the veins of human society, and the social organism can again take on healthy and vigorous growth.

To break the chains of capitalist rule will require no mean effort. A class that has been long in power and well entrenched behind the bulwark of the State and its allied institutions will not be easily dislodged. But whatever the cost it is worth the price. Freedom is cheap no matter what the cost. Slavery, in no case, is worth the price.

---

Supposing, in the face of the facts and for the sake of argument, that the capitalist is a useful member of society, what then? He may, under the supposition, be entitled to his food, clothing and shelter the same as any other workingman. But does it follow therefrom that he shall have the power of life or death over thousands; that he shall be able to close down industry at will and throw workmen, their wives and children into absolute destruction.



It is all one to the capitalist, in the last analysis, what names or terms you have, so long as you leave with him the sources of industrial control. It is all one to the capitalist whether you have a Reform or a Labor Government, whether you have a Protestant or a Catholic faith, whether you ate a Jew or a Mohammedan or a Buddhist or an Agnostic, whether you have a Republic or a Monarchy, whether you have public or private schools, whether you have educated or illiterate ignorance, he will use them for his own power and increase.

The man who is well hated is always worth while—if it is the master class that hates him.

Last week's Melbourne "Socialist" printed an excellent article by R. S. Ross, of Broken Hill.

"Every period of prosperity must be followed by hard times," says the pin-headed wiseacre, just so, just so. The intoxication of capitalist prosperity must be followed by the "bust" head of hard times. Just the same as any other kind of drunk.

The socialised State lies straight in the pathway of social evolution, and if all propaganda were suppressed and every Socialist hanged it would make little difference; so-

cial necessity would again assert itself and men and movements would again appear to give it expression. The visible Socialist movement springs from facts and conditions, not from ideas, and to turn it or stop it one must be able to turn the stars of destiny from their courses, a task outside the range of any aggregation of affrighted parasites.

Held over: "A wheel in Sun-fire and Storm"—an account of a propaganda trip to the South Coast.

Subscription to the "Review" is 4s per year, or 1s per quarter, in advance. Send a Postal Note to the Press Secretary, 274 Pitt-st., Sydney.

## International Socialist Meetings

### Scott Bennett

Will speak at

DOMAIN, Sunday, 3—"Socialists' View of the French Revolution."

DARLINGHURST, Sunday, 7.30—The Meaning of Social Democracy.

I.S.C. ROOMS, 274 Pitt-street, Sydney—Tuesday, 8—"Evolution and Society."

## Clippings.

ACCORDING to Consulting Engineer Theodore Cooper, one of the witnesses before the Royal Commission investigating the causes of the collapse of the big Quebec bridge, that structure went down because of faulty construction due to the limited amount of money allowed for building it. As the bridge had to be designed so as to keep the cost within certain limits, a sacrifice of design far below the margin and of safety had to be made. As a consequence nearly a hundred workmen lost their lives. In the face of this sacrifice of human life upon the altar of capitalist profit hunger it is but poor satisfaction to know that the interest responsible for it suffered nothing but financial loss by the collapse of their rickety contraption.

"History has been the struggle on the part of those who made bread but did not have it, against those who had bread, but did not make it—the "bread" here symbolizing all the things that go to make up opportunity and privilege. Bread to eat means opportunity to live, and means power in one's hand. To be certain of one's bread is to have the ground of liberty under one's

feet. And to have power over another's bread, power to give or take it away, as may serve one's interest, is to have the power of life and death over another. And this is the one and only blasphemy, the supreme and desecrating sacrilege, from which all the blasphemies and sacrileges and human wrongs spring, that some people should control the lives of other people, their thoughts and aspirations, their judgment of right and wrong, the labor of their hands, the uplifting or the prostrating of their souls."

Socialism, like liberty or truth, is something you cannot have a part of; you must have the whole or you will have nothing; you can only gain or lose the whole, you cannot gain or lose a part. You may have municipal ownerships, nationalised transportation, initiative and referendum, civil service reform, and many other capitalist concessions, and be all the farther away from Social Democracy. So long as the foundation of society remains capitalistic, so long as there remains a single stronghold of the capitalist mode of production, so long as part of the people are able to own or control the bread, just so long we will have the myriad horrors of the capitalist state.



## Socialism in Sydney

ORGANIZER'S COLUMN.

ALTHOUGH the boisterous nature of the weather on Sunday evening prevented the Darlinghurst meeting from being held, the afternoon meeting more than compensated for the evening's disappointment. The attendance at the afternoon meeting was excellent from the beginning to the end of the meeting, and judging from the applause and interest displayed Scott Bennett's lecture on "The Russian Revolution" met with the appreciation of the audience. In addition to enrolling several new members the literature sellers were kept busy throughout. Although a good supply of "Reviews," "Socialist," etc., was brought to the meeting, the stock soon proved all too small! Comrade Hawkins made an excellent chairman, and Comrade Price delivered a short but pointed speech at the conclusion of the meeting. Scott Bennett's subject next Sunday will be "A Socialist's view of the French Revolution," as advertised elsewhere.

The Miller's Point meeting, the rain notwithstanding, eventuated. H. E. Holland being the speaker, and R. Price chairman.

Comrades are again reminded that the Xmas Festival takes place on December 26th. These gatherings have always been a great success, and there is every reason to believe that this year's festival will be no exception to the rule. Not the least attractive will be the large Xmas tree!

The usual propaganda meetings were held last week at Newtown and Darlinghurst. In both cases the meetings were well attended, the organiser had a number of questions mostly of a pertinent nature to answer at the close. As usual, the "Review" was well to the fore. There is no difficulty now in obtaining good audiences at the suburbs mentioned! The International Socialists can always rely upon large and appreciative audiences at their propaganda meetings.

A week or two ago the Club decided to hand over the club rooms on Tuesday evenings to the Group in order that a series of educational lectures might be given on the Tuesday in each week. It is gratifying to note that the audiences have been steadily growing in numbers, and as the lectures are open to the public a number of visitors have attended.

On Tuesday of last week Scott Bennett lectured on the "History of Man as told by Science." Much interest was

displayed in the lecture, and a very interesting discussion ensued. Comrade H. Dierks occupied the chair. Visitors are cordially invited to attend.

## "Common Sense" Pars.

Don't send the capitalist system to the laundry; let the rag man have it.

The line that separates legitimate from illegitimate business is a purely imaginary one.

Work! Work! All things depend on work! Man works first to sustain his own life, and then to sustain the loafers and pile up wealth for these fellows to get rich. The most essential fact in human society is the man that works. The fellow that loaf is of no more use to the advancement of the race than the fly in the soup.

Did it ever occur to you that working people are not regarded by the capitalist masters so much as human beings as that they are part of the machinery necessary to turn out profits so that the capitalists may live in luxury without working.

The only way to stop socialism is to stop people from thinking.

The whole bunch of the opponents of Socialism have not been able to dig up a single argument against Socialism.

## Other Lands.

ENGLAND.

London "Justice" says that the anti-Socialists campaign in England is developing into a roaring farce. Marx said that history is enacted twice, once as a tragedy, again as a farce; but in the case of a movement against Socialism the cart has somehow got before the horse. The tragic side of capitalist opposition has yet to come. Speaking of the quality of the anti-Socialist forces the same journal informs us that such a ragged Falstaffian army has seldom been seen in the history of political warfare. It has already become the standing joke of London!

Mr. G. W. Foote, writing in the "Freethinker," the organ of the National Secular Society, has in a recent number, a striking article entitled, "More Tolstoy."

"Tattler" of "Justice" has recently been conducting a controversy on the principles of the I.W.W. We venture to suggest to "Tattler" that Industrial Unionism is of more importance than he seems willing to admit.

GERMANY.

Prior to entering upon his

18 months' imprisonment for "treason," Karl Liebknecht appeared at a Berlin meeting in one of the largest halls, and four hours before the meeting the hall was packed. Needless to add he was received with boundless enthusiasm!

Readers of the "Review" will remember the recent libel in Germany, in which Harden, a writer of the sensational school was the defendant. He (Harden) had accused Von Moltke of sexual perversion. As showing the power of "Vorwaerts," the organ of the Social Democracy, the closing sentences of Harden's speech was not without their significance.

"What would have happened," said Harden, "if one day 'Vorwaerts' had published the whole story?" "I will not attempt to describe it, but in this light my services are very great. It is due to me that 'Vorwaerts' did not step in first."

INDIA.

The manager of "Landhya" has been arrested on a charge of sedition, and bail refused. The editor of the same paper, who was awaiting his trial on two similar charges, has died, and his funeral has made the occasion for an imposing native demonstration.



## Mrs. Hilma Molyneux-Parkes.

### Finds out Some Things

By H.E.H.

MRS. HILMA MOLYNEUX PARKES has been finding out things again. Mrs. Hilma Molyneux Parkes is a sort of professional agitator for the Anti-Socialist persons who run G. H. Reid and J. H. O'N. Carruthers for Parliament. A little over a year ago she visited the Southern Tablelands in the interests of the anti-Socialist persons, and when she returned to Sydney, Mrs. Hilma Molyneux Parkes told the "Daily Telegraph" a strange weird tale of how she found a woman at Queanbeyan; how the Queanbeyan woman had a son; and how the Queanbeyan woman's son had fallen under the influence of the Socialists, and had absolutely refused to do any more work, declaring that he would wait until the Capitalists' wealth was divided up by the Socialists, when there would be no need for him to work any more. The "Delirium Tremens" printed Mrs. Hilma Molyneux Parkes's story in all seriousness; and it was only after a local print had proclaimed the sorrowful fact that the

Queanbeyan woman with the son who wouldn't work was the original creation of Mrs. Hilma Molyneux Parkes' somewhat lively imagination, that the "D.T." came to the conclusion that, vulgarly speaking, Mrs. Molyneux Parkes had been severely pulling its senile leg.

From a Wagga paper we now learn that Mrs. Hilma Molyneux Parkes has been to Melbourne. This is the story she told to a Wagga audience:—

She went to a Socialist Sunday School conducted by Mr. Tom Mann, and was invited by him to take a class. With this request, of course, she did not comply. She witnessed the conduct of the lesson, and subsequently visited the Bijou Theatre, where a celebration was held in honor of four Socialists who were hung 20 years ago. Mr. Tom Mann delivered a hair-brained speech, and there was much waving of red flags. When at the Sunday School Mrs. Parkes sat under a banner on which the name of Karl Marx was printed. She said that her observations went to show that Socialism was a force to be reckoned with, and was not the bogie some people imagined it to be. What struck her strongly was the well-dressed and intelligent appearance of the company at the Socialist gatherings. Amongst the ladies were some wearing gowns fit to grace the lawn at the Melbourne Cup. The congregation did not by any means comprise the poor and the outcast or the stupid.

Mrs. Hilma Molyneux Parkes is learning things. Socialism is a force to be reckoned with. The Socialists were "well-dressed" and INTELLIGENT! Some of the ladies (a little while back they were only "women") were well gowned. (And Mrs. Hilma Molyneux Parkes—beholding

the gowns that were fit to grace the lawn at the Melbourne Cup—absolutely forgot to shriek out the anti-Socialist person's warning about the destruction of the marriage tie and the smashing down of religion and the dethronement of Providence. She was discovering that Socialism is not by any means the bogie she has spent the last few years in endeavoring to make people believe it to be. She was also finding out that Socialists are NOT by any means the poor and the outcast and the STUPID.

The patronising insolence of Mrs. Hilma Molyneux Parkes is characteristic of the class she speaks for. What the Socialists—and especially the women of the Socialist movement—want from Mrs. Hilma Molyneux Parkes and her employers before anything else is an honest apology for the torrent of vile slanders whose floodgates they unlocked in this State against Socialism and Socialists.

Newcastle miners are calling upon N.S.W. Labor Party to deal with Labor-member J. B. Nicholson, who urged the southern miners to "scab" on the northern men in the recent crisis. They will call in vain, because the Labor Party was a

whole stands on the same groundwork of middle-class interests as Mr. Nicholson.

C.E.F. Board of Management has called upon Illawarra miners' secretary Morgan to explain his attacks on the northern men during the recent crisis.

Sydney Dockers and Painters' Union has censured Sydney Labor Council for refusing to hear Scott-Bennett on "Industrial Unionism."

When the Deakin Gov. has appointed Mr. G. H. Reid to the position of Glorified Commission Agent (otherwise High Commissioner), it will have performed one of the rottenest and most shameless acts of barefaced corruption that Australia has yet known. And various colonial Capitalist Governments have done some passably dirty acts in their time.

## The Socialist

A bright exponent of International Socialism.

Official Organ of the Socialist Party of Victoria.

Published Weekly. Price, 1d  
Sydney Agency:

**The International Socialist Club**

274 Pitt-street, Sydney.

The "Socialist" is also sold at all meetings of the International Socialist Group.



## A Gleam of Sunshine.

Prize Paper by Mrs. Zoe Spencer  
in the "Clarion."

THE weekly misery of washing-day fills me with a feverish longing to break through the overwhelming bondage of poverty's cruel restraint. This jerry-built boiler has swallowed my last stick and match, yet still needs re-lighting. The rent collector has the money that later might have been exchanged for country air and beauty, thereby robbing lungs and brain of needful sustenance. I think of my empty purse, and as grey thoughts breed grey thoughts, they wander to Mrs. Jackson next door, haunted by the same miseries, a sickly child, and out-of-work husband; to another neighbor slowly dying, with the diet of a sparrow save for the scanty stores of friends around; the music-loving, scientific Batemans, slaving the hours away from sheer necessity. Indignation is almost absorbed by astonishment that my fellow-women seem to regard it as inevitable. Why should not they, too, share this wild longing for a freer brighter existence? Outside, Nature has wept with fearful, unsatisfied desire, until life, infinity it-

self, seems bounded by yard walls and straight lines of houses blackened by sooty streams of gloomy rain. Sitting on the piled clothes-basket, sick with the withered waste of life, I look dully at Marx's "Capitalism" resting on Schumann's "Traumerai," at the fiddle lying across a shelf of choice poetical, sociological, and historical books. At last! A gleam of sunshine glances through the window; my soul awakes again; an organ plays "La Marseillaise"—I remember Jarrow, Colne Valley, and—my weeson upstairs. Mothers! In our hands lies the hope of the world to come; in our guidance lie the unfettered souls of the little ones. Shall they be slaves or free—victims or conquerors? Will you, with me, seize the torch of life?

---

## A Blue Mark

Through this paragraph indicates that your Subscription to the "Review" has expired, and should be renewed if you wish to still receive the Magazine.

## A Red Mark

Indicates that unless Subscription is paid within Fourteen Days, your copy of the "Review" will be discontinued.

## In this Age of Vice and Crime.

Tune—Her Bright Smile Haunts me still.

In this age of vice and crime,  
In this age of wealth and want,  
Every movement of our time  
Given o'er to greed and cant;  
How we revel in the shame  
Of humanity down-trod,  
Struggling, fighting, till we claim  
Mammon's hideous smile or nod.

Chorus.

Oh, how long! how long will ye  
Sacrifice Earth's sweetest joys,  
Truth, love, peace, and purity,  
Which the rush for wealth de-  
stroy?

See the toiler, how he slaves  
For a trifle of his toil,  
How disease and death he braves,  
Yet the masters take the spoil;  
And how often, cap in hand,  
Trembling, pleading piteously,  
He is forced to take his stand  
In the mart of slavery.

But the day of reckoning soon  
Will be here, and then, ah! then,  
We will make ye change your tune,  
Make ye work like honest men.  
For the acme of all we teach,  
Is the gospel that we teach,  
Universal Brotherhood,  
Each for all, and all for each.



## IN TOM LAUDER'S FOOTSTEPS.

Editor Jones Wiggles and Wails.

By H.E.H.

Under the somewhat facetious head of "Straight Shots," Editor Jones, of "Barrier Truth" (in the issue of that paper which comes to hand as we go to press), instead of honestly admitting and manfully regretting his silly slanders against the S.F.A. (for which he has already been duly whipped by the "Review") enters upon a pitiable and wigglesome attempt to justify his falsehoods; and this he follows up with additional wilful perjuries, and a tearful wail, because the "Review" flogged him in a place where it hurt him. For Mr. Jones's own sake we are extremely sorry that he should have descended to his present methods.

\* \* \*

Mr. Jones's wriggle :

"It is well to remember that all strength and influence comes from the power of self-restraint or reserve. No matter how strong a case may be, the advocate who blatantly denounces, who over-gestulates or protests extravagantly is never effectual. This must be the effect produced upon the mind of every well-balanced person who happened to read the current issue of the Sydney 'International Socialist Review.' A large proportion of the maga-

zine is devoted to slang whang-ing "Barrier Truth," and making a venomous personal attack on the editor of this paper. The occasion for its ludicrous outburst was a resentment at some home-truths this paper happened to print about the Socialist Federation. We expressed the opinion that it was dying from the pangs of its birth, and pointed out that three societies had withdrawn since its formation. Because these societies withdrew before the actual Federation was formed, we are credited with printing "lies." The vehemence of the attack is expected to cover up the facts. These are the facts: Six Socialist societies met in Melbourne to form a Socialist Federation. One, the Socialist Labor Party of Sydney, withdrew before the Conference concluded. The Westralian Socialists refused to affiliate, and, after considerable correspondence, the Queensland Vanguard also refused. The whole of these societies met, and bore the expense, in an endeavor to secure unity, but failed. Two of them refused because of the antagonism to the Labor Party. It will be then seen that although, strictly speaking, these societies did not leave the Federation, because they never affiliated, yet their secession from the movement was a severe blow, which fact bids fair to strangle the Federation at its birth. For some time the "Review" printed boldly that the Westralian Democratic Association and the Queensland Van-

guards were depots for their literature, and any casual reader would certainly gather that they were members of the Federation. After some difficulty, the Queensland Vanguard induced the "Review" to omit its name because it had none of their literature, and did not wish to be connected with the Federation. Therefore, although the two societies named did not actually affiliate, the effort to induce them to do so has been unremitting, and it is only lately the correspondence has closed. Therefore, it is justifiable to write as "Barrier Truth" did. Mere quibbling on terms does not get over the main point that three of the societies who met in Melbourne withdrew from the movement."

\* \* \*

The first set of slanders, for which the "Review" castigated Mr. Jones, set forth, inter alia:

"The Australian Socialist Federation, which was founded with a fanfare of furore in Melbourne, a few months ago, bids fair to die of the pangs of its birth.

"The oldest 'impossibilist' section of Socialists in Australia, the Sydney S.L.P., withdrew from the Federation during its first meeting. 'Comrade! Moroney would have nothing to do with 'fakers' like Comrades Mann, Ress, and Hawkins.

"Since then two other Socialist societies which were represented at the Conference have withdrawn. The Queensland Social Democratic Vanguard and Westralian Social Democratic Association have repudiated connection with the 'impossibilists.'"

The first and last of these pars

unmistakably convey that after the S.F.A. was formed certain bodies withdrew from it. Mr. Jones, staggered by the exposure of his stupid falsehood, now hesitates to say that the societies referred to seceded before the Federation was formed. Now, not even a freak journalist may be able to explain how a body that had never affiliated could secede from an organisation not yet formed! Yet that is what Mr. Jones assumes his readers are so intellectually thick as to believe. Let Mr. Jones take an honest look at the facts. In Australia there were seven or eight Socialist societies. As the result of a general desire for unified action, a conference was held to determine whether a satisfactory basis for unity could be arrived at. It was understood by all parties that the conference bound no one to anything. (These things Mr. Jones was well aware of when he published his first slander.) Of the bodies represented at conference, the Queensland Vanguard intimated in their letter of instructions to their delegates that they would take no part in any movement that involved their separation from the Labor Party. The Australian Socialist League delegates stated early during the proceedings the only basis of unity that would be acceptable to their membership; but they did not at any time object that they "would have nothing to do with fakers like Mann, Ross, and Hawkins."



That statement is a deliberate and unscrupulous creation, and it is noteworthy that Mr. Jones avoids any attempt to justify it in his latest effusion.

The bodies that finally accepted conference decisions were the Socialist Party of Victoria, the International Socialists of N.S.W., and the Barrier Socialists, representing in all about 75 per cent. of the organised Socialists of Australia.

Since its formation there have been no secessions whatever from the S.F.A., and there are not likely to be any, and why Mr. Jones should be at such pains to spread a manufactured falsehood to the effect that certain bodies have seceded is best known to himself.

In his last article Mr. Jones says:

"And, after considerable correspondence, the Queensland Vanguard also refused" (to affiliate).

It is true that conference decisions were not accepted by the Vanguard. Every delegate at conference knew by the Vanguard's own letter that the decisions arrived at would not be accepted by that organisation; yet Mr. Jones utterly disregards the simple prerogatives of plain honesty, and declares that the Vanguard's "secession from the movement was a severe blow, which fact bids fair to strangle the Federation at its birth." As to the "considerable correspondence" allegation, Mr. Collings, the Van-

guard secretary, will substantiate the statement that he has not received more than three letters from the S.F.A. secretary, and that the question of affiliation was not urged by any one of these.

Mr. Jones again fabricates unscrupulously when he prints, re S.F.A. pamphlets:

"After some difficulty, the Queensland Vanguard induced the 'Review' to omit its name because it had none of their literature, and did not wish to be connected with the Federation."

The Vanguard secretary wrote, courteously asking that the Vanguard name might be left out of the list of places where S.F.A. pamphlets could be purchased, because, in the first place, they had not yet received the pamphlets, and, in the second place, they had not yet decided re affiliation; not, as Mr. Jones untruthfully puts it, because they "did not wish to be connected with the Federation. The Vanguard's name was withdrawn from the first issue printed after the letter was received.

The statement that the effort to induce the Vanguard and the Kalgoorlie S.D.A. to affiliate "has been unremitting," is another creation of Mr. Jones's somewhat overloaded mind. The secretaries of both organisations will admit that the S.F.A. has not written to either of them, asking them to affiliate; and, finally, Mr. Jones's allegation that our efforts to induce certain people to enter the

movement have altogether failed give the lie direct to his other statement that these bodies have withdrawn from the movement, because, as we have already pointed out, to withdraw from a movement which you could not be persuaded to enter is rather an out-of-the-way feat.

#### Mr. Jones's wail:—

"The foregoing 'Straight Shot' does not deal with the most regrettable feature of the 'Review's' attack. The article says:—'Barrier Truth,' official organ of the Labor Party at Broken Hill, recognising the futility of any attempt to combat the onward march of Socialism in Australia by honest opposition, resorts to the stock methods of the organs that plead for middle-class interests.' To non-readers of 'Barrier Truth' this absolute fabrication may mislead, but every 'Truth-man' knows that since the present editor has taken charge, this paper has resumed its militant Socialist policy, and stands almost alone amongst Australian Labor papers as an uncompromising expounder of Socialist principles. To assume that 'Barrier Truth' wishes 'to combat the onward march of Socialism' is unfair, untrue and distinct misrepresentation. There is no other paper in Australia which stands any stronger for Socialism, and the attack of the 'Review' is therefore as unmerited as it is regrettable. As a matter of fact, this paper does not differ with the Socialist Federation on a single principle. Where we differ is on tactics. We have an organised body of workers called the Labor Party,

who are admittedly not all Socialists, but when our educational propaganda for Socialism is tolerated and encouraged, we decline to be so unwise as the 'Impossible' and antagonise the very class we wish to educate. Another base insinuation is the inference that the editor of this paper is subject to domination of political bosses, and that the criticism given was compulsory. It is an opportune time to say, that no editor in Australia has a freer hand, and has more tolerant 'political bosses' than the editor of 'Barrier Truth.' It could not be otherwise, for the writer, while loyal to Labor principles, would not brook any personal domination or interference of any kind. And the 'Review' writer knows it. There are many other unfair personal reflections, but they are best unanswered. The 'International Socialist Review,' by this one article, has placed itself on the level of the 'People,' another Sydney Socialist print, which thrives on abuse and misrepresentation. The 'Review' promised at first to be a valuable addition to Socialist journalism, but it has slumped most unaccountably, and it is worse than regrettable that misrepresentation should sully its pages."

The editor of "Barrier Truth" is altogether too modest—to unassuming; and his statement that "Barrier Truth" "does not differ with the Socialist Federation on a single principle" is rather startling. "Barrier Truth" is an official organ of the P.L.L. With a consistency that never seems to flag, the P.L.L. annually records its repudiation of Socialist Princi-



ples and it has adopted as its objective (!!!) a middle-class freakism termed the development of our Australian sentiments, and a declaration that it is going to secure to the workers the full value of the products of their labor by the nationalisation of monopolies! These objective "principles" "Barrier Truth" stands pledged; and, surely if a paper is pledged by the organisation that controls it to a repudiation of Socialism and to middle-class politics of freakisms, when we call it a middle-class sheet, the description can hardly be termed "unfair, untrue, and distinct misrepresentation." Even

the fact that the editor (after having slandered honest Socialists as political scabs), occasionally forgets his position as an employee of the Political Labor people, while he shouts that he's an all-red Socialist, doesn't alter the situation. The self-confessed Socialist who, as the employee of an anti-Socialist organisation, undertakes the work of slandering the Socialist movement, is the worst sort of traitor.

Mr. Jones denies "the base insinuation" that he is subject to the domination of political bosses. This is what the "Review" said:—"Whether Mr. Jones perpetrated this printed perjury of his own free will, or whether he was flogged into the meanness by his political bosses, we are not in a position to say. Perhaps Mr. Jones will be good enough to explain."

Now we have Mr. Jones's own confession that he perpetrated the perjury without being flogged into it. That makes the case all the worse for Mr. Jones.

In the same issue of "Truth" there appears a bitter attack on H. J. Hawkins, who is accused,

first, of having "written" and afterwards of having "inspired," a par was penned by the present writer, without any reference to Hawkins whatever. Mr. Jones backs away, as usual, from the question part of the paragraph referred to. "Truth" had taken Hawkins' signed article, and, after describing Hawkins' (among others) as a "scab," suppressed his name, and printed the article as appearing from "Our Special Commissioner." This writer asked—

"What sort of journalistic 'honesty' is it that stoops to deliberate theft of a man's brain and pen work; and again what sort of "labor" journalism is it that would employ a political "scab" as "Our Special Commissioner."'

Mr. Jones prints a lame and insincere excuse as to why he suppressed Hawkins' name, but he is loudly silent concerning the latter portion of the question. He says he made the suppression because he "knew that if Hawkins' name fathered it, the whole report would be discounted and probably the appeal of the Airly unionists would have been postponed pending information from a more reliable source." Yet, when the Coal Lumpers' trouble was on, Hawkins' contributions were published in "Barrier Truth" over his name; he was the coal lumpers' accredited representative there, and the articles appearing over his name or initials didn't cause the postponement of the coal lumpers' appeal, pending information from a more reliable source.

Once again, we are sorry for Mr. Jones—for his own sake. The  
(Concluded on Page 11.)

## "Common Sense" Pars

Slavery began when it was discovered that a man could produce more than he personally needed. This surplus product has been the prolific source of all the greed, cunning laziness and crime that has cursed the race from time immemorial.

If the profit system continues many years longer our forests will be a thing of the past and sudden floods and persistent droughts much more destructive than at present. Under socialism all land not fit for cultivation would be reforested and the timber problem solved.

The man or woman who has thought out the problem, as offered in the theory of socialism, and accepted it as sound, can never successfully combat its philosophy. It is scientific, philosophic, and in every way offers an incentive and opportunity for every human being to make the most of himself. There are no theories in economic science, politics or religion, in all the countless ages behind us, or at the present time, that offer so much.

Why should we expect our legislatures to make a stand against the capitalist class? Can you sic a dog on its own master?

There are some unaccountably hopeful people who nurse the belief that some day the task-master will take pity on the "working mule" and get off his back. When that day of dismounting arrives it will be discovered that water is running up hill by force of gravity. The only way to unseat that self-satisfied rider is to "buck" him off. That will happen in the near-by good time coming.

The workers elect legislators chosen by the capitalists and then kick because all legislation is in favor of the capitalist class.

Millions of people are starving men-ly and ethically because it takes all their time to prevent physical starvation. The average working man has no time away from his daily task, save eating and sleeping. And even those who might have a bit of surplus time are too tired to indulge in those amenities that make for intellectual betterment and higher character.

The working man contends for more wages while he denounces the advance in the cost of living. This is not consistent. If one has the right to better wages, the other has the right to advance the price on things he has to sell. The matter to be condemned and remedied is the system that permits wage slavery and private profit. As long as capitalism dominates, both these conditions will exist. Socialism offers a way out of the trouble.

A pessimistic socialist is a monstrosity.

"Socialism will break up the home." Don't worry, there won't be any home left to break up if Capitalism continues many years longer.

If the interests of the capitalist and laborer are identical, is it not strange these two classes should be so often fighting each other?

There will be strikes and lockouts just as long as there are masters and servants, employers and employees, capitalist and wage slaves. When the many are no longer compelled to work for the few, there will be no one to strike against and nothing to strike for.

If a man steals ten cents he is a thief; if he gets away with the money a lot of poor people have entrusted to a savings bank he is an embezzler, but if he robs the workers of the nation of a few millions he is a "capitalist of industry."



## Awheel in Sunfire and Storm.

A Propaganda Trip to the South Coast.

By H. E. H.

The rays of the noon-day sun were beating down relentlessly when E. Price and the writer pedalled out of Sydney on Saturday, Nov. 30, to speak at Wollongong that night and at Bulli next day.

The map we carried made the distance 48 miles. Alas and alack! that was the distance by rail. The road mileage works at something like 68—a slightly different matter.

From Cook's River to Waterfall, long hills rose before us with a monotony as aggravating as the persistent lie of the anti-Socialists concerning the contemplated wreckage of the marriage tie by the Socialists; the burning sun poured streaks of pitiless gehenna down the back of our necks, and its hell-fire seemed to leap back from the loose sand of the hill slopes and the solid surface of the macadamised roadway scorching our faces and sapping our energies until we felt like hanging our bikes on willow trees and swearing by the waters of Babylon.

But there are no willow trees—no trees of any other kind—on those stricken hills over which they've thrown the king's highway to the South—and the Babylonian waters are a long distance away.

So we plugged through the sand, and pushed the machines up the ag-

gravating hills, and sometimes stretched ourselves by the roadway to get a fresh lease of breath, and sat in dust and humiliation to patch up the inevitable puncture, and free-wheeled down the declining sections, until we reached Waterfall. Then another long uphill climb to where the huge buildings of the new sanatorium are being thrown together a brick at a time, and a welcome drink from the tap set in the centre of the juvenile plantation.

And then the clouds rolled up the summer sky, and the jagged lightning flames leaped from the clouds, and the thunder rumbled and crashed overhead, and the rain poured down like a torrent, and the elements pelted us with hailstones. We scorched through it and over the treacherous roadway as fast as a free-wheel machine may go on a wet down-hill track; and, where the road zig-zagged down the steepest of the hills, the ground got away from under one machine, and this scribe hit the slippery earth harder than he'd ever hit in his life before. A futile attempt to shelter under some thin timber, and then, our clothes saturated with water and loaded down with mud, we raced for Helensburgh Station, threw our bikes into the van, and with the water and mud dripping from us fell into a smoking compartment just as the train was ready to move out. Our fellow-passengers looked a bit surprised.

An hour's ride in wet clothes, and we reached Wollongong at 8.30—an hour later than the advertised time of meeting, and 8.45 our meeting was in full swing. Price speaking on general

principles for about three-quarters of an hour, and the writer following. Revolutionary Socialism, Industrial Unionism, and Local Mining Conditions were dealt with, the audience taking a keen interest in the speeches. At the conclusion of the meeting the "Review" and Socialist pamphlets were eagerly bought.

We located a number of good friends here—among them Mr. May (formerly of Newcastle), mining lecturer for the Technical Education Department, and one of the most fearless and outspoken men ever employed in the N.S.W. Civil Service.

Shortly after lunch we started on our homeward ride, the road from Wollongong to Bulli running close to the sea nearly the whole distance. Arrived at Bulli, we visited the local "Times" office, and discovered that we had made a mistake in the locality we had advertised, and, acting on the advice tendered, we decided to abandon the Bulli meeting, and to recommend a Saturday night visit to that township.

A mile from Clifton we planted our machines in the scrub, and dipped in the sea. At six o'clock we rode through Clifton, with its rocky, precipitous cliffs rising in the track of the setting sun on the one side, and the everlasting sea on the other. Right at the foot of the cliffs run a row of little square skillion-like iron buildings, built by the Coal Co. as residences for the working miners. On one side of the main street there is a row of cottages also built of galvanised iron; and on the opposite side, the typical uncomfortable-looking wooden structure that does duty for a working-class

home in nearly every mining centre.

The mine manager's residence is a much different building.

We gazed on the galvanised ovens and pitiful wooden shelters of the wealth-makers of Clifton; and then we remembered that when the spark of the Coal War threatened to fan into flame in the North, the daily papers urged the Southern men to blackleg on their comrades because the Southerners had built their own homes about the coal mines! We remembered the Bulli holocaust and the humiliation heaped upon the widows and orphans, and the brutal maladministration of the disaster fund. We remembered the lives that went out when Kembla' roared—lives sacrificed on the reeking altar of the insatiable Profit-God. We remembered that J. B. Nicholson, "Labour" member, had urged as one reason why the Southerners should blackleg on the Northerners that if the Southerners came out they would injure the coal trade. And we remembered that out of the sweated labor of living men, and the spilled blood of men sacrificed, and the pain and suffering of widowed women, and the want and hunger of orphaned children, the Vickereys and others have piled up huge fortunes, and have subsidised charities and built churches—and that on the previous night the advocates of middle-class politics and industrialism had banquetted J. B. Nicholson at Wollongong, and clinked their glasses, and said many things eulogistic of their political servant. And we felt that we understood why the old-time agitator demanded, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

Helensburghward the road is cut from the cliff-face. The rocks rise



hundreds of feet on the left, and on the right roll the long waves of the Pacific. But the Bald Hill intervenes—and it strikes you like a hill that has no summit. Because of it we reached Helensburgh in sections—like a holiday train. Price was the first section to arrive.

After tea we visited the Bulli Shire President (Mr. W. P. Mitchell)—a former Australian Socialist League secretary, but who has always maintained his connection with the Political Labour League. Here we arranged for the holding of Socialist meetings in the local hall in the near future.

Monday morning broke hot and sultry, and the roads were again heavy and dusty, and by the time we reached Sutherland the writer decided that he had had enough of a good thing. So he went on strike, and pitched his tent at a local inn, while Price—fit for another hundred miles over any old road (so he said)—scorched Sydneywards.

There is a great field for Socialist propaganda in the South, as in the North; and the International Socialists will see that neither is neglected.

International Socialism is the world's militant working-class movement; therefore, with practically all our work before us in Australia, the clear duty of all militant working-class thinkers is to get into the International ranks, and fight under the banner of the only party that understands the basic causes of the Class Struggle, that honestly and fearlessly fights against Capitalism and the Capitalist Class, and thus makes for the abolition of classes and the ending of the Class war.

### HOW THEY GOT RICH

No, the capitalists did not get rich by their abstinence.

They got rich by the abstinence of the workers.

The apologists for capitalism make the absurd claim that the reason the capitalists have accumulated money is because they have abstained from buying things, while the poor have squandered their money.

But the truth is that the poor are the people who have abstained.

The workers have abstained from living in decent houses.

They have abstained from the use of modern conveniences.

They have abstained from wearing decent clothing.

They have abstained from eating choice foods.

They have abstained from buying books.

They have abstained from sending their children to the colleges and universities.

They have abstained from availing themselves of the broadening influences of travel.

They have abstained from practically everything that conduces to wide culture and physical, mental, moral and spiritual growth.

In other words, they have abstained from practically everything that distinguishes men from beasts and that makes life worth living.

In the meantime the capitalists have lived in luxury.

They have lived in splendid mansions with acres of lawn, instead of tenements or hovels on twenty-five or fifty foot lots.

They have been surrounded by every modern convenience.

They have worn costly fabrics.—Justice.

### In Tom Lauder's Footsteps.

(Concluded from Page 6.)

S.F.A. is the movement of the conscious Australian workers, and no slandering can block its progress. But Mr. Jones is only an individual; and the individual who sets himself in the pathway of the people's movement is bound to find himself walked upon sooner or later. Then he gets hurt. For that reason we are sorry for Mr. Jones. We would much rather see him make some honest attempt at reparation for the gross wrong he has been guilty of.

### GERMANY.

Prince Buelow recently received with the "utmost pleasure" a deputation from the Christian National Labour Party. Buelow, in the course of an address to these Labourites, waxed eloquent upon the subject of social harmony. The workers should recognise a solidarity with the other class. He deprecated one-sided demands—like the demands of the Social Democrats, of course—and then dismissed the deputation with his benediction. How the plutes and their friends love the misleaders of Labour.

### RUSSIA.

The Jewish Socialist Bund recently passed a resolution against the so-called expropriation policy of the Anarchists.

August Bebel visits the United States next year, and will speak in the chief industrial centres.

## International Socialist Meetings

### Scott Bennett

Will speak at

DOMAIN, Sunday, 3.—The French Revolution from a Socialist Viewpoint.

DARLINGHURST, Sunday, 7.30.

### H. E. Holland

will speak

DOMAIN, Sunday, 4.30.—"The Kelly-Norton Libel Case—and after."

MITLFERS' POINT, Sunday, 7.30.—"Law Court Lessons for the Working Class."

P. Pantano, of Broken Hill, with his two brothers, and J. Koonin, of the South African Socialist movement, landed in Sydney last week. Pantano has been an inmate of Sydney Hospital since his arrival, and was operated on for appendicitis. At one time his life was almost despaired of; but he is now rapidly recovering, and we hope that we will soon be sufficiently well to receive the warm welcome of Sydney Socialists.



## KARL MARX: THE MAN AND HIS WORK.

By H. SCOTT BENNETT.

Just as in a forest, where some trees by reason of their height or some peculiarity in their growth attract the attention of the traveller to the exclusion of their surrounding leafy brethren, so, in a world of men, certain men there are whose intellectual gifts attract the attention of the world to the exclusion of their fellows. Such a man was Karl Marx. He was in truth a child of genius; but, unlike many of that family, he devoted his life to the service of those who live BY labour, and not to those who live THEREON. That which Darwin performed for Biology and Psychology, Marx performed for Economics and Sociology. He was indeed a herald of the New Time. Under his merciless analysis the capitalist system stood revealed in its true colours, a necessary inevitable phase of economic evolution truly, but nevertheless a savage cannibalistic system in which the many lay prostrate at the feet of the few!

It is true that others before Marx regarded, if not its inevitable, at least the chaotic madness of Capitalism. We have but to think of St. Simon, Fourier and Robert Owen to remember this. But prior to Marx's masterly analysis and interpretation of capitalism (in which Frederick Engels played a conspicuous part as, to a great extent, collaborator, the "Socialist" movement was like a ship whose steering gear had gone awry, tossed to and fro on the waves and

billows of Utopianism. With the scientific foundation stones that were laid by Marx the movement itself naturally began to throw off the misty ideas of Utopianism, and took more and more to itself the strength and certainty that comes to all things based upon Science and Truth. The glorious mission of the proletariat was pointed out, and in the black firmament of Capitalism the star of those who toil and moil was seen to be in the ascendant. Utopianism was dropped and science substituted.

And now let us for a while glance at the life of him to whom we all owe so much.

We shall discover it to be a life that knew not compromise, that never faltered in the self-appointed task—a life that scorned to trade or traffic with the powers of economic darkness. In sunshine and shadow (and Marx had his days of shadow, days in which a fainter heart would have indeed fallen by the wayside), he fought the good fight and kept the faith. His intellectual power was soon perceived by those who, although not living by Labour, yet live ON it! Born at Treves, in Rhenish Prussia, on May 5th, 1818, Marx from his youth seemed to side instinctively with those who sow and allow others to reap, who build and allow others to inhabit! Having, as I have said, a knowledge of his intellectual power the dominant class saw to it that his expulsion from Prussia, for issuing a French-German Gazette should be rapidly followed by his expulsion from France, and then from Belgium. He was a dangerous man to those whose material interests

were at stake, a dangerous man in those stirring revolutionary days that lie between 1847 and 1848. But he found a haven at last—England, whose dominant class, by a show of alleged "liberality" in these matters have so often succeeded in blunting the revolutionary sword of the English working class. Marx came to England a destitute alien well nigh, one who had tasted and was to taste yet again and again the bitter dregs of real poverty!

(To be Continued.)

### AMERICA.

Sol. Fieldman, a well-known organizer of the Socialist Party, was recently arrested in New York for street speaking. He was fined three dollars. The Socialist Party is preparing to once more defend its rights.

One of the largest mass meetings ever held in New Britain took place recently for the purpose of protesting against a clerical strike breaker, the Rev. Mr. Martinson by name, who is a Swedish Lutheran minister. He was sent by the Steel Trust to get men to take the places of strikers in the iron mines of Northern Minnesota. Judging from the speeches to hand, the capitalist pimp must have heard some plain truths about himself.

Dr. Herman Titus, the well-known Socialist, of Seattle, was recently arrested and put in jail for speaking on the streets without a permit. The result was rather different than expected, as Dr. Titus made such a report of the condition of the hostile that the board of health ordered it closed and the prisoners removed.

### FRANCE.

The Radical "Socialists" of France have decided to have no connection with the United Socialists. Seeing that the Radical Socialists have always been bourgeois except in name, the action taken by them was superfluous!

It is said that the French Government intend instituting a series of prosecutions against Herve, the well-known Socialist and anti-Militarist.

In pursuance of the French Government's policy to suppress the anti-military movement, the offices of the General Federation of Labour were searched recently, and a number of manifestoes and copies of the paper "La Voix du Peuple" were seized!

### ENGLAND.

H. M. Hyndman recently delivered a series of eight lectures on "Theoretic Socialism Historic and Economic!" The lectures were upon similar lines to those delivered thirteen years ago, and which were afterwards published under the title of "The Economics of Socialism."

Mr. John Redmond stated recently that there were in Ireland not less than 79,149 one room, and 242,710 two-room tenements. In the city of Dublin 36.7 per cent. of all the families live in one room tenements.

Comrade K. Boris is contributing a series of able articles to "Justice" on the "Jewish Proletariat in Russia." The articles should be reproduced in pamphlet form.

It is pleasing to learn that the principles of Industrial Unionism are making slow but sure progress in Great Britain. Now that the opponents of the "New Unionism" have condescended to discuss the question even greater progress should be made.

The anti-Socialist campaign in England seem to be going from worse to worse. In almost every instance the working classes refuse to take the anti-Socialists seriously. By the way, why don't the middle class parties of Australia start a campaign against the alleged impossibilists? Why not show us the fallacy of Industrial Unionism and "whole hog" Socialism? A splendid chance for some unscrupulous "Labour" editors.



## Socialism in Sydney

ORGANIZER'S COLUMN.

Scott-Bennett was to have spoken on Sunday last on "A Socialist's view of the French Revolution," but owing to the threatening state of the weather at the outset it was decided that the lecture should be given next Sunday. Later in the afternoon the weather cleared somewhat, and a good propaganda meeting was held. Comrade Hawkins (chairman) gave an excellent address, and Scott-Bennett spoke to a large crowd on "Socialism and Industrial Unionism."

In the evening the last-named speaker addressed a good meeting at Darlinghurst on the "The Evolution of Trades Unionism." "Reviews" sold splendidly at both meetings. Comrade Koonin, a recent arrival, assisted by several women comrades disposed of quite a large number!

The International Socialist Group is now running two meetings on Sunday night—one at Darlinghurst and the other at Miller's Point. The speaker at the last named place on Sunday last was Comrade Price, who held a very

good meeting, despite the inclemency of the weather.

Next week the usual propaganda meetings will be held. Will comrades who are free on week nights make a point of attending.

On Tuesday, of last week, H. E. Holland at the Club rooms lectured on "Woman, Past, Present and Future." The night was an exceedingly hot, especially indoors, yet notwithstanding this decided drawback, there was a very good attendance. The lecture was attentively listened to throughout, and at its conclusion an animated discussion ensued.

Next Tuesday the speaker will be Comrade Hawkins, who will take for his subject, "The Basis of Ethics."

At last meeting of the International Socialist Group it was resolved that the secretary should write to the Hon G.H. Reid challenging him to a debate upon the subject of Socialism with a representative of the International Socialists. It was held that such a debate would expose the difference between modern Socialism and the caricature put forward by Mr. Reid in his recent address on "Chivalrous Economics."

Comrades Price and Young spoke at Miller's Point on Sunday night.

## A Western Ocean Stokehold.

Prize Paper, by C. H. Roberts, in the "Clarion."

EIGHT bells. (Midnight). The sound is hardly out of the bell before I step into the engine room. I take a glance round the "tops" and pass down below to the middle platform, feel all working parts, notice the thousand and one little noises, then down below to the cranks, bearings, pumps, etc., and into the stokehold,

The men are cleaning fires, and as a consequence the steam is falling. I look stern and rigorous, blow the glasses through, back into the engine room, relieve the fourth; then again into the stokehold.

"Now come on with those ashes! Come on; Come on. Anyone in the way knock them down. Are them fires away?"

"Two of um's away, sir."  
"Where the hell's them snipes? Come along with them barrows. Let us have some coal on these plates. Come on, or by heavens she'll stop. Now, get into them for'd fires there; get into them."

One man sits on the anvil with eyes glaring, his face transfixed with fright, and

pointing his finger, exclaims: "See, look at um, the devils."

We have just left port and I know what's the matter with him. I quietly pass up the stokehole ladder, get a bottle of beer from the steward (for no fireman would be served.) Down below again, he snatches the bottle out of my hand, and puts it to his mouth.

"Now don't take all night over it. Be quick and get into them fires, and let us have some steam. Rush the thing a bit. Damn it all, you couldn't fire the old woman's boiler."

Another man comes to me and says:

"I can't go any faster. Feel here, sir."

I put my hand on his bare abdomen. The sinews are contracted into great hard knots. Cramp! But I have no sympathy.

"Pooh! it's only cramp. Come on, man, get into her. Don't be a kid, or else go and see the doctor." Which means that a man of another watch has to do his work and that causes trouble forward.

This drive abates a little when steam is up, which takes about an hour or an hour and a half usually. The temperature varies from 70 degrees under the ventilators to 140 before the fires.



I am relieved at 4.15, glad to get to my room. I throw myself down on the settee, and wonder if those passengers lying back in their chairs, dreaming of the beauties of the Milky Way, and the storm-tossed, know anything of the life tragedy below decks.

Could it be remedied? Why, yes; but lives are cheaper than boiler space, and sweat runs freer than fans.

Luther Burbank is seeking to create an environment in which to grow the ideal potato. The socialist is seeking to create an environment in which to grow the ideal man. That's good, the man can eat the potato.

Some miners over in Arizona, when refused their wages put the mine-owner in the bunk house and kept him there on a diet of crackers and water until he agreed to "cough up." Three days sufficed.

The capitalist papers are more and more doing splendid service in advertising socialism. In a late Berlin dispatch concerning the scandals recently uncovered in German high society occurs the following: "Shame suffuses the checks of all except the socialists. They are jubilant, saying it is now clear that society is rotten and socialism alone can clear the atmosphere of the miasma engendered in the Bourgeois swamps. They predict a catachysm here like that in Russia and the present state of the public mind apparently justifies the forecast."

The Commissioner of Labor says the workers of Kansas lost a million dollars in wages through strikes in one year. Strange, but he does not tell us how much they would have lost if they had not struck.

The English Duke of Devonshire complains that he can't get along on his beggardly income of 5000dol. week. The working men of England give the Duke this income together with seven magnificent mansions, while they themselves support their families on an average of less than five dollars a week and live in one-room apartments, where the beds are occupied on the relay system. The workingmen of England are damn fools.

Socialist Vote of the World.—

1867	.....	30,000
1877	.....	494,000
1887	.....	931,000
1893	.....	2,585,000
1898	.....	4,515,000
1903	.....	6,285,000
1906	.....	over 7,000,000

Socialist Vote of the United States.—

1896	.....	30,000
1888	.....	2,000
1900	.....	122,000
1904	.....	468,000

## A Blue Mark

Through this paragraph indicates that your Subscription to the "Review" has expired, and should be renewed if you wish to still receive the Magazine.

## A Red Mark

Indicates that unless Subscription is paid within Fourteen Days, your copy of the "Review" will be discontinued.

## THE LABORER.

STAND up erect! thou hast the form  
And likeness of thy God:—who more?  
A soul as dauntless 'mid the storm  
Of daily life, a heart as warm  
And pure as breast e'er wore.

What then? Thou art as true a man  
As moves the human mass among—  
As much a part of the great plan  
That with Creation's dawn began  
As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy? The high  
In station, or in wealth the chief;  
The great, who coldly pass thee by  
With proud step and haughty eye?  
Nay! nurse not such belief.

If true to thyself thou wast,  
What were the proud one's scorn to thee?  
A feather, which thou mightest cast  
Aside, as lightly as the blast  
The light leaf from the tree.

Thou art thyself thee enemy  
That chains thee to thy lowly lot;  
Thy labor and thy life accursed.  
Oh, stand erect! and from them burst,  
And longer suffer not.

—W. D. GALLAGHER.



## A Law Court Revelation.

By H.E.H.

IN dragging John Norton before the Supreme Court on a libel charge Edward A. Kelly, president of the Wharf Laborers Union, rendered a lastingly service to the N.S.W. Labor movement, inasmuch as his own evidence and the evidence of the defendant's witnesses amounted to a revelation that was positively astounding, and a further exposure of Kelly himself that fully justified every word uttered and written by the International Socialists concerning Mr. Kelly and those who stand as his colleagues for the misleading and undoing of Australian industrialism.

During the lockout of the Coal Lumpers the writer branded Kelly as a blackleg, and during the late election the charge was reiterated. For some reason best known to himself and his friends Mr. Kelly didn't then rush into court to vindicate his character as a Unionist. Later Mr. Norton made a similar charge against Mr. Kelly, and on top of it he piled a number of other charges.

Askel in Court by his own

counsel, "Assuming a union orders its men to cease work, and one goes on working, what would you call him?" Kelly, without hesitation, replied, "A blackleg." He denied that he had been guilty of blacklegging; but admitted that he was a member of the Coal Lumpers' Union at the time of the Lockout, and that he had disregarded the Union's resolution that its members should not work for members of the Combine or other employers of Bureau labor during the lock-out.

No solitary trade unionist appeared to testify that Kelly's action was not one of blacklegging on the coal lumpers, and that charge was fully sustained. The charge of having blacklegged at the power house was neither proved nor disproved; but a little extra light was thrown on the unforgotten Sonoma case when a wharf laborer named Clark told what he knew concerning that monstrous item of villainy. He alleged that after the unionists had defeated the efforts of Kelly, Cooper, and Guthrie to get a union crew to "scab" it on the imprisoned unionists, he saw Kelly and the captain of the Sonoma and "a boarding-house keeper who would shanghai his own father," together while the non-union-

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW, DECEMBER 21, 1907. 3

ists were being commandeered for service on the Sonoma. And, notwithstanding that Clark's evidence implied that Kelly, having failed to get a scab crew of unionists, had assisted to get a scab crew of non-unionists to take the places of men who had gone to jail for what they held to be a matter of vital union principle, when Kelly afterward entered the witness box to give evidence in reply, he left Clark's statement severely alone. That uncontradicted and damaging evidence may, therefore, be taken as solid truth, and it is a far more serious indictment of Kelly than the charges levelled against him by Norton. The result of Mr. Kelly's action for libel has been to furnish legal proof that Kelly blacklegged on the coal lumpers, and that he worked to get a scab crew for a boat whose union crew was on strike. It further proved that Kelly was capable of committing deliberate perjury in the witness box. The working-class community, we repeat, owes Mr. Kelly a debt of gratitude. He has done much to expose the betrayal of organised Labor by himself and his comrades in guilt. And because of this exposure of Kelly by Kelly, his retention of official positions has been rendered an impossibility in any industrial union with an honest regard for working-class interests. This matter will be dealt with more fully in a future issue. In the meantime, let the maritime unions and the Sydney Labor Council remember this: "If a man betray you once, shame on HIM; if he betray you twice, shame on YOU!"

---

Keir Hardie was dealing with the charge of being visionaries and dreamers levelled against the Socialists by their capitalist opponents, when some one interjected, "That's also how the Socialists are described by the Labor party."

Christmas Festival at the Sydney Manchester Unity Hall, on Boxing Night.

At present the average age at death among the nobility, gentry and professional classes in England and Wales is 55 years; but among the artisan classes of Lambeth it amounts to 29 years; and whilst the infantile death-rate among the well-to-do classes is such that only 8 children die in the first year of life out of 100 born, as many as 30 per cent. succumb at that age among the children of the poor in some districts of our large cities.—Blatchford.



## Is Germany's Revolution within Sight?

By VICTOR E. KROEMER.

NOT so very long ago, a few weeks after the International Socialist Congress at Stuttgart, "Der Wahre Jacob," a Socialist paper published in Stuttgart, and having a circulation of 180,000 copies every fortnight, put the question, "Is the Social-Democracy ripe for the taking over of the Government?"

Now, the question has set me thinking a great deal—because from many points of view there is a good deal of evidence for the belief that the Social-Democracy is at least very near ripe for taking over the reins of Government, and running all things in the interests of the people generally.

In Germany especially the Social-Democracy is a very powerful organisation. The Social Democrats polled over a third of the votes recorded at the last general election, altogether about three and a half millions. But these three and a half millions by no means represent the strength of the German party, because the military have no votes, and a large number of the soldiers are Socialists. They are drawn from the fam-

ilies of all classes. Also, thousands of working men were disfranchised in many ways at the last general election in Germany, and the whole weight of "patriotic feeling" was thrown into the balance against the Socialist Party.

But what would be the result of an election taken now on a basis of absolute adult suffrage? In the first place, the very thing (the Colonial Question) that worked against the Social-Democracy at the last general election has now turned out in their favor, and the people have discovered what monstrous things have been done in the German South-west African colonies, including what the Socialists call the "New Colonial Policy" of violating the women of the subject races.

Another thing that the Social-Democracy has scored in signally is over the Krupp case.

It will be remembered that the great steel magnate, Krupp, committed suicide on an Italian island owing to it having been found out by the Socialists that he was addicted to unprintable immoral practices. At the funeral the Kaiser spoke in very strong terms against the Socialists.

Now the tables have been turned completely, and the Kaiser's "very best" friends, Prince Eulenberg and Duke Moltke have been proved to be of the same school as Herr Krupp.

Of course, this exposure has sent a thrill of revolution through the whole of Germany.

"Is it for these sodomical bourgeoisie that

we have to work so hard and so long and receive so little in return?" This is the kind of question that the people are asking one another, and everywhere men are talking about their fine "better classes" in not very polite language.

It came out in the evidence in the Moltke Harden case that the upper classes of Berlin are simply devoted to this revolting immorality. And it is for this class that the people have to toil so hard. It is by scum like this that the working-class is oppressed and robbed! It is for a crowd of filthy, demoralized brutes like these that girls have to work in German factories 10 hours a day for 1/6 per week! To enable these people to indulge in vices of the most extreme kind, and gratify "tastes" of the most abominable character.

I guess that were an election taken now the Social-Democracy would have an ABSOLUTE MAJORITY of votes.

Besides, all the other parties have united in a solid "block" against the Social-Democracy. Of course, all socialists knew that all these parties were united in (lack of) principle long before they openly combined, as Liberal and Conservative are only two different ways of naming the same anti-worker and anti-Socialist Party.

But their openly proclaimed unity will go a long way to open the eyes of the few still sleeping members of the working-class, and so it goes one step nearer to the end aimed at—the Social Revolution!

Everywhere the work of agitation is in progress. I am constantly marvelling at the wonderful organisation of the German Social Democracy. It is indeed magnificent. Everything is carried on so quietly—and so effectively. Every large town has its Socialist daily paper, some even having two, and also their own book-depots, by means of which all socialist publications are circulated throughout the whole country. They have their weekly and monthly journals, and every trade union has also its own weekly paper. The Typographical Society's paper, "Korrespondent," comes out three times a week. The number of trade union papers is uncountable,

And any news item of value rapidly finds its way through the whole galaxy of Socialist papers!

The rapidly-increasing circulation of all the Socialist papers proves the growth of the Socialist movement, especially seeing that conditions are becoming worse and not better!

And the Government's remedy?

**MORE GUNS, MORE SHIPS OF WAR!**

But one cannot help wondering which they will get first—the Warships or the Revolution!

Stuttgart, Wurtemberg, Germany,  
November 13, 1907.

The P.L.L. supporters who, at the Trades Hall on Monday night, cheered Holman, M.L.A., when he described Socialism as a "silly shibboleth," also cheered Keir Hardie when he declared that Socialism was the only legitimate objective of Labor Party. Mr. Holman, however, was among those who didn't cheer Hardie's assertion.

"The people are enormously patient, we may pride ourselves on that—and they are slow. We may pride ourselves on that, too, for this slowness and patience are signs of enormous strength." So says Vernour, the Radical butcher in the "The Stopping Lady." They are—very patient and very slow—and another writer said two hundred years ago, "Beware the fury of a patient man."—Justice.



## Karl Marx--The Man and his Work.

By H. SCOTT BENNETT.

(Continued.)

I HAVE said that Marx knew what poverty meant. He was not unacquainted with the interior of a pawnbroker's shop! And he—the author of "Capital," the "Eighteenth Brumaire," the "Eastern Question," not to mention more! For forty years Marx was at work on "Capital," and, as Liebknecht says with truth, "the worst-paid day laborer in Germany received more wages in forty years than Marx did for a salary, as an honorary fee, for one of the two greatest scientific creations of the 19th century!"

"Science" is not a market value! And can we expect that capitalist society would pay a decent price for the execution of its own death warrant?

Eleanor Marx tells how upon one occasion at least the poverty of Marx put him in a very awkward position. The Marx family were somewhat closely connected on the mother's side with a well-known Scotch family, the Argyles, and on one day Marx took to a pawnbroker's some exceptionally heavy silver spoons, some three or four

hundred years old, and bearing the crown of the Argyles, and the family device—"Truth is my maxim." "A fine device for the abominable family of the Campbells—to which the Argyles belong," says Eleanor Marx with scorn. Well, the pawnbroker was very much surprised to see such rare silverware in the possession of a "wild-looking foreigner," so much so indeed that he wanted Marx arrested then and there! It was only after a considerable amount of trouble that Marx escaped! His address was noted with scrupulous care, and doubtless the police made the necessary investigations! At all events, when other silver spoons went the same way, no difficulties followed.

Marx was indeed a man of many parts, besides being the possessor of an encyclopedic mind.

Biology, geology, mathematics—he was familiar with them all. With Darwin's works he was, of course, thoroughly acquainted, and to Marx Shakespeare was the "god of his idolatry." He was also, we are told, amongst the first to recognise the "transcendent superiority of Irving over all other actors." And, in lighter vein, Marx was quite at home. Romping with the children on Hamp-

stead Heath, or helping to roar out the chorus of "Young Young, Carpenter Lad" (Jung, Jung, Zimmergesell)—in the absence of the family—with Liebknecht and a half-dozen more of his familiars—in all these things Marx participated to the full.

One need hardly say that Marx was an extremely busy man. His voluminous writings prove that. But apart from these the work of attending to the affairs of the International, when its headquarters were in London, and a hundred and one other activities gave Marx but little rest. It was, indeed, in a large measure due to the excessive mental work of Marx that the end came when it did. For at last. After many warnings he passed away in his armchair! He died in London on March 13th, 1883, and was laid to rest with his wife in Highgate Cemetery, where also lay thousands of the class that he so devotedly served.

(To be continued.)

Through all the long dark night of years  
The people's cry ascendeth,  
And earth is wet with blood and tears,  
But our meek suffering endeth.  
The few shall not for ever sway,  
The many moil in sorrow,  
The powers of Hell are strong to-day,  
But Christ shall rise to-morrow.  
—GERALD MASSEY.

## Socialism in Sydney

(ORGANIZER'S COLUMN.)

A VERY interesting lecture on the "Basis of Ethics" was delivered by Comrade Hawkins in the club room on Tuesday night week. Comrade Young occupied the chair, and there was a very fair attendance. Questions and discussion ensued at the conclusion of the lecture.

Scott-Bennett spoke on "A Socialist's View of the French Revolution" on Sunday last and was followed by H. E. Holland, who spoke on "the Kelly-Norton case, and after." The attendance was all that could be desired, and the indefatigable sellers disposed of quite a large amount of literature.

Comrades Price, Kronin, Miss Nosworthy (who made her debut as a public speaker), Scott Bennett, Sloan, Allen, and Young held splendid propaganda meetings in the various suburbs during the week. There were really fine audiences at all the meetings, and a good demand for the "Review" prevailed throughout.

There will be a great Group Sunday picnic at Botany shortly. Further particulars next week.



## Mr. Tunnecliffe, M.L.A.

By 'JACQUES', IN THE SOCIALIST.

IF there is one man more fitted by reason of his particular gifts and attainments to shine above all our Victorian legislators, that man is Tom Tunnecliffe. Therefore, his utterances deserve attention. On Sunday evening, December 1, he addressed the Socialists assembled at the Bijou Theatre, for the first time since his election as a representative of the Labor Party, and frankly told us our faults, criticised our methods, and advised us as to our future conduct.

For his candid criticism we may well thank him, and give heed to his advice. He told us that we had been unwise in deciding that no member of our Party should stand for election as a representative of the Labor Party; that our aim should be the solidarity of labor; that we are inclined to place too much emphasis on class consciousness; that the foremost men in the Socialist movement were in the capitalist and middle class, and therefore, not being class-conscious; that Socialists were split into sections, and were fighting each other; that the Labor leaders represented the

brains of the Party; that we should permeate the Labor Party, and work with them.

This is sufficient to convince any Socialist that we have made no mistake in the position we have taken. Sufficient to show the paralysing effect upon a Socialist who undertakes to represent a non-Socialist party. Who should know better than he, that we stand for solidarity of Labor; but does the Labor Party do so? The subject is not considered worthy of mention in their objective or platform—they have no statement of principles, and in practice their highest aspirations are bounded by sectional unionism. The solidarity of Labor is only to be attained by adopting a definite basis universally acknowledged. The modern Labor movement recognises the unsatisfactory conditions of Capitalist production and the necessity of substituting social ownership of the means of production as the only means whereby the workers can receive the full results of their toil.

The Australian Labor Party has no basis for solidarity. If the leaders are the brains of the Party, why do not the leaders teach their Party? But are there any leaders? There are leaders who hang on

behind, and call upon the rank and file to go slow; leaders who know nothing of the world's Labor movements; leaders who are afraid to educate their followers; leaders who dare not speak out for fear of giving offence.

There is not one man in the whole party of sufficient courage, ability, and self-sacrifice to deserve the name of a leader! Indeed, we do not require leaders so much as teachers, in order to make the rank and file use their brains a little more. Then why should not the Socialists stop in the Labor Party, and try to teach? Simply because we cannot profess to have faith in a platform which, if carried into effect, would be merely useless to the majority of workers. Then are we going to fight the Labor Party? No, we do not fight our own class; but when a sufficient number recognise the wisdom of our attitude we shall claim representation. A Socialist can only represent Socialists. But are not Socialists fighting among themselves? No. While men have different temperaments and work under different conditions and laws, there must be differences of opinion as to tactics; when we are all in complete accord on all subjects our wings will begin to sprout.

The point that our critics miss is our marvellous agreement upon essentials. The Socialist Party throughout the world stands for the complete substitution of Social Ownership for Individual Ownership in the means whereby we produce and distribute the necessities of life. We all regard this as the only means by which the position of the workers can be materially improved. Can any other Party show such a complete agreement?

As to the foremost men in the Socialist movement being men of wealth and position in the Capitalist class, that only shows that some men find a higher interest in serving humanity than in the ordinary pleasures of the rich. To say that these men are not class-conscious is pure nonsense, which no one is more capable of exposing than the lecturer himself.

Mr. Tunnecliffe regretted the small amount of useful work accomplished by the Labor members, and the apparent impossibility of doing much good under present conditions. He has our sympathy. He is not the first to discover that a Labor member in a Capitalist Parliament, representing a Party which is neither straight-out Socialist nor Capitalist, occupies an unenviable position. I shall not attempt to suggest the remedy.



## Other Lands.

### SWITZERLAND.

THE new military law has been accepted by a majority of the Swiss people, for whom the patriotic cry of the bourgeois parties has proved too strong. The Swiss peasants who voted for the new law will now have to pay the piper in their own persons.

### INDIA.

The "Times of India," commenting upon the anti-Socialist campaign in India, says: "To meet the claims and proposals of Socialism, Conservatives and all others who believe in the progress of the world through the individual and not en masse, will have to go to school again, and make themselves masters of the developments which have come about in the last few years in economics and sociology."

### ENGLAND.

Mr. Geo. R. Sims, of "Tatcho" fame, has been writing some highly amusing articles, in which he endeavors to combat the principles of modern Socialism. Let the cobbler stick to his—"Tatcho!"

The recent attack upon the English Socialist Sunday schools by the plutocracy has had the effect, as might have

been expected, of assisting rather than retarding their growth. They appear to be more active than ever!

The Edinburgh "Socialist" expresses the opinion that next year will see the formation of an Industrial Union in England! We sincerely trust that such may be the case!

The Socialist movement has lost an earnest and whole-hearted adherent in the death at the age of 59, of James Hain, a member of the Edmonton branch of the S.D.F.

The death is announced of William Harrison Riley, who was at one time connected with the old International.

### FRANCE.

A recent speech of Jaures is favorably commented upon in the New York "Weekly People." The Reformer has apparently become the Revolutionist!

### GERMANY.

Comrade Kalzenstein has been forbidden to lecture in the Socialist Party School.

Drs. Hilferding and Pannakoech were also forbidden to lecture recently on the ground that a cabinet order of 1824, or 1834, makes it imperative for anyone who imparts instruction to have previously obtained the permission of the Minister of Education!

## A Socialist "Rout."

THE other day the "Sydney Morning Herald" printed a contribution from its London correspondent, Henry Lucy, in which that hypochondriacal person intimated to the people of Australia that the Socialists were hopelessly "routed" in the recent British municipal elections. The statement was of course untrue. In that, it was like most of the "Herald's" other statements concerning the Socialist movement. London "Justice" of November 9 has this to say concerning the alleged "rout":—

"What a mortal funk the opponents of Socialism must be in when they are able to find occasion for such rejoicing as they indulged in last Saturday in the results of the municipal elections. "The Socialist Rout," "Socialists Routed," "Socialists Wiped Out," were some of the hysterical announcements by which the Yellow Press expressed the relief of the plundering class at finding that they have not been completely submerged and are everywhere still in possession of municipal administration.

"How frightened they are, to be sure! Frightened really, at their own shadow. They seem to have imagined that

last Friday's elections might conceivably have resulted in a complete and terrible revolution, and scarcely know how to express in intelligible language their delight at having escaped destruction, and at finding themselves still alive.

"But there is as little ground for their rejoicing as for their terror, and there is no more reason for their wild and hysterical rejoicings over the Socialist rout than there has ever been for their equally wild denunciations of Socialist extravagance and mismanagement in municipal affairs. Socialists have never yet anywhere had the management of municipal affairs in their hands; and we have no desire that they should have any such responsibility until they have full power to discharge that responsibility thoroughly. Socialists have no wish to occupy the anomalous position of being in the majority on a municipal council unless and until the majority of the electorate of the municipality are Socialists. Had all the Socialists been elected who were in the field last Friday, we should not have had majority anywhere. Nor did that greatly concern us. Our object in taking part in municipal elections is not to "capture" the municipalities by any political trick or



dodge, but to test the strength of the Socialist vote, to afford our friends and comrades the opportunity of voting for efficient and pure administration, and of exerting such influence as they possess in shaping the policy of the administrative bodies in that direction.

"Already excellent work has been done in this way; such work, indeed, as to seriously alarm the corrupt interests of capitalism which regard the municipality either as a victim to be plundered or a beast of prey to be throttled. In the elections of last Friday these interests exerted all their power to oppose the Socialist attack. They barely held their own and are wild with delight that they suffered no more.

"If this is what they are pleased to call a route they must be in a bad way indeed. For while we have lost several seats, our gain in votes is considerable, and shows that the flowing tide is with us. We gained a seat both in Burnley and Hanley, and lost a seat each in Blackburn, Burnley, Brighton, Hanley, and Southend. In other places the relative position remains unchanged except that our numbers have increased. In Burnley our votes were over a thousand more than either

Liberal or Tories; in Southampton our comrade Lewis beat his opponent of the same name, with a majority of more than three to one; and in Northampton, although we failed to win any victory, we polled a larger percentage of the votes than ever before. If this is a rout, we wonder what our enemies would regard as a victory on our part. If they find any encouragement and solace in this "rout," they are quite welcome to it."

---

A meeting of the members of the International Socialist club was held last Thursday. Comrade Raps occupied the chair, and a good deal of business was transacted.

Don't forget the Xmas Festival on Dec. 26th. Tickets are now on sale!

---

## The Socialist

A bright exponent of International Socialism.

Official Organ of the Socialist Party of Victoria.

Published Weekly. Price, 1d

Sydney Agency:

**The International Socialist Club**  
274 Pitt-street, Sydney.

The "Socialist" is also sold at all meetings of the International Socialist Group.

## God and the Good Man

### A Fable.

By E. R. SUTHERS, in the "Clarion."

A MAN of the People stood before the Throne of Judgment, and God called for the Book of Life, and the Recording Angel opened the Book and read therefrom. And as he read the Man of the People wept, and the sound of his weeping was terrible.

And God said to the Man of the people: "Toil and trouble has been thy lot on earth. From childhood even unto the day of thy death thy days and nights have been given to drudgery. Blows and contumely were showered upon thee. Yet didst thou never rebel."

And the Man of the People answered: "Even so I suffered."

And God said to the Man of the People: "When the laughter of the children at play called thee to idleness thou didst ever close thine ears because thou wast afraid to disobey thy master. In tears and silence thou didst eat of the scraps he threw to thee. Weary was thy poor body when the long day's toil came to an end, and to thy master wast thou always respectful."

And the Man of the People answered: "Even so I suffered."

And God said to the Man of the People: "In manhood suffering was also thy lot, and the woman who brought thee love drank of the bitter cup. Pain and anxiety were ever in thy house, and the mother of thy children wept in secret. Hard and long didst thou labor, yet were the bellies of thy children pinched, and never didst thou hear their voices sing with the joy of life. Many times did the wolf cross thy threshold, and the pale cheeks of the woman who brought thee love hurt thee like a deep wound."

And the Man of the People answered: "Even so I suffered."

And God said to the Man of the People: "The hands of the mighty were heavy upon thee, yet didst thou not complain. When the cunning lord stole the fruits of thy labor thou didst touch thy cap, and when the preacher conjured thee to be content thou didst bow thine head. Thou sawest thy brethren crushed under the heels of tyrants, and thou heardest the wailing of the children whose blood held the dust from the eyes of the rich. Yet didst thou ever keep the law, and never was thy voice raised against the oppressor."

And the Man of the People answered: "Even so I suffered."

And God said: "Close the



Book." And the Recording Angel closed the Book of Life. And there was a great silence.

And God said to the Man of People: "To Hell must thou go. Yes, even unto Hell for ever and ever."

And the Man of the People gave a great cry and writhed at the foot of the Throne of Judgment.

And he said: "Is God also unjust and an oppressor?"

And God said: Not so. Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. Thou hast sown weakness and cowardice, and suffering. Weakness, and cowardice, and suffering must be thy fate in the life eternal, even as it was on earth. Because thou rebelledst not against the tyrant, because thou didst condemn to tears the woman who brought thee love, because thou sawest thy children perish and thy poor brethren crushed under the heel of the oppressor, because thou didst suffer the cunning word to rob thee of the fruits of thy labor, because thou didst hearken to the voice of the preacher, who conjured thee to be content; because thou wast a worm instead of a man. Even so shall be thy reward. To Hell with him."

And they took the Man of the People and cast him into Hell.

## What a Journalist could not See.

The obtuseness of the average British descriptive journalist is often manifested, but never in so naive a fashion as in John Foster Fraser's article in the "Sunday Chronicle," on the Potteries. He describes the potters and their wives shopping on Saturday night in Hanley: "I sauntered with them, and listened to their talk, and their little concerns over their Sunday dinner, the calculations of the young man and his wife whether they can afford the bit of gaudy crockery that takes the woman's fancy. . . . " Gracious! A man who has spent all the week MAKING crockery wondering whether he can buy a bit! And Mr. Foster Fraser doesn't see it!—"Justice."

Mr. Rockefeller says: "I am a Socialist—in a sense." We can only conclude that he means the loot, pillage and confiscation sense.—"Justice."

On Sunday night, notwithstanding a belated start, H. E. Holland spoke to a large audience at Miller's Point on "Law Court Lessons for the Workers."

## Keir Hardie's Reception.

By H.E.H.

KEIR HARDIE'S reception at the Trades Hall on Monday night was certainly not lacking in either warmth or enthusiasm. Yet Hardie came as a representative Socialist, and the party under whose auspices the welcome was tendered is a self-proclaimed anti-Socialist party—a fact which led to more than one glaring contradiction, especially when the meeting was told by Mr. Holman that Socialism was a silly shibboleth, and by Mr. Hardie that Socialism was the only legitimate objective that a Labor Party could aim at. Apart from Mr. Holman's bitter anti-Socialist tirade, the speeches were altogether colorless. The chairman and Mr. Watson spoke nicely and kindly of the visitor; Mrs. Dwyer and Mrs. Dickie dwelt on the importance of woman suffrage; Mr. McGowen perpetrated a joke about the Australian heat—to which he attributed the Antipodean demand for an eight-hours' day! But not in any of the speeches was there a note that sounded for the Social Revolution, not one solid pronouncement from a working-class standpoint. There were no Socialists on the platform, and the Socialists took no part whatever in the reception, either at the railway station or the hall. The reception was absolutely a Labor Party matter; and it was probably the first time that a member of the International Socialist Bureau, visiting a city where an organisation affiliated with the Bureau existed, found himself received, not by the Socialists, but by an organisation that annually repudiates the principles of Socialism, that puts forward a middle-class objective, and whose deputy-leader officially curses Socialism for a silly shibboleth, while "welcoming the official representative of the world's Socialist Bureau. Of course, for the situation so created Keir Hardie himself is wholly to blame. As a Socialist he must have known—certainly should have known—the middle-class character of the Australian Labor Party—a party whose objective would debar it from ever obtaining representation

on the International Bureau. However, this matter will be referred to the Bureau itself in due time. It was apparent, during Mr. Hardie's speech, that he felt somewhat out of his element; at any rate, the various speakers—and more especially Mr. Holman—must have fully convinced Mr. Hardie that the organisation whose guest he was does not understand the working-class position and that its chief spokesmen stand on the sandy ground-work of Middle-Class Opportunism.

In response to the Internationals' challenge to Mr. G. H. Reid to debate the question of Socialism, the following reply has been received: "Chambers, 16th Dec., 1907.—Dear Sir,—I hope that the members of your body will not think me discourteous if I decline to take part in the discussion proposed.—Yours sincerely, G. H. REID.—H. S. Bennett, Esq."

International Socialist Meetings.

H. E. HOLLAND

Will speak in the Sydney Domain, at 3,  
SUNDAY NEXT

on  
SILLY SHIBBOLETHS.

MEETINGS

Will also be held at  
DARLINGHURST, 7.30  
MILLERS POINT, 7.



## Wholesale Scheme of Robbery.

NOVELIST Jerome K. Jerome writes in London "Daily Mail":—

"Look at the hopeless case of the average laboring class. They love and marry, and then face the certainty of the uncertainty of existence. Their whole chance of living depends upon the goodwill and fortune of someone else, and they never know when they are going to be out of the employment which is necessary for the keeping up of the home.

"One quarter of those who inevitably come into unemployment drift down to the dregs, and are of the class of those found nightly on the Embankment. It is a hopeless outlook for their old age. How can a man save anything on an average wage of 25s.

"There is nothing you can do for him. What is the good of charity? It only goes back into the rich people's pockets. Round about my home no laboring man can live on his wages, and everyone helps him to live, so that the farmer gets him at a price he would not otherwise be able to obtain him for.

"If I give a loaf to a man I

give it to his employer, who pays him perhaps 12s 6d per week and leaves the rest to the charity of the people round about. It is a ghastly situation. Charity is given not to the poor but to the rich. It is like giving a half-penny to the organ-grinder's monkey.

"I claim that the whole personal existence of civilisation is a wholesale scheme of robbery. Everybody is robbing everybody else. You can see it in the advertisements of goods for sale. An honest tradesman could not keep his shop open for a week.

"The whole system of civilisation, from the very foundation, is rotten to its core. The competitive system in vogue was got from the jungle, and ought to have been left behind when we left our tails there. It was all right with cave men, but the moment one cave man shook hands with another it went to the wall."

## A Blue Mark

Through this paragraph indicates that your Subscription to the "Review" has expired, and should be renewed if you wish to still receive the Magazine.

## A Red Mark

Indicates that unless Subscription is paid within Fourteen Days, your copy of the "Review" will be discontinued.

## When the Workers Unite!

WORLD'S WORKERS, UNITE! 'tis our one Hope of Freedom—  
Hope of the Toiler for Justice and Right!  
What of the cowards who're croaking—who'll heed them?  
Too long have the Workers been Slaves unto Might.  
Too long they've been duped by "leaders" and pastors  
Who plead from their pulpits 'tis "God's Holy Will"  
That the Toilers be crushed 'neath the heel of the Masters  
And Slavery sway in the field, mine, and mill.

Unfurl the Red Banner! the Flag of our Freedom  
The toilers no more shall be slaves unto Might.  
The Drones now our Masters, will anyone need them,  
When their Robber Thrones rock, and the Workers Unite!

How oft have the workers been lured into thinking  
How this or that party would break the slave's chain;—  
Alas! O my brothers! the chains still are clinking!

The years come and go, but the Fetters remain;  
And fools swallow down the lie of "our betters"  
That the poor must be Slaves for ever below,  
And the Master Class hammers and rivets the fetters  
On the Makers of Wealth, whose portion is woe.

Unfurl the Red Banner: the Flag of our Freedom:  
The Tyrants shall flee the battalions of Right—  
And the Vampires of Trade, who ever will feed them  
When Justice prevails and the Workers Unite?

In the struggle for Freedom—(let this message read plain)—  
Knaves follow the way the Master Class go;  
The Life of the Slave makes the Slavedriver's gain,  
And only the Workers can strike Freedom's blow:  
Then sundered no longer by Creed, Shade, or Caste,  
They'll fight in the ranks when the banner's unfurled;  
Oppression they'll hurl to the pit of the Past,  
And the Hosts shall hail "Freedom—the Hope of the  
World."

Unfurl the Red Banner: the Flag of our Freedom:  
The Day Dawn drives backward the long years of Night,  
And the Masters who scourge us—O say who will feed them  
When the Red Banner waves and the Workers Unite?

THE JINGLER.

Canberra, 15/12/07.



## TO LABOR.

By CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

SHALL you complain who feed the world?  
 Who clothe the world? who house the world?  
 Shall you complain who are the world  
     Of what the world may do?  
 If from this hour you use your power,  
     The world must follow you!

The world's life hangs on your right hand,  
 Your strong right hand, your skill'd right hand!  
 You hold the whole world in your hand,  
     See to it what you do.  
 Or dark or light, or wrong or right,  
     The world is made by you;

Then rise as you never rose before,  
 Nor hoped before, nor dared before,  
 And shown as was never shown before  
     The power that lies in you.  
 Stand all as one, see justice done,  
     Believe, and Dare, and Do!

## Said My Soul

By AUGUSTIN J. H. DUGANNE.

I LOOKED from out the grating of my spirit's dungeon cell,  
 And I saw the life-tide rolling with a sullen angry swell,  
 And the battle-ships were riding like leviathans in pride,  
 And the cannon shots were raining on the stormy human tide:  
 Then my soul looked up to God with a woe-beclouded eye—  
 Said the world, "This is from heaven;" said my soul, "It is a  
 LIE."

I looked from out the grating of my spirit's dungeon cell,  
 And a sound of mortal moaning on my reeling senses fell,  
 And I heard the sound of lashes and the clank of iron chains,  
 And I saw where MEN were driven like dumb cattle o'er the  
     plains.  
 Then my soul in anguish wept, sending forth a wailing cry—  
 Said the world, "This comes from heaven;" said my soul, "It  
 is a LIE!"

I looked from out the grating of my spirit's dungeon cell,  
 And I heard the solemn tolling of the malefactor's knell;  
 And I saw the frowning gallows reared aloft in awful doom,  
 And a thousand eyes were staring at a fellow's awful doom.  
 And a sound of cruel mirth on the wind was rushing by—  
 Said the world, "This comes from heaven"; said my soul, "It  
 is a LIE."

I looked from out the grating of my spirit's dungeon cell,  
 Where the harvest wealth was blooming over smiling plain  
     and dell!  
 And I saw a million workers with their faces in the dust,  
 And I saw a million workers slay each other for a crust.  
 Then I cried, "O God above! must thy people always die?"  
 Said the world, "This comes from heaven;" said my soul, "It  
 is a LIE."



## A Nation to Ourselves.

THE internationality of socialism is a fact that is daily becoming more evident and more significant. We socialists are one nation to ourselves,—one and the same international nation in all the lands of the earth. And the capitalists with their agents, instruments and dupes are likewise an international nation, so that we can truthfully say, there are to-day only two great nations in all lands that battle with each other in the great class struggle, which is the new revolution,—a class struggle on one side of which stands the proletariat, representing socialism, and on the other the bourgeoisie, representing capitalism.

While the bourgeois world of capitalism continues and the bourgeoisie rules, so long are all states necessarily class states, and all governments, serving the purposes and interests of the ruling class, and destined to lead the class struggle for the bourgeoisie against the proletariat,—for capitalism against socialism, for our enemies against us. From the standpoint of the class struggle which is the foundation of militant socialism, that is a truth which has been raised by the logic of thought and of facts be-

yond the possibility of doubt.  
—W. Liebknecht.

In a Socialist community, as I have elsewhere said, the "State" would be the "People." The citizens of Socialist England will not be ruled by a few rich or titled men. They will rule themselves. Socialism implies democracy. When Socialism is established every man and every woman will have a voice in the making and administration of the law. Who, then, is going to compel such a people against their will to abolish home and to force their children from their parents? Does any sane person think for a moment that this home-loving, liberty-loving, child-loving British people is going to be forced by any "State," under any system of government to accept a condition of things antagonistic to the national genius, and abhorrent to the national ideas of morality.—"Clarion."

A news item that wants explaining:—"It has been mentioned that Mr. J. H. Carruthers will represent N.S.W. at the Franco-British Exhibition to be held next year in London." Is this a way the Reform party has of providing a free trip at the public expense for the ex-Premier? Or does Mr. Carruthers propose to pay his own fare and exes? And, anyhow, why couldn't this State's glorified commission agent, Coghlan, represent N.S.W. at the Franco-British Exhibition?

# SEASON'S GREETINGS from the International SOCIALISTS..



SPEED THE SOCIAL..... REVOLUTION !



## FOR VALOR

A French Senator proposes to found  
a special order, with ribbons and insignias,  
for mothers.

THERE is none deserves it more  
Than the mother;  
Ah! she's plucky to the core  
Is the mother;  
For she fights with foes unseen—  
Subtle, cunning, deadly, keen,  
With weapons bright and keen,  
Does the mother.

Have you seen her in the breach—  
This dear mother—  
'Gainst a foe whom none can reach  
Save a mother?  
That stark monster, Death, so grim,  
When her baby's eyes grow dim,  
How she routeth even him.  
Does the mother!

So, as far as ribbons go,  
Take them, mother.  
Wear them as you only know  
How to, mother:  
For till Fate strikes, since our birth,  
You're the dearest thing on earth!  
May we learn to know your worth,  
Dearest mother!

—BEZIQUE, in the "Clarion."

## GREAT POSSESSIONS.

Ever since human nature had been what  
it was, and he saw no signs of it altering, there  
had been no incentive so powerful to thrift  
or devotion to industry as that which enabled  
a man to point to some object and say: "That  
is my own. I acquired it with my energy and  
my industry."—F. E. SMITH, M.P., at Derby.

The toiler in the slum took stock  
Of all his property,  
And fondly gazed upon the goods,  
"Acquired by energy."  
His heart swelled higher as he  
looked,  
And pride was in his tone,  
As, lifting up his voice he cried:  
"These are my very own!"

An orange book formed a settee  
The table lacked a limb,  
The chairs were rather ricketty,  
The shabby couch looked grim.  
A box of withered dying flowers  
Stood on the window-stone,  
And thus the lucky owner spake:  
"This property's my own!"

Upstairs some dingy mattresses,  
Composed of filthy straw  
(His haggard children on them lay)  
Were his by right of law.  
The window panes were stopped  
with rags—  
(Outside the wind did groan)  
"Three cheers for thrift," the toiler  
cried,  
"These things are all my own!"

"A Briton's house," the toiler said,  
"His castle is—hooray!  
Down with the men who with the  
Home  
Would try to do away.  
What though the street wherein I  
live  
Is in the fever zone.  
So long as I can pay the rent  
This mansion is my own!"

Alas! our toiler, out of work,  
One day grew weak and sick,  
The rent fell due—the landlord  
came  
And stole each humble "stick."  
His wife and children pined and  
died,  
And he was left alone;  
A pauper's grave was dugged for  
him—  
But that is not his own.  
—BEZIQUE, in the "Clarion."

If we had Socialism this  
would be YOUR country in-  
stead of the rich man's.

## The Social Revolution.

By KARL KAUTSKY, in the "Appeal to  
Reason."

THE contrast between Reform  
and Revolution does not con-  
sist in the application of force  
in one case and not in the  
other. Every juridical and  
political measure is a force  
measure, which is carried  
through by the force of the  
state. Neither does any particu-  
lar form of the application of  
force, as, for example, street  
fights, constitute the essen-  
tials of Revolution in contrast  
to Reform. These arise from  
particular circumstances, are  
not necessarily connected  
with Revolutions, and may  
easily accompany Reform  
movements. The constitution  
of the delegates of the Third  
Estate at the National Assem-  
bly of France, on June 17,  
1789, was an eminently revo-  
lutionary act with no apparent  
use of force. This same  
France held on the contrary,  
in 1774 and 1775, great insur-  
rections for the single and in  
no way revolutionary purpose  
of changing the bread tax in  
order to stop the rise in the  
price of bread.

The reference to street  
fights and executions, as char-  
acteristic of Revolutions is,  
however, a clue to the source  
from which we can obtain im-  
portant teachings as to the es-

sentials of Revolution. The  
great transformation in  
1789 has become the classical  
type of revolution. It is the  
one which is ordinarily in  
mind when Revolution is spo-  
ken of. From it we can best  
study the essentials of Revolu-  
tion and the contrast between  
it and Reform. This revolu-  
tion was preceded by a series  
of efforts at Reform,  
amongst which the best  
known are those of Tur-  
got. These attempts in many  
cases aimed at the same thing  
which the Revolution carried  
out. What distinguished the  
Reforms of Turgot from the  
corresponding measure of  
the Revolution? Between  
the two lay the con-  
quest of political power by a  
new class, and in this lies the  
essential difference between  
Revolution and Reform. Mea-  
sures which seek to adjust  
the judicial and political super-  
structure of Society, to change  
economic conditions, are re-  
forms if they proceed from the  
class which is the political and  
economical rulers of society.  
They are Reforms whether  
they are given freely or se-  
cured by the pressure of the  
subject class, or conquered  
through the power of circum-  
stances. On the contrary,  
those measures are the result  
of Revolution if they proceed  
from the which class has been



economically and politically oppressed and who have now captured power, and who must in their own interest more or less rapidly transform the political and juridical superstructure and create new forms of social co-operation.

The conquest of governmental power by an hitherto oppressed class; in other words, a Political Revolution, is accordingly the essential characteristic of Social Revolution in this narrow sense, in contrast with Social Reform. Those who repudiate Political Revolution as the principal means of social transformation, or wish to confine this to such measures as have been granted by the ruling class are Social Reformers no matter how much their social ideas may antagonise existing social forms. On the contrary, anyone is a Revolutionist who seeks to conquer the political power for an hitherto oppressed class, and he does not lose this character if he prepares and hastens this conquest by Social Reforms wrested from the ruling classes. It is not the striving after Social Reforms, but the explicit confining oneself to them which distinguishes the Social Reformer from the Social Revolu-

tionist. On the other hand a Political Revolution can only become a Social Revolution when it proceeds from an hitherto socially oppressed class. Such a class is compelled to complete its political emancipation by its social emancipation, because its previous social position is irreconcilable to its political domination. A split in the ranks of the ruling classes, no matter even it should take on the violent form of civil war, is not a Social Revolution.

The money a working man spends for liquor makes him poor; the money a rich man spends for liquor makes him fat.

The capitalist is quite right in saying that all men are not equal. He is far inferior to the man who earns his living at actual labor.

## The Socialist

A bright exponent of International Socialism.  
Official Organ of the Socialist Party of Victoria.  
Published Weekly. Price, 1d  
Sydney Agency:  
**The International Socialist Club**  
274 Pitt-street, Sydney.  
The "Socialist" is also sold at meetings of the International Socialist Group.

# THE REDEEMER

Translated from the German by H. DIERKS.

More than nineteen centuries have passed since the birth of the son of the Nazarene carpenter, proclaimed to mankind as the Redeemer. In a dark and dreadful period of disintegration of the old Roman Empire, when millions were sinking in misery, in slavery, and debasement—in that dark social night the "Morning Sun of Christian Redemption" rose, greeted by the disinherited and dispossessed of the earth with pious faith and exultant hope. And again to-day the bells of numberless churches in numberless cities and villages will proclaim the re-advent of that joyful day—in palaces and cottages alike joy will reign to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of the Redeemer.

But where is the Redemption? Are there not to-day millions succumbing to the same suffering as those of thousands of years ago? And are they not trampled on by the rich—the same as then—the rich for whom the entrance into Heaven has been proclaimed more difficult than it is for a camel to pass through a needle's eye?

When the masses are told that Christianity promised and accomplished the Redemption of the Soul and not that of the Human—that the kingdom of Heaven is not of this world—they are told a parsonical lie.

The Christian doctrine was not preached and accepted as an uncertain change for the happiness of the hereafter, but as the gospel of redemption from material misery, social inequality and social iniquity on this earth. The redemption from the evils consequent upon class-rule, from social contrasts, from daily want, from the oppression of man by man, from the oppression of the masses by a handful in power—this was the gospel of the first apostles of Christianity; and this brought the adherents and the faithful in legions. So essentially materialistic was the basis of this Redemption that the early Christians at once commenced to apply the axe with mighty blows to the root of the Social Evil.

The gospel of Christian Redemption was through centuries a shrill echoing bugle-call to war against the rich and private property.

"You villains," St. Basilus said to the rich in the fourth century, "how will you answer to the eternal judge? You reply: How can I be wrong, as I only keep for myself that which is mine? But I ask you, What is it that you call your own? Who gave it to you? How do the rich get rich, only by taking that which belongs to all? If everybody did not take more than enough for himself, and left the rest to the others, there would be neither rich nor poor."

And two centuries later another brave one of God's warriors, Gregory the Great, thundered: "It is not sufficient if one does not take the property of others; one is not guiltless, so long as one claims for oneself goods which belong to all. Who does not give to others that which he has is an assassin and a murderer, because while he keeps for himself that



which would have kept the poor it can be said that day in and day out he murders as many as could have lived on his affluence."

This was the incisive language used by the disciples of Jesus against the social inequality of men, and these were the purely earthly arguments used by them for the cause of the disinherited, whom to redeem the great Nazarene formed his school.

Alas! the material conditions proved themselves stronger than the most enthusiastic speech of the Christian apostles. The words of a Chrisostomus—the man with the golden voice, and the thundering voice of the great Gregory, died away like the voice of the caller in the desert. The tide of historical development, which the Christian Gospel of Communism and the Abolition of Wealth essayed to stem carried with it the dauntless boat of the World's Redeemers, swung it round and forced it to follow the inevitable course of economic conditions.

Class Society has pressed into its own service the doctrine preached for its destruction. The Redeemer—holy Church—became a new column in the structure of the thousands-of-years'-old slavery of the masses. Of the gospel of Social Justice the ruling classes and their minions in the pulpits of the church have made a Gospel of Charity; of the religion of free and equals they have made a religion of mendicants and lepers; of the redemption from hunger, want and humiliation—a chimera of the redemption of the soul after death.

This cruel process of the historic alchemy of the Christian doctrine of Redemption has prevailed unto our own day. Middle-age feudal Society wrenched the original bold Christian Communism into a sickly, tearful Christian Charity. Modern Capitalism has made Christian Charity a mockery and an impudent parody on the Christian teaching.

In every Class Society, where want inevitably follows the exploitation of the masses, hypocrisy is an official institution of the State. With every advancing step in the evolution of Capitalist Society the hypocrisy carried on with the Christian Gospel by the ruling classes, has become coarser and shown itself more and more in its true colors.

Miserable hypocrisy, this official Christmas, when at the celebration of the birth of the Redeemer of the Poor (the birth in the manger), the rich bourgeoisie displays a luxury that spells scorn to the needful, starving masses. Miserable hypocrisy, the pious prayers and the heavenward distorted glances of unctuous church-servants—who—arming for Christmas, the birth celebration of the gentle Friend of Man—just before gave their benedictions to new instruments of murder and new burdens on those heavily laden. Miserable hypocrisy, the whole Official Christianity of the present-day society, which chooses an advent-night, to take by a piratical invasion the last bit of bread from the mouth of millions of industrial workers, and just before the joyous bells of Christmas rang out, sent into the country of our black brethren in Africa new horrors of war, a new terrible gospel of bloodshed and rapine and devastation as a Christmas present.

The only true reality in the Christian Christmas of to-day—the inner living spirit of which has disappeared, and of which only the dead use and the symbolical shrine has remained—is the evergreen Christmas Tree, the aromatic greeting of the pure, free nature—the tree, which has

been stolen from the ancient pagan-world with its sun-worship, and planted right into the foreign and unnatural sphere of "Christian" bourgeois hypocrisy for the enjoyment of children and childish adults.

Against this World's Official Hypocrisy stand we, the Proletaria "Rabble"—the homeless, the outlanded, and we ask with Prometheus: "I honor thee? Why? Hast thou tried ever to sooth the sufferings of those heavy-laden? Hast thou tried ever to still the tears of those that are wretched?"

But we hail the advent of the Redeemer—the true Redeemer of Humanity. In every decaying form of Society, where the ascending oppressed class is not able to hew out new courses for the evolutionary processes, the faith in a miracle-performing Redeemer springs up; despairing humanity clutches at the phantom of a mighty saving personality, which by work of miracles will redeem all. The old race of the Hebrews expected its deliverance from Egyptian slavery through Moses. In decaying Rome Christ was the redeemer. In the beginning of the capitalistic era before the modern proletariat entered the stage of history, a Fourier looked long for one in power or one of the rich, who would help him to realise his plan for the redemption of humanity.

Socialism, the Redeemer, has put into our hands the strong hammer of the Class Struggle, the strong hammer of Knowledge, and it has called to us "Redeem yourselves!" Self-redemption of humanity by the Class-conscious Proletariat; Redemption of the Masses not by a miracle performing Redeemer, but by the masses themselves—this is Socialism's idea of Redemption—Our Gospel of Redemption.

We celebrate our Christmas. Amongst us there is joy—and hope and faith enter our hearts.

Our redemption is being accomplished every day, every hour.

Do you hear from Russia the whirl of voices and the roar of battle! There our brethren are breaking their heaviest chains—the self redemption of the masses begins—the kindling flash of the lightning of Socialist Knowledge has already dispelled the old darkness: the hammer of the Class Struggle will be wielded; the people will forge their own fate.

In holy Russia, Christmas has been celebrated for centuries. In old pious Moscow yearly the deafening heavy bells rang out from the forty-times-forty ponderous Byzantine churches with their broad, golden domes. In the younger city of the Czar, every year at Christmastide sadomas. In the younger city of the Czar, every year at Christmastide sadomas. In the younger city of the Czar, every year at Christmastide sadomas. Piously the official Russian guns were fired on the banks of the Neva. Piously the official Russian Christians crossed themselves hurriedly three times, and touched the earth as if greeting it with their foreheads untold time. Year in, year out, Russian Christendom rejoiced at the birth of the Redeemer—while millions died of hunger, typhoid, and scurvy; were whipped with nagajkas for arrears in taxes; while hundreds of thousands of factory proletarians were crippled by sixteen hours of daily toil, and were shot like dogs if they dared to rebel, and while kibitkas with monotonous tinkling swept over the wide snow-steppes of Siberia to deliver up to the great morgue of penal labor in the mines one batch after another of exiles.



And it was only two weeks after Christmas when, in St. Petersburg, the two hundred thousand, with crucifix in hand, marched to the Czar's castle, to pray in the name of the Redeemer for redemption from terrible slavery. The solemn ringing of the Christmas Bells had hardly ceased when their dying tones were smothered by the clattering of rifles—salves and the Redeemer's crucifix fell to the ground bespattered with blood—fell from the death-rigid hands of the suppliants amidst the bullet-rain of the Most Christian Czar. Then the people grasped at Self Redemption. From supplication and hope to the fight; from the Crucifix to the Red Banner of Socialism.

Five years have passed since then. To-day Christmas is there again; the holy night again rises over holy Russia—over a smoking heap of debris of the old time Christian Citadel. The fight is still raging, and fearful the number of the victims. But the Redemption, the Self Redemption of the Russian people, the Self-Redemption of us all, has begun.

The red banner—the symbol of our Redemption—from the tumult of the fight again and again flies victoriously on the breezes, and millions and millions of the world's disinherited waiting for Redemption group round the flag that marks the Storm Centre.

With beating hearts, full of faith and hope, our eyes are turned to the East, and we greet every movement of our proud standard with joy. The first ramparts of the old Society begin to totter. The Red Flag victoriously carries the first storm.

And thus we celebrate our Christmas, separated by an abyss from the hypocritical bourgeois-Christian world with its hypocritical fetes, its insincere prayers, and its sounding bells.

Grouped around our Green Tree of Life, fast in our faith and joyous in hope for the near redemption of humanity, leaning on the never-failing hammer—the symbol of our labor and our deliverance, we celebrate our Fete of Labor, we millions of the wretched and disinherited, and we fling defiance at the lying, hypocritical, alleged Christian ruling-class of the Bourgeois World, and cry with Prometheus: "Here I am; make men after my image. A race—my equal, to suffer, to fight, to enjoy and be merry; and not heed thee, as I!"



## Xmas and the Workers!

By H.S.B.

THE Christmas Festival is one of the many Pagan festivals that the Christian religion has taken from Paganism. It was taken from Paganism, and with a twist here and a turn there adopted to the then new religion. With the evolution of Christmas, however, in this article we are not immediately concerned. It will suffice to say that in all ages and in all religions it was a time set apart for mirth and gladness. In our time this season of the year is becoming more and more secularised, with the result that the festive side is becoming more and more accentuated. But within limitations! For under Capitalism the working-class are still but serfs, and the remembrance of their daily toil, and the thousand and one curses of the present system, give to the Christmas meats a strange flavor, and leave a poisonous bitterness in the dregs of the convivial cup! In the days of old, at this time of the year it was a custom to allow the slaves to revel for a few days in the orgies of their masters. But once the appointed time had closed, the kick and cuff and leather thong all came into play once more. Is it very different to-

day? Is the position of the modern wage slave very different; is it really much better after all? A few days jollification (FOR SOME), a picnic here, a few drinks there, and then back once more to grind out profits for the masterclass. The leather thong may be absent, but the lash of hunger dangles forever before working-class eyes!

Taken all in all, the festive season for the workers is a hollow mockery of it all! The producers of all good things—the really useful class—watch them in the streets a few nights prior to the "festive" season. There they go, hither and thither, searching for the commonest food, the commonest clothing, and for the little toddlers the commonest toys! And then there are thousands to whom even this is denied.

Their Christmas, their "festivity," will be along lines of starvation and misery. Yet the workers, and only the workers, have produced the best of things, the things that will bring both joy and merriment to the homes of their masters! But these things are not for the workers; ah, no! shall not the bones be given to the dogs? Some day the workers will realise the enormous possibilities that lie before them as a class. And in that day of recognition



Christmas will become what it might be now—a joyous part of a joyous whole.

## Christmas, Past and Present.

By H.J.H.

CHRISTMASTIDE! Instinctively the mind harks back to the happy childish long-ago, when, in appropriate surroundings, amidst good cheer, and jollity, the giving and receiving of gifts, and the mystical make-believe delight of gnome and elf and fairy lore which the child's imagination so eagerly seizes upon, Christmas was indeed the flower and crowning period of the year. The very Christian legend itself, of the mother and the child, was skilfully grafted upon the old wassail and revelry of the pagan festival which marked the passing of the winter solstice with hearty and jovial defiance of the blustering wind and icy shafts of the bleak and frozen North. The hardy season was welcome as a vigorous tonic, even more desired than soft and sweet and languorous summer.

In those days of happy, well-nurtured childhood all the Christmastide indeed seemed bright and glorious. But the glow has departed. The black

and bitter truth, colder and more piercing than even the polar winds themselves, strikes down in manhood the golden imaginings of youthful fancy. It is true that even in childhood a hint of other things reached us. We give our mite to assist donate—unconscious of the grim satire of such necessity—a Christmas dinner to the poor; we help provide the cakes and buns and magic lantern show for the children in the slums. Sweet charity—it but adds another to the pleasures of the season!

Why these poor? We knew not. Childhood lives in the passing moment. The present satisfaction of the good deed, the kindly pleasure of making Christmas cheer for others less fortunate overpowered any possibility of question. And, if the query found utterance, came the ready sophistry of the Church to answer: "Tis the will of God. The ways of Providence are mysterious"; and older children than we are satisfied with this evasion.

Looking back on the joys, the intoxication of pleasure and romance of the old-time Christmastide, is it any wonder if feelings, bitter and relentless as the Northland winter itself possess those who see the horrors of want and hunger and

despair which to-day in this Christmas week of 1907 of the alleged Christian era, little children—poor, pitiful mites, blood of our blood, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh—are suffering when they should be rapt in the fairyland of childhood's pleasantest hours?

And we look on the children, the happy and the wretched alike, and forecast the road they have to travel, even as we have traversed it before them: the road of disillusionment, of discovery of fraud and hypocrisy, of hollow deception and sordid trickery where so fair seeming a front of goodness, and charity, and justice, was erstwhile laid before us; and again we ask: "Why?"

The old prevarication and excuses no longer pass muster with us. Why? Why? Why? Insistently the question comes again and again, until at last we find the answer in the Socialist philosophy. The class struggle reveals itself, the revolutionary mission of the working-class becomes clear to us. Class ownership of the means of life; class domination of the workers by the idlers; here we find the prolific cause of the social evils which mocked our Christmas joyance when life's problems first demanded our solutions.

Here also we find the inspiration of the best efforts of our mature years. The fires of hope are re-kindled. The narrowness and meanness of commercialism no longer sets the boundary to our horizon, and we find a task ready to our hands worthy of two noblest aspirations of youth's dear and glowing dawn. The illusions are gone, but the enthusiasm remains; the ideal and the possible are reconciled, because the ideal is firmly grounded in the facts of life, and with a class grip of the historical process in place of the legendary imaginations of the past, the present is fortified for the task of to-day by the consciousness of the mighty social forces which irresistibly doom the out-worn social system and give the sure and certain promise of the coming day.

Birmingham has nearly 40,000 courthouses, most of them of the back to back type. London has 300,000 one-room dwellers.

In Scotland there are 291,515 overcrowded one-room dwellers. Of these 40,272 live six in one room. Nearly 2,000 live 10 to one room.

There are 280,447 Scotch families living in two-room homes. Of these 133,352 live eight to two rooms.



## Christians and Infidels.

By ROBERT BLATCHFORD.

SOCIALISM and Atheism are being bracketed together by a certain section of the British press, and the charge is commonly supported by quotations from my books and articles.

Now, I do not know what proportion of the Socialist Party are Christians. There may be many Christian Socialists, or there may be few.

But I am quite sure that most of those outside of the Socialist ranks who profess to be shocked by my infidelity are infidels themselves, and are Christians only in name.

For to be a Christian, in fact, one should believe in the teaching of Christ, and should at least try to put Christ's precepts into practice.

But how many professing Christians really believe what Christ taught? And where is there one man who obeys implicitly the express commands of him he calls "Lord, Lord!"

Christ said, "Sell that you have, and give to the poor." Do the readers of the "Standard," the "Mail," and the "Express" obey that order? Do the leaders of the Liberal and Tory parties obey it? Do the Protestant voters of Kirkdale obey it?

I am told by men who should know that the essence of Christ's teachings and the foundation of real Christianity is the Sermon on the Mount. How many of those who attack Socialism because of their faith in Christianity really believe the Sermon on the Mount? They dread Socialism because they think it would destroy Christianity. And they defend and uphold a state of society and a system of politics and commerce which are more anti-Christian than anything the most atheistic Socialist has ever dreamed of.

Let us take the Sermon on the Mount as a test, and find out who are the "infidels":

But woe unto you that are rich! For ye have received your consolation. Woe unto you that are full! For ye shall hunger.

But I say unto you which hear, Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you.

Bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you.

And unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek offer also the other; and him that taketh away thy cloak forbid not to take thy coat also.

Give to every man that asketh of thee, and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again.

And as ye would that men should do unto you, do ye to them likewise.

But love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest; for he is kind unto the unthankful and the evil.

I need quote no more. Which of the Tory papers believes these words? Which of the Christian opponents of Socialism believes those words? If an infidel is one

who is unfaithful to his religion what are the bulk of our professing Christians but infidels?

And I ask the Christians if they believe that if Christ returned to earth to-day He would approve of our modern system of riches on the one hand and poverty on the other. Would He approve of our existing system of commercialism based on ruthless competition? What would He say of the unfed children, of the dishonored women, of the out-cast unemployed men? What would He say of the Trusts, of the millionaires, of the "Smart Set," of the slums, of the Yellow Press? Would He approve of the Empire? Could He approve of the Church?

You infidels who call yourselves Christians, what are you doing on the side of the landlord and the money-lender, and the sweater, and the publican, and the gambler? What are you doing in the ranks of those who oppress and plunder the workers and the poor?

You who listen to the hireling scribes of the covetous and the rich, what do you know of the Socialism you oppose?

Are you aware that the Socialist, be he a believer or an atheist, is nearer to the Christ

you profess to worship than you are yourselves?

Are you aware that you cannot deny Socialism without denying Christ? Are you aware that you cannot revile Socialism without reviling Christ? Has it never been apparent to you that all the institutions of this Christian country are contrary to the express teachings of Christ. Don't you know that the lynch-pin of our social system, the principle held most precious and most sacred by your Liberal and Tory leaders, is the principle of selfishness: the desire for gain? And don't you see that this principle is the very principle against which Christ's whole life and teaching made protest?

"But Socialists do not believe in God."

Ah! And what does the capitalist press believe in? And how could all the Socialists in the world prevent the weakest and poorest man from believing in God, even if any single Socialist would try to deny the right of any fellow-creature to believe in any religion that to him seemed good.

The wicked socialists, your masters and exploiters tell you, will rob you of your wealth, and of your liberty, and of your home, and of your faith. How much wealth or liberty



or faith do you possess?

WE have a faith: a faith that all men should be free, a faith that all women should be honored, a faith that all children should be loved, and taught, and fed.

You do not know that because you take your facts from liars, and your morals from rogues; but it is there to see. You can find that Socialist faith in the Socialist books and newspapers. You can hear it uttered from a thousand Socialist platforms.

At the School Teachers' Conference, held in Sydney this week, Acting-Inspector Blumer related how he had found a bright little girl, scarcely eight years of age, who was required by her parents to milk 13 cows every morning, preparatory to walking four miles along a bush track to school. Tired and weary with her day's exertions, she was compelled to return home again on foot, only to repeat the milking operations before being allowed to retire.

Any political movement promising to live and succeed for any length of time must be based on the necessities of a distinct economic class in society and this class must be

numerous and strong enough to successively cope with all other classes in the struggle for existence. But when we begin to analyse the class character of the new government ownership movement we find that it has no such economic basis as to guarantee its duration for any considerable time. Practically it seeks a coalition between the small capitalist class, ever growing smaller numerically as a result of capitalist concentration, and the farm owning farmers; and like all other political movements it implores the working class in the name of God and home and native land to come join them and help them lick the other fellow, the other fellow in this case meaning the big capitalist.—J. B. Osborne.

Sixty thousand overcrowded persons live in Manchester and Salford, a population nearly equal to that of the two Kent towns of Chatham and Rochester. What is true of Manchester is equally true of most great towns in the United Kingdom.

Government ownership of railroads, telegraphs, etc., has neither solved nor aided in the solution of the economic problem of the working producing class in any country in the world.

## The Working Class Must Learn.

The working class must learn that they alone can solve the economic problem of our time. Let the working-class, then, rely on itself; have more faith in itself; depend upon itself and its own strong arm; manage its own affairs; develop within its own executive ability and from its own earnings finance its political efforts and organisation. I know of only one reason why the working class should be in politics, or interested in political campaigns, and that is to serve economic class interest. Their economic interest can be served only by the abolition of all power of exploitation. The exploitation of labor is made possible by the capitalist ownership of the means of production. This private ownership of the means of production will continue as long as the capitalist class has possession of the political power; political power meaning the legislative, executive, judicial and military department of the government. The only political programme, therefore, in the interest of the working class is working class conquest of the political power for the sole purpose of abolishing the power of exploitation and the wage system.—J. B. Osborne.

## Other Lands.

FRANCE

THE disciplinary council of the Bar has decided to suspend its action against Herve for the time being. It is now generally recognised that Herve's "offence" was purely a political one, and not a case in which professional honor was concerned.

At last there appears to be a probability that the Paris Communal Council will allow the ashes of the Communards by the Mur des Federes to rest in peace. It is the very least that can be done; these men were true martyrs in the cause of liberty, and the least that can be done is to allow them to remain at peace in their graves.

INTERNATIONAL  
SOCIALIST MEETINGS.

SUNDAY NEXT.

**H. Scott Bennett**  
WILL SPEAK  
DOMAIN, 3—"Socialism and  
Christmas."

**Meetings**

WILL ALSO BE HELD AT  
Miller's Point, 7 sharp.  
Darlinghurst, 8.



## Too Much and Too Little.

From the "Appeal to Reason."

THE human worker possesses the magic power of producing more than is necessary to feed, clothe, and shelter him. If permitted to retain and use the surplus, it becomes the means of unfolding higher faculties and of thereby improving the individual and perfecting the race. But the capitalist system of production enables another to take this surplus, leaving the average worker only enough to keep him in working order and to breed another generation of workers to take his place when he is "all in." The capitalist who takes his surplus, overeats, overdrinks, and overdoes everything but work, which he doesn't do at all. The too much is often as bad for him as the too little is bad for the worker. When the workers get ready to keep and use this surplus, they can get it by applying the simple methods of Socialism to Government and Industry.

The only kind of religion that Socialism opposes is the political kind that apologises for the evils of Capitalism and goes out of its way to antagonize and misrepresent Socialism.

## Six Days Shalt Thou Labor.

"SIX days shalt thou labor and do all thy work," is just as imperative as the command to rest upon the seventh day. There are those who are insistent upon other people resting one day who, so far as themselves are concerned, are content to also rest on the other six. They are willing that others should do all their work on the six days in exchange for the wind work they do on the seventh. "Six days shalt thou labor" applies to one as well as to another, and the time-server who disobeys this command while preaching it to another is a fraud and a hypocrite.—P. M. Koonin.

The wage-worker who doesn't see that he is a slave is blind as well as bound.

## A Blue Mark

Through this paragraph indicates that your Subscription to the "Review" has expired, and should be renewed if you wish to still receive the Magazine.

## A Red Mark

Indicates that unless Subscription is paid within Fourteen Days, your copy of the "Review" will be discontinued.