

THE ROAD AHEAD



HARRY W. LAIDLER

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THE ROAD AHEAD



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THE ROAD AHEAD

A Primer of Capitalism and Socialism

BY

HARRY W. LAIDLER



Illustrated by

MABEL PUGH

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To

JOHN AND ROSAMOND LAIDLER



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PREFACE

A BRILLIANT American editor has recently written that a period of great change in this country "is not only indicated; it is certain." We in America will soon find ourselves "in one of the great periods of reorganization and pioneering." Other countries have already entered that era.

The old generations of Americans have given little attention to social pioneering. They have sought to build up the nation's power to produce and have let it go at that. On the question of distribution they have adopted a policy of drift.

Many of these problems will be left for solution to the generation of boys and girls, young men and women, now in the schools and colleges of the country.

This generation should begin now to prepare themselves for the great task ahead. This little primer is a modest attempt to help them to make a start in that preparation. It was written chiefly for boys and girls from the seventh to the tenth grades, the higher grades in grammar schools and the lower grades in high schools. It is hoped, however, that interest will not be confined to these groups. My own boy, aged nine, has expressed a keen interest in many parts of the book, while a number of my grown-up friends who have read the manuscript as beginning students in economics and in Socialist thought have been good enough to tell me

that the primer has served as a valuable introduction to these studies.

In preparing this little volume, I have had the helpful assistance of a number of my friends in the Child Study Association and the League for Industrial Democracy. To them, to Miss Mabel Pugh, the artist of this volume, and to my wife, I wish to express my deep appreciation.

HARRY W. LAIDLER.

February, 1932.

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THE ROAD AHEAD

THE CHANGING WORLD

DEAR John and Mary: When I was a small boy, I used to like to hear about my grandfather, who served as a major in the Civil War. My mother told me thrilling stories of his days on the battle field and I never tired of examining his uniform and gilded epaulets and shining sword. I used to wonder whether I would ever have a chance to serve my country as he served his.

Then I would see my other grandfather, my father's father, on his occasional visits to our home. He was a different kind of soldier, a soldier of peace. He was always battling for the rights of the boys and girls, the men and women, who were getting the worst of it in life and most of the time he was on the unpopular side.

He would take me on his knee and tell me how he came to America after the Civil War and found that, while the war had freed the chattel slaves, it had left them bewildered and uncared for in their new life. He went down South to work among these freedmen, as the Negroes were then called, assisting them to obtain food and shelter and clothing and the beginnings of an education. He found others who had come from the North, supposedly to help, taking for their own use the money sent South in aid of the Negroes. He accused these Northerners of theft. They threatened his life if

he exposed them. He exposed them and narrowly escaped being killed. He kept up the fight until he finally won out.

Coming North, he engaged in other struggles for the rights of sailors and child workers and others who were being oppressed. I listened to his stories and began to feel that the great battles of life were those not of war, but of peace. I began to ask myself what the boys and girls of my generation could do as soldiers of peace to make the world a better place in which to live.

And now, John and Mary, you write me that you are asking this same question.

You are young. It will be many years before you will be called upon to vote at election time. But you have ideals. And you are not too young to learn. You have read in your history of Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln and William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips and others who, in their day, did their utmost to make America a land nearer to their ideals of freedom.

You are proud of what they and what thousands and thousands of unknown soldiers of the common good have done. You are enjoying life more because these men and women have gone before.

But you are not willing merely to accept the results of their struggles and to let it go at that. You want to be a pioneer in your generation as they were in theirs. You want so to live and act that future generations of boys and girls in this country and in other lands will be freer and happier because of your life.

You see wrongs that ought to be righted. You see ugliness in the great cities of the country. You see boys and girls going to school with little or no food because

their fathers, through no fault of their own, haven't been able to find work.

You find other boys and girls living in crowded homes called tenements, with little air or sunshine, and with no place for the children to play except on the



narrow, dirty, grassless streets; with little or no chance for romps in the country or cool swims at the seashore.

You see still others possessing fine houses and yachts and far more than they need of the good things of life. And you wonder whether these things must be; whether there isn't a way out; whether you can't help to find that way out.

I believe that you can and I believe that, in spite of the fact that you are very young, you are not too young to understand something of the great and adventurous things that need to be done and that demand in the

doing all the courage and all the heroism of which you are capable.

The young people of today are growing up under conditions which their fathers and grandfathers in their youth could scarcely imagine. They go to the great cities and see skyscrapers shooting up into the very heavens. They hear the airplanes buzzing with increasing frequency over their heads. They watch the mighty express trains rushing like mad through the night. They count the endless stream of automobiles winding their way through the highways of the country.

They pick up the radio and, though in the remotest village of the land, are able to catch the voice of a great explorer recounting his experiences from some lonely hut in the Antarctic.

They attend the movietones and, one moment, may hear the snarl of the lion as he is brought to bay in the wild jungles of Africa; the next, they may listen to the perfect English of the brilliant playwright and Socialist, Bernard Shaw, addressing an invisible audience from his beautiful lawn at Wellwyn Gardens, England.

They visit a newspaper plant and see the monster presses turning out hundreds of thousands of copies of newspapers an hour, all nicely printed and folded and ready to read. They go to an up-to-date farm and see the tractors and the great combined harvesters and threshers making short work with the wheat crop; electrical milking machines milking dozens of cows at once; electrically lighted chicken coops increasing the egg-laying capacity of hens as if by magic. They visit a factory for the making of automobile frames and see one mighty machine turning out thousands of such

frames a day and able to produce, if fully used throughout the year, most of the frames required in the automobile industry of the country.

The America that you see today, Mary and John, is far removed from the America of yesterday, and the one thing of all things that is certain is that the America of tomorrow, the America of your manhood and womanhood, will be very different from the America of today. It may be better; it may be worse. That is difficult to say. But at least it will be different.

You know that there was a time, centuries and centuries ago, when the people of the earth obtained their food by fishing or by hunting animals and shooting them with bows and arrows and cutting these animals up and cooking them around an open fire; when they had no modern knives or tools with which to do their work.

From then on they advanced in many ways. They learned how to tame animals and they wandered from place to place tending their sheep and cattle by day and by night. They later settled in villages and became farmers, remaining on one strip of land from generation to generation. They engaged in war with their neighbors and with peoples beyond the seas. They captured the men and women of other tribes and nations in war and made slaves of them.

At home, these slaves were bought and sold in the open market somewhat as pigs and cattle are sold—though they were human beings just as you and I are human beings. And for centuries great empires—the Grecian empire, the Roman empire, with all their magnificence—were built upon the backs of slaves. When you, John and Mary, read of the glories of these

times—and Greece particularly had its glories in art and literature—remember this tragic fact of chattel slavery.

The slaves of these and of other times were uneducated. They were kept purposely in ignorance. They



were not supposed to think. They were supposed only to obey the orders from above, from the owners of the great slave estates.

These owners and the overseers of the slaves were often cruel and ruthless and stupid. Many a Roman slave was not only compelled to wear chains while working in the field by day, but also while sleeping in his quarters at night. In the mines these slaves worked half naked in chains. They were frequently whipped by their masters and were constantly guarded to prevent them from escaping. Sometimes the masters were kind, but that kindness did not lessen the terrible cruelty and injustice of slavery as a system.

Slaves were usually poor farmers. They did not

know how to cultivate the land without exhausting the soil, and, after a few years, the crops would usually become poorer and poorer.

It thus came to pass that the slave owners were always seeking new land for their slaves to cultivate. Sometimes they could find other fertile farms within the borders of their nation. Sometimes they discovered that all good farmland was already being used. Mr. Slave Owner would then go to Rome or to some other capital and urge his government to go to war, if need be, in order to conquer more land.

Anything that Mr. Slave Owner asked was likely to be done, if enough of his group wanted it. For he and his friends usually ran the government. So before long you were likely to see troops marching out from the capital of the country and from the small villages with flags flying and bands playing and bugles blowing. They would be bound for foreign lands, to kill and to be killed.

When some of these soldiers returned, the Emperor would announce that a great victory had been won. Banquets would be held, extending far into the night: banquets, at which few thought of the loneliness and suffering of the families of the dead soldiers, but only of the land and treasures won by these soldiers for the ruling class of the empire.

Shortly thereafter Mr. Slave Owner would move his estate to better lands, and the slaves—white, brown and black—would continue to till the soil under the lash of the overseer's whip, and continue to support in luxury Mr. Slave Owner and his family.

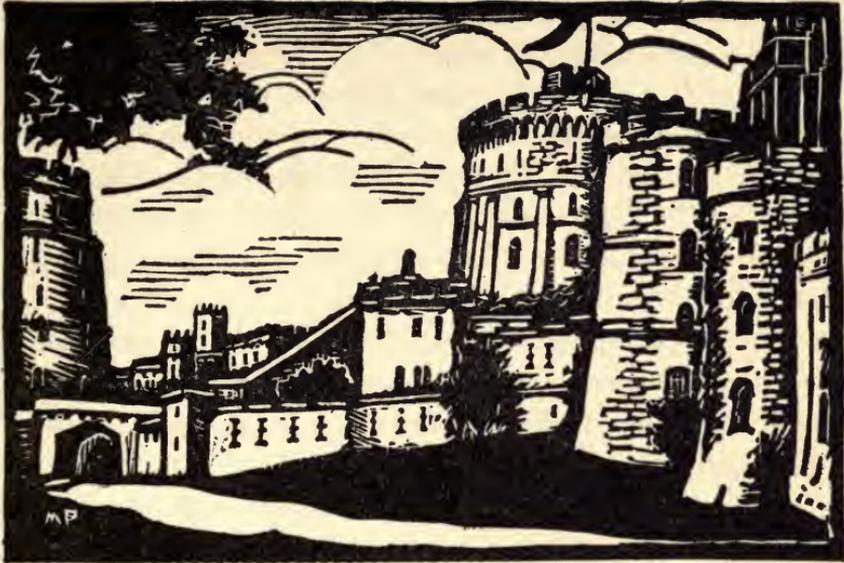
The Roman Empire was the last great empire built

chiefly on slave labor. There came a time in the fifth century A.D. when the Roman generals found it difficult to seize further foreign soil. When that time came, the slave system no longer yielded a profit to its masters and the mighty Roman Empire, as a consequence, began to crumble. The barbarians from the north who swept over the Alps in 455 A.D., found a weakened government and a weakened slave-owning class, unable to put up any effective resistance. Imperial Rome fell before the barbarian hosts and was soon left in ruins. With its downfall went the system of slavery as the chief form of human labor in the world of that day.

Slavery continued for centuries following the downfall of Rome in different parts of the world. It was not until the sixties of the last century that chattel slavery was abolished in our own country. In some parts of the world even now men and women are owned by other men and women. But the industry of the world is no longer based on slave labor.

During the Middle Ages, which extended from about the fifth to the fifteenth century, A.D., another kind of labor system gradually began to develop in Europe. It was a system known as serfdom or feudalism.

Under feudalism the worker was no longer owned by a master, as under slavery. He was a serf, not a chattel slave. He worked on great estates owned by baron lords who lived in their castles on the Rhine and the Danube and in other parts of Europe. If the land were sold, the serf usually was sold with it. Under serfdom, as under slavery, practically everything that the worker made, over and above enough to feed and clothe him and



his family and put a roof over their heads, was taken by the feudal lord.

The system of feudalism lasted for centuries. However, as chattel slavery gradually gave place to feudalism, so feudalism outgrew any usefulness it may have had and gradually gave place to another order of industry.

Throughout Europe serfs began to free themselves from their subjection to Mr. Baron Lord. They became tenants on his estate or they ran away to towns and cities and became blacksmiths and carpenters and shoemakers, and carved furniture and built ships and houses and wove fine garments and did a hundred and one things which workers with hand tools can do. Or they went to sea or sold goods to peoples in other countries.

Many of these workers labored for themselves, own-

ing their own tools, which were usually inexpensive. Others worked for a boss.

These hired people were given a number of dollars called a wage at the end of a week or a month. As years went on, factories began to appear in more and more cities and villages and, while the workers received only a few dollars for a wage, many capitalists became immensely rich.

The suffering of child workers during the early days of the wage system was a very cruel suffering. In England during the eighteenth century little children had to work twelve hours or more a day in dirty and unsanitary factories for a wage of a few pennies and were often forced to sleep at night several in a bed with sick and diseased children and men and women. When, from exhaustion, they fell asleep at their job, the overseers would come along and lash them again to wakefulness. Many became ill and died.

Under the system of feudalism, Mr. Baron Lord controlled the governments and ran them for his own benefit—not for the benefit of the masses of the people. When, however, the wage or capitalist system took the place of feudalism and Mr. Capitalist became the most important force in industry, he demanded a greater and greater say in government.

Sometimes Mr. Baron Lord gave to Mr. Capitalist what he wanted without putting up any great fight. At other times, however, he told Mr. Capitalist that he, Mr. Baron Lord, had charge of the army and the police and everything else that went with the control of the government, and that he was not going to give up any of his power. So he rallied armies against Mr. Capi-

talist and engaged in bloody battle. Many feudal lords went proudly out to these battles in shining armor on the strongest and swiftest horses they could command, never to return. Many more common soldiers on both sides who didn't know what the fight was all about also went out and were killed by the thousands.

Finally Mr. Capitalist in many countries won out against Mr. Baron Lord, and the feudal or serf system gradually gave way to the wage system or the system of capitalism. This is a system under which the lands and factories and machines and banks are owned by one group of the population, who hire others for wages and salaries and who aim to make a profit out of every one they hire.

The French Revolution in the last years of the eighteenth century marked the end of the feudalistic system in France, although survivals of that system may still be found here and there throughout the world.

All of you who have studied ancient history know of this change from primitive days to the days of chattel slavery; from chattel slavery to feudalism, and from feudalism to the wage or capitalistic system under which we live today.

AMERICA—FROM THE RED MAN TO THE MACHINE AGE

DEVELOPMENTS in the United States have been somewhat different from those in other countries. They have been just as spectacular, just as swift, but different.

Less than four and a half centuries ago, at the time when Columbus sighted land on this side of the water,

as you, John and Mary, are well aware, the territory that is now the United States consisted for the most part of primeval forests and uninhabited prairies, with only the occasional Indian fires and huts and canoes and moccasins and arrows and crude agricultural instruments to disturb the rule of Nature.

For hoes, we are told, the Indians tied sticks and poles to the shoulder blade of a moose, a bear or a deer. In planting corn, they used a curious device made out of clam shells.

The sight of better instruments filled them with amazement, and when they first saw a real plow that could tear up more ground in a day than they, with their shells, could tear up in a month, they told the plowman that, if it were not the devil himself, it was some one very much like him. Had they not developed their implements, they asked, as highly as could any human being? If this were so, was not, of necessity, the plow the work of some supernatural power?

Time passed as time always does pass. Thousands of men and women from Europe flocked to the shores of America with the hope that they might be able here to live a better and a freer life.

Many sought to escape from the persecution of political or religious rulers. They drove the red man from his soil, often with great cruelty. They cut down forests, bridged streams, and made the land yield to them some of its rich treasures.

And yet, during the Revolutionary War, when the peoples of the thirteen colonies, huddled together along the Atlantic coastline, decided to free themselves from

England, they still lived a rather primitive industrial life.

The great majority of the men and women living in the Northern colonies were farmers using on their farms crude plows that cut the ground neither straight nor



deep. The majority of these farmers made their home-spun clothing, their own shoes and candles and furniture, besides producing their own food. In coöperation with their neighbors and with village carpenters, they put up their own log cabins, their farm-houses and barns.

Some of the population spent their time in fishing or in trading with India and the Far East, or in buying furs from the Indians and from French and Spanish trappers. Many used the cheap timber from the forests to build ships which sailed under the British flag. And here and there appeared a few small factories and mills.

For the most part, the goods manufactured in those days were made by hand and most of the industries were carried on in the home and on a very small scale. There was no great machinery. There was no steam and electricity to help the worker. The country had

little to sell to other lands. Most of the goods made were produced for the use of the people in the country.

The country at the time of the Revolution was a very small country. The thirteen colonies that made up the United States had less than 3,000,000 population.

Workers were differently situated than at present. In the South, two out of every five workers were chattel slaves, working under the Southern sun in rice and tobacco fields, and hardly regarded as human beings. A few thousand slaves were also owned in the North and were used chiefly as home servants.

Most of the workers in the North, however, were farmers or city wage-earners or indentured servants. Indentured servants, you might know, were workers



who voluntarily bound themselves to labor for a given employer for a term of years in return for the payment of their passage to this country, or who were carried to America against their will and sold into temporary bondage. In many respects the condition of indentured servants was little removed from slavery.

As for wages, they were very low. Many a worker received hardly enough to keep his children from starvation and himself from jail. In those days, it might be added, the rather uncivilized and decidedly foolish custom still prevailed of arresting and imprisoning a man if he couldn't pay his bills. How a man could ever pay his debts when confined in prison was never satisfactorily answered. The workers' houses were generally small, unsanitary and crowded.

The furniture of the workers was of the crudest kind. Floors were covered with sand or straw. Glass windows were practically unknown. There were no stoves. Matches were not in existence.

Workers' food consisted generally of salt pork, baked beans, Indian pudding, "barley fire cake," corn and rough foods. Rarely did the laborer have meat as often as once a week. Life for most of the people was anything but easy.

On the other scale of the ladder, there were many rich merchants and land owners. There wasn't any one living in those times as rich as Henry Ford or John D. Rockefeller, Jr., or many of the multi-millionaires whose names you see in the papers every day of the year. But there were rich and poor. There were workers and idlers. There were divisions and classes in society. And the wealthier classes, the classes who owned the land and

the industries, sought to control the government and to pass laws which protected their interests.

Following the Revolutionary War, things moved swiftly in industry and in politics. I can touch only upon a few of the many spectacular developments during the last hundred and fifty years and more.

In the days after the Revolution, there were many conflicts, many battles, between the poorer and the richer people in society. All of the "interests" of the country that owned property—bankers, land owners, slave owners, manufacturers, mortgage and bond owners—were represented in the Convention which drafted the Constitution of the United States. They did everything possible to see that the Constitution protected their interests as against those of the small farmer and borrower and working man. And it was not until a generation or more after the adoption of the Constitution that the workers without property were allowed to vote for city, state and national offices.

As years rolled on, the United States took unto itself an ever greater slice of the North American continent, gradually extending its territory from the Atlantic Ocean on the East to the Pacific Ocean on the West; from the Great Lakes on the North to the Gulf of Mexico on the South. It steadily grew in population from a few million to a country of 120,000,000. And more and more its population gathered in great cities. New York City in 1790 had less than 25,000 people. Today it numbers over 7,000,000.

If you, Mary and John, were suddenly transported back to the time of George Washington, you would

notice at least one big difference between the America of those days and the America of today.

That difference is the difference in the way that people get around from place to place. George Washington was offered no railroad car or automobile or airplane in which to travel from his home in Mount Vernon, Virginia, to lower New York, when he was asked to take



the oath of office as President of the United States. He had to go by horse or by horse and carriage. The roads were bad and the journey was slow and tedious.

A revolution, however, has taken place in means of travel since those days. In 1807 Robert Fulton launched his steamboat on the Hudson. Before that date there were only sailing vessels on the rivers and high seas. So when the natives saw Fulton's strange venture puffing smoke from the smokestack and steaming ahead on its way to Albany, they ran away in terror, thinking that some dreadful and mysterious creature was after them.

Twenty-one years later, in 1828, the first railroad

tracks were laid for the railroad between Baltimore and the Ohio River. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has recently celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the laying of these tracks. Sometime you should take a look at the curious little engines and cars that were first used and compare them with the great, snorting locomotives and the comfortable closed cars of today.

During the years that followed before the Civil War, other railroads were laid with great rapidity. It was not, however, until the end of that war, after years of labor in tunneling mountains and crossing rivers and fighting Indians, that a railroad connection was made with the Pacific Ocean.

Years later appeared the electric trolley cars. I can remember in my early boyhood the coming of the first electric trolley to the streets of Brooklyn, New York. We lived a few blocks away from a horse-car barn. Before the trolley cars came, the small boys and girls would jump on the running boards of the horse cars as they were slowly jogging out of the barns. I thought it great fun and planned to join in the sport the next year. But when the next year came, trolleys occupied the tracks, and the game, for the smaller boys at least, was over.

Automobiles were first introduced in the last days of the nineteenth century. By 1899, a few thousand automobiles were on the market and total sales amounted to \$5,000,000. Today, however, you would laugh at the high, gawky contrivances that then passed as passenger cars. We now have in America over 26,000,000 cars, nearly one on the average for every family of five. The

motor-car industry has become the greatest industry in the country.

Finally, we have seen, almost in the lifetime of the present generation of boys and girls, the development of the winged cars of the air—the airplanes—about which people dreamed for long ages, without realizing, however, that their dream would ever come true.

If you were again transported back to the time of Washington, Mary and John, you would discover that, if you wanted to get word to your brother in another city, you would have to write a letter in long hand, and depend upon the slow-moving mails or a trusty horse to carry it to his door some days later.

You couldn't take up a telephone receiver and in another instant hear your brother's voice. You couldn't sit down and dash off a telegram, knowing that a messenger would be ringing your brother's door-bell and delivering it to him in an hour or so. For there were no telephones or telegraphs or radios then. The first telegram was sent over the wires some sixty years after the end of the Revolution in 1844, and it was not until 1875 that telephone lines from city to city were in actual operation.

As for radio, the famous Italian inventor, Marconi, succeeded in sending his first message by wireless in 1896. And then the distance covered was less than two miles.

Great changes have occurred in many other lines since those days. For lighting in the early years of the Republic, we depended chiefly upon candle light. Even when Abraham Lincoln was alive, boys and girls had to study—if they studied at night—by the flickering and

uncertain light of the candle. This was followed by oil lamps, by gas light, and, finally, by electricity.

In the old days, most workers had to make most of the things they needed with their hands, aided by simple tools. Steam power, however, gradually took the place of hand power. Huge machines supplanted the small hand tools and turned out scores and hundreds of times as many shoes and yards of linen and cloth and other



necessities as in the eighteenth century. Steam power, in its turn, is gradually giving way to electricity. To-day we are in the Electrical Age and, if you go into the factories of the country, you will find that in three factories out of every four the machines are run by electrical power.

In the old days we scarcely scratched the surface of the ground. We had no idea of the treasures buried far below the surface. During the course of the years, how-

ever, we began to find more and more coal and iron and lead and copper and gold and other metals. The first oil was brought to the surface a year before the outbreak of the Civil War.

America has been indeed fortunate in the richness of its coal and minerals and oil. Only in the case of tin, nickel, rubber and a few other products have we had to depend entirely upon outside countries for the raw materials of our industrial life. And of course without this underground wealth and our millions of acres of farm and cattle land, it would be impossible to produce the wealth that is ours.

With our great resources and the invention of machine after machine, we have built up a mighty industry. We are in fact today the greatest industrial country that has ever existed in the history of the world.

THE COMING OF BIG BUSINESS

IF we gave to all of our machines and to all of our workers steady employment from day to day and from week to week, we could produce enough to meet the needs of all. That we do not do this is one of the great tragedies of our present-day life.

In the early days of the Republic, as I have said before, most businesses were very small. In the country districts of the North most of the farmers owned their own farms. In the villages many workers labored for themselves and owned their own inexpensive tools.

There was the blacksmith at work at the anvil in his shop or "under the spreading chestnut tree," as the poem pictures him.



There was the shoemaker going around from farm to farm with a kit of tools under his arm, making a pair of shoes complete and collecting and pocketing the money. Sometimes he would get vegetables or fruit or meat or eggs from his customers, instead of money.

There was the weaver, toiling at times in his own home assisted by his family, and the carpenter with his own hammer, chisel and saw. Many of them were young people just learning their trade and employed by a master for a small wage. These were called apprentices. Most apprentices looked forward to the time when they would become the owners of their own tools and be their own masters.

But, as I have before pointed out, steam power and electricity gradually took the place of hand power. The small shops developed into the factory. The factory was



at first small, with only a few workers. It grew in size.

The owner of the factory at first usually began work in the morning at the same time as the clerks and factory workers under him. He directed his men, helped sell goods and saw to it that the factory had on hand enough money to pay the bills for labor, for machinery and for other needed equipment.

After awhile the cost of machinery and the cost of running the business was so great that many factory owners had to take in other people as part owners. A. Augustus Snowball, for instance, was the owner of an ice cream factory valued at \$10,000. Snowball made good ice cream and the demand for it became ever greater. Snowball soon found that he could not produce with his machines all of the ice cream that was being ordered. He had to buy more machines and to build an addition to his factory. But Snowball did not

have the money to do this and didn't want to borrow any more money.

There lived in Snowball's town a friend of his named L. Luscious Hardbrick who didn't know anything about the making of ice cream, but who had plenty of money and who knew that Snowball was a good ice cream man. Snowball went to Hardbrick and asked him to go into *partnership* with him, to put into the partnership \$10,000, and to become a half owner in the business.

Hardbrick liked the idea. A partnership of Snowball and Hardbrick was formed and at the end of every few months the partners would figure out how much money they had taken in over their expenses and over the amount they had to put aside to take care of worn-out machines and to pay for improvements. The remainder they would divide between them.

In such a partnership as that of Snowball and Hardbrick, the new partner would sometimes decide to give not only his money but also his time and brains to the business of the firm and would be seen at the factory every day. At other times he would be content merely to contribute money and would be known as an inactive or silent partner.

As time went on in American industry, more and more money became needed to pay for machines and for advertising the business, and not one but two, three, six, a dozen partners were called in.

In case the partnership did not make good; in case it went into debt and didn't have enough money to pay its bills, all of the partners had to put their hands into their pockets and help pay the amount owed. Sometimes the debts were small and sometimes they were

large. Sometimes all of the partners could contribute their share toward paying the debts.

At other times only one had enough cash and other property to take care of the deficit. Under the terms of the partnership, the creditors—those to whom money was owed—could then go to court and collect all of the money from this one man.

Under these conditions, many people were afraid to enter a partnership. For, through no fault of their own, the business might fail, and they might lose all of their property. Under a partnership, furthermore, if one partner dies, the whole partnership has to be ended and a new partnership formed.

Finally, the number of people who can be brought into a partnership is strictly limited. For you have to select partners with great care, since you might at any time be called upon to pay heavily for their mistakes or dishonesty.

These difficulties have led many business men to ask themselves whether they couldn't form some kind of business organization which would not compel them to pay out their last cent if the firm failed and went into bankruptcy; a company which would not be closed up and dissolved when one of its investors died; a company that could collect the money or capital not from a very few people who were personally known to each other, but from hundreds and thousands of people who had never heard of each other and who lived as far apart as New York, San Francisco, London or Timbuctoo.

After some years, business men worked out the idea of a *corporation*, following along lines similar to business firms in England known as joint stock companies.

A corporation differs from a partnership in a number of ways. Under a corporate form, if A. Augustus Snowball needs more money, more capital for the manufacture of ice cream, he forms a company, say the Pure Joy Company, Incorporated. He issues 200 shares of stock at \$100 par value, the ownership of which carries with them the ownership of the corporation. He might take 100 of these shares for himself, in return for the \$10,000 worth of property he turned over to the corporation. He would then go out to all of his friends and acquaintances and to whatever strangers he could interest, and sell to them the other 100 shares of stock.

Suppose that you, John and Mary, heard of this corporation, and wanted to invest in it; wanted to become a part owner in it through ownership of shares of stock. You would send a \$100 check to the corporation for every share you wanted, and back would come a certificate all nicely printed with your name written on it, telling you how many shares you owned.

When the date came around for the yearly meeting at which officers were elected and other business handled, you would receive a notice of the time and place of the meeting. You could then put on your hat and coat, go down to the train, buy a ticket for the city where the meeting was to be held, and, at the meeting, could cast your vote for the president, A. Augustus Snowball, the vice-president, L. Luscious Hardbrick, and other officers and directors of the corporation.

If you owned one share of stock, you could cast one vote. If you owned fifty shares, you could cast fifty votes—as many votes as you had voting shares. You might, of course, prefer to stay at home and send a *proxy*

to one of the officers of the corporation which would give him the right to cast your vote for any one he saw fit.

Or, if you held a non-voting share of stock, you would not be entitled to vote at all, and would have to content yourself with waiting for the postman when the time for dividends came around and cashing any check you received. In some corporations, the officers and the big stockholders keep for themselves most of the voting stock and sell to the outsiders the stock that carries no vote.

Should the corporation succeed in making money, you would receive every few months a dividend in the form of a check as profit on your investment of a hundred or more dollars.

If the corporation, on the other hand, had charged against it more bills than it had money to pay, the creditor—the one to whom money was owed—could not go to court and try to collect the money from *you*, as in the case of a partnership, but would have to sue *the corporation* itself. There are some exceptions to this, but you don't need to worry about them at the present time.

Nor would the corporation have to go out of business if one of its principal stockholders or officers died. It could go on from year to year as long as business conditions permitted it to live.

Finally, the corporation could sell its stocks to hundreds of thousands or even millions of stockholders in any part of the world and thus collect billions of dollars if need be—and if the public had confidence in it—to help it in its business.

This corporate form of industry has become increasingly popular with every passing year. And today we find that three-fourths of the business of the country is conducted by corporations.

Of course that does not say that there are no firms that are owned entirely by one man or family, or that there are no partnerships, as in the past. The Ford Company, which turns out about two out of every five automobiles made in this country, is the property of Henry Ford and his family; while J. P. Morgan and Company, the most powerful private banking house in the country, is a partnership.

But, in spite of these exceptions, the big industries of the country are, for the most part, organized in the form of corporations rather than partnerships and individually owned companies.

THE TRUST APPEARS

THESSE corporations have grown from small to huge concerns. Many of them have grown like a snowball rolling down hill. Some have grown big by forcing other plants out of business and getting the trade of the plants that failed.

You, Mary and John, have seen, have you not, some little grocery store near your home open up and start to sell goods? Customers came in. The store did a rushing business. The storekeeper and his wife and family were all smiles. When Saturday night came along, they would count their money and find out that they had taken in during the week more money than they had paid out. They would take to the bank the money



that was left over, and would gradually see the pennies increase to dollars and the dollars to hundreds of dollars.

Then, lo and behold, one morning the family would go down to the store and find a great big sign in the empty store a few doors away telling the neighborhood that one of the Big Pond & Pond Corporation's stores would open there within a week.

A while ago I saw one of these signs on a store near my house in Brooklyn. It was a door or two away from a family grocery store owned by, let us say, Mr. Trustin Luck. In a few days the painter came and painted the outside of the store a deep red.

The store opened on Monday morning. Flowers were in the window. Smiling clerks, all spick and span, with their white uniforms, were behind the counter. Signs were all over telling the customer about the fine bargains in the store.

Mrs. Wantit Cheap, an old resident of the neighborhood, went over to see what it was all about. Mrs. Wantit Cheap had been a good customer of Mr. Trustin Luck. "A pound of sugar for five cents!" she said, reading one of the signs. "Why, Mr. Trustin Luck charges seven cents. I will go into the Big Pond & Pond Store."

Mrs. Wantit Cheap went in. She not only bought a



pound of sugar but an armful of other groceries. Mr. Trustin Luck saw her come out of the store.

"Why, Mrs. Wantit Cheap," said he, "I have always been your friend. I have cashed your checks. I have sent around your groceries on the dot when you ordered

them. I have often waited for weeks to be paid. Why are you buying your things from the Big P. & P. Corporation?"

Mrs. Wantit Cheap told the story. The B. P. & P. has many stores, thousands of them, in fact. It can buy sugar direct from the sugar refineries. It buys millions of pounds of sugar a year. It pays for its sugar and its flour and everything else much less than Mr. Trustin Luck has to pay. For Mr. Trustin Luck buys only a few dollars' worth at a time. Because it can buy cheaper, it can sell cheaper.

"I," said Mrs. Wantit Cheap, "always go where the price is lowest."

Mr. Trustin Luck told Mrs. Wantit Cheap that the Big P. & P. wouldn't cash her checks; that you had to pay your money right down; that only a few of their articles were cheap. But Mrs. Wantit Cheap went to the Big P. & P. Mr. Trustin Luck scratched his head. What should he do? If he kept his price high, his customers would go to the Big Pond. If he reduced his price, he wouldn't make any money. He might not be able to pay his bills.

Mr. Trustin Luck decided to take a middle course. He charged less for some things and, when he sold these, he made little or no money. He kept his price higher on other things, and these he failed to sell. His bank account began to shrink. His unpaid bills began to grow.

The next thing I knew, I saw a sign on the place, "Store to Rent." Mr. Trustin Luck had gone out of business. He became a clerk in another grocery store

and his boy became an errand boy in another part of the city.

Many big corporations have grown in America by wiping out small corporations, as the Big Pond & Pond Company wiped out Mr. Trustin Luck. Sometimes a small company comes together with another small company and the two form one large company. Sometimes the big corporation grows without wiping out others, merely because the article that the corporation makes becomes more popular year after year. Sometimes corporations grow by doing all sorts of underhanded and unfair things to those who compete against them. That is a very long and interesting story in itself.

So, by one means or another, we in America have seen the small corporation grow into the million dollar corporation, the million dollar corporation grow into the hundred million dollar firm, and the hundred million dollar company jump into the ranks of the thousand million dollar concern, in other words, into the billion dollar corporation.

In some cases we find one or two large corporations taking care of most of the business of the industry. In the automobile industry, two corporations—the Ford Motor Company and the General Motors Corporation—make three out of four cars now manufactured in the United States.

Seven cents out of every eight spent in this country for telephones go into the treasury box of the Bell Telephone system.

Three messages out of every four sent over the telegraph wires are handled by the Western Union Telegraph Company.

One company—the Aluminum Company of America—controls most of the aluminum business of the country.

One company—the United States Steel—owns from one-half to three-fourths of the iron ore reserves in the country.



One company makes about a half of the farm machinery. One company prepares for your table a good part of the sugar that you put on your cereal in the morning. One corporation owns practically all of the sleeping cars in the United States.

A few giant corporations in the United States refine most of our oil, produce most of our copper, manufacture most of our radios, generate most of our electricity, build most of our locomotives, make most of our biscuit, pack most of our meat, sell most of our rubber.

Two dozen of the greatest banks of the United States

have as much money at their disposal as all of the 20,000 small banks found in the small cities of America.

In the retail store business of the land one great corporation—the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Corporation—owns over 16,000 stores, and does a business each year of over one billion dollars!

In fact, about 200 big industrial corporations outside



of banking control nearly one-half of the business of the United States. Within twenty years, some students say, they will control about eighty per cent or four-fifths of this business.

For years, Mary and John, when any one said anything about a corporation that controlled or monopolized, as some put it, most of the oil, the sugar, the meat or other commodities, many Americans would get terribly excited. Uncle Sam, they declared, should get after the oil trust and the sugar monopoly and the meat packing octopus, and break them into a thousand bits.

In the nineties of the last century, some of the Senators and Congressmen in Washington put their heads together and passed a law to abolish trusts and monopolies. For they felt that it was a very bad thing to have the whole American people depend upon one group of men for the things they needed in order to live.

After the passage of the law, several big monopolies were broken up. Others, however, arose in their place and many people—earnest and intelligent people—are now saying that it is foolish to try to abolish the trusts, just as foolish as it is to try to unscramble scrambled eggs.

“Don’t bust the trusts,” they say, “but let the people own the trusts.”

In other words they maintain that the time is ripe to make another shift in the whole system of industry. This time the shift should be one from ownership and control by the few to ownership and control by the many.

I FIRST HEAR OF SOCIALISM

HUMANITY advanced in the past, they say, from primitive industry to the slave system. It evolved from the slave system to feudalism or serfdom. It slowly developed from serfdom to the wage or the capitalist system. Under capitalism, it has developed, step by step, from the small company owned by one man to the partnership, the corporation, the trust, the combine and monopoly. Industry is not now going to fall asleep and stay as it is at present, any more than you, Mary and John, are going to remain in the grade where

you now find yourself. You are going to be promoted and graduate and grow up and advance from one stage of manhood and womanhood to another. So with industry. And an increasing number of men and women throughout the world are of the belief that society is soon ready to graduate from the stage of private monopoly and capitalism to the stage of public ownership and socialism, to ownership of industry by and for the people who work with their hands and their brains.

That is the point of view of Socialists. Perhaps some of you have heard the word Socialist before. The word ought to suggest a person who thinks first, last and all the time about the happiness and welfare of society as a whole, rather than of a few persons in society.

There are, John and Mary, roughly speaking, two groups of people in the world. There is one group who are always thinking of themselves, and how they may succeed in gaining great wealth or great power, even though their success brings much hardship and suffering and misery to others.

There is the second group, who are always asking themselves what might be done to give to all—not to the few—a chance to live a fine and happy life and who do not believe that a small class of people should live at the expense of their fellow men. In general these people are the society-ists, the social-ists of the world.

I remember when I first heard the word Socialist. I was in one of the lower grades of public school in Brooklyn, New York. My father was an enthusiastic Republican. He didn't like the Democrats at all. When I listened to him, I really believed that, if the Republican party didn't win an election, something dreadful would

surely happen. Perhaps the bottom would fall out of the world. I remember once going for the paper the day after elections and when I saw that a Democrat was elected, bursting into tears, and running home as if I had lost my last friend.

When I heard the strange word, "Socialist," I went to my father, and asked him, "Dad, what are the Socialists after? What do they want?"

"Oh," he said, chuckling to himself, "Socialists believe in dividing up. They want to put all of the money of the country in one common pot and divide up this money equally among all of the people of the country. Each man, woman and child would get a few hundred dollars and no one would have any more.

"But the trouble with this," he continued, "is that this money or wealth would not remain divided up equally. You know, Harry, how it is with the boys in your crowd.



Suppose that each boy of your acquaintance was given an equal number of marbles, ten each. How long do you think that each one of you would keep your ten? There's Bill Jones. He is clever at marbles. Before the end of the day, he would have half of the marbles of the other boys, would he not? Tom might have eight left, Dick five and Harry none. By the end of the week, Bill would be the marble monopolist and others would go around begging for another division.

"That's about what would happen if all of the wealth in the country were divided equally. The smart fellow, the clever fellow, who knew how to play the game, would soon have the money of the stupid or foolish fellow and everything would be the same as before.

"No," said my father, "Socialists mean well. I would like to see things more equal than they are now. But Socialists are not practical. The trouble is they don't understand human nature."

He then told me the story of the Irishman and the pig and how Pat was willing to have an equal division of horses and cows and everything that he didn't own.

However, just as soon as Mike asked: "And if you had two pigs, would you be willing to divide up?" Pat got excited.

"Ah, ye spalpeen," he exclaimed, "didn't ye know when ye asked that question that I had two pigs and ye didn't have any? Of course I wouldn't divide up my pigs!"

My father's stories seemed not only highly entertaining, but convincing. "How foolish," I said, "are these Socialists!"

I didn't think more about Socialism until I entered

high school. It was then that I learned to know my uncle better. He made fine engravings for magazines and in his spare time brought the other engravers together into a club, known as a trade union, so that they might be able to get their bosses to give them more money and shorter hours and a cleaner place to work in. My father used to get into long arguments with my uncle about politics and would leave red in the face and tell me how silly were his ideas.

At first I refused to pay any attention to those ideas, because I felt that my father must be right. After awhile I began to listen in on the arguments between my father and my uncle and I soon got the feeling that what made my father angry was not my uncle's silly ideas, but the fact that father couldn't answer my uncle's arguments.

My father told my uncle about how Socialists believed in "dividing up" and I pricked up my ears to find out how my uncle would answer it. I didn't think that he could.

"Well," said my uncle, "you don't really think, Will, that Socialists are so foolish as all that, do you? We don't believe in dividing up. We object to Capitalism because of the way in which it forces all of us to divide up."

And he told the story of the pump. A man was going along a road and became very thirsty. He looked around to try to find a pump. He finally discovered the pump on the side of a hill. He went to the pump. He began to pump and pump and pump. It took him about fifteen or twenty minutes before he was able to get out of that pump enough to quench his thirst. He



was at a loss to know what was the matter with the pump.

He went down the hill and by chance came across the owner of the pump, who was sitting on his veranda, smoking a good cigar and enjoying life.

“Your pump up there,” he said, “is out of order.”

“Oh, no,” declared the owner, “my pump is in perfect order.”

“I am sorry to contradict you,” replied the wayfarer, “but I went to that pump and pumped and pumped and pumped and it took me fifteen to twenty minutes before I got from that pump enough to quench my thirst.”

“Oh,” declared the owner of the pump, “my pump is in perfect order. I have a pipe extending from that pump to my tank and every time you and others like you pump and pump and pump, you pump many gal-

lons into my tank and you yourselves get only enough to satisfy your thirst.”

“That kind of dividing up is going on in the present industrial system,” declared my uncle, “and Socialists want to stop it once for all.

“Socialists,” he continued, “do not ask everybody to put their money in a common pool. They know as well as you do what would happen if they did.

“Socialists want the community—the city, the state, the nation—to own the mines and railroads and banks and great industries and to run them for all the people who are willing to do their share of work.

“The city now owns the schools. That doesn’t mean that one person owns one room in one school building, and another a stone, and another the furniture in the principal’s office. It means that all the people in the



city own together these buildings and all are allowed to enjoy them alike.

“The city owns some parks and playgrounds. That doesn’t mean that one foot of grass is owned by Mary and another by John and the rest by other boys and girls, but that together we own all of these playgrounds and can use them to our heart’s desire.”

THE PUBLIC ENTERS BUSINESS

I LISTENED to these arguments and began to read and study, and in a couple of years called myself a Socialist. A few years later, when I was graduated from college, I was glad to hear my father say that he had finally become a Socialist.

The Socialist’s case is a very simple one. Any school boy or girl can understand the aims of Socialism.

I have told you something about the way in which a few great private corporations own large numbers of the mines and factories and banks in America. There are still, of course, thousands of small corporations, but these are doing less and less of the business of the country.

Then we have a number of corporations that are public businesses, not private businesses; that are owned not by a few people but by all of the people in a certain city or a state or in the nation as a whole.

These public corporations are not run for the purpose of making millionaires of their owners. They do not send dividends to shareholders every three months. Their main aim is service to the community, even though at times they fall short of that aim.

I have spoken about our public schools. You, John and Mary, take it for granted, do you not, that there were always public schools in the country. For millions and millions of children—most of the children in the country—attend public grammar schools and high schools. Hundreds of thousands go to public colleges and universities.

There was once a time in America when all schools



were private. At that time most of the children of the workers were unable to go to school because their parents had no money to pay the fee or tuition charged by the private schools.

About a hundred years ago, in the twenties and thirties of the last century, groups of workers came together in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and other cities and organized labor parties. These parties made a number of demands upon the mayors of the cities and the governors of the states. They asked, among other things, that the cities and states organize their own schools and allow the children of the workers to attend these public schools free.

Many people at that time became angry at these

demands. They said that it was anti-patriotic, anti-American to fight for public schools, and that the starting of such schools would strike at the very foundation of the American republic, whatever that meant.

They said that the workers wouldn't work any longer if they didn't have to earn enough money to send their children to private schools and pay the tuition in these private schools. They said that public schools would lead to a system of "dividing up."

But, in spite of these arguments, public schools were organized and today we spend more money on our schools than does any other country in the world. We would never think of abolishing our public school system, although there are many things that we would like to see improved.

We are proud of our public parks and playgrounds. These are more and more owned by the city, the state



and the nation, from the tiny park that takes up no more than one street square in the crowded section of a great city, to the mammoth Yellowstone Park that takes many joyful days to explore.

I don't know what I would ever have done if it hadn't been for public parks to romp around in when I was a youngster. For in those days I was hardly ever able to go away to the country during the long summer. I had to stay in the city.

And, when the sun was streaming down on the hot street pavements during July and August, it was a great thing to be able to go with other boys to the parks with their grass and flowers and shady trees and cool ponds and lakes. There, for awhile at least, I could forget that I was still in the city. I had a feeling of pride then as I still have. I was a part owner of these beautiful parks and had as good a right in them as had any other boy or girl in Brooklyn.

Schools and parks are not the only enterprises run by us all and owned by us all. You turn on the faucet in your house. Out comes good, cold, pure water supplied by the city water department. (I followed that water supply once way from the Catskills. I saw how the city protected it from impurities of every kind. And I marveled at the skill shown by the public engineers in bringing the millions upon millions of gallons of health-giving, refreshing water to the world's largest city.)

You hear the bell ring, go downstairs and pick up a letter sent from San Francisco and carried to your very doorstep by the employees of the United States Post

Office, which we all own together as residents of the United States.

You start on a trip to the city. You walk along the public highway cleaned by the city cleaning department. (Formerly highways, perhaps you know, were owned by private owners and at every short distance you were held up by these owners or their servants and asked to pay a fee to get by.)

You pass by public parks and libraries and art galleries and museums and hospitals.

You watch the city firemen at a tenement fire heroically working to put out the flames. And, wherever you look, you see some evidence of public enterprise.

In nearly 2,000 cities of the United States the people of the city own their own electric light plants and distribute electricity to themselves at cost.

In about 125 cities the citizens as a whole own their own gas plants.

In a number of cities the people own their own trolley systems.

You have probably heard how Colonel Goethals and a corps of highly trained government engineers built the Panama Canal when private companies had failed.

You surely know of the magnificent work of the young men in the United States Forestry Service in saving the forests from being completely destroyed.

You have heard of the work of the engineers of the Reclamation Department of the government in making waste lands blossom like the rose.

Yes, in this country the city, the state and the nation have gone into business on a large scale; yet not on such a scale as in some other countries. In Vienna,



Austria, a short time ago I visited many artistic working-class houses built around large, sunny courts, houses that were put up by the municipality and rented to the workers at a few dollars a month. The cities of Europe have built thousands and thousands of such houses.

Most tramways and gas and electric light plants and railroads and telegraphs and telephones are owned by the cities and nations abroad.

In Russia, which I recently visited, nearly all industry is owned by the community or by coöperative groups. In most countries of the world there is a steady march toward community ownership.

SOME AIMS OF SOCIALISTS

WE thus have seen that, under Capitalism, the small business has, in many instances, developed into the great corporation, the trust and the monopoly.

In a good many cases the people have decided to take over private business and run it as a public concern. Socialists believe that the development toward community ownership should be greatly speeded up and that the process should go on until the chief and controlling industries in the country are publicly owned and democratically managed in the interest of all.

I have just heard the story of the modern Rip Van Winkle who fell asleep one night in the year 1932 and didn't wake up until some years afterwards. In the meanwhile Socialists had been put in charge of the government of the United States and had ushered in a Socialist state, which they often spoke of as a co-operative commonwealth.

Old Rip was taken around the country and was amazed at the changes that had occurred during his slumber. After learning of the new way of doing things, he was invited to speak at one of the beautiful boys' and girls' schools at the outskirts of one of the large cities and to tell the students something about what he thought of the commonwealth.

"When I fell asleep," said Rip, "I was in a country where there lived a small group of rich people, many of whom had far more money than they could possibly spend on themselves and their families. Below them came a larger group with middle-sized incomes; and below these a great many poor people who lived in crowded tenements among ugly and unwholesome surroundings.

"During good times in those days there were hundreds of thousands of workers unable to find jobs, while during bad times many millions were unemployed.

Thousands of these were face to face with starvation. In the depression starting in 1929, in New York City alone there were nearly a million out of work, and every night I used to see hundreds of people on the bread-lines waiting for hours for a bowl of soup and a piece of bread.

“At that time,” continued Rip, “the factories and mines and stores and banks were owned by a small group of people, many of whom received most of their income not from working but from owning.

“What a change has come over the country! I look around today and find the mines—the coal mines, the



iron mines, the copper mines, among others—run by the nation for the service of the people, instead of by private corporations for their own gain.

“I find that the oil industry, the forests, the land and

other natural resources are being run as community or public industries.

“I ride on your railroads. I turn on the electricity or the gas in your homes. I pick up the telephone. I use the telegraph and radio service—and I discover that these things are no longer controlled by a part of the people, but that all of you share equally in their ownership.

“The same is true of the big manufacturing concerns—the steel, the automobile and other great businesses. Banks, I understand, are now much safer than before I fell asleep, when they were operated for private profit. I now discover that the health of the people is taken care of by society itself and that the doctors and the professional people in the public health service spend most of their time in preventing sickness instead of in merely curing it. Entertainment is provided by the community as well as by voluntary groups of artists.



“In some cases I find that the industries are operated by the *nation*, and in other cases by the *state* or by the *city*. It all depends on how big these industries are and which group can manage them best. At times the national, state and municipal, or city, industries form a partnership with each other. This I found likewise in former days in the case of the electrical industry of Ontario, Canada. There the state or the province put up the great plants for generating electricity, while the cities took charge of distributing electricity to the housewives at cost.

“One thing about your industry has particularly interested me: that is, how the community or public industries are operated. I used to be told that, under Socialism, industries would be run by politicians who didn't know anything about their job. I now find that this is anything but true. The other day I was invited to attend one of the meetings of the board of directors of the American National Railroads, the publicly owned system. This board of directors, as you know, has general charge of the running of the railroads. Sitting around the great table in the directors' room were men elected by the conductors, engineers, and other railroad workers to look after their interests. On the other side of the table were a number chosen to represent the public generally as passengers and shippers of freight. And then there were still others who had been asked to attend and speak for the group of railroad experts on questions of engineering and operation. This board had power to appoint the manager of the railroad system. Before the present manager was appointed, it looked the country over, not for a good

handshaker or a friend of a politician, but for the most capable and devoted railroad man to be had.

"I discovered that there were other public railroad boards sitting in different parts of the country and giving particular attention to the problems in their states. Still other councils or groups were engaged in developing the best possible coöperation among all of the great industries of the country. In Washington, I went into one vast building and found thousands of men and women at work figuring out how many suits of clothes and automobiles and bushels of wheat the people of the country were likely to want during the next few years, and how best those wants could be taken care of.

"I was especially interested," Rip continued, "in various groups or councils which I came across containing delegates chosen by different countries to see what could be done to organize industry on a world scale. Lately I have thought much of the great advantages in national and world planning which has as its sole aim the making of a happier and richer life for all of you boys and girls. What a contrast it is with the planless and money-mad system under which I used to live!"

A smile then came over Rip's face.

"I used to be told," said Rip, "that Socialists wanted to have shoes and everything else owned in common. This must seem amusing to you, who enjoy much finer clothing and much more of the comforts of life than the sons and daughters of workers did in my day. I have been unable to discover any of the old sunless tenements which infested our cities in days gone by. I now find that the workers are living in artistic, detached homes

surrounded by little gardens, or in beautiful, sunny cooperative or municipal apartment houses. Many of the public industries, I am glad to say, have moved from the overcrowded cities into the open spaces and your population has followed them.

“I no longer see the very rich and the very poor, as in the old days. I find that all have a chance to work and to receive the results of their labor; that men and women are taken care of when they are too sick or old to work; that little children are no longer forced to give up school, to labor in factory or field or shop as in the first quarter of the twentieth century, and that no group capable of working is living in idleness on the efforts of others. With the increase in machinery, hours of work have been greatly reduced. The ordinary man and woman, I feel, for the first time in human history, is having a real chance to live and learn and develop the best that is in him.”

The students listened eagerly, so the story goes, to Rip's remarks, and later crowded around him and asked him many questions.

One boy sent in a written question which Rip found it difficult to answer:

“Why did the people of your day support a system of industry in which many starved while near-by neighbors possessed millions of dollars; where many were unemployed, while factories stood idle and thousands were in need of the goods these factories could produce?”

If you have followed the above talk of the modern Rip Van Winkle, Mary and John, you have gotten some idea of the kind of social order Socialists are trying to bring about.

ONE of the questions that is often asked Socialists is: Do Socialists propose that all industry be operated by the city, state or nation, or do they feel that some industries should be managed by voluntary coöperative groups? I hear you ask, Mary and John, what is voluntary coöperation?

Well, you go to school, do you not? You buy your lunch, at least part of the time, from the school lunch counter.

I once knew a school where all of the boys and girls got together and said that they wanted to run the lunch



counter themselves. They called a meeting for the purpose of organizing a Coöperative Lunch Counter Association to be known as the Huckleberry Finn Association. When the students came to the meeting the leader got up and moved that every one who desired

to join the Huckleberry Finn Coöperative Lunch Counter Association could do so by giving in his name and by handing in membership dues of twenty-five cents. He said that every member had the same voice in the association as every other member. Tom, Dick and Helen and Mary and every one else had one vote, and one vote only.

It is not like a private corporation, he continued. In a private corporation an owner of stock has as many votes at meetings as he has shares of stock. One person might have one vote; another, who owned a million shares of stock, might have a million votes. That is not true of a coöperative society. Everybody in a coöperative has the same number of votes, namely, one each.

A private corporation is run to make profit for the stockholders and insiders. A coöperative is run to give the best service for the lowest price to the customers. The boys and girls joined the Huckleberry Finn Coöperative Lunch Counter Association. They elected officers—president, secretary, treasurer, and a board of directors. They told their officers to get the best manager and cook they could get and to pay them a good wage or a salary.

When the lunch counter opened up, the boys and girls bought their sandwiches and soup and pie at the counter, since they wanted to see their own association succeed. The waiter gave them a little slip with every meal which told them how much food they had bought at that meal.

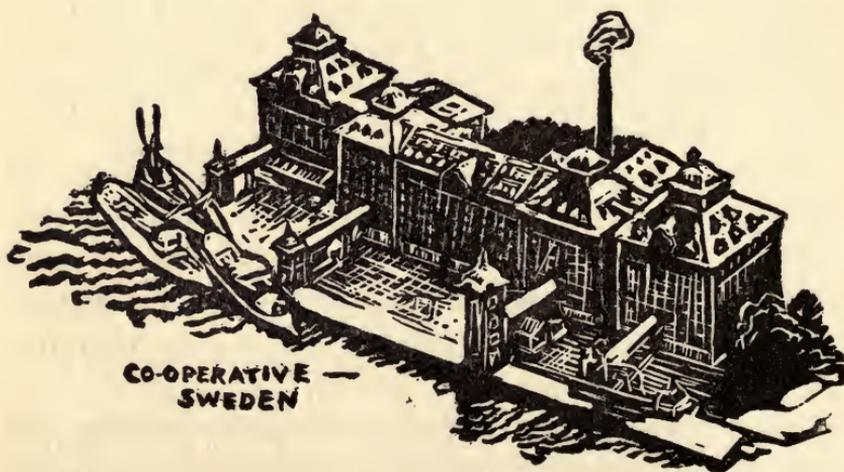
At the end of the month or of three months, the association went over its books. It found that, after

paying all bills, it had still in the bank quite a sum of money.

So they put aside some of the money it had left to get a better lunch counter and bigger pots and pans. The rest was divided up among the boys and girls who had joined the association and had bought meals at the counter.

John Jones bought \$5 worth of food during the month. He got 50 cents back. Bill Rogers bought \$10 worth of food. He got \$1 back, or twice as much as John Jones, for Bill's appetite and pocketbook were bigger and he had bought twice as much food. Mary Williams bought \$3 worth. She received only 30 cents back. In other words, the money the members got back was large or small, depending upon how much food they had bought.

That is how most coöperatives in the world owned by customers or consumers are run. No one makes a profit out of them. Every member has one vote at



the meetings and no one has any more than one vote. And the members get back in money every so often all that is taken in over and above the expenses of running the coöperative and the amount that has to be set aside for future improvements and for replacing worn-out equipment.

I haven't space here, Mary and John, to tell you how big is the consumers' coöperative movement in the world today. Sometime you will travel abroad and when you go to Europe you will probably be amazed at the hundreds and thousands of coöperative grocery stores and meat markets and bakeries that you find over there.

In Great Britain alone the coöperative movement does a business of over a billion dollars a year. It not only owns thousands of retail stores, but great wholesale establishments. You will find the buildings of the English and Scottish Wholesale Societies among the most impressive buildings of Manchester and Glasgow.

The British coöperatives own scores of factories and thousands of acres of wheat and farm land. They operate tea estates in Ceylon and their vessels are found in many parts of the world.

If Socialism comes to Great Britain, it may be that retail stores for the sale of groceries, meat, etc., will be run by coöperatives, rather than by the city or the state.

Coöperatives, or municipalities, in America, as has been suggested, might take care of the sale of food, clothing and other necessities to the housewife. We now have about 2,000 coöperative stores in the United States. However, they do only a small business as yet.

Coöperatives under Socialism might also be placed

in charge of some of the nation's farms and factories, magazines and educational institutions.

There would probably also remain under Socialism some farmers and artisans, artists and writers who would prefer working for themselves to working for the community or a coöperative group. A number of newer industries might likewise be operated by private corporations, but in that case the public would have to see to it that these corporations paid decent wages and didn't charge too high a price. The main industries of the country would, however, be owned by the community and controlled in a democratic manner, and not by some dictator at the top. The aim would be that of social service rather than private profit.

A question that you may ask is: How do Socialists propose to pay the workers under the coöperative commonwealth? That question, John and Mary, cannot be answered in a sentence. In general, Socialists favor that kind of payment which, in each industry and in each stage of development, will bring about the greatest good and happiness to the greatest number of people.

Today, as you know, we do not have any one method of wage payment. An old friend of mine used to say that some people today are paid according to their *breed*, that is, according to whom they had happened to select as their parents and grandparents.

Some are paid according to their *greed*, their ability to grab for themselves whatever they want; some, according to their *speed*, their quickness in making a suit of clothes or in adding up a column of figures; some, according to their *need*, according to the number of children and others dependent upon them.

A fifth group receives a larger or smaller wage or salary according to their *deed*, their ability and industry and, then, among certain classes of workers, you find the principle of *equality* of pay applied, with each man or woman in a certain department of a factory, for instance, paid the same wage, whether he is fast or slow, bright or rather stupid.

He should have added that, under the present system, payment also depends to a very considerable extent upon the number of people asking for a partic-



ular job. If, for instance, you go to a factory door and ask for work and you are one of a hundred workers who are begging for the same job, you are not likely to get much pay. If, on the other hand, you were the only worker on the line and the boss was anxious to get out a rush order, you would get far more consideration. The greater the supply of workers and the less the

demand for workers, the lower the pay. The less the supply of workers and the greater the demand for workers, the greater the pay. If a worker belongs to a strong organization, he is also likely to get higher wages than if he has to fight his battles alone.

Well, under Socialism, people will not be paid according to their *breed* or according to their *greed*. People will not be paid simply because they own property. They will be paid for working, not loafing. Those payments will be given from decade to decade and from industry to industry which are likely to produce the best results. At one stage of development, workers under Socialism may be paid a larger or smaller amount in proportion to the value of their services to industry. At another stage of development the principle of *equality* or the principle of *needs*—"from each man according to his ability, to each man according to his needs"—may receive the greater consideration.

Socialism seeks not to impose a fixed and rigid system of industry on the people, but to develop that system which is most likely to do away with injustice and waste and exploitation of man by man and to bring out the finest kind of personality among the masses of the people.

WHY SOME PEOPLE WANT SOCIALISM

ALL this discussion about Socialism, I hear you saying, is all right. But why should we want to change things? Isn't everything all right now?

There will, of course, never come a time with society, or with the family or the individual when everything

will be perfect. Mankind will always be striving for better things. Many things are better today than they were a century ago, and yet it is our task to see that conditions are better tomorrow than they are today. And Socialists are working hard for Socialism because they feel that millions of little boys and girls, millions of men and women, are suffering terribly today, who would be living comfortable and happy lives if we had a juster social order.

Socialists have, in fact, several complaints to lodge against the present capitalistic or wage system. And in stating these complaints we want it fully understood that we think that Capitalism has proved to be a better system by far than was serfdom or feudalism, just as feudalism, though it had many faults, proved to be an advance over chattel slavery.

Capitalism has touched nothing without making it turn a complete somersault, in other words, without revolutionizing it. It has changed the small village industry into a world industry. It has reshaped the ox cart into the airplane. It has recast the mail box into the telephone and radio. It has placed at the elbow of the worker hundreds of mechanical slaves. It has increased the product of his industry beyond the wildest dreams of former generations.

But the capitalist order has not abolished poverty. The poor we still have with us. It has not given to hundreds of thousands of children of the land a fair chance to live and learn and develop. It has not divided the wealth and the income of the country according to merit or according to any fair and just plan. It has not done away with unemployment or insecurity or waste or



control of industry by the few, nor has it abolished class or international warfare.

One of the first things that got me thinking about some better way of doing things when I was a boy was a double tragedy that came into the life of a close boy friend of mine. It was the death of his mother when he was a boy of eleven, and the death of his sister five years later. They both died of tuberculosis. They both could probably have been restored to health, I heard afterwards, if the family had had the money to send them away to a drier climate and to give them the proper medical care.

But the father of my friend was in a job that paid only a small salary, although he worked desperately hard. And when the doctor told him that only care out of the city would save his wife and daughter, he knew that they could not be saved.

Many times after that I asked myself whether such a thing must be. For I saw others by the hundreds who did little or no work and yet who spent, without a second thought, far more than it would have required to bring my chum's mother and his sister back to health.

I read of others starving for lack of food, while a few blocks away lived those in palatial homes. I tried to find the reason for the great differences in income which I found on all sides; for the great extremes of wealth and of poverty. I couldn't figure out then any reason for these differences that would appeal to any sensible person.

Since those days, I have made a deep study, in college, in the university and in the outside world, of the causes of the great extremes of wealth and poverty and I have as yet been unable to discover any real reason why these differences should continue.

You have probably heard before of the story of the little farm boy who begged his mother to let him go to town to see the circus. His mother consented. When he got to the village he saw the big posters advertising the circus and then along came the circus parade. There were the elephant and the kangaroo and the clown and the monkey and the band and the caged lion.

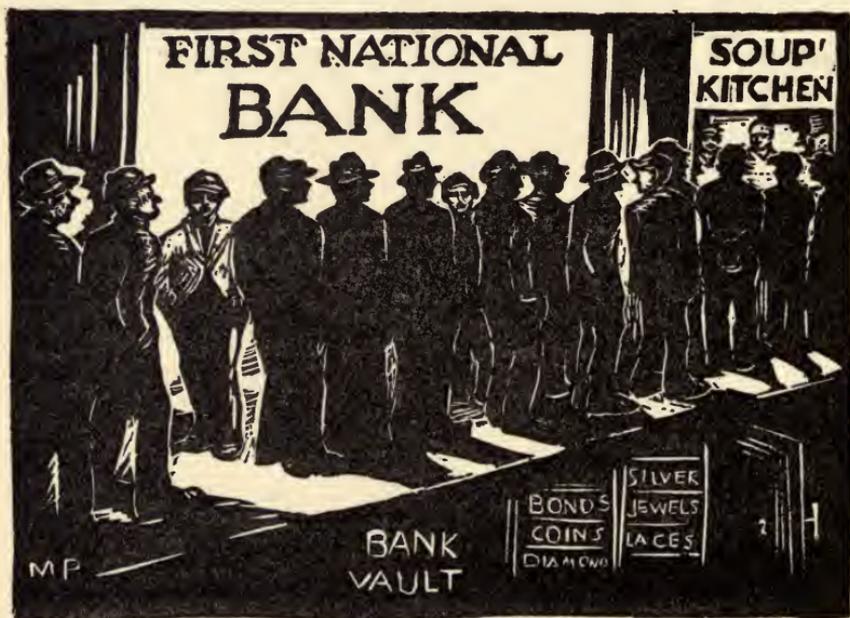
The farm boy was greatly excited when he saw these things and ran home to his mother, exclaiming, "Mother, I have seen the circus."

He didn't learn until some time later that he had not seen the real circus. The real circus was inside of the tent. He had only seen the outside.

That is the trouble thus far with the people who have done much of the work of the world—the masses of the

people in the country. They toil and sweat. They are able to look on the passing parade. But they remain on the outside of the tent while others enjoy the real show. Travel, art, music, literature, beautiful homes, a cultured and secure life are not for them. They are but the burden-bearers of the world.

In the year 1929, 513 men and women with incomes of a million dollars or more a year each, received a total equal to the yearly wage of over 1,000,000 of the average workers of the country. Each of these 513 ob-



tained on the average an income equal to the combined yearly wage of 2,000 ordinary workers. This difference was not based on a difference in ability or industry—although such differences exist—but chiefly on a difference in the amount of land and stocks and bonds owned by the poor and the well-to-do.

Suppose, Mary and John, that you went to a boys' or a girls' camp in summer. There were a hundred boys and girls in that camp. When the food was served, ten of the campers had three servings of dessert, while the others had to go without dessert or had only a few teaspoonsful.

Suppose most of the boys and girls took their turn in making their own beds, in cleaning up their rooms, in acting as waiters on the table, but that these ten refused to do any of the work and demanded that the others fix their rooms while they went swimming and canoeing. Would you think that just or fair? Would you not get together and see to it that those ten coöperated in the running of the camp? Industry today is organized somewhat like that camp, with the many doing the work and the few taking the desserts. Socialists want all to coöperate to do their share and to receive rewards according to their merit.

Or suppose you went to school. You found that one boy or girl asked to be given a number of credits in his studies because he or she had a father or a mother who had gone to the same school and who had won honors in lessons or in athletics. Would you not think that was unsportsmanlike, and that every one should work for his own marks?

And yet in the field of industry, boys and girls, men and women, do not begin life on an equal footing. One is born, as the saying goes, "with a silver spoon in his mouth," and is supported throughout life on the income produced by others. While many are born in dire poverty and, in spite of their best efforts, live from the

time they are born to the time they die, lives of toil and hardship.

Socialists want to give an equal chance to all little children who are born in the world and to all grown-ups as well, to live useful and happy lives. And they believe that only as the people become the owners of the machines and land will that equal chance be given to them.

You know what teamwork means. You know that that team is usually successful in which the players play best together.

I used to be manager of a college basketball team. On that team there were one or two brilliant players who had a good eye for the basket. Every once in awhile they would forget that they were playing on a team and, when they received the ball near the middle of the basketball court and had a clear field, they would take a chance and throw the ball from the center of the field to the basket. Sometimes they didn't forget, but wanted to show the boys and girls in the gymnasium gallery what fine players they were, especially if some friend from the home town were visiting their college and were looking with admiring eyes on their every play.

Sometimes luck and skill were with them and the ball would go up in the air in a beautiful curve and land right in the center of the basket. Then the college would go wild. The cheer leader would get up and say, "A college yell for Buster Swelledhead and make it snappy." And the students would give Buster three hearty college cheers. The home folks would look pleased and Buster would pretend not to notice it, but

he would get a great thrill out of it and the blood would rush madly to his face.

Well, when that occurred, some of the wiser players and particularly the coach would get dreadfully nervous.

"That," the coach would say, "is likely to go to Buster's head. He will try it again and forget his teamwork—forget that it's his job to pass the ball to the team until one of the players gets within decent distance of the goal. He will lose the game."

Sure enough, Buster would try it again. This time luck would be against him, and the other team would get the ball. They would zigzag it among their players from one end of the field to the other end, and, when they had it nicely under the basket, up they would shoot it, scoring a point. In the meanwhile our team would get disorganized. They would strike out each for himself. Other members would get the fever of doing the spectacular thing and trying long shots, rather than passing the ball in a scientific fashion. And when the whistle would blow, the other side would be found the winner. That didn't happen often, but it did happen.

You can't play a good game of basketball unless the whole team plays as one; doesn't try for individual glory, but for the success of the team. Basketball or baseball or football are not the games for the "rugged individualists." They are games for teamworkers, for coöperators, for collect-ists, for social-ists, if you will. And the teamworkers know one thing: that, in the end, if the Buster Brown in the group doesn't think about himself, but thinks only of the success of his team, he is

going to gain in the end far more than the player who wants to get glory only for himself.

One of the troubles with our machine age is that we haven't teamwork. Each business man or corporation is thinking of how much money his concern might make, not how much he and others can do to bring happiness to the whole community.

We have a certain amount of teamwork *inside* of each corporation, but no teamwork as far as the whole community is concerned.

Our motto is, "each for himself and the devil take the hindmost." That's another reason why we have panics and depressions every few years. That's the reason why millions of men and women are out of work every few years, face to face with hunger and starvation, while storehouses are bursting with grain and while the nation has on hand machinery and industrial equipment sufficient to supply every man, woman and



child in the United States with the necessities and the comforts of life.

We waste a great deal of energy through the idleness of our men and the idleness of our machines. The United States government reported in January, 1931, that between six million and seven million men and women, able and willing to work, were unable to obtain employment, while other millions were working but part of the time. What a tragic and unnecessary and cruel waste is this of the labor power of the nation!

We are using in good times and bad only a part of the machinery which we have created for the production of needed goods.

We have a large enough equipment to produce 900 million pairs of shoes a year. We actually make only 300 million pairs.

Our printing plants, our oil refineries, our machine-tool factories, our cement works, our steel mills, our automobile plants and many other industries are usually idle a considerable part of every year.

We waste a great deal, also, Mary and John, even when we are very, very busy. Have you ever seen a little boy spending his day digging holes, and his pal spending his day in filling up the same holes with the same dirt that the boy threw out?

That kind of labor people call unproductive labor. It doesn't produce anything. It doesn't get you anywhere. If those two had spent the same energy in building a bird's house or a dog's kennel or a play house or a boat, or in making doll's clothing, they would have something to show for their work, would they not?

Well, in business, many thousands of people are

engaged in just such useless labor: in planting and reaping millions of bushels of wheat and tons of cotton which must be destroyed, for lack of customers; in making millions of dollars' worth of powder that is blown up every year in smoke; in developing new soft coal mines, when enough mines have already been dug to supply twice as much coal as we now use; in building great skyscrapers, when many a good office building already in existence is but half occupied; in drilling oil well after oil well, and pumping oil by the millions of gallons to the surface, when we have already more oil in storage than we know what to do with.

Our whole system in which one company fights with another company for business is a very wasteful system as compared with a coöperative order of industry.

Take the waste in the telegraph business. There is a big business office in New York. Some time ago a salesman of the Western Union Telegraph Company went into an office and asked for the boss. In a few days a curious kind of typewriting machine was installed in that office. A young lady sat down at that typewriting machine and typed off a message, and the message immediately appeared in the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company, miles away. It cost to make that machine and install it in the office something like \$550.

A little later a good-looking salesman from the Postal Telegraph Company, another telegraph concern, asked for the manager, and in turn got his permission to put in a typewriting machine of the same style, to be used to send messages to the Postal Telegraph Company.

A week later another salesman, with a pleasant smile and shining black hair nicely plastered back, stepped into the office and urged the manager to allow him to install a third typewriter owned by the Radio Corporation of America and to be used to send messages to that concern. These three machines were installed at a total cost of \$1,650. If the telegraph and radio business were owned by the nation, the one typewriter, costing \$550, would be all that was needed for that or for most other offices.

You go a good deal, John and Mary, do you not, to the stores in your neighborhood to buy food for the family and sometimes candy and ice cream cones for yourselves? If you do, you are likely to find a good many stores within two or three blocks of each other each engaged in selling the same things. In two short blocks on both sides of the street right near my house I am able to count nine grocery stores, five of them belonging to great chains of stores, besides several drug stores, delicatessens, bakeries, etc.

In each one of these grocery stores there is a separate staff of workers, busy part of the time and just standing around part of the time. In each store there is a separate line of groceries and vegetables and fruits. Every morning one or more employees of these stores have to take their separate wagon to a market in another part of the city and buy fresh vegetables and fruit. Separate groups of clerks in each store have to add up long figures showing how much money has been taken in and how much money has been spent. And other clerks have to jump around and deliver orders from one part of the neighborhood to another,

while numerous salesmen have to visit each store and spend an endless amount of time begging for orders.

One grocery store, with a good line of goods and a good staff of workers and one manager steadily employed, could do the work of all of these stores and probably the work of other stores in other blocks. If the community or a city-wide coöperative society owned all the stores of a city, it could close up all unnecessary stores, buy its goods in great quantities from factories and from farm coöperatives, and deliver them directly to the stores.

It would thus save millions upon millions of dollars. Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, estimated in 1930 that a much less thoroughgoing change in our method of selling goods would save on the average from \$300 to \$500 for each family in the country.

In fact, many engineers and economists have said that, under a coöperative order, we could produce with our present labor force twice as many useful commodities as we are now producing, or could produce the same number of useful articles in one-half of the labor time.

These savings under a coöperative system would mean lower prices to you, Mary and John, as customers, higher wages and shorter hours to the clerks who served you, and a high price to the farmer for his milk and potatoes and other products. Professor Clifford C. Furnas of Yale University Engineering School recently said that the time will come when we can live much better than we are now living and yet work for only two to three hours a day.

There is another thing that Socialists don't like about the present system. It is not a democratic system. You have heard the word "democratic" before. It doesn't have anything to do with the Democratic party. It comes from two Greek words, "demos," which means "the people," and "kratos," which means "rule." These two words taken together mean "rule of the people," rule of the mass of the people, not of the few.

Abraham Lincoln expressed his belief in the rule of the people, in democracy, when, in that famous Gettysburg speech of his, he urged everybody to see to it that "government of the people, for the people and by the people shall not perish from the earth." Woodrow Wilson, during the World War, told the young men of the country to make the world safe for democracy.

In the old days kings and monarchs and dukes and lords ruled the country. The ruling class may have been bright and honest. They may have been very stupid and very corrupt. Whether bright or stupid, honest or corrupt, they usually ruled in a way likely to give to themselves and their followers the greatest amount of wealth, of power, and of glory, even though these things meant poverty and misery and death for the common people.

Once in awhile a king tried to use his power chiefly in the interest of the mass of the people. This, however, was an exception.

King rule led to so many evils that the people revolted and demanded that they be allowed a say in the government. In some cases they kept the king, but took away his power. In some cases they abolished the king rule, and elected a president. Unfortunately,

however, in most cases where the people did away with the rule by the monarchy and aristocracy, they did not find themselves in power. They found the people who owned the industries in power.

In the United States we adopted a Constitution which gave one vote to each man above the age of twenty-one. At first, however, no vote was given to women. No vote was given to Negroes, who were, until the Civil War, chattel slaves. No vote was given to the worker who had no property.

These things have now been changed, changed after many bitter struggles. Now most of the people of the country above twenty-one years of age can vote for city officers, for state officers, for national officers.

While we have been giving the votes to an ever greater number of people, our industries, as I pointed out before, have been concentrating in the hands of fewer and fewer corporations.

In industry we do not have democracy, the rule of the people. We have autocracy, the rule of the few. Those who control industry also try to control the government. They give great sums of money to both political parties. In most parts of the country they tell those parties what to do and what not to do. They use their wealth and their power to control the newspapers, to control the radio, to control the public platform, to control education.

If you go into any city you will find thousands of people afraid to criticize the rich men and women of the town, because the wealthy have so much power over the lives of the people. You will find people bowing low to the rich, not because of their character or their

real value to the community, but because of their money.

In many industries the workers are not able to get together and organize clubs or unions, for the purpose of asking for higher wages and better living conditions. If they try to do this they find themselves spied on, discharged, compelled to leave town and wander from city to city asking for the privilege of a job. They have no say in the running of the industry, except in a very, very few concerns.

Abraham Lincoln once upon a time said that this nation cannot remain half slave and half free. He was referring to chattel slavery. Today another Abraham Lincoln could truly say, "No nation can remain a political democracy and an industrial autocracy." If we want real democracy in any part of our life, we must have it in industry. Socialists believe in a "government of the people, by the people, and for the people" in industry as well as in government. In fighting for Socialism, you, John and Mary, will be engaging in the greatest fight for democracy in the world today.

I confess that one of the things which makes me greatly dislike the present system of ownership of industry by the few is its lack of fellowship. Our industrial system pits man against man, class against class, nation against nation. When a man goes, say, into the shoe business, his main object in starting a new factory is to make money. He knows that he must make something that the people need or think they need. His chief desire is, however, not so much to fill a need in the community—the shoe business may al-

ready have too many factories—as to fill his own pocketbook, to make a profit.

When he is deciding what price to charge, he asks himself, “What price will lead to the greatest profit?” When he decides what wages to pay, he doesn’t say to himself, “What are the wages that will give the greatest happiness to the workers?” He usually asks himself, “What can I get the man for?” or “What wage will bring to me the most profit?”

For the sake of profits, he may strip those who compete with him of their last cent.

For the sake of profits, he may deny to the worker the things he must have in order to live.

For the sake of profits, he may employ little children and young boys and girls at a few pennies, while turning away able-bodied and capable men and women, fathers and mothers, to become subjects of private and public charity. Mrs. Browning’s “Cry of the Children” is still heard in American industry:

Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere their sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers—
But *that* does not stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows ;
The young birds are chirping in the nest ;
The young fawns are playing with the shadows ;
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly !
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

For the sake of profits, the business man may bring all sorts of pressure to bear upon the government to involve the country in a hideous and destructive war. Under the profit system, the welfare of the human being is regarded as of less importance than the jingle of gold and silver.

WHY MEN WORK

WHEN you become older, John and Mary, you will hear many people say that the struggle for profits, for money and a lot of money, may lead to many evils, but that business could not go on without profit. If a business man, they will say, didn't feel that he had a chance to make money by hiring other men, he wouldn't work nearly so hard as he does. Under Socialism, they will tell you, there will be nothing to drive you on to do your best work.

Is that true? The business man at present is driven forward, as I have said before, by a desire for money. But why is that so?

He craves millions of dollars, in the first place, because of the things that those millions will buy. He works for large sums of money, in the second place, because he wants power to do things, and money gives him power. He wants a good deal of money, in the third place, because he is usually considered as successful or as unsuccessful in proportion to the amount of money that he has acquired.

He wants Tom, John or Bill, with whom he has played when a little boy, and other Toms, Johns and Bills by whom he is surrounded all the time to say,

“Well, Jack Takital has certainly made good. He went into the clothing trade twenty years ago a poor boy. And now, look at him—he is a millionaire. That’s success for you!”

Yes, the making of money in business is the test of a business man’s success—at least to most people—just as the getting of an A or a 1, or a double plus in your marks in school is a test of your success in your studies.

Jack Takital wants to be regarded as a successful business man. That’s one of the reasons why he works so hard for money.

If, however, we had another criterion, another test of what makes a man successful, you would probably find Jack Takital working just as hard for that criterion as he is now working to make money.

Take, for instance, the teaching profession. Do you think, John and Mary, that your teachers—many of whom you like very much—think that, as a result of



teaching you and other children year in and year out, they will ever get rich?

If they ever had such a foolish idea, they would soon get rid of it. The average school teacher—and there are more than a million of them in the United States—gets only a very moderate salary.

And yet, because he hasn't a chance to get rich, does he fall asleep on his job? Of course not. He works all during the school day—you boys and girls would see to it that he didn't sleep then—and he works often correcting papers and studying for the next day and taking extra courses and writing and performing other tasks, many evenings.

What spurs him on? A number of things. He gets a salary, though generally a small one, and, if he does a good job, might receive a considerably higher salary as the years go on. He gets a long vacation. In the public schools, he feels that his job is secure and, after he reaches a certain age, he might give up teaching and retire on a pension of, say, half of his salary.

He works hard because he sees before him many things that must be done. He gets a real joy when his students begin to understand the things he teaches. He gets a thrill when the students under him pass good examinations and are promoted from grammar school to high school, from high school to college.

Many a teacher finds his chief delight in seeing students develop under him. While to others, particularly in college, the chance to do pioneer work in the arts and sciences, to explore new realms of knowledge, offers the greatest satisfaction. The average teacher is not moved by the incentive or urge to action that

comes from getting rich out of the labor of others. And yet, who can say that he has no incentive to labor?

If we go to other fields, we find people working—and working with all the energy they have—for other things besides millions of dollars.

Take the inventor. In the old days a person who had an idea of a new invention—a new-fangled cork-



screw or what not—usually worked out the idea by himself, with the aid of a few friends. Sometimes—even though his invention was successful—he died in the poorhouse. The money went to the business man, not to the inventor. At other times he died a millionaire.

Today the average inventor is an employee in a research laboratory of a great corporation. When he enters the job, he agrees that the profits from any of his inventions will go to the corporation. He gets a salary and a chance to do interesting and creative work,

nothing more, nothing less. His chance of getting a million dollars from his work is small indeed. And yet he works steadily and faithfully.

In America there are tens of thousands of men and women who are working hard and diligently without any thought of profits. I could take you to many of these who are doing magnificent work in the health service of the United States, fighting disease; in the forestry service, preventing the destruction of the nation's forests; in the reclamation department, reclaiming arid land; in municipal lighting plants, serving the city; and show you how other incentives besides the desire to make a fortune actually work.

In all of this discussion, you, of course, know, Mary and John, that the *average worker* is not spurred on by the incentive of making a million dollars. The



driving forces in his working life are different things: a modest wage, the hope that he will keep his job, the pleasure that comes from making good, and the desire to support and educate his family and to put aside something for old age.

Nor is the average manager in a big private corporation sure of much more than a salary. He is indeed constantly being prodded on to make a profit for the corporation. But the profit usually does not go to him. It goes to stockholders, who do not know anything more about the business than do you, Mary and John, know about making automobiles or china dolls.

Under Socialism, the average worker would probably go to work with much more happiness than he now does. For under a coöperative system the worker wouldn't need to divide up with well-to-do idlers.

It is true, John and Mary, that many a young man or young woman who now has a large income without any work would have to put up his or her sleeves under a Socialistic system and work like any other human being. For the motto of the Socialist society would be the motto of St. Paul, "He that does not work, neither should he eat"—that is, provided a person is capable of working.

But you know, Mary and John, that it's far more fun to make fine and useful things than it is merely to receive gifts from others. We grow by doing, not by being carried around by others, do we not?

A WORLD MOVEMENT

YES, I hear you say, "I believe that Socialism would be a fine thing for most of us. It would give us all a more equal chance in life. It would do away with much waste and insecurity and poverty. It would put human life above the getting of money. It would bring about the rule of the people in industry as well as in government.

"But how are you ever going to bring about a co-operative order?"

No one can tell just how the great change will take place. Such changes depend upon so many hundreds of conflicting forces.

Those who urge the bringing about of a coöperative commonwealth may roughly be divided into two groups, Communists and Socialists. Russia, as you know, is now controlled by Communists. They obtained power not through the ballot, but by seizing the government when Russia was in utter confusion. After a number of years of civil war, they are now engaged in a number of remarkable experiments, as those who have read *New Russia's Primer* are aware. They claim that in countries outside of Russia things are likely to drift from bad to worse until the present system breaks down or until the nations become involved in unsuccessful wars. When that comes, they declare, the workers will revolt, get control of the government, turn over all industry to the state and suppress all opposition.

Socialists, on the other hand, feel that these methods are not the methods that are likely to succeed in the

Western world. They are striving to bring about the change through peaceful and democratic means.

In the little country of Denmark, the workers decided some years ago to better their condition. They organized coöperative societies and brought within these societies most of the farmers of the country and many workers. They formed strong labor unions. They started a Socialist party. This party is now the largest single political organization in the country, although it does not completely control the government and cannot put its full program into operation. They have advanced their cause through labor education.

As a result of these and other efforts, public ownership has been extended. Labor and farm conditions have been greatly improved. Wealth has become more evenly distributed. And Denmark has earned the name of "the country of coöperation." Future progress toward Socialism in Denmark is likely to be made through the continued strengthening of these forces and their coöperation with the people and industries of other countries.

Socialists the world over are striving to bring about the Great Change through the ballot box, the labor union, the coöperative movement and education.

"How," you ask, John and Mary, "do Socialists propose to transfer industry from private to public hands?"

Just what method or methods will be finally decided on will depend on how far the American people allow things to drift before trying to make the change. But industries have been shifted from private to public control in the past and, as soon as the people *will it*, they

can find ways and means of making machines their servants rather than their masters.

Socialism, Mary and John, is not only a great idea, it is a great, world-wide movement. As a movement it has grown from small beginnings and it now includes millions upon millions of human beings, young and old, throughout the world. The bulk of its followers are the workers who suffer from unjust conditions. It includes others, however, who have come to its ranks not because they were poor or exploited, but because they couldn't bear to see people suffer, when there was



a way out; because they wanted to see a better planned, a more sensible, a more brotherly society.

Their part in the movement began with a protest, a protest similar to that of the artist and writer, John Ruskin: "I simply cannot paint, nor read, nor look at minerals, nor do anything else I like, and the very light in the morning sky becomes hateful to me, because of

the misery I know of, and see signs of where I know it not, which no imagination can interpret too bitterly.”

Never has the interest in social change been greater than at present when, wherever we look, we see awful want in the midst of plenty and when new Russia serves as a constant challenge to many of our old and cherished ideas. The old order is changing and is giving place to new forms. These changes require the coöperation of us all.

You can prepare yourself, John and Mary, for the task ahead by the study and discussion of problems of child labor, poverty, unemployment, public ownership, peace and war and other important questions of the day.

Sometimes you will have to defend your opinion single-handed. Don't let that worry you. Remember that most great social pioneers in their day were once thought wrong by the majority of unthinking people.

Millions of boys and girls in the world today will take part in ridding the world of poverty and insecurity, of injustice and war, and in bringing nearer the age of plenty, of security, of social justice, of human brotherhood.

Will you, John and Mary, join this great world movement and follow *The Road Ahead*?

