

Are We Approaching A Cataclysm?

Was Herbert Spencer right in his prophecy of civil war, immense bloodshed and a military dictator in this country instead of a president?

by **Newell Dwight Hillis**

TRAVELING up and down the land this summer has not been an exhilarating experience. Entering Washington the

morning after the race riots, one found the police wagons carrying away dead bodies, street sweepers cleansing the blood from the sidewalks, with a civil war going on, under the very eaves of the National Capitol. Reaching Chicago, the day after the race riots began, the midnight was made hideous with the crack of revolver shots, the hiss of rifle bullets, and the thunder of the hoofs of horses of armed policemen; and the carrying of twenty-five bodies from the scene the next morning, was strangely reminiscent of Ypres. In Winnipeg, the traveler is shown the spot where the leader of the mob announced his programme and the revolutionists started toward the government buildings to demand the resignation of elected rulers, and in the spirit of the French revolutionists of the bloody days of 1789, to announce the reign of the rifle, the dagger and the bomb-shell.

Out in Seattle, I was shown the places where the machine guns were placed at the ends of the street, and the spot where armed citizens lay behind sandbags, while others hid themselves in the safety vaults of banks, and five thousand four hundred minute men were registered and each had his own appointed place where he was to stand in defense of his city, against the I. W. W.'s, the communists, the Labor Union crowd, and the Bolsheviks.

Something Going On

In a Canadian city I was shown the spot where the revolutionary leader shouted to the thousands of his followers: "Some of you, perceiving that the common people hear me gladly, may think that I am the late lamented and crucified J. C., returned to earth again, but I am not! I am simply the leader of the I. W. W.'s." Therefore, a visit this summer to Washington and Chicago, with their bloody streets and their crimson gutters, to Seattle and Winnipeg, still under the shadow of riots, was about as exhilarating as a trip to San Francisco the week after the earthquake, or to Texas the day after the awful tornado had ruined the villages, torn up the vineyards and orchards, and left the whole region desolate. No traveler goes to the top of Vesuvius when it is in a state of violent eruption and pouring forth lurid lava, for the purpose of writing a poem upon the pleasures of peace or the silence of a calm and tranquil night.

On the second morning of the battle of Belleau Wood, when a huge German shell exploded, tore a hole ten feet deep in the ground, scattered the fragments of half a dozen army mules over an acre lot, tossed one of the American drivers a hundred feet, blowing his very clothes away, the driver was heard to say languidly as the rose, and slowly disinterred his legs, "It looks as if somethin's goin' on." And certainly any one who has eyes to see blood spots on sidewalks, or ears to hear the low rumble of a vibrating earth, must realize that strange things have begun "to go on" in this Republic. However, there is no reason for astonishment.

Our Republic has never had a warmer friend than Herbert Spencer. Through fifty years Spencer had watched seedlike movements unfold their harvests of hate and ruin. "In the United States as here (in England) and elsewhere, the movement toward dissolution of existing social forms and reorganization on a socialistic basis, I believe to be irresistible. We have had times before us, and you have still more dreadful times before you — civil war, immense bloodshed, and eventually, military despotism of the severest type." No thoughtful American citizen can read these words in a light spirit, in view of the solemn fact that their fulfillment in Washington and Chicago and Seattle is already a part of our national history.

Interpreting Civil War and Riots by Great Principles

When Darwin explained the development of the seed and root, the rise of literature, art and liberty, by a principle called evolution, isolated facts suddenly became plain. It is for that reason that the sinister events in our national life must be traced back to some principle that will in part explain them. Years ago, Macaulay told the American people that our failure to assimilate into the body politic millions of aliens who had no stake in our institutions, our traditions, our history, literature nor ideals — aliens, every drop of whose blood was monarchical blood — aliens whose every thought and every habit were anti-American — would soon or late bring us to anarchy, chaos and inevitable revolution. "The Republic has no instruments for protecting either life or property, once the cheap land has gone.

"As to America, I appeal to the Twentieth Century. Either some Caesar or Napoleon will seize the reins of government with a strong hand, or your Republic will be as fearfully plundered and laid waste by barbarians in the Twentieth Century as the Roman Empire was in the Fifth, with this difference, that the Huns and Vandals will be engendered in your own country and by your own institutions." The Twentieth Century has now come, and so have the events predicted by Macaulay.

In view of the riots of last July and August, his words would seem to be the words of a newspaper reporter describing what had just happened in the towns and cities of the United States, rather than those of a prophet foreseeing inevitable coming events!

What is the Matter with English Working-Men?

Thoughtful men in Great Britain are asking what is the matter with their working-men? In their bitterness toward the landed gentry, the title classes and the social and industrial abuses of the old régime, the English working-men have reacted to an extreme that threatens to destroy the very industrial life of England, and to utterly ruin all classes. By threats of going over to Bolshevism, by strikes and riots and physical force, the trade unionists have lifted the wage in many of the occupations to twenty shillings or five

dollars per day, while at the same time the unions have shortened the hours, thus reducing the output.

But when this five-dollar-a-day wage has been spread over all the occupations related to the mining of coal and iron, the transportation of the iron flux from Sweden, with the affiliated industries, these united increases in wages have lifted the price of steel in England to eighty-five dollars a ton, at an hour when the United States is producing and delivering steel for sixty-five dollars. Out of twenty-one great bids for steel in different foreign countries, American firms obtained nineteen contracts, Germany one and England one.

If the British Trade Union man had increased his output to a degree corresponding to the increase of his wage, he might have obtained one-half of those contracts, and thus kept his own steel furnaces going and earned his own livelihood. But these trade unionists' leaders seem to lack the power of thinking. No sound industry can be built upon big arms and little intellects. Hitherto, England has maintained her cotton, woolen and steel industries by differential wage, but now that the working-men have forced the same wage as our American working-men, and have also limited their hours and their output to three-fourths of the American product, the result is inevitable. These working-men are starving to death their own plants, making it impossible for their own employers to obtain contracts, and so are destroying their own jobs. Every American wants the British working-man to win out, to keep his share of the world's business, and have his high wage, but the Britisher cannot expect to be let off with three-fourths of the productive work against our working-men who produce four-fourths. Even a working-man lives in a universe of economic law.

OUR own American working-men now seem to be about to imitate their English brothers. Nothing is more common than this statement: "We shall never stop the strikes, nor the agitations, until we get a working day of eight hours, and an average wage of eight dollars." Now that is precisely the plan that was proposed by one of the most bitter and relentless labor agitators of Europe at one of the recent foreign trade union conferences. The sum of his argument was this: the Bolsheviks have got control of all capital in Russia through theft and murder, by a bloody revolution; I will show you a way to transfer all capital in the United States to the wage earners by a bloodless revolution.

For example, the United States has fifty billions of dollars annual income. There are twenty millions of wage workers in the United States. Suppose now we agitate and strike until we force eight dollars a day for three hundred days in the year, which will give each trade unionist twenty-four hundred dollars income. But twenty millions of workers times that twenty-four hundred dollars a year, will equal forty-eight billions of dollars.

There will then be two billions out of the fifty billions national income, as interest on the war bonds. The muscle-workers will get all the rest, leaving nothing for interest on capital, no [Continued on page 41]

Somebody ought to say at least one kind word for the so-called "better classes," scoffed at by the agitators on nearly every street corner and by revolutionists all over the land

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dividends for the factories, and no salary for the employers, and within ten years on that wage, we will have transferred all the property of the country by a bloodless revolution into the hands of the wage earners. Now, of course, this would mean a complete industrial revolution in the United States, but without the shedding of blood after the fashion of the Bolsheviki.

On the other hand, England has, including her women workers, twelve million workers, and if they can force their wage to five dollars a day, that will take all of England's twenty billions annual income, and leave the British capitalist no interest on his investment, no dividends on his business, and no salary for the owner and managers. For weeks, this man and his friends worked to get the international eight-hour-day, and the eight dollars a day wage, into the constitution of the League of Nations that is now before our Congress. Their purpose was to bring about a bloodless revolution in this country, and to transfer the entire national income and ultimately all property over to the muscle workers, and to do this by "a bloodless revolution."

They won out as to the one-half of their program, since the international eight-hour-day is in the constitution of the League of Nations, but they lost out on the eight dollar daily wage. But neither this man nor his friends seem to have the remotest idea of the fact that if the muscle worker takes all of the income, and there are no dividends to keep up the factory, or for inventing and making new tools, with no salary for ability, that it is only a question of a little time when the muscle worker himself would starve to death in the starvation of ability, management and capital.

When the human legs and arms go to war, against the eye and the ear, against the brain, stomach and lungs, the legs will soon begin to shrivel for want of blood, the arms will grow weak, and in the warfare between the members, all the limbs and organs will perish together. This illustration is as old as Cicero in its statement, but in its truth it is as old as eternal justice itself, or as the mountains and the stars.

The Coming Warfare

JUST now, employers and working-men are over against one another like two castles, with cannon shotted to the muzzle, and no one knows which side will fire the first shot. Unfortunately, one chemical factory can spill enough refuse into a river to poison the waters for scores of miles. Unfortunately, also, one selfish employer, with his secret rebates, his bribes, his cruel selfishness, can involve in black hatred and bitter strife nine hundred and ninety-nine honest, sincere employers who play the game fair. A few capitalists who are selfish and hard, and believe that money alone is the only thing worth living for, have given a bad name to all capitalists.

On the other hand, it is the curse of the working-men that the very heart and soul of some of their most influential leaders can be summed up in their view that every working-man must hate capital and that it is the duty of the man who belongs to the union and works in the vineyard to hate the man who at the end of the day's work pays the wage. Thus a few despicable employers and equally despicable labor union agitators have involved millions of men in bitter strife. One drop of gall has spoiled the pot of honey.

The Muscle Man Overlooks the Man of Ability

ONE of the things that is wrong with the worker is that he gives no due credit to the occasional man of ability. There are billions of blades of grass, but only a few big trees in California. There are millions of hills in this land between the Atlantic and the Pacific, but only three or four mountain ranges. There are millions of one-talent men and two-talent men, but only an occasional inventor and organizer who is a ten-talent man. For scores of years, men have turned tempered steel into watch springs, and earned five dollars a day wage. Recently, a boy came along who for years put his brain into the problem, and he made the watch spring first and tempered it afterward, and now that hair spring does not break in the coldest

winter nor the hottest summer, everybody says, "What fools we were not to have thought of that simple device." That man will not only make a fortune out of his years of study, but he will earn the fortune that he will receive.

In 1861 Fort Sumter was fired upon, and Lincoln called for three hundred thousand men. The college boys left their lecture halls, and the farmers left their fields. Lincoln became alarmed lest there be no harvest and he called upon the women to go into the fields. In that crisis there was an inventor named Cyrus McCormick. Instead of the little, sickle and the long scythe, McCormick invented a reaper. He called on the people to furnish the capital, enough to double, quadruple and multiply by twenty his reaper plant. The minister brought his savings, as did the school teacher, while the physician and lawyer, the banker and the widow all contributed their earnings of yesterday.

United labor of yesterday made up "capital" and in that critical hour nobody damned that capital, or swore at those people who had saved up a little money, or called them robbers, or planned to set fire to their houses. Soon the manufacturers turned out enough reapers to harvest the wheat and release enough boys from the farm to win the war, free the slaves, and save the Union. Without that reaper and the scores of factories that sprang up, Lincoln and the North would have lost that war.

To be sure, various inventors like Cyrus McCormick made some money, but it has been estimated that during the seventeen years that his patent was continued, McCormick did not receive one thousandth part of one per cent. of the increment of his invention and his ability. Ninety-nine per cent. of the profit of his reaper went as a free gift to the people of the United States and probably nine hundred and ninety-nine parts of the remaining one per cent. went to the people.

Without having given one thought to the reaper, the workers received, as a free gift, cheap flour and bread.

In 1870, we had miserable steel. The iron used was cast iron, soft and friable. Little cars, baby locomotives, frail wooden bridges, five to ten cents a mile for travel, and high freight rates — that was the story of cast iron. Then Bessemer gave himself to the problem of pig iron. He built a furnace and cast out the sulphur and phosphorus from the coal and left only coke. He mixed limestone and coke and pig iron and vanadium, and produced steel, at a time when the working-men in the pig iron furnaces were receiving one and two dollars a day. Now there were a million muscle working-men in the iron furnaces of the world. Not one of them gave a passing thought to the chemical problem of turning pig iron into steel, while Bessemer gave his days and nights for years to the problem. He put all his own money into the experiments, begged money, borrowed money, hired money, everything — and finally succeeded.

Then, Presto! came the miracle. That inventor's steel made possible huge locomotives, palace cars, permanent rails. Passenger rates dropped to two cents a mile, freight rates on the working-men's meat and flour and fruit to a half a cent per ton, per mile. Meanwhile Bessemer's discovery and ability quadrupled the wage of the workers, lifting them to four dollars a day, and twenty dollars a day. Ability and capital, handed millions of dollars a day in wages to muscle workers as a free gift, a gift to men who had never given a thought nor breath to that almost miraculous achievement of Bessemer's. But as soon as Bessemer's friends built these enormously expensive plants, borrowed millions to erect them, a few aliens among the working-men who could not speak our language, looked at the great steel plants, and immediately called secret meetings, and the agitators brought this message: "Fellow working-men! yesterday, with ten hours work we produced pig iron. To-day, these money barons, with only eight hours work are using us to produce steel. That steel to-day is worth four times as much as the pig iron we used to make, yet these money barons are only giving us double the wage we had before, and only reduced our hours from ten to eight."

"Who made this steel? We made it with our muscle. These money barons are making slaves of us! They are robbers! How long shall we let them walk over our bodies, and starve our wives and children to death? Shoot them! Put bombs at their doors! Oh, these wicked men! These capitalistic devils! Let us arise in our might, and grind these cruel masters to powder!"

Almost every morning the working-men in the various factories and shops in this country find that a printed statement like this has been stuck under their kitchen door during the night. Some of these documents are incendiary to the last degree. But are there no labor leaders of sanity and sound sense to correct these glaring falsehoods? Bessemer's friends have robbed no one. Where the steel manufacturers who were friends of Bessemer, and who had risked their money on his plan, made one dollar, the people of the United States, with their steel cars, steel reapers, steel looms, steel ships, and the ten thousand tools that would be possible through steel, received a thousand dollars.

A million Shetland ponies starting around a race track cannot trot a mile in two minutes simply because they are many. A million muscle men working on pig iron cannot change it into steel. Inventive genius is a birth gift. Ability to unite a thousand delicate parts into an automobile that will go, is a birth gift.

Organizing ability in a great factory is a gift, like the genius of Lincoln. What this country needs to-day is a man who has a gift by nature and God to show us how to save the eighty-five per cent. of smoke that goes out of the top of the chimney, and is utterly wasted. That man will come, he will save the United States one thousand millions of dollars every year, but when, after years of sleepless nights and tumultuous days to solve the problem, he gets possibly a million dollars reward, where the people of the United States receive billions, then, an ungrateful multitude will reward him with curses, slanders, try to shoot him, or kill him with a bomb-shell.

Ours is a world where the people crucified Jesus, poisoned Socrates, burned Savonarola, starved Swammerdam, assassinated Lincoln. If nature and Providence should grant to the American people three inventors, to show us how to save the eighty-five per cent. of wasted coal, how to convert all coal in mines into electricity without the intervention of steam, how to release nitrogen from air, the average income of the American family could be carried up to at least five thousand dollars per year. But if the American people were to hold a big meeting, and fall on their knees and pray to God, by day and night for these three inventors, as soon as Providence had lifted them up for our national guidance, and the people's income had been raised to an average five thousand dollars a year, then the fool agitators would raise a mob, surround their three benefactors, and shout, "Now, damn you! We've got you!" and so kill them. This country needs many things, but it needs one thing by way of pre-eminence, *i. e.*, an outpouring of common sense upon our people. Carlyle once said that England had thirty millions of people, of whom twenty-nine millions were fools, but later he repented in dust and ashes, saying: "I placed the number too low." Charles Lamb explained the occasional mob in England by saying: "Our people are all crazy one day every year." After visiting Washington and Chicago, Butte and Seattle, during last July and August, it seems to me a great mistake to say that the American multitude is "crazy one day in the year;" it would be far more accurate to say that an American multitude has an occasional sane interval.

American working-men are wrong in assuming a natural hatred between labor and capital. Demagogues for their own purpose and selfish ends never tire of talking about the War between labor and capital. The simple fact is that labor is no more hostile toward capital, than it is toward labor. No working-man says to the plumber: "Take this extra dollar for fixing my sink," or to the carpenter: "Here are two dollars extra for repairing my door-steps." The brick masons do not hold a meeting to pass resolutions to request the members of the clothiers union to add five dollars to the price of a suit, nor even two dollars to the price of a pair of shoes.

The trade union man is just as hostile toward his brother working-man, who happens to be a non-unionist, as toward a capitalist. Just now union carpenters charge ten dollars a day and if a non-union man is found to work for eight dollars, a man is hired

to go around and beat up that non-union worker. A union man has a right to refuse to work for eight dollars a day, but that cannot destroy a non-union man's right to work for seven dollars a day. The Labor Union that uses force represents anarchy.

A historian once said that "the labor guild without force may be imperfect, but with violence, it is infamous." Labor is as truly, therefore, an enemy of labor as it is of capital. It may be a blunder for a non-union man to surrender his right to make his own bargains to the agent of the Union, but what if the non-union man does make a mistake? A man's first rights are his right to liberty; his right to blunder; his right to make a fool of himself—if he wants to. Without personal liberty, life is not worth living. If a boss should come to me and say, "You are on the road that leads to destruction," and by physical force make me go to heaven, I would answer: "I refuse to go, I would rather go to Hades and be free, than to go to heaven and be a slave!"—and so would any man that has a drop of red blood in him! Mohammedanism in the world is dead to-day because it propagated itself by physical force, and any guild or union that uses the lead pipe, the hired thug, the bomb-shell, is already death struck and dying.

Another thing that is wrong with our working-man is that oftentimes the poor and ambitious young working-man, who struggled yesterday to succeed, and was admired by his associates, to-day is hated and bitterly attacked, because he won out. Who are the successful men of to-day, but the poor working-men of yesterday? And who will be the capitalists and employers of to-morrow? Plainly the ambitious working-men of to-day. We put the poor boy into the free school, train him in a factory, tell him the story of other poor boys, urge him toward industry, energy, thrift, foresight, honesty and loyalty, and then, when we have made him successful, his people turn and call him a "thief," "hard-hearted," "selfish," and an "enemy of the poor."

A MERICAN life to-day holds no tragedy blacker than the tragedy of certain successful men who created every dollar they possess, who never knowingly injured a human being, who invented tools that have redeemed tens of thousands of their fellow men from drudgery. For every dollar that they have received for their inventions and their factories, society has received a hundred dollars, and yet they find that their early friends have become cold and critical. The successful manufacturer pays dearly for his success.

Just as soon as all the Armenians and Servians have been fully redeemed; just as soon as all the Hottentots and savages are civilized, then a society should be organized to do something to right the wrongs of the so-called "better classes," who will soon be without a friend in the world. Thousands of pleas for drunkards and outcasts, for penitentiaries and insane asylums, would seem to make it possible for somebody to say one kind word for the so-called "better classes" carrying their load of opprobrium, public criticism and shame, and scoffed at by the revolutionists all over the land.

The American people need also to remember that labor alone without ability and capital is impotent and alone will starve to death. Only when the three members of this trinity work together, can you have the new bridge across the Hudson River. The ability of the engineer draws the plans in a blueprint and at the end of a lead pencil pushes the first delicate wire thread across the river. Then yesterday's laborers assembled under the name of "capital" (with their accumulation of iron and wire and steel and concrete), offer the raw materials, and to-day's labor, called "working-men" takes the plans furnished by ability, brings this steel and wire and wood and concrete together after the plan proposed by the inventor, engineer and architect.

Working together—ability, capital and labor—build bridges, tunnel mountains, launch ships, grow harvests, build factories, and fill that granary called civilization with immeasurable treasure. The banner of labor is glorious. Its cause is so high and worthy that a labor leader should have the genius of Edison, the common sense of Benjamin Franklin, the breadth and fairness of Abraham Lincoln. The most infamous men in our country to-day are those traitors who live by appealing to class hatred and stirring up warfare and strife. Between the old working-men of yesterday, whose savings are named "capital," and the young working-men of to-day and to-morrow there should be [Continued on page 62]

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no hate or warfare. Moses led the pilgrim band out of the wilderness by pointing to a pillar of cloud in the sky, and bringing springs of water out of the rocks.

The modern agitator guides the people by the light of blazing factories, and he calls oil out of the rocks, with which to burn us all up. He offers society only one thing! Power to turn a factory into a pile of hot ashes, and a city into a wilderness. The word of advice he offers to highly paid working-men is this: "Surrender your minds to me, and you will be better off after you lose your job than you are now with your job and wages."

Plainly, therefore, there need be no cataclysm in this country, and no armed collision between labor and capital, no "civil war, immense bloodshed, ending with military despotism of the severest type." The expulsion of revolutionists from this country, who want to overthrow our institutions, will do something; commissioners at the sailing ports of Europe and Asia, who shall demand full proof of the fitness of the candidates for American citizenship, will do something; the turning of the whole United States into a big schoolhouse for the Americanizing of the aliens who are here, will help; the teaching of all the boys and girls, as to the fundamental simplicities of labor and capital, wealth and poverty, the influences of the Golden Rule, the Ten Commandments, and a full obedience to the plain duties of the American Constitution, and the Christian religion, will do more. Intelligence, integrity, the spirit of good will, loyalty and fair play, can help the American people out of this wilderness toward the promised land, foretold by our fathers.

Labor-Capital Parliament

BUT to all other influences must be added the Labor-Capital Parliament. Our forefathers invented the political machinery through which our people govern themselves. The time has now come for the principle of self-government to be applied to the industrial life of our land. For example, all the cotton and woolen mills of the country should institute a Labor-Capital Parliament. The officers, bondholders and stockholders, should

elect, say, ten representatives, for the invested capital, and the working-men in all the factories of that industry, should elect another ten. These twenty men should pass the laws for the spinning industry, and acting in a judicial capacity should interpret these laws in relation to each new problem.

Nearly fifty of the secondary trades of Great Britain have already tried this plan, with the most surprising results, and some Britishers believe the plan to be as important and fundamental for the industrial world as the Magna Carta or the American Constitution for the political world. The working people have a financial right to a voice in the management, and also a percentage of the speculative chances of their industry.

Given a factory with a thousand employees and a capital of five million dollars: plainly the investors, having put in five million dollars, have a right to a voice in the management. But every employee who earns twelve hundred dollars a year, represents a capital of twenty thousand dollars invested at six per cent. and the one thousand employees represent one thousand times that man's value of twenty thousand dollars, namely, twenty million dollars.

It cost society, therefore, a large sum to produce these thousand workers, and in them the State and their ancestors have an investment of twenty million dollars. If, therefore, the invested capital of five million dollars through managers, has a right to a voice in the management, then surely the twenty millions invested in human machines also have a right to a share in that management.

The Labor-Capital Parliament, therefore must be constituted at once in the interest of peace and success in every great factory and trade. Once both sides have a right to express themselves and manhood is no longer repressed, there will be a rational basis of co-operation and an increased output. This Labor-Capital Parliament should end forever the Labor Union agitator, the walking delegates, the hired thugs, the endless strikes, the trampled cornfields, the bloody streets, and make impossible Spencer's vision of "civil war, immense bloodshed, and military despotism of the severest type."