

THE COMRADE



“THE TWO MOTHERS”

By H. Epler

On Flying Over People's Heads

By Horace Traubel



TAKE the workingman seriously. I think that in the first analysis, in the last analysis, in any essential analysis, the workingman is the only man. Because I take the workingman seriously, I talk with him on the plane that is easiest—that is, is natural—to me. I take it for granted that the workingman is willing to know me as I am. I do not talk down to him. I do not talk up to him. I talk to him on our mutual level. Sometimes I say things that are not superficially obvious. Who does not? Even our jokes and jollies are not always understood. Why should we expect our philosophy to be all of it on the surface? I do not talk up to a professor and a business man and down to a mechanic. With all my peculiarities and weaknesses I find myself better understood by the plain man of the trades and the streets than by the sophists and wise men of the schools. So I talk right out, in the words that come, in the phrases that make themselves. I take my chances. I feel that my chances are better taken with my assumption than they would be if any sentence I wrote had eyes front and back and had to worry and wear itself round corners and dodge collisions in a deliberate attempt to reach the consciousness of a reader. I am to take care of myself. The reader is to take care of himself. I take care of myself by making my confession honest. Confession? All honest writing is confession. The reader takes care of himself by giving my message all the room it needs for entrance. I am a visitor. He is my host. He must keep perpetual open house. I am not afraid of the result when such conditions exist. Do I not fly over people's heads? Yes, I do. Why should I not fly over people's heads? I have lots of wing. They have lots of vision.

You complain that I fly over people's heads. Would you have me fold my wings and crawl under their feet? You think you understand the people. How much do you understand the people, you who assume that the people are without eyes? The comfortable superiors and saviors always conclude that they are somehow above the people. They do not consciously reason to that effect. But that is the atmosphere they breathe and expire. I do not think the people are way down somewhere and that we need to dig in the earth to reach them. I think the people are way up somewhere and that it takes considerable wing simply to get up to them and to sustain yourself at their level. If I have any anxiety at all it is that I may not talk below the people. I am far more apt to talk under the soles of their shoes than over their hats. The idea that the people are fools has been a feature in the creeds of the saving remnants of so many ages that even the so-called reformer comes to his job with the same damning inheritance of disesteem for the average man. You think that the people are fools because they can be fooled. That is where you are fooled. The people are fooled because they are honest. In the concrete philosophy of our bandit trade an honest man is a fool. But nothing else makes an honest man a fool. Certainly the honor of the people is a thing to be cherished. I would rather have them fools and see them fooled than have them wise and see them fooling. So that I think that if I have got something to say to the people and fail to make myself understood the fault is no more theirs than mine. I may need to wait for to-morrow. I may need to wait till they are in another mood. I may need to wait till I am in another mood. But one thing I do not

need. I do not need to clown myself into alien grotesque shapes to try to force an entrance to the public brain. I can afford to wait. The public can afford to wait. But neither can afford to play down or up the slippery acclivities of prostituted speech.

Play fair. You make a big mistake when you set the workman aside for a numbskull. I do not find men saying too many good things. I do not find men soaring too high. I do not find among the masses any complaint that teachers set ideals too remote or that a just social estate is beyond their comprehension. What I do find is a great deal of talk on the ground. I find authorship treacherous. It does not play fair. It is in the pay of the classes. It deals with itself as exclusive rather than inclusive. It holds itself aloof. It gathers its verbal cloak about its dainty phrases and shrinks from contact with the earthiness of the average lingo. How can sense consist with dirt? A greasy man has a greasy mind. How could a greasy mind apprehend the grandeur of your wisdom? So you are to talk grease to the masses. You are to talk dirt. Do not soar. Grovel. Talk low down. If men still seem not to hear talk lower. And if men still seem deaf talk lower still. Persevere in your descent until the last ass in your audience cries amen. Then you can declare to the court that you have bankrupted your speech to the lowest level of your defrauded democracy.

I am always flying over people's heads. But I do not fly out of sight. When I fly, people know that I trust them. But if I hug myself to the earth and ask people to walk over me they know I am playing them dirt. We always talk a little bigger than our size. That helps us to grow. But you ask us to talk smaller than our size. This would be degeneracy. The people will not follow the mole into the ground. The people demand to be taken full measure. They do not ask you to see how little you can make yourself when you talk to them. They ask you to see how big you can make yourself. They do not ask you to look in your vocabulary for words of one syllable. They ask you to use the right word whether that word requires one syllable or several syllables to spell itself out. They do not ask you to confine your talk only to the things which they can understand on the first blush. They are like other people. They are willing to receive their gospel in a text which keeps on forever unfolding its revelations. They wish you to assume that they want to hear the truth and that they are capable of receiving its full return. They do not ask to be taught. They ask to be taken into counsel. They do not feel that they care for you to talk from up down or from down up. They say that any honest talk fits them. They are not flattered when you introduce and insist upon the primer as the standard of the average culture. If you have anything to say say it. Say it in the speech natural to you. Say it in the speech that fits. Do not go fussing or juggling about in an alphabet alien to your language. If they can take their chances on understanding you can take your chances on being understood. The men who cannot make himself understood in his own vocabulary is less likely to make himself understood in a language foreign to him. Soar as high as you choose. But keep up your connection with the earth. One thing you cannot do. You cannot fly over your own head. As long as you cannot fly over your own head you cannot fly out of sight. As long as you do not fly out of sight you belong to the people. The people have eye enough to see. Fly, walk or dig. The people can trump wings, feet or spades.

A Socialist Veteran

By John Spargo



BEFORE me sits an old man—a veteran. His tall, spare, bent frame, long, white beard and sunken eyes, bear witness to his burden of years. But his mind is clear and strong, and as we talk of the progress of the great world-wide Socialist movement his face brightens with the glow of enthusiasm. Evidently the old man has kept

close to the fountains of inspiration and courage through the long years. I, who am half a century younger, feel accused and shamed by his ardent and glowing enthusiasm.

The veteran is a Socialist, and his life history is inseparably bound up with the history of the Socialist movement itself. It is hard to realize that this man was present at the birth of the great German Socialist movement, and that when, recently, the pulsing wires flashed from sea to sea the news of the magnificent Socialist triumph in that country, this old man, here in this City of Philadelphia, could look back over the flight of years to the time when he and others, now so few, planted the seeds of Hope and Faith in the soil of a nation's discontent where they have rooted so firmly and flourished so well. Yet such is the case. This venerable, prophet-like soldier of the Revolution was one of the "feeble band and few" who, in the winter of 1862-63, succeeded in persuading that greatest of agitators, Ferdinand Lassalle, to begin that agitation among the workingmen of Germany which was destined to lay the foundations of the great Social Democratic movement which to-day inspires the workers with hope and sickens their oppressors with fear.

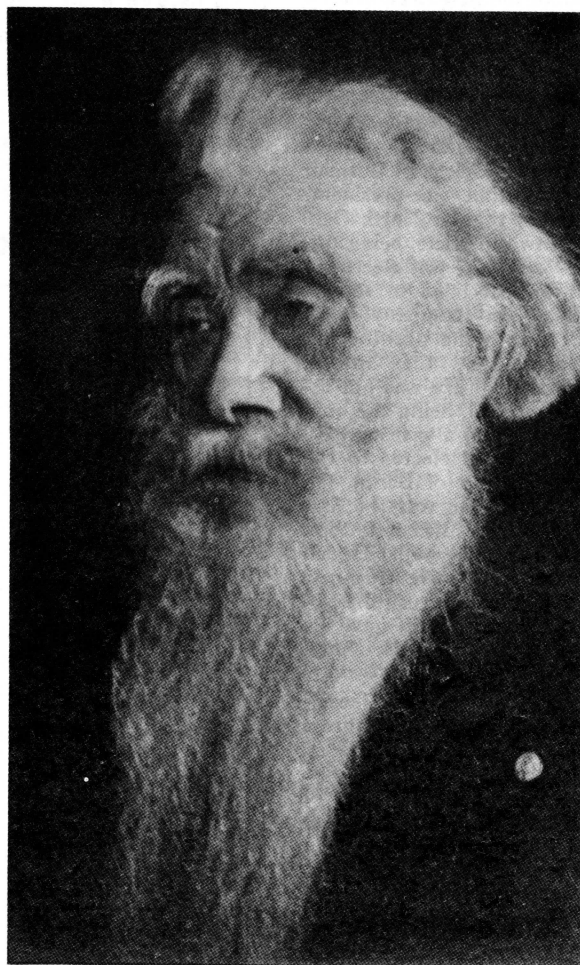
F. W. Fritzsche was born at Leipzig in March, 1825. His parents were poor and that fact, coupled with his own ill-health, explains why it was that the boy received only six months' schooling, from fourteen and a half years to fifteen, and that in the school for poor children of the city. The boy longed to be either a printer or a cabinet-maker, and a beautiful "carving" of a bouquet of flowers, which looks like a genuine carving in wood, leads me to think that in the latter industry he must have proven exceptionally proficient. But I learn later that the "carving" is not of wood. It is German prison bread patiently molded into its present graceful form during the long hours of imprisonment for the cause! However, the children of the poor have little choice in the matter of occupation, and Fritzsche became a cigarmaker.

After the death of his mother he travelled all over Germany and Switzerland, and portions of France and Italy working at his trade. It was during these wanderings that he became imbued with the communistic principles of Wilhelm Weitling, who, by the way, was also a native of Leipzig. During these wanderings, too, while at Biel, in Berne, Switzerland, he worked for the famous John Phillip Becker, who was at that time a refugee. The German Socialists have erected a splendid monument in Geneva to Becker's memory.

Fritzsche's first "baptism of fire" came in 1849, in the May Revolution, at Dresden. In the previous year he had fought as a "volunteer" and was slightly wounded. But now he was fighting behind the barricades with the members of his own class. Taken prisoner at the first barricade, he was for three days subject to frightful tortures in the Frauenkirche (Women's Church), Dresden, and then removed to the "Gewandhaus" for five weeks, after which, loaded with chains, he was taken by military escort to his home city, Leipzig. Here he was kept in prison for a full year, after which the prosecution abandoned its case. Then followed a period of hardship,

victimization by employers on account of his revolutionary associations, and more travel in quest of work. He was a member of the hated "Workingmen's Federation" and that was sufficient to make the employers fear to employ him.

There is little need for me to recount at length how Schultze-Delitzsch established a network of various kinds of workingmen's societies. Lassalle's splendid triumph over that form of "Progressist" quackery is well known. Fritzsche became a member of several of these societies, notably of the important educational society at Leipzig. Among the other Socialist members were Dr. Dammer and Julius Vahlteich. These men, and others who shared their views, made the first break by forming a new educational union with political tendencies called the "Vorwaerts Verein." This organization has been often called "the cradle of the Social Democratic Party" of Germany. The members met at the house of Dr. Dammer each week and discussed ways and means of spreading their ideas. It was at a public meeting called by this society that Fritzsche and Vahlteich were elected as delegates to the convention of the Progressive Party which was to meet in Berlin. Their instructions were to force the political ideas for which the society ("Vorwaerts Verein") particularly stood. In this they were unsuccessful, and it was be-



FRIEDRICH WILHELM FRITZSCHE

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cause of their failure that the two delegates decided to recommend that Lassalle, who at that time was thundering his mighty assaults against the Progressive Party, be appealed to.

They visited Lassalle at Breslau and reported the result of their mission to a public meeting, after which, Fritzsche, Vahlteich and Dr. Dammer officially wrote, asking him to issue a public statement of his opinions. Lassalle responded soon after with his famous "Open Letter," in which he recommended that a "General Society of Workingmen" be formed and that, at first, all its power be concentrated upon one point, Universal Suffrage. In accordance with that advice, such a society was formed at Leipzig on May 22, 1863, Lassalle being elected its president.

The cigarmakers had organized a society for the payment of "traveling benefit" to its members. The confiscation of these funds by the police in Leipzig and elsewhere caused a great deal of consternation among the workers. As often as one society was suppressed they began another, but their existence was hazardous and their usefulness restricted. Therefore in 1864, Fritzsche founded the "Cigarmakers' Educational Progressive Society," and in the following year he drafted the constitution and by-laws of a "General German Tobacco Workers' Union," a convention having been called by the cigarmakers of Leipzig for the purpose of establishing such a union. This was the first German Trade Union. Fritzsche became business manager of the new organization and editor of its journal, "The Messenger." Needless to say the paper was strongly tinged with Socialism, the whole movement being, in fact, of a Socialistic tendency. Fritzsche held his position until the Prussian police authorities prohibited the organization.

After Lassalle's death, in September, 1864, Bernhard Becker became president of the "General Society of German Workingmen," and Fritzsche was for a time vice-president. In 1867, at the first election for the first regular North German Reichstag, he was nominated in two districts, being unsuccessful in each. But in the year following he was elected in place of Dr. Reinecke, a Socialist who declined to serve.* During his first term in the Reichstag, in company with Schweitzer—who had succeeded Becker in the position left vacant by Lassalle's death—and Hasenclever, the author, Fritzsche displayed a great deal of activity. He was not re-elected in 1871, Bebel, it will be remembered, being the only Socialist elected in that year, notwithstanding a vast increase in the Socialist vote. In 1877 he was again elected to the Reichstag—this time for the Fourth District of Berlin, the district now represented by Paul Singer. He was the first Socialist to be elected in that city. When Bismarck took advantage of the attempt of the half-witted youth, Hodel, upon the life of the Emperor William, to dissolve the new Reichstag in the hope that he might be able to crush the Socialists by fastening the crime upon them, Berlin gave its answer in the form of a largely increased Socialist vote. Fritzsche was again elected.

Fritzsche tells with pride of the part he played in the founding of the German trade union movement. At the Congress of the Lassallian organization held in Hamburg, August, 1868, the question of organization of trade unions by the Socialists was introduced and a motion submitted in favor of convening a general congress of working men for the purpose of establishing such unions. The motion was defeated, but on Schweitzer's threat that he would resign, he and Fritzsche were authorized, as members of the Reichstag, to convene such a congress. The congress was held in Berlin in Sep-

*This is how Fritzsche himself puts it. Apparently, therefore, Dawson—c. f. his "German Socialism and Ferdinand Lassalle" (page 223)—is wrong in including Fritzsche's name among those elected at the general elections.—J. S.

tember of that same year. From that date the Socialist trade unions have made constant progress. In 1870 Fritzsche attended the first international congress of cigarmakers' unions ever held, London being the place of meeting.

In 1881, at the urgent request of the German party organization, he came to this country to agitate among the Germans here and to raise funds. Together with his colleague, Viereck, he visited many of the important centers of the East, his tour being quite successful. Later in the same year, having meanwhile visited Marx in London, he returned with his family, making Philadelphia his home. Here in the "City of Brotherly Love" he did much to stimulate the Socialist and trade union movements among his fellow countrymen, till, finally, failing strength prevents his doing any serious work.

To-day the brave old veteran is a pensioner of the movement. With pride and gratitude the old man told me how the German Socialist Branch of Philadelphia, and the Labor Lyceum Association, have provided for his waning years. And surely they could do no less for one whose life has been so freely given to the cause! As we sat together on a recent evening in the Labor Lyceum where the dear old fellow is a familiar figure, a choir in the building suddenly burst into singing. I watched the glint of the old-time fire in his tired and time-dimmed eyes, and as the glorious strains of "Der Freiheit" rose above the din of many eager voices I felt that the old man's joy and enthusiasm were indeed my own—for benediction and inspiration.



THE POST OFFICE SKELETON



Uncle Sam : "Come out and let's have a good look at you."
P. O. Skeleton : "Can't, must obey orders."

A Bird's Eye View

By Caroline H. Pemberton



"AM tired of all this talk about child labor!" exclaimed Mrs. Chauncey Ballew to a small gathering of friends around her afternoon tea table.

"How on earth are the lower classes to learn to work if they don't begin young? The mill is really a great benefit to the children because it keeps them off the streets where they learn all kinds of mischief."

"But—wouldn't it be better," seriously inquired a young lady who was known to be a college graduate and who had been carefully trained to ask very deep questions and to be perfectly content with the most shallow answers—"wouldn't it be better for the children to be in school?"

"The lower classes do not need a higher education," replied Mrs. Ballew, soaring into high irrelevance. "The whole trouble with them is that they have too much education already. It makes them dissatisfied and unfit for their duties in life. I think this is now becoming generally recognized everywhere."

"And besides, the associations are so very bad in the public schools!" said a handsome young matron with an air of deep concern. "I heard of a woman—a lady, she was, but somewhat eccentric—who insisted on sending her children to the public school—and she had to take them out—almost immediately! They picked up the most terrible expressions and wanted to associate with the children of dreadful people,—blacksmiths and painters and carpenters! Oh, the associations in the public schools are beyond expression!"

"The idea of sending one's children to the public school!" exclaimed several voices at once. "How shocking! What could she expect? What made her do it?"

"Would the associations be better in the mill?" asked the college-bred girl, as she took out her note-book.

"I should think—yes, I am quite sure—the conditions of the mill are much better for the children of the poor than the public school," said Mrs. Ballew benignly. "To begin with, they don't allow much conversation in the mills nowadays—so my husband says. The operatives can work much faster if they are not allowed to talk—so, of course, you see, the children cannot hear as much evil as they would in the schools."

"Oh, Mrs. Ballew! I am so glad!" cried the fair college graduate, with enthusiasm—"I am so glad to hear a practical, common-sense view of this question! And, of course, Mr. Ballew knows! He has had so much experience with all those mills he controls! I've been so troubled over this question of child labor! One sees it talked of in every newspaper and magazine!"

"Yes," yawned the young matron, who was the mother of two beautiful, golden-haired cherubs—"I wish they'd begin to talk about something else!"

"My dear!" cried Mrs. Ballew, taking the college-bred girl's hand impulsively in her own, "My dear, there is one thing you must learn—you must never fall into the mistake of judging the poor by ourselves! They're totally different!"

"In every respect!" murmured the young matron, raising her tiny silver tea-spoon in emphasis.

"All these things are regulated by a divine law of compensation," continued Mrs. Ballew. "The poor do not suffer as we imagine, because they are made differently! They have not the same nerves or sensibilities—or anything else!"

"How wonderful!" cried the college-bred girl, opening out her note-book with fresh zeal. "Do you really mean, dear,

that they have not the same nervous system that we have? Have the doctors discovered any radical differentiation in their nerve centers—or do you suppose it is in the cerebellum? Or could it be merely a matter of circulation—or heart pulsations?"

(She had been through a course in physiology and felt competent to take an intelligent part in the discussion.)

"I don't know about that," answered Mrs. Ballew, a little doubtfully, "it would be a very interesting question to put to a physician—I only mean that they don't feel things as we do—such things as hunger and cold, for instance!"

"Oh, I think this is most interesting! Do you mean that they really don't mind being hungry?"

"Don't be a goose, Edith!" laughed the young matron. She happened to be the elder sister of the college-bred girl.

Mrs. Ballew paused and thought deeply for a second. She then expressed herself with firmness.

"Of course they feel hunger in a way—they have to eat to live, you know—but I doubt if they begin to feel the cold as we do! Now, I can tell that by my own servants. They never know the state of the weather—never! When I come down in the morning and ask my waitress if it is colder than the day before, she never knows! Not one of them ever knows—not even my butler!"

"One can never depend on one's servants to tell anything about the weather!" said the young matron contemptuously, "they are absolutely insensible to changes of heat and cold—all mine are!"

"That's just what I said!" cried Mrs. Ballew triumphantly, "and that is why we have so much trouble keeping our houses properly heated—the servants can't tell heat from cold!"

The college-bred girl leaned forward anxiously.

"Do you suppose their working and moving about actively could have anything to do with it? I don't feel the cold myself when I take much exercise."

The matron laughed scornfully. "Servants, my dear Edith, never take too much exercise! They're the laziest set of creatures in the world—what on earth have they to do but sweep and dust? Nothing!"

"Then—" concluded the college-bred girl, reopening her note book and writing down each word with firm emphasis as she spoke—"then, it's proved that the working people are differently made from ourselves—and we don't need to worry about them at all!"

"Except to be charitable—and to try to elevate them," sighed Mrs. Ballew.

The meeting then broke up and they all rustled off to five o'clock church, for the bells were ringing.

Abolition



AM no abolitionist.

I would abolish nothing except by disuse.

Slavery is good for those who believe in slavery, for in a world of slaves there must be masters, and men with the hearts of slaves had better be slaves.

Government is good for those who believe in government, and punishment for those who believe in punishment, and war for those who believe in war.

Anything is good enough for the man who believes in it. And the first step upward is not abolition but disbelief.

Ernest Crosby.

The Donkey and the Common: a Fable

By Walter Crane



DONKEY once had the freedom of a delightful common. There was plenty of sweet grass to be had for the cropping, and though the fare varied with the course of the seasons, there was never a lack of thistles to give piquancy to the diet. Gorse bushes gave both perfume and shelter from the storms, and a cheap and easy roll could

always be had in the sand pits, while common ponds served for drinking.

There were other donkeys who shared this rough and ready paradise, but as there was plenty of kicking room and no scarcity of pasture no serious differences arose, and I never heard of class distinctions being established between them

and certain other commoners in the shape of geese, who were equally contented with the communal system. As our donkey was standing at ease one day, with pensive head and pendant ears of wisdom twitching with profound thought, there approached to him one of those beings called men, whom he has been accustomed to despise on account of their only possessing two legs. This man, however, possessed, in addition to two legs, something of distinct interest to the donkey, namely, a bundle of hay. Friendly relations were soon established. There seemed no suspicion of overreaching commerce either in the transaction of handing over the hay—as in some cases where merchant venturers offer glass beads and hatchets for the native gold and ivory of simple tribes. The hay was simply handed by the one and eaten by the other. The two legs, however, began to move, supporting the bundle of hay at a convenient distance, and was followed unsuspectingly by the four legs, stimulated by an occasional mouthful. Thus the highway was reached.

and then, without any warning, the two legs snatched the hay away, and, clapping a halter over the donkey's head, jumped upon his hind quarters and, digging in its heels vigorously, with the accompaniment of a stick, forced the four legs to carry it along, with the bundle of hay.

The donkey resented; plunges and kickings and backing were the political measures resorted to, alternating with total abstinence from movement.

Finally the legs were displaced from the seat of government and deposited by the wayside.

The donkey, free again, made his way back to the common; but other bipeds were busy putting a fence about it—they called it "enclosing"—and the donkey was beaten off. The owner of the hay coming up again took advantage of the situation, and a friend of his producing a bit and bridle, they

were, under protest, fitted over the nose of the donkey. The two pairs of legs then mounted upon its back, and four legs, being for the time dumbfounded by these superior tactics, trotted humbly along, comforting themselves with prospective hay at the end of the journey.

Well, that journey's end did come at last; but it was in the murky streets of a squalid and smoky town, in a back yard and a tumble-down, draughty shed, with mouldy hay and water, and sore bones to boot. No springy turf, no gorse perfume, not even a thistle to bless oneself with. Thus mused the poor donkey, till heavy sleep, after the momentous fatigues of the day, overpowered him. He had not slept long, however, before his new masters roused him, and, hauling him out into the yard, put on the bridle, a heavy saddle, and

two large pannikins to keep his balance true, filled with an abundance of tempting vegetables and fruit that he could not reach. The pair mounted again and rode him to the market place; but this only meant for the donkey the change of one load for another, without distinct improvement in his own fare, so that he was frequently in the position of one whose back is loaded with good things he cannot touch, glad to pick up garbage from the street to satisfy his hunger. "What a donkey I must have been to have left that common!" said he to himself.

This life of hard labor, rough usage, and scanty and poor fare went on for some time, and our donkey's fortunes showed but little sign of brightening.

Now and then he heard of donkeys revolting, but the only result seemed to be a tighter hand and heavier burdens.

One day, however (it was the first of May, too), came a change for him. His masters had driven him—for he was now promoted to the proud position of drawing a pair of wheels, which enabled his mas-

ters to make him draw much more weight than he formerly could carry upon his back—themselves included. Well, his masters had driven him to a common; that was something; but the common had a great cluster of tents and vans, with strange pictures on them. Wheels went round, with rows of wooden horses, to music; whistles blew and guns were shot off and there were crowds of people. It was very exciting altogether.

Our donkey was released from his cart, decked with ribbons, and his two masters, jumping on his back, drew him up in line with other donkeys with their riders.

It was a handicap donkey race. Off they started. It was a delight to feel the springy turf beneath the hoof again. The donkey needed no urging, for from animal spirits and old as-



A "DAY OFF" FOR ALL PARTIES

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sociations he went well] He went so well, indeed, and set the pace so fast that first one of his masters fell off, and then, after a futile struggle to keep his seat, and many blows, which only sent the donkey on faster, the other fell off, too, amid roars of laughter from the crowd of onlookers. The donkey, feeling his back free from any burden, won easily, and showed so much spirit and struck so stubbornly against returning to his life of toil that no one has ventured to ride or

to coerce him since, and I have heard that he has got back to his common again and the enjoyment of his simple life.

Comment or moral is, perhaps, superfluous; but if one should read "natural man" or "worker" for "donkey," "land monopoly" for the first master, "capitalism" for the second, we can easily find details to fit "commercial competition," "the industrial system," and "the relation of labor to the employer," etc., in this homely fable.

Arvie Aspinall

TWO SKETCHES

By Henry Lawson

I.

Arvie's Alarm Clock



None of these years a paragraph appeared in a daily paper to the effect that a constable had discovered a little boy asleep on the steps of Grinder Bros.' factory at four o'clock one rainy morning. He awakened him, and demanded an explanation.

The little fellow explained that he worked there, and was frightened of being late; he started work at six, and was apparently greatly astonished to hear that it was only four. The constable examined a small parcel which the frightened child had in his hand. It contained a clean apron and three slices of bread and treacle.

The child further explained that he woke up and thought it was late, and didn't like to wake mother and ask her the time "because she'd been washin'." He didn't look at the clock, because they 'didn't have one.' He volunteered no explanation as to how he expected mother to know the time, but, perhaps, like many other mites of his kind he had unbounded faith in the infinitude of a mother's wisdom. His name was "Arvie Aspinwall, please, sir," and he lived in Jones's Alley. Father was dead.

A few days later the same paper took great pleasure in stating, in reference to that "Touching Incident" noticed in a recent issue, that a benevolent society lady had started a subscription among her friends with the object of purchasing an alarm clock for the little boy found asleep at Grinder Bros.' workshop door.

Later on, it was mentioned, in connection with the touching incident, that the alarm-clock had been bought and delivered to the boy's mother, who appeared to be quite overcome with gratitude. It was learned, also, from another source, that the last assertion was greatly exaggerated.

The touching incident was worn out in another paragraph, which left no doubt that the benevolent society lady was none other than a charming and accomplished daughter of the House of Grinder.

* * * *

It was late in the last day of the Easter holidays, during which Arvie Aspinall had lain in bed with a bad cold. He was still what he called "croopy." It was about nine o'clock and the business of Jones's Alley was in full swing.

"That's better, mother, I'm far better," said Arvie, "the sugar and vinegar cuts the phlegm and the both'rin' cough gits out." It got out to such an extent for the next few minutes that he could not speak. When he recovered his breath, he said:

"Better or worse, I'll have ter go to work to-morrow. Gimme the clock, mother."

"I tell you you shall not go! It will be your death."

"It's no use talking, mother; we can't starve—and—sposin' somebody got my place! Gimme the clock, mother."

"I'll send one of the children round to say you're ill. They'll surely let you off for a day or two."

"Taint no use; they won't wait; I know them—what does Grinder Bros. care if I'm ill? Never mind, mother, I'll rise above 'em all yet. Give me the clock, mother."

She gave him the clock, and he proceeded to wind it up and set the alarm.

"There's somethin' wrong with the gong," he muttered, "it's gone wrong two nights now but I'll chance it. I'll set the alarm at five, that'll give me time to dress and git there early. I wish I hadn't to walk so far."

He paused to read some words engraved round the dial:

Early to bed and early to rise

Makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise.

He had read the verse often before, and was much taken with the swing and rhyme of it. He had repeated it to himself over and over again, without reference to the sense or philosophy of it. He had never dreamed of doubting anything in print—and this was engraved. But now a new light seemed to dawn upon him. He studied the sentence awhile, and then read it aloud for the second time. He turned it over in his mind again in silence.

"Mother!" he said suddenly, "I think it lies." She placed the clock on the shelf, tucked him into his little bed on the sofa, and blew out the light.

Arvie seemed to sleep, but she lay awake thinking of her troubles. Of her husband carried home dead from his work one morning; of her eldest son who only came to loaf on her when he was out of goal; of the second son, who had feathered his nest in another city, and had no use for her any longer; of the next—poor delicate little Arvie—struggling manfully to help, and wearing his young life out at Grinder Bros., when he should be at school; of the five helpless younger children asleep in the next room; of her hard life—scrubbing floors from half-past five till eight, and then starting her day's work—washing!—of having to rear her children in the atmosphere of brothels, because she could not afford to move and pay a higher rent; and of the rent.

Arvie commenced to mutter in his sleep.

"Can't you get to sleep, Arvie? she asked. "Is your throat sore? Can I get anything for you?"

"I'd like to sleep," he muttered, dreamily, "but it won't seem more'n a moment before—before—"

"Before what, Arvie?" she asked quickly, fearing that he was becoming delirious.

"Before the alarm goes off!"

He was talking in his sleep.

She rose gently and put the alarm on two hours. "He can rest now," she whispered to herself.

Presently Arvie sat bolt upright, and said quickly, "Mother! I thought the alarm went off!" Then, without waiting for an answer, he lay down as suddenly and slept.

The rain had cleared away, and a bright, starry dome was over sea and city, over slum and villa alike; but little of it

THE COMRADE

could be seen from the hovel in Jones's Alley, save a glimpse of the Southern Cross and a few stars round it. It was what ladies call a "lovely night," as seen from the house of Grinder—"Grinderville"—with its moonlit terraces and gardens sloping gently to the water, and its windows lit up for an Easter ball, and its reception-rooms thronged by its own exclusive set, and one of its charming and accomplished daughters melting a select party to tears by her pathetic recitation about a little crossing sweeper.

There was something wrong with the alarm-clock, or else Mrs. Aspinall had made a mistake, for the gong sounded startlingly in the dead of night. She woke with a painful start, expecting to hear Arvie get up; but he made no sign. She turned a white, frightened face toward the sofa where he lay—the light from the alley's solitary lamp on the pavement above shone down through the window, and she saw that he had not moved.

Why didn't the clock wake him? He was such a light sleeper! "Arvie!" she called; no answer. "Arvie!" she called again, with a strange ring of remonstrance mingling with the terror in her voice. Arvie never answered.

"Oh! my God!" she moaned.

She rose and stood by the sofa. Arvie lay on his back with his arms folded—a favorite sleeping position of his; but his eyes were wide open and staring upward as though they would stare through ceiling and roof to the place where God ought to be.

He was dead.

"My God! My God!" she cried.

II.

A Visit of Condolence



"DOES Arvie live here, old woman?"

"Why?"

"Strike me dead! can't yer answer a civil queschin?"

"How dare you talk to me like that, you young larrikin? Be off! or I'll send for a policeman."

"Blarst the cops! D'yer think I cares for 'em? Fur two pins I'd fetch a push an' smash yer ole shanty about yer ears—y'ole cow! I only asked if Arvie lived here! Holy Mosis! can't a feller ask a civil queschin?"

"What do you want with Arvie? Do you know him?"

"My oath! Don't he work at Grinder Brothers? I only come out of my way to do him a good turn; an' now I'm sorry I come—damned if I ain't—to be barracked like this, an' shoved down my own throat. (Pause), I want to tell Arvie that if he don't come ter work termorrer another bloke'll collar his job. I wouldn't like to see a cove collar a cove's job an' not tell a bloke about it. What's up with Arvie, anyhow? Is he sick?"

"Arvie is dead!"

"Chirst!! (Pause), Garn! What-yer-giv'n us? Tell Arvie Bill Anderson wants-ter see him."

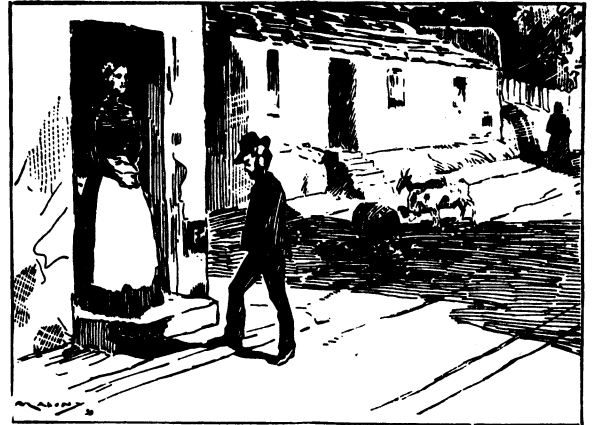
"My God! haven't I got enough trouble without a young wretch like you coming to torment me? For God's sake go away and leave me alone! I'm telling you the truth, my poor boy died of influenza last night."

"My oath!!"

The ragged young rip gave a long, low whistle, glanced up and down Jones's Alley, spat out some tobacco-juice, and said:

"Swelp me Gord! I'm sorry, mum. I didn't know. How was I to know you wasn't havin' me?"

He withdrew one hand from his pocket and scratched the back of his head, tilting his hat as far forward as it had previously been to the rear, and just then the dilapidated side of his right boot attracted his attention. He turned the foot on



"SWELP ME GORD! I'M SORRY, MUM"

one side, and squinted at the sole; then he raised the foot to his left knee, caught the ankle in a very dirty hand, and regarded the sole-leather critically, as though calculating how long it would last. After which he spat desperately at the pavement, and said:

"Kin I see him?"

He followed her up the crooked little staircase with a who's-afraid kind of swagger, but he took his hat off on entering the room.

He glanced round, and seemed to take stock of the signs of poverty—so familiar to his class—and then directed his gaze to where the body lay on the sofa with its pauper coffin already by its side. He looked at the coffin with the critical eye of a tradesman, then he looked at Arvie, and then at the coffin again, as if calculating whether the body would fit.

The mother uncovered the white, pinched face of the dead boy, and Bill came and stood by the sofa. He carelessly drew his right hand from his pocket, and laid the palm on Arvie's ice-cold forehead.

"Poor little cove!" Bill muttered, half to himself; and then, as though ashamed of his weakness, he said:

"There wasn't no post-mortem, was there?"

"No," she answered; "a doctor saw him the day before—there was no post-mortem."

"I thought there wasn't none," said Bill, "because a man that's been post-mortemed always looks as if he'd been hurt. My father looked right enough at first—just as if he was restin'—but after they'd had him opened he looked as if he'd been hurt. No one else could see it, but I could. How old was Arvie?"

"Eleven."

"I'm twelve—goin' on for thirteen. Arvie's father's dead, ain't he?"

"Yes."

"So's mine. Died at his work, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"So'd mine. Arvie told me his father died of something with his heart!"

"Yes."

"So'd mine! ain't it rum? You scrub offices an' wash, don't yer?"

"Yes."

"So does my mother. You find it pretty hard to get a livin', don't yer, these times?"

"My God, yes! God only knows what I'll do now my poor boy's gone. I generally get up at half-past five to scrub out some offices, and when that's done I've got to start my day's work, washing. And then I find it hard to make both ends meet."

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"So does my mother. I suppose you took on bad when yer husband was brought home?"

"Ah, my God! Yes. I'll never forget it till my dying day. My poor husband had been out of work for weeks, and he only got the job two days before he died. I suppose it gave your mother a great shock?"

"My oath! One of the fellows that carried father home said: "Yer husband's dead, mum," he says; "he dropped off all of a suddint," and mother said, "My God! my God!" just like that, and went off."

"Poor soul! poor soul! And—now my Arvie's gone. Whatever will me and the children do? Whatever will I do? What ever will I do? My God! I wish I was under the turf."

"Cheer up, mum!" said Bill. "It's no use frettin' over what's done."

He wiped some tobacco-juice off his lips with the back of his hand, and regarded the stains reflectively for a minute or so. Then he looked at Arvie again.

"You should ha' tried cod liver oil," said Bill.

"No. He needed rest and plenty of good food."

"He wasn't very strong."

"No, he was not, poor boy."

"I thought he wasn't. They treated him bad at Grinder Brothers; they didn't give him a show to learn nothing; kept him at the same work all the time, and he didn't have cheek enough to arsk the boss for a rise, lest he'd be sacked. He couldn't fight, an' the boys used to tease him; they'd wait outside the shop to have a lark with Arvie. I'd like to see 'em do it to me. He couldn't fight; but then, of course, he wasn't strong. They don't bother me while I'm strong enough to heave a rock; but then, of course, it wasn't Arvie's fault. I s'pose he had pluck enough, if he hadn't the strength." And Bill regarded the corpse with a fatherly and lenient eye.

"My God!" she cried, "if I'd known this, I'd sooner have starved than have my poor boy's life tormented out of him in such a place. He never complained. My poor, brave-hearted child! He never complained! Poor little Arvie! poor little Arvie!"

"He never told yer?"

"No—never a word."

"My oath! You don't say so! P'raps he didn't want to let you know he couldn't hold his own; but that wasn't his fault, I s'pose. Y'see, he wasn't strong."

An old print hanging over the bed attracted his attention, and he regarded it with critical interest for awhile:

"We've got a pickcher like that at home. We lived in Jones's Alley wunst—in that house over there. How d'yer like livin' in Jones's Alley?"

"I don't like it at all. I don't like having to bring my children up where there are so many bad houses; but I can't afford to go somewhere else and pay higher rent."

"Well, there is a good many night-shops round here. But then," he added, reflectively, "you'll find them everywhere. An', besides, the kids get sharp an' pick up a good deal in an alley like this; 'twon't do 'em no harm; it's no use kids-bein' green if they want'er get on in a city. You ain't been in Sydney all yer life, have yer?"

"No, We came from the bush, about five years ago. My poor husband thought he could do better in the city. I was brought up in the bush."

"I thought yer was. Well, men are sich fools. I'm thinkin' about gittin' a billet up-country, myself, soon. Where's he goin' ter be buried?"

"At Rookwood, to-morrow."

"I can't come. I've got ter work. Is the Guvmint goin' to bury him?"

"Yes."

Bill looked at the body with increased respect. "Kin I do anythin' for you? Now, don't be frightened to arsk!"

"No. Thank you very much, all the same."

"Well, I must be goin'; thank yer fur yer trouble, mum."

"No trouble, my boy—mind the step."

"It is gone. I'll bring a piece of board round some night and mend it for you, if you like; I'm learnin' the carpenterin'; I kin nearly make a door. Tell yer what, I'll send the old woman round to-night to fix up Arvie and lend yer a hand."

"No, thank you. I suppose your mother's got work and trouble enough; I'll manage."

"I'll send her round, anyway; she's a bit rough, but she's got a soft gizzard; an' there's nothin' she enjoys better than fixin' up a body. Good-bye, mum."

"Good-bye, my child."

He paused at the door, and said:

"I'm sorry, mum. Swelp me God! I'm sorry. S'long, an' thank yer."

An awe-stricken child stood on the step, staring at Bill with great brimming eyes. He patted it on the head and said: "Keep yer pecker up, young 'un!"



The Voice of Labor

By J. Scott Temple



O, Labor hath a voice, and he shall speak;

He hath a primal message to deliver;

And they that hear him will they quail and shiver

Like ghosts before Ulysses stricken weak,

Whose shadowy strivings round his massive height

Melt with the mockeries of their lips long ashen

With vain futility and selfish passion

And base desire to rob him of his right?

If threatening silence greet him or loud clamor,

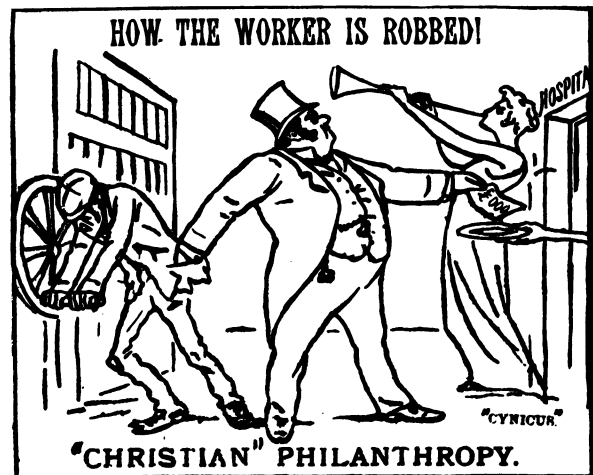
It is the same; his voice too vast hath grown

To tremble for its greeting—Spring hath heard

His speech encompass morning, and the glamour

Of his great hope, and echoes of each word

Far forward to the certain future blown.



Labor's Way Out of Egypt

By Thomas Elmer Will



THE labor systems of the world were born of conquest. War was once universal. For ages captives were killed and eaten. Then it was found cheaper to save them alive and consume their products. Thus was established slavery, the foundation of all ancient civilizations.

Following the slave systems came the feudal system. In it labor was performed by the serf. His status differed in minor particulars from that of the slave. In essentials it was identical. He served as the horse or the ox, without hope of reward, save a bare and wretched subsistence.

Feudalism went out amidst the flames, the roar and bloodshed of the French Revolution. In its place came capitalism. Under capitalism the labor is performed by working men. Workingmen welcomed the advent of capitalism as the end of servitude. They found in time that servitude had again but changed its form while retaining its substance. Ricardo, the greatest of capitalistic economists, proved this with his Iron Law of Wages. He showed that the working class, as such, had nothing to expect under capitalism but a bare living, the wage of serf, slave and ox.

Workingmen now, by organization, attempted to improve their condition. Economists next formulated the doctrine of the Wages Fund to prove that help could not come in this way. Wages were paid from employers' capital. All the capitalistic class could spare it used as wages, dividing this fund among the laborers. Wages could be raised in but two ways, both depending upon the workers. Workers might produce more capital and get a part of it back in wages, or they might produce fewer children, thus insuring a larger share for the average wage earner. Organizing and striking, however, would diminish rather than increase capital, and, with it, wages; hence workmen in organizing and coercing employers were killing the goose that laid the golden eggs.

Workers disproved the Wages Fund doctrine by facts. They showed that by organizing striking and securing labor legislation they could raise wages and, at the same time, shorten hours and improve their conditions. The Wage Fund doctrine died.

But times changed. Workingmen began to lose strikes. Why?

The machine had come and, in its wake, the unemployed. Machines now did the work of men. Skill, moreover, once in demand, was now the property largely of the machine. Machines displaced men. Women displaced still more men, and children displaced women.

Further, in the old days, the unemployed were not only scarce, but scattered. They were hard to find and hard to transport. Now the telegraph informed them of the strike and the railroad brought them post haste to the scene of the action. They took the job at the old figure and the strikers lost.

Strikers next resisted the "scab" by force, but this brought upon them the military. Next, they resisted him by moral suasion, but this brought upon them the injunction. The situation grew dark.

This brings us to date. What next?

There is nothing "next," unless workingmen can become "class conscious."

They must realize that, for them, as for the slave and the serf, there is nothing in the present system but servitude.

This the great capitalists have at last acknowledged. Their sole bid for the workers' vote in 1900 was, in the event of their success and consequent "prosperity," the "full dinner pail"; and, in the event of their failure, soup houses or starvation. The full dinner pail is the wage of the slave and the serf.

Workingmen must unite to overthrow the entire system of servitude. They must abolish wage slavery and, by so doing, abolish at once and forever servitude in whatever form.

The laborers' next step must be to strike at the ballot box.

But laborers will not thus strike? Why not? They believed the "pure and simple" trade unionism would save them. They must needs, by experience, learn the contrary. They have been misled by false leaders who insisted upon "no politics in the union." They had to learn the falseness of this leadership and repudiate it.

But they are learning. The Western Federation of Miners is committed to political Socialism. The American Federation of Labor is almost ready for the same step. When it takes it capitalism may well tremble.

Then what? Class conscious workingmen, scorning to scab in the polling booth as in the factory or mill, will, at a general election, sweep the country. Will this give them political control? No; the Senate and Supreme Court will still be against them. Two years later, however, if still successful, they will capture the United States Senate. But what of the Supreme Court? This they must handle as the English people handle their House of Lords. They must "swamp" it with judges in sympathy with their cause. This they can do by a law increasing the number of judges and by the appointment, by their president, of judges in sympathy with labor rather than, as now, with capital.

The next step should be the establishment of popular government, through direct legislation and the right to recall legislators. By the initiative the voters can prod up a lethargic Congress; by the referendum they can veto unsatisfactory acts and, by the power of recall, they can oust a member recalcitrant to his trust.

Next comes the taking over of the means of production, land and capital. Two methods are possible: those, respectively of peace and of war.

The peace process is that of condemnation and purchase. If government now wants your lot as a building site it takes it and pays you. Similarly, the railroad takes its right of way across your farm; and, similarly, the people can restore to themselves the land given by nature to all, and the capital produced by the point labor and saving of all.

But if the land is freely given to all and the capital is produced by all, why purchase these means of production. Why not take them outright.

If the purchase price must be paid once more by labor we certainly should not buy the land and capital. Rather we should say, with Emerson, of buying slaves:

"Pay ransom to the owner,
And fill the bag to the brim.
Who is the owner? The slave is owner,
And ever was. Pay him."

But we can buy the land and capital in another way. We can compel the landlords and capitalists themselves to furnish the purchase money. How? By taxation laid upon land values, incomes, and inheritances.

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But this will be shifted back upon labor? Not at all. Such taxation can be so adjusted by a Socialist Congress and Court as to expropriate the expropriators to any degree desired.

Thus, by condemnation and purchase, we may legally, constitutionally and in accordance with Anglo-Saxon traditions, restore to the people their heritage.

The war method, short, sharp and decisive, is that to which the Anglo-Saxon people uniformly resort when an outvoted ruling class rebels. It is that of confiscation.

The industries once taken over it now remains to organize

and operate them in the interest of the whole people rather than in that of the profit-mongering class.

Does this mean that every citizen must become a member of the Civil Service or starve? By no means. With opportunities for exploitation removed the field should, and doubtless will, be left open for individual initiative limited only by the public good.

And do we thus reach the end? Instead, we shall have but begun. We shall have reached the point at which, for first time, liberty and opportunity will be possible for all and the race will have found time to live.



Walt Whitman the Prophet-Poet of Democracy

By Stephen M. Reynolds



WHITMAN'S universal sympathy, his all inclusive love, vast wisdom and great knowledge of men and things, gave him the Prophet-spirit and made all he has ever said for Democracy limitlessly interesting to all lovers of mankind.

He comprehended what Markham calls, "Man's answer to the prayer of God"—

"Fraternity"—and gave clear utterance to all that is now moving men and women to the Brotherhood that Christ sought to establish.

His "Democratic Vistas" are vivid pictures of American Democracy, real as it should be. It stands for a Democracy to become powerful in behalf of all the people, including the rich as well as the poor, excluding not one, not even the brutish Koboo or the "wooly-pated" hordes of Africa. Showing the possibility of such newer and better races by the forwarding forces of true Democracy as will make even the American "Declaration of Rights" and the "Golden Rule" of conduct look too narrow. He was rapport therefore with all peoples, and was "the attesting sympathy."

To have the spirit of his great poem "Salut au Monde" is to see the plan of the universe, evolving to nearer perfection, to know its wisdom and feel something of one's God-like importance in the scheme, however comparatively lowly may seem the position occupied by the individual, temporarily, in the continual advancement.

His Democracy was not fatalism. It was the fruition of love elevating men and women to the highest planes of physical, mental and spiritual happiness. Beautiful as is "Salut au Monde," it was no dream. It was in view from the heights of illuminated facts. Not a theory but a truth. In it all lands were his, all countries were his own. All men were his brothers, all women were his sisters.

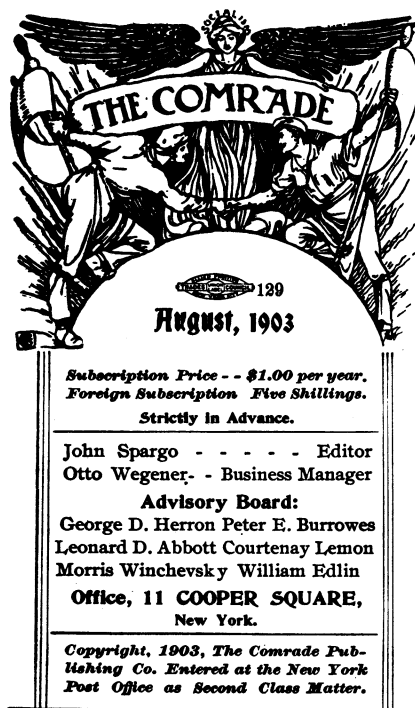
Democracy has risen in his poem "Thou mother with thy equal brood," to the highest intellectual and spiritual meaning. Putting such lights upon a fraternized world once democratized by love and sympathy as to dazzle the wildest dreamers of a humanity emancipated from fear and greed and exclusiveness. What other than his real Democracy can ever be true. Anything less must ever remain selfish and cruel, working much good perhaps, but more of evil. Until now, the word Democracy as popularly understood is more narrow in meaning than the narrow word Republicanism, almost as wild-eyed as Mobocracy. His poems and his prose everywhere indicate the leveling tendency upward of Democracy, but his great motive he everywhere in every page maintains, is "the great pride of man in himself, and as he says, not even inconsistent with self-questioning and obedience to nature's laws. The working man and working




"OLD WALT"

woman are in his pages from first to last with the promising elements of courageous and lofty manhood and womanhood, continually expanding everywhere showing that the new influences instead of limiting individual growth are preparing the way for grander individualities than ever known, and with vastly increased averages. Thus showing the only true and logical way to happiness. Not wide gaps between the rich and the poor but all rich not in things but in sane, athletic, free minded manhood and womanhood. Emancipated from superstition, freed from fear and all filled with love, "the Kelson of Creation."

THE COMRADE



EDITORIAL.

 HE wonderful success of the Socialists in Germany in the recent general elections has given rise to a good deal of discussion upon the comparative backwardness of the movement among the Anglo-Saxon peoples. The subject naturally is one of great interest and one upon which a great many interesting things might be said without and approach to dogmatism. A good many of our friends underrating, as we think, the conservatism of the average American—or overrating his liberalism, whichever expression may be preferred—would probably say that there is no such question, at least, so far as this country is concerned. And in proof of their view they might point to the enormous increase in our vote at the last election, excelling in one or two States anything our German comrades ever experienced.

We have no desire to discount that vote, and if we affirm the proposition that the Anglo-Saxon peoples are more conservative than are the Germans and some of the Latin peoples, it is not by any means an evidence of pessimism on our part. At any rate the question is being discussed, and we may just as well as not avail ourselves of that fact to offer a few observations upon its more general aspects.

In the first place it must be remembered that much depends upon the character of the ruling class in any country. Taking England and Germany as two classic examples, why is it that in Germany the movement is so much stronger than in England? The English people were for centuries the most revolutionary people in the civilized world—a fact that is often overlooked. Now it certainly seems to us that the deplorable condition of the movement there is not so much due to any lack of ability or integrity on the part of our British comrades as to other causes outside of their control. Whilst the German ruling class has ever been perhaps the most shortsighted ruling class the world ever saw, the British ruling class has been the most astute. Instance the way the governments of the two nations have dealt with the various revolutionary movements. The German ruling class usually, almost uniformly, resorts to brute force: the British as usually to cajolery and compromise. When they have not cajoled and killed by compromise they have generally ignored. Their treatment of the Anarchists is a case in point. Except for a case or two like that of the Walsall Anarchists, they have simply ignored the propaganda, or, at least, have not taken any hostile action against it. By this method more effectively than would otherwise have been possible, they have kept down the Anarchist movement which needed some amount of repression to thrive. The way in which they humbugged the Chartists, and took the wind out of the sails of the advocates of factory legislation are well known examples of their astute methods. Once the present writer asked the veteran Liebknecht his opinion of the reason why the English movement was so far behind that of Germany. The old warrior said, "My boy, if you had our friend the Kaiser to help you as we have, you would make progress, too." And then he added sagely, what has indeed little to do with the point immediately under discussion: "But, never forget, we are just as strong in Germany as your weakness and no stronger. Finally, the strength of Socialism in any one of the great nations of the world can be no greater than the strength of the movement in the other great nations. We are necessarily international."

But not everything can thus be laid to this difference in the attitude of the ruling class toward revolutionary move-

ments. We must look deeper than this. Perhaps most important of all is the comparative intellectual independence of the German workers, or, let us rather say, the greater intellectual servitude of the Anglo-Saxon workers. Unpleasant as it may be, it is nevertheless in our judgment true, that the most enslaved people, mentally, in the civilized world are the Anglo-Saxons. There is less intellectual freedom and courage in the English speaking countries than in almost any other. In the last analysis this is seen to be the result of the same astuteness of class rule to which we have already referred. The enslavement of the mass of the people is the direct, logical, and deliberately aimed at result of the debauchery of our academic and educational institutions by the exploiting class. Capitalists endow universities in order that they may control the teaching of the teachers of the nation. In no other country in the world is there so little real academic freedom (coupled though it be with a large amount of seeming freedom) as in this country. And in England, with the coming of millionaire endowments the old traditions of academic independence are well nigh buried. In Italy, Germany, France, or even Russia, there is far more freedom of thought and expression in the great universities than here. And in those countries the universities are generally centers of radical thought. The idea of great academic leaders lauding the "scab" as a hero, or of students continually acting as strike-breakers would not be tolerated in any one of those countries.

There doubtless remains much more to be said upon this interesting topic. Undoubtedly there are other causes, temperamental and otherwise, for the present backwardness of the the Anglo-Saxon people from the point of view of the Socialist movement, but we are convinced that the difference in the methods of the bourgeoisie in their direct dealings with the revolutionary movement is a most important factor. The astuteness of the ruling classes in the English-speaking world, particularly in their method of controlling the sources of information and education, sapping as it does the intellectual independence of the great mass of the people, is a fact of far-reaching importance which must be seriously reckoned in any discussion of the problem we have thus barely touched upon.

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Child Slaves of Philadelphia

By J. Spargo

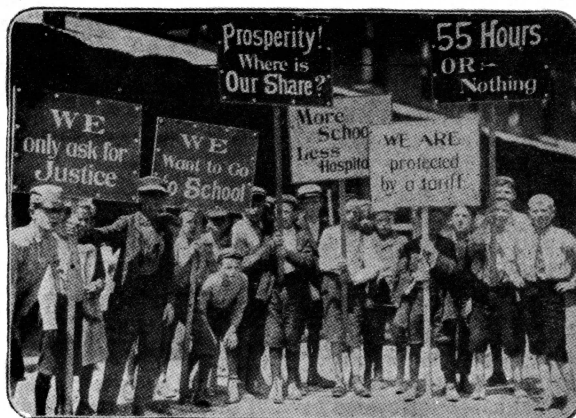


CHILD slavery's awful curse eats at the vitals of the nation. But nowhere to a more alarming extent than in the City of Philadelphia. The great textile industries rest upon the enslavement of children and women. Not even in the South are conditions worse than here. At present the majority of the mills are idle owing to a

strike for shorter hours of labor, and the children, or those of them who have not been cowed into submission, being on strike they are free to enjoy the fresh air. But when the mills are working the boys and girls are caged up for sixty hours a week in the unhealthy atmosphere common to these industrial hells.

The present strike is an effort on the part of the textile workers to obtain a reduction of the working hours to fifty-five per week. Although wages are miserably low they are willing to forfeit five hours' pay if only they can obtain the desired reduction of hours. In 1892, the year of the great panic, wages in the textile industry fell enormously. The Dingley Tariff of 1894 was to restore wages and improve conditions all round. So the workers voted for "Protection." They continue to vote for "Protection" despite the fact that wages are still lower than in 1892, and that women and children—especially children—are employed in ever increasing numbers. The law fixes the minimum age at which children may be employed in factories at thirteen years. The cold, calculating brutality of men deliberately passing a law permitting boys and girls of thirteen to be employed sixty hours a week is even more disgraceful than neglect of the question altogether would be. It is certain, however, that the law has very little effect so far as maintaining even the minimum is concerned. There are said to be sixteen thousand children at work in the textile industries of Philadelphia, and it is certain that thousands of these are below the legal age. Factory inspection is of the most perfunctory kind; false certificates are not difficult to obtain, and it is easy to use certificates of older children to cover any "suspects." Moreover, the parents themselves are, in too many cases, ignorant enough—or poor enough—to swear falsely as to the ages of their children. In thousands of cases this is exactly what happens. No one who knows anything whatever about the

subject doubts that there are thousands of children between the ages of ten and twelve employed in the textile industries of this city in normal times.



PART OF "MOTHER" JONES'S "ARMY" READY TO START

On the morning before "Mother" Jones started to march to New York with her little "army of crusaders" from the Kensington Labor Lyceum, early in July, I saw a number of such children of both sexes. Whenever "Mother" or myself asked one of them his or her age we got the stereotyped reply "Thirteen!" But even if one could believe they spoke the truth, the fact remains that not a few of them had been employed for periods ranging from a few months to two years or even more. One little fellow told me how, in the factory where he worked, when the inspector came round, the smallest of them were either hidden or sent out to play. In not a few cases the "inspection" of the factory all takes place in the employer's office as every intelligent mill worker knows.

One of the effects of child labor, the illiteracy of adults, I have observed here and in the surrounding towns and villages to a much greater extent than anywhere else in this country. It is by no means an uncommon thing to meet native born Americans of twenty-five years of age, or over, un-



"MOTHER" JONES AND A GROUP OF GIRL STRIKERS



SOME YOUTHFUL STRIKERS
(Miss Innes Forbes in the centre and J. Spargo to the right of picture.)

*For the picture of the boys with their banners we are indebted to the courtesy of the Philadelphia "North American" — The other pictures are from photos by Dr. Mason Gill.

THE COMRADE.

able to read or write even their own names! What a terrible price to pay for the folly and crime of child labor!

Of course, the first break in the ranks of the strikers took place among the children. Poor children! they entered upon the strike with light hearts. To them it meant a chance to rest; to straighten their little backs. But they were in most cases easily browbeaten by the brutal bosses or their agents. I heard of several cases where mothers took their children—literally dragged them—to the mill gates and forced them inside to “scab.” One little fellow I heard of was dragged and beaten by his mother right up to the mill door when he was roughly pulled inside by a bully of a foreman who hurled a volley of curses at the cowering child. And the burden of the little fellow’s cry was “Don’t make me scab! I’ll die first! Don’t make me scab!”

Morally Philadelphia seems to be quite dead. There seems to be no means of rousing it to a sense of shame. “Corrupt and content” in political affairs, it is cruel and content in industrial affairs. Only now, among the textile workers themselves, is there any sign of moral revolt against the infamy of robbing the children of their childhood for profit. There are numerous “reform” societies in the city; there is no dearth of churches or preachers; there is an oversupply of “charitable institutions.” But here, as elsewhere, only a small, but happily growing, band of workers—a few Socialists and others whose consciences have been quickened by Socialist propaganda—dare protest against the ruthless slaughter of the children. They alone affirm the right of every child to a free, unhindered access to life’s riches of health and joy.

One morning recently I saw a group of small children gazing with awed reverence at the old “Liberty Bell” in the historic “Independence Hall.” One little girl of perhaps nine



The Strenuous Situation at Oyster Bay

“I see you, Mr. President.”

“But I saw you first, Mother Jones.”

—Philadelphia Evening Telegram.

or ten summers had evidently been telling the story of the famous old bell to her younger friends. “So now we’s free,” I overheard her say. Poor little child! Not yet is Freedom even for babes like you. Not till the brain and heart of the world declares for the Co-operative Commonwealth will there be anything worthy of the holy name. Socialism alone can make the world free and gladsome and beautiful—a fit dwelling for such as you.



The Savior Yet to Rise

By George D. Herron



O you seek a savior for society?
Then go into the depths of human need;
There turn to the downmost man you find;
He is the social redeemer;
And there is no other;
He is the key to the inclusive brotherhood for
which you and the ages pray;
He is the gate of pearl and the golden street,
The great white throne and the river of healing;
He is the revealing light in which the nations must walk;
He is the little child that is to lead the world to the strifeless
progress of its dreamers;
In him is the fate of humanity sealed;
His worst future runs through our best present and colors the
pattern thereof;
All that his beggared soul or body is deprived of,
Everything that any man or woman is not,
Is set down to the loss of each of us,
And is everyone’s blight and corruption;
And on our loss those who come after us must pay infinite
interest:
Life’s elemental vengeance sees to that,

That it may conserve the cosmic justice that underlies our
fictions and histories,
Preparing them for their ultimate gehenna.
It matters not whether one be despoiled by himself or by the
system of things;
We and he and the system are the same woof and warp;
No human thread is more essential to the whole than another.
The universe affords no way by which earth’s purest or
mightiest citizen can separate his life from the life of
the lowest;
And, so long as there remains a lowest,
The lowest is the highest—
The star that the whole must follow to the place of world-
redemption.
When we all at last go reverently to the despoiled,
And sit humbly at the feet of the worthless and the ignorant,
To learn from them the truth and the way and the life of fel-
lowship,
Then shall society receive power to enter into its rest,
Then shall the earth ascend into heaven,
Through the flaming gates of equality.



THE COMRADE.

Homer's Mother

By W. R. Fox



HE must not sleep unknown to fame;
She shall not sink from earth unsung;
Hail to the great majestic dame,
From whom the nursling Homer sprung!
Earth long shall own the mother's part
In all that to the boy belongs,
And hear the beating of her heart
Through all his vast resounding songs.

When Scio's bard such numbers breathed,
Be sure the mother stalked in power,
A soul of majesty bequeathed,
Descending in effulgent dower.
The very scenes he shook to life,
And marched along his flaming scroll,
Found, ere the maiden rose to wife,
Their first arenas in her soul.

She caught the dream of fleet and field,
The rush of steeds and charioteers,
The sealike gleam of helm and shield,
The whistling of heroic spears:
Mars led the hosts of Iliion then;
Minerva steeled the soul of Greece;
And heaven and earth and gods and men
Mixed in the lists of war and peace.

Yon bannered oak, so limbed and leafed,
And loved of every bird and gale,
Once in a storm-culled acorn sheafed,
Was rolled among the wintry hail:
There bore it in epitome
The annals of its native mead;
Each wind that rocked its native tree
Had touched the future of the seed.

Even thus that pulse of love and strife
Wrought in with wave, wood, sky and lawn,
From the deep founts of mother life,
Was with the bard's existence drawn;
And every thought that rose to flame
On mystic seas and storied sods,
From her received, in him became
Ideas worthy of the gods!

Hence, while the world's astonishment
And love his spacious brows shall bind
Who scattered widely as he went
His large inheritance of mind,
Hail to the great majestic dame
From whom the lord of numbers sprung—
She is not all unknown to fame;
She has not sunk from earth unsung!

His Mother's Comfort

By A. P. Firth



WOMAN was bending over an old cracked stove in a company shanty, preparing supper. The spare lines of her back and the bowed shoulders indicated age, but as she raised her head and wiped her face with the old apron she wore, it could be seen that the lines had come from hard work and worry, for the woman had only just passed

her thirtieth year.

As she turned to the board table behind her to spread the meal, a knock sounded on the door. In answer to her "Come in," the door opened and disclosed a coal-begrimmed old man. For an instant they stood gazing at each other in the dim light of the old lamp.

These irregular visits of old Harry Walsh had become known in the district. They had all the same purpose. As the woman gazed, her pinched face grew paler.

"John!—the boy!" she gasped, laying her hands on the table for support and leaning forward. The old man took a step nearer.

"It's John," he said simply, his eyes filling with tears of sympathy.

For a little while she continued to look at him in a dreary, despairing fashion, then swaying slightly, she would have fallen had not the old man stepped nearer and caught her. Gently he placed her in a chair by the fire and remained standing by her side.

She had fully recovered, however, and sat for some time with hands tightly clasped in her lap, staring vacantly at the opposite wall. Then with a quick movement she sprang to her feet and grasped his arm.

"Where is he?" she asked hurriedly.
"They are bringing him," he answered. "Can you bear it?"
"I must see him now," she replied, and would have stepped outside, but the old man put out his arm and detained her.
"It is so cold," he said, "and besides, they will be here in a minute. I thought perhaps you wouldn't want folks to bother just at first."

She nodded her head and sank back into her seat; but thinking herself she arose and went into the adjoining room. When she had gone the old man opening the door, beckoned with his hand and four colliers entered, bearing a litter between them.

Hearing the noise the woman returned and stood watching with bright, tearless eyes, while they quietly placed him upon the bed she had prepared.

Silently they withdrew and old Mrs. Walsh, who had followed, stood beside her husband in the kitchen.

"I have got Sis and little Johnnie with me," she said, "but Johnnie says he will come over. Shall I let him?"

The mother nodded her head.

"How did it happen?" she asked.

"He mistimed a blast," the old man replied. "This morning he told me he was sick, but dare not knock off. I thought he looked pale. Gerry said he must have been drunk, but I stopped him, and he promised to have the Company pay expenses."

The woman raised her head. "He had been sick for a week," she began, with more energy in her voice, "I told him to lay off, but we owe so much at the store that he thought it best to try and catch up as the new vein was working easier now. He never drank in his life, and Gerry knows it."

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"So I said," the old man replied, "and he only talked that way to cover things up."

"Where are the children?" she broke in.

"With me," the old woman answered. "Johnnie wants to come over."

"O, yes! you told me—let him come."

"Is there anything you might want?" the old woman asked; but receiving no reply she turned to her husband.

"Let us go. I'll come back after supper. She needs a good cry, poor soul."

After they had gone, the woman disturbed by the closing door, came forward, and taking the lamp, went into the other room. She placed it on a little table and walked over to the bed. Gently she raised the cover and gazed upon the dead face of the man who lay there so cold and quiet. She put her hand on the moist forehead and stroked back the hair, great tears slowly trickling down her worn cheeks. Then in a burst of agony she threw herself across the silent figure.

"John! John!" she sobbed. "Why did you leave us? What shall we do?"

Her frame shook with the agony of her despair. The black future loomed up before her. The memories of her girlhood lover, the husband, the torture of a first separation that would last always, tore the fibres of her being as she lay across the cold remains of her only hope.

Presently the outside door opened and a little figure entered. It looked like a tiny man. His clothes were much too large for him, and hung about his slim figure and bent back in shapeless folds.

For a moment he stood with his back to the door he had just closed. The dim light showed the delicate, pale face of a boy of ten. But the marks of toil had aged him far beyond mere years.

Pulling off his hat he tip-toed across the floor and into the other room.

Gently he approached his mother and touched her arm. "I'll support you, mammy," he whispered.

She arose, and drying her eyes, looked at him.

He took her hand and together they went into the kitchen, and sat down by the fire.

"I was raised to-day," the boy began, looking at the face before him, that had grown calmer, and was gazing at the red grate. "Sis can get work in the silk mill, and—and—" he got up and put his arm about her neck. "You will get over it soon. I know how—why, how it hurts just at first. Daddy would want me to look after you."

She looked into the little thin, eager face turned up to her, then clasped him to her in a mother's embrace.

"It will be hard without Daddy," the lad went on, "hardest for you. But there is me and Sis. We are big now."

His mother made no reply, except to hug him closer.

"You—you," the little mouth twitched, "you'll let me play Daddy and earn the living, since I'm raised to three a week steady, won't you, mamsie?"

She nodded, not daring to trust her voice to speak.

Arise!



YOU sacred ones, first interpreters, you holders up of new ideals, you greatest and least,
You who are and by your mere presence create Democracy—Arise!

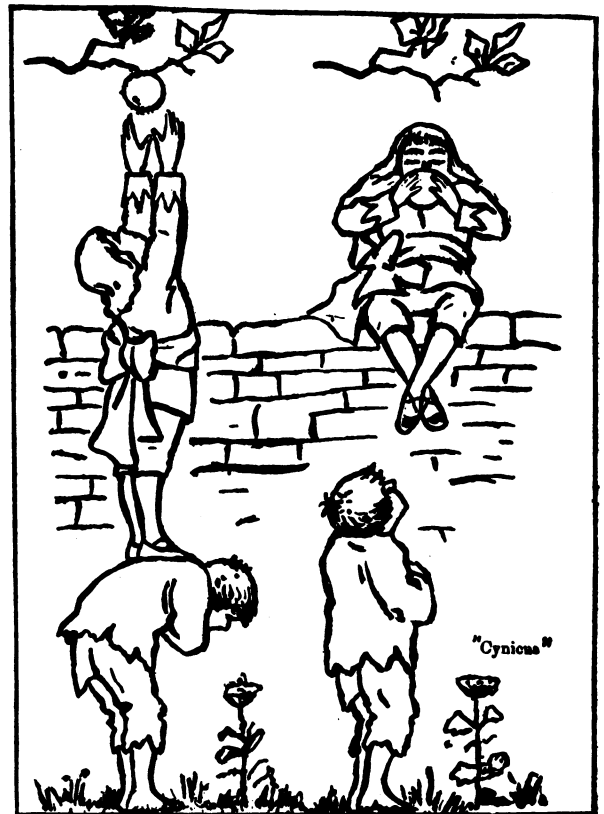
Thou Woman, gentleborn and sensitive, yet incapable of being shocked or disgusted—Arise!

Thou one strong Man in love sufficient, out of the heart of the people—Arise!

—Edward Carpenter.



CAPITALISM IN MINIATURE



Labor bears the burden : Capital gets the fruit

A Woman's Prayer

By M. Josephine Conger



DOWN the aisles of the future years,
As winding in and out they go,
So fraught with smiles and prayers and tears,
So checked with joy and woe.

I do not ask of all that host—
Of multitudes bent on that way—
That I be kept and cherished most,
But only this I pray:

That though bereft of light and strength,
Though grief and pain betide,
That I shall rise somewhere at length,
To find YOU at my side.

Music as an Agency of Socialist Propaganda

By W. W. Atkinson



WHY is it that, in the United States of America, we Socialists make so little use of song in our propaganda. With hundreds of comrades in the movement capable of musical and poetical composition, it is yet remarkable that but little is being done in this direction and I do not know of a single great meeting in this country when any effort has been made to have the audience join in song, as is done continually in Germany and other countries of Continental Europe.

Is it because the "American" spirit of commercialism has so corrupted us that we are dulled to the glorious inspiration of music and verse?

Have we, in sympathy with our capitalistic institutions, become so crassly materialistic that the idealistic side of normal human nature is to be frowned upon and all of its softer and more beautiful manifestations smothered? I hope not.

Music—song—is a necessity!

Ever through the ages, pregnant with great causes, great men and great deeds, the soul of man has been stirred by song; on the wings of glorious melody his spirit has soared to majestic heights of heroism and self-sacrifice.

Music is good.

Misers hate it—men of plots and schemes (Shakespeare's men of "stratagem and spoils") hate it, for music is a reproof to sordidness and selfishness, its every note telling of man's brotherhood. The exploiter hates it; for vengeance follows fast upon the heels of a people's heart-cry when crystalized into the burning words and compelling music of the song of revolution.

Music is nature:

The *pianissimo* of the summer breeze, the *crescendo* of the gale, shrieking through the nooks and crannies of the mountains or the thunderous *forte* of the hurricane making its resistless way across the seas and prairies, are all parts of a wondrous anthem, with weird harmonies and strange modulations, the *introduction* to which was never heard—the *finale* never to be sounded!

Music is the Divine Tonic:

When the poet's art is added to the inspiration of music, a great piece is heard, a great force established—the turgid blood of indifference is changed into a fervid, pulsing stream, and men go forth like avenging angels to do battle for the right.

Were there no hymns there were no religions—great "revivals" are possible even through the medium of such drive as the "Moody and Sankey" style of "gospel hymns"—music at its worst and verse purely maudlin—and great results are certain in Socialism's grand cause by the use of so powerful a servant, which, though debauched by priestly rape, can yet move thousands and join their voices as one.

It is folly to appeal to the brains and stomachs of the mass and leave the wellsprings of the heart to congeal under the numbing blasts of cold logic.

Socialism is striving for more than justice and bread and butter—it is striving for the comrade life—striving for human brotherhood—for human love—for human freedom.



W. W. ATKINSON

Wake this dormant note with song and man will respond as does a fine violin to the touch of a master.

Facts? laugh! the world turns with them! Phrase the spirit of life—the real current of the toilers' hopes—and your indifferent mass is converted into an alert and disciplined army ready to do and to dare, for Freedom!

Sing then your songs—sing them loudly, strongly, beautifully, with your whole heart in every note.

Sing as the French sang the glorious *Marseillaise* the first real battle hymn of the proletarian army, a hymn that moved the spirit and nerved the arms of a nation to mighty protest.

Sing as did our forbears when they sang that wondrous ode to the flag, "The Star Spangled Banner," an ode that has inspired Americans in all their history and helped them to victory on every battle field.

Sing as the Abolitionists sang "John Brown's Body," with the conviction that your song has a purpose and plant deep down in your hearts the fierce resolve to carry its purpose to a successful issue.

Sing, then, comrades; sing!

Sing a grand poem of victory; sing a song of love and brotherhood; sing a song of protest and defiance and revolution.

We have a great truth to impart—drive it home with song!





The "Vorwaerts" (Berlin) Cycle Corps Ready to Carry the News of Victory in the Recent German Elections.

VIEWS AND REVIEWS



EVERYWHERE the Jew is a problem. The Jew is despised, hated, persecuted—why? What has the Jew done to merit this universal ostracism? M. Bernard Lazare, in his "Anti-Semitism, Its History and Causes," essays a solution to this vast problem. The brilliant French philosopher's thoroughness attracts me. I admire

the man who has the patience to dig after the facts and the ability to sift and sort the facts when he has gathered them together. M. Lazare is such a man: you see him digging everywhere, and the absence of the irrelevant shows how carefully he has sifted his material. He draws a full-size picture of anti-semitism, but he draws only in outline and with a strong, firm hand unshaken by passion. There is room for disagreement, but none for accusation or recrimination. Gentile and Jew alike must admit the fairness of the author of this timely study.

M. Lazare approaches the problem with the pure philosophic instinct and courage. He is determined to face every fact whatever its portent may be. In the opening chapter he discusses with much penetration the great fundamental cause of anti-semitism, the exclusiveness of the Jews. Because Judaism is two-fold in its character, religious and political, the Jews have, from the earliest times, not only been exclusive and unsociable in religious matters as other conquered peoples have been in all ages—they have been exclusive and

unsociable in matters political also, for the profoundly significant reason that their civil laws, even though they were not adapted to any place beyond Jerusalem and the Kingdom of Israel, were to the Jews religious obligations—an integral part of their faith. "Thus, wherever colonies were founded by the Jews, to whatever land they were deported, they insisted, not only upon permission to follow their religion, but also upon exemption from the customs of the people amidst whom they were to live, and the privileges to govern themselves by their own laws. Thus it is that the author finds "anti-semitism" an ill-chosen word; he prefers the harsher, because more definite, term "anti-Judaism." The Jews have been hated everywhere, by all the nations among whom they have ever settled. And because of the widely differing characteristics, principles and faiths of the enemies of the Jews, making it impossible for them to think alike of any subject, the author concludes that the general causes of this universal hatred must be sought in the Jews themselves. "This does not mean that justice was always on the side of Israel's persecutors, or that they did not indulge in all the extremes born of hatred; it is merely asserted that the Jews were themselves, in part, at least, the cause of their own ills."

Space forbids me even attempting to indicate the extent of the universal persecution of the Jews. Ill-treated by the Alexandrians and the Romans, the Persians and the Arabs, the Turks and the Christian nations, their history is one long

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story of martyrdom. With the painstaking research of the born historian M. Lazare has given to the world the most complete account of the sufferings of the Jews ever attempted. With never the slightest trace of sensationalism the narrative is all the more calculated to stir the emotions.

Four main reasons are urged against the Jews by the modern anti-semites—ethnic, religious, political and economic. The Jew is a Semite, creature of a noxious race; the Jew is a revolutionist and a skeptic, a foe to the Christian faith; the Jew is a dishonest and disturbing factor in economic affairs. Such are the counts in the anti-Semitic indictment of the Jews. The ethnological grievance is a fiction. It is no more correct to say that the Jew is a pure Semite than that the European peoples are pure Aryans. M. Lazare denies the very idea of such a thing as definite and distinct race distinction in modern society. That the Jews are revolutionists and aggressive skeptics is only true in a restricted sense. The orthodox Jew is a conservative. It is only the "emancipated" Jew who is a revolutionist. Lassalle, Heine and Marx were all three Jewish revolutionists in the sense that their radicalism was enforced and characterized by their Jewish ancestry. Marx, the descendent of a long line of rabbis and teachers was "a Talmudist devoted to sociology and applying his native power of exegesis to the criticism of economic theory." That the Jew is prone to dishonest methods in the economic strife is to a large extent the admitted result of the oppression he has had to contend against. The instinct of cunning has been as it were grafted on to his nature. But, as a matter of fact, the Jew is not a success economically. Seven-eighths of the Jews in the world live in extreme poverty. The class division of exploiter and exploited is found in Jewry as elsewhere. But the Jewish capitalist is, upon the whole, more successful than the Christian capitalist. It is the small capitalist who is the true anti-semite, not the proletariat. Essentially a movement of reaction and conservatism it cannot escape the irony of fate which forces it ultimately to be an ally of the revolutionary force against which it arrays itself. Just as every measure of capitalism for its own extension and preservation carries with it the germs of its own destruction, so with anti-semitism. It is a two-edged sword in the hands of capitalism. Vainly attempting to retard the onward march of the revolution it is unconsciously paving its way.

* * *

I am exceedingly glad to see that the "Life of Marat," by my old friend, Ernest Belfort Bax, has been issued by Mr. Grant Richards, the well-known English publisher, in a new and cheaper edition. Marat is probably the most abused man in modern history. Historians of the French Revolution have vied with each other in heaping calumny upon him. But, as Bax says with his characteristic cynical frankness, the very unanimity of this hostility warrants the suspicion that the man has been the victim of gross libelling. "It is, in fact, a fairly safe plan to ascertain for one's self 'what most people think' on such questions, and then assume the opposite to be true. . . . Acting on this principle, the very extravagance of abuse with which Marat had been assailed suggested to me the probability that an exceedingly noble and disinterested character lay behind it. Modern research has certainly more than justified this assumption. The old legend of "the monster Marat" has been so completely blown to the winds that any historian who attempted to resuscitate it nowadays would assuredly put himself out of court with all serious students of the French Revolution."

As this defiant challenge indicates, the book is an attempt to vindicate the character of the much maligned "People's Friend;" and for such a task Bax possesses abundant and unique qualifications. Few living writers equal him in penetration and discrimination as his "History of Philosophy,"

"The Story of the French Revolution" and his studies on "The Social Side of the Reformation in Germany" abundantly show. And Bax has a special reason to pride himself upon the profound change which recent years have wrought in the estimates of his hero. For he was one of the very first writers in the English language to attempt a vindication of Marat. Mr. Bowen Graves began the good work in 1874 in the pages of the Fortnightly Review, Bax following some years later with an article in the Gentleman's Magazine, and, shortly after, a small volume on the same lines. This little volume has long since been out of print, and it is a good thing that this more complete biography should have been written. In the interval between the appearance of the two works Mr. Morse Stephens did much good service along similar lines.

Jean Paul Marat—the "t" was added later to his name to give it a French look—was born at the village of Boudry, on the lake of Neuchatel, the present Swiss canton of that name being then a fief of the Prussian crown. His father was a native of Sardinia, while his mother belonged to Geneva. Bax suggests that, in view of the fact that a strong Semitic element has always existed in Sardinia, as a result of early colonization from the Carthaginian coasts of Africa, the name "Marat" may have been derived from the Hebrew, and possibly had its origin in the bestowing upon some unknown ancestor a name suggestive of the "bitterness" of the "waters of Marah." Of the boyhood of the great revolutionist little is known and we are dependent in the main upon a somewhat stilted and inflated account written by himself in after years. It seems quite certain, however, that he received a fairly good education at home, that he was devotedly loved by his mother whose influence he acknowledged throughout his life, and that he possessed, even as a child, remarkable ambition. To quote his own words, "The only passion that devoured my mind was the love of fame." Contrary to the opinion of Marat most generally held, Bax shows him to have been a man of great erudition. A scientist of repute, a successful medical practitioner and writer of important medical treatises, it is impossible not to respect his intellectual achievements.

That Marat not infrequently indulged in violent, even bloody, language is true. Taken by themselves some of his utterances make me shudder. But when one remembers how he suffered, and the violence of word and deed of his persecutors, it is not difficult to excuse and sympathize with him. His frequent struggles against the despair that every worker in the great cause of human progress has felt at times appeal to me; his terrible bodily sufferings and the cruel, remorseless hounding by his foes, so that he was forced to live in filthy cellars where he suffered the most frightful misery of mind and body, he bore with a courage and devotion that tell of a really great and noble soul. Set down the violent language on the debit side of his life account if you will; when you set over against it his heroic devotion, his suffering and his enormous energy for the cause he loved so well, the credit looms large and the debit shrinks. There is a world of meaning in the fact that his murderess, Charlotte Corday, when laying her fiendish plans relied upon a letter appealing to his human sympathy and compassion to secure admission to his bedside when all other means had failed. Need more be said? The man or woman in whose life love and compassion thus hold sway cannot be other than good whatever flaws there may be.

The love of Simonne Evrard for the great revolutionary leader is clearly shown by Bax in this entrancing biography. The devotion of this brave and good woman, his wife in all but legal record, helped to sustain Marat during his worst struggles. The book is well printed and there are some excellent illustrations.

* * *

Another book by Bax recently issued by the Macmillan

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Company is his "Rise and Fall of the Anabaptists," the concluding volume of his studies on "The Social Side of the Reformation in Germany" already referred to. In some respects this is the most important work Bax has ever undertaken, amounting to nothing less than the rewriting of an important period of European history from the Socialist standpoint. And probably no other work of his can be said to be quite so successful from every point of view. It seems to me that it is not too much to say that this work fairly places friend Bax among the greatest of philosophic historians. I confess that I opened this beautifully printed volume of almost four hundred pages with some fear and misgiving. It scarcely seemed possible that such an extreme materialist as my friend Bax could sufficiently understand the Anabaptist movement with its fanaticism, its bitter internicine strife and its intense, but narrow and restricted, spiritual force. But if he has no sort of sympathy with their wild, dogmatic ravings, or their religious beliefs, he is not a little drawn toward these sixteenth century religious communists. He sees in Anabaptism: "the culminating effort of mediaeval Christian Communism, which saw in the communisation of worldly goods (understanding by this the economic products designed for consumption) the farthest goal of man's social existence." As he explains, "the modern notion of the socialization of the means of production was not as yet thought of, as it was not even conceivably possible at the then stage of economic evolution."

Anabaptism was essentially a German movement and took no root in the Latin countries. At the close of the Middle Ages the reformation shook Germany and the greater part of central and western Europe to the depths. The fundamental ideas which underlay that movement had been previously expressed in a more or less determined manner upon many occasions. The rise of Protestantism had given birth to a movement far more radical than the leaders of the Reformation had any idea of. The overthrow of the ceremonial forms of Catholicism was closely followed by an assertion of religious independence that was far more important and vital. The reformers shook off the authority of the church and went to the Bible itself for guidance. As might be supposed, differences of a most important character soon began to assert themselves upon all matters of doctrine. The Anabaptists arose in Zurich with a creed half religious, half political. Believing in voluntary communism without government of any kind, non-resistance and adult-baptism by immersion, they had no intention of attacking the privileges and powers of the dominant propertied class. Zwingli, the head of the more conservative reformers in Zurich, began a policy of persecution against these religious Anarchists which developed in the most alarming manner possible. After the close of the great Peasants War in 1525, when the Anabaptist movement began to take definite shape, and to assume important dimensions, the persecutions became more bitter and relentless and we find the orthodox Protestants adopting all the most brutal and torturous methods of the Inquisition. Prison and sword and stake were the final arguments of the Protestant reformers as they had previously been of Romish bigotry and tyranny. Leaders were burned alive, torn to pieces with hot pincers, or filled with water till they burst. They who had faced the horrors of the Inquisition for the freedom they desired resorted to the same horrors to subject others to their ideas. That for so long, under such conditions, the Anabaptists should have retained their non-resistant attitude is eloquent evidence of their deep-seated religious faith.

But "the worm will turn." The non-resistant attitude received its first, almost imperceptible, shaking when Melchor Hoffman, their most successful leader, prophesied at Strasburg, the main centre of their strength, that that city was to

be the New Jerusalem from which, they, the Saints, were to march in a Holy War of conquest. Cautiously at first, then more openly, this prophecy was preached. In Holland there arose leaders, Jan Matthys and Jan Boekelson, who boldly preached revolt and resistance by the sword, not as a prophecy merely, but as an immediate and sacred duty. So too in Munster. There Bernhardt Rothmann preached in a similar strain, and, like his Dutch fellows, with great success. Munster soon became the stronghold of the now revolutionary Anabaptists, and, reinforced by Jan of Leyden (Boekelson) they met repression by revolt and soon obtained a victory over the patrician Rath. They were now in complete control of an important city.

In this stirring and altogether admirable account of this transition period of the Anabaptist movement Bax shows remarkable power as a descriptive writer. No one, it seems to me, could fail to be captivated by this brilliant, but never sensational, style. His account of the siege of Munster will come as a surprise to the reader who is familiar with the story as it is generally told by conventional historians. The Anabaptists lost control of the town, however, partly by reason of treachery within their own ranks. The leaders, Jan of Leyden and the rest, were shown about the country in iron cages, tortured in the most fiendish manner imaginable, and, finally, put to death. The book closes with an interesting survey of the Anabaptist movement in England where it seems to have been introduced at a very early date.

I trust that in this hasty survey of a brilliant and important work I have said enough to induce many of my readers to read it for themselves. In conclusion, I think I cannot do better than quote the genial and gifted author's closing words: "Thomas Munzer, Jan of Leyden, Jan Matthys, and the rest of those who sought the revindication of social justice in the early sixteenth century, have, together with their aspirations, passed away forever. But foolish as their ideas seem to us to-day, who regard the problem from so totally different a standpoint, let us not forget that with all their follies and shortcomings, they were, in a sense, the forerunners of modern Socialism, and, as such, let us spare them a passing tribute of recognition."

* * *

The latest addition to that excellent series of "Histories of the Literatures of the World," which the Messrs. Appleton & Co. are publishing under the editorship of Mr. Edmund Gosse, is Prof. Trent's volume on American literature. Prof. Trent has succeeded admirably in a somewhat difficult and delicate undertaking, and in all the series there is not a more interesting or permanently useful volume than his.

At the very outset he warns the reader that American literature, being essentially a creation of the nineteenth century, and it being impossible to deal satisfactorily with the work of living writers, the archaic and too often puerile productions of Colonial and Revolutionary times are dealt with upon a larger scale than their intrinsic worth would seem to justify, especially when comparing the volume with its predecessors of the same series. As one reads the comments of the learned Professor upon the work of some of the early American writers, and the quotations which he makes from them, one feels that even Marie Correlli and Laura Jean Libby are priceless jewels compared to the "best writers" of those earlier days. Prof. Trent seems quite unable to regard this portion of his history seriously. He needs the bulk to make a decent sized volume and secures it by gaily satirizing these old, awfully pretentious writers whom it is impossible to regard with any serious analytical view.

It is in dealing with the more solid body of nineteenth century literary effort that Prof. Trent shows his power. There is scarcely a page that does not fairly glow with evidences of wide culture, independent thinking and perfectly free judgment. The chapters reek a little of the classroom as though

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prepared primarily for oral delivery, but that is not a fault. If this impression is correct, I can only say that the students are very fortunate to have had such brilliant and suggestive lectures.

The keen and discriminating estimates of Cooper, Hawthorne, Poe, Whitman and others, seem to me to be, upon the whole, sound and fair. The chapter on "Transcendentalism—Its Interpreters," is, in my judgment, the most satisfying portion of the book. Prof. Trent writes with all a critic's restraint plus a great deal of human sympathy. Not often in these times do we find such an evident desire to do justice to Margaret Fuller, for example, as he shows. In this volume of some 600 pages the ordinary student will find an excellent guide to study, while the reader for pleasure will find the joy of a rich intellectual companionship.

* * *

From the same publishing house comes a dainty volume, "The Love Letters of Margaret Fuller." There are fifty letters, some of them only a few lines in length, in which that noble and spiritually beautiful woman pours out her soul in the language of love. James Nathan, to whom the letters were addressed, was a German who came to this country in 1830 and went into the commission business in which he was engaged for twenty years. From 1850 till 1862 he was in the banking business in Wall street, New York, when he retired and went to Hamburg, where he died in 1888. As might be supposed, coming from such a woman, the letters are full of enthusiasm, but throughout there lurks a shadow as of some tragedy in the life of the man. Perhaps it had something to do with the changing of his name, in 1855, to Gotendorf; perhaps, too, it was the reason of his failure at last to write her. I do not know. Anyway, the love was not crowned with success. Margaret dismissed the subject with a few slightly acrid and contemptuous words in her diary. Then came her visit to Europe. In the Rome of which she had written so enthusiastically to her former lover, and which she had so longed to visit, she met the Marquis Ossoli. They were secretly wed in 1847 and upon returning to

America with her husband and child after going through the trying period of the Roman Revolution of 1840, she and they perished in an awful shipwreck at Fire Island just when all seemed so hopeful and promising. The body of the babe alone was recovered. Margaret and her brave husband were not again seen. Loving hands raised on that cruel, inhospitable shore a memorial to her memory, but the best memorial of her is the record of her noble and unselfish life.

This little volume of letters gives one an idea of the sweetness and purity of soul of the most remarkable woman in American history. "Love Letters" is hardly the proper name for them, it seems to me. They do not lack in heart feeling, but it is very largely impersonal. The deep, fervent passion of love seems to have been gradually asserting itself when the correspondence ceased. There is a charming frontispiece portrait of Margaret Fuller and the book throughout is very tastefully arranged. The reminiscences of Emerson, Greeley and C. T. Congdon are appended, and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe furnishes an introduction to the volume. Of this introduction is must be said that it is highly overwrought and lacking in discrimination.

* * *

I had hoped to say something of the "Revolutionary Essays" by my friend and comrade, Peter E. Burrowes. But I have already carried this talk further than I had intended, and, perforce, must leave that for our next issue. There is another reason also. Talking to strikers twice a day with the mercury at 96 degrees rather unfits one to do justice to such a work.

* * *

And now word comes that William Ernest Henley is dead. A brilliant journalist and critic, and a true poet, his death is a real blow to the literary movement of our time. While not always agreeing with his views I have always admired his genius, courage and power. Now he has gone—

"Forth from the dust and din,

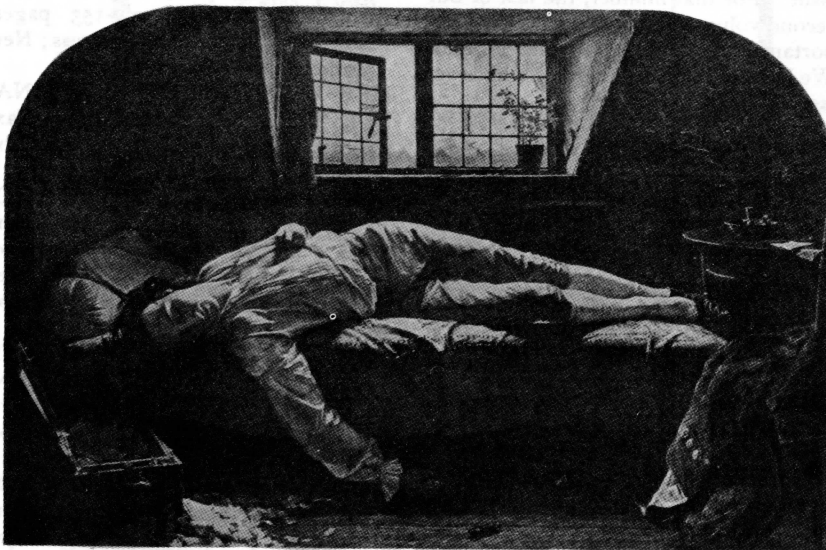
The crush, the heat, the many-spotted glare."

May he rest in peace!

J. S.

Chatterton: Victim Of Capitalism

By W. R. Fox



CHATTERTON

From the painting by Henry Wallas R. W. S.



ET Lear and Timon stamp the stage—

Draw near, if you would look on rage!

The wondrous Boy of Bristol, tol town!

An infant, panting with desire
To clutch Apollo's gilded crown!
And, balked, magnificent in ire!

Even then, the less of fortune quaffed,
Their grovelling greeds to scorn he laughed;

And bright-winged visions of renown
Still trooping through his rooney brain,

He stood in more than Man's disdain,
And cast his minstrel richness down
With angry confidence in fame;
"Take these, and be their worth your shame!"

He said, and, dashing prone his form,
Passed like the high soul of a storm



TO OUR READERS



THE omission from this issue of our regular feature, the "How I Became a Socialist" series, is due to the pressure of other matter upon our space. The life-story of our brave old veteran comrade, Fritzsche, and the editor's account of the child-labor evil in Philadelphia, made it a matter of impossibility to include the "How I Became a Socialist" article. In a measure we have made this a Child-labor issue, because we feel the terrible importance of this question to our movement. In Philadelphia one brute of an employer drew a revolver upon a striker twelve years old, and threatened the child's life. Socialism as the savior of the children is a noble ideal worthy of our best service.

To the many friends who have been so patiently waiting for the fulfilment of their orders of copies of the Editor's pamphlet, "Where We Stand," we extend our apologies for the delay consequent in part upon the editor's frequent absence from the city upon propaganda trips, and partly upon mechanical difficulties. It was not intended to re-issue this pamphlet, but in view of the continuous and urgent demand for it, a third edition has been prepared and is now ready for distribution. The new edition contains a portrait of the author and is in a slightly different form from the other editions. Copies can be had at the following rates: Single copy,

5c.; ten copies, 35c.; twenty-five copies, 80c.; fifty copies, \$1.40; one hundred copies, \$2.50.

The two brilliant sketches in the present issue by Henry Lawson, the Australian proletarian genius, will, we have no doubt, appeal to a large number of our readers. We have been so frequently urged to publish his great poem, "Faces in the Street," that we have decided to include it, if possible, among the leading features of our next issue. For that number, the last of our second volume, we have a variety of important and interesting contributions. We hope to make it the best number yet issued of this magazine.

Now is the time to circulate good Socialist propaganda literature in every possible place and way. We therefore call the attention of our readers once more to our leaflets and pamphlets which for simplicity, brightness and cheapness are not equalled. In particular, Dr. Gibbs' "Basis of Universal Peace" and the editor's "Child Slaves in 'Free' America," and "Where We Stand," should be circulated as widely as possible.

The editor takes this opportunity of apologizing to his correspondents for any delay in attending to their communications. His absence in Philadelphia among the Textile Workers, aiding them in their fight for better conditions,

has made it almost impossible for him to attend to any but the most urgent communications.

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Books, Etc., Received

LOVE LETTERS OF MARGARET FULLER, 1845-1846. With an introduction. By Julia Ward Howe. Cloth; xvi-228 pages. New York: Appleton & Co.

ISOLA; OR, THE DISINHERITED. A drama. By Lady Florence Dixie. Illustrated. Cloth; xiv-153 pages. London: The Leadenhall Press; New York: Charles Scribners' Sons.

RISE AND FALL OF THE ANA-BAPTISTS. By Ernest Belfort Bax. Cloth; vi-407 pages. New York: The Macmillan Company.

JEAN PAUL MARAT, THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND. By Ernest Belfort Bax. Second Edition. Illustrated. Cloth; xvi-353 pages. Price three shillings and six pence. London (Eng.): Grant Richards.





*REVOLUTIONARY ESSAYS IN SOCIALIST FAITH AND FANCY. By Peter E. Burrowes. Cloth; 320 pages. Price, \$1.25. New York: The Comrade Publishing Company.

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE (1607-1865). By William P. Trent, M. A., LL. D. Cloth; x-608 pages. New York: Appleton & Company.

*To be reviewed in the next issue.

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