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Socialism in Japan.



YEAR and a decade have elapsed since Japan established a constitutional government. But what amount of happiness and welfare have the masses of people obtained by the adoption of the new system of legislation and administration? It is over a generation since we introduced western civilization into our "fairy land." To what extent has that civilization diminished the sum of human misery? A score of years has nearly passed since western methods of production were set on foot in our Insular Empire; and now the factory system on a gigantic scale is rapidly displacing the older plan of small scale production. What effect has this marvelous industrial revolution had upon the working class? We imported the Occidental system of national education; we established universities both for men and women; we have many colleges and normal schools throughout the country, and we have hundreds of thousands of primary and high schools. But what intellectual blessings has this network of educational institutions bestowed upon those helpless people, who are in the greatest need of enlightenment?

It is beyond question that the Occidentalization of our country has resulted in a startling material progress. The productive power of the country has enormously increased, the amount of national wealth is being augmented in an extraordinary degree, and commerce is progressing both at home and abroad by leaps and bounds. I would not trouble my readers by heaping up laudatory statistics to explain the rapidity of the industrial progress of our land. Suffice it to say, however, that Japan is no longer a land of Asiatic atmosphere, and is now standing at the door of the glorious civilization of western powers. But the magnificence of material progress is of little benefit when it comes isolated from moral culture. Further, when progress brings along so many evil concomitants, the value of the former is often nega-

tived by the injury the latter causes the community. So, Japan's civilization has its dark as well as its brighter side.

That chivalrous spirit, which had been the soul of the Japanese nation for thousands of years, was disturbed and almost washed away by the stupendous waves of revolution, both political and industrial, and there has appeared as yet no moral principle in the place of the by-gone one. The mammonistic idea is overwhelming and uncontrollable among every class of society, particularly among wealthy people. Piety, generosity, mercifulness, and, above all, self-sacrifice, which have descended from the knight-hood of olden Japan, are constantly giving way to the greed of gain and the aspiration for wealth. Not self-sacrifice, but selfishness is the leading spirit of the so-called upper class, and its vicious influence is almost irresistible in every circle of the community. Thus the gulf between Lazarus and Dives is being widened day after day. Envy, enmity, discontent, uneasiness on the part of the poor, and vanity, extravagance, luxury and debauchery on the side of the rich,—these are but the symptoms of the great social conflict which will surely take hold of Japan in the near future.

Such a state of things has already given warning, if not alarm, to many intelligent minds. What are the remedies for social evils attendant upon the industrial revolution? is the question which is constantly disturbing the minds of the men of learning and foresight. No wonder that socialism is steadily gaining ground in the "Land of the Rising Sun," where tranquillity and peace and the welfare of society in general have prevailed until within two generations. Those who advocate socialism as the only means of social reform are not as yet great in their number, but most of them are the men of culture and learning, while not a few of them have profound knowledge and are thoroughly equipped with the acquirements of modern sciences. They are the men who can see far beyond the present regime of society, and aspire to the realization of the grand principles of humanity. Some of them are professors of colleges, some editors of journals, while others are gentlemen of high standing. It must not be overlooked, moreover, that, besides those who openly profess to be socialists, many are wholly socialistic in their view of society, although they dare not proclaim this fact under present circumstances.

It was at the end of the last spring that a political institution was organized under the title of Social Democratic Party. Its promoters are men of character and learning, and deserve respect and confidence on the part of their countrymen. The promoters were five in all. One of them is a professor of politics and literature in a Tokyo college, which was established and is maintained under the auspices of Count Okuma, once a Premier of Japan: two are the editors of a great daily paper in Tokyo; while the re-

maining two are the writers of the Labor World (Rodo Sekai), a weekly and the sole organ of the labor movement in our country. Therefore it had naturally been expected that a political party inaugurated by these persons would be such as to enlist the sympathy of many of their fellow-countrymen. Unhappily, however, the organization was summarily suppressed by the government as soon as it made its appearance. The prohibition came as lightning out of a blue sky, and greatly surprised people who believed that the new party was not of such a dangerous character as to disturb the order of the community. Indeed, people are left in the dark as to the reasons which induced the authorities to prohibit the organization of the new party. It is true that the ultimate ideals of the Social Democratic party are based on a lofty theory, but every religion and every doctrine places its ultimate objects far above ideas now existing. If a party is to be prohibited, because its ideals are too lofty, there would be no progress and no reformation, and the world would come to the condition of standstill, to finally collapse and disintegrate.

Not satisfied with the mere suppression of the Party, the authorities suspended the issues of the 20th of May of four daily papers and a weekly, all published in Tokyo, because they published the Socialist program. Such a course of procedure appears quite ineffective, as by the time the suppressive decree is issued the distribution of such journals is, as a rule, completed. A considerable amount of inconvenience is caused such journals, however, by domiciliary visits of the police on these occasions, while the temporary suspension is followed by the institution of a criminal charge in the law courts. We have an obnoxious law, entitled the "Law for Preserving Public Peace," which was framed some two years ago. It was by the force of this law that the Social Democratic Party and the above mentioned four journals were suppressed. The law came into existence at the instigation of capitalists, who were alarmed by laborers awakening from slumber, and who succeeded in persuading the government and the parliament to frame this suppressive legislation. Besides empowering the authorities to arbitrarily suppress journals and parties whenever they deem necessary, it is so carefully provisioned as to hinder the labor movement in its every step. So long as the Law for Preserving Public Peace is in force, laborers in Japan are completely at the mercy of employers, because the former cannot strike against the latter without violating the law.

Be that as it may, the platform of the Social Democratic Party was really an embodiment of advanced and lofty ideas. It was framed by the promoters, especially by Prof. Abe of a Tokyo college, after the manifesto of the Communist Party drawn by Karl Marx and Frederick Engels in 1848. It is the most brilliant mani-

manifesto ever issued by a political party in Japan. After discussing the defects and incompleteness of the present social organization, the manifesto enumerates the following items as the ideals of the party:

- I. Universal brotherhood.
- II. Abolition of army and navy, and the realization of international peace.
- III. Abolition of class distinctions, political and economical.
- IV. Common ownership of land and capital.
- V. Public ownership of railways, steamers, canals, bridges, and any other means of communication.
- VI. Equitable distribution of wealth.
- VII. Equal share of political rights by all people.
- VIII. Complete education of people at the expense of government.

These are the ideals which the suppressed Party aspires to realize. But they can be realized only through the slow process of further social amelioration and evolution. Meanwhile, says the platform, we must laboriously strive to approach the final goal, and grasp everything within our reach, which might prompt the realization of the ideals. Therefore, the denounced manifesto mentions the following program to be directly adopted as palliatives to the manifold evils of present society.

1. Government shall own and manage all railways throughout the country.
2. Street railways and electric and gas supply shall be controlled by municipal governments.
3. All lands of town and city shall be owned by municipal governments.
4. Government shall retain right of patent, giving reasonable reward to the inventor of patented matter.
5. Government shall modify house rent, in proportion to the value of house.
6. Indirect taxes shall be replaced by direct taxes.
7. Elementary education shall be free and text books shall be freely supplied to the children of elementary schools.
8. Labor bureaus shall be established for the purpose of investigating every affair relating to the laboring class.
9. Children under certain years of age shall not be permitted to work in factories.
10. Women shall not be employed in any work which is injurious to health or morals, or to both.
11. Juvenile and female workers shall not be employed at night.
12. Labor shall be prohibited on Sunday.

13. Maximum working day of eight hours shall be established by law.
14. Employer's liability act shall be promptly enacted.
15. Laborers shall be allowed the complete right of coalition.
16. Factory laws shall be promptly promulgated.
17. Protective legislation for peasants shall be established.
18. All insurance shall be undertaken and managed by government.
19. Universal suffrage shall be adopted.
20. Referendum shall be resorted to as regards affairs of principal importance.
21. The administration of justice shall be free and gratuitous for all members of society.
22. The House of Peers shall be abolished.
23. Number of standing army shall be reduced.
24. The Law for Preserving Public Peace shall be promptly repealed.
25. Press censorship shall be entirely abolished.
26. All elections shall be conducted by secret ballot, and the ballot by proxy shall be prohibited.

While the former portion of the manifesto is really a kind of summary of Socialism in its strictest sense, the latter twenty-six items are simply socialistic in the sense in which the word is generally used in Continental Europe. Indeed, some part of the latter program has already been realized in the West, and is quite within the province of practical legislation. Yet, to conservative statesmen now holding the reins of Japanese government, even a program of such a practicable character appears intolerably radical. Still more intolerable must the platform appear to them, when they turn to the doctrine of pure Socialism set forth in its former part. Moreover, the word "socialist" is somewhat unusual to Japanese ears, and is apt to surprise some persons. The word "social" is familiar to Japanese, but when "ist" is added to it, it conveys to minds of uneducated people the misconception that it meant something very dangerous. In other words, "socialism" and "socialist" are liable to be mixed with "anarchism" and "anarchist," respectively, as well among Japanese people as they are misunderstood by the unenlightened people of Western countries. Further, "Democracy" and "Imperialism" are incompatible terms. Where sovereign power has rested upon a single head for thousands of years, where the emperor is declared as "sacred and inviolable" in the constitution, and where most people have never dreamed of the advisability and possibility of thoroughly changing the present form of government, it must be more alarming to statesmen, and still more to the imperial family, that democracy should come into play even in the smallest degree. So far as the

expressed aims of the manifesto of the Social Democratic Party are concerned, we cannot perceive an idea which is detrimental to the further existence of the long revered Dynasty. Nor did the promoters of the Party aim at the subversion of the Imperial government. On the contrary, they are no less loyal to the emperor than any other people; and therefore they conceived the distribution of political rights as well as economical welfare equally and widely among all classes of people, because it will only be thus, they believe, that the masses of people can come into closer contact with and more respect and love for our emperor. It must be born in mind, however, that a tendency of present-day socialism is to carry on democracy to its final end, which will result in the total subversion of Imperialism. If we read between lines, we cannot but recognize that the condemned manifesto implies the realization of democracy to its full extent sooner or later. Indeed, it appears that the word "Democracy" is more feared than the word "Socialism" by conservative statesmen of Japan. It will be remembered that Mr. Osaki had to resign the portfolio of Minister of Education some years ago, because in a speech delivered at a session of the Higher Council of Education he made a reference to Republicanism by way of a perfectly innocent illustration. Whoever aspires to a portfolio of the Japanese ministry should never speak in favor of Republicanism or Democracy.

Even admitting that the platform of the suppressed Party does impliedly or indirectly advocate the realization of Democracy in its strict sense, we fail to see why its publication should not be allowed. It would be unnecessary to discuss the doctrine of social democracy in this article, because our foreign comrades are more familiar with this principle than we are. Suffice it to say, therefore, that social democracy is a grand view of social philosophy, toward which the great and complicated problems of present century turn for their solution. As such it has a claim to the right of free publication of thought. "It has been rightly said that the freedom of conscience must include not only the freedom of belief, but also the freedom of unbelief." In that case the right of freedom of opinion must not be confined merely to the forms of the state; one should be equally free to deny the state itself. Without this extension of the principle, freedom of thought is a mockery. In the United Kingdom and the United States, idealists are allowed entire liberty to give expression to their views without fear of official molestation, even if those views are subversive of the principles of the constitutions of those countries. I deem it more than sad that, in the United States, the recent assassination at Buffalo has brought forth a sign of intolerance toward Anarchism, and that President Roosevelt in his message to Congress passionately and unreservedly denounced Anarchists. Still, I be-

lieve that the nation or the government of America would never be so incautious as to establish a press censorship nor to draft a law which empowers the authorities to uproot Anarchists or to suppress any political organization advocating ideas radically opposed to the present political order. The surest way to maintain the security of government is not to interfere with any doctrine however radical. It is notorious that in England, at the present day, there are in existence a number of persons who belong to what is called the Legitimist Jacobite League of Great Britain and Ireland. The avowed object of this body is to aid the restoration of the "legitimate" dynasty as represented in the descendants of the elder branch of the Royal Family. Yet no dynasty in the world is so safe as the British. What would the Japanese government say to a society analogous to the Jacobite League?

Coming back to the proper sphere of my discussion, let me remark another stratum of the socialist movement of Japan. Prior and subsequent to the appearance and immediate suppression of the Social Democratic Party, there has existed an organization under the title of Socialist Association. The association was inaugurated by a coterie of men having for its object social reform on the basis of socialism. Its motto, as that of the Fabian Society of England, is this: "For the right moment you must wait, as Fabius did most patiently, when warring against Hannibal, though many censured his delays; but when the time comes you must strike hard, as Fabius did, or your waiting will be in vain and fruitless." At the present day the society consists of only fifteen members, nor does it struggle to increase the membership, because it welcomes merely those sincerely anxious of social welfare and who truly understand socialism, thus strictly excluding demagogical elements from the organization. In fact, its promoters hope to achieve the same work in Japan that the Fabian Society has and is achieving in England. Thus its field of activity is in education of the people. Its principal means of education is the publication of the doctrine of pure socialism or of socialistic thoughts. The Association has as yet no organ for its exclusive use; but the *Rikugo* (The Universe), the sole organ of Unitarianism in Japan, has been so generous as to devote a considerable space to the publication of articles produced by the members of this Japanese Fabian Society, so to speak. Indeed, the chief editor of the *Rikugo* is a leading member of the Association. It is needless to say that the *Rodo Sekwai* (The Labor World), to which I previously referred, is warmly supporting the cause of the Socialist Association.

The Association entered the fourth year of its existence at the end of last November. Its formal meeting is held monthly in a room of the Unitarian Hall of Tokyo. To show how much this

society resembles the Fabian Society, I will describe some of the phases of the former by quoting a few remarks on the latter from Mr. Wood's valuable work, "English Social Movements." The leading members of the Socialist Association, "all of them educated men, gave close study to Marx and other socialist writers, especially trying to see in what way the socialist idea could be introduced into current politics." With the first public meetings, which was held at a central place of Tokyo, in last April, the society entered fairly upon its work of political education and action. "In the formal meetings of the society the discussions have been mainly upon socialism in its theoretical and historical aspects." "After the introductory papers are read, a free expression of view is had from persons of every variety of economic opinion in the whole circuit." Unfortunately, however, it has as yet no fund to carry on an active and effective campaign in the way of lectures. Nevertheless, its members often volunteer to go out to industrial centers to speak before working people without charge. In fact, the Socialist Association has a great prospect in the future.

When the condemned Social Democratic Party made its appearance, the members of the Socialist Association unanimously passed a resolution to defend the cause of the former. As a matter of fact, the promoters of the Party were all members of the Association. When the Party received the fatal blow from the government, its promoters conferred with the Association on the question what course would be most advisable to propagate Social Democracy in Japan. After deliberate consideration, the conference came to the decision that the pioneers of Socialism in Japan should carefully avoid any measure which is liable to make superficial thinkers misunderstand the true nature of this doctrine. In other words, socialists in Japan ought to be most cautious and law-abiding, and not passionate and violent, in preaching the gospel of Equality and Liberty. This will be a slow process, but at the same time the safest and most certain step. This is especially so in a country where people are sadly ignorant of the doctrine of Social Democracy. Thus the promoters of the unfortunate Party came back to their home of the Socialist Association, whence they are now eagerly toiling to diffuse new politico-economic principles among the masses of citizens. Our Japanese government is singularly indulgent toward socialists when they propagate their thought by way of writing and speaking. But when they go a step further and politically organize under the banner of Social Democracy, our authorities instantly interfere with them. The fact appears to be that the government thinks Social Democracy detrimental to the welfare of the community when it is adopted in the platform of a political party, whereas,

when it is preached from platform and pulpit, or discussed by the press and in books, by an individual or under the auspices of a non-political association, it thinks it singularly harmless. Is it not a rare instance of great inconsistency? What difference does there exist between Socialist propaganda by a political organization and that by an individual or a non-political association? Indeed, it is a laughing stock that, while our sapient government sees fit to strangle a Social Democratic party in its birth, and to prohibit the mere publication of its manifesto, the literature on Social Democracy, both in foreign and native language, is freely allowed to circulate among all classes of the people.

It is of interest to notice what decision the Japanese court gave to the respective editors of the five journals, who were prosecuted for publishing the Socialist manifesto in their respective papers. It is something of an encouragement that our juries are not so corrupt as to be tempted by the all-mighty gold, nor so timid as to be overawed by the authority of the Government. Neither are they so blind as to ignore the freedom of conscience. We thank Heaven that after a short trial our court acquitted the editors all at once! Although the public prosecutor has launched an appeal to the higher court against the decision, there is reason to believe that the latter will respect the decision of the lower court and declare the editors entirely blameless. Here, it would be fair to remark that, according to Japanese law, editors of journals prosecuted for publishing an article condemned as disturbing public peace are not subject to arrest until a decision is given against them. Therefore, the statement, which appeared in the October issue of the International Socialist Review, to the effect that Comrade Katayama was arrested for publishing the socialist manifesto in the Labor World, is a misunderstanding.

Be that as it may, however, Japan remains to be baptized by the fire of liberty. Unless the right of the press and speech, and the freedom of coalition, are extended to a much higher degree, the constitutional government of Japan is an empty mockery. We cannot forbear envying our foreign brethren who were born in countries where expression of thoughts and promotion of a political organization are almost completely free. But the law of progress is inflexible. Let us hope and fight, and the law will surely do what remains to be done for Japan! "The ancient despotisms are condemned by the law of Providence; time the grave-digger, working away in the dark, casts the earth over them; each day as it falls thrusts them further back into nothingness."

The Democracy is the future!

Kiyoshi Kawakami.

The Renaissance of Handicraft.



WITHIN the last decade there have sprung into existence with great rapidity many associations styling themselves Arts and Crafts Societies, or assuming names adapted from that of the London Society of the same name, for the promotion of handicraft. These associations are usually composed of a very small minority of persons who are masters of any craft, and a large majority of those interested in varying degrees and from divers motives. One is forced to suspect in many cases that genuine desire for the exercise of the product of handicraft furnishes but little of the incentive to membership in these societies; that for the greater proportion numerically, this interest has temporarily supplanted, or perhaps only varied, the diversions of Society, the literary club and the charity ball. The rumor that well bred people now-a-days make things and have exhibitions may not infrequently have suggested the relief of ennui.

Another and a pathetic motive toward interest in craftsmanship is that of enquirers the purport of whose plea is this: I must work to support myself and help to support others. I cannot earn a living by sewing. I am too ignorant to teach. For the best of reasons I do not wish to be a domestic servant. I cannot dig, to beg I am ashamed. I have heard that there are new industries, agreeable, genteel. Can I learn one by correspondence? In how many months? How profitable will it be when learned?"*

Of these two classes is the new craft-seeking public partly composed, but not by any means wholly. Even counterfeits and corruptions (and the classes above described are not so) prove the existence of a true thing. Caricatures of the creative craft impulse, successfully advertising themselves and thriving on the desire for real handicraft and its products, prove the existence of a genuine craving for it and impulse toward it. Even for the class which is seeking to kill time, a good craft, thoroughly mastered, would be wholesome and would perhaps clarify the vision and enlarge the horizon.

The causes at the root of the Arts and Crafts "movement" which might be classified as genuine and useful are, I conceive, such as these: the natural impulse to use the hands and to produce something of use and beauty; weariness of useless and frivolous occupations; desire to unite with those who work with their hands and to find a common basis of life and interest with

*Such inquiries concerning book-binding have actually been addressed to me.

them; reaction against conventions which have assumed manual work to be undignified. The ungenue and worthless motives are: fashion or "fad;" desire to get money easily and without loss of dignity, and the impression that it can be done in this new way; worst of all, the perception on the part of clever and unscrupulous persons of an opportunity to play upon this new foible of the public for their own advantage. The true motives seem sufficient, despite the false ones, to advance a community somewhat toward a reasonable and comely life. A real and persistent love of doing good and beautiful work must, in itself, tend to bring about the conditions of doing it. Let us consider what these conditions are. First, health—physical and mental buoyancy—and wholesome and comely surroundings. A healthy art cannot thrive on a depressed or morbid condition of mind or body. It cannot thrive on bad air or ugliness and squalor, domestic or civic. In order to produce forms of beauty one must see enough to create and feed a love for beauty. A civic or national art will never be manufactured in evening schools of design and handicraft, frequented by youths who have worked themselves sleepy all the hours of daylight over some dreary business, unlighted by a ray of interest except in the week's pay, and surrounded by squalid monotony of walls and streets.

Then to work joyfully, even to work tranquilly—the artist's first requirement—he must be free from the pressure of immediate need. Though it is well that he should have some wholesome sense of obligation as regards his work to prevent his becoming capricious, it is all but fatal to any lovely development that a bit of work must be done at a given time to meet daily needs. How, then, is the artist's work to go on favorably in this day of luxurious idleness and of overwork. Must it be done as play along with a bread-winning occupation or as play by the rich who need no bread-winning occupation? The difference between professional and dilettante work indicates the answer to the last question. Entirely good and beautiful art or handicraft requires the self-control and continuity of work done under some sense of obligation, together with the play feeling of work done for refreshment. That implies no harassment or pressure of need, no pandering to a false ideal of sumptuousness, set up by the rich to display riches. The very best artist's work, I believe, requires that one is doing or has done some useful work beside, of the elemental sort, ministering to common necessities. There is a feeling of weariness and futility about merely ornamental or decorative work, done in a tooth and nail sort of way, as a means of livelihood. The play spirit is quenched in it. If it is underpaid it becomes labor and sorrow; if overpaid, demoralizing. It is usually either the one or the other. The artist to

be an artist, indeed, should come to his work not fatigued, but justified in enjoying himself by having done something serviceable to common needs either that day or at some time not too remote, and by the expectation of again serving others in the natural order of life. It is possible that the fact that the artist's time is devoted wholly to the solace and enjoyment of the community at large might, if the community demanded his entire time as an artist, free him altogether, without loss to himself or the world, from any other work. But the greatest artist would probably still be he who could take his turn at the world's more elemental needs. It is as hard to picture Phidias standing idly by while a block of marble is being lifted into place, as a French miniature painter putting his shoulder to it.

The circumstances, then, which one would conceive as ideally favorable to natural production of good, "artistic" work, are perfect freedom from pressure of personal necessity, combined with a wholesome degree of obligation to the service of others, beautiful surroundings, health and joy. When the conditions have been stated and compared with the actually existing ones the question necessarily arises whether it would not be more economical to devote all energy to making these conditions possible rather than divert any into the channel of an all but hopeless effort to get a fruit artificially grown without its natural soil and elements. Undoubtedly it would be so if we had not to consider at all the individual, who would live and die, as Morris points out, unsolaced by art, while we are preparing for the solace of generations to come; and if we were also to leave out of account the loss to future generations, were Art to die out altogether, and require to be planted anew when new and wholesome conditions of life and work shall have been evolved.

If we grant that it is worth while and effort to keep alive the love of beautiful handiwork, then it is worth while to make certain things as well and beautifully as they can be made.

There is some hope, too, in a nearer view. The indirect value of the really beautiful and well made product of handicraft, through its effect on the ordinary article of commerce, is greater than its direct value to the few who can possess such things or see them. Only the comparatively rich can afford Morris' tapestries, rugs and wall papers. But commercial wall papers, cretonnes and all sorts of fabrics have improved in design to a marvellous degree through the influence of his work, so that he has really done his craft work indirectly for "the masses."

A further and most important consideration in favor of the revival of handicraft is the effect on the life and faculties of the individual who is engaged in making useful and comely articles and his reaction on society. The constant and agreeable use

in his daily work of all his faculties, which lie dormant for the most part, during his day of mechanical work in a factory, or are worn dull behind a counter, must make of him a much more effective social factor as well as a happier and more rational human being.

Working men complain of injustice done them in regard to too long working hours, too little pay, insalubrious surroundings, tyranny of one sort and another; but seldom if at all do they cry out against the indignity of the kind of work they are forced to do in the making of so often worthless things if not worse than useless, destructive.* Nor do they express resentment or indignation at being under compulsion to do bad and unthorough work. This is held to be no part of the workman's concern, nor does he consider it so, so long as he has been powerless. How slavish a state of society is this in which the mass of men may not decide whether or not they approve the making of a certain ware, but must perforce go in under a sign of "men wanted" (which should read puppets wanted) and turn some crank as they are bidden, asking no questions for conscience's or reason's sake. There can be, one would suppose, no hesitation on the part of any one capable of understanding this situation in admitting that it is a degrading one. That the general situation can be at all touched, even at its outer edges by the extension of a demand for good handicraft, will not be so generally conceded. The return to the practice of handicraft will be, not by reason of such conviction but because of love for hand work and reaction against commercial philistinism. The product and the craftsman's life must justify themselves. On one side the argument is gaining support that all work, even the artist's, can be done as well or better by machine. The present writer, though practicing a pure handicraft, has no wish to decry the machine, or even to deny that, judiciously designed, beautiful things as well as useful can be made by it. The judicious designer for the machine would consider its limitations and design only such broad and simple lines as the machine can produce without loss. Designs made for machine work have hitherto resulted in clumsy and vulgar imitations of handiwork. The machine can never take the place of the human hand and its cunning in the field of art, major or minor. Nor can there ever be a return to handicraft which shall abolish the machine. Any expectation of such a doubling back of history upon itself would be childish. The fields are two, but each affects the other. If the "labor saving machine" were carried to its utmost efficiency and the labor saved apportioned with justice so that each man might do his share of the community's necessary work and still

*Never, in the experience of the writer, who has often deplored the fact.

have time for self-expression, then indeed would the millennium of both Art and Craft be come. The mass of men are now subjected to the machine instead of subjecting it; and the personal problem for those who face the question at all is whether to join themselves to the number of such and try to modify the conditions, or to go out from among them and live a rational life, working "in the spirit of the future"—that future which shall make common the privilege now exclusive of doing the work one likes to do and expressing one's self through it, which, as Morris so often said is art. The personal problem is solved for each by his individual bent and qualification, and, if honestly decided, doubtless rightly, both as regards himself and his social value.

Miss Ellen Star,
Hull House.

The Coal Miners of The Old Dominion.



FEW Sundays ago I attended church in a place called McDonald, on Loop Creek, in West Virginia. In the course of his sermon the preacher gave the following as a conversation that had recently taken place between him and a miner.

"I met a man last week," said the preacher, "who used to be a very good church member. When I asked him what he was doing at the present time he said that he was organizing his fellow craftsmen of the mines."

Then according to the preacher the following discussion took place:

"What is the object of such a union?" asked the preacher.

"To better our condition," replied the miner.

"But the miners are in a prosperous condition now."

"There is where we differ."

"Do you think you will succeed?"

"I am going to try."

Commenting on this conversation to his congregation the preacher said: "Now I question if such a man can meet with any success. If he were only a college graduate he might be able to teach these miners something and in this way give them light, but as the miners of this creek are in a prosperous condition at the present time I do not see what such a man can do for them."

Yet this man was professing to preach the doctrines of the Carpenter of Nazareth.

Let us compare his condition with that of the "prosperous" miners and perhaps we can see why he talked as he did.

At this same service he read his report for the previous six months. For his share of the wealth these miners had produced during that time he had received \$847.67, of which \$45 had been given for missionary purposes.

Besides receiving this money he had been frequently wined and dined by the mine operators and probably had a free pass on the railroad.

What had he done for the miners during this time. He had spoken to them twenty-six times, for which he received \$32.41 a talk, and if they were all like the one I heard he was at no expense either in time, brains or money to prepare them.

During all this time the "prosperous" miners were working ten hours a day beneath the ground amid poisonous gases and crumbling rocks. If they were fortunate enough to be allowed to toil every working day throughout the year they would have

received in return for 3,080 hours of most exhausting toil less than \$400.

Jesus, whose doctrines this man claimed to be preaching, took twelve men from among the laborers of his time (no college graduates among them) and with them founded an organization that revolutionized the society amid which it rose. Just so in our day the organization of the workers must be the first step to the overthrow of capitalism.

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Then my mind turns to the thousands of "trap boys," with no sunshine ever coming into their lives. These children of the miners put in 14 hours a day beneath the ground for sixty cents, keeping their lone watch in the tombs of the earth with never a human soul to speak to them. The only sign of life around them is when the mules come down with coal. Then as they open the trap doors to let the mules out a gush of cold air rushes in chilling their little bodies to the bone. Standing in the wet mud up to their knees there are times when they are almost frozen and when at last late at night they are permitted to come out into God's fresh air they are sometimes so exhausted that they have to be carried to the corporation shack they call a home.

The parents of these boys have known no other life than that of endless toil. Now those who have robbed and plundered the parents are beginning the same story with the present generation. These boys are sometimes not more than 9 or 10 years of age. Yet in the interests of distant bond and stockholders these babes must be imprisoned through the long, beautiful daylight in the dark and dismal caverns of the earth.

Savage cannibals at least put their victim out of his misery before beginning their terrible meal, but the cannibals of to-day feast their poodle dogs at the seashore upon the life blood of these helpless children of the mines. A portion of this blood-stained plunder goes to the support of educational incubators called universities, that hatch out just such ministerial fowls as the one referred to.

The very miner with whom this minister had been talking had been blacklisted up and down the creek for daring to ask for a chance to let his boy go to school instead of into the mines. This miner could have told the minister more about the great industrial tragedy in the midst of which he was living, in five minutes than all his college training had taught him.

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At the bidding of these same stock and bondholders, often living in a foreign land, the school houses of Virginia are closed to those who built them and to whom they belong by every right. The miners pay the taxes, build the school and support the offi-

cers, but if they dare to even stand upon the school house steps a snip of a mine boss comes along with pistol in hand and orders them off. "— free speech," said one of them to me when I protested, "we do not need any free speech. You get off the earth." Not only the school rooms, but every church or public hall is locked against us. On every school board you will find at least one company clerk or mining boss, and it is the business of this henchman of the mine owners to see to it that the school buildings are not used for public meetings by the miners.

Yet these same school buildings are used by the operators for any kind of meeting they choose and any demoralizing, degrading show that comes along has free access to them, as well as all political meetings of the old capitalist parties. But when the labor agitator, or trade-union organizer comes along trying to make it possible for the miner's children to go to school, the school houses are tightly closed.

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In some of these camps the miners are forced to pay as much as \$9 a barrel for flour, 14 cents a pound for sugar, 18 cents a pound for fat pork, and \$8 to \$10 a month rent for a company shack, the roof of which is so poor that when it rains the bed is moved from place to place in the attempt to find a dry spot. Many a miner works his whole life and never handles a cent of money. All he earns must be spent in the "Pluck me." Every miner has one dollar stopped for a company doctor. With 1,200 men working in a mine and a young doctor paid \$300 a year, this means a nice little lump for the company. And this is the Divine system the preacher was defending.

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In the closing hours of the baby year of the twentieth century I stood on the soil that gave birth to a Patrick Henry who could say, "Give me liberty or give me death," and a Jefferson, the truth of whose prophecy that the greatest tyranny and danger to American liberty would come from the judges on the bench, has been so often shown in these last few years. I had just left West Virginia with all its horrors, and as I was whirled along on the railroad I wondered if when I stood on the soil stained with the blood of so many Revolutionary heroes, I would once more really breathe the air of freedom.

Well, this is the first breath I received. I arrived in the northern part of Wise County, Virginia, over the L. & N. R. R., to find a message waiting me from the superintendent of the mines saying that if I came down to the Dorcas mines to talk to the miners of his company he would shoot me. I told him to shoot away, and that I did not propose to be scared out by the growling of any English bull-dog of capitalism.

Here is the oath which every miner is forced to take before he can go into a mine or get an opportunity to live.* (The name of the miner is omitted for obvious reasons.)

"I, John Brown, a Justice of the Peace, in and for the County of Wise and State of Virginia, do hereby certify that — — has this day personally appeared before and made statement on oath, that he would not in any way aid or abet the labor organization, known as the United Mine Workers of America, or any other labor organization calculated to bring about trouble between the Virginia Iron, Coal and Coke Company, and its employes, in or near the vicinity of Tom's Creek, Wise Co., Virginia.

"Witness my hand and seal, this the 19th day of Dec., 1901.
— — J. P.

Yet men who call themselves civilized will continue to vote for a system that breeds such slavery as this and will join in the cry of the mine-owners, against letting "Mother Jones circulate that Socialist literature." For such people it is the worst of crimes to let these poor slaves know that any other state of things is possible.

This superintendent should remember that the shooting of John Brown did not stop the onward march of the Civil War and the emancipation of the blacks, and should know that the shooting of Mother Jones will never stop the onward march of the United Mine Workers toward the goal of emancipation of the white slaves from capitalistic oppression. The laborers will move onward in their work until every child has an opportunity to enjoy God's bright sunlight and until some Happy New Year shall bring to every toiler's home the joyful news of freedom from all masters.

"Mother" Jones.

*The original of this document is on file at this office.—Ed.

Socialism in the Arctics.

THE recent Danish Amdrup expedition to the north-eastern coast of Greenland has revived interest in the social life of the Eskimos dwelling there as heathen.

We have had the ideals of socialism explained to us in a number of ways by many writers. We have been treated to expositions of the benefits which a socialistic state would confer on mankind. We have been advised of the means whereby society expects to approach these benefits. But nobody has attempted to show us socialism demonstrated in a community. Wherever we look within the sphere of civilization we are baffled to find such a community, and our scientists are not given to look for it beyond this sphere. And yet we must not only look beyond it, but above it, and toward the North Pole for a demonstration of socialism such as civilization is not likely to produce, even if the fondest dreams of the reformer were to be realized among us. It may be news to a great many well-informed people that on the ice-packed shores of Greenland exists a race of Eskimos that for centuries has maintained a socialistic community almost perfect in its naive idealism and logical simplicity. A race, moreover, of dauntless hunters and fishermen, incapable of reading and writing, who know nothing about politics, religion, science, the arts or literature. From time immemorial these savages have dwelt together in a brotherhood of socialism without a word in their vocabulary to express the idea of socialism. Centuries before the first missionary, Hans Egede, penetrated their imagination with the light of Christianity, these heathen, not suspecting Christ, worked out His teachings in their daily life as no Christian community can be said to have done. Christianity has added nothing to their moral virtues. It has only confused their simple ideas of life, multiplied their wants without fulfilling them, and it has brought the scourges of smallpox, scurvy and many other pests upon them, not to mention the bad liquor, which always accompanies the bible. So far from being gainers by civilization the Greenland Eskimos have suffered more from its infliction on their community than from all the ravages of the inclement nature in which they dwell.

But let us look at their society before Christianity had been preached to them. The Eskimo is the most cheerful, patient and peaceful of God's creatures. No known race can equal him in these virtues. His love of good fellowship is so acute that when anything is stolen from him, which seldom happens, he does not as a rule attempt to recover it, even if he knows who the purloiner

is. And the very few thefts that occur among the Eskimos are not looked upon by them as thefts, for they consider themselves as owning everything in common, and therefore they are disposed to regard actual thefts as a form of mischievous trickery. Great difficulty was experienced in translating the ten commandments into the Eskimo tongue, for which they were evidently not intended. In order to convey the right impression it was found necessary to write in the Eskimo bible, "Thou shalt not steal—even for fun," for the Eskimo could not understand the criminality of theft, since everything he saw belonged to him or his, whereas he could be made to appreciate the fact that he was to have no more sport of that kind. "Thou shalt not kill" was another commandment that the missionaries had a great deal of trouble in teaching them. Evidently it was superfluous in the Eskimo community, where murder is unknown, or at least of such rare occurrence that when it does happen the Eskimo language is not able to express the deed as murder, but merely as a killing. "If we must not kill, how shall we capture the seal, the walrus, the polar bear, on which we live?" cried out these innocent children of nature, whose thoughts were far removed from the possibility of manslaughter as a crime in their community. They had their fixed laws, customs and traditions, which were observed scrupulously and with a strong regard for precedents. Their little society was well ordered in every respect, and there were established rules for almost every conceivable emergency likely to occur in their primitive environments. They had certain religious beliefs—singularly akin to the Manitou conception of the North American Indian—and they had certain "angedkoks," or medicine men, administering to their faith. They do not seem to take much stock in religion; at any rate, their morals are not prescribed by any religious code. They do not permit their religion to tell them what and what not to do, and they seem to treat it merely as a safety valve for their superstitions. The result of this condition is that in the Greenland Eskimos we have a race of human beings entirely moral in their mode of living, but with such a scant religious sentiment that their superstitious beliefs cannot be regarded as a religion, properly speaking. Hitherto our educators have preached about the inseparableness of morality and religion, but in Greenland the moral law does not know the religious law, and yet even to this day, in spite of the disturbing influence of missionaries, there is more morality on the coasts of Greenland than in the great commonwealths of civilization put together.

Egede, who was the first white man to take hold of them spiritually, asserts that there were times when he felt more like learning from, than preaching to, them. The absence of quarrelling or hatred among them urged Egede, who otherwise writes

ratherly harshly about them, to admit his admiration of their natural morality in the following words: "It is wonderful in what peace and unity they dwell together. Neither strife nor quarreling, nor hatred or covetousness, abide in their hearts. If a man happens to take a dislike to another, he is careful not to show it, nor, on account of his remarkable tenderness of nature, does he resort to abuse, no matter what the provocation may be. The Eskimo tongue is, indeed, devoid of the necessary words."

Here we have the Eskimo in his proper light. A natural man leading a natural life on natural principles. No law tells him he must not lie, yet he never lies; no law tells him he must not kill, steal, or cause suffering among his tribe, and yet he never kills, steals, or causes trouble. He never quarrels or wrangles; he is even loath to contradict another even if he knows him to be telling a falsehood; and he is very diffident to tell the whole truth when he feels it would be unpleasant for the listener to hear it. What natural refinement, what exquisite thoughtfulness in a people of savages, dressed in thick skins, feeding on blubber, and living in stone-age style! Surely the evolution of man is not merely a matter of better clothing and conditions of life, nor does it depend upon the advancement of knowledge so much as our reformers like to make us think. The struggle for life is probably harder in Greenland than anywhere else. Nature there is stern and relentless. She holds a certain store of game between her paws, and the Eskimo risks his life every time he goes hunting for it. Nevertheless, he is cheerful as a child. If sorrow overtakes him, he may perhaps suffer bitterly at the time, but it is comparatively soon forgotten, and he is once more as radiantly contented with life as ever. He takes no care of to-morrow, as long as he has enough to eat to-day. The missionaries declare that his carelessness makes him inaccessible to civilization, and that they have tried in vain to encourage ideas of frugality and forethought in him. It is, indeed, fortunate for the Eskimo that this is so, for Dr. Fridthjof Nansen, Capt. Holm, Dr. Salager and several other explorers, have pointed out that an approach to civilization means to the Eskimo a slow but certain process of deterioration. In almost every instance where the experiment has been tried, such as around the Godthaab settlements, the Eskimo, confounding the virtues and vices of civilization, has ever been made a victim of the latter at the expense of his own native virtues. He has absorbed nearly all the bad traits of the white man to the comparative exclusion of his own original good nature, and he has intermarried with sailors to such an extent that it is questionable if there is now a single pure-bred Eskimo to be found around the settlements of the west coast. On the inaccessible east coast the true Eskimo of olden days still flourishes in all the charm of his

natural simplicity, and there he is a heathen, unspoiled by the baneful influence of the white man, his religion, his wanton wares, and his diseases.

The Eskimo's apparent levity of mind has also its bright side; it is even, in a way, his chief strength. Poverty and want have in our civilized society two consequences,—physical and mental suffering. But it is precisely from this phase of depravement that the elastic spirit of the Eskimo saves him. Even a long period of starvation and endurance is at once forgotten as soon as he is fed; and the memory of bygone sufferings can no more destroy his happiness than can the fear of those which to-morrow or the next day may bring. The only thing that really makes him unhappy is to see others in want, and therefore he shares with them whenever he has anything to share. What chiefly cuts the Eskimos to the heart is to see their children starving, and “therefore,” says Salager, “they give food to their children even if they themselves are ready to die from hunger. They live along in the hope of a happy change of fortune,—a hope which really sustains life in them.”

The natural helpfulness of the Eskimo is the basis of the socialistic state in which he lives. He will risk his life to save that of another, even his enemy. He will share the spoils of the hunt with his neighbors. If his neighbor dies, and his wife is left alone with children, he will provide for her until she marries again. He does not slander or tell tales; he does not abuse any one; and he does not fight. He is a man of peace. He loves peace for its own sake, and his life is one long, laborious attempt at happiness for himself and his people. No wonder that the fierce Norse vikings, who first landed in Greenland, nicknamed this kind, tender-hearted people “Skrallingar,” or cowards, for the Eskimos did not show fight, and when the vikings beat them, they did not strike back. In fact, their natural toleration is so great that many Christian Eskimos, understanding the bible literally, turn the right cheek when hit on the left. There are no chieftains in the Eskimo community. They all regard themselves as free men, with an equal right to hunt and fish and sleep and eat. There is no “boss;” there is no person of authority. Everybody shifts for himself. He is absolutely and unconditionally independent. His only ambition is to be a good hunter, and to rear sons who will inherit his skill with lance and harpoon. He has helped himself against the elements for centuries, and the white man descending on his shores ostensibly to confer the blessings of a superior civilization, has never been able to improve his conditions, but only to detract from the old time happiness and advantages of the aboriginal Eskimo community. With a piece of scrap iron, cut from the hoops of some Standard Oil barrel, the Eskimo will make a lance

out of a drift-wood splinter and a walrus tusk that defies the imitation of our best trained artisans. Give him some seal skins and a few sticks of drift-wood, and with the same bit of iron he will make a skin-boat that has been pronounced by Dr. Nansen and other observers the best available craft for a single man in open sea. Give him a few more pieces of wood, and he will make a dog's sled that will outlast and outspeed any sled of "civilized" make. He stands alone, the supreme craftsman of a natural people. We are no more able to improve his conditions of life with the panacea, which we label "civilization," than we are able to better his hunting gear and outfit. Ignorant of the laws of socialism, he works out its teachings in his every-day life, as he exemplified Christian principle in action and deed long before he ever heard of Christ.

Hrolf Wisby.

Boodle and Cant.

THE editor's request that I should write an article for the "Internationalist Socialist Review" places me in a quandary. I want to obey his behest; but I have no new economic theory to propound. And if I had, my limited vocabulary, which never extends to words of five syllables, would prove an insurmountable stumbling-block. Nor have I any new evangel to preach, being only a common or garden Socialist, unversed in the logical niceties of the school-men. There is, however, one subject upon which I would like to write a few lines. Will readers of the Review pardon me if I drag them down from the heights of the sublime argument to (I tremble as I write the fearsome word)—to—to Boodle?

"Bah!" you say, "an easy task. Damn it up hill and down dale and be done with it." That would indeed be easy. A few apposite quotations from various reverend gentlemen, including Bishop Potter of New York, interspersed with excellently proper remarks from very superior young English "investigators," just back from the modern grand tour—and the job is done in a twinkling. That, however, does not happen to be the purport of this humble little article. For I have to assume the role of quasi-supporter of boodle and boodlers. The task, therefore, instantly becomes formidable. I shall be lucky if I escape with the remnants of a reputation.

But, first, what is "boodle?" The word does not appear in my dictionary, so I am free to adopt my own definition. How will this do: "Boodle is a clumsy, and sometimes an illegitimate, form of remuneration for political services rendered?" I rather like that definition. Perhaps some snarling critic will up and shout in my ears that boodle is always illegitimate and always morally indefensible. Let us see. We might work it on by way of analogy. What is "profit?" I reply: "Profit is a clumsy and sometimes an illegitimate form of remuneration for commercial services rendered." So that if my two definitions are substantially accurate, it would seem that boodle is to the politician what profit is to the business man. "Ah, but," says the Socialist, "even granting your premise, Socialism would eliminate the element of profit in commerce and, for the same reason, of boodle in politics." Granted. But why this outcry against boodle when we hear so little of it against remuneration by profit? Because, of course, boodle is not respectable and big profits are the very pink of respectability. There is a story of H. M. Hyndman, in the old days, that when during a speech he felt it desirable to

have a pause to collect his thoughts, he would casually remark, "I see a top-hat in the audience." Whilst the audience was gleefully engaged smashing that unfortunate silk-topper, Hyndman would recover his breath and be ready to proceed, what time the silk had turned to pulp. It is always popular to denounce "boodle." "Boodle" is to the middle-class what a top-hat is alleged to be to the proletariat. Even in this country, where politicians never, never, speak ill of each other, you have only to cry "Tammany" and we all rush affrighted to our nooks and crannies. But middle-class prejudice, even when supplemented by honest indignation, cannot destroy such a deeply rooted institution as boodle.

If the system of boodle seemed destined to decay or to be purged of its offensive features, we might well wait for its death, merely praying for no undue delay. But I think I perceive signs that the system is crystallizing, not only in America but in every country where the Democracy is striving, in its own rude and uncultured way, to assert itself in the administration of the affairs of mankind. It may, perhaps, quite truly be affirmed that all Democratic work must be inspired by imagination and idealism; that whilst the spirit of Social Democracy must permeate all Governmental and administrative bureaux, yet the detailed work must be left to the professional expert and that our propaganda must be carried on untrammelled by the mechanical responsibilities, necessarily incident to daily contact with the minutiae of the communal counting-house. This theory admirably suits the purpose of the wealthy politician, who is financially independent of politics; but it takes no account of the professional politician—the man who resorts to politics for a livelihood, and whose motives are not less pure than those of other people. Indeed, may we not affirm that as a general rule the professional politician is what he is because of some early enthusiasm or some special aptitude that irresistibly drew him into active public life? Fate plays queer pranks with us poor mortals. What force is it that constrains John to walk the thorny path of politics and William to pursue wealth as a merchant or a lawyer? We may be prejudiced in favor of the man who works for his living with his hands or his brain, and is in politics for absolutely disinterested reasons; but if we fine it down, it will, I think, be found that professional politics is quite as honest a calling as the law, the church, business or journalism. Be that as it may, the professional politician has come to stay. We are dolts if we fail to recognize it.

There is an agreeable delusion in America that politics in England are pure; that the curse of boodle has not reached our inviolable seashores. I meet a good many Americans in the course of the year, mostly professionally, but some with introduction

from Socialist friends in America. Some come with note-books and no appetites; others come without the note-books but with other (and more entertaining) vices. It is always a great pleasure to meet them. But one and all—their unanimity is distressing—throw up their hands with horror—holy, white-lipped horror (the dear creatures!)—at the contrast between British and American politics, so far as boodle is concerned. They tell us we are to be envied; that politics over here must be delightful. Then they enlarge, in their own engaging and graphic manner, upon boodle as a hateful element in American politics.

My friends from Chicago have generally something vigorous to say about Boss Powers; New-Yorkers can say the appropriate thing of Boss Croker; nor are Boss Quay and Boss Platt forgotten, although I sometimes think I detect symptoms of higher regard for Platt and Quay, as being slightly more respectable than Croker or Powers. Perhaps that is mere fancy, on my part.

Now is there not a deal of cant in all this?

Let it be granted that one's gorge rises at the blackmailing of saloons, betting divans and brothels; that there are forms of boodle that, rightly understood, should sear the fingers that touch it. My own gorge rises anyhow; but, curiously enough, I cannot draw any intellectual distinction between the policeman who levies \$50 blackmail on a brothel and the highly respectable business man who leaves \$50 behind him at the same unsavory place. It is the impurity, the hideous ugliness of the transaction, in either case, that revolts us. But is not this impurity more a phase of our social conventions than a phase of professional politics? It is only as we Socialists resolutely fight and ultimately kill the prevailing mediaeval notions of the function and status of woman, that this nauseous element of practical police administration can be successfully dissipated. I think we may reasonably, if not strictly logically, draw some distinction between the boodler who exercises more or less official pressure on every kind of pleasure-hell and the boodler who lobbies for special and privileged legislation. Tammany is generally understood to charge business-houses heavily for the exercise or the withholding of its political influence. The Platt machine does precisely the same thing. Ramapo proved that without any shadow of doubt. The point of view of both these machines is, as I understand it, that they cannot develop their influence without money, and so they charge their price. If this form of political blackmail is immoral (as doubtless it is) then the business houses that pay the money over are equally immoral. Further, a conference of all the business interests concerned with special legislation might well decide not to pay contributions to these

party war-chests. If they are convinced that it is immoral so to do, then every consideration of honor (not to mention their Sunday devotions) should compel them once and for all to forswear dickering with the political machines. But we know perfectly well that this is a counsel of perfection; that the politician is too strong for the business-man. Personally, I rejoice that this is so; for, although present-day politics may be impure and even revolting, yet Social Democracy must look to it to maintain the supremacy of politics over commerce.

A consideration of these facts leads me to the conclusion that Socialists must frankly face the necessity of cultivating the professional politician. When we look at the growing complexity of our problem; when we remember that as the Socialist idea spreads, so too must state employment; then surely the obvious inference is that we want more, and not fewer, professional politicians—political public servants who depend upon their character, their skill and their perseverance for their livelihood. In England, the same tendency may be observed. Rightly or wrongly, English Socialism has strenuously devoted its energies to the spread of municipalization. Whether that policy is the right one or not is hardly germane to my argument. The result of it is that many hundreds of English Socialists are “elected persons.” Most of them are weekly wage-earners. Knowing what inroads upon one’s time these public duties entail, it is not surprising when we constantly hear that So-and-So will for the future devote all his time to politics. Now the plain, brutal fact is that Socialist advocates in England are disgracefully sweated. Heaven help those who throw their bread upon Socialist waters; from no mundane source will help come. There are absolutely no emoluments for any elected person in the British Isles. Parliament, no pay; county-councils, no pay; borough councils, no pay; school-boards, no pay; guardians of the poor, no pay. Our representatives must live; we must find the means.

The distinction generally drawn between boodle and pay is that while boodle presupposes something surreptitious—in some sort a bartering of political influence for monetary gain—payment presupposes a fixed sum for the performance of well-understood political services. Thus, if X. Y., with a gift of facile gab, enters local or national politics without any known means of subsistence, and yet contrives to cut a figure, we may presume that there are pickings somewhere. And there generally are, too. We shrug our shoulders and charge the enterprising gentleman with being a recipient of “boodle.” If he survives the shock, it will not be long before he, in his turn, becomes a master boodler, nursing a swarm of downy little boodlers. And so a political influence grows out of the weedy soil of poverty or idleness. This

influence may be more or less baneful in proportion to the sharpness of the spur we apply to the tenderest portions of the boodler's anatomy. Are we indifferent to considerations of principle and honest policy? So also the boodler and the boodled. Is there a strong local sentiment for social reform, for honesty and upright-ness? The boodler ignores it at his peril. In short, the boodler is an integral and consistent part of the community in which he lives. His color and composition is identically that prevailing around him.

In England, we do not like to see boodle thrust under our sensitive noses. But we have it all the same. Just as religion is influenced by climate, so, too, is boodle. It would be absurd to expect that we do things in England as they are done in America. That would be a denial to the Americans of the gift of imagination. But in our own sombre, beefy way we boodle with quite considerable success. For example, our present Tory Government, being strongly lobbied, passed an Agricultural Rates Act, all in the interests of British Agriculture, but contriving none the less to put £2,000,000 into the pockets of the landlords. That's boodle. Then our House of Commons has much railway business. Some promising Parliamentarian is soon picked out by a railway company, made a director, and votes in Parliament on his own company's bills. Boodle. In England, we call it "voting for the public interests." Evil-disposed persons call it "jobbing." And there is plenty of it. If it be done openly, it is done decorously, solemnly, as one performs one's religious duties. But generally English boodle blushes to find itself known; it prefers subterranean footways.

My argument would thus seem directed against boodle. But we must pay our advocates and representatives. How? Under present conditions, one has to be a very strong man indeed to command even a moderate income for political services rendered to the workers. Trades-union secretaries seldom get £250 for work done which would command £1,000 in commerce. John Burns' wages fund fluctuates and at best I question if it reaches £400 a year. Of that, I expect £100 goes in out-of-pocket expenses, for he is on the London County Council as well as in Parliament. But we have a small army of active and able politicians, whose incomes probably never exceed £75 a year. The result of this is that they exhaust themselves with tragic speed. It is not pleasant to look back over the past ten years and think of those who have gone. A prominent labor leader remarked recently that the Labor Movement was a charnal-house of broken reputations. That puts it too strongly, but, in essence, how true! Perchance equally true of other nations.

The dominant fact which stands out clear from any discussion

of this subject is that those who take a prominent part, either in the Socialist or the Labor movement, being themselves of necessity poor men, have got to be maintained either in meal or malt. The perplex and complex condition of American politics has brought the boodler into prominence. As long as he boodles in such a way as not to affect commercial interests, nothing derogatory is heard of him except in the columns of that journalistic prig, the New York Evening Post. Indeed, if you but boodle on the right side, you are in a fair way to become a statesman. It would be interesting to know, for example, how much ex-President Cleveland made from politics and how much he made out of his own profession. I do not blame Cleveland, McKinley, or any other politician, whether in America or in this country, who, finding himself in politics, plays the game according to the code. The difficulty is that with Socialists the code is different. With both Republican and Democrat it is recognized that the professional politician must mount the ladder just as does the lawyer, doctor or clergyman. Mounting the ladder means a strengthening of the man's personal financial basis, and this can only be done by acquiring political influence. With the Socialist, however, the case is different. If he uses his political power as a lever for financial gain, he ipso facto destroys his political position. It thus becomes obvious that, whatever may be the justification for boodle in American politics to-day and yesterday, to-morrow, by the growth of Socialist ideas, such justification becomes both absurd and obsolete.

I must do the boodler full justice. It is commonly supposed that he is an incompetent tongue-wagger. My own view is that the professional boodler is, on the whole, quite as capable a man as, say, nine-tenths of the British civil service. I left New York just before the declaration of the poll which placed Low in the mayoral chair of New York. I went about a little, listened to Low and Jerome, examined the programs of both the Tammany and the anti-Tammany parties, and it is my deliberate conclusion that Tammany's program was in every respect better, more practicable and more in line with Socialist ideas than that of Low and Jerome. Nor do I forget that whatever nefarious practices may have been brought to light by the Lexow and Mazet commissions, the strictest enquiry into the financial affairs of New York showed an excellent system of bookkeeping and a municipal administration quite as good, if not better, than any other in the United States. Further, I am inclined to think that Low's administration will be marked with incompetence, extravagance and general laxity. Tammany is, without doubt, the most scientific boodling organization in the world; yet so far as I could find out, Tammany has within its ranks the vast majority of New York

municipal experts. Here, then, is a pretty kettle of fish! It really seems as if the boodler comes perilously near to being the administrative expert. It is not, however, any part of my argument to push that conclusion too far. But a stranger visiting the United States is apt to imagine that the boodler is what he is because of verbal glibness. The truth is that the really expert boodler has a profound contempt for the "spell-binder." Many of them, to my own personal knowledge, are "strong, silent men," who might perchance have warmed the heart of Carlyle.

Where are we then? Is the boodler, like the devil, as black as he is painted? Frankly, I do not like him; but the facts in his favor are uncommonly strong. And now I come to the real difficulty of the situation. The whole system of boodle is so much an integral part of American politics, it seems to me, that Socialism cannot become an overwhelming force until the boodler is annexed. So long as the sun shines and water runs, we may be certain that theorists will be impotent creatures in the practical details of political life. Call into being if you will a revolt against present conditions by the creation of a clear-cut class-consciousness; appeal if you will from economy to ethics, from ethics to emotionalism; call upon the gods for their smiles; conjure up in glowing colors human fraternity—even then the democracy has to be organized and the man to do it is the American boodler. How, then, is he to be captured? Obviously, first and foremost by remembering that the professional politician has got to keep in line with the majority of the voters; and so we come back to the point from whence we started. When Socialism is influential enough to shake both the Republican and Democratic machines, the boodlers will rush over each other in their haste to join us. Let the Socialists of America and of England show themselves broad enough and human enough not to antagonize the professional politician; let them stick steadily to a persistent propaganda, not of heresy-hunting, but of a human Socialism liberally interpreted, and I have no fear for the future.

I have now successfully proved, first, that the boodler is a permanent factor in politics; secondly, that Socialism and boodling are incompatible terms, and thirdly, that the boodlers have got to join the Socialists. An absurd paradox! Yes; but wherever Socialism trades in politics its position is bound to be more or less paradoxical. The general purport of this little contribution to the literature of the world is to recall to men's minds the general proposition that these political professionals are a living, vital force in politics, whether we like it or not. Further, that it is hard work fighting against them, and that it is better for us so to contrive our political schemes that the boodler will not find it to his interests to oppose us. It is contended, I think truly,

that the formation of a gigantic permanent civil service would end the boodler's regime. Perhaps; and perhaps not. There is much, however, to be said against the premature crystallization of a permanent civil service. It becomes a vested interest, soon begins to hate innovation, and if manned by those whose sympathies are not with the social democracy, may become a hindrance rather than a help. Although I am myself on the Executive of the Fabian Society, I have no hesitation in saying that I view with the greatest suspicion the bureaucratic tendencies of that very active and intelligent body of Socialists. But there is still the practical difficulty of how to make it worth while for the boodler to come over and help us. "Regularize" is now a popular word both in England and America. We seek to regularize the drink traffic, the music halls, the native problem, and anything and everything of which we disapprove, but cannot prevent. So in like manner, in some way not inconsistent with our principles, we have got to regularize boodle. And here I think I may end with a note of interrogation. Let American Socialists, bearing in mind the development of boodle and boodlers, recognizing them to be an integral part of American life and habits, admitting further that after all they have "done some service to the State," launch out into a little discussion by trying to answer the question—"Socialist, what of the Boodler?"

S. G. Hobson.

American Railroads and Their Employees.

ONE of the best of the lately published socialist books is the last Statistical Report of the Interstate Commerce Commission. To be sure all conclusions are carefully buried beneath a multitude of statistical tables, but the facts are there, and if they are distorted we may be sure that it was not to make them better accord with socialist philosophy. Every Socialist, whether a railroad employe or not, and every railroad employe, whether Socialist or not, should have a copy, and to get it you have only to drop a postal in the mail box addressed to the Interstate Commerce Commission mentioning that you would like it. By the way, the laborers of America can secure the railroads themselves by simply dropping a request into the ballot-box saying they are wanted.

According to this report there has not been more than 5,000 miles of railroad built in any one year since 1890, save in 1900, when it reached 5,808 miles. The average for the past eleven years has been only 3,528 miles, and most of this was composed of branch lines and "feeders." When this is contrasted with the average yearly construction of over 8,000 miles in the seven years from 1880 to 1887, it is plain that the great work of building the railroads of America was finished a dozen years ago and that the army of workers who built them are taking a permanent vacation.

But it is not alone that the army of railroad builders is growing smaller each year. Every year that passes also sees the number of men required to move a ton of freight less than it ever was before. As the report usually compares the year 1893 with 1900 those years will be used unless otherwise specified. These dates are also more capable of comparison than almost any others in that both were years of so-called "prosperity." Each employe in 1893 moved a ton of freight only 107,129 miles, but by 1900 he managed to send that same ton of freight 139,143 miles, an increase of 22,014 miles, or nearly once around the globe. That each railroad worker was supposed to hustle a ton of freight in addition to the work he did seven years before. As might be expected the engineers were the boys that did the most of this extra work. In 1893 each engineer was required to pull a ton of freight 2,413,246 miles in order to do his year's work. In 1900 his task had grown until he was able to pull a ton of freight 3,305,534 miles, an increase of 892,288 miles, or nearly 36 times around the globe.

Chief Arthur, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers,

is one of the few trade-unionists who still declares that "the interests of capital and labor are identical." As the owners of the railroads agree with him, we should expect as the natural result of such harmonious conditions, that both "partners in production" should share alike in the advance made, and that wages would be increased in proportion to work done. The increase of labor product, at this point alone, was 37 per cent. The engineers received \$3.66 a day in 1893. An increase of 37 per cent would make the wages of 1900 \$5.01 a day. To show their love for brother Capital we should have expected the engineers to have been generous enough to throw off the odd cent and only keep the even "V." But we are overwhelmed with their whole-souled generosity when we learn that they insisted upon their "brother" keeping, not only the extra cent, but an extra dollar and thirty cents, while they modestly contented themselves with \$3.75 a day. The full extent of their self-sacrifice is realized when we remember that the "day" of the engineer is usually figured as so many miles' run, and that this "day" has been continually lengthening during the past decade.

When we turn to the three most numerous classes of railroad employes, the "shopmen," "trackmen" and "station men" we find that while they have contributed their share to the increase of product their wages have actually decreased since 1893, and this while the cost of living has steadily risen. A little examination of the figures on this point shows that counting 300 working days to the year there have been sufficient "savings" in the way of reduced wages below the standard of 1893 of these classes of laborers alone to amount to \$2,136,424 during the year 1900.

But perhaps the owner has generously passed the amount so contributed by his employes on to his dear friend, the consumer. An examination of the revenue per train mile of freight trains, however, shows that this item, so far from growing less, has increased from \$1.62 in 1893 to \$2.00 in 1900.

Another portion of the report tells us exactly where these economies did go. "Net income" per mile of line operated increased from \$654 in 1893 to \$1,180 in 1900. Reducing this to absolute figures for the entire railroad system of the whole United States, it is seen that "net income" increased from \$111,058,934 in 1893 to \$227,260,447 in 1900. That is, during the period when the producing power of the laborer increased 37 per cent, money wages only 3 per cent (actual wages decreased considerable), profits went up a little over 100 per cent. If we take the item labeled "surplus from operations," which is significantly designated in the report as "the one item of importance," the results are still more startling. This item increased

from \$8,116,745 in 1893 to \$87,657,933, or a little over 1,000 per cent. This is the pure profit, the "velvet," the creme de la creme of capitalism, and it must make every one of the 1,017,653 laborers who are engaged upon the railroads of this country swell with pride to know how successful they have been in increasing this item during the past few years.

"But," someone may say, "surely you forget that in order to thus 'improve the service' so that these laborers could produce so much more wealth, it was necessary for the capitalists owning the railroads to take a large amount from their 'savings' in order to buy so many more engines, cars, etc., and the making of these things 'gave employment' to all the workers who were thrown out by the reduction in the number of workers needed on construction." But when we look at the table of equipment per thousand miles of the line operated, it is seen that in 1894 (figures are not given for 1893) there were 202 locomotives to each such thousand miles of track, but in 1900, in spite of the immense increase in traffic, only 195 were used. Even the number of cars used only increased from 7,275 to 7,535, an imperceptible addition, in view of the fact that the number of tons of freight carried over each mile of road increased from 457,252 to 735,366, and the average number of tons in a train grew from 179.8 to 270.85 during these same years.

In what then did the employes gain during this time? Surely they must have shared somewhat in this great upward sweep. Is there not something concerning them that shows a continual increase? Certainly. Only turn to the table of "accidents" and a most decided growth is evident. Here is a statistical tale of suffering and death for which we must search the annals of savage warfare to find an equal.

The figures are given since 1888, and in the thirteen years from then to 1900 inclusive 28,340 railway employes have been killed and 361,789 have received injuries of sufficient seriousness to cause them to be reported. That is, considerably over one-half of the men who enlisted in the army of transportation, but a little over a decade ago, have been either killed or crippled. Is there any army of equal size enrolled under the flag of militarism that show an equal mortality and casualty list?

But the mad greed for profits has demanded lives at other points. Grade crossings, cheaply built and equipped trains, and "economy in operation" have laid tribute upon the lives and bodies of passengers and others, until the grand total of lives wiped out and bodies mangled in the last thirteen years by the railroads of the United States reaches the appalling sum of 86,277 killed and 469,027 injured.

Worst of all this massacre shows no signs of growing less ter-

rible. On the contrary the last five years have seen the proportion of those killed and injured to those employed grow continually larger.

Yet in the face of these facts Chauncey Depew has the audacity to declare that there are no socialists among railroad employes.

A. M. Simons.

The First Meeting of the New International.

The first meeting of the International Socialist Committee elected by the various national delegations at the Paris Congress in 1900 was held at Brussels on Monday, December 30, 1901, when there were present: From England, Hyndman and Quelch; France, Vaillant and Gerault-Richard, the latter of whom also represented Argentina; Germany, Singer and Kautsky; Holland, Van Kol and Troelstra; Poland, Cesarine Wodjnarowski; Russia, Plekhanoff and Krytchevski; America, George D. Herron; Belgium, Ansele and Vandervelde, and the secretary, Serwy. Vandervelve presided.

Letters were read from the representatives of Italy, Austria and Spain, expressing adherence to the meeting of the Committee and giving explanations for their absence.

The first business considered was the ratification of the constitution of the Committee. It was pointed out that the election of delegates at Paris had been agreed to be submitted to ratification in the different countries; the two delegates from England had been elected from the S. D. F., and the Executive of the I. L. P. claimed that they should have a representative on the Committee. Hyndman and Quelch stated that the S. D. F. were quite willing to come to an arrangement with the I. L. P. for the latter body to have one seat on the Committee, provided that the I. L. P. would meet them for that purpose. That it had hitherto refused to do. They claimed that it was not for the Bureau to decide, neither was it for the I. L. P. alone to appoint one delegate and the S. D. F. another, as the delegates were chosen by the whole delegation, and if each section represented were to claim to send a delegate to the Committee, the latter would cease to be a committee and would become a congress. The delegates elected at the Congress were the delegates for their respective nationalities on the Committee until their appointment had been ratified or amended jointly by the Committee, and it was agreed that the I. L. P. be written to pointing out that the S. D. F. were quite willing to cede them one of the two seats on the Committee provided they would meet to arrange the matter, and that the Bureau endeavor to arrange such a meeting early in the new year.

For the United States it was reported that an election was in progress for a representative from the Socialist party, and it was agreed to ask the Socialist Labor Party to nominate a delegate for the second seat. The other nationalities were represented as elected at Paris. Supplementary delegates, it was agreed, should

be admitted to the meetings of the Committee, in the absence of those regularly appointed.

The different nationalities were asked to appoint a correspondent, or two where there were two sections. Either of the delegates could act as correspondent.

On the motion of the Executive Bureau, it was agreed to send the condolences of the Committee to the Swiss Socialist Party on the loss it had sustained by the death of Fauquez.

On the motion of Kautsky and Singer, supported by the Polish and Russian delegates, the Committee unanimously adopted the following resolution: "The International Socialist Bureau, meeting in conference at Brussels, December 30, 1901, expresses, in the name of the Socialist proletariat of all countries its most energetic protest against the policy of Germanisation pursued by Prussia in Poland, which has not hesitated to put in operation against the Polish people the most barbarous methods in order to compel them to abandon their mother tongue.

"The Bureau would at the same time point out the hypocrisy of the Prussian governing classes; which cannot sufficiently manifest their indignation against English barbarities in the Transvaal, yet which, on the other hand, approve and encourage the most scandalous oppression by their Government of the Polish people in Germany.

"The International Bureau calls upon the Polish working class to seek protection against the suppression of its national and intellectual culture, as well as against its economic subjection, in Social Democracy; and to devote all its efforts towards the triumph of Socialism, which can alone secure for it material and intellectual liberty and equality."

The Secretary then reported on the work of the Executive Bureau. Up to December 20 the receipts had been 3,555 francs, and the expenditure amounted to about 1,600 francs. Twenty-two nationalities had given in their adhesion to the International Committee: England, Germany, Austria, Australia, Argentina, Belgium, Bohemia, Bulgaria, Denmark, the United States, Spain, France, Holland, Hungary, Italy, Japan, Norway, Poland, Russia, Sweden, Switzerland, and Servia.

The Bureau has published during the year a number of manifestoes, including one on the troubles in Russia, one on the atrocities in Armenia, and another on the concentration camps, and it has succeeded in bringing about interpellations in several Parliaments and public demonstrations in different countries. The codification of the resolutions of the Paris Congress has been carried out and is now ready for publication.

An international bulletin has appeared from time to time in the People of Brussels, reporting the communications received

by the Bureau on the Socialist movement. There had been twenty-seven numbers of this bulletin up to date. The Bureau had been frequently consulted on questions of interest to the working class, the working-class movement, social legislation, etc. The Bureau was in receipt of the journals, manifestoes, etc., of the various Socialist parties, and with the statistics thus at its disposal was preparing a volume on the development of Socialism during the nineteenth century.

Singer congratulated the Executive Bureau on the work it had accomplished, and pointed out that its duty must be rather that of collecting information and giving expression to the views of the International movement rather than of taking the lead. It was impossible to adopt the same means in all countries. Vaillant followed on the same lines, and the report was adopted. It was further decided to publish the resolutions of the International Congresses from 1889 to 1900, in pamphlet form, and also that the next meeting of the Committee should be held in July next in Brussels.

At its afternoon sitting, the Committee considered the question of putting into application the resolutions of the Paris Congress. It was agreed that the Socialist members of Parliament of the different countries should endeavor to give effect to the resolutions of the dock and maritime workers by legislation. Singer stated that steps in this direction had already been taken in the German Reichstag.

Incidentally, Comrades Serwy, Vandervelde and Troelstra advanced the suggestion that the socialist representatives in Parliament should send parliamentary documents relating to labor legislation to the Bureau.

On the question of the First of May it was decided that the Executive should issue a manifesto.

It was suggested that provisionally the following should form the interparliamentary Socialist Committee: For Germany, Singer; France, Dejeante and Marius Deves; Belgium, Vandervelde; England, Keir Hardie; Italy, Andrea Costa. The other countries were left to nominate their members.

The question of international workingmen's congresses in favor of peace was laid on the table on motion of Comrade Ved. Vaillant, who declared that the bureau might take up the subject later on.

On the question of establishing a regular international bulletin, it was agreed that the magazines of the party in the different countries, that is to say: *Die Neue Zeit* for Germany, the *Mouvement Socialiste* for France, the *Nieuwe Tijd* for Holland, the *Social-Democrat* for England, the *Avenir Social* for Belgium, etc., should be requested to make this a part of their regular con-

tents. In the meantime, the bulletin to continue to be published by the People.

Special pamphlets will be issued giving information of practical value, such as lists of labor organizations, lists of socialistic members of Parliament, etc.

With reference to the International Congress to be held in Amsterdam next year, it was decided that it should be held about the middle of August, and should be called the "International Socialist Congress;" that in the present month the Bureau should issue a circular inviting the various working-class parties to be represented, and to forward the questions they wished to be put upon the order of the day; and that the conditions as to admission should be the same as those agreed upon at Brussels for the Paris Congress, i. e., that only those bodies should take part in the Congress who accepted the class war and recognized the socialization of all the means of production as the aim and object of the working-class movement.

On the question of imperialism the Committee adopted three resolutions. The first, proposed by Hyndman, was as follows:

"This meeting of the International Socialist Bureau once more calls the attention of workers of the world, Socialist and non-Socialist, to the policy of imperialism which is being adopted by every country of European civilization, including the United States of America, in order to carry out the economic schemes of the international capitalist class, which, though acting in hostility at times under different national flags, nevertheless as a whole follows the same ruthless methods in every case, in order to maintain its dominance everywhere. If England in South Africa and the United States in the Philippines have shown themselves of late specially guilty, the whole of Europe, the United States and Japan have displayed in China a combination of injustice and cold-blooded cruelty which has left a hideous blot on the history of our time. The terrible economic effects of capitalist exploitation on subject peoples as in India (where 230,000,000 of human beings are being utterly ruined by the exaction of a fearful tribute), in Ireland, in Poland, in Africa, in Asia, and all over the world, reminded us also that these horrors without are accompanied by the degradation and impoverishment of the various proletariats at home. Imperialism and chauvinism are continuously used by the governing classes of all countries to cover the weaknesses of competitive capitalism and to protect themselves against the growing power of Socialism. At a time when a dangerous industrial crisis is weighing upon the workers in many countries and threatens in many more, the International Socialist Bureau appeals earnestly to the workers of the world not to be misled by the calculating manoeuvres of capitalist

statesmen and the unscrupulous misrepresentations of the capitalist press, but to band themselves together in close international solidarity, supporting one another at all times as one thoroughly organized whole against the last and worst form of class domination."

The second resolution was proposed by the Polish and Russian delegates as follows: "The International Socialist Bureau condemns the odious Russian despotism, which once more sanguinarily distinguished itself by the massacre, on May 7 last, of the workers of the Obouchoff factory, in St. Petersburg, during a demonstration in relation to the international festival of May 1, and in afterwards, at the end of September, 1901, through its servile judiciary, condemning twenty-nine victims, chosen arbitrarily from among the demonstrators of Obouchoff, to prison and to penal servitude.

"It sends fraternal greetings to the heroic fighters among the Russian working class, and assures them of the cordial sympathy of international Socialism in the struggle they are carrying on against Czarism, the common enemy of Socialism and Democracy."

The third resolution was proposed by the Russian delegates: "The International Socialist Bureau unanimously protests against the Russian Government, which, in the interests of reaction, has destroyed the constitution enjoyed by the people of Finland, and by a recent ordinance of the Ministry of Education, almost entirely prohibits to the Jews the right of entry to middle and higher schools."

"The Bureau feels all the more strongly called upon to condemn this latter measure, dictated by certain anti-Semites, because the Jewish Social-Democratic workers in Russia have by their services deserved well of the international proletariat."

The Committee, considering the question of assistance to traveling members of the party, suggested that the Executive should invite the secretaries of the various national parties to exchange cards of membership, by which members of their party might be identified, at the beginning of each year.

The meeting concluded at half-past five with thanks from the president to the delegates and congratulations on the good work which had been accomplished, the delegates expressing their appreciation of the manner in which they had been received by the Belgian comrades, and the satisfactory fashion in which the work of the Executive Bureau had been carried out. There was the most complete accord throughout the whole day's proceedings, every resolution being adopted unanimously.

In the evening a large and enthusiastic audience gathered in the magnificent hall of the Maison du Peuple to listen to speeches

from the various members of the Committee. Vandervelde presided, and, having briefly reviewed the work of the day, expressed in the name of the audience their pleasure in welcoming the foreign delegates. He paid his tribute to the valiant men of whom death deprived the International Socialist Party: Argyriades, Schoenlank, Fauquez, Burkli, and Defuisseaux, and to all other dead comrades who, though less widely known, fought with the same courage for our common cause.

Singer thanked the audience for their appreciation of the work of the German socialists. Referring to the great number of young people in the ranks of the Belgian socialists, he exclaimed: "The party which has the future in its hands!" In regard to the fight about the "hunger-duties," he said that they would do their utmost to defeat the intention of the agrarian usurers. If nothing else would avail, he continued amid the applause and laughter of the audience, they would take lessons in obstruction from the Belgians. He praised the strenuous activity of the Belgian comrades to secure universal suffrage. Comrade Vaillant, the next speaker, was received with cries of "Vive la Commune!" He praised the *Maison du Peuple* as a splendid proof of the vitality of the Belgian socialist movement, but the greatest fundament, he said, on which their final emancipation would rest, must yet be built: universal suffrage. Comrade Quelch said the Belgians had created a great movement in a little country and he was in no way proud to admit that the British socialists had only created a little movement in a great country. The English co-operatives, he went on to say, were little bourgeois establishments, but the Belgian co-operatives were socialist institutions. The English trade unions were labor organizations, but not class organizations. He denounced imperialism as a natural consequence of capitalist production, which kills more victims at home than abroad. Comrade Hyndman translated the speech of Quelch, whom he introduced as the standard bearer of the S. D. F. in Dewsbury. Comrade Plechanoff spoke of the movement in Russia, Comrade Troelstra of the elections in Holland. Comrade Herron referred to the Indianapolis convention which unified the socialist forces in America, and gave a detailed account of the economic situation in the United States. When the American proletariat will awake to a consciousness of its own interest, it will be like a mountain torrent, he said, and the social revolution in Europe will have a close follower in the revolution of the New World. Comrade Gerault-Richard dwelt on the growing solidarity of the workers, and Comrade Krytchewsky described the scenes during the recent revolts in Russia. The following resolution, introduced by Vandervelde, was then carried by acclamation:

"This international meeting, assembled in the Maison du Peuple, declares that the industrial crisis which at present exists in all countries of Europe is the fatal consequence of the economic anarchy which characterizes capitalist production. It expresses the conviction that the innumerable evils which result for the proletariat from this economic anarchy can only be ended by the socialization of the means of production and the triumph of international Socialism."

The meeting concluded with loud cheers for the "International," after which the children of the different choirs gave an entertainment, which was much appreciated.

Program and Tactics of the Italian Socialist Party.

[From *Le Mouvement Socialiste*]



ON principle, the Socialists can never give any permanent support to a bourgeois government. Still under the present condition of Italy and its proletariat, it may be good policy for the Socialist deputies to temporarily assist a certain minister who permits the normal development of the class struggle by respecting the free and legal organization of the proletariat.

We must make a distinction, at the present stage of development, between the absolute and inherent element, the program, and the transient and relative factor, the tactic. This I have done in two of my recent articles in our daily "Avanti," and Turati has done likewise in the *Critica Sociale* of July 16. Turati is really the most pronounced advocate of ministerialism among us, in so far as he wishes to lend a systematic support to the Cabinet Zanardelli. But in spite of his formidable strength in polemics, he represents the minority in the parliamentary fraction and in the executive of the party. We are nevertheless unanimous and in harmony with one another, for we keep program and tactics apart.

The program of the Socialist party has two inseparable pillars: the aim (the collective ownership of the means of production and distribution); the method (the class struggle). As there is no miraculous charm by which we might pass within twenty-four hours from bourgeois to Socialist society, we must go ahead gradually, pushing the economic and social evolution by the economic organization of the proletariat until we realize our final aim.

On this program all the Italian Socialists are agreed, from Turati to Ferri. And it is the same in Germany, from Bebel to Bernstein, from Kautsky to Vollmar; in England from Webb to Hyndmann, from Keir Hardie to Belfort Bax; in Belgium from Anseele to Vandervelde; and, I believe, in France also from Jaures to Guesde.

As long as the Socialist party is in the first stage of its development, when it has to emphasize simply and solely its class character by standing apart from the bourgeoisie that gave rise to it in forming a proletariat, then the unity and harmony are easy and evident under the pressure of the conditions and necessities of life. But even at this stage, there always exist differences of temperament, habit, inclination, education, etc., among the members of the same party. Just as any part of a piece of crystal shows the characteristic marks of the whole crystal, so does any political

party exhibit the salient traits of the entire collectivity. In the latter, just as in a party, or even in a family or any other social group, there are always an extreme left and an extreme right. There is always the daring, energetic, active individual, and the prudent, thoughtful, timid one; there is the absolutist and the realist, the theorizer and the practical man, the compromising and the uncompromising.

These anthropological and inevitable differences, that are not very evident and disturbing during the first beginnings of the Socialist party, became more apparent and troublesome during the following stages of its growth. Once the Socialist party has obtained the guaranty of the elementary rights, then it can no longer continue to follow simply a purely negative tactic. It must make use of its liberty and keep up with the evolution of the bourgeoisie by organizing the proletariat economically and introducing partial and gradual reforms by legislation. Then arises the question of tactics against the government, in the municipalities, etc. And then the differences between the extreme left and the extreme right of the party break out more or less sharply.

The attitude of Bernstein has caused so much discussion because it made its appearance at the stage when the party was in full process of growing. These phenomena are common to all countries, as I have noticed at our last international congress in Paris. Moreover, the uncompromising attitude of the extreme left of our party claiming to defend the integrity of our program is also justified and necessary. For I believe that Liebknecht saw clearly when at the Hannover congress, between the opportunists who said, "The movement (partial reforms) is everything, the aim (collectivism) is nothing," and the absolutists who answered, "The aim is everything, the movement nothing," he summed his position up in this positive manner: "The aim is nothing, if we don't have any movement to realize it; but the movement is nothing, if it does not lead to the final aim with the class struggle for a compass."

The conclusion to which I also hold is that we must never forget these two inseparable and indispensable terms of our program, collective property and the class struggle. We must not forget them, not only in our words, but also in our daily actions, in our propaganda as well as in our organization, in the parliaments as well as in the communes, in our newspapers as well as in our books. Only by the help of these two factors can we always create that form of the socialist mind which I regard as the strongest revolutionary power.

But apart from this necessity which alone exists during the first stages of the party's growth, we must also recognize in our tactics the transitory and conditional necessities of further ad-

vanced stages, which at the same time keep our program intact and uniform.

By following these ideas and making this distinction, the Italian Socialist party retains its unity and harmony, harmony even during the later stages of its growth, on which it has entered after the victorious campaigns of obstruction that secured for the party the elementary and fundamental conditions necessary for its existence and for the organization of the proletariat. The results of the general elections of June, 1900, and the change of the government policy from that of a Pelloux to that of a Zanardelli were due to this fact.

One may disagree on a certain question of tactics and divide over it into a majority and minority. But on the question of the program we agree unanimously, while at the same time leaving every one fully at liberty to devote himself either to the propaganda of the program or to the study of practical reform questions, according to individual temperament and inclination. The division of labor directed by a guiding principle is very useful, even in the life and development of the Socialist party.

The unity of the Socialist party must not hinder the variety of activities, nor the cordiality of relations between Socialists of the extreme right and left.

I hold this to be the inevitable outcome, however slowly and painfully it may be realized. For conditions are stronger than men, and life is stronger than arguments.

Enrico Ferri.

(Translated by E. Untermann.)

Socialists in the Capitalist Press.



OME idea of the reliability of the capitalist press in reporting Socialist news is gained from the following. The first is a quotation from a recent issue of the Chicago Daily News.

Berlin, Nov. 23.—“The true exponent of socialism is as good a Christian as Archbishop Corrigan,” said Dr. Karl Liebknecht, the brilliant son of Germany’s late veteran socialist leader and the rising hope of the socialist party, in an interview to-day to the correspondent of the Daily News. The reported assertion of the American prelate that all socialists are infidels, Archbishop Corrigan’s denunciation being based on the Pope’s encyclical, has stirred the blood of the whole socialist party of Germany.

Speaking further on this subject, Dr. Liebknecht said: ‘Archbishop Corrigan’s ideas of socialism are badly warped. He either commits the popular blunder of mistaking us for anarchists or he argues from a superficial understanding of the things which he abuses. Socialism and religion spring from a common inspiration and are allies in uplifting humanity. We make a sharp distinction, however, between the church and religion. We decline to recognize Christianity as religion because of its concrete confession of faith. We hold that organized godliness, however labeled, is inimical to religion in the ethical sense in advancing the material condition of mankind.

“We claim that we are working legitimately on Christlike lines by making men better and capable of living moral lives. Socialism is religion with the metaphysical mask torn off. We yield to no Christian in our religious qualities, but we declare uncompromising war on corporate religion which, not being content with works of salvation, misses the real purpose of true godliness.’

Dr. Liebknecht added that the present economic crisis in Germany had weakened the socialist cause. He explained this assertion by saying that the energy, thought and means of the masses are taxed to the fullest capacity by their struggle for existence, while the employing classes, through the process of reducing workmen to a dead level which is now in progress, are correspondingly strengthened.”

In a recent personal letter of explanation Comrade Liebknecht says: “I felt justified in permitting this interview on account of the great importance which church and religion have in the “new world.” I did not think it amiss to contribute a little toward dispelling religious prejudices against our party. I did not sufficiently realize, however, that in so doing

I exposed myself to the danger of misinterpretation, etc. I shall be more careful in the future. If the Daily News does not correct its statements soon, I beg you will use my communication as you see fit."

Needless to say, that the following statements of Comrade Liebknecht, sent to his interviewer on Dec. 15, have not yet appeared in the Daily News. In justice to our comrade, they now find a place in the pages of *The Review*:

"Dear Sir: I regret to state that your report of our interview contains several misrepresentations and misinterpretations.

"1. I did not say that the whole socialist party of Germany has been stirred by Corrigan's denunciation. This denunciation very likely came to the notice of very few German socialists besides myself. It has no political significance whatever for Germany, and will hardly have caused any alarm to American socialists.

"2. I have not alluded to a mistake in distinguishing between socialism and anarchism, not even remotely. For anarchism also assumes generally a neutral attitude toward religion.

"3. The unmodified sentence: 'The true exponent of socialism is as good a Christian as Archbishop Corrigan' may be misunderstood too easily. I have laid special emphasis on the neutrality of our party toward religion—including Christianity—and added that the "practical Christianity" of us socialists is better "Christianity" than mere "verbal Christianity," even though we may not have any religious faith at all. I justified the necessity of fighting certain churches by pointing out their zealous and detrimental activity in the service of economic, social and political reactionaries.

"4. I have not declared by any means that the socialist cause had been weakened by the present crisis. That would be reversing the truth. Never has any crisis strengthened socialism so much as the present crisis by increasing the solidarity, intensifying the revolutionary character, and tending to incite the widest circles of the people. Trade-unionism may anticipate some setbacks, and the number and volume of strikes will decrease considerably. That is what I tried to impress on you.

I request that you will as soon as possible take notice of these corrections in your paper. Yours respectfully,

Dr. K. Liebknecht.

The growing importance of Socialism in the United States has brought us official recognition as a political party in the leading publications of this country. But this does not mean impartial recognition. It will be well for us, therefore, to remember in case of interviews that the private owners of the capitalist press, while

ridiculing the idea of a class struggle, are extremely class-conscious. Hence we cannot expect to be correctly quoted by the enemy at a time when the economic foundations for the old lines of thought have passed away, and when the only hope for a continued existence of bourgeois supremacy is the conservation of obsolete prejudices.

Ernest Untermann.

THE CHARITY GIRL.

By **Caroline H. Pemberton**, Author of "Stephen, the Black," "Your Little Brother James," Etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

The rumble of the wheels and the roaring, rushing noises of an express train running at full speed suggested to Julian's oppressed senses the booming of artillery and the clashing arms of two great forces. The skill of the physicians and the lavish attentions of the nurses had so far reduced his temperature only one degree; nourishment in small quantities restored him, however, to a semi-consciousness which was less dangerous than the stupor in which he lay at first. But toward evening, delirium set in, and the unnatural muscular strength which often accompanies high fever soon taxed to the utmost the resources of nurses and doctors.

Julian was now distinctly aware that he was lying on a field from which the smoke of battle had not yet lifted. As the train began to run more easily, the mad fury of the conflict began to wane; the defeated army was hastening its retreat, and the victors had withdrawn with their prisoners and their wounded, leaving him alone on the battle-field, overlooked and forgotten!

He struggled to rise from the grassy mound on which he lay, but found himself held down by firm bands, which he divined to be tangled ropes of broad-bladed grass; they had grown to an extraordinary length during the battle and were entwined in inextricable knots across his breast. His screams for help failed to reach his rejoicing comrades, who were still firing their guns in honor of the victory.

"My God, must I perish thus miserably—a prey to vultures and wild beasts!" he shrieked in tones that rang through the car and imposed silence on a group of eager talkers.

Something fluttered over him—something that he did not wish to see and closed his eyes against; yet he caught a glimpse of a flashing of white as it might be a vision of a great bird with breast and pinions of white hovering over him. He shuddered. Were the vultures upon him already? He tried to recall the appearance of these birds from his early lessons in natural history, but he could not decide for a certainty that they were authorized to wear wings faced with shining white. The doubt raised a faint hope in his breast.

To his bewilderment, a soft hand clasped his firmly; a voice spoke in his ear in clear accents, bidding him not to be afraid; that everything would be well with him, if he would only not resist their efforts to save him—he was being taken home.

The shape that was bending over him was not that of a bird; Julian divined this even before he opened his eyes to catch in an

obscure glance the outlines of a white helmet,—a fair cheek and shell-like ear. By intuition he knew now what had happened: he was numbered among the slain and the radiant creature bending over him was a Valkyrie intent on rescuing the dead heroes of battle—to bear them away to a remote region in the skies! The thought impressed him with solemnity, but inspired no terror; confidence and gratitude took possession of him, and he lay back smiling and peaceful in the face of this wholly new, supernatural experience. The fact that it bore no relation to any scheme of Christian theology as yet revealed did not disturb his serenity, for he reflected that the pastors and preachers of the Christian world would simply proceed with renewed zeal to reconcile their doctrines with this very late manifestation of the truth of Scandinavian myth. It would not be half so difficult as the harmonizing of their views with the teachings of modern science—a feat which they had long ago professed to have achieved with amazing success.

The Valkyrie maiden laid her hand upon his.

“Do not be afraid—it is cold,—but it will not hurt you,” she said, tenderly. He shut his eyes and waited. The splashing of water sounded in his ears, and knowing that a novel and perhaps terrible experience was to be undergone, he determined to bear it with the fortitude of a hero.

He was lifted from his grassy couch and let down—down—down into what he felt must be a watery grave—there was no other name for it. It yawned to receive him and he wondered if the waves were to close over him forever, or if earth and rocks were to be piled on top of him, shutting out eternally the light of day?

But the hand of the Valkyrie was still holding his; he clasped it convulsively as the icy waters touched him and flowed over his body. Rivulets from unseen sources trickled down his forehead and splashed into his face. He gasped for breath; he shivered and clung with all his might to the Valkyrie’s hand.

There was something about the hand that was strangely familiar; it brought to his mind a moment when he had laid his own over a girlish one that was like this in smallness and in the delicate tapering of the fingers. There should go with the touch of that hand, the tones of a young voice that held an echo of loneliness, some mystery of passion not as yet identified with love,—an all-pervading note of self-repression. While Julian was pondering these memories in confusion, he felt himself gently withdrawn from the waters and laid back on his couch wrapped in something exceedingly warm, comfortable and reassuring to one who has been an inmate of a grave—and a grave full of water at that.

The Valkyrie spoke again tremulously:

"Let go my hand, please."

He was still holding it tightly. With joy he recognized that the hand and the voice went together. They belonged to Elisabeth! He opened his eyes and stared into the face of the Valkyrie. It was Elisabeth, but wearing the white helmet of a daughter of the gods—completely clad in white was she, like an angel!

Julian gave no sign of recognition, but closed his eyes, after making this great discovery. Elisabeth had died then; her spirit had taken the form of a Valkyrie, and she had come to his aid. How miraculous, how beautiful, how agonizing was the thought!

Some kind of burning liquid was put to his lips. He swallowed it mechanically; it sent a warm thrill through his veins. Gently the Valkyrie tried to disengage her hand, but Julian resisted. She laid her other hand, which was cool and light, on his forehead.

"Sleep—then—you must sleep." Her tone was one of command, as becomes a being wearing the shining radiance of another world. His hold on her hand loosened; he began to breathe softly, regularly; soon he was asleep.

"We've pulled it down three degrees and a half," said the doctor, looking at the clinical thermometer in his hand. "I thought we'd better take what risk there was without losing time,—of course, it won't stay down long."

Julian's cot was at one end of the car and at the other lay the young surgeon of the regiment; his tongue now running like a galloping horse in spite of the efforts of the nurses to keep him quiet.

"When we get to my village," he was saying, with mingled scorn and pride, about the time that Julian was lifted out of his bath, "you will see a place where the pedestrians have the right of way,—that is its chief characteristic,—the pedestrians have the right of way,—not by law so much as by custom,—it's not carried out anywhere else, you know. That's my experience. The pedestrians represent the plain people. In Philadelphia, we live in houses; we're not Cliff-dwellers. But we're primitive. It's the Quaker spirit among us; it gives us a kind of primeval simplicity. I cannot begin to tell you how simple-minded we are! We think the only way to do a thing is just to go and do it,—and when we've done it, what attitude do you suppose we take? By the holy apostles! Do you know what we think about it afterward? Why, we never think about it at all! We never do. It's not worth mentioning—thanks. If any other city had done this thing, had sent one hospital train after another to care for thousands of sick soldiers from all parts of the Union—this is the tenth, I believe—the whole world would have been rung up by telephone to stand still and admire. But we Philadelphians—this is the way we have

been behaving right along since the town was first laid out. It makes me tired!" He stopped because a nurse laid her hand over his mouth. He kissed it impulsively.

"It's good to see some of you girls again," he said, and closed his eyes with a sigh of deep satisfaction.

The train drew up to a station shortly after daybreak. There was a great crowd waiting to greet the returning soldiers. A cheer went up.

Said the Stonecutter: "These rustic fellow-citizens is makin' a grand mistake,—they allow it's the heroes returnin' from Cuba they're beholdin'!"

The Undertaker's Son poked his head out of the window; the crowd sent up another shout at the sight of his yellow face.

"We're not the ones you think, we haven't seen a battlefield—we haven't been out of the country," he explained, shamefacedly. "We haven't done a thing but live in our tents and eat government rations all summer."

"God knows that's enough!" roared a countryman. "By the looks o' ye, ye've seen worse than battles!"

They cheered more loudly than ever as the train moved off. Similar experiences awaited them all along the route,—“their progress was a continued ovation,” the newspapers said.

Finally the traveling hospital reached its destination, and rattled through the city over an elevated railroad. The young surgeon, who had been quiet for several hours, raised himself on his elbow and began to chatter afresh—his eyes sparkling, his cheeks flushed.

"Now you'll have a chance to see my fellow citizens in all their glory! The entire village will turn out—they'll be standing by the gates. I guess they've been here for hours already—the simpletons! Don't be disappointed: they won't have sense enough to send up a cheer for us,—they're so taken up doing the thing itself just right—that's their way, as I've already explained. Half the population are doctors and the other half simpletons—that's why the politicians have such a fine time of it. Oh, I forgot about those politicians—they all but turn the people out of doors! I'll tell you about them another time. And that's why I moved out,—but I'll admit it was mostly on account of the doctors. Do you see that cluster of lights high up in the heavens? It's not a constellation; it's the statue of William Penn on the top of the Public Buildings. He preached the doctrine of non-resistance to evil,—that's why they don't resist anything in Philadelphia—anything evil. The corporations have a splendid time of it in consequence. The Philadelphians despise that statue—that's another of their peculiarities; they're a most singular people! They despise everything they have,—they despise themselves, and

each other,—and every reformer that gets up—and yet, O Lord! they're called the City of Brotherly Love!"

This up-town fellow is a disgrace to his profession," muttered the Only One to a fellow officer. "The profession ought to be restricted to gentlemen." Both officers were very drunk.

"A city of 'brotherly love!' echoed the Cuban, with glowing eyes. He occupied the cot next to the Surgeon, and he was holding an ice-bag luxuriously to his burning forehead.

"A city of love—in the cold North? Yes, I see the light,—I see it. Does it shine all the way to Koobah?" He continued to murmur, "A City of Brotherly Love" with intense fervor, but no one thought it worth while to pay the least attention to a Latin degenerate, who could not pronounce the name of his own island.

There was indeed a vast crowd pressing against the gates of the depot as the train rolled in. The young doctor was right: his sober-faced citizens did not honor the regiment with a cheer; they started to do so, but the sound died away quickly as the stretchers were carried past to the ambulances, which were waiting in the street. The sight of so many prostrate forms indistinctly outlined beneath heavy blankets, with their faces mostly hidden from view, as are the faces of the dead, was enough to choke the heartiest cheer in the throats of the bravest. Few of the men in the throng removed their hats; they simply bowed their heads, while the women wept silently.

Two hours later found the suffering regiment comfortably distributed through the wards of well-equipped hospitals. The great city of rectangular highways and parallel courts and byways, with its thousands of right-angled, pigeon-box homes for the proletariat,—in its mediaeval, shortsighted fashion had again put forward its modest claim to deserve the ancient Greek title which the great ethical and Quaker romanticist had selected,—knowing perhaps in his heart that no people on God's earth had as yet deserved it.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Indescribable torments of fever enveloped Julian for many days in flames of anguish. During this interval, consciousness pursued its retreat like a hunted animal vanishing into a hole in the ground. Finally his sense of identity—that which seemed to be his real self—became a mere speck, and to this greatly reduced speck came occasional glimmerings from the outside world when a temporary lowering of his temperature would part the heavy medium of his sufferings.

In one of these glimmerings, Julian looked up and saw with a fearful sense of personal loss the face of Marian bending over him. The thought flashed through him that the apparition of Eilizabeth, which he so distinctly remembered, must have been

an illusion or an impersonation,—probably the latter, due to Marian's skill as a sorceress. He flung himself with all his strength away from her, shouting incoherently that he would not have her weaving spells over him.

But for many days the enchantress hovered near. Her golden hair touched his brow when she stooped to administer nourishment; she smiled upon him always with an air of tender triumph. Julian passionately resented her presence by his side when he lay thus in inexplicable misery. His fever raged more violently than before and his moments of consciousness became blurred and less frequent. Alternating with the face of Marian came the sad, tearful face of his mother, but Julian distrusted this vision also and treated both with equal disdain. The troubled face withdrew finally without receiving a look of recognition.

Julian lay in a darkened alcove, his bed carefully shut off from the rest of the ward by large screens. There had been a change of doctors at the hospital and the nurses were awaiting instructions from a new arrival, who had offered his services on behalf of the soldier patients from his own city.

Through indistinct flittings of consciousness, Julian heard as in a dream, voices, low-pitched and agitated; said one which he recognized as Marian's:

"You have no right to order me to leave! Why may I not perform my duty faithfully here, and receive from you the courtesy due to a stranger?"

A deep bass voice uttered an exclamation of scorn.

"Duty! What right have you to use that word? I say I will not have you intruding yourself into my field of service; I would not trust you to perform the most trifling obligation of a nurse with faithfulness!"

"You are cruelly unjust, as you always were—always!" the silvery chimes of this voice rang through Julian's oppressed senses like the sound of a bell in a fog at sea. "You deprive me of my only chance to earn a living."

"The arms to which you fled in preference to mine are still open, I fancy," said the other in a harsh sneer.

"I call upon Heaven—God will surely strike you down for uttering that slander! I do not expect you to believe me—you have always given a free rein to every low suspicion that your imagination could invent. I fled to no man's arms—I fled only from you."

The voice of the woman had lost its delicate modulations and was now a gasping appeal.

"Be careful—you will disturb the patients. You must be perfectly aware of the interpretation the world puts on your action." He spoke with a slow heaviness.

"Ah, you care only for the world's opinion! Have you no pride—you never had real love for me—to make you wish to protect the name I bear because it is your name?"

"I struggled all my married life to protect your name and mine, and succeeded until—the end came. At this moment my home is open to you"—he corrected himself with bitterness,—“my house is open to you—I have no home—whenever you choose to return to it.”

"How magnanimous!—why may I not stay here to do the work that I love dearly?"

The man drew a deep breath; after a pause he spoke hoarsely.

"I could not stand—I could not stand seeing you day after day. I can do my work by forgetting—I have others to think of—not myself alone."

Two or three steps forward were taken by small feet.

"Think of me, for once—Gilbert. Perhaps—perhaps, in this service I may find a chance—to expiate—to expiate——"

"Expiate, Marian? that word—on your lips——"

"Ah! Let me stay! I am seeking expiation—expiation!"

The beautiful tones of her voice were more like the sighing of a summer's breeze than anything human, yet faint as they were, they reached Julian's ears. "I wish to bury myself from the world,—forever. I do not forget the wrongs I have heaped upon you, all the unhappiness I have caused. Do not misunderstand me—I am seeking Heaven's forgiveness, not yours, Gilbert. No, no,—not yours, not yours!" The last words ended in a sob; were they smothered in an embrace? There was silence. Julian, turning his head impatiently, passed again into the interior of that strange region to the border of which the voices within the alcove had recalled him.

Not long afterward, a physician sat holding Julian's wrist lightly within his fingers; his deeply furrowed brow was bent heavily forward; his air of abstraction betrayed that he was not thinking of his patient. Julian stirred and passed a thin hand over his face.

"I knew she would weave her spells over me while I slept," he murmured irritably. "I wish you would take away the sorceress! I feel her cobwebs across my face already—I do not dare to sleep!"

The doctor started and looked sharply at his patient; perhaps he became aware that he had seen the face before. A dark flush mounted to his forehead, but he clasped the wrist that he held with a reassuring firmness.

"You can rest easily; the sorceress is not here. She will weave no more spells—over you." His voice broke; he hung his head in profound agitation, and remained in this attitude for some

minutes. Recovering his self-possession, he walked quietly from bed to bed and continued his professional duties.

His words, however, planted themselves securely in Julian's troubled brain; it mattered not by whom they were pronounced, they conveyed an impression of truth, and were further corroborated when he opened his eyes and saw with relief that the beautiful face of Marian was no longer hovering near.

Night came; the hour arrived when Julian's delirium was bound to increase; he spent his feeble strength tossing from side to side in single-handed combat with dreadful phantoms and nameless terrors. He tried to stifle his shrieks that he might not betray the unmanly fear that was paralyzing his heart. A light which he knew was not that of day burst forth somewhere near him; was it a torch? He opened his eyes and beheld Elisabeth. She had turned on an electric jet.

In an instant, the grisly shapes vanished; all the horrors withdrew their ugly heads; the storm died down. He knew himself to be in a woodland scene of singular peacefulness and beauty. There were moss-covered rocks, too, of much grandeur, and on one of these he was lying. He looked up at Elisabeth with a strange light in his eyes.

"You have found your way to me at last, you daughter of the North! I have just discovered how wonderful you are. Your hand can strike music,—you can uplift art and make it sacred because you are touched with the holy fire that belongs to all these races. You look strangely like Elisabeth, my dear, young Valkyrie."

"I am Elisabeth," said the young girl, trembling. What new fancy had seized his poor brain?

"Elisabeth is dead," replied Julian, smiling sadly. "You are her spirit—in the form of Brunhilde, perhaps; it does not matter how it happened; the legend does not explain such details, and it is not for me to inquire too rashly. I am a miserable mortal, still clinging to the bedraggled garments of flesh. Oh, worse—I am a wretched Anglo-Saxon,—untouched by holy fire. I lied when I said I was no Anglo-Saxon!" He raised himself in bed; his eyes, glowing like coals of fire, were fixed on her face. Elisabeth with a cry of despair rushed to him; she flung her arms around him to give his frail body support. But to compel Julian to lie down was beyond her strength. He continued to rhapsodize piteously,—

"I could not reconcile art and morality; so I gave up art; I made the sacrifice,—do you remember that I gave them into your keeping—my musical instruments? I broke them purposely—thinking that I would cheat my conscience,—and that I would live—the higher life afterward. But I did wrong! In my gross materialism I struck at the defenseless instruments and silenced

them forever,—forever! Being an Anglo-Saxon, I silenced the voices in me and in the instruments, and for that I am left here to die—without hope of favor or forgiveness." He paused, groaned and closed his eyes; then opened them to utter softly this petition:

"Will you kiss me before I die?"

He permitted himself to be laid back gently on his pillows. Elisabeth summoning to her aid all the mother-wit and romance that were mingled in her with the blood of two races, leaned toward him, determined to master his disordered fancies; her young face was illumined with inspiration.

"Listen to me! If I were to kiss you, you would never, never die! You would be immortal,—do you know that?"

"It would be the kiss of death!" murmured Julian, again closing his eyes.

"No,—the kiss of life! You must believe what I say, for I am far wiser than you,—what are you but a gross materialist? You cannot hope to understand the things I know."

"You are right—I cannot," he was already impressed.

"And the instruments! They are broken no longer; I mended them with just one touch of my hand! I am full of that holy fire—even to my finger tips!" She looked at him anxiously to see if he would swallow this pretentious assertion. He accepted it with entire conviction, so she went on:

"Yes,—they are entirely restored and ready for you to play on. How you must have missed them all this time—when you were starved without music; starved—as I was—when I was Elisabeth."

"When you were Elisabeth—yes, I remember you," he spoke as if she had been dead a long while, long enough to be almost forgotten.

"That is why I came to you to-night, to tell you that you are to be broken no longer by suffering! You are to live to be restored—like the instruments!"

"Do I have to live?" he whispered, and closed his eyes again wearily. It seemed to her that she had failed. There was no need then for her to kiss him. Julian had already forgotten his request.

He did not appear to be sleeping, for he soon began to roll his head from side to side. Elisabeth was then forced to leave him to attend to the wants of several other patients in the long ward. When she returned she found Julian sitting up in bed, gesticulating violently.

"They are at me again—I knew they were only hiding from you! Why does that hideous hag point her bony finger at me? She smells of the poorhouse horribly, the old pauper! The purple-

faced one with her hair hanging down is coming at me again with her crutch. If she tries to hit me again, I'll take it from her. What do I know of her multitude of diseases? I'd cure them if I could—but what can I do when she hasn't had enough to eat? Ah! She's got the children hiding behind her; I knew they were there,—I tell you, I can't stand the sight of their faces again, and their sore eyes—how frightful!”

“There is no one here but myself. Don't you know me—Elisabeth?”

“They're asking me for bread—bread—Elisabeth—when I have none for them. What's to be done when they ask for bread like this? It's because the wheels are stopped and the mills are shut down. Can't you get them open for a little while—just a little while? These people, these hideous creatures are coming here to show me the human brotherhood! They're the ones we're supposed to love, but I loathe them.”

“Do try to rest—there is no one here—no one.”

“Who is that young creature with the painted face? I know her! She said her name was May. There is good in her,—at least there was once, before I turned my back on her cry. I was angry because she would not take my money. She found me out as a hypocrite. What else can an Anglo-Saxon be? It's in our blood, Elisabeth. The Hypocrites of England—how glorious they be! I can't sing any more—now. This May—I must do something for her. I must try to save her. It is not too late. Let me up, Elisabeth. I must get up. I tell you I will get up. Why do you try to hinder me?”

He struggled violently against the pressure of her hands. Elisabeth looked around frantically for the other nurse, but she was nowhere within call.

“You cannot find May,” she said at last, with desperate firmness. “She is not to be found in this world. She is gone—she is at rest.”

“Ah—she is dead, too,—how terrible, how terrible this is for me!” He covered his face with his hands.

“I was with her when she died—I will tell you about her if you will lie quietly with your eyes shut.” She saw that she would have to yield to his mood in the hope of finally controlling it.

Julian composed himself quickly and closed his eyes.

“When I hear your voice, Elisabeth, I can rest easily. Go on—tell me about May.”

Elisabeth, sitting sideways on the bed and holding Julian's hand, began her narrative in a low, monotonous voice. She told him she had met the unfortunate May in the street when she herself was penniless and out of work, and that it was May who had directed her to a decent boarding-house and the next day left an

envelope with money in it for her. Every week the envelope was left at the door and Elisabeth could only guess at first that it came from May. Finally a message came that a patient in the hospital erected for the city's poor wished to see Elisabeth at once. She went immediately and found May dying. At her request Elisabeth started out late at night to seek an elderly man, who had at one time befriended May, having met her in the halls of a socialistic club. Elisabeth described minutely her interview with this white-haired stranger; how she had trembled with the fear that he would refuse her request, and how kindly of purpose she had found him. Together they had hurried to the bedside of the dying courtesan and stayed with her until long after midnight. May had died just before the dawn.

Long before the story was finished—and Elisabeth told it in a whisper that grew fainter and fainter—Julian's breathing had become calm and regular. Once or twice he smiled as if in his sleep, and repeated her last words in a whisper. She did not know whether their meaning really reached his brain, but at any rate, she had soothed and calmed him. When she left him, he was sleeping peacefully.

CHAPTER XXV.

Julian being now convalescent, was longing to see Elisabeth. Why was she not with him as before? He called to an attendant who was moving about the ward and asked to see the nurse who had had charge of him during his illness. The attendant mentioned several nurses whose names were unfamiliar. There were also the night nurses, whose names she did not know. He braced himself to await nightfall with patience.

But when evening came and the change of nurses was made, Elisabeth did not appear. This caused him frightful alarm. Had she fled from him again? What mad thing had he said to her in his delirium? But surely she would not hold him responsible for the ravings of fever!

Then slowly there passed before his mind a panorama of past days. He saw himself a follower of false ideals, a deluded egoist whose bubbles were being pricked and burst, one by one. What would be more fitting than that Providence should now crown his wasted efforts with the total obliteration of his dearest hopes! Thus did the gods delight always to punish presumptuous men, in place of reasoning with them to persuade them of their folly!

In the depression caused by great physical weakness, the cruel philosophy of the fatalist took possession of his reason and convinced him that Elisabeth was dead. After restoring him to life through her tender care, she had been seized by a sudden malady

and swept out of life as he was returning to it. His attendants were afraid to tell him the truth, but he divined it,—Elisabeth was dead!

Crushed by the force of this terrible conviction, which was intensified by the memories of his dreams, Julian lay staring at the wall, reading in its blankness the death sentence of his life, as convicted criminals read theirs in the white-washed walls of their narrow cells. So one of his attendants found him an hour later, and though she persistently strove to arouse him to cheerfulness, Julian made no answer, nor did he ask a question.

The busy chirp of the irrepressible Philadelphia sparrow awoke him the next day at early dawn; it heralded the spring and poured into his ear a tale of daily duties, incessant vigilance, and everlasting reform (the sparrows being the only successful reformers in Philadelphia).

The awakening brought back only the dreadful sense of loss,—the loss of Elisabeth. The morning was very early; the chatter of the sparrows soon ceased, and Julian's sad memories faded again into sleep.

When he awoke later, the sunlight was streaming through the window. He seemed to have been listening to strains of noble music through which sounded great trumpet blasts such as occur unexpectedly in Raff's Winter Symphony.

The music was set to heroic verses and their splendor still lingered in his ear. The words came struggling back like a disorderly procession that had forgotten how to march: "Sunrise of the Centuries—Freedom of the Common Fields—Purple shadows of the East—Hushed Voices—Earth's Sobbing—Shameful Markets that sell the Lillies of Righteousness—Oh, Maker of Men, where art Thou, and Thy great overshadowing wings?" Fragments of broken thoughts were they—confused and disarranged like his own life.

He struggled to put them together and to bind them to that glorious melody. It was all in vain; the art that had once woven them together was not of this world; their mystic meaning could not be chained to any form known to earth, and yet they laid a heavy command upon him. What was it?

The sorrowful world was calling to him to forget himself—his happiness—his love. In place of relieving those whom society had wronged, he was to bear arms against the wrongs themselves. This was surely the meaning of that great trumpet blast in his soul!

Vividly there came before him the picture of that new and glorious future which his friend the Undertaker's Son had so persistently held before his eyes. Not for nothing—indeed—had he endured the degradation and horrors of military life,—over

which, surely, all the demons of the universe must have been shrieking during his delirium! Even now, their satanic laughter was ringing through his soul. With a cry, he turned passionately toward the great Ideal which seemed to be beckoning him forward imperiously,—commanding him to give up everything in life that he loved to work for the fulfillment of its promise.

“I accept—I give up everything—even Elisabeth,” he murmured, believing that his self-renunciation was now complete. The old theology of sacrifice and atonement still held lingering possession.

* * * * *

When night came, Julian felt that he had lived fifty years in that one day. The screen had been pushed a little aside and he could see from his cot all the way down the long ward. He heard a light, familiar step. Who was coming toward him? He saw and recognized her in the dim light; Elisabeth was coming straight to him, wearing the halo of the resurrected! In her arms were his musical instruments.

She walked evenly, but her depression was increasing at every step. No longer was she the Valkyrie; no longer did she wear the dazzling helmet of Brunhilde. The poor child knew she was shorn of all that unreal glory. She was a slight, young creature, even in the nurse's stiff, white gown; her head was bent and held a little to one side,—an evidence of her accumulating self-distrust. As she reached the edge of the screen, she stopped, raised her head and looked at Julian. He remembered that there was about her always that curious air of self-forgetfulness which contained the very denial of expectation—a negation least of all to be looked for in such a young face. He thought the absence of self-love was told in the very contour of her pale cheek. He adored her for it,—and yet, the glance of her large, dark eyes was wistfulness itself.

He sat up; he leaned forward with eyes sparkling. He called her by name:

“Elisabeth!”

The look that came into Elisabeth's eyes brought back vividly his dream of the Valkyrie. An illumination as beautiful as it was tender shone through her pallor as if her soul were speaking through the network of veins in her body; but she stood motionless; she did not move from her stand by the screen.

“Elisabeth!” he cried—this time with rapture, with entreaty. She moved quickly—she flew toward him and sank on her knees in the attitude that was natural to her as a nurse.

Julian stretched out his arms. They kissed each other tenderly.

(The End.)

SOCIALISM ABROAD

Professor E. Untermann.

Italy.

The cabinet Zanardelli, alive only through the support of the socialists, has not kept its promises of social reform and of absolute impartiality. Our comrades were sorely disappointed by the treatment which the small farmers and farm laborers received at the hands of the police and military authorities. In consequence, differences of opinion arose as to the tactics to be observed by the party toward the government. The advocates of opportunism, led by Filippo Turati, the editor of "Critica Sociale," in Milan, found themselves at variance with the rest of the party, and for a while it seemed as if there would be serious trouble. The bourgeois press rejoiced, as it always does when we have any differences. Prophecies of an imminent disruption of the Italian socialist party, and similar bourgeois thoughts that have wishes but not facts for fathers, made the usual round of the press in all countries. Turati, who resented the charge of opportunism and bossism brought against him, resigned as a member of the Chamber of Deputies and declared in an open letter to his constituency that he did not wish to be the cause of strife and disunion in the party. At the same time he urged the members of his election district to forget all differences and unite all their efforts in maintaining and strengthening the party. He emphatically declined to accept the renomination as candidate for parliament and announced that he wished to remain in the ranks and devote himself to his literary pursuits. The capitalist version of the story, flashed by telegraph around the world, was that Turati had resigned his mandate and left the socialist party.

In the meantime, the socialist federation of Milan did not take the least notice of Turati's wish and nominated him by unanimous acclamation for re-election. Enrico Ferri, the leader of the revolutionary element, who had been held in a great measure responsible for the sentiment against Turati, declared his intention to go to Milan and speak in favor of Turati. Although the latter asked him not to "enact such a farce," and although the General Committee of the party in Milan requested him "in the name of sincerity" to stay away, Ferri went nevertheless, because "his socialist conscience" impelled him to go. He warmly urged the voters of Milan to re-elect Turati. There was room for both sides in the party, he said, and the cause could not afford to

miss the services of his talented opponent in parliament. Still Turati continued to decline the mandate, because he did not wish to create the impression that "the socialists were office hunters like the Camorra politicians." The election resulted in a complete victory for him, 2,657 out of 2,860 votes being cast in his favor. Now he could no longer decline. In an enthusiastic letter to his electors, he thanked them for their love and confidence and accepted the mandate. I have not noticed any capitalist dispatches announcing this fact. Whether these differences of opinion as to tactics will finally lead to such a pronounced opportunism and ministerialism of certain elements as they did in France will largely depend on the character of the economic development of Italy in the near future. That they will not lead to a disruption of the socialist movement in Italy, I can safely assure our capitalist friends.

The disclosures of Camorra corruption in Naples were followed by similar discoveries in Catania and Palermo. In Catania, the socialists scored a moral victory by the help of Comrade de Felice, and the Palermo Camorra found the socialist paper, "La Battaglia," too much for them. The report of the investigating committee in Palermo shows that 300,000 francs were spent within four years on extra salaries, and 150,000 francs for bribes in one single year. All municipal departments are corrupted. Birth registers have been forged. Charity funds were used for political purposes. The department of public works spent 13,000,000 francs for two theaters estimated at two millions each, but not a hospital in town has modern appliances. Sanitary improvements, estimated at 17,000,000 francs, have already cost 10,000,000 and will require 27,000,000 more for their completion.

Of course, all this shows that "the country is prosperous." It also accounts for the reception which Comrade Ferri found in parliament. when in referring to these scandals he said: "In the north of Italy the oases of crime are an exception, but in the South the oases of decency." These words jarred on the sensitive feelings of the Camorra politicians of the south, who probably cannot see that political robbery is any more indecent than the hallowed custom of robbing by economic supremacy, alias "business," "competition," "abstinence," etc. They behaved like furies, threatened personal violence against Ferri, who calmly assured them that they were "good for nothing but howling," and finally forced the chairman to close the meeting. Ferri was suspended for five days, because he refused to retract.

Public opinion is on the side of the socialists, and Ferri is enthusiastically received wherever he goes. Thousands throng to the meetings at which he speaks, and the students of several universities have planned ovations for him. The bourgeois take care, in many other ways, that the socialists are kept in the public eye. Political favorites are exempted from military service by the recruiting department. The socialists find it out. A young girl's body, horribly mutilated, is found by the police. Comrade Todeschini charges an army officer with the foul deed. Although the evidence is extremely unfavorable to the officer, although the prosecuting attorney commits suicide during the process, and although his successor demands only a mild sentence for Todeschini, the court sentences him to twenty-three months and ten

days' imprisonment, 1,450 francs fine and 1,600 francs cost. The money must be raised by the socialists. That explains the sentence of the Camorra judges. The people hissed them, and the courtroom had to be cleared by force of arms.

Ferri demanded that 6,000,000 francs should be struck from the budget of the royal household, but finally withdrew his motion in favor of Bissolati's proposition to curtail the budget of war in order to provide means to improve the condition of the poor in the south. Perhaps this is the reason why the queen of Italy opposes progress and upholds moral hypocrisy by supporting the clergy in their fight against the proposed divorce bill. Civil marriage and civil divorce tend to estrange the people from the religious organization of the church. Socialism tends to take them away from the political organization of the church. Socialism also tends to abolish royalty. Therefore the queen helps to keep the sheep in the fold of the "Santa Madre Chiesa," and the Pope is busy preparing another encyclica against socialism. He gets so much exercise out of this pastime that he does not need any other treatment. At least Curtis, the correspondent of the Chicago Record-Herald, informs us that "the Pope takes no medicine." We can readily understand this. He has his hands full taking the medicine socialism gives him. We also do not share the surprise of Mr. Curtis at the fact that "the inmates of the Vatican are singularly free from illness." Parasites always thrive while their victims pine away. What the households of the Vatican and of the king, and their useless force of political agents, policemen, soldiers and judges, cost in a month would be sufficient to maintain all the starving families of Apulia and Calabria comfortably for a whole year. And because socialism wants to help the poor by abolishing the drones in human society, that is the reason why the Pope appeals to all the "friends of order and liberty" to unite for the purpose of saving society from "worse catastrophes" than the expulsion of the religious orders from France. But the Pope has not a word for the starving women and children of the class that feed him, not a word for their political emancipation. He is on the side of the Camorra and of those who oppose the economic and political organization of the working class. The German government suppresses the mother tongue of the Polish catholics in the public schools. The Pope is not interested in the class that visit the public schools. But the socialist deputy Seullny feels their woes and demands information, whether the Italian government intends to request its ally to adopt more humane methods in dealing with the children of its poor Polish subjects.

Royalty, the Pope, and the Camorra cannot fool all the people all the time. The people of Italy are shaking off the coils of tradition and superstition. And the socialists help them to the best of their power. A new illustrated socialist paper, Quo Vadis, has lately appeared in Florence and aims to educate the young by word and picture. And the executive committee of the labor exchanges has opened an evening school for workmen in Padua. "New horizons open for the laborer," says La Camera del Lavoro. "The present is sad, but the future smiles, full of glad promises. * * * Your children, more fortunate than you, will live under more favorable conditions. It will be largely due to the sacrifices which you have brought, and they will bless you for that."

Hungary.

A correspondent of "Le Mouvement Socialiste" gives the following data about the situation in Hungary: "The population of Hungary was 17,463,791 in 1890. Commerce and industries gave employment to 1,210,473, on whom 1,749,716 were dependent. Agriculture employed 4,474,653, on whom 6,430,791 were dependent. So that 16.95 per cent are living from commerce and industries, and 62.45 per cent on agriculture. The percentage of illiterates, who cannot be reached by socialist literature, is 54.56. Only fifty-five out of every thousand have the right to vote. Not only the laborers, but also a large portion of the middle class, cannot express their will at the ballot box. The franchise is based on a direct tax of at least 21 kronen. There is neither the right peacefully to assemble, nor to petition for redress of grievances, nor liberty of press and speech. The authorization of meetings is in the hands of ignorant and narrow-minded police agents. In consequence, about 80 per cent of the announced meetings are prohibited in the provinces. In the capital, however, the meetings are generally permitted, although the police have the right to dissolve them on the slightest pretext. There are still whole districts in the country where no meeting of workmen is ever permitted. No reform party is in existence. All political parties are exploiters of labor; 9,992,668 foreigners who do not understand Hungarian add another difficulty.

The labor movement began to spread through the formation of trade unions in 1890, which the government permitted because it did not recognize them as weapons of progress. After three or four years there were twenty-four trade unions and five labor leagues in Buda Pest. But the constitution of each union contained the following clause: "In case of strikes, members who take part in them shall not be sustained." And as the collection of funds was also prohibited, the organization of strikes was very difficult.

Nevertheless, several strikes have taken place since 1890, and the hours of labor were reduced from eleven and twelve to nine and nine and a half. There are now 126 trade unions, with 23,003 members. Printers, millwrights, tailors, ropemakers, bricklayers, stonecutters, bookbinders, ironworkers, and bakers have their own press organs, with circulations from 800 to 2,300 copies. During the last year five labor leagues were formed and two political monthlies founded. Socialist propaganda can only be carried on thirty days before election. As elections take place only once every five years, the socialists must improve each shining hour during that happy month of freedom. Lately they have disregarded the order forbidding the collection of money. They have made an appeal for funds in their organ, the "Volks Stimme," and distributed 100,000 campaign leaflets in the Hungarian, Slav, Roumanian and German languages.

Servia.

According to a report of the International Bureau, socialism made its first public appearance in Servia in 1870, when the socialist paper,

"The Worker," was founded. The movement then was of a rather utopian character and gradually lost itself in the snares of bourgeois radicalism that was advocating improvements for farmers and laborers. With the progress of capitalism, the radicals soon dropped their democratic guise and showed their real character. After this lesson the socialists organized as a class-conscious party. In 1890 the "Social-democrat" was founded, only to disappear again under the oppression of the capitalist authorities in 1894. Three years later, "The Workers' Journal" stepped into the arena. The party grew slowly in spite of government repression. Under the more liberal policy of the present administration it has a membership of 600 in Belgrad and a small number of locals in different parts of the country. The official organ has 3,000 subscribers, 1,900 of whom are living in Belgrad. Two other papers, "The Advance" and "The Typographer," also have a small circulation. A people's university in Belgrad gives six courses of lectures per week, and the party is circulating petitions for labor legislation.

THE WORLD OF LABOR

By Max S. Hayes.

The recent gathering in New York between representative men from the ranks of labor and capital is viewed from different standpoints by the working people. The radical element is unanimous in condemning the Civic Federation's scheme to entrap labor, while the conservatives declare that the meeting showed plainly that labor had to be recognized as a power, and they hope something will somehow be accomplished for that reason. On the other hand, the capitalists are also divided upon the question, if their newspapers can be accepted as a safe guide. Some are scolding out of school and pointing out the fact, with considerable emphasis, that the recognition accorded the labor officials in New York will only tend to embolden the agitators to make unreasonable demands and create trouble. Others feel that the meeting will create a better feeling between labor and capital and lessen the number of strikes and boycotts. Meanwhile, unionists in New York, St. Louis and other places have been resolving hotly against Gompers for allowing himself to be sandwiched between Mark Hanna and Grover Cleveland, and investigations are demanded; while some of the capitalists at least are so pleased at the outcome of the capital-labor harmoniousness that they have presented Mr. Hanna with a costly and beautiful statue called "Peace and Plenty" in appreciation of his work to unite heretofore hostile interests. However, Grover Cleveland and his friends seem to be getting along nicely with the third party to the deal, the "public," which means everybody or nobody—the latter in this case.

In Erie, Pa., the trade unions and Socialist party got together and nominated a strong ticket. The old parties became panic-stricken and are using every scheme imaginable to keep the laborites out of power. In New Castle, Pa., the Socialists also have a fighting chance of electing their ticket at the municipal election this month, despite the underhanded work of the tricky enemy.

Rev. John J. Spouse, a Baptist minister at St. Charles, Mich., made the serious mistake of preaching from the Sermon on the Mount and other interesting passages in "the book." The "best people" in his congregation concluded that he must be a heretic, and they fired him. Now he is getting even by going around the State preaching Socialism.

About twenty speakers have been turned loose on the unwashed by Walter Thomas Mills as a result of the first year's teaching in his socialist school at Girard, Kan. Nearly all of the young orators have branched out into different parts of the country and are laboring indus-

triously to bring the heathen into line. The promoters of the school are highly elated at the success of their experiment.

Secretary Wrigley, of the Ontario Socialist League, reports that a year ago there were seventeen local leagues in existence, while now there are fifty-two. Ontario and British Columbia have also perfected provincial organizations. Mr. Wrigley, who is stationed in Toronto and is giving all his time to the work of organization, speaks enthusiastically of the outlook for Socialism in Canada. The Ontario leagues are now voting on the question of adopting a platform similar to the Socialist party platform in the States.

New York Socialists are planning to establish an English daily paper.

Label counterfeiters have been run to the ground by Indianapolis printers, and the courts are to take a hand.

Social Service is the name of a neat and well-edited little monthly established at Yellow Springs, Ohio, by Fred Strickland.

Milwaukee unions and the Socialist party are going to pull together at the forthcoming municipal election.

The law against company, or "pluck me," stores in Pennsylvania has been so badly crippled by the courts that it is practically a dead letter.

A strong movement is on foot in Boston to bring into one union all the water-front employes as well as those who handle freight for railroads and wholesale and retail stores.

The Mergenthaler Company has placed a new and simple type-setting machine on the market. It is especially designed to chase the hand compositor out of the small country newspaper offices.

A new light, called the "glower," was recently exhibited in Chicago. The claim is made that it can be maintained cheaper than the incandescent, and that it is as much superior to the latter as the incandescent is to a tallow dip. The "glower" can be blown out like a lamp light. The discovery was originally made by Dr. Walther Nerust, a German electrician.

Baltimore Federation of Labor is displeased and has a committee out investigating the charge recently made, it is alleged, by Bishop Potter, who is quoted as saying that "the honest workmen attend church, but the organized and agitators do not." The Baltimoreans hardly know whether to consider the remark an insult or a compliment. Anyhow, they fired back with a resolution to the effect that "ministers as a whole have not the interest of the laboring people at heart," and the sentiment was applauded to the echo. Bishop Potter is one of Senator Hanna's committee of thirty-six which is going to harmonize capital and labor pretty soon, if not sooner.

Efforts are being put forth by the A. F. of L. to secure a conference with representatives of the Western Labor Union with a view of securing affiliation.

Governor Odell, of New York, wants the Legislature of that State

to enact a compulsory arbitration law, and as a result the unionists are in the denouncing mood.

United Mine Workers spent half a million dollars in strikes last year.

The Cubans are rapidly becoming civilized. Another lockout is announced in Havana. This time the union waiters in all the hotels have been told to take their clothes and go.

Newspaper proprietors of Marietta, Ohio, have formed a combine to destroy all trade unions in the town.

Cincinnati Socialists and trade unionists have established a daily newspaper called the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, without asking Mr. Madden, at that.

A call has been issued for convention of the iron and steel workers at Wheeling, April 15, and President Shaffer has once more come forward and announced that what he will have to say regarding last fall's strike will be "mighty interesting" for President Gompers.

Over fifty delegates, representing Bohemian unions and political clubs in different parts of the country, held a convention in Chicago, harmonized their factional differences and declared unanimously in favor of acting with the Socialist party.

Ohio Commissioner of Labor issued a report showing that working-women in Cleveland, Cincinnati and Columbus average \$4.83 per week as wages, while their living expenses are \$5.26 per week. This item should be placed alongside of that announcing that the trust magnates cleaned up a half a billion of profits during the past year. Great is prosperity—for those who rob women and children.

Secretary Greenbaum announces that new locals of the Socialist party have been formed at the following places during the past month: Coyoto, Utah; Fallis, Okla.; New Uim, Wyo.; Norwood, Colo.; Enid, Okla.; Pawnee, Okla.; Two Harbors, Minn.; Chico, Mont.; Goldfield, Colo.; Victor, Colo.; Glencoe, Okla.; Globe, Ariz.; Winslow, Ark.; Hot Springs, Ark.; Arequa, Colo.; Cripple Creek, Colo.; Longwood, Fla.; Augusta, Ga.; Melrose, Ida.; Blackfoot, Ida.; Medimont, Ida.; East Belleprairie, Minn.; Helena, Mont.; Yuma, Ariz.; Burke, Ida.; Hennessey, Okla.; Minneapolis, Minn.; Burlington, Vt. State charters were also issued to New Hampshire, Kansas, Maine and Utah. Speakers and organizers are now at work in nearly every State in the Union, and the outlook is reported as exceptionally bright.

The printers are preparing to hold their referendum election for officers. They usually have as much excitement as is found in an ordinary campaign for President of the United States.

The steel combine is working a shrewd game, by paying bonuses and through other methods, to disrupt the marine engineers' organization on the lakes. The test will probably come when navigation opens.

About a year ago Colonel Wetmore, of St. Louis, one of the original trust busters, started a large tobacco factory and announced with a flourish of editorial trumpets that he would make the tobacco combine

squirm. He put on a union force and organized men all over the country became local boomers for Wetmore's blue-labeled goods. After having built up a business, Colonel Wetmore has done just what a score or more "friends of labor" did before him—sold out to the trust. And there you are!

President Boyce, of the Western Federation of Miners, makes the rather startling announcement in the official journal of the union that a friendly mine-owner recently sent him a letter in which it was stated that the bosses have perfected a strong organization, called the Mine Owners' Association, which extends all over this country and to Europe. It is further declared that the unions of the workers are honey-combed with spies, and that the attempt will be made to gradually destroy organization among the men by laying off large numbers of them and breeding dissension in every manner possible. Boyce follows the expose with a passionate editorial calling upon the miners of the West to join the Socialist party and be prepared to meet the enemy upon his own ground. The matter will undoubtedly come up at the convention of the W. F. of M. at Denver in May, at which Eugene V. Debs has been invited to speak.

The latest in railway trustification comes from New York in the shape of a dispatch to the effect that five huge "security" companies are to be formed to control the leading corporations in different parts of the country, all to work in harmony. Still another security company is to operate some of the big ocean steamship lines. These transportation monopolies will unquestionably also be made to work in harmony with the iron and steel, coal and oil and other combines that have or are stifling competition. At the peak of this mass of wealth will sit the two monarchs of industry, Rockefeller and Morgan, who will have the power to levy tribute on every pound of products consumed by the American people. Still some people fear Socialism!

Injunction was hurled at trade unionists of Fresno, Cal., because they boycotted a bakery.

St. Louis Labor is the name of a new local Socialist paper.

Iron Clippers' Union, at Newark, N. J., has a kick coming. Union complains that the bosses are putting in machines, each one of which displaces six hand-workers.

Centralization of capital still continues, though not as rapidly as a year ago, because nearly all industries are now trustified. About thirty new combines, mostly small ones, were launched during the past month. The most activity is now shown in the absorption of independent concerns by the powerful combines, as in the coal, tobacco and other businesses, and laying plans to form international trusts, and hastening Socialism in our time.

Canadian Socialists and trade unionists report victories in a dozen different towns in the recent municipal elections.

A dual waiters' national union has sprung up in the West; a fight is on between the adherents of the Western Labor Union and the A. F. of L. in Denver; a dual teamsters' national union was formed in Philadel-

phia; there is a possibility that the carpenters' brotherhood will have a division on account of the suspension of Secretary McGuire, and the railway brotherhoods are troubled by the rapid growth of a new organization started in the West that includes all employes. So there is trouble enough internally.

Twenty-five shoe factories in Cincinnati have adopted the plans of the carriage manufacturers of that city, who locked out several thousand employes several months ago, and the announcement is made that no more "dictation" will be accepted at the hands of the shoemakers.

Socialist party won offices in Sheboygan, Wis., and Canton, Kan. Straws.

Stationary firemen held their national convention in Wilkesbarre, Pa., and called upon the miners to give up the firemen in their unions. The miners will refuse to comply with the request, and so there will probably be more "autonomy" talk.

Federal court at Louisville, Ky., serving a second injunction at the miners of Hopkins County, and the workers are restrained from doing pretty nearly everything but breathing.

Teachers in a New York school objected to a scholar wearing a Socialist party button, but the latter was stubborn and was hauled before the principal. After listening to a long and free lecture on Socialism and Anarchy the student left the august presence of the lecturer-in-chief—still wearing the button, and he continues to still wear the button.

Smelter trust has closed some of its plants in Kansas and given the workers an indefinite holiday.

The sentencing of Pablo Iglesias to three and a half years in prison in Porto Rico for organizing wage-workers and "raising the price of labor" is arousing bitter feeling in union circles all over the country. Iglesias should have applied for a charter in New Jersey.

The Dayton National Cash Register Company has been placed upon the unfair list. The metal mechanics objected and were expelled from the Dayton Trades Council.

A Pittsburg dispatch confirms the report that the billion-dollar iron and steel combine is about to introduce automatic machinery in its tinplate mills, as was foreshadowed in this magazine last month. It is expected that hundreds of skilled men will be displaced.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Economics of Distribution. John A. Hobson. Macmillan Company.
Half morocco, 125 pp.; \$1.25.

This is a study of some of the more technical problems in economics. The author points out that while competition fixes prices within certain limits, the actual determination of prices and rewards inside of the limits thus fixed is determined by the strength of the contending parties. The result is that there exists a large fund made up of these "forced gains," which partakes in many ways of the character of a differential rent. He shows conclusively that there is no peculiarity about the rent of land which prohibits rent affecting prices. If land is taken as the fixed factor in a process of reasoning, all that is ordinarily claimed to apply only to the rent of land can be shown to apply in exactly the same way to the "rent" of labor and capital. The peculiar disadvantages which inhere in the sale of "labor power" are summed up with great force, showing that at every point the laborer is subject to all the disadvantages in bargaining that exist anywhere. There is altogether too much of the tendency which is becoming more and more prominent at the present time among economists to talk learnedly of "complexity" whenever a definite conclusion seems necessary. It seems unfortunate, too, that it should have seemed necessary to attempt to justify interest and capital on the very weak and badly worn-out ground that there was something of the element of "saving" in the accumulation of capital. It is certain that there is no "saving" in any sense in which that word has come to mean in the English language, in the savings of a Standard Oil Company or United States Steel Trust. In the same way the statement that (page 350) "The typical form of private business to-day is one in which the undertaker buys in the cheapest market each of the factors of labor, capital and land which he requires, and organizing their uses for production, sells the product in the dearest market he can command, is altogether inaccurate." It is very certain that so far from this condition being "typical" it is decidedly exceptional among the great dominant industries of to-day. A much more correct way to state the matter would be to say that the man who possesses organizing ability, like the man who possesses mechanical ability, sells himself to the owners of capital, who dominate the industrial field, and that he receives a return dependent upon his standard of life, modified by the fact that he still possesses somewhat of a monopoly control of his peculiar ability, which monopoly is daily growing less.

What Are We Here For? F. Dundas Todd. Photo Beacon Company, Chicago. Cloth, 142 pp.; \$1.00.

This is a series of essays on Education, Work, Disease, War, Morality, etc., in answer to the question which forms the title to the book. In a most charmingly simple literary style, and with no direct knowledge of the literature and philosophy of Socialism, he has succeeded in setting forth many of the fundamental principles of Socialism. One cannot help but wish that a slight study at least of Socialist literature might have given accuracy to his language at some points, which would have made the work still more valuable.

The Doom of Dogma. Henry Frank. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, 399 pp.

This is an exhaustive historical and critically hostile study of the origin and validity of the various Christian creeds. His especial point of attack is the Westminster Confession, but he pays his respects to all the various dogmas upon which the institutional churches of to-day are based. It is a scholarly work based upon extensive study and certainly approaches the subjects discussed much more nearly from the scientific point of view than most works of this character, whether written from the orthodox or critical point of view.

Among the Periodicals.

Rev. R. Heber Newton has an article on "Anarchy" in the January *Arena* that has been widely quoted and commented upon, and as a general thing the comment of the radical press was more or less favorable. The *Public*, of Chicago, undoubtedly voiced the sentiments of many of these when it said concerning the article that its reading would show many people how ignorant they had previously been of anarchy. While this may be possible, for the depth of ignorance of the average reader concerning anarchy is almost unfathomable, it is certain that he would get but little reliable information from the article in question. There is scarcely a line in it that would show that the author had ever seen a book on Anarchy. He has simply taken as authoritative what the bourgeois apologists for anarchy have said about it and based his article on that. In attempting to draw a "fine-spun distinction between philosophic and revolutionary anarchism," he says, among other almost equally ridiculous things: "It is as though we were to refuse to draw any fine-spun distinction between the brilliant French geographer, Elise Reclus, and the Parisian petroleuse who fired the Hotel de Ville in the uprising of the Commune in 1871." Just how much misinformation is crowded into that single sentence can be better understood when we remember, first, that even the governmental committee of France, who investigated the Commune, were forced to admit that no such thing as a "petroleuse" ever existed save in the disordered imagination of newspaper reporters and official traducers of the Communards, and second, that Reclus was himself one of the most active of the Communards, and hence a participant in all that was done there. Finally, Elise Reclus told the editor of this magazine, two years ago, that he had no sympathy

with the Tuckers and other philosophical anarchists of this country, but that he was in full accord with Johan Most, and he urged us to call upon the latter on our return to New York. It would be an easy but ungracious task to point out a multitude of similar errors into which his anomalous position and lack of knowledge forces the Rev. Newton. He lumps together Jeremiah and Kropotkin as "philosophic anarchists," and then gathers together as other "forms of anarchism," "labor strikes" that "have tended to end, as in Homesburg (he must mean Homestead), in the revolver and bomb," "Pinkerton police," bribers of legislatures, and drivers of racing automobiles. We can only conclude by asking the question that has often occurred to us, "Why is no knowledge ever considered a requisite for a magazine writer on either Anarchy or Socialism?" By the way, this is one thing the two doctrines have in common. Any future magazine writer who cares to use this fact to prove the identity of the two has our permission.

How trains are already running over one hundred miles per hour on a German experimental line forms the subject of one of the most interesting articles in the January Review of Reviews. William E. Smythe discusses "Irrigation in the West." "The conditions surrounding the vast area of grazing lands are not those of law, but of anarchy. * * * The people of the United States are still owners in fee simple of resources—in the form of land and water, of timber and mineral, representing a sum of wealth which is simply incalculable. * * * The issues involved in the future use of the public domain are pre-eminently national in their character." He then outlines a plan by which all public lands are to be withdrawn from settlement and a most extensive system of irrigation works constructed. Then, after having thus made it possible to enjoy all the advantages of commonly owned, co-operatively managed, concentrated farms, he proposes to cut all the land up into forty-acre tracts for homestead purposes.

"Country Life in America" is another example of the interest which is just now being shown in agricultural problems. The January number is a "California number," and tells anew the wonderful story of the agricultural life of that State. A. J. Wells describes the "Trend and Meaning of the Development of the Pacific Coast." California has passed through a series of social stages, much more sharply developed and with a more rapid motion than any other portion of the globe. The Pastoral Stage, Ranch Life, "The Gold Rush," "Bonanza Farming" and then diversified capitalism, with occasional "fruit booms," and all under the influence of that wonder-worker, irrigation. The writer in "Country Life" does not say it, but it would seem probable that a State that had repeated the evolution of the race in a lifetime might be expected to soon move on into the co-operative commonwealth.

"The Craftsman" is the latest notable addition to the field of Socialist literature. The January issue is No. 4, and every number has been excellent. It is published monthly by the United Crafts of Eastwood, N. Y., and, as the name indicates, is devoted to that phase of the movement which is always connected with William Morris. But, unlike many of the alleged followers of Morris, the Craftsman does not wholly ignore the political side of the movement, although, as might be expected, it

can lay but little emphasis on that side. The January number is devoted to a study of the textile industry and presents a mass of generally unknown information in very attractive form. Other numbers have discussed the Guilds, John Ruskin and William Morris. The printing and decoration are in themselves examples of the teachings of the magazine.

The January number of the "World's Work" is a "looking outward number," and is devoted to a glorification of the recent expansion of America. "The New Pacific Empire" gives a mass of information concerning the movement of American commercial life toward the Pacific. "The official figures of exports from Pacific Coast ports show a total in 1890 of \$44,500,000; in 1896, \$50,000,000; in 1898, \$62,500,000; in 1900, \$83,500,000." "Our New Horizon," by Frederic Emory, is a most elaborate discussion of the recent expansion movement, and gives some valuable facts and diagrams.

EDITORIAL

National Organization.

The report which National Secretary Greenbaum has prepared for the first meeting of the National Executive Committee is an interesting document. It shows that great progress has been made in many lines since the Indianapolis convention. The membership of the party has grown to nearly 10,000, which is much larger than that of any other Socialist party in America past or present. More encouraging still, the growth is more rapid now than at any other time since the convention. Close relations have been established at many points with trade unions and some extremely effective work has been done among them. Indeed, it would seem as if there had been something of a tendency to over-emphasize this portion of the work. At all events, it is evident that considerable progress has been made in winning the trades-unions to the cause of Socialism.

But along with these items of encouragement the report brings to light many things whose existence is to be deplored. This pointing out of defects, however, is always the first step toward improvement, and hence it may well be considered as another sign of progress that these defects are being studied with a view to their removal.

The burden of nearly all the complaints is the lack of organization of the existing forces of Socialism. Some States have not yet affiliated with the national organization. In others nominal affiliation has not been accompanied with the payment of dues. In others, while dues have been paid, national stamps have not been used in their collection, and there is consequently no continuity or regularity to State payments. The greatest confusion has prevailed as to agitation. States, locals and individuals, as well as the N. E. C., have all been organizing lecture tours. The result has been a plethora of talent and depleted funds for lecturers' expenses at some places and no agitation at all at others where it was perhaps most needed.

The first defect, that of lack of cohesion between the States, can be quickly remedied if a few active individual members in the various States will but take hold of the matter. It is practically certain that if the question of national affiliation were left to a referendum of the rank and file of almost any State, with the position fairly stated, that affiliation would be carried. It is quite probable that the extensive publication by the Socialist press of the fact that the States of California, Massachusetts, New Jersey and Wisconsin are not bearing their share of

the burdens of national co-operation will sufficiently arouse the membership of these States to secure the proper co-operation.

The lack of proper correlation of the speaking force of the party demands somewhat more consideration and will probably require the creation of some simple but very necessary administrative machinery. The first step to be taken here is to prepare a list of all the comrades who are willing to regularly give any definite portion of their time to the work of lecturing. Such a list, stating how much time and within what geographical limits each speaker desires to work, should be sent out to each State committee at least as often as every three months. Where any speaker desires to confine his efforts entirely to one State, he should, of course, be left entirely under the direction of the State committee of that State. It should be the aim of the N. E. C. to as rapidly as possible perfect the organization of each State to the point where they can handle their own agitation. But the office of the National Secretary should become a center of information concerning speakers, routes, best methods of organizing circuits, etc., which would render its help indispensable to State and local authorities.

The principle here as everywhere should be to keep the governing controlling power as close to the rank and file as possible and to strictly preserve the principle of State autonomy so far as all authoritative action is concerned, but to locate all administrative power where it could be most economically and effectively exercised. In this case we believe that this would tend to give the N. E. C. a large share of the work of organizing agitation, but would leave the "power of the purse," or the payment of all speakers in the hands of the State and local bodies. State autonomy does not mean State isolation by any means. But it does mean that there shall be no authoritarian interference by national authorities in State affairs.

Every speaker or organizer sent out under the direction and with the assistance of the N. E. C., or any State committee, should be required to make regular reports as often as once each week. So important is this feature considered by the Democratic and Republican campaign managers that telegraphic reports are required of each meeting held. Such reports constitute a continual check upon the speaker in their very preparation, and will thus incite him to better work. If the blanks for such reports are properly prepared and filed, they will soon constitute an almost invaluable mass of information for use in planning future campaigns.

It is only through such an organization of effort and co-ordination of information and resources that any intelligent continuity can be given to the work of Socialism in the United States. Unless some such methods as these are adopted, our propaganda will continue to grow more and more confused and disjointed, our all too scanty resources be dissipated and wasted, and the day of ultimate triumph correspondingly delayed.

There has been some criticism of The Review by ultra-fearful Socialists because we have frequently admitted to our columns, without comment, articles which were not in accord with the orthodox positions of Socialism. If these readers will remember, this

is exactly what we stated to be our intention of doing in the prospectus and the first number of *The Review*. Furthermore, the standing notice that "the absence of such comment, however, is to be in no way construed as an editorial endorsement of the positions in any published communication" means just what it says. We do not pretend to be running a kindergarten, nor to have the guardianship of our readers in our hands. We intend to print the things which will be of the greatest value to Socialists, whoever writes them. We propose to publish criticisms of Socialism if we consider that such criticisms are of a nature to be worthy the examination of Socialists, even if we are personally convinced of their invalidity, because we believe that only by a study of such criticisms can Socialists be prepared to meet them, and finally the Socialist doctrine is not yet fossilized, and it is through criticism that that growth must come, which is the only sure sign of life in any organism, biological or social. So far as the editorial position is concerned, we are firmly of the opinion that the only force in Socialism to-day which is accomplishing anything for the present relief of the laborers, or offers any hope for the future success of Socialism, is to be found in the so-called "left" or "Marxian" wing of the International Socialist movement. But we do not claim to have any especial connection with the sources of infallible truth, and are willing to discuss these positions with those with whom we differ.

All this is illustrated somewhat by the contents of the present number. We do not think that the value of the extremely interesting and suggestive study of the Esquimaux life, given in the article entitled "Socialism in the Arctics," is destroyed by the fact which every Socialist should know; that what is being described is not at all what is to-day meant by the word Socialism, but is really a survival of primitive communism. Neither are we at all alarmed lest the discussion of "Socialism in Japan," which is by far the best exposition of this subject that has ever appeared in the English language, shall "muddle" some weak brain because at some points the author does not accept the positions which International Socialism has found advisable in Occidental countries. Neither do we think that any American will be so dull as to think that Comrade Hobson means that the Socialists of New York and Chicago shall send word over to Croker and Powers and ask their assistance in building up the Socialist party.

The March number of *The International Socialist Review* will contain an article by Mr. Eltweed Pomeroy on "Why I Do Not Join the Socialist Party." This will be answered by the editor, who will endeavor to give the reasons why the Socialist party offers the only possible hope of the solution of the problems of the present society, and indeed that it is the only party in America with any future before it. Other interesting articles which were mentioned last month will appear in the March number. We have just received a letter from Comrade Paul Lafargue saying that he has an article in preparation for an early number of *The Review*, which must be added to the many good things the future issues will contain.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT

Somewhat Personal.

We trust the readers of *The International Socialist Review* will pardon us if we use a little space to correct a rumor which has come to our notice during the past month. It is from a newspaper which is bitterly opposed to Socialist unity and to the extension of Socialism among the members of the existing trade unions. This paper states that the *International Socialist Review* is about to die, and indulges in some rejoicings over the supposed fact.

We take pleasure in assuring our readers that the rumor is entirely without foundation. It is true, as we stated last month, that the support thus far received by *The Review* has been insufficient to pay expenses. The result has been a heavy drain on the other departments of our publishing business, and this has delayed us in the publication of certain books which are urgently needed by the socialist movement.

We have, however, no intention of discontinuing the publication of *The Review* and have material already in sight which enables us to promise that the quality of *The Review* during the current year will be even better than heretofore.

On the other hand, we trust that our readers will realize that the growth of our whole co-operative company depends on them, and that a socialist is not doing his full duty by merely subscribing for a single copy of *The Review* and doing nothing to increase its circulation.

How Socialist Literature is Published.

We have just issued a booklet with this title, a copy of which will be mailed free of charge to any one who asks for it. It gives the facts in full detail about the organization of the co-operative association incorporated under the name of Charles H. Kerr & Company. The owners, as this booklet explains, are not any one or two persons, but 291 socialists scattered over the world from Scotland to California. Nearly all of these have contributed just \$10 each to the capital of the company. No dividends have been promised and the only personal advantage which a stockholder derives from his connection with the company is the privilege of buying socialist literature at cost.

Five hundred shares are for sale, and if every reader of *The International Socialist Review* who has \$10 to put where it will do the most service for socialism will send it on, we shall be able easily to double our present large output of socialist literature.

American Communities.

BY WILLIAM ALFRED HINDS, PH. B.

Nowhere else in the world have there been as many attempts to realize the dreams of utopian Socialism as in America. No other country has ever offered so favorable conditions for such experiments. Now that the day of such colonies has practically passed away the time is here to write their history. It would be hard to find any one better fitted for this task than the author of "American Communities." For fifty years a member of one community, he has personally visited nearly all the others. During these many years he has been carefully collecting material for this book, and the historical value of such a volume to students, and especially Socialist students of American life, cannot be overestimated.

For years American Socialists have read of Saint Simon, Fourier, and Owen, without ever stopping to realize that it was only on American soil that the doctrines of these men were ever actually put in practice. For a century and a half hundreds, and even thousands, of men and women, often embracing some of the ablest intellects of their time, sought to build little impossible Utopias. These communities have been scattered throughout almost every State in the Union. They have met with all possible advantages and difficulties of climate, soil and other natural environment. They have tried well-nigh every imaginable plan of internal organization and experimented with almost all possible schemes of social regeneration. Religiously they have varied from the wildest religious fanaticism to the extreme of atheism and agnosticism. Every form of property holding from almost unrestricted private possession to pure communism has been experimented with. All possible relations of the sexes have existed at some time or place in such communities.

The story of these experiments, with the struggles, strange modes of life, peculiar doctrines, temporary successes, varying failures and final collapse of the movement that inspired them, makes up a story with such combined tragedy and comedy as is never found save in the pages of history. As told in this book, it is far more interesting than fiction, while at the same time it contains stores of information that no social student can afford to be without. This book will be published Feb. 10 in a handsome, cloth-bound volume of over 400 pages, with seventeen half-tone engravings from photographs. Price, including postage, one dollar.

Charles H. Kerr & Company, Publishers,
56 Fifth avenue, Chicago.