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WEEKLY PEOPLE

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CONGRESSIONAL

THE VANDALIC EXTENT TO WHICH THE COUNTRY'S FERTILITY IS BEING DRAINED.

Republicans and Democrats Gloat Over Figures Whose Real Significance is that the Country is Shipping Abroad to the Tune of Hundreds of Millions' Worth of Dollars the Marrow of the Land's Fertility.

It is not merely in the matter of robbing the United States Treasury by "loans" to the St. Louis Fair Corporation, nor in the matter of disgracing the country by tolerating the international dishonesty by which Columbia was dismembered, but in all other matters of such nature the Democratic minority stands abreast of the Republican majority—a helper, abettor and profiteer by the nation's ruin, etc. A further illustration is gathered from the attitude of Congress on farm exports.

A bill came and passed appropriating \$250,000 of which amount \$40,000 are to collect and purchase valuable seeds, plants, etc. from foreign countries for experimental tests to be carried on in co-operation with the agricultural experiment stations, and not less than \$202,000 to be allowed for Congressional free distribution of seeds. A wordy debate broke out in the House upon the subject. No intelligent man can read the debate without coming to the conclusion that all the disputants covered themselves with the disgrace of both dishonesty and ignorance. There were no party lines drawn. The dispute started with a cheese-parsnip, Representative Sheppard of Texas. He did not object to a free distribution of seed, he only objected to the amount appropriated, and he thought even the principle was not safe seeing that he had received letters from some of his constituents asking not merely for seed but also a suit of clothes and other articles of personal use, while another Representative stated he had received a letter asking for seed and for a new hat for the writer and for his wife. If seeds are to be distributed free, why not other things?

THE DEVELOPMENT OF CAPITALISM

(Continued from last week.) Our working-class representatives have similarly taken on two distinct types during the later development of capitalism. One part has become absolutely degraded. It has sunk lower and lower in the social scale, and consists of gamblers, beggars, thieves, prostitutes, itinerant vendors, confidence men, counterfeits and fairs of every description—in short, into that portion of the proletariat commonly known as the slums. The slums and the useless set are the negative and positive poles of the antithesis which are inseparable from and mutually pervade each other. In jolly and debauchery they often intertwine and are almost undistinguishable. Like the useless set, the slums need not detain us long. They will play no important part in the coming revolution.

It is the second type that interests us, because it will be the principal actor in future history—the Industrial Proletariat. This part of the working class has been rapidly rising, mentally and morally, and, most of all, in the dignity of its work, and in the feeling of class-consciousness. While it is too true, indeed, that the majority of the working class is still ignorant, degraded and servile, yet, when we remember the degree of ignorance, degradation and servility with which it emerged out of the previous system, then its advance appears really wonderfully rapid. Now, it is the inherent weakness of capitalism that in order for the capitalists to reach their highest degree, they had to separate themselves from production and substitute wage workers for themselves. Many of these, in consequence, had to be educated in the highest technical, chemical, mechanical, or other sciences, in order to fill the positions. The general tendency, therefore, has been to raise the status of the whole industrial proletariat through the modern educational system, however defective of view, that may be for the working class. Another inherent weakness of capitalism is that the products are commodities, i.e., produced for all. Consequently it is in the interest of the owners to dispose of as many and as rapidly as possible. Hence, an extensive advertising system has been developed for the purpose of stimulating wants for commodities. These ads., of course, are aimed at the masses, as well as anybody else. Thus...

WEAVERS KEEP AWAY

AMERICAN WOOLEN COMPANY TRIES TO SCARE NORTH VASSALBORO TEXTILE WORKERS.

Orders Boarding House to Prepare Fifty Rooms—Weavers Refuse to Scare and L. A. 392, S. T. & L. A. Votes to Continue Strike—Should Be Supported Financially—Reasons Why.

(Special to The Daily and Weekly People.) North Vassalboro, Me., March 4.—The situation with regard to the strike of the woolen and worsted weavers in the mills of the American Woolen Company here, is practically unchanged as far as the attitude of the strikers is concerned. A few days ago the agent of the mills notified the managers of the company boarding house to prepare all their rooms which will accommodate about fifty persons. This is taken to mean that an attempt will be made to import strike-breakers in the hope of starving the natives into submission. The strikers do not fear much from this move providing they can manage to hold out any length of time, which they feel confident they can do. Men who know how to weave; however hard up, or however devoid of principle they may be, cannot be easily induced to scab a job in a town as far north as Vassalboro without a large city close by. Even the professional scab will not long endure the social ostracism which falls to his lot in a small town and compels him to spend his time in either the mill or the "scab-herding" headquarters provided by his master who, by the way, despises him as heartily as the workers upon whom he is scabbing. It is much easier to play scab in a large city where one can lose himself in the crowd after his day's "throat-cutting" is over. Outside of the natives, the weavers who work in the mills up this way are those from the more populous centers of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and who have acquired the roving habit—what our German friends call "Wanderlust"—as a result of running up against such capitalist conditions as a sudden slacking up of work, a change in shop conditions rendering them unbearable, etc., which from time to time compel or prompt workers to "jack up" and strike for new fields in search of new masters. Among those there are few if any who can be induced to act as strike-breakers, and, in fact, under any circumstances, they usually cut their periodic sojourns up in this district rather short. All this is an advantage to the "natives"—those who permanently reside here—and they do not fear much from the expected attempt to import scabs. A few days ago the agent of the mills, F. H. Jealous, offered to meet a committee of the striking weavers. Three members of L. A. 392, S. T. & L. A., were sent to confer with him and the proposition he made was that all the weavers should apply to the overseer of weaving for their old jobs and if he hired them they could go to work, but those whom he refused to re-employ would have to seek elsewhere for work. Jealous apparently thought this was as far as his "generosity" could go, for he refused to give back the "two picks" which had been taken off, declaring he would not do so under any consideration. He also stated that the weavers would have to live up to the set of "rules" which have been posted up in the mill and against which the weavers have been protesting because of the petty exactions included therein. Following this, Local Alliance 392 held a meeting and voted to continue the strike. It was after hearing of this action on the part of the strikers and noting their determination to fight, that Jealous notified the boarding house keeper to prepare all the rooms, evidently intending to scare the strikers with the prospect of having scabs imported to take their places. As before stated, this move is not much feared if the strikers can hold out a while longer, and stay in the town. In order to do this, of course, it is necessary that they be provided with sufficient funds to tide them over that period. Now, comrades and readers of The People, you all should know what this action on the part of the bosses in the woolen and worsted industry means. It is not so long ago that they tried their game at the other end of the line with the object of forcing upon us the brutal "two-loom" system and de-

priving us of the "extras" for harnesses, shuttles, bad work, etc., by which we managed to get enough out of our labor to at least eke out a half-decent existence. At that time they put the screws on a little too swift and the determined and well-conducted resistance which was developed by the workers in the industry resulted in the grandest strike in the history of the trade, which was conducted by the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance, which knocked their plans in the head for the time being, and, incidentally did away with a couple of million dollars of their stolen dividends. Now, they seem to think that the time is becoming ripe for the beginning of a move by which they eventually hope to strike a crushing blow to the spirit of the workers in this industry, but this time they are shrewder and have begun to push the thin end of the wedge in at this end of the line. That is just what the whole thing amounts to and the fact should be recognized by all who do not want to see the workers in the textile industry crushed lower beneath the heel of capitalist exploitation, and a determined effort should be made while there is yet time to strengthen the heads of the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance and spread the knowledge and courage that should go with membership in the only economic organization which can possibly hope to, and that will, put up an intelligent resistance to the capitalist attempts to further degrade the working class, meanwhile teaching them the way to abolish the cause of their degradation by voting the vicious system of capitalism out of existence. The striking members of L. A. 392 at North Vassalboro, who are bravely resisting the attempt to crush their aspirations and compel their submission to the exacting conditions put upon them, should be upheld and it is up to all who are at all imbued with the proper spirit to support them not merely with abstract expressions of sympathy and approval, but with something more tangible, namely, actual financial assistance. If this is done and done promptly, the thin end of the American Woolen Company's wedge will be blunted. Let us see that it is! Later.—North Vassalboro, Me., March 6.—The Selectmen of the town of Vassalboro have posted the following notices throughout the town: "Attention is called to Chapter 125, Section 21 of the Revised Statutes of the State of Maine, which reads as follows: "Any employer, employe or other person who by threats of injury, intimidation or force, alone or in combination with others, prevents any person from entering into, continuing in or leaving the employment of any person, firm or corporation, shall be punished by imprisonment for not more than two years or by fine not exceeding five hundred dollars." "All violations of the above statutes will be prosecuted by us. Constables and police officers in the town of Vassalboro are hereby ordered to arrest all persons detected in the violation of the same." "O. J. Hussey, "E. L. Priest, "George Woodsum, "Selectmen of Vassalboro." This is a move in the interest of the American Woolen Co. It is done to intimidate the strikers and prepare the way for the scabs. There is and has been no vestige of violence. DAILY PEOPLE FESTIVAL. Concert Programme To Be Rendered by Fritzsche's Boston Band. The following programme will be rendered by Fritzsche's Boston Band, at the Grand Central Palace, on Sunday, March 20, 3 p. m. CONCERT PROGRAMME. Soloists: Mr. Emil Koennicke, cornet; Mr. Franz Hell, flugelhorn; Mr. Thomas B. Senia, xylophone. 1. The Queen of Sheba, Festival Procession, Gounod. 2. Overture: Stradella, Flotow. 3. Fantasia: Carmen, Bizet. 4. Cornet solo, Souvenir de Prog. Koch. Mr. Emil Koennicke, America's greatest cornetist. 5. Jolly Fellows, Valse, Vollandst. 6. King Gold, March; Samoset, Characteristic Piece; Semper Unitas, Fritzsche. 7. Xylophone Solo, Murmuring Waves, Senia. Mr. Thomas B. Senia, Boston's favorite. 8. La Palonia, Yudi. 9. Behut Dich Gott: from The Trumpeter of Sakkingen, Nessler. Flugelhorn solo, Mr. Franz Hell, the world's greatest flugelhorn performer. 10. Overture, William Tell, Rossini. Fritzsche's Boston Band is composed of the finest musicians of the country. Most of them have performed with Sousa for years, and are under contract to appear with him at the Metropolitan Opera, [house in April. If you receive a sample copy of this paper it is an invitation to subscribe.

HARTFORD CITY TICKET

SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY ENTERS SPRING MUNICIPAL CAMPAIGN.

The Conditions in the Old Parties—"The Economic League" and the "Labor" Mayor—The De Leon Meeting of March 13, and the Work to Be Accomplished.

Mayor, JACOB BREWER. Treasurer, CHARLES F. ROBERTS. Collector, FREDERICK FELLERMAN. Auditor, CHARLES E. FANTONE. Marshal, FREDERICK LECHNER. Clerk, ALBERT GIERGINSKY. Hartford, Conn., March 3.—On Wednesday, March 2, Section Hartford, S. L. P., nominated the above ticket, to be voted upon on the first Monday in April. This is the main ticket. Other nominations will be added as far as we can supply the demand. The campaign of this year is absolutely barren of any so-called "issues" with which political tricksters try to sugarcoat their frauds; even that crazy abortion styled "The Economic League," and which, at the last mayoralty election, created some rumpus, has died a natural death before now, the same as all freaks are bound to do. This, of course, does not by any means that our political atmosphere is absolutely calm and serene; on the contrary, rather all the old political machines and tricksters are working with might and main to get a slice of the political plunder, in the form of fat offices. But they are not raising "important questions" to that end. How to get them, that is the real "issue" with them just now. Ordinarily, this would be quite easy, if affairs were to be judged by the relative strength of either of the old parties, but here's the rub: neither of them is a solid body, but both of them are subdivided into opposing and hostile factions. Up until lately the Republicans were hunting for a mayoralty candidate, but at present two candidates have assembled to accept the nomination, if offered. Of course, each of these would-be candidates is, or will be, the candidate of one or the other faction within the

MATTERS IN 'FRISCO

NO OPEN LABOR DISTURBANCE SINCE THE CLOAK MAKERS' BOYCOTT.

Boilermakers Strike in Shops of Southern Pacific in the Coast States—Section San Francisco Continues to Grow and Prosper—Congratulated On Same.

San Francisco, March 1.—There has been little or no open labor disturbance in San Francisco since the calling off of the Cloak and Suit Makers' Boycott. The latest news here is the strike of the boilermakers of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. The president of the local Brotherhood of Boilermakers states that this strike is the result of long and fruitless negotiations with the railroad company, in which an increase of wages is the only item insisted upon. The "Brotherhood" complains of long drawn out discussions, ending in offers of unsatisfactory compromise measures. No only California, but the whole Southern Pacific system is affected by this strike. On the 27th of February, the boiler makers walked out of the shops in Portland, Orden, Sacramento, San Francisco, Oakland, Bakersfield, Los Angeles and Tucson. The railroad company, however, claims that the matter is not serious, and will soon be adjusted. The trouble in the San Francisco Painters' Union has been made more complicated by the interference of the pappe hangers, who have allied themselves with the expelled faction and have been promptly thrown out by the Building Trades Council. Section San Francisco of the S. L. P. continues to grow and prosper. The attractive headquarters at 610 Montgomery street are seldom empty. Street meetings are well attended and the sale of literature steadily increases. Let us be coming in from all over the State congratulating the San Francisco comrades on their new energy.

ST. PAUL'S MUNICIPAL TICKET

Mayor, H. E. CARSTENSEN. Assembly, M. J. CIKANEK. ST. PAUL WAGEWORERS.

Socialist Labor Party Presents Certain Truths for Your Consideration. Fellow wageworkers—Before casting your ballot on election day, it behooves you, as intelligent voters, to study well and to understand the principles of the various parties that are soliciting your votes. The result of elections of the past has proven that the working class fails to comprehend the connection that exists between its economic conditions of every day life and its political action at the ballot box. It must never be forgotten that the working class is the overwhelming majority of the people. It is the vote of the working class that determines the result of every election. It is certainly apparent to all of us that the conditions under which we must live are constantly growing worse instead of better, in spite of our so-called unprecedented prosperity. The producers of the wealthiest country on earth are stripped of everything that has any semblance to wealth. All that we possess are a few of the most absolute necessities of life. All the factories, mines, workshops, railroads and land of the country, in fact all the means of production are controlled by the capitalist class. The day of the independent worker who owns his own tools and his own workshop is past. Production on a small scale can not compete with production that is carried on with the highly developed machinery. The only thing we have to depend upon for a living is a job. And whoever controls your job controls your very life. The producing class of today, being compelled to sell itself for wages, are the slaves of the non-producing, idle capitalist class. The constant increase and improvement of labor saving machinery, the concentration of capital into the hands of an ever fewer number of capitalists, is producing a scarcity of jobs and an overabundance of wageworkers looking for work. The competition, among the workers, for a chance to work has brought wages down to the point of mere existence. The ever-growing army of unemployed, struggling for a chance to live, enables the employing class to reduce wages to an ever lower standard.

REPUBLICAN PARTY, AND, INASMUCH AS ONLY ONE CAN BE NOMINATED BY THAT PARTY, THE ALL-IMPORTANT QUESTION WITH THESE PEOPLE THEREFORE IS, WHAT WILL THE FACTION DO THAT GETS DEFEATED?

The Democratic party is in a similar fix. The present Democratic "labor" mayor was enabled to slip into office, because similar conditions prevailed at the last mayoralty election. Although our "non-political" labor fakirs created some rumpus with their funny "Economic League," which was a "labor" side-show conducted in favor of the present mayor, yet, anyone familiar with local conditions knows that it contained more noise than substance, and if the Republicans had remained solid, there would not have been even a shadow of a chance for a Democratic "labor" mayor to slip into office, even if all the labor fakirs were combined in his favor. At present, it seems that one faction of the Democratic party favors the re-nomination of the present mayor, whereas the other faction is strongly opposed to it; but whatever the outcome may be, it is absolutely immaterial to the working class. At the present status of affairs we know perfectly well that none of the candidates of the Socialist Labor Party will be elected, and, therefore, we will not be carried off by phantastic illusions, nor crushed by "defeat." The occasion being especially favorable, we shall try our best to instill the proper knowledge into the minds of the working class as to the real cause of its misery, and having learned this, it will be only one step further to apply the proper remedy. Aside from distributing appropriate literature all over the city a few meetings will also be held. In this connection we wish especially to call the attention of the readers of The People in this city, to a meeting which will be held at Germania Hall, Sunday, March 13, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, at which Comrade Daniel De Leon of New York will be the speaker. The mentioning of the name of De Leon will be all sufficient for any member and sympathizer to be present, but this would not realize the purpose in view. All in touch with us must make it their special business to invite as many outsiders as possible, and to enable every one to do something in this line, we have had admission tickets printed, which are to be sold, and which may be obtained at headquarters any evening in the week. The tickets cost only five cents. It should, therefore, be an easy task to sell them. If all do their duty we will have the best attended meeting we ever held in this city. Set to work, comrades! Campaign Committee.

IT MUST BE SELF-EVIDENT TO EVEN THE Dullest MIND THAT THERE CAN BE NO HARMONY BETWEEN THE CAPITALIST CLASS AND THE WORKING CLASS; THAT THE INTERESTS OF ONE CLASS CAN ONLY BE ANTAGONISTIC TO THOSE OF THE OTHER. IN ORDER TO RAISE WAGES, PROFITS MUST GO DOWN, AND VICE VERSA, TO INCREASE PROFITS WAGES MUST BE REDUCED, OR, WHAT AMOUNTS TO THE SAME THING, THE PRICE OF THE NECESSARIES OF LIFE IS ADVANCED.

With these irrefutable facts at hand let us put to a test the arguments and issues of the political parties, that vie with one another for our votes. The two old parties, Republican and Democratic, advance the argument that the coming municipal election is above party politics; "that the sole object should be to work and vote for such men that are honest, and who will represent the interests of ALL the people." All this is but an attempt on their part to have us forget that we are workingmen. For, remember, whenever a portion of the working class makes an effort to improve their economic condition, and backs up its demand by a strike, the City Council, whether it be Republican or Democratic, is always on the side of the employers. Under the pretext of preserving "law and order," the police are at the service of the capitalists, to club the workers into submission. Never yet have we heard of any administration of the city using the political power to force the capitalist class to pay living wages, but to the contrary, always aided them to keep wages down or to reduce them still lower. We must never lose sight of the fact that it is the city government that is first called upon, and the first to respond, to keep the workers in subjection whenever the class struggle between the two economic classes makes itself evident in an open conflict. In the face of these facts, any political party or any individual candidate that declares themselves the representative of ALL the people are either woefully ignorant or willfully treacherous, and in either case deserve nothing but contempt on the part of the working class. And any organization, sailing under the name of trades and labor unions that allow their officers to use such organizations to endorse candidates of capitalist parties, are being misled into the shambles of the capitalist class. Fellow workingmen, take these things

that were found out before they got into into consideration; think well over them, and then vote for your own class, vote for yourself, vote for your children, vote the public powers of government into the hands of your own class, by voting into power the only party of your class, the Socialist Labor Party. It is a party composed of workingmen that does NOT represent the interests of ALL the people, but the interests of the working class alone as against the capitalist class. It is a party that will, when placed into power, use the political weapons of government to win its economic battles. Not merely to get a few cents a day more in wages, but to finally abolish the accursed system of robbery, by declaring the means of production and distribution the property of the people, and to establish the Socialist Republic, under which the producer shall receive the full social product of his toil.

In closing let this be said: You are justified to demand assurance, to demand proof that the Socialist Labor Party will carry out its mandate. As has been said before, the Socialist Labor Party is composed of workingmen. Each and every one of them knows what he wants and knows how to get it. The candidates of our Party are responsible for their actions to the organization; and if he proves himself a traitor, he gets a traitor's reward. We have a system of organization that unearths the crook at all times. No grafter can develop in the Socialist Labor Party without being placed where he belongs, namely, on the outside of our organization, where he can do no harm. Just as a Benedict Arnold was of no further use to England, that bribed him to betray the cause of the revolution, just so will a traitor in the ranks of the Socialist Labor Party be pilloried that even our enemy will have no further use for him, because instead of he having sold out his constituents, his constituents will hold him up for public contempt. But there is a certain element in society for which we are no more responsible than you are—an element of incipient criminals that will seize every opportunity, that will make use of everything that might further their own personal interests. There are crooks that become religious hypocrites to bumbo the pious; professional strike breakers to take advantage of the misery of the working class; quack doctors to bleed the suffering, and political vagabonds willing to betray the working class. The Socialist Labor Party is a party that has a future before it. Nothing is holy to the political crook. He thinks he sees a chance. He finds his way into the party but is found out and fired out. The Socialist Labor Party has educated the working class to a point where it begins to perceive that Socialism is the issue. The political vagabonds that were fired out of the Socialist Labor Party ally themselves with those

The Pilgrim's Shell

OR

FERGAN THE QUARRYMAN

A Tale From the Feudal Times

By EUGENE SUE

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL FRENCH
By DANIEL DE LEON

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PART III.—THE COMMUNE OF LAON.

CHAPTER I

THE RISE OF THE COMMUNES.

For centuries Laon had for its temporal seigneur the bishop of the diocese, and figured from the start among the foremost cities of Picardy. Since the Frankish conquest, and down to the date of the events here narrated (1112), Laon constituted a part of the special domains of the kings. Clovis made himself master of the city through the treason of Saint Remy, who baptized that crowned bandit at Rheims. Clovis' wife, Clotilde, founded in the city the collegiate church of Saint Peter, and later Brunhild built a palace there. A bishop of Laon, Adalberon, the paramour of Queen Imma, was her accomplice in the poisoning of Lothair, the father of Louis the Indolent,—a homicidal example that was soon imitated upon himself by his Queen, Blanche, another adulterous poisoner, who, through the murder committed by her, confirmed the usurpation of Hugh Capet, to the injury of the last Carolingian king. Charles, Duke of Lorraine, the uncle of Louis the Indolent, having become through the latter's death the heritor of the crown of the Frankish kings, took possession of Laon. Hugh Capet besieged him there, and, after several assaults, succeeded in capturing the city, thanks to the connections that Adalberon, the adulterer and poisoning bishop, had preserved in the place. Since then, Laon continued as a sovereign ecclesiastical seignior, but always under the suzerainty of the French King. In the year 1112, the date of this narrative, the reigning king was named Louis the Lusty. As obese as, but much less indolent than his father, Philip I, the excommunicated lover of the handsome Bertrade who died in 1108, Louis the Lusty did not, like his father, submit to the affronts and vexations of the feudal seigneurs; he waged war to the knife against them to the end of extending with their spoils his own domains, that then took in only Paris, Melun, Compiègne, Etampes, Orleans, Montlhéry, Puiseux and Corbeil. Thus, in addition to the scourge of the private wars among the seigneurs, the people bent under the affliction of the wars of the king against the seigneurs, and of the Normans against the king. The Normans, the descendants of old Rolf the Pirate, had conquered England under their duke William. But, although settled down in that ultramarine country, the Kings of England preserved in Gaul the duchy of Normandy and Gisors, and from thence dominated the territory of Vexin, almost to the gates of Paris, waging incessant war upon Louis the Lusty. Thus Gaul continued to be ravaged by bloody strifes, with none other than the people, the serfs and villeins, as the perpetual victims. The wretched agricultural plebs, decimated by the execrable craze of the Crusades, that held out despite the recapture of Jerusalem by the Turks, found itself crushed by a double burden, their decreased numbers being compelled by increased labor to provide for the needs, the prodigalities and the debaucheries of the clergy and the seigneurs.

The bourgeois and other townsmen, better organized, better able to realize their power, above all more enlightened than the serfs of the fields, had revolted in many cities against their lay or ecclesiastical seigneurs, and, by dint of daring, of energy and stubbornness, had, at the price of their own blood, regained their freedom and secured the abolition of the degrading and shameful rights that the feudal families had been long enjoying. A small number of cities, even without resorting to arms, had, by virtue of great pecuniary sacrifices, purchased their enfranchisement from the seigniorial rights, with round sums of money. Delivered from their former secular and feudal servitude, the city populations celebrated with enthusiasm all the circumstances connected with their emancipation. Thus, on April 15, 1112, the bourgeois merchants and artisans of the city of Laon were in gala since early morning. From one side to the other of the streets, male and female neighbors called one another from their windows and exchanged gladsome salutations.

"Well, neighbor," said one, "the bright anniversary of the inauguration of our Commune Hall and belfry has arrived!"

"Do not mention it, neighbor; I have not slept all night! With my wife and children we were up till three o'clock in the morning burnishing up my iron casque and coat of mail. Our armed militia will add great luster to the ceremony. May God be praised for this great day!"

"And the procession of our artisans' guilds will be no less superb! Would you believe it, neighbor, that I, who during all my life of a carpenter have not, as you may imagine, ever held a needle in my hands, helped my wife to sew together the stripes of our new banner?"

"Thank God, the weather will be beautiful for the ceremony. Look how clear and brilliant the dawn is!"

"Couldn't be otherwise! Such a feast could not lack good weather. I expect that when I shall hear for the first time the peals from our communal belfry every clank will make my heart bound!"

These dialogues and many others, naive testimony of the joy of the inhabitants of Laon, took place along the length of all the streets from house to house, from the humblest to the richest. Almost all the windows, opened since the break of day, exposed to view the laughing faces of men, women and children, all actively engaged with preparations for the festivities.

The gladsome stir in almost all the quarters of the city, rendered all the more striking the gloomy and sombre and, so to say, sullen aspect of a certain number of dwellings of ancient architecture, and whose gates were, as a rule, flanked by two

turrets with pointed roofs, surmounted with a weather-vane. Not a chink of these dwellings, blackish with age, was open on this morning. They belonged to the ecclesiastical dignitaries of the metropolitan church, or to noble knights, who, not owning estates large enough to live in the country, inhabited the cities, and ever sided against the bourgeois and with the lay or ecclesiastical seigneur. Accordingly, in Laon, these clergymen and knights were designated as the *episcopals*, while the inhabitants, who, according to the language of the day, "took the oath of the Commune," were called the *communiers*. The antique turrets of the dwellings of the episcopals were at once a species of fortification and a symbol of the nobility of their origin. On that morning, these dwellings, silent and shut up, seemed to denote the displeasure given to the noble episcopals by the rejoicings of the Laonese laboring classes.

CHAPTER II

THE CHARTER OF LAON.

But there were other dwellings, also flanked with turrets, besides those of the nobles. These others were gaily decorated, and the whiteness of their masonry, contrasting with the aspect of the ancient architecture of the nobles, to which they seemed to be annexes, bespoke a more recent date.

One of these establishments, thus fortified only a short time since, lay at the corner of Exchange street, the leading mercantile thoroughfare of the city. The old door, whose threshold and lintels were of stone, and at either side of which rose two white and high turrets recently built, had been thrown open at the very first break of day, and several townsmen were seen going in and out. They came for certain instructions on the ceremonies. In one of the chambers of this dwelling sat Fergan and Joan the Hunchback. It was about twelve years since they had left the Holy Land. The hair and beard of Fergan, now over forty years of age, began to betray streaks of gray. He was no longer the serf of olden days—restless, savage, tattered. His features breathed happiness and serenity. Equipped almost wholly as a soldier, he wore a jacket of iron mail and a corselet of steel. He was seated near a table at which he wrote. Joan, clad in a robe of brown wool, and wearing on her head a sober bonnet, from under which a long white veil fell upon her shoulders, looked no less blissful than her husband. On the sweet face of this brave mother, once so severely tried, the expression of profound felicity was depicted. At the request of Fergan she had just drawn from an old oaken cabinet a little iron casket, which she placed upon the table where Fergan was writing. The casket, an inheritance from Gildas the Tanner, contained several parchment scrolls, yellow with the age of centuries, besides the several relics so dear to the family of the Gallic chief Joel, and among which was the silver cross of Genevieve, together with the pilgrim's shell that Fergan had taken from Nero-weg VI in the desert of Syria. Fergan had just finished transcribing on a parchment a copy of the communal charter, under which, for the last three years, the city of Laon was free and led a peaceful and flourishing existence. The quarryman wished to join the copy of that charter to the archives of the family of Joel, as a witness of the awakening spirit of freedom of his own days, and of the inexorable resolution of the people to battle against the kings, the clergymen and the seigneurs, descendants or heritors of the Frankish conquest. For the last fifteen or twenty years back, other cities besides Laon, driven to extremities by the horrors of feudalism, had, some through insurrection, others through great sacrifices of money, obtained similar charters, under shelter of which they governed themselves like republics, similar to the heroic and brilliant days of Gaul's independence, centuries before the invasions of the Romans. The copy of the communal charter of Laon, the original of which, deposited in the Mayor's office, bore the name and signature of Gaudry, bishop of the diocese of Laon, and of Louis the Lusty, King of the French, ran as follows:

CHARTER OF THE COMMUNE OF LAON.

I. All men, domiciled within the walls of the city and in its suburbs, belonging to any seigneur who holds as a fief the territory which they inhabit, shall swear allegiance to this Commune.

II. Throughout the full extent of the city each shall render assistance to the other, loyally and to the best of his ability.

III. The men of this Commune shall be free holders of their goods. Neither the King, nor the Bishop, nor any other, shall be entitled to make any levy upon them, except by the judgment of their own town council.

IV. Each shall, on all occasions, observe fidelity towards those who shall have taken the oath of the Commune, and shall aid them with deed and advice.

V. Within the limits of the Commune, all the men shall mutually help one another, according to their power; and they shall in no wise, whatever it be, suffer the seigneur, Bishop or any other, to distraint any property from them, or compel them to pay imposts.

VI. Thirteen Councilmen shall be elected by the Commune. One of these councilmen shall be elected Mayor by the suffrage of all those who shall have taken the oath of the Commune.

VII. The Mayor and the Councilmen shall make oath to favor no person by reason of friendship, and to render an equitable decision in all matters, according to their powers; all others shall take the oath of obedience and to sustain with arms the decisions of the Mayor and Councilmen. When the bell of the belfry shall sound to assemble the Commune, anyone who does not attend shall pay a fine of twelve sous.

VIII. If anyone injure a man who shall have taken the oath of the Commune of Laon, a complaint being lodged with the Mayor and Councilmen, they shall, after due trial, enforce justice upon the body and property of the guilty party.

IX. If the guilty party takes refuge in a fortified castle, the Mayor and Councilmen shall notify the seigneur of the castle, or his lieutenant. If in their opinion satisfaction shall have been rendered against the guilty party, that will suffice; but if the seigneur refuses satisfaction, they shall themselves enforce justice upon the property and upon the men of said seigneur.

X. If any member of the Commune shall have entrusted his money to some one of the city, and he to whom the money has been so entrusted takes refuge in some strong castle, the seigneur having been notified, shall either return the money, or drive the debtor from his castle. If the seigneur does neither, justice shall be enforced upon his goods and his man.

XI. Whenever the Mayor and the Councilmen shall desire to fortify the city, they shall be free to do so on whatever seigneur's territory it may be.

XII. The men of the Commune shall be free to grind their corn, and bake their bread wherever they please.

XIII. If the Mayor and Councilmen of the Commune require money for the use of the city, and raise a tax, they may levy the same on the inheritances and property of the townsmen, and on the sales and profits made in the city.

XIV. No stranger, a copy-holder of any Church or seigneur, and established outside of the city and its suburbs, shall be included in the Commune without the consent of his seigneur.

XV. Whosoever shall be received in this Commune shall build a house within the space of one year, or shall purchase vineyards, or shall bring into the city moveable property, to the end that justice may be enforced, should a complaint be raised against him.

XVI. If anyone slander the Mayor in the exercise of his functions, the slanderer's house shall be demolished, or he shall pay ransom for the same, or he shall deliver himself to the mercy of the Councilmen.

XVII. No one shall molest or vex the strangers of the Commune. If any dare do so, he shall be deemed a violator of the Commune, and justice shall be enforced upon his person and his property.

XVIII. Whosoever shall have wounded with arms any one who, like himself, shall have taken the oath of the Commune, then, unless he justifies his act under oath or with witnesses, he shall lose his hand, and shall pay nine livres; six for the fortifications of the city and of the Commune, three for the ransom of his hand. If he is unable to pay, he shall leave his hand at the mercy of the Commune.

Fergan had just finished transcribing the charter, when the door of his room opened. Colombaik stepped in. A young and comely wife of eighteen years at the most accompanied him. The son of the quarryman, a fine strapping young man of twenty-two, united in the expression of his face the sweetness of his mother and the energy of his father. Like the latter, he also was clad half townsman half soldier. His casque of black steel, ribbed with shining iron, imparted a martial air to his pleasing and open countenance. He carried a heavy cross-bow on his shoulder. From his right side hung a leather hostler that held the bolts needed for his weapon. His wife, Martine, only daughter of the old age of Gildas, the elder brother of Bezenecq the Rich, was of the age and endowed with the charms of Isoline, a victim like her father of the cupidity of Nero-weg VI. "Father!" Colombaik cried out joyfully upon entering the room and alluding to his war-like outfit, "in your quality of constable of our bourgeois and artisan militia, do you find me worthy of figuring in the troop? Does Colombaik, the soldier, make you forget by his martial outfit Colombaik, the townsman and tanner?"

"Thank heaven, Colombaik the soldier will not, I hope, have occasion to blot out Colombaik the tanner," put in Joan with her sweet smile, "any more than Fergan the constable will have occasion to blot out Fergan the master quarryman. You will both continue to battle, you with your beaters against the hides in the tannery, your father with his pick against the stones of his quarry. Is not that your hope and desire, dear Martine?" Joan added, turning to the wife of her son.

"Certainly, my good mother," responded Martine. "Fortunately they are far behind, those evil days when the bourgeois and artisans of Laon, in order to escape the exactions of the bishop, of the clergymen, and of the knights, often had to barricade themselves in their houses and sustain a regular siege; and when, but too often, despite their resistance, their houses were entered and they were carried to the episcopal palace, where they were tortured for ransom. What a difference, my God, since we have been living under the Commune! We now are so free, so happy!" But Martine added with a sigh: "Oh, I regret that my poor father did not live to witness the change! His last moments would not have been saddened by the unfitness that our future gave him. Seeing the terrible acts of violence indulged in by Bishop Gaudry, together with the nobles, against the inhabitants of Laon, acts that might any day have reached us as they reached so many others among our neighbors, my father always had before him the frightful fate of my uncle Bezenecq and his poor daughter Isoline!"

"Be at ease, my dear wife," rejoined Colombaik; "those accursed days shall not return! No, no! To-day old Gaul bristles with free Communes, as three hundred years ago it bristled with feudal castles. The Communes are our fortresses! Our belfry tower is our donjon. We no longer have to fear the seigneurs!"

"Ah, Martine, my sweet child," said Joan with deep emotion to the wife of her son, "happier than we, you happy youngsters will not see your children and your husbands enduring the horrors of servitude."

"Yes, we, the bourgeois and artisans of the cities are emancipated," Fergan rejoined pensively; "but serfdom presses as cruelly now as in the past upon the serfs of the fields. I fought, for that reason, with all my power, the clause in our charter that excludes from the Commune the serfs living outside of the village, or those who do not possess money enough to build a house here. Is it not to exclude them, when the consent of their seigneurs, or a sufficient sum with which to build a house in the city is required from them, who own not even their own arms? And yet, that sole wealth of the industrious man is equal to any other." Turning then to Martine: "Oh, the father of your father and of Bezenecq spoke like a whole-souled and wise man when, years ago, while vainly inciting the townsmen to the insurrections that are to-day breaking out in so many cities of Gaul, he aimed, not at the revolt of the bourgeois and artisans merely, but also at that of the serfs. Serfs and bourgeois united would not be long in crushing the seigniories. But reduced to its own forces, the task of the bourgeoisie will be long and arduous. . . . We must be prepared for fresh struggles."

"And yet, father," interposed Colombaik; "since the day when, in consideration of a good round sum, the bishop renounced his seigniorial rights and sold us our freedom for cash, has he ever dared to ride the high horse against us,—he, that brutal Norman warrior, who, before the establishment of the Commune, had the eyes of townsmen put out and often killed them for the mere offense of having condemned his acts of shameful debauchery,—he, who in his own cathedral, only four years ago, killed with his own hands the unhappy Bernard des Bruyeres? No, no; despite his wickedness, Bishop Gaudry knows full well that, if, after pocketing our money as a consideration for giving his consent to our Commune, he were to try to return to his former practices, he would pay dear for his perjury. Three years of freedom have taught us to prize the sacred boon. We would know how to defend it, arms in hand, like the Communes of Cambrai, Amiens, Abbeville, Noyon, Beauvais, Rheims, and so many others."

"For all that, Colombaik," remarked Martine, "I cannot help trembling when I see Black John, that African giant, who once was the bishop's hangman, crossing the streets of our city. That negro seems ever to be plotting some act of cruelty, like some savage beast, that but waits for some opportune moment to snap his chain."

"Be at ease, Martine," Colombaik answered with a smile. "The chain is solid, no less solid than that which holds that other bandit, Thiegaud, the serf of the Abbey of St. Vincent, and fa-

vorite of Bishop Gaudry, who familiarly calls him his friend 'Yengrin,' a name given by children to the companion of the wolf. But, would you believe it, mother, that Thiegaud, a fellow stained with all imaginable crimes, that abominable reprobate, yet adores his daughter."

"Even the wild beasts love their young ones," answered Joan. "Did not Worse than a Wolf, our former seigneur, with whom your father fought when we were in Palestine, weep when he thought of his son?"

"That's true, mother; and so it is with this other wolf Thiegaud. The tenant of the little farm that your father left us, my dear Martine, was telling me yesterday that a short time ago Thiegaud's daughter came near dying, and he was almost crazed with grief. Moreover the wretch is as jealous of the chastity of his daughter as if he himself had led a clean life! The scamp tried to rob us, I am sure. When our tenant mentioned Thiegaud's name to me it was because the fellow pretended to want to buy in the name of the bishop, who is a passionate hunter, as you know, a young colt raised on our meadow."

"Take care!" said Fergan warningly. "The bishop is over head and ears in debt. If you sell the horse you will receive no money."

"I know the fine sire! I told our tenant: 'If Thiegaud pays cash for the horse, sell it to him; if not, don't.' The days are gone by when the seigneurs had the right to buy on credit, which is to say, the right to buy without ever paying. To try and compel them to pay was tantamount to placing liberty and even life in jeopardy. To-day, however, if the bishop should dare rob a communier, the Commune would enforce justice upon the episcopals, whether they willed it or not. That's the text of our charter, signed, not by the bishop only, but also by King Louis the Lusty—a signature, 'tis true, that we paid dearly for."

"We paid for it through the nose," rejoined Fergan. "That gross king chaffered and haggled for two days on a stretch. Our friend Robert the Eater was one of the communiers sent to Paris three years ago to secure our charter. What a gang of out-throats make up that court! To start with, it was necessary to generously oil the palms of the royal councillors in order to dispose them in our favor. Louis the Lusty then wanted to have the proposed sum increased by a fourth, then by a third. Finally, over and above the redemption of his ancient rights of quarters and stabling for himself and his army, whenever he visited the city, he demanded the annual use of three houses, and if he did not avail himself of them, an equivalent of twenty livres a year, and three years in advance. You must admit, my children, that it is selling rather dear those 'rights of crown,' as they call them, monstrous rights, born of the iniquitous and bloody deeds of the conquest."

"So it is, father," answered Colombaik; "we may well say that, in selling to us for their weight in silver, what they please to call their rights, the king and his seigneurs act like highwaymen, who put the dagger to your throat and say: 'I robbed you yesterday; now give me your purse, and I shall not rob you to-morrow.'"

"It is better to yield your money than your blood," said Joan. "By dint of work and privation one may recover his savings, and one is at least freed from those fearful savages, whom I cannot think of without shuddering."

"Moreover, father," put in Martine, "it seems to me we need all the less fear the return of the tyranny of the seigneur, seeing that the king hates them as much as we, and fights them to the knife. We hear every day of his wars against the large vassals, of the battles he fights with them, and of the provinces he plucks them of."

"But, children, who profits by war? Who is it that pays the piper for the ravages it causes? The people. Yes, the King hates the seigneurs because from century to century they seized upon a large number of provinces, that one time belonged to the Frankish crown when it conquered Gaul. Yes, the King fights the seigneurs to the knife, but likewise does the butcher wage relentless war against the wolves who devour the cattle intended for the shambles. That's the reason of the hatred of Louis the Lusty and the prelates towards the lay seigneurs. Church and royalty desire to annihilate the seigneurs in order themselves to lead at will the plebs cattle, bequeathed to them by the conquest. Oh, my children, my heart is full of hope. But so long as serfs, artisans and bourgeois shall not stand united against their hereditary enemies, the future looms up before me big with new perils. Happier than our forefathers, we have initiated a holy struggle, our children will have to continue it through centuries to come."

"And yet, father, are we not now living in absolute peace and prosperity, free from crushing imposts, governed by magistrates of our own choice, who have no object other than the public weal? Our city becomes daily more industrious and affluent. The bishop and his episcopals can not be hair-brained enough to seek to restore old conditions and assail our liberty. We have weapons wherewith to defend ourselves!"

"My child, if we wish to preserve our franchises, we must redouble our vigilance and energy, and keep ourselves ever ready for the fray."

"Why pre-occupy ourselves so much about the future, father? Why should we have to redouble our vigilance?"

"Bishop Gaudry and the nobles of the city used to subject us, at their will and without mercy, to crushing imposts and hateful rights. We said to them: 'Renounce forever your rights and your annual taxes; emancipate us; subscribe to our Commune; we shall give you a considerable sum in full future payment.' Now, then, these idle people, wasteful and covetous, thought only of the present and accepted our offer. By this time, however, the money has been spent, or there is little of it left. They are regretting that, in the language of the story, they killed the goose that lay the golden eggs. They are seeking to break the contract."

"What!" cried out Colombaik. "They would contemplate breaking the pact that they freely entered into?"

"Listen to me," interposed Joan. "I do not wish to exaggerate the apprehensions of your father for the future. Nevertheless, I believe to have noticed—" but breaking off she continued: "After all, I may have been mistaken—"

"What have you in mind, mother?"

"Can it be that you have not noticed that for some time back the knights, the city clergy, in short, all the folks of the party of the bishop, whom they call the episcopals, have been deporting themselves with a swaggering air towards the townsmen and artisans in the streets?"

"You are right, Joan," remarked Fergan pensively. "I have been struck, less, perhaps, by the swagger of the episcopals, than

(Continued on Page 6.)

The Pilgrim's Shell

(Continued from Page 2.)

by the insolence of their menials. It is a grave symptom, an indication of their resentment."

"Good! A ridiculous rancor, and nothing else!" said Colombaik smiling disdainfully. "Those holy canons and their noble pursuivants do not forgive the bourgeois for being free like themselves, and for having, like themselves, and when they please, turrets to their houses—a pleasure that I have bestowed upon myself, thanks to the finest stones of your quarry, father. Thus, our tannery could now sustain a siege against those ill-tempered episcopals. Besides, I have contrived for Martine a pretty little alcove in one of the turrets, and her initials, cut by me in copper, glisten in the weather-vane from the top of our turrets, just as the initials of a lady of rank."

"It will, no doubt, be more than ever well to have a strong house," observed Fergan. "It is not the weather-vanes on our turrets, but thick walls that trouble the episcopals."

"They will have to become accustomed to our strong houses. If not, by heaven—"

"No passion, Colombaik," put in the benign Joan, again interrupting the impetuous young man. "Your father has made the same observation that I did; and since the retainers of the knights look provoking, their masters must be near becoming so themselves. This morning's ceremony will surely, for more reasons than one, attract a large number of episcopals along the line of the procession. For heaven's sake, my child, no rashness!"

"Do not alarm yourself, Joan," rejoined Fergan, "we are too conscious of our good rights and of the strength of the Commune, not to keep cool in sight of mere insolence. But prudence does not exclude firmness."

Hardly had the quarryman pronounced these words when the door flew open, and a young and attractive woman entered with a pert air. She was a brunette, sprightly and handsomely dressed, like the rich bourgeois that she was. An orange-colored silk petticoat was fastened to her exquisite waist with a silver belt; her skirt, made of fine Arras cloth and bordered with marten fur, hardly reached her knees; on her black hair, that shone like jet, she wore a bonnet, red like her stockings, which set off her well-shaped calves; finally, her feet were shod in smart shoes of shining Morocco leather. Simonne, that was her name, was the wife of Ancel Quatre-Mains, a master baker, renowned throughout the city of Laon and even the suburbs, for the excellence of his bread, his cream tarts, his honey cakes, his almond wafers and other dainties that were confectioned in his shop. He also drove the trade of flour merchant, and the Commune had chosen him one of its Councilmen. Ancel Quatre-Mains—the name was due to his prodigious quickness in kneading the dough—presented a singular contrast to his wife,—as calm and thoughtful as she was pert and giddy-headed, as chary of words as she was loquacious, as corpulent as she was lithe. His physiognomy betokened imperturbable good-nature, coupled in his instance with a lively sense of justice, a generous heart, and extraordinary skill at his trade.

Wishing to please his pretty wife, whom he loved as much as he was loved by her, the master baker had harnessed himself in war accoutrements. A large number of townsmen, until then deprived of the right to carry arms—a right exclusively reserved to the seigneurs, the knights and their pursuivants—found a pleasure and a triumph in such martial arrays. Ancel Quatre-Mains only slightly shared their taste; but in order to suit Simonne, who was greatly captivated by the military garb, he had put on a gobison, a species of strongly bolstered and thick leather corselet, that, not having been measured for him, pressed in his chest and caused his prominent stomach to protrude still more. On the other hand, his iron casque, much too large for him, kept falling over his eyes, an inconvenience that the worthy baker corrected from time to time by pushing his unlucky headgear to the back of his head. At times his legs also got entangled with the long sword that swung from a buff shoulder-belt, embroidered with red silk and silver thread by Simonne herself, who wished to imitate the tokens of approval bestowed by the noble ladies upon their gallant knights. Ancel had long been the friend of Fergan, who loved and esteemed him greatly. Simonne, brought up with Martine and slightly her senior, cherished her like a sister. Thanks to their close neighborhood, the two young women visited each other every day after the routine of their household and even-trade duties had been attended to, because, if Martine helped Colombaik in several departments of his tannery, Simonne, who was no less industrious than lovable, leaving to Ancel and his two apprentices the care of preparing the bread, would confection with her own pretty hands, as white as the wheat flour that they handled, the delicious cakes that the townsmen and even the noble episcopals were so fond of.

Simonne stepped in the house of her neighbor with her habitual pertness. But her charming face, no longer smiling and happy as usual, was now expressive of lively indignation, and, entering a few steps ahead of her husband, she cried out: "The insolent wretch! As true as Ancel is called Quatre-Mains, I would have wished, 'pon the word of a Picardian woman, that I had four hands to slap her face, noble dame though she be! The old hag, as ugly as she is wicked and quarrelsome!"

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed Fergan smiling, knowing well the nature of Simonne, "you, ordinarily so gay and full of laughter! You seem highly incensed, neighbor!"

"What has happened, Simonne? Who has excited your anger to such a pitch?" added Martine.

"Trifles," said the baker, shaking his head and answering the questioning looks of Fergan, Joan and Colombaik; "it is nothing, good neighbors."

"How so? . . . Nothing!" cried out Simonne, turning with a start to her husband. "Oh! According to you such insolence must pass unperceived!"

The baker again shook his head, and, profiting by the opportunity to be rid of his casque, that pressed him heavily, he placed it under his arm. "Oh! It is nothing!" proceeded Simonne, now addressing Fergan and Joan. "I take you for judges. You are wise and thoughtful people."

"And what are we two, Martine and I?" queried Colombaik, laughing merrily. "So, then, you discard us?"

"I do not take you for judges, neither you nor Martine, because you would be too much of my opinion," replied Simonne; "Master Fergan and his wife are not, as far as I know, suspected of being hot-heads! Let them decide whether I am angry

at nothing," she said, shooting a fresh look of indignation at the baker, who, greatly incommodeed by his long sword, had sat down, placing it across his knees after laying his casque on the floor. "This is what happened," Simonne proceeded: "Agreeable to the promise I yesterday made to Martine of coming for her this morning to assist at the inauguration of our belfry, Ancel and I left the house early. Going up Exchange street we passed before the window of the fortified house of Arnulf, a nobleman of Haut-Pourcin, as he styles himself."

"I know the seigneur of Haut-Pourcin," observed Colombaik; "he is one of the bitterest episcopals in town."

"And his wife is one of the most brazen she-devils that ever joined a caterwauling!" cried out Simonne. "Judge for yourselves, neighbors. She and her maid were standing at one of the lower windows when Ancel and I went by. 'Look at her,' she said in a loud voice to her maid, laughing obstreperously; 'look at the baker's wife, how she struts in new clothes with her petticoat of Lombard silk, silver belt and skirt bordered with marten fur! May God pardon me! To see such creatures daring to put on silk and rich furs like us noble ladies, instead of humbly keeping to a petticoat of linsey-woolsey and a skirt hemmed with cat's skin, the proper clothing for the base station in life of these villains! What a pity! Fortunately her yellow dress is of the color of her pastry and her bannocks! It will serve them for ensign!'"

"That's only in favor of the excellent baking of Simonne's cakes, no so, neighbors?" put in the baker, "because, when the bannock comes out of the oven, it should be yellow as gold."

"See what a fool I am! I failed to take the words of the noble woman for a compliment!" Simonne resumed, saying: "But I answered her insolence plump and plain: 'The word of a Picardian woman, upon it, Dame Haut-Pourcin, if my petticoat is the ensign of my bannocks, your face is the ensign of your fifty years, despite all your cosmetics, and all your affectations of youth, of maidenhood and of freshness!'"

"Oh!" Colombaik broke out laughing. "An excellent answer to the old fairy, who, indeed, is always dressing like a young girl. There you have the nobility! The pretty dresses of our women trouble them as much as the turrets of our houses. Let them split with rage!"

"My answer struck home," proceeded Simonne. "The dame of Haut-Pourcin shook like a fury at the bars of her window, yelling: 'You street-walker! . . . You gallows-bird! . . . To dare to talk that way to me! . . . You vile emancipated serf! . . . But patience! . . . Patience! . . . I shall soon have you cow-hided by my servants!'"

"Oh, oh! As to that," I answered her, 'do not talk nonsense, Dame Haut-Pourcin,' put in the baker; 'the days are gone by when the noble dames had the woman of the bourgeois beaten!'"

"Yes," added Simonne with indignation, "and do you know what that harpy replied, while shaking her fist at Ancel? 'Off with you,' said she, 'you lumbering churl! The vile bourgeoisie will not much longer talk so big! Soon we will no longer see clowns wearing the casques of knights, and jades like your wife, wearing silk petticoats paid for by their paramours,'" saying which, Simonne, whose anger had until then been shaded with frolicsome animation, became purple with confusion. Two tears rolled down her large black eyes, and she added in a moved voice: "Such an outrage . . . to me . . . And Ancel says that's nothing! Such an outrage exasperates me!"

"Come now, be cool. Are you not as honorable a woman as

you are an industrious housekeeper?" said the baker affectionately approaching Simonne, who was wiping off her tears with the back of her hand. "That stupid insult cannot touch you, my dear, and does not even deserve to be remembered."

"Ancel is right," said Fergan. "That old woman is gone crazy. Crazy people's words do not count. But, friends, there is this about it. We must recognize that the insolence of the episcopals increases from day to day. Those allusions to former times foreshadow an evil intent on their part. It is well to be forewarned."

"What, father, will those people be so badly advised as to think of attacking our Commune? Is their insolence to be taken notice of? Will it be necessary for us to place ourselves on our guard against their evil designs?"

"Yeast that ferments is always sour, my child," replied the baker, reclining his head pensively. "The remark of your father is just. The provocations of the episcopals have a secret cause. I was just saying to Simonne: 'It is nothing!' I now say: 'It is something!'"

"Very well! Let it be so! Let them dare!" cried out Colombaik. "We are ready for those noblemen and clergymen, for all the tonsured fraternity and their bishop to boot!"

"And if the women take a part, as at the insurrection of Beauvais," exclaimed Simonne, clenching her little fists, "I, who have no children, shall accompany my husband to battle, and the dame of Haut-Pourcin will pay dear for her insults. 'Pon the word of a Picardian woman, I shall slap her insolent face as dry as an Easter wafer!"

The good baker was smiling at the heroic enthusiasm of his pretty wife when the peel of a large bell was heard from a distance. Fergan, his family and neighbors, listened to the sonorous and prolonged sound with a tremor of joy.

"Oh, my friends!" said Fergan with emotion, "do you hear it sound for the first time from the belfry of our Commune? Do you hear it? To-day it summons us to a feast; to-morrow it will call us to the meeting of the council where we attend to the business of the city; some day it will give us the signal for battle. A belfry of the people! Your voice of bronze, at last awakening ancient Gaul from her slumber, has given the signal for the insurrection of the Communes!"

While the quarryman was speaking, all the bells of the churches of Laon began to chime in with the peals of the belfry. The deafening clangour soon dominated and completely drowned the isolated tinkling of the communal bell. This rivalry of bell-ringing was no accident, nor yet a token of sympathy. It was an affront, premeditated by the bishop and his partisans. They realized the patriotic importance that the communions of Laon attached to the inauguration of the symbol of their emancipation, and decided to mar the festivity.

"Oh, those friars! Always spiteful and hypocritical until the day when they deem themselves strong enough to be merciless!" exclaimed Colombaik. "Have your way, ye black-gowns! Ring at your loudest! The canting bells of your churches shall not silence our communal belfry! Your bells rings mankind to servitude, to imbecility, to the renunciation of their dignity; the belfry gathers them to fulfil their civic duties and to defend freedom! Come, father, come! The bourgeoisie militia must by this time be assembled around the pillars of the market-place. You are constable and I a captain-of-ten. Let's start. Do not let us be waited for. Liberty or death!"

(To be Continued.)

BEBEL'S DRESDEN SPEECH

As before, so hereafter, we shall remain in a certain isolation and in the most severe opposition. Naturally this does not exclude our acceptance of concessions, when we can get them and when it seems worthwhile. Of course, we very often have differed as to the value of these concessions. The "right wing" of the delegation—to use this expression—regarded favorably the smallest concessions, even when they were, according to my conviction, totally insignificant. I have said to myself: Why should I vote for these wee concessions, which will get just the same, without my vote. Why should I parliamentary commit myself to a certain degree, by voting for this concession? But whenever we come to the conclusion, that a concession was of value, we voted for the same. When the last amendment to the accident-insurance law was offered we battled royally, blows came down like hail and finally by a vote of 14 against 13 the delegation resolved to accept the amendment. After we had thus voted, Dr. Jastrow, whom Omar described yesterday as one of the social sugar-water-vendors, wrote in the "Frankfurter Zeitung" it was unheard-of, that even the Social-Democracy should have voted for this paltry amendment.

Such were the fights in the delegation and I tell you openly that in its new composition these fights will not decrease, but increase. That, which I designated before, as the "right wing" of the delegation, will be able, in the new Reichstag, to easier gain the upper hand than formerly, and, therefore, I consider it necessary, that the party should get a clear view of the situation, and, so to say, dictate tactics to the delegation. (Great applause.) As far as possible. Naturally it is not to be thought that the convention should positively define the exact position of the delegation on all questions.

The convention can only give directions, point out the route of march. If it does this, the delegation has to march accordingly, whether it will or not. (Heine: "ute right!") It surely will be a "must" for you comrade Heine, it is self-evident. Still it would be much nicer, if it were different, for then it would be: Throw him out, who don't obey! (Great applause.) This is a purely subjective remark, without any personal reflection. When the convention gives instructions to the delegation, the latter

has to act in accordance with the same. If the convention gives the conviction that serious indiscretions have been committed by the delegation it naturally will at once proceed to sharply criticize. Certainly thereafter affairs would be different. This in a general way, is the political and parliamentary situation, as I see it. The party must get clear on this, and the standpoint, which we occupy, must be as clear and transparent as crystal or glass, there must not exist anything, which should, even in the slightest degree, create the possibility for the opponent to exclaim: "these then are the results of this mighty victory," the Social Democracy shares the common lot of all the previous bourgeois parties; when they have grown to a certain height, they tumble down, give up their principles and that is the end of them. ("Quite right!")

In a good many respects we have become the heirs of the bourgeois parties but not in the sense of Heine's article in the "Monatshheften," that we had to "replace" the bourgeois liberalism, no, but, that we have to improve on it. (Heine exclaims: "I wrote to fulfil what it intended! This means to improve on it!") To replace and to fulfill, but I do not conceive this in the same sense as you. (Calls) Afterwards you have the right, to say this. The party press—and this is to be regretted—has not conceded to this article the same significance as I. I have already made known my views of this, your expression. It states in the article: "Ever clearer appears the duty of the Social Democracy, not to simply dispose the liberal parties, but to replace them." ("Hear! Hear!") If I replace somebody, who has been disposed, that means I shall fulfill what he has done until now and is not able to do any longer. You (addressing Heine) are a lawyer, a philologist, a man who has studied logics, and we certainly demand of an article, which to a certain degree represents a programme, that it be clear, that it be unnecessary to dispute as to its import. (Heine exclaims: "Read further!") It states here further: . . . "in underskating, not to dissolve the ideas of civic and mental liberty, but to fulfill them." Well, honored comrade, have we then not done this up to now? Have we perhaps up to now opposed in the Reichstag the ideas of civic and mental liberty? Have we not exerted ourselves up to now "to fulfill" in your sense and

whole debate. You already have expounded it. Bernhard wrote an article about the import of which there could be no doubt. But he said: "Well, I did not mean to say that, but I was unable to clearly express myself; I regret to have done it, and I promise not to repeat it."

In this case, as element judges, we had to say: "If you did something, about the significance of which you were not quite clear, we certainly have to pardon you."

Then came Gobres with the article in the "Zukunft"—which he had not read. When his attention was called to it by "The Neue Zeit," he did not concede it any significance. When I characterized his proceeding, he lost his temper, became enraged, scolded me in the coarsest language and declared he was simple enough—not according to the letter, but according to the sense—not to have conceived the proper import of the article of the "Neue Zeit," etc.

Let us not deceive ourselves. It will be said again, that this one has not expressed himself clearly, that it was not intended to say that which the logical reading of the letter conveys. And, at last, it might happen, as in Hanover and later on, that, although, after days of disputing a resolution is accepted, still the disagreement remains just the same as before. (Assent.)

Let no one talk of unity or the union in the Party! Did not Brown sing already yesterday to this tune of union in the party? It is not true. I deny it most positively; never and at no time were we disunited to a larger extent than we are now; never and no time were the disagreements greater than at the present time! ("Quiet right!")

To cover this up, to again sugar-coat it, I, for my part, am thoroughly tired of it! (Stormy applause.)

For twelve years, ever since the great debate with Voller at Erfurt, I have had to swallow so much, have been excited to anger so frequently, and over and over have been led into leading the hand towards the overbridging of the contrapositions, that I finally said to myself: "I cannot go any further in this way. We have now positively to come to a clear understanding, make a clean sweep and debate the matter as thoroughly as possible." (Commotion.)

As well known, the basis of this entire new "revisionist" movement is the book of Bernstein, who, at that time, had the good luck to be in London; for since he had occasion to come to Germany, of which I am right glad and

which to bring about I have contributed to as much as possible—since he has been active in Germany, he has, as far as I can see, not gained in reputation, but lost (numerous "Quite right!") not only with the Radicals, but also with his friends, the revisionists, and with these the most. ("Quite right!") What all has of late not been said to this man, who at first was welcomed jubilantly like a Nemiah by his friends, who awaited the declaration of a new gospel, of a new creed, of new tactics, by him! ("Quite right!") Now suddenly rises the cry: Stone him! stone him! Not because he retracted even one word of what he said, but because, according to the opinion of his friends, he has expressed himself too clumsily or even too decidedly. ("Very good!") On that account they have criticized him so harshly, and even said: "If this continues he will have to leave the Party!" None of us, so far thus spoken, but this cry has been flung at Comrade Bernstein by those who, until lately, have been regarded as his adherents. Bernstein has become, so to say, "the enfant terrible" of his friends. (Laughter.) But, as his standing had already been discredited to a large extent, therefore, to the first demand of Bernstein, to elect a vice-president who even would have to comply with the duty of attendance at court as regulated by procedure in the Reichstag, no great importance was attached.

It was by me—my letters to Auer can testify to that. It aggravated me, that the subject should have been broached at all, because I reflected! Could Bernstein—even from his own standpoint—do anything more foolish, more mischievous, at a moment, when the greatest joy over the success of election sways the party, and when, with the exception of a very small minority, the whole party had become convinced that now is the time to gather the fruits of this victory, to advance, to proceed to the attack, to grasp firmer, to surpass all former efforts by the strength of greater numbers—than to come at this great moment with the vice-president question. (Laughter and Applause.) and to declare: "It should not bother us, even if we have to attend court functions." And that at a moment, when the speeches of Breslan and Esen (here Bebel refers to the bitter arraignment of the Social Democratic Party by Emperor William at the above mentioned towns. Note of the translator.) still burn upon the face of every Social-Democrat, as if he had actually received a slap on the cheek of the most effective kind! (Long

stormy applause and assent.) That, at a moment, when it became clearer and clearer to any one, who possesses a modicum of reasoning power, what is in preparation above—that, at a moment, when we had to reflect: Our conflict is with a representative of the reigning power, who has often declared: "In the last instance the army is here, in order to march against the internal enemy!" (Renewed, prolonged assent.) Does Bernstein believe that all this has been effaced from the memories of Germany's proletarians? (Great assent.) Does he believe that any one of us doubts in the least but that the tremendous power, which this man commands on sea and land, will be put in readiness the day, when, in his opinion, the time to attack has arrived. Have the words uttered: been forgotten: "At command you have to shoot at father and mother!" He who cannot look into this, does not understand this, had better cease to play politics! (Stormy, long continued applause.)

Bernstein had, in my estimation, already lost a good deal of prestige, and as far as I could observe, from my tower on Kussnacht (Great laughter) a large portion of the Party press has not found it worth while to seriously oppose him. But it maddened me, that the great moment should be disturbed by this clumsy touch. Still one thing I will tell you: Even if I have been blamed by a larger portion of the party press—also by the contingent, which generally does not oppose me in regard to questions of tactics—still on the other side—and I can prove it black or white—as long as I have been active in the party, and you know, for years there have been hard fights with in the party—never have I received from the ranks of the Comrades as many expressions of approval as at the present time. Our Comrades rejoice when the right word comes at the right time. (Hilarity and applause.)

Never have I received from the delegation, from the party—and up to this hour letter after letter has arrived—at many expressions of assent as just now from the mass of the Comrades, also from Switzerland, Austria, Belgium, England. From German Comrades, not from the other ones. These are all glad that now at last a collar has been put around the dog's neck—so to say. (Great applause.) This is the frame of mind, of which in Berlin, and especially at the office of our main organ, nothing at all has been seen and heard. (Great applause. Cries of regret.)

(To be continued next week.)

NOW READY!

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OFFICIAL

NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE... Kuhn, Secretary, 2-6 New Reade street, New York.

REGULAR MEETING HELD ON MARCH 4, at 2-6 New Reade street, J. Hammer in the chair.

COMMUNICATIONS: From St. Paul, Minn., on the matter of a controversy with the organizer of the Section.

THE NATIONAL AGITATION FUND COMMITTEE reported the completion of the first stages of its work, and that matter connected with the work of the committee had been sent throughout the country.

MASSACHUSETTS FAIR COMMITTEE. Meetings held February 23 and March 3, in Section Boston's Headquarters.

Correspondence from Comrade DeWitt, of Seattle, Wash., donating 25 copies of the communistic manifesto.

MOVED TO elect an auditing committee of three. On vote, Comrades Chabot, Berry and Gallagher were elected.

ORDERED, that 500 circulars be printed and sent to Sections and members at large, giving result to those who handled tickets.

MOVED, that Comrades Chabot and Carroll assist Comrade Young in counting the contest books the closing night of the fair.

ORDERED, that the Executive Committee give complimentary tickets for the auction and dance to those who assisted at the fair.

VOTED, to adjourn until March 2. Correspondence relative to another 25 copies being sent of the Norwegian edition of the communistic manifesto.

ON the election of officers and committee to have charge of the auction and dance, the following were appointed: Floor manager, Comrade Callan; auctioneer, Comrade Krouth in the chair.

MOVED, that a vote of thanks be sent to the talent for making the entertainment a success.

WORKINGMEN'S MUTUAL AID AND BENEVOLENT SOCIETY meets every first and third Wednesday at 801 East Eighty-second street.

FOR OVER SIXTY YEARS... AN OLD AND WELL-TRIED REMEDY... WISCONSIN'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

FREE LECTURES

HELD BY SECTIONS OF THE SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY.

Boston, Mass. Sunday, March 13—"Organization." Speaker, Jas. A. Brannahan.

Buffalo, N. Y. Friday, March 11—Orcus A. Curtis, on "The Obsolete and Modern Trades-Unionism."

Friday, March 18—Willard C. Vincent, on "Effect of Labor Saving Machinery on the Working Class."

Sunday, March 13—Attorney Charles B. Wheeler, on "Civil Service."

Columbus, Ohio. Meetings at Odd Fellows' Temple, 198 1-2 South High street, every Sunday, at 2.30, standard time.

Detroit, Mich. Sunday, March 13—"The Capitalist Class." Herman Richter.

East St. Louis, Ill. Sunday, March 13—"The Social Effects of Machinery." Will Cox.

St. Louis, Mo. Lectures at Russell Hall, southwest corner Broadway and Russell avenue.

Lectures at Benton Hall, southeast corner of Fourteenth and Benton streets, every first Sunday in the month, at 2.30 p. m.

ST. LOUIS COMMUNE CELEBRATION. Celebration of the thirty-second anniversary of the Paris Commune.

PROGRAMME. S. L. P. Tactics. Wm. Cox. Lessons of the Paris Commune.

DETROIT COMMUNE CELEBRATION. Section Detroit, Mich., will celebrate the anniversary of the Paris Commune.

CLEVELAND COMMUNE CELEBRATION. On Sunday, March 20, 3 p. m., Section Cleveland, Ohio, will hold its annual Commune celebration.

HARTFORD COMMUNE CELEBRATION. Section Hartford S. L. P. will celebrate the Paris Commune at its hall.

SECTION MILWAUKEE, ATTENTION! All members of Section Milwaukee are requested to attend the special meeting.

THE DAILY PEOPLE HOME-STRETCH FUND.

UNDER THIS HEAD WILL BE PUBLISHED ALL DONATIONS MADE FOR THE LAST FINAL EFFORT TO CLEAR UP THE BALANCE OF THE DEBT ON THE DAILY PEOPLE PRINTING PLANT.

Table listing donors and amounts for the Home-Stretch Fund. Includes names like J. B. Dillon, Nat. Mil. Home, Ind., and amounts ranging from 1.00 to 10.00.

Total \$3,673.70. Note.—Through a typographical error in list of February 23, E. Rauner, San Jose, Cal., was credited with \$1, which should have been \$2.

SPECIAL FUND.

(As per circular letter of Sept. 3, 1901.) Previously acknowledged \$8,148.00.

Table listing donors and amounts for the Special Fund. Includes names like O. Rueker, Cranford, N. J., and amounts ranging from 1.00 to 10.00.

Total \$8,353.97.

MISSOURI STATE COMMITTEE.

Minutes of the Missouri State Committee meeting, held March 1: Billabarrow in chair.

TO THE READERS OF "THE PEOPLE" IN SAN ANTONIO, TEX. Section San Antonio, S. L. P., holds open-air agitation meetings every Saturday night.

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PROVIDENCE, ATTENTION! A special meeting of Section Providence will be held on next Sunday, March 13.

NOTICE! Party organizations and sub-divisions, as well as all others having any communications intended for Section Lynn, S. L. P., kindly send the same to me.

SANTEE IN PATERSON. A free public lecture will be held under the auspices of Passaic County Section S. L. P.

STURZ PIANO. Sold on Easy Terms Direct from FACTORY WAREHOUSES.

DEVELOPMENT OF CAPITALISM.

(Continued from page 1)

ist money bought them. Let us see that? Where did you get that money? We assume him to be an honest capitalist according to capitalist ethics.

LABOR NEWS DEPARTMENT. Over 300 copies of DeLeon's translation of Bebel's "Woman Under Socialism" have been sent out.

THE END. Mrs. Johnson's next paper will treat of "The Development of Socialism."

THE WEAVERS' STRIKE. All money will be acknowledged in The Daily and Weekly People.

FOR BAZAAR AND FAIR. The following list of presents have been received for the Bazaar and Fair.

COMMUNE CELEBRATION. Commune celebration and tenth anniversary of Section Louisville, Ky.

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BUSINESS DEPARTMENT NOTES

The week ending Saturday, March 5, shows a gain over the previous week in the number of subscriptions received for The Weekly People.

Our press is worthy of it. None of the alleged Socialist papers of this country can compare with The Daily and Weekly People in the excellence of their articles.

Five or more subscriptions were sent in by the following: California S. E. C., 19; R. Goodwin, Los Angeles, Cal., 17; Thirty-fifth A. D., New York, 15; John Farrell, Lowell, Mass., 14; Jacob Brewer, Hartford, Conn., 10; G. A. Jennings, East St. Louis, Ill., 9; Reinstein & Chne, Buffalo, N. Y., 7; J. F. Jennings, Endicott, Mass., 5; Robert Webster, Pawtucket, R. I., 5; Ben Hilbert, Hamilton, Ohio, 5.

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FRITZSCHE'S BOSTON BAND. MOSTLY COMPOSED OF THE MUSICIANS FROM SOUSA'S BAND, NOW DISENGAGED. At GRAND CENTRAL PALACE, Sunday, March 20, 1904, 3 p. m.

AUCTION AND DANCE UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE Scandinavian Socialist Club AND Massachusetts S. L. P., SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 12, 1904.

AGENTS WANTED! We Want Agents for Our German Party Organ, "The Sozialistische Arbeiter Zeitung" 193 CHAMPLAIN STREET, CLEVELAND, OHIO

THE Socialistische Arbeiter ZEITUNG is the German official organ of the Socialist Labor Party. Readers of The People, in touch with German workingmen, should endeavor to interest these in the paper and gain them for subscribers.

SOLICITORS WANTED We want solicitors in every city and town who are willing to devote a part or all of their time to extending the circulation of The Weekly People.

SOCIAL AND DANCE To be given by the S. L. P., Belleville, Ill. Huff's Hall Saturday Eve, March 19, '04

Section Calender (Under this head we shall publish standing advertisements of Section headquarters, or other permanent announcements, at a nominal rate.) IMPERIAL CAFE LADIES' AND GENTS' DINING ROOM